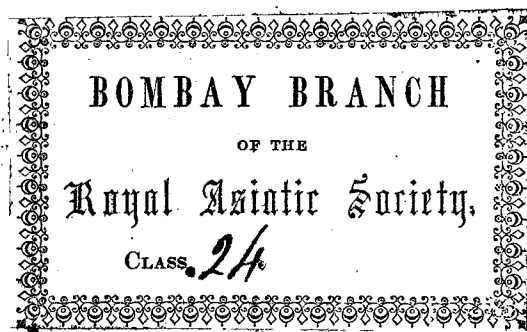




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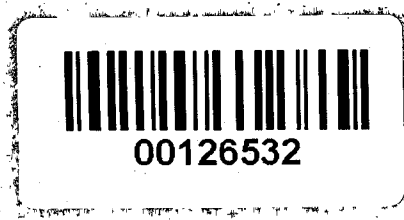


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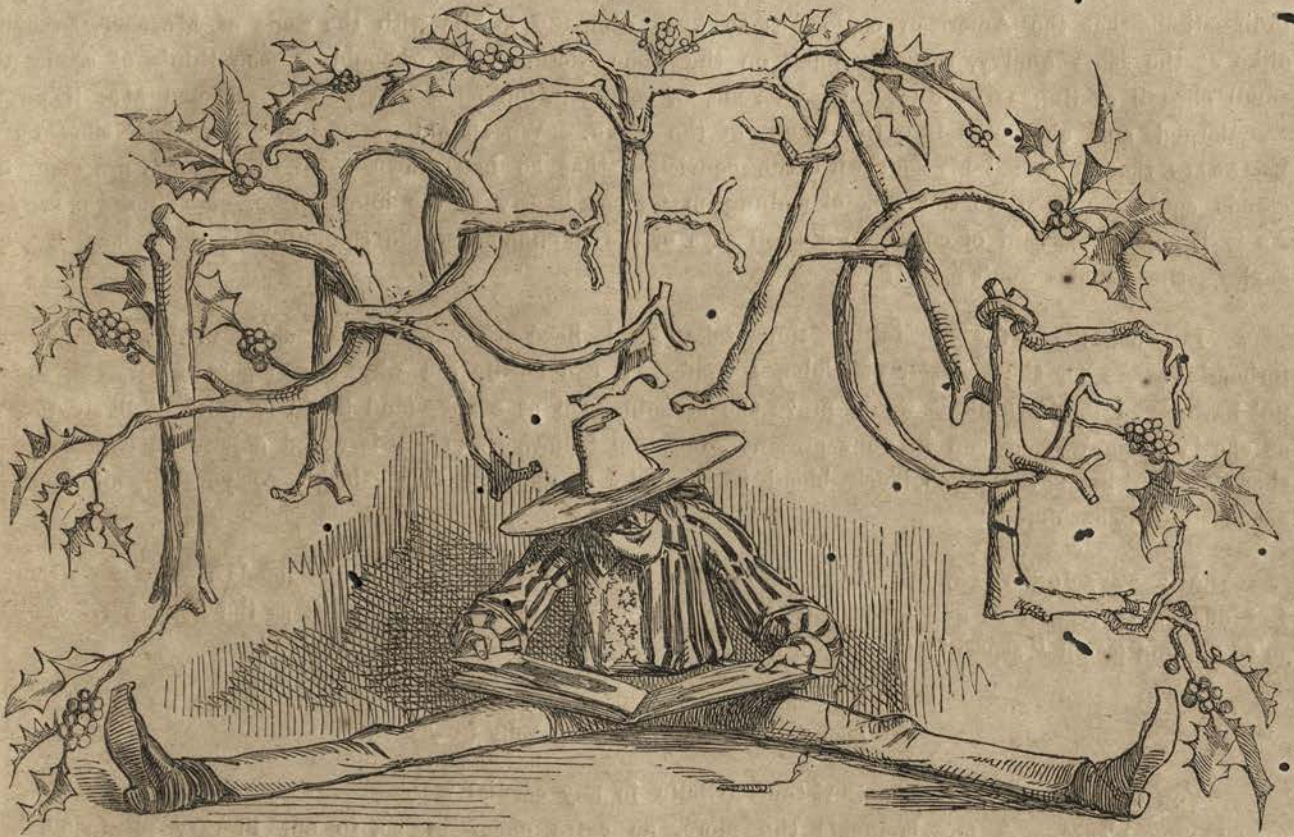
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1855.



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FRABURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEHALLS



BROTHER JONATHAN,—Your friend PUNCH makes you the very handsome Christmas offering of this, his TWENTY-NINTH VOLUME. The best of friends will now and then have little wrinkles of temper; but then a little calm consideration, a little tolerance towards one another, smoothes them out, and all is clear again. So, dear JONATHAN, let it be with you and me, even with JONATHAN and PUNCH, as the two representatives of the great Saxon family; between whom let there be nothing rougher than Atlantic billows.

Long before GEORGE WASHINGTON spun his peg-top, your friend PUNCH was a bit of living, stirring wood—the real *lignum vita*,—in hearty England. Genealogists, with a small envy, have dated the family of PUNCH no later than the time of QUEEN ANNE. I have, I hope, a very proper contempt of this heraldic disparagement. I believe the family tree to have sprung from an acorn dropt, and mysteriously picked up, and as secretly dropt again in more congenial soil, from an oak of the Druids. Be this as it may, the deeds of PUNCH have become his ancestors: and how many of your forefathers have laughed and meditated, and given their coppers, small but willing oblations at the shrine, that is, stage, of PUNCH. You and he, JONATHAN, both speak a common language. When PUNCH cries out in the streets, does not JONATHAN regard him?

I am most happy to find, dear friend, that Christmas will close in about us, and find us once more heart-whole and amicable. Pray give a hint—and one of the strongest—to PRESIDENT PIERCE, to put a muzzle now and then upon his ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Here has that amiable lawyer been doing his best to blow red coals between England and the States, and that too at a time when the heartiest good wishes and best sympathies of JONATHAN ought to attend upon his relations. *Ought*, say I? Why, they do. This is plain enough: for hardly has the lawyer aforesaid blown-off half his steam of verbiage, than the strong common sense, the good kindly heart of America spoke out, and warmed up, and declared that the very thought of another quarrel with England was a monstrous folly and a huger crime. And so MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL nationally snubbed, became suddenly as quiet and as dumb as a defunct raven.

Among other scandals, it was wickedly preached to your discredit, JONATHAN—rather let me say to your indignation—that the American eagle was to keep company awhile with the eagle of Muscovy, swooping alike at the same quarry, ravening alike on the same victims. We should as soon think of seeing the small pig-tail of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—a relic, of course in the possession of the respected Mr. BARNUM—enlarged and elongated into the knout of the CZAR. We should as soon believe that the key of FRANKLIN that sublimed his soul with the conviction that he had drawn down the electric fire from the clouds, could be fitted to the lock of a dungeon for the liberty of the human race. No; no, JONATHAN! As it is sometimes said of cocks, so PUNCH says of the likelihood of the conjoined American and Russian eagles,—those eagles won't fight!

Let us, then, for all future time take good heed that we be mutually moderate; mutually forbearing. As for that matter of Cuba, I confess, I can hardly see why, if you paid for it, you should not have it. I don't think it would prove the bargain, even at a gift—(and Spain is quite as likely to give as she is to pay)—that you in your present exaltation believe it. Cuba is called a jewel: nevertheless, is there not a little too much black blood in the ruby to make it very valuable to yourself, all Southern circumstances considered?

Any way, JONATHAN, let us, at this season, making long arms, shake hands across the Atlantic, Let our amity remain as green as holly leaves, our hearts unspotted by black as the holly berries. And so to the end let all "asperities" be worn away.

"That the smooth temper of our age may be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree."

You may acknowledge this Christmas tribute in any cordial manner—after your own cordial nature—you may please. A few bouquets the more, an extra cheer or so, to our literary plenipotentiary, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY now in the States, will be blithely taken in full quittance, by

Dear JONATHAN,

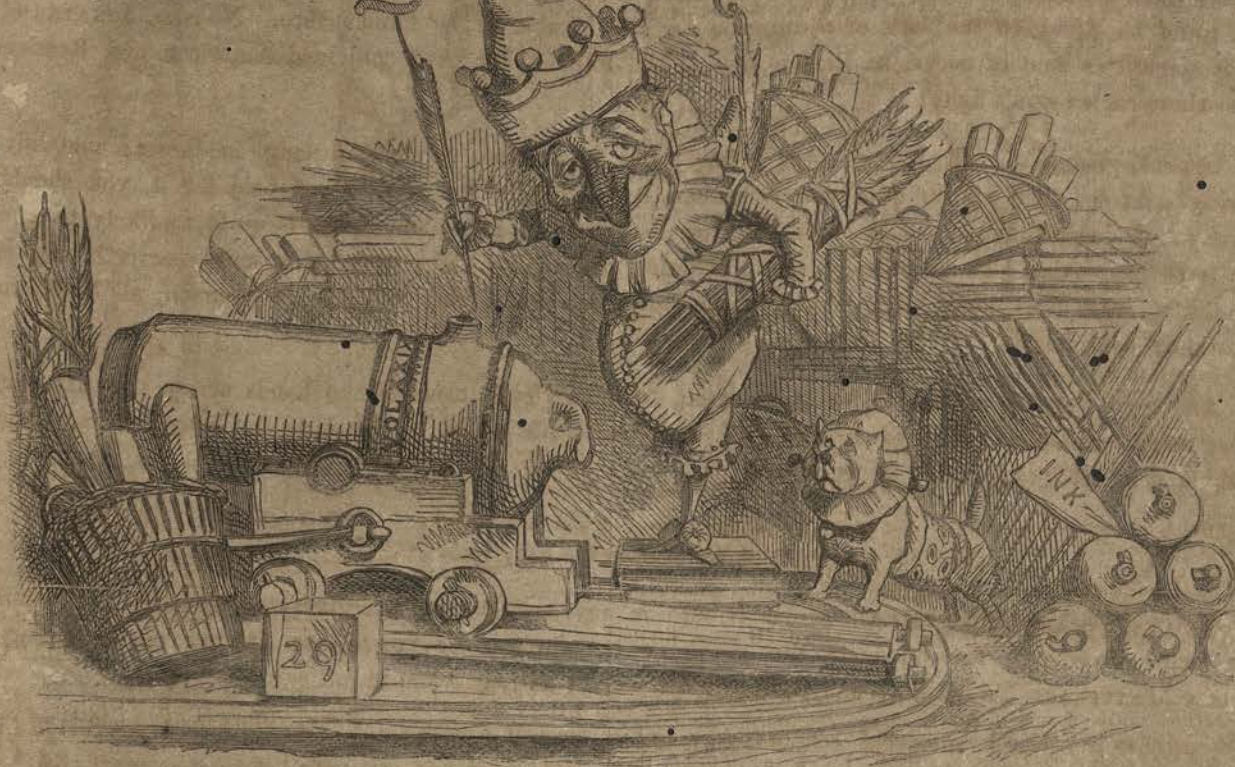
Your Affectionate Friend

(FOR THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND),

PUNCH.



the twentieth volume



A PORTRAIT OF M^r PUNCH ABOUT TO FIRE HIS 29 POUNDER.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 25th. IN the Commons the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY apprised the house of the actual extent of the Hango atrocity; and also mentioned the contradictory lies by which the Russian authorities affected to vindicate it. It appears that the ruffians at Hango murdered outright but six of the boat's crew, (two their own fellow-subjects), and wounded the same number, the remainder of the party being made prisoners. The Russians pretend, first, that they did not see the flag of truce; and, secondly, that they had been irritated into firing upon it, by learning that elsewhere soundings had been taken under the protection of such an ensign; a third lie, no such thing having ever been done. From the contemptuously inconsistent character of the answer, it is manifest that the Russians glory in one of the foulest crimes ever perpetrated.

LORD PALMERSTON announced, that the government meant to throw over the bill for dealing with Doctors' Commons, and some important Scotch and Irish bills. He also proposed that the question of education—about which there could of course be no hurry—should stand over until next year. He would pass, if he could, the bill for transferring the Ordnance property to the SECRETARY AT WAR, the bill regarding Limited Partnership, and the Board of Health bills. Mr. Punch reserves his sentiments upon the utility of Parliaments until he sees whether even this modified programme be carried out.

The Premier made a much more satisfactory announcement, in stating that our losses in the late gallant attack on the Redan, though they are not to be spoken of lightly, were very small compared to the estimate at first made.

The rest of the night was occupied with LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S unconstitutional constitutions for Victoria and New South Wales, and towards the end of the debate many members had acquired a tolerably distinct idea as to what part of the world those places were situate in.

Tuesday.—In the Lords, LORD LYNCHURST made another of his masterly exposures of the conduct of Prussia, Austria, and our Foreign Office, in regard to the war. He deliberately declared, that he had no confidence in Prussia, and that the "subserviency" of that wretched nation to Russia, deprived her of "the title to be called an independent power." He owned to having had some hope of Austria, as a military country under a young and spirited monarch, but she had also turned craven, and was in a state of "humiliation." He showed how Russia had first bamboozled and then scoffed at our negotiator, of whom the old Tory was unkind enough to say, that he never knew a man involved in difficulties and perplexities extricate himself from them with more address and dexterity than that noble lord, and he believed that the noble lord would voluntarily place himself in situations of difficulty, in order to exert his skill in escaping from them. But upon this occasion the artful dodger had been done. Finally, he was so good as to remind LORD PALMERSTON that the present crisis was one of exceeding difficulty, and that though he had come into office amid popular applause, he must mind most particularly well what he was about, if he meant to preserve either applause or office. LORD CLARENDON grumbled that Austria, and Germany in general, should be spoken of disrespectfully, but admitted that we had failed in bringing them to behave decently, and added, that the result was that France and England were now unfettered, and might make any peace they pleased—a great triumph, as those nations must feel. However, they have a little more war to make before they make any peace.

In the Commons, LORD ROBERT GROSVEFOR intimated that he did not believe that the people were opposed to his Sunday Trade Bill, and that he meant to go on with it. How is this man to be convinced? He has written a letter objecting to being thrown into the Serpentine, and really one does not know what process of conviction would be

acceptable to him. MR. MILNER GIBSON, who has had no indignation to spare for the Hango massacre by the Russians, had, and let off ever so much about some old pots and pans, which have been smashed by the Allies in the Kertch museum.

MR. TOM DUNCOMBE raised the question, whether BARON ROTHSCHILD, by taking the Government loan, had not disqualified himself from sitting in the House, which will not admit him because he is a Jew. A select committee is to consider the matter.

The Sunday Beer Act was then made the subject of an edifying discussion, in the course of which SIR GEORGE GREY, following LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, expressed his belief, that it was not the humbler classes who opposed the measure, but their betters, whose amusements were interfered with. Will SIR GEORGE GREY do *Mr. Punch* the honour of taking a seat in his pew next Sunday morning, and afterwards of accompanying the reverend gentleman on a round of visits among his poor. It would be a work of mercy, and therefore quite proper on Sunday, and it would prevent SIR GEORGE from talking, in future (upon one subject at least) what *Mr. Punch* must, in the politest manner, characterise as abominable nonsense. The act has been, in the meantime, consigned to a committee, who are to inquire into its working. The people will now have an opportunity of stating their grievances.

Leave was given to bring in a bill, which will not be allowed to go much further, by reason of its evident justice, namely, a measure for giving a vote to everybody who pays income tax, and a resolution was carried to the effect, that the present duties on stage-carriages were unjust. When the requisite alterations are made, a law should be passed prohibiting omnibus proprietors from varying the rate of their fares more than five times in one week.

Wednesday. The Maynooth nuisance.

Thursday. The War Minister announced a very excellent step. We recruit 1000 men a-week, but this is not enough, and therefore it is intended to double the pay of the soldier who is actually in the field, and to invest this additional money for him in a Savings Bank (guaranteed, we trust), to be paid either to him on his return, or "to those whom he may hold most dear," should he fall.

The Commons made some progress with the Metropolis Management Bill, and with an Irish Tenants Compensation Bill, into the discussion on which latter were imported some of the usual amenities which many Irish members mistake for dignified self-assertion.

Friday. In the Lords, LORD BROUGHAM called attention to the present highly satisfactory system by which Appeals to their Lordships are disposed of. These Appeals are naturally left to the law-lords, and if only two of these personages attend, and happen to differ in opinion, the decision of the Court below is always confirmed. BROUGHAM seemed to think that the unlucky appellant ought to have a little fair play, and that more lords ought to attend. But he quite forgot that the LORD CHANCELLOR, when he sits in the Lords to hear an appeal against his own decision below, wears an entirely different and far more imposing wig than that in which he sits in Chancery, and this gives great consolation to a suitor.

In the Commons, PALMERSTON admitted that Austria was sending home an immense number of her soldiers, and thereby rendering invaluable service to Russia, by releasing a proportionate Russian force from the duty of observation. But PAM said, that the plea was that the health of the Austrian soldiers required this change. *Mr. Punch* has always believed Austria too indisposed to fight.

MR. CAYLEY made a great complaint, that LORD CANNING should be the new Governor-General of India, when he, CAYLEY, had considered that LORD ELGIN ought to be the man. *Mr. Punch* really does not see what right old MR. CAYLEY has to nominate the representatives of HER MAJESTY in India, and suggests to that ancient agriculturist, that he had better mind his chaff-cutter, and leave Cal-cutta alone.

SIR CHARLES WOOD announced, that the Government will not have anything to do with LORD DUNDONALD's annihilating invention. That being settled, if we were LORD DUNDONALD, we would make the experiment off our own bat, in a way which should convince everybody. Let him utterly annihilate some abominable place in the very heart of London. A happy thought. *Mr. Punch* hereby offers him Holywell Street. Let that nuisance, and all that therein is, disappear, some night, and the very next *Gazette* will announce that LORD DUNDONALD, with a step up the peerage, is gone out to pulverise Cronstadt.

The very useful Bill by which it will be made possible for a person to invest his money in assisting another's business or speculation, without involving himself beyond the amount so invested—in other words, a measure for preventing partners from ruining one another, was read a second time.

The evening and the week were brought to a pleasant termination by another Irish row, upon the subject of Lunatic Asylums in Ireland. Money has been advanced for these institutions, and the Irish, when called upon to make arrangements for repaying it, naturally try to pick a quarrel instead. Still, *Mr. Punch* does not think that MR. BULL would object, if ten times as much money were expended in this method of providing for people, who are evidently unfit to have charge of their own affairs.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKESPEARE.

"The Sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door."—

Henry IV., Part I., Act ii., Scene 4.

A HOPELESS CASE IN HANOVER SQUARE.

THE old Philharmonic on Monday evening last week closed a career, which, there is too much reason to apprehend, it will never resume. The aged party had been in declining health for some years, but might, perhaps, have gone on for a few more, at a jog-trot pace, by sticking to that. Urged, however, by the advice of some well-meaning but injudicious friends, the unhappy invalid, with impaired faculties, attempted to advance to some extent in accordance with modern ideas, but halted far behind them, and got exhausted in the effort. The supporters failed and refused their office, and the constitution was threatening to break up, when DR. WAGNER was called in as a desperate resource: but under his hands the patient became rapidly worse, and now lies in an insensible state with little hope of recovery.

The Sharp Shooters of Hango.

A DOVE once brought, to NOAH'S Ark,
The Olive-Branch of Love:
Had Russians been on board that Bark,
They would have shot that Dove.

Lord Grosvenor's Revenge.

SOME people—we do not profess to know them—may regret to hear that in the event of LORD GROSVENOR's Black Sunday bill being thrown out, his lordship has determined in commemoration of his barber clause, to cease to shave for all future time; and further, in imitation of the Wandering Jew, will take up his staff, and become a *bonâ fide* traveller for the rest of his days. We can only say—*Bon Voyage!*

Real Kindness.

It having been buzzed about Belgravia, that the mob intended on Sunday last (see his lordship's letter in the *Times*) to throw LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR into the Serpentine, a few benevolent ladies of the neighbourhood, late on Saturday evening, sent his lordship a very handsome cork jacket.

THE TICKET OF LEAVE.

(As sung by the Holder, amid a convivial Circle in the Slums.)



VEN a prig has come to grief,
He's no call for despera-
tion;
Though I'm a convicted
thief,
Still I've 'opes of libera-
tion.
The Reverend Chapling to
deceive
A certain dodge and safe
resource is,
Whereby you gets a Ticket
of Leave,
And then resumes your
wicious courses.

(Spoken.) I vos lagged, my
beloved pals, on a suspicion
of burglary, 'ad up afore the
Recorder, and got seven
years' penal serwitude and
'ard labour. Hand preshus
'ard labour and 'ard lines I
found it at first, mind you.
Veh I says to myself, blow
me! I aint a goin' to stand
this 'ere, you know; but
'taint no use kickin' agin

stone walls and iron spikes: wot I shall try and do is to gammon the
parson. For

"Ven a prig," &c.

Them parsons is so jolly green,
They're sure to trust in your conversion,
Which they, in course, believes 'as been
The consequence of their exertion.
You shakes your 'ead, turns up your eyes,
And they takes that to be repentance;
Wherein you moans, and groans, and sighs,
By reason only of your sentence.



(Spoken.) Wen in a state of violent perspiration smokin' 'ot from
the crank, the Chapling comes into my cell, and he says, says he, "My
man," he says, "how do you feel?" "Appy, Sir," says I, with a
gentle sithe; "thank you, Sir: quite 'appy." "But you seem dis-
tressed, my poor fellow," says he. "In body, Sir," says I; "yes.
But that makes me more 'appy. I'm glad to be distressed in body. It
serves me right. But in mind I'm 'appy: leastways almost 'appy."
"Aye you hany wish to express," says he; "is there any request as
you would like to make." "AWKER'S Hev'ning Pot'ion, Sir," says I,
"and the Dairymen's Daughter: if 'AWKER'S Hev'ning Pot'ion was but
mine—and the Dairymen's Daughter—I think, Sir, I should be quite
'appy." "My friend," says the parson, "your desire shall be attended
to," and hout he valked: me a takin' a sight at 'im be'ind 'is back;
for as soon as I thought he was out of 'earin', sings I to myself—

"Ven a prig," &c.

In the chapel hof the Jug,
Then I did the meek and lowly,
Pullin' sitch a spoony mug
That I looked unkimmon pure and 'oly.
As loud as ever I could shout,
All the responses too I hutter'd,
Well knowing what I was about:
So the reverend Gent I buttered.



(Spoken.) Wot day he comes to me arter service, and axes me what
I thought I could do for myself in the way of yarnin a honest liveliwood,
if so be as I was to be allowed my liberty and to go back to the world.
"Ah! Sir," says I, "I don't think no longer about the world. 'Tis a
world of sorrow and wanity. I havn't given a thought to what I should
do in it." "Every one," says the Chapling "has his sphere of usefulness
in society; can you think of no employment which you have the desire
and ability to follow?" "Well, Sir," says I, "if there is a wocation
which I should feel delight and pleasure in follerin' 'tis that of a Scriptor
Reader. But I ain't worthy to be a Scriptor Reader. A coalporter of
tracts and religious books, Sir, I thinks that's what I should like to
try and be, if the time of my just punishment was up. But there's
near seven year, Sir, to think about that—and p'raps 'tis better for me
to be here." That's the way I used to soap the Chapling—Cos vy?

"Ven a prig," &c.



So he thought I kissed the rod,
All the while my 'art was 'ardened;
And I 'adn't been very long in quod
Afore he got me as good as pardoned;
And here am I with my Ticket of Leave,
Obtained by shamming pious feeling,
Which lets me loose agam to thieve,
For I means to persewere in stealing.

(Spoken.) With which resolution, my beloved pals, if you please I'll
couple the 'elth of the clergy; and may they hever continue to be sitch
kind friends as they now shows theirselves to us when we gets into
trouble. For,

"Ven a prig," &c.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. PUNCH is never too proud to accept assistance from his humbler
fellow-labourers in the great work of civilisation. Having recently ob-
served, in the columns of a provincial contemporary, the following
vigorous reply to some presumptuous person who had offered strictures
on the Editor's conduct of the paper, Mr. Punch immediately embalms
and adopts it. He requests that this model sentence, which he quotes
literatim, and in which severity, determination, and terseness are com-
bined with unparalleled felicity, may be accepted as Mr. Punch's answer
to any and every person who may henceforth dare to complain of any-
thing in these pages, or to request abstinence from future censure:—

"We have, evidently, gall'd the withers of some miscreant, mayhap some political adven-
turer, or blackleg, and we shall not withdraw the lash, till the beast, whoever he may be, has
spared Creation the infamy of his presence!"

EXQUISITE!—A Term generally applied to fools, fops, torture, and
VERDI'S music.

INDEMNITY FOR THE WAR.



THE Cochin-China Cock—that vain long-legged nuisance in scanty feathers—is the allowed disturber of the peace of families. All orderly people have a crow to pick with him. We are, however, rejoiced to learn, that another sort of cock—a cock from the Black Sea—according to the papers—is likely to prove a formidable rival to the Chanticleer of Confucius. It is altogether a more handsome, more delicate bird; for “it is crested, and has feathered legs;” whereas the manner in which the Cochins stalk about before their pantaloons are feathered is, at least, uncomfortable to the eye of the benevolent. Now, as respects the Crimean Cock:—

“Its most distinguishing peculiarity is in the arrangement of the tail feathers. These are very few, and do not project as in other birds, but drop down and lie close to the body, so that the creature appears tailless, and when its head is erect scarcely has the appearance of a bird.”

How capitably will this Crimean Cock—with his feathers down, with no apparent

tail—remain to us in our farm-yards, a living useful testimony of our triumph over Russia. JOHN BULL will fondly treasure the bird as his own—the Cock of the Black Sea. But the great blessing bestowed upon quiet people will be in the utter destruction, as promised, of the Cochin-China Cock by the Cock of the Crimea. At present Cochin-China is horribly obstreperous! How frightful, in these early mornings, is Cochin-China’s “cock-a-doodle-do!” How pleasing to think, that with the triumph of the Crimean Cock, the Cochin’s “cock-a-doodle-do,” will be a “Cock-a-doodle-done!”

SOYER'S BIVOUCAC COOKERY.

M. SOYER has favoured the *Times* with “some of the most important receipts concocted out of the soldier’s rations.” Marvellous has been the Frenchman’s cunning exercised on mere salted pork, and common household onions. He has immortalised the great Turkish General in a dish of “Stewed Salt Beef and Pork à la OMAR PASHA:” he has, moreover, stood sponsor to a mess of raisins, fat treacle, &c., calling the compound—“Cossack’s Pudding.” Now these things, with others, M. SOYER has made known to the *Times*. To Mr. Punch alone ALEXIS SOYER has communicated the receipts subjoined:—

POTAGE à la ABERDEEN.

Take the leanest rib of the leanest Isle of Skye sheep: if a sheep is not to be had, try the old leather of the regimental bagpipe. Take three thistles; pluck away the down, and carefully skin the thistles. If for two quarts of soup, split two peas. Skimming is not necessary.

MONSTER PLUMFUDDING à la GLADSTONE.

A pudding for six hundred and fifty-eight. Take a handful of raisins, stone them; divide the stones into, say a hundred equal parts; and after shaking them together, divide the parts into five hundred more. Crack three eggs (from any mare’s nest) and beat together. Let your shreds of lemon-peel be excessively candied. Take another handful of raisins of the sun, with half as many currants of the moonshine. Thicken with flour at will. Stir with an Exchequer tally, and boil in a pudding-cloth from an Oxford surplice.

BOILED BEEF à la SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Choose any beef, except the beef of a Nineveh bull, for it is too tough for the purposes of *à bouilli* (bully). Boil in salt water, and flavour with onions (the Netherby sort are the best if at hand). Flavour the liquor with a yarn of any sort.

PIGEON PIE à la PEACE PARTY.

• If no pigeons or doves are to be had, take a Russian duck. If a duck is not to be had, take a gull. If no gull is at hand, anything will do as well. The only necessary precaution to be taken for a Peace Pie is this,—whatever may be contained within the dish, there must be pigeon’s feet peeping out of the crust. These made with paste, and varnished with egg—(if Manchester-laid the better)—will serve all purposes.

PARISIAN BAKINGS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.—It must be confessed, that our dramatists and actors of the present day make their bread mostly out of French *Rôles*.

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR’S CANTICLE.

THE mansions of the just I’ll share,
Nor live where sinners dwell;
My heart delighteth in May-Fair,
But hateth Clerkenwell.
My house shall in Tyburnia be;
My home in Pimlico;
I will not rest in Bermondsey,
Or sleep nigh Bunhill Row.

Mount Pleasant is a wicked place;
A naughty folk’s abode.
And let me not, in any case,
Reside by Goswell Road.
But on Hay-Hill I will rejoice,
In Grosvenor Square the same:
The latter place give me, for choice,
By reason of the name.

Oh! come on Sunday from your lanes,
And courts, ye straying sheep;
And here behold what quiet reigns,
And how we Sunday keep!
You’ll see no fish for sale, nor meat,
No public-houses here,
Whence ragged girls, with slipshod feet,
Are fetching pots of beer.

You’ll never, on that holy day,
Unhallow’d shoulders view,
Of mutton, brought from o’er the way,
Our blessed gates unto,
With baked potatoes under that,
Upon a tray of tin,
All smoking hot, and soak’d with fat,
But steep’d still more in sin.

No kind of work our servants do,
(For aught that you can see:)
That we are even such as you,
And eat and drink, deem ye?
Make others cook that we may dine?
That we can do such wrong?
So grossly break the law divine?
O misbelieving throng!

Though every day, on sumptuous fare,
I feast, of all the seven;
And purple and fine linen wear,
I still may hope for heaven.
Because on Sunday my repast
A righteous meal will be,
Since I shall make the poor man fast,
And pray—perhaps!—for me.

THE DANGERS OF THE THAMES.

WE read in the account of the Henley regatta, that one of the boat races was “lost by Misadventure, in consequence of MR. LEWIS, of Chelsea, having broken his scull.” This announcement is somewhat alarming, and indeed it is rather unintelligible, for we do not see how MR. LEWIS can have caused the frightful fracture which incapacitated him from further exertion; though it is possible that he may have received from his competitor in the heat of the moment—which appears to have been the Second Heat—an injury of the kind described. We are great admirers of aquatic sports, and we have often “pulled up” a cabman, which is no very easy or agreeable task; but when we find we are liable to have our scull broken, we are almost determined to keep out of anything in the shape of a row, or a rowing match as long as we live.

LORD PALMERSTON’S EVIL EXAMPLE.—There’s SOYER now—that other Minister of the Interior,—who not satisfied with attending to the different Messes in the Crimea, is actually making jokes!



THE CLUB.

Just a Sandwich and a Nice Glass of Hock and Seltzer Water.

[Dedicated to my Lord Robert Grosvenor.]



THE ROADSIDE INN. . . :

A Mouthful of Dust and a Pull at the Pump.

[Dedicated to my Lord Robert Grosvenor.]

THE TWO SABBATHS.

Rich man's Sabbath is the easiest day of an easy seven ;
On oiled springs and well-stuff'd cushions in its carriage goes to
Heaven.

If the road be steep and rugged, what are horses for? To pull,
If the turnpike tolls *be* heavy, what then? His purse is full.

Poor man's Sabbath must be a work-day, his other six to suit ;
If he must go to Heaven—let him find his way on foot.
Is he thirsty? Close the taps : or Poor man will be boozing ;
Is he footsore? Fence the turf : or Poor man will be snoozing.

Rich man's Sabbath takes its extra-hour of a downy bed :
Lingers o'er its breakfast : Can it pray, till it hath fed?
In trim garden, or snug parlour, wiles its time away,
Till JOHN brings the gilt prayer-books—and Rich man rides to pray.

Poor man's Sabbath stifles in its attic foul,
Visits its bare cupboard with a grumble and a growl.
Its children's hungry bellies with a cuff or crust assuaged,
Then goes to Sunday market, with Saturday night's wages.

Rich man's Sabbath reads his Service, at a guinea, velvet-bound,
To match the velvet cushions of the snug pew, curtain'd round.
That if the parson droneth, Rich man at ease may snooze
Out of the reach of nasty draughts, and envious free seats' views.

Poor man's Sabbath sitteth with its feet on the cold stones,
Rests on a hard and unback'd bench, as it may, its weary bones.
If it understand the parson or not is little odds,
Out of pulpit ear-shot are the seats, where Poor man's Sabbath nods.

Rich man's Sabbath has its club-house for needful sustentation,
Its Zoological Gardens for harmless recreation,
Its Ring to ride or drive in—hack-cabs are not admitted—
In short, let Rich man's Sabbath form a wish, and it is fitted.

Poor man's Sabbath if it will *walk* has the City streets to walk in :
If it *must* have society, there's its own one room to talk in :
But it must not see Rich man's wild beasts, or smell rich man's sweet
flowers,
It *will* drink : but it gets no beer unless at legal hours.

Let Rich man make a Sabbath for Rich man : 'tis his due ;
But why should he insist on making Poor man's Sabbath too?
There was Poor man once who said (he was under Rich man's ban),
"Man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath made for man."

Thus far I had written, balancing my lines with labour'd art,
When something said—"Shame on you! If you *must* write, write your
heart—"

Pharisees! that with upturn'd eyes, clasp'd hands and saintly drone,
See notes in your poor brother's eye—what beams are in your own?

Is this God's world or the devil's? Six days to Mammon given,
And one to make your souls in, and square accounts with Heaven?
In street and mart and senate is the devil free to perch—
And God Almighty shut within the four walls of your church?

You talk of Sabbath-breaking—for Sunday bills you seek!
Is not God's Sabbath broken every day of all the week?
Live lives that prove *you* Christian, and I warrant you will prove
There *is* a power in godliness, words of truth and works of love.

Do you your best to make this world, what God meant this world
should be,
Look abroad and read what *that* is, in blossom, flower, and tree,
In the love as in the loveliness sown broad-cast over earth,
And for both within the heart of man a yearning and a death.

Find food for these : Lift piggish life out of the filthy sty,
Where your vested rights have plunged it to struggle, curse and die.
Find a light for those dark places *your* lights can never reach :
Go to the Book, whose lesson men must live, or need not preach.

Feed the hungry : clothe the naked : teach the outcast : free the slave.
"This is my Sabbath," saith the Lord, "the offering I crave."
Is Heaven above our heads? Not so : God's kingdom is on earth :
All days are his, for rich and poor, that lie 'twixt death and birth.

Handsome Compliment.

"THE Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," must have been a compli-
mentary allusion by one of our juvenile poets to MRS. GAMP, the Old
Woman, who still lives in Shoe Lane, and keeps up to the present day
the *Morning Herald*, as a nursery of newspaper literature.

NELSON'S DAUGHTER AND GRANDCHILDREN.

AN advertisement in the *Times* tells the world, that the eight children
of NELSON'S daughter HORATIA—NELSON'S grandchildren—are "more
or less provided for." Perhaps a little less than more; but let that
pass. At length a long, long standing debt has been paid, or rather
compounded at something less than nineteen shillings in the pound.
The government, as the government, has done nothing. The stiff,
whalebone virtue that set up the back of QUEEN CHARLOTTE against
NELSON'S daughter—GEORGE THE THIRD thought NELSON'S funeral
had too much state in it for a mere subject; such pomp "was for kings"
—still kept the government aloof from all help of HORATIA and her
children. At length, however, the press spoke out. The "ribald
press" for a time laid aside its ribaldry, and condescended to champion
the claims of NELSON'S daughter upon NELSON'S fellow-countrymen.
Well, something has been done; and thus much in explanation we take
from the advertisement in question:—

"The eight children of HORATIA, MRS. WARD, are all now, more or less, provided
for. Her eldest son has been presented to the living of Radstock, by the DOWAGER
COUNTESS OF WALDEGRAVE; the second son had been previously appointed by SIR
W. BURNETT Assistant-Surgeon in the Navy; to the third, LORD CHANONELLON CHAS-
WORTH has given a Clerkship in the Registry-Office; the fourth son received a Cadetcy
from CAPTAIN SHEPHERD; His ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT conferred a similar
appointment on the youngest son; and HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to
settle upon the three daughters a pension of £300 per annum. To this last result the
 exertions of the late MR. HUME, M.P., mainly contributed. MESSRS. GREENE, of Black wall,
and MESSRS. SMITH, of Newcastle, conveyed the two Cadets to India free of expense."

To this may be added "a small cash balance" paid to MRS. WARD,
"after investing £400 in the funds." Altogether some £1,427 have been
subscribed in the cause of NELSON'S daughter. We state the sum, and
will not pause to calculate whether the amount be the tenth of a
farthing or even a whole farthing in the pound, for which England is
NELSON'S debtor. Let us any way thank those who have helped
HORATIA'S children. They have all done well, from the Dowager-
Countess to the QUEEN, ending with the prince ship-owners of Black-
wall and Newcastle. Their ships will not have the worst fortune of
wreck or storm for having borne, passage-free, the grandsons of
NELSON to their Indian work. Let us, too, pause to thank the shade
of JOSEPH HUME—the strong, sound, kind, old heart!—JOSEPH, who
"mainly contributed," with those earnest, honest fingers of his to
unwind the royal purse-strings, so that the three granddaughters may
now keep the wolf from the door, as their immortal grandfather kept
the foe from the "silver-girted isle."

Of course, from motives no doubt most delicate, most honourable,
and therefore to be most profoundly respected, the names of all the
helpers of HORATIA and her children are not given. For we nowhere
see in the list the name of the present EARL OF NELSON, of the man
who is now a peer because a certain glorious sailor—son of a humble
Norfolk parson—bled out his life in the *Victory's* cockpit. The living
peer lives a noble life, walks on velvet and sleeps on roses,—the velvet
and flowers all, in some mysterious way, fashioned from the thunderbolts
cast about him by the DUKE OF BROCKRE. But then, of course, the
living EARL has made some offering—has rendered up something of the
wealth of which the first Parson LORD NELSON a little smugly fobbed
the naughty LADY HAMILTON. For somehow that EARL—can the
story be too often told? we think not—somehow he forgot to make
known NELSON'S codicil, fearing that the sum of £120,000, about to be
voted for the support of the new peerage, might be affected by the
publicity of the document. The codicil was waste paper, and the EARL
OF NELSON, with his thumb at his nose—for he was capable of the
gesture—showed LADY HAMILTON to the door; though when she died,
the Parson-peer anxiously crossed the sea to Calais in search of her
property, but only found the pawnbroker's duplicates.

Well, there were some amends to be made for this; and of course
the present EARL OF NELSON has made all graceful reparation.
He has no doubt done good by stealth; and so stealthily that he will
never blush to find it fame.

Who shall Decide when Bishops Disagree?

THE Bishops met the other day in convocation, when the BISHOP OF
LONDON brought up a report which some of the other Bishops declined
to swallow. The BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH "objected," and the ARCH-
BISHOP OF CANTERBURY said "the report was in direct opposition to
that agreed upon last July." The proceedings then took a turn, which
reminded one somewhat of an altercation about a game of billiards, for
the BISHOP OF OXFORD defended the BISHOP OF LONDON, on the ground
that he did not want to make a "Canon." The probability is that
several of the Bishops would readily forego the pleasure of "making a
canon;" and that their game would rather be, to put something into
the pocket.

WAGNER'S HERO.—The best singer of the *Music of the Future* is
MR. SEMI-BREEVES, for whenever he is advertised to sing a song, it is
sure to be postponed indefinitely to some future period.



TASTE.

Shop-girl (who has been expected to possess TENNYSON'S "Miller's Daughter"). "No, Miss! WE'VE NOT GOT THE MILLER'S—BUT HERE'S THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER, JUST PUBLISHED!"

TWO SUNDAY TRAVELLERS.

SOME controversy has arisen as to the definition of a *bonâ fide* traveller travelling on a Sunday. One kind of traveller, at any rate, has a reasonable claim to that title—the person who, being confined by business all the week, travels on the Sunday for the sake of his health; for such a person not only may, but ought to, take that opportunity of exercise. But a question which may also be mooted is, who is the *malâ fide* traveller on the day of rest? Surely, if anybody is to be considered such, it is he who not only travels himself in his carriage, but also compels men-servants to travel behind him, on that solemn day, with their heads absurdly powdered, and their persons preposterously attired in coats and waistcoats and breeches of sky-blue and crimson, drab and scarlet, or chocolate and gamboge, causing them to exhibit a droll and unseasonable resemblance to bullfinches, cockrobbins, and yellowhammers.

RUSSIAN JOKE.

If the Red Indians should, like us,
Ever at war be with the Russ,
Of course they'll never be the geese
To offer them the Pipe of Peace,
Knowing who at Hango broke it;
Sure that a bullet would be sped;
For answer, through the bearer's head,
With these brief words, jocosely said,—
Alluding to the ounce of lead,—
"Put that in your Pipe and smoke it!"

THE LAST WORD.—Finis.

HOW TO RESTORE CONFIDENCE IN PRIVATE BANKS.

AFTER the recent disgraceful smash of the Bank of PAUL, STRAHAN, and Co., whose principal partner was remarkable for his seriousness, and for his punctuality in taking the chair at pious meetings, it is quite evident that the religious dodge will no longer serve the turn of commercial swindlers. We are opposed to prejudice of all kinds; but we are forced to admit, that we have long had an antipathy to men who interlard their conversation with texts from Scripture, and sign their letters "Yours in the true faith," or with other cant phrases which touch upon the borders of blasphemy. We once knew two serious tailors who were brothers, and in partnership, but who had not spoken to each other for years, though they both went on talking about "grace" and "works" till they wound up their career in a Court of Bankruptcy, when each proved the other a rogue to the satisfaction of everybody.

The frightful collapse of religious cant in the case of the banking-house which has just broken down, will cause such a revulsion of feeling against the mingling of the outward appearances of piety with commercial concerns, that we should not be surprised if a private bank were to introduce a "fast partner" for the purpose of inspiring the confidence of the public. Instead of the language of the conventicle, we may expect to hear a little of the slang of the night-house, from behind a Banker's counter; and, indeed, it would be no bad speculation to engage some great representative of the flash school, to deal with those customers, whose suspicions will be aroused by anything in the shape of religious hypocrisy.

For the benefit of those firms who would like to adopt our hint, we furnish a few specimens of the mode in which the flash element might be introduced into the ordinary transactions of a Banker's business. The customer presents a cheque for payment, upon which the fast partner exclaims, "Now, my r-r-r-rummy customer, how will you have it, when will you have it, where will you have it? Will you take it in flimsies, or will you have it all in tin? Come—look sharp, my downy one, and I'll fork out the brads like bricksey wicksey."

An individual presents himself at the counter with some money to be placed to his account, when the fast partner, or the flash clerk greets him somewhat in the following fashion. "Come along, come along, come along! Is your money safe with us thinks you? I believe you my boy! says I. There! Nix my dolly pals, draw away. Are your securities safe? to be sure they are. Right as a trivet. (Sings.)—

"In the box of a stone jug they are born."

Would you like to see them? No you von't, von't you? (Sings.)—

"If I had a customer vot wouldn't go—
To see his securities down below,
I'd say—"

"No never mind what I'd say, for as you don't want to look at them, why then. (Sings.)—

"Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Let them lie!"

TRIAL IN THE COURT OF HYMEN.

DESCRIBING a "Marriage in High Life," our fashionable contemporary says—

"The mother of the bride was unequal to the trial, which her presence at the church would have imposed on her."

Trial! What trial? Surely there was no bigamy in the case; and if there had been, the offence was not one to which the lady, by her attendance at the nuptials, would have subjected herself to indictment for being an accessory.

Anglo-American Institutions.

THOSE sumptuary quacks who are trying to get the Maine Liquor Law introduced among us should consider that Yankee Legislation is a game that two parties can play at. Notwithstanding our hostile relations with Russia, this country contains abundance of tar, and plenty of brushes; in addition to which, it is amply supplied with feathers; and the gentlemen who are attempting the importation of a Liquor Law from America, may find that other people have imported a Lynch Law.

"WHERE ARE YOUR MORALS?"

WHY, they are mostly to be met with now-a-days in company with "Rum-ti-iddity," or "Tooral-looral-looral," or "Flibbitigibbity-Wisky-Bosky-Bang" at the end of a comic song.

A PARLIAMENTARY DIVISION.

THE parties, who in Parliament are opposed to the present war, may be divided into two large spinning-classes; those who, like BRIGHT, spin cotton, and those who, like GLADSTONE, spin long yarns.



TOO LITERAL BY HALF.

SCENE.—A "cheap" chop-house not a hundred miles from L—nd—n.

Waiter. "Paysir? Yessir—Whataveveradsir?"

Matter-of-fact old gentleman (who has been reading the "Quarterly" on "Food and its adulterations.") "Had? why, let me see: I've had some horsetail soup, spiced with red-lead and shop-sweepings: a plate of roast cow, and cabbage boiled with verdigris: a crust of plaster of Paris, baked with alum and bone-dust: half-a-pint of porter brewed from quassia and strychnine: and a cup of charred liver, annatto, and other unknown ingredients."

[Exit Waiter for a Straight-Waistcoat, and a Stomach-Pump

A SPOKE IN THE COMMON WHEEL.

WHAT is to be done to cut down the length of the Parliamentary debates? Everybody admits that talking is the great obstruction to legislation, and everybody feels that it is of no use talking, for it is quite impossible to talk the Members out of their propensity to long harangues. It would be worth almost any money if a discovery could be made, by which to induce Parliament to hold its tongue. Many of the talkers are looked upon as nothing better than long-winded pumps, the effect of which would be invaluable if the pumps could be got to act as air-pumps upon one another, and mutually exhaust each other, as well as themselves. The vehicle of legislation is brought to a dead standstill, because MR. SO-AND-SO'S flatulence stops the way. The other evening an honourable Member began by declaring, that "it was with unspeakable anxiety he rose," and he went on speaking his unspeakabilities for near an hour and a half.

Speech is said to have been given to man to conceal his thoughts, but Parliamentary speech seems to have been given to some men to expose their thoughtlessness; for if they considered for a moment, they would never allow their love of talking to put an end to all legislative action. In matters of ordinary business it is considered a sound principle that a thing should be no sooner said than done, but in the House of Commons a thing is no sooner said, than it is tolerably sure not to be done till a year at least from the date at which it was spoken of.

Lord Hahnemann Stiggins.

It is well known that LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR is a Homoeopathist as well as a Sabbatarian. His fanaticism explains his quackery. He patronises infinitesimal globules, because, owing to their utter inertness, they are medicines which cannot possibly desecrate Sunday.

A PRETTY SENTIMENT FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.—The wings of Love fly away with the strongest o' pinions.—Jenkins.

SABBATH-BREAKING AND SWEARING.

SWEARING is now not only unfashionable, but both unusual and vulgar. An oath is rarely uttered by any individual of the First or Second Class, even when the Collector calls for the Income-Tax. Yet many persons now living can recollect the time, when almost every man, except a clergyman or a dissenter, was accustomed to mingle his discourse with imprecations. At present scarcely anybody whatever in a black coat, or a coat of any other cloth of a woollen texture, and ordinary boots, is in the habit of cursing and using bad language. That habit is nearly confined to the wearers of fustian and velveteen jackets, smockfrocks, nailed highlows, and ankle-jacks. In passing a group of these Third Class people at the corner of a street you too often hear one or more of them pronounce words which cannot be quoted. Now the pronunciation of these words is unnecessary on the speaker's part, offensive as regards yourself, and revolting considered in relation to hearers of a tender age or gentle sex. Nobody doubts the wickedness of this abuse of speech; though a few may possibly question whether the First Day of the week is the Seventh.

If, therefore, LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, LORD EBRINGTON, MR. WILSON PATTEN, and the other Sabbatarians, persist in pressing or maintaining their Coercion Bills for obliging the common people to observe Sunday by fasting and abstinence, it may be expected that one or more of them will call upon the House of Commons to take some steps to prevent swearing in the streets.

Already there exists a law which renders any person guilty of swearing liable to be apprehended by a policeman taken before a magistrate, and fined 5s. per profane oath. This law has been lying dormant all that time during which the practice of indulging in execrations has been on the decline.

Will LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR and his holy friends let the decline of bad language go on, or will they create a reaction in favour of blasphemy and foul-speaking by reviving the statute against swearing with additional penalties, and with provisions for being duly enforced?

If they do, of course these polite persons will take care that the act shall apply only to the unfashionable streets and places of public resort, lest the punishment designed to prevent the Whitechapel costermonger from addressing his donkey sinfully, shall alight on the gentleman, using a casual expression of a similar quality in Bond Street.

It will then be for the House to consider, whether any person, who can speak good English, habitually employs improper expressions; and whether the swearing which the Saints unite to suppress would not be most effectually put down by the education which the disunited Saints render impossible.

At the same time, perhaps, Parliament will be pleased to inquire, whether the most promising way of getting the people to observe Sunday as the Hebrews observe Saturday, is not to provide them with adequate spiritual instruction—that is to say, with a simple index to those texts which enjoin that observance.

MR. SPEAKER'S GLEE.

MERRILY to our work we go,
With a hear, hear, hear! and a ho, ho, ho!
We mingle our grave debates with chaff,
And now a cheer, and anon a laugh;
We titter, and roar, and shout with glee,
Hip, hip, hooray! and he, he, he!

With War for the Order of the Day,
We break forth in mirth as the donkeys bray,
The talk is of slaughter, perhaps, and rout,
But we cannot refrain from bursting out,
Though the reason why may not appear,
With a he, he, ho! and a hear, hear, hear!

Let the question be whatsoever it will;
An Income-Tax Act, or a Sunday Bill;
Your House of C—mm—ns, always gay,
Your money and liberty votes away;
With a gentle giggle, or loud guffaw,
With a ha, ha, he! or a haw, haw, haw!

Future Flags of Truce?

It has been made known by the CZAR to the English Government that, in future, all English Flags of Truce will be respected, if made of Manchester cotton. By this concession, his Imperial Majesty would wish to mark his sense of the benevolent endeavours of MESSRS. BRIGHT and COBDEN.

THE MOST TUNEFUL CHOR.—A Quire, every Note of which is a Bank-Note.

RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

How RABELAIS did consult BRIDLEGOOSE touching the prognostics of the War, and of the prognostics themselves.



SOUGHT in vain for a milched craw-fish for lunch, for the gentleman in waiting did assure me that such creatures he never beheld, and that they, like LORD A—'s political talent, JEAMES's power of speaking the truth, or the same individual's humanity, were simply fabulous. So I took a very light lunch off the brains of a Drum, washing it down with something Bright, albeit and notwithstanding it was not a Cobbler. A debate upon such a supper, quoth I (for no worse anathema could be found). Verily this diet is too light, and this drink too thin for an intellectual eater and drinker like myself. LORD A—take the dishonest and all the humbugs, if I will

not seek the great BRIDLEGOOSE, and see whether out of his food that he giveth forth daily and weekly, I cannot get something that will keep me from starving on short Commons. As to banqueting on Lords, may the great DUKE HUMPHRY feed them with their own understanding!

So I went into the great palace of INK, in the which did live all manners of what some did call *diaboli imprimatorum*, the which did work all day and all night, ever relieving each other, as they did compose, set up, correct, return for revise, correct again, break up, work, machine, stereotype, work off, turn over at ease, distribute, and the like, certain curious bits of lead, zinc, brass, copper, and the like, and did swallow up whole magazines of sheets of paper, whole heaps of copy, whole volleys of punctuation, insomuch that notes of interrogation came to an end, exclamations of indignation fell short, and all they could find were *full stops* about the great war and the Lords, and the geese which were in want of bridles. Over the which did rule the great BRIDLEGOOSE, whom some did call *Times*, others *News*, others *Press*, and the like, for he had as many *aliases* as a thief at the Old Bailey, or a Lord's funeral speech by the Garter King at Arms. And the said BRIDLEGOOSE did introduce to us, right courteously, his trusty Secretary, DONTCARE, and he did yet more courteously present to us a very big, huge, ponderous, and right well written volume of prognostics, upon the which we did feed, and continue to feed right well.

And as he that eateth to repletion lacketh not for food, even as he that hath more than enough hath what he may well spare, so it irks and ill becomes me that I pour not forth from the plenitude of the Holy Bottle of ink, by the which the wonderful prognostics were unfolded. *Audite Quirites! procul este profani!* People, attend! Peace-pawnbrokers and Lordly-slop-sellers, out of the way!

"This year," saith the prophetic chronicle, "there will not be peace until the war is at an end; more men will not die than are killed, starved, or left to die, neither will horses live for the sake of learning how to live without eating. Lords who are foolish will not become wiser by remaining as they are, nor will the Great Bear be satisfied with a sore head if they will prevent him being hurt. Speeches will not make foolish speakers seem wise, nor will the listeners believe them so, unless it is worth their while; fools and folly will not be parted more than usual; old women, prime ministers, and children will remain old women, prime ministers and children; neither will people get meaning out of sound, figs off Thistles, wisdom out of Argyle Street, or honesty out of those who sell themselves. Garters will not be given till *legs* are vacant; fools will not rise by their own merits as long as they can by the reverse; promotion will be given to the undeserving only when deserving men are neglected; and discipline in the army will not be enforced by dancing in shirts, swallowing of candles, or the like, except when head-quarters think otherwise.

"As to the war, walls will stand unless they are beaten down, guns will be taken if they are left behind, and the same will be useless if

spiked beforehand. Gunpowder blown up will hardly furnish cartridges to the enemy, nor will sunken ships be valuable prize-money. Shells and bombs will not be agreeable to those struck by them, nor will a horse ride well with three lame legs. Granite will hardly prove as soft as a woollack or as the milk of JEAMES's kindness; Emperors will not be more humble than they are obliged to be, nor will their merchants grow rich by the sinking of their vessels. Buildings set on fire will suffer from heat, and the Greek Calends will come when the Great Bear's dispatches speak the truth. More men will fall, than bears be slain for pomatum; those who run away will hardly do so without pursuit; those who die for their country will gain more memory than medals, and those who were loved will be well wept for.

"But, hearkye, ye aged, worn-out, champagne-fed, high-dried gridders on a monument, ye who gibe with skulls as empty as a death's head, without its lesson of mortality. Be assured that ye shall not grin at suffering when ye suffer yourselves; be ye assured that life will not be longer than itself for *your* sakes, and that the memory of the scoffer will not be had in reverence. Horse-collars will not be wanting for those who grin through them, soft *Palms* will forget *dates*, the moon will be safe from the wolves as long as it has no cabinet to guard it; monuments in an abbey will give a stone to those who gave the same when bread was wanted; owls will sing sweetly when Lords talk wisely; the weather will be talked about when it is convenient to forget other things, officers will give evidence when they cease to forget; and the huge cat NIMRODS and the flunkey JEAMES will make peace when honesty tells what it is impolite to tell a man he does, and when Falsehood kisses Truth for correction. Failure and success will not be identical, glory will be talked of when the weather ceases to be interesting; other skulls will grin at the skulls of the Westminster *Yorick* when they meet in the same quarter; and those who stand in the pillory of the present day will scarcely be honoured hereafter."

"PLAYING PEOPLE OUT."

At the Panopticon, in Leicester Square, is one of the finest organs in the world. But, from a correspondence which has been published, it would appear, that whatever stops the instrument may have, the *vox humana* of the proprietary emits very objectionable noises.

MR. BEST, who has been acting as organist, and who has certainly made the organ discourse most eloquent music, complains of having been treated, by those who engaged his services, as an artist ought not to be treated; and the first time the owners of the instrument send their bellows to mend, they had better send their manners to undergo a similar reparatory operation.

Not satisfied with MR. BEST's scholarly exhibition of the varied powers of the grand organ, by the performance of a series of compositions to visitors who listen, the directors of the establishment call upon a gentleman and a musician to "play the people out." He is to accompany the shuffling of feet, the racing down stairs, the calls of parties to "keep together," the requests "not to shove," the squabble for canes, parasols, and umbrellas, and the recitative in which cabs are summoned to the door. And when the last lounge is out, the gentleman and musician may leave off. But this is not all. The direction is good enough to select a composition fit to be applied to this noble art-purpose—and they select MENDELSSOHN's "Bridal Chorus," which, as everybody knows, is just the thing to be trampled to pieces by a crowd of wearied sight-seers, anxious to escape. If the directors could get a RAPHAEL, they would, in the same spirit, lay it down as a door-mat, for the greater luxury of their departing patrons.

MR. BEST, having in vain remonstrated against the vulgarity, very properly resigns. He will not desecrate MENDELSSOHN, and "play the people out." If the Panopticon people conduct all their arrangements in this fashion, and without regard to what is due to art, the public, which soon comprehends such things, will discover it. And then the next organist will have a very much harder task to attempt than "playing people out," namely, that of "playing them in." The directors have got a *Novum Organum*, and a noble one, but they need not therefore behave like fat Bucons.

The Bitters of Repentance.

THESE Bitters are taken generally the first thing in the morning, when a fast young gent(leman) wakes up with a bitter headache, and before he can eat his breakfast has to fly to gentian, quinine, absinthe, and such like bitters, or else rushes frantically into Bitter Beer. An "embittered existence" means the life that is eventually led by one who, for any length of time, has been in the habit of taking the above "bitters."

PICTORIAL COMPANION TO LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.—LANCE, and his Peacock.

FLOWERS THAT ARE ALWAYS FALLING OFF.—Bachelor's Buttons.



PROPOSED NEW UNIFORM FOR THE POLICE,
WITH LETTERS AND NUMBERS PROPERLY MARKED.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ONE graceful duty has been done, not ungracefully, by Parliament this week. In compliance with an invitation from the Crown, provision has been made for testifying the national sense of the character and services of the noble soldier who has died at the head of the English army in the Crimea.

“Ornantes supremo funus honore.”

July 2nd, Monday. LORD ST. LEONARD's called the attention of the Lords to the Ticket of Leave System, which he described as having worked very badly. LORD GRANVILLE, in reply, said that it had worked very well. LORD MELVILLE and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE expressed great anxiety, that none of the Ticket of Leave Men should be allowed to enter the military service, which was a profession of honour. There is much to be said, of course, both ways, but there might be a worse recruit than a relieved Burglar, who would break into Sebastopol, or a relieved Smasher, who should take to smashing its defenders.

In the House of Commons, the Sabbatical homœopathist, LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, manifested an infinitesimal quantity of sense, by withdrawing the Sunday Trading Bill, as reluctantly, however, as if he were a martyr making a sacrifice, instead of a muff retracting a blunder. It is difficult to say, who has behaved worst in connection with this bill; the silly Lord, who brought it in; the timid Government, that was afraid to take one side or the other; the apathetic House of Commons, that did not thrust the bill from the threshold, which would have been (*Mr. Punch* mentions for the benefit of certain ignorant writers for the Sunday press) to Eliminate it; the unfaithful metropolitan members, who did not whip up the said House to its work; or the police, who instead of battering the swell-mob and the stone-throwers, brutally beat inoffensive persons, children, and cripples. The whole business is especially discredit-able, but the lesson may not prove useless, if it teach the Sab-batarians, that they are not to begin religious teaching at the wrong end. You can and may “make people religious by Acts of Parliament,” and *Mr. Punch* hopes to see the process carried out with the utmost vigour, but the Acts will not deprive poor people of their Sunday dinner. A set of Six Acts, providing the means of ordinary cleanliness, providing that in poor homes tenants' Decency shall not be sacrificed to landlords' Avarice, providing cheap and wholesome education for the child, providing for the punishment of the parent who withholds it, providing holidays, and places where such days may be rationally, yes, and comfortably spent, providing that Wages shall be paid twenty-four hours before the Day of Rest—that Sestett of Acts would go a very long way towards making people religious by Act of Parliament—the rather that such legislation would bring us up to a point at which the professional Teacher of Religion could address the people, and feel that he was not mocking the victims of dirt, squalor, ignorance and misery, by calling on them to be decorous and devotional. *Interim*, be it

said, that *Mr. Punch* accepts with pleasure, but without the faintest blush on his fine countenance, the show-storm of acknowledgments he is receiving for his noble and philanthropic conduct in defeating the Sunday Bill.

The Educational prospects of the country, however, are not very brilliant. On this Monday night, the Scottish Education Bill made some little progress, and the Senators, deeply impressed with the serious business on which they were engaged, roared and roared again with laughter, because on one of the amendments the members were equal; but SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had to throw over his English bill, in despair of getting attention for it this Session. However, LORD JOHN RUSSELL consoled him by promising, that the subject of Education should not entirely escape the consideration of Government. And thereupon the three bills with which Parliament has been playing,—namely, two Education Bills and a Free School Bill—were pitched out of the House. Gaols, it would seem, are cheaper than Schools.

Tuesday. Both Houses were occupied in the way mentioned in *Mr. Punch's* first paragraph. SHAKESPEARE felt that the effect of the most solemn business was heightened by the artistic introduction of a bit of contrasting chatter and absurdity, and MR. MILNER GIBSON, recognising this truth in art, broke into the homage which the Commons were rendering to a departed hero, with some petulant peace-monger's trash, for which he received a stinging rebuke from LORD PALMERSTON, who was probably not aware of the high art of the interruption, and only saw in it a piece of low taste. Finally, MR. RICH (MR. HENRY DRUMMOND's little pig that squeaked because unable to get at the conduit of natural diet), endeavouring to set forth certain notions about the army, was cruelly counted out, about dinner time.

Wednesday. The Commons got through some work without much unnecessary talking, and especially made progress with a useful Coal Mine-Inspection Bill. It seems necessary that there should be very stringent control, by disinterested persons, over mines; and as minors are entitled to necessities, it is to be hoped the bill will pass.

Thursday. It would, of course, be too much to expect, that our Government, or the War-Minister, should be able to do a proper thing properly, or without bungling attempts, and alterations. LORD PANMURE announced, that he had reconsidered his plan for giving our soldier double pay, and investing half in the Savings Bank, and that he should pay him sixpence extra, as field allowance, and enable him to appropriate another sixpence for the benefit of his family. LORD ELLENBOROUGH stated, that he was doing all in his power as a recruiting serjeant, for whenever he met a man who looked as if he wanted advice, his Lordship told him, “to discard all worldly considerations and to become a soldier, for the first of all professions was the military profession, and the first of all rewards was military honour.” It was remarked that the Bishops and Law Lords cheered this announcement with almost unseemly vociferation.

The Commons went at the Nuisances Bill, and LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR actually had the egotism to speak on the subject. As a fitting chastisement for his personal vanity, the Hyde Park affair came up again, and MR. TOM DUNCOMBE brought forward a number of instances of the misconduct of the police, nearly all of which SIR GEORGE GREY refused to believe. The Tenants Compensation Bill, an Irish measure, was then discussed, the debate being only remarkable for the coarse language used by the majority of the Irish Members who spoke. Their provincial petulance and arrogance at last drew from LORD PALMERSTON a damaging castigation, which, by way of example, he laid across the shoulders of their grumbling Coryphæus, SHEE, an Irish lawyer of much vulgar volubility. The PREMIER told this SHEE, that he had begged the Government to take charge of the bill, but was doing all he could to impede its passing, in order to maintain a grievance which would be a good hustings' cry. The House, perfectly understanding that this really was the Irish game, applauded the exposure, which so enraged SHEE, that he poured out a whole flood of Billingsgate, and then defied LORD PALMERSTON to rebuke him again. To this LORD PALMERSTON quietly observed, that he “certainly would be guilty of that presumption whenever he thought proper.” *Punch* has had to touch up his friend PAM on occasion, but never denied him the credit of having inherited from their mutual and lamented friend (whose son is just going to India in the office his father should have lived to retain) the art of dealing most efficiently with the “Yelpers.”

There was then a renewal of a discussion, whether Members ought to vote on questions without having been in the House—a mode of taking things easy, which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and others seemed to have been practising. The SPEAKER thought that they really ought not.

Friday. The Lords discussed LORD DERRY's plan for preventing family prayers. LORD SHAFTESBURY opposed it, and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, thinking that things are best as they are (a way of thinking popular with ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY), also objected to it. The bill was therefore withdrawn. One can understand the noble Racer DERRY's objection to seeing a Horse upon his knees, but cannot exactly comprehend his having a similar objection in the case of a Christian.

In the Commons a pledge was extorted from SIR GEORGE GREY, that he would institute a *bonâ fide* investigation into the conduct of the

police in the Park, on the previous Sunday. In answer to the intimation that there was a probability of another disturbance on the following Sunday, a gentleman whose name, *Mr. Punch* being merciful, would suppress (only remarking that it sounds very like *GEORGE DUNN'S Ass*), suggested the very strong antidote of *Six-Pounders*. He, however, afterwards qualified this suggestion, by saying he only meant that he hoped Government would take every necessary precaution. *Mr. Punch* owns to blind, nay, abject devotion to the aristocracy, both heraldic and pecuniary, but he is bound to say, that he would almost sooner see one of those dear old wrinkled, painted, wigged hags of dowagers sent away from the Park gate, with her carriages, flunkies, lapdogs, prayer-books, toadies, and all, than that her distinguished presence should occasion the spilling of plebeian blood. This may be a republican sentiment; but *Mr. Punch's* tried loyalty, and the confidence placed in him by his Sovereign, permit him to say bold things, from which the herd would shrink.

By way of closing the week in a dignified manner, LORD JOHN RUSSELL let out that he came home from Vienna with certain Austrian propositions for peace, which he and M. DROUYN DE LUYVS thought the Allies ought to accept. The Governments of England and France thought otherwise, so the Frenchman, having a nice sense of honour, resigned; but LORD JOHN, being a little tougher, stayed in, and to make all safe, roared for war like a good one. Now that the war is not going on prosperously, he reveals all this, being a remarkable nice little man for a small Cabinet party.

ST. STEPHEN'S COAST-GUARD.



NEW CORPS for the prevention of smuggling should forthwith be established, under the name, and discharging the duty, of the Parliamentary Preventive Corps. Last year the Sabbatarian Beer Bill was smuggled through both Houses, and LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR'S supplementary measure would have been run in the same manner this session if a general hue and cry had not been raised against the contrabandists. Let us keep on the look-out; for an "Act to facilitate Leases and Sales of Settled Estates" was, by the last accounts, in the course of becoming law, which, if it does become, it will enable SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON, by means of an *ex parte* application to Chancery, without notice, to obtain from a single

Judge permission to enclose Hampstead Heath. This, at least, is the statement of "One of the Public," writing to the *Times*. Metropolitan Members, look alive, keep careful watch; ware SIR THOMAS WILSON and a smuggled Hampstead Heath Enclosure Bill!

Cooks' Voyages.

THE most remarkable of Cooks' voyages is the voyage made to the Crimea by Soyer, the ex-cook of the Reform Club. His object is to apply the culinary art to the provisions of war, and to enable the soldiers to deal with their rations in a rational manner. According to his own account his success has been considerable, and he has planted in the hospitals of Scutari several cooks, each of whom is sufficiently a hero to enable him to deal with a *batterie (de cuisine)*, and to face the most tremendous fire.

SUNDAY FARE FOR RICH AND POOR.

LORD DIVES, at his Club, takes a delicate luncheon,—
BILL SMITH, in Hyde Park, has a bite of a truncheon.

The Pope in the Stocks.

"THE POPE has," it is gratefully stated, "consented to the erection of a Stock Exchange at Bologna." We hear too, that the holy father has offered to set up the young institution, (conditionally on its finding its own bears and lame ducks) with some of his most disreputable bulls.

CHAIR! CHAIR!

The following remarkable notice has been placed in our hands:—

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

NOTICE.

Numerous complaints having been made to the Council, it is requested that no Lady or Gentleman occupy more than one CHAIR at a time.

By Order of the Council,

J. DE C. SOWERBY,
Secretary.

June 9th, 1855.

We do not quite comprehend the connection between Chairs and Botany, nor do we see why complaints of the occupation of "more than one chair at a time," should be forwarded to the Council of the Botanic Society. We have seen members of clubs occasionally occupying more than one chair, and we have sometimes been desirous of giving them a good setting down, by drawing one chair from under them, and thus exemplifying the truth, that "between two stools it is possible to fall to the ground." Perhaps the chairs alluded to in the above notice are Garden-chairs, and if more than one of these should be monopolised by a single individual, it is quite natural that the Council should issue a standing order for the purpose of appropriating the seats in fair proportions among the company. We think if any one presumes to put his leg on a chair, the member should be at once unseated in a summary manner.

NEW SHAKSPERIAN POINTS.

WHILE SHAKSPEARE can hardly get a hearing in London, (except when misquoted in the House of Commons), it is gratifying to find that artist-minds in the provinces are devoted to the eliciting new "points" out of his conceptions. *Mr. Punch* had the pleasure of reading, a few days ago, a notice of a performance, at Shrewsbury, of the *Merchant of Venice*. The critic, (whose admiration for the poet renders him honourably unmindful of the humility of the theatre where the immortal play is presented) civilly hints to the principal actor as followeth:—

"We would recommend him, the next time he essays *Shylock*, not to be so pugnacious, when making his final exit, as to strike *Gratiano* in the bowels. *Shylock* is not a *Clown*, nor is *Gratiano* a *Pantaloon*. The Jew is a gentleman, and we may add, that it is not very likely he would commit an assault in a Court of Justice, or add to the indignity by spitting on his tormentor."

Generally agreeing in the spirit of this censure, we think that the detail is open to argument. In criticising a great character, you must do so both analogically and synthetically. It is true that in regard to this particular mode of castigating *Gratiano*, SHAKSPEARE has not left a stage direction; but in Act I, Scene 3, we find *Shylock* expressing a wish to "catch *Antonio* on the hip." Now it is not unnatural to suppose that a malignant person, who, in cold blood, would catch *Antonio* on the hip, would, when heated into wrath, catch *Antonio's* friend a wunner in the quarter indicated. That he should hit *Gratiano* instead of his friend *Antonio*, is a still more delicate Shaksperian subtlety, the whole play turning upon the sufferings a friend undergoes for the sake of his friend.

In reference to the expectorating point, we confess to a greater difficulty, but consideration only shows how deeply the actor in question has studied his author. In the scene to which we have already referred, *Shylock* reminds *Antonio* that the latter had spit upon him on the previous Wednesday. Now, as retaliation is the key to *Shylock's* character, we think that the idea of concluding his career by returning the Christian insult, is an inspiration as well as an expectoration, and does the utmost honour to the artist whose conception it is. In conclusion, we are heartily glad to find that Shrewsbury clock keeps such true Shaksperian time.

Giving the Government Warning.

RED has always been a revolutionary colour; and we begin to suspect now, from what we have lately seen, that the *Bonnet Rouge* must have been bound round originally with Red Tape, and it was the fact of this Red Tape pressing so heavily upon the heads of the people that drove them first to Revolution. The pressure was more than they could bear, and so they burst the Government bonds. We leave the warning to the reflection of our sagacious rulers.

QUERY BY AN INSANE POLITICO-ECONOMIST.—Is the Vessel of the State victualled with the provisions of Acts of Parliament?

THE SIX-POUNDER FOR LINLITHGOWSHIRE.



R. GEORGE DUNDAS has favoured the Home Secretary with his very peculiar advice for the further treatment of the people—many of them “rascally boys”—who meet in the Park. Sweet to the lengthened ears of the hon. member is “the crash upon the pavement of the trail of a six-pounder.” Thus spoke the wisdom of the parliamentary drum-head! Of course, when the atrocity of the suggestion had been loudly condemned by the English gentlemen of the House of Commons, Mr.

DUNDAS declared that really, he had meant nothing. His “six-pounder” was a figure of speech—its powder and shot, a flash in the pan and sugar-plums. We trust, however, when DUNDAS the Six-pounder shall again present itself for re-election, that the constituency of Linlithgowshire will duly spike the same.

IT WILL NEVER ANSWER.

We should like to know, how many persons now living and poo-pooing, without knowing anything about, the plan of LORD DUNDONALD, can recollect expressing themselves under similar circumstances, in the same manner, with regard to gas and steam?

It is probable, however, that not one of them remembers, or can recall to mind, the utterance of any such folly; Nature having bountifully provided for his oblivion thereof, in order that the street lamps might not dazzle, and the locomotives might not hiss him into madness with disgust with himself for having spoken like a fool. Photography would have afforded a rare subject of ridicule to these wise men: but it became a success almost before they had time to predict that it would prove a failure.

LORD DUNDONALD’S invention may be a mistake; but it may possibly, at least, be a fact, and no mistake. Were it ever so much an unmitigated fact, would not every Ministry that ever governed this country, including the present, have resisted, nevertheless, and continue to resist, its adoption, as long as they had the shadow of an excuse for their opposition, and a considerable time after even that had vanished. If the surest device for blowing up St. Petersburg were to be discovered to-morrow, Downing Street, and the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty, would unite in swearing, probably in a profane manner, that it never would blow up St. Petersburg, precisely as they, personally perhaps in several instances, swore that gas would blow up London—an exploded notion, simply, on the part of the sharp fellows of the period.

Talk of ABEILARD and HÉLOÏSE!—was there ever constancy like that of the Veterans to Brown Bess?

Unjust people—who are numerous—mistrust the good faith of other people. Persons who are conceived as well, question the understanding of others also. They try all questions by their private feelings; their self-esteem doubts or disbelieves everything in advance of their own ideas, and their selfish cunning feels that it is safer for men of the world to run the greatest risk of opposing a truth on the shrewd side, than to entertain the least question of what may turn out a fallacy on that of the credulous. We should certainly like to know, what LORD DUNDONALD’S plan is, before we unite with these gentlemen of “common sense,” in sneering at an invention which is capable of destroying Cronstadt for aught they can show—beyond their intuitive contempt.

A NEW BRUSSELLS SPROUT.

THE new Sprout, which has just made its appearance at Brussels, is of the very greenest kind, with not the least heart in it, and leaves so dirty that the hungriest pig would infallibly turn his nose up at them. What little taste it has is of the most offensive kind, and persons experience the greatest difficulty in swallowing it, though it is generally served up with plenty of Russian sauce, to make it go down. It is strange that LEOPOLD, who, by right of his Claremont Estate, and its well supplied kitchen-garden, is the recognised Monarch of the Vegetable Kingdom, should allow such a very poor specimen of green-stuff to sprout in his capital. The name of this new Brussels Sprout, we must not forget to state, is *Le Nord*; though it matters but little what it has been called, for fortunately it does not grow very fast in public estimation, and must soon be extinct, as it has taken no root whatever in the soil of journalism.

ECLOGUE (SOME WAY) AFTER VIRGIL.

SUNDAY.

LORD PIMLICO British Nobleman.
MR. JONES British Tailor.

Mr. J. My lord, on Sunday, at your Club reclined,
You chat and sip your claret, having dined.
We snobs can get no beer; you swells, at ease,
May drink as many ladies as you please.

Lord P. Ha, JONES! a Saint—a jolly Saint to me—
This licence granted Aristocracy;
By Jove! I’ll burn wax candles at his shrine,
Thank him! our Clubs keep open, and our wine
A waiter, all day long, at call supplies.

Mr. J. I hear that with less envy than surprise,
The country starves on Sunday all around.

I, with my kids, on an excursion bound,
Could no refreshment anyhow obtain:
No, dence a bit, your lordship; not a drain;
The youngest nearly fainted by the way!

Foreboding often this unhappy day,
To my deaf ear, as from the British oak,
Did MRS. GAMP and MRS. HARRIS croak.

But that same Saint, my lord, whom do you call?

Lord P. The City, you suppose, ye people small,
Is like our place, where surpliced shepherds keep,
In PUSEY’S fold a flock of noble sheep:

So geese with goslings; great and little pig;
You tailors so compare small fleas to big—
But know Belgravia’s district caps Bow Bells’,
High as St. Paul’s each neighboring church excels.

Mr. J. What in Belgravia does your lordship see?

Lord P. The land of Liberty—to such as me,—
There did that holy man of whom I spoke,
Whose image I’ll illuminate and smoke,
Say, whilst his Beer Bill closed the Tavern door,
“Enjoy yourselves, lords; revel as before.”

Mr. J. Fortunate Nob: with Sunday Clubroom free,
And wine in plenty—though no beer to me
The bar affords, my burning thirst to quench—
You’ll ne’er be driven to quaff the road-side drench,
Polluted by a close adjoining pool.

Fortunate Nob! there you’ll enjoy the cool,
At well-known windows, and the sparkling flow
Of soda-water; or to sleep will go;
Over some paper in a grave review;

Or lounge and watch the mob, and vulgar crew:
Nor will the cabmen cease below to growl,
Nor doughty artisans to groan and howl.

Lord P. The riff-raff at the Carlton shall regale,
The waiters shall deny the members ale;
The Cossack drink the Thames, the Russ the Seine,
Ere that Saint’s picture vanish from this baffle.

Mr. J. But hence we others to the thirsty sands
Of Hampstead shall resort with vain demands;
Norwood, or Stratford by the Lea shall try,
Or that quite insulated isle, Eel-pie.

Ah! shall I ever on a Sunday more
The foaming porter from the tankard pour?
Some long time hence enjoy my go of gin,
Out in a quiet arbour of mine Inn?

Admire the bowling-green and gardens trim,
Whence we’re excluded by the Mawworms grim,
Must we be govern’d by that canting crew?
See what fanaticism has brought us to!

There’s not a drop of beer to cool our throats,
And these are they for whom we gave our votes!
Fill high, my lord, your goblet of champagne,
Go, my once happy kids, athirst remain.
No more I, seated in my cosy box,
Shall see you play ’mid artificial rocks:

No pipe to smoke: no glass of grog for me;
In the meanwhile for you no shrimps and tea!

Lord P. However, you can take a luncheon here,
Upon a sandwich; and they’ll bring you beer.
The butler says he has a decent tap,
But now I say—pull out your list, old chap,
I want a Court dress pair of satin smalls:
How much expense on high position falls!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—We are requested to state, that there is no truth in the report, that MR. GLADSTONE has been appointed Editor of the *Invalide Russe*.



THE NEW PURCHASE.

Blanche (who dotes upon horses). "THERE, FRANK. ISN'T SHE A PRETTY CREATURE? PAPA GAVE HER TO ME THIS MORNING—SHE IS SO GOOD TEMPERED! AND WHAT A NICE HEAD AND NECK SHE HAS! HASN'T SHE NOW? SHE'S QUITE YOUNG TOO—AND SUCH A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY, SIR, EH?"

Frank (who is so absurd). "H'M! LET'S SEE. PRETTY CREATURE!—GOOD TEMPERED!—NICE HEAD AND NECK!—YOUNG!—AND A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—WHY, I SAY, YOU MAKE A CAPITAL PAIR!"

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

It is scarcely necessary to state, that we take the following advertisement from the second column of the *Times*. The sceptical may find it by referring to the paper of the 16th instant.

TO H.S., FROM THE CRIMEA. The BOX was RECEIVED by the telegraph.

If the advertiser will apply to the Society of Arts, it is possible he may hear of something to his advantage. The quick transmission of packages may be counted with the chief desiderata of the age, and here we find a person publicly announcing, that he has had one sent by telegraph! it is scarcely clear, from the wording of his statement, whether the box was received "from the Crimea;" but in making so extraordinary a revelation a little indistinctness is both natural and pardonable. The mere fact of a box having been sent by telegraph at all is surely quite enough to startle the scientific world, and we therefore leave our savants to confer with the advertiser, and make the most they can of his discovery.

Justice at the Footlights.

PUNCH is happy to state, that the example of MR. BUCKSTONE, of the Haymarket Theatre, who has liberally revived the old custom of an "Author's Night" (a night when a drama is performed for the benefit of the person who invented it) is about to be imitated by all his brother Managers. They are going to give Nights to their Authors, and by way of making their generosity gracefully complete, French steamers have been chartered to bring over the *bénéficiaires*.

"A LITTLE WHITE FLAG."

It was to be expected that the Russian officer in command at Hango would justify the murder and capture of the men of the *Cossack*. Therefore, the Russian Government is assured that the Flag of Truce hoisted on the occasion was "only a little white flag on a stick." Well, it was a white flag: even the Russian officer does not deny that fact. The question would seem to be, in the Russian mind, the dimensions of a Flag of Truce. How many yards of white bunting or linen constitute the sanctity of such a flag? "The crew of LIEUTENANT GENESTE'S boat"—says the Russian poltroon—"was caught in their own trap." Since the wolf in the fable devoured the lamb for muddying the stream, there has never been put forth so atrocious an excuse for atrocity committed, as by this Russian bear in command at Hango.

A Fruity Joke.

THE following joke, which has been bottled up for an entire week, may be pronounced on the whole rather fruity:—

An amateur of music (who is also a wag) remarked the other day, with reference to some strawberries on the table, "that he (the wag) would enjoy a pottle of strawberries all to himself, inasmuch as it would be a musical as well as a festive treat, for it would in fact be a Solo on the Hautboy."

COMBINATION OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, when he is in London, is spoken of by his servants (all reduced Undergraduates) as the "*Russ in Urbe*."



PURITANS' PENANCE.

A MODEST YOUNG GENTLEMAN.



PUNCH considers that the following advertisement offers an eligible opportunity to such young ladies of ample means, engaging appearance, and suitable education, as may find themselves left on hand with the damaged muslins and faded bonnets at the fag end of the season:—

MATRIMONY.—A Young Gentleman, studying for one of the Professions, but whose limited means prevent him from completing, except in a tedious and unsatisfactory manner, is desirous of meeting with a Young Lady of some fortune, a moderate share of good looks, well educated, and in every respect fitted to become a good and affectionate partner. References will be exchanged, and all information communicated to *bona fide* parties, by addressing free, to No. 268, N.B.A.O., Edinburgh.

Many men look to marriage, we all know, as a means of support; but it is beginning rather early to

advertise for a wife, for the purpose of appropriating her fortune to the prosecution of professional studies. We shall not be surprised to find the principle carried still further out; and we may expect to meet with an advertisement from some still younger gentleman than the young one mentioned above, who may be in want of a wife to pay his school bills, or send him to Eton or Westminster. As these young persons may be unable to frame a paragraph for themselves, we suggest the following as a model:

MATRIMONY AND SCHOOLING.—A very young Gentleman, who is at present attending a Sunday School, but who would prefer going to Eton with a view to the University and the Church or the Bar; but whose means, derived from his father's fish-stall, prevent him from carrying out his views, or indeed from carrying out anything, but shrimps and periwinkles, is desirous of meeting with a Young Lady of good fortune, good looks, and good education, with a view to making her his wife, subject to his refusal of her at a fitting time, when in the absence of a more eligible candidate she will have the preference. References, and indeed anything the young lady happens to possess, will be exchanged, and other information may be obtained at the crossing at the bottom of the Haymarket, where several young gentlemen are in attendance, but where the Advertiser will reverse his broom as a signal to any young lady who flourishes her pocket handkerchief. N.B. No old Maid need apply.

A CARD.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to MR. TITE, M.P., and begs to lay before him a practical plan of Administrative Reform. Mr. Punch proposes, that a certain sum, say a million, or a million and a half, should be set aside annually, for the purpose of establishing sinecure places, varying in value from 100*l.* to 1000*l.* a year, or upwards. He also proposes, that the patronage of these sinecure offices should be vested in Whig noblemen, the Aristocracy in general, and, in fact, all the most distinguished jobbers in the country. As a slight return, Mr. Punch respectfully hopes that the holders of these sinecures and their patrons will refrain from thrusting their dirty fingers into the great national pie, but will rest satisfied with what they have got, and let the Army, Navy, &c., alone. Mr. Punch is not a turncoat; but he is constrained to avow, that his former opinions with respect to Sinecures were erroneous, recent events having proved what a safety-valve to jobbery sinecures have ever been.

Selfish Exultation.

"MR. NEWDEGATE, M.P., is at Brussels."—*The Express*.

Hooray!!!

No. *Nostra culpa!* We retract that cheer. Why, in delight at our own advantages should we mock the misfortune of others? What has Brussels done to us. Once more, we retract that cheer.

A More than Probable Turn.

You may depend upon it, there is something on the move, when our dear mother-in-law makes her appearance in the house about July or August; and sure enough the move is generally with her poor suffering daughter and ailing children in the direction of the seaside.

JACK AND LADY NANCY.

A VULGAR SONG BY A COMMON SEAMAN.

The *Lady Nancy* was knocked together in a night, the *Stromboli* towed her a hundred miles; she was found seaworthy in every particular, and she went in and burned Taganrog.—See the *Times*, July 2nd.

O JAW till you're frantic of wessels gigantic,
With hundreds of guns and with thousands of crew,
JACK's want's of the oddest, a wessel so modest
As just does the work as he wants her to do.
He doesn't condemn none, your big *Agamemnon*,
Your *Dukes* and your *Alberts*, as long as a street;
They're mighty imposing, but when he's for closing,
A taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

She aint no great sight for the lubbers wot write,
She aint no "Sea-Castle wot frowns on the brine,"
It might be like flattery to praise her "black battery,"
Or christen her "Majesty's symbol and sign:"
She doesn't come "looming" like one as "speaks dooming,"
To "crush into atoms each foe she may meet,"
But if foes you'd be beating as *won't* give the meeting,
Our taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

No gab about NELSON when down went *her* kelson,
No "eminent shipwrights" swug toasts in champagne,
No Miss in white flouncing her name were announcing,
As *Nancy* splash'd down to "her home on the main,"
She *worn't* noways "graceful," nor "streamer'd out tasteful,"
"Like a Swan on the Waters a-taking her seat,"
But for roughish swan-hopping, where rifles is popping,
Our taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

When your blessed "Leviathan" couldn't come nigher than
Three or four mile from the towns as you'd win;
Then in come our *Nancy*, as pat as your fancy,
And blow'd 'em to blazes as neat as a pin.
And as for your gun-boats, (as some folks calls bomb-beats),
Wot use is inventions as draws all them feet?
For cannons and mortars wot dances the waters,
Our taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

We know'd wot we wanted, materials was granted,
We knock'd her together as quick as we could,
The *Strongbelly* tow'd her, we sail'd and we row'd her—
And there's werry fine ashes where Taganrog stood.
I axes your pardon, and wagers a farden,
(But hopes no offence to the nobs and Heleef.)
That more towns of old Bruin's would now be in ruins,
If you'd more *Lady Hens* in HER MAJESTY'S fleet.

A PROPOSAL TO LORD DUNDONALD.

MY DEAR LORD DUNDONALD,

I HAVE read all your letters on the subject of your plan for making short work of this horrible war with the greatest interest. The following passage occurs in your last, with reference to LORD PALMERSTON'S redtapeism of calling that plan a "scheme," and stating that the Government were not "prepared" to carry it into execution:—

"But I protest against the term *scheme* being substituted for *plan*, as a misrepresentation of facts, which, if divulged, would admit of no doubt, and which would be divulged in my own justification, were not such a course manifestly objectionable, whilst our Government entertain the resolution not to avail themselves of means the most speedy and effective in the prosecution of war."

Are you quite sure, my dear Lord, that it would be objectionable to divulge the facts to which your Lordship alludes? The question is, whether, in case your plan were divulged, and its practicability were self-evident, the Government would yield to public opinion and adopt it, before the Russians could jump at it, and blow us all out of the water?

Would your Lordship have any objection to explain your plan to a commission of scientific men, with whose report on it the country would be satisfied, in case I, or the Proprietary of any other leading Journal, should endeavour to supply the deficiency of Government by constituting and appointing a body of engineers, chemists, and others, possessing acknowledged and recognised ability to pronounce upon the subject?

PUNCH.

A SHORT CUT TO METAPHYSICS.

WHAT is Matter?—Never mind.
What is Mind?—No matter.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"I have seen the ambitious Ocean swell."

Julius Cæsar, Act i, Scene 3.

CRUEL ASSAULT ON A VERY OLD GENTLEMAN.

YESTERDAY, RICHARD SPOONER—who gave his addresses 9, Manchester-buildings, Carlton Club, and Birmingham—was charged at Bow-street with a series of cruel attacks upon an extremely ancient and venerably green old gentleman, who gave his name—CHRONOS; vulgarly known as OLD TIME. The accused refused all legal assistance, although his friends had, in the kindest manner, ensured the valuable services of MR. PARRY.

MR. PUBLIC OPINION said, that he appeared with great pain against the prisoner, a person who had certainly moved—no, he could not say moved, for move, at least forward, he would not, but who stood still—in a respectable circle of society; but there were human interests calling for protection, and, however painful to himself, he must press the charge against the prisoner, whose repeated attacks upon MR. CHRONOS, otherwise OLD TIME, had of late become past all human endurance. It was not to be thought of, that so respectable an individual as OLD TIME—a person so valuable, nay so vital to the interests of society—should be left at the mercy of the prisoner, especially as the offender had so frequently shown himself incapable of any consideration of the venerable complainant.

MR. CHRONOS, *alias* OLD TIME, here stood forward. He said that, for many, many years he had been more or less abused in public by the prisoner. Of late, however, the conduct of the prisoner had become outrageous. The complainant said, he should not so much mind being killed outright. There were, he knew, thousands of well-to-do people of both sexes in London who had no other thought than to kill him, to which end they so often fired at him, though in vain, with gold and silver bullets,—but to be droned, mumbled to death, was past all bearing, and (here the venerable witness became a little excited)—and by Styx he would not stand it!

Here the prisoner, with the coolest and most confident air, begged to call the attention of the Magistrate to the conduct of the witness. He had sworn, and swearing was fifeable. The prisoner (who had no other motive, he said, than that of public morality) hoped that his worship would inflict the fine of five shillings.

MAGISTRATE to Complainant. Proceed with your statement. I would

further advise the prisoner to keep quiet, and not to shake his fist at the witness. By such conduct the prisoner will certainly not benefit his case.

OLD TIME proceeded. He had long put up with the ill-conduct of the prisoner, but of late the persecution had been intolerable. Here MR. OLD TIME showed an hour-glass,—and observed that in consequence of the wispy-washy sentences of the prisoner, with his drizzling showers of words, the sand in the hour-glass had become so damp and clogged together, that, let the glass be shaken as it might, the sand would not run sparkingly, as was its wont in a fine, dry, sunny atmosphere. The witness further exhibited a scythe; and called the attention of the worthy magistrate to the jagged condition of its edge. "Yes, your worship," said TIME, with some emotion, "it was in general as nice and keen a blade as any man might mow seconds, minutes, hours, days, and years with—light grass and heavy—and now look at it. The prisoner at the bar has absolutely talked all these notches in it. And he will do it, and while he goes on talking, you can't think how tough a job he makes it to get through an hour or two."

MAGISTRATE. Have you any further complaint against the prisoner?

OLD TIME. Why, yes, your worship, I should think I had. Twice within this last fortnight has the prisoner at the bar beat me so cruelly about the skull with an Irish shillelah, a weapon loaded with lead, and cut from the groves, not of Blarney, but of Maynooth, that I know not whether I'm on my head or my heels. What's more, the prisoner isn't content to ill-use me himself, but he sets on a score more folks to clog up my sand and notch my scythe.

The worthy Magistrate asked the prisoner, what he had to say in his defence?

The prisoner began in his old strain, when—

TIME, whipping up his hour-glass, and taking his scythe over his shoulder, rushed out of the court. He merely observed, that he would leave his case in the hands of PUBLIC OPINION.

PUBLIC OPINION observed, he did not wish to press severely upon the prisoner, but said he must ask for bail to protect OLD TIME against a repetition of such assaults for the future.

The prisoner sent for several friends—MR. NEWDEGATE, COLONEL SIBTHORPE, and others—but when our reporter left the court no bail had arrived. At that time, it just wanted ten minutes of the Van, and OLD TIME was seen looking round the corner, with a jocond eye upon his hour-glass.

OUR FUTURE CONTEMPORARIES.

It is with feelings of pride mingled with no little pleasure that we notice the growing moustache of our respected Beadle. It is of a light straw colour, not altogether unlike tow, only much silkier in its appearance. As the moustache is not more than two weeks' old, it would be rather premature as yet to judge of the effect, but when it has attained its full growth, we candidly think that it will add materially to the dignified aspect of our worthy functionary. We regret to state, however, that the boys of the neighbourhood do not treat the improvement with that marked respect, which an old constituted authority, like the Beadle, is proudly entitled to, but our regret is agreeably lessened by the philosophic reflection, that boys at all times will be boys.—*The Pentonville Penny Patriot.*

On Thursday last, as MRS. CROCHET'S Seminary for Young Ladies was passing the REV. DR. SWITCH KANE'S Academy for Young Gentlemen, we noticed that some of the elder boys (who, judging from their straps and stand-up collars, were certainly of an age to know better) laughed, made faces, and winked at the tallest of the young ladies. Such conduct in the high road is, to say the very least, highly reprehensible and extremely indecorous, and we hope that the young offenders received, when they returned to ARMA-VIBUSQUE HOUSE, that salutary punishment which their shameless behaviour so glaringly deserved.—*The Hammersmith Fly and Brentford Bluebottle.*

If the Thames could be cleaned there is but little doubt that it would soon be crowded, as in the days of our Saxon ancestors, with fish of all sorts. Let the water be as pure as it was two thousand years ago, and we should in all probability be able to venture out to Lambeth pier, catch our salmon, or young trout, and return home to have it cooked for breakfast.—*JOHN BROWN'S Political and Literary Harporth of All Sorts.*

What are all the flags of Europe but so many pieces of bunting, stained in iniquity of every possible dye? We value them at so low a figure, our own Flag not excepted, that we should be sorry to give a new cotton pocket-handkerchief in exchange for any one of them.—*The Manchester Gridiron and Salford Pepper Box.*

Kitchen Stuff has risen within the last week as much as a halfpenny a pound, and we have been informed of one transaction alone, at Pimlico, by which the lucky holder cleared not less than three and twopence, and this was exclusive of silver spoons!—*The Cook's Oracle for Bâgravia and Seven Adjoining Parishes.*

When will the superior classes think of encouraging our native products? Is it not a shame to our pampered aristocracy, that our celebrated Chelsea Bun is not more patronised than it is?—*The Battersea Battle-axe and Chelsea Penny Trumpet of Universal Freedom.*

Ten Shillings Reward have been offered for the discovery of the miscreant, who plarced the REVEREND MR. LOVE BIRD'S Chapel of Comfort and Ease all over with the bills of the Dying Swan Saloon, announcing amongst other profane monstrosities, that MR. JOHN COOPER would sing the "Ratcatcher's Daughter" in character.—*The Clapham Whitechoker (Edited by JABEZ PECKSNIFF, Esq.)*

A Ship that Ought to be Put Under a Glass Shade.

We see, and we never should have believed it unless we had seen it, that there is a transport of the name of the *Earl of Aberdeen*. The discovery fairly took us by surprise, as we did not know that in the English mind the name of ABERDEEN had ever given rise before to a single transport.

LONG CLOTHES EXTRAORDINARY.



"SOME PEOPLE'S GEESSE ARE ALWAYS SWANS."

To improve the human form, in the abstract, may or may not have been the glory of the Greek sculptors. It is that of a modern artist in another material than marble. The *Morning Post* contains the following advertisement:—

THE EXPRESS'S
JUPE. — Mrs. — invites the attention of ladies to her new PETTICOATS; they add grace and elegance to the figure, and have met with universal admiration.

We should think so; nay, if the petticoats simply allowed the grace and elegance of the figure to be quite visible, without any addition, we

should expect that the admiration with which they would meet would be completely catholic; and although we have not the privilege of belonging to the gentle sex, we would run some distance on the hottest day, to devote that attention which MRS. WHAT'S-HER-NAME invites, on the part of the ladies, to her new Petticoats, in which MRS. W. very likely exhibits at least all the symmetry of the Medicean VENUS.

MRS. GRUNDY'S ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

MRS. GRUNDY is about to set her house in order. So, after it has been properly cleaned, and painted, and papered from top to bottom, (which, of course, MR. GRUNDY is to pay for), she is resolved, once and for all, upon having quite a new system of things established and maintained in her establishment. She will no longer allow her house to be the scandal of the neighbourhood. The following are a few of the Reforms she has set her heart upon:—

- I. The door to be closed every night at eleven.
- II. The mistress of the house to have the exclusive hiring of the servants.
- III. Nothing but cheese for supper!
- IV. No more breakfasting in the bed-room—whether a person is ill or not!
- V. No more soda-water to be sent for early in the morning!
- VI. The Page to be exchanged for a Footman.
- VII. The Footman to be not less than five feet six, and in livery of course.
- VIII. The children's dresses no longer to be paid for out of the house-keeping-money.
- IX. Nothing hot to be brought up from the servants' dinner for luncheon in the parlour—not for anybody! no matter who he may be!
- X. The breakfast things to be taken away every morning precisely as the clock strikes nine.
- XI. The Cook before going to bed to bring up, every night, the key of the Larder.
- XII. The cribbage-board to be locked up on Sundays.
- XIII. No whistling allowed in the drawing-room.
- XIV. No invitations to be henceforth accepted, unless the name of MRS. GRUNDY is included in them.
- XV. MR. GRUNDY, for the future, to pay for his own washing.
- XVI. All letters to be opened by MRS. G., for MR. GRUNDY should have, and moreover he says he has, no secrets from his wife—and if there are secrets in those letters, he cannot object to her sharing them with him.

As soon as the above Reforms are carried, others of a still more stringent nature are contemplated.

GROSS ATTEMPT AT IMPOSITION ON MEDICAL MEN.

THERE are plenty of Members of the Medical Profession who would only be too happy to pay the aggravated Income Tax, or any Income Tax that left them any Income. Thanks to MR. HEADLAM, MR. BRADY, and MR. CRAUFURD, those individuals stand a very fair chance of being subjected to an additional impost. This, however, will not be exactly an Income Tax. One condition, necessary to the constitution of that tax, will be absent from this. In order to be liable to it, there will be no necessity that the subject should possess any income at all. The happy medical man will, if MR. HEADLAM and his accomplices succeed in their design, be fined 20s. for the mere permission to continue attempting to earn his bread. These men have brought in a bill "to alter and amend the law regulating the Medical Profession," of which one clause enacts, that all persons in lawful practice before the first day of November next, shall be registered, on having their pockets picked of one pound. After that date the robbery is to amount to TEN POUNDS: and without submitting to this spoliation, they will be unable to recover their charges, disqualified from holding appointments, and accounted guilty of a misdemeanour in practising their profession.

War time—prices rising—likely to rise higher! How fervently the Poor Law Union Medical Officer, counting his patients by several thousands, and his salary by very few tens, with a deduction for medicine supplied, will bless MR. HEADLAM and his confederates, for extracting one more hardly-earned sovereign from his pocket next November, in case the plan, or scheme of abstraction, which they have planned, should prosper! What benisons will POOR-LAW PIGGALIC's wife invoke upon the head of HEADLAM, by reason of the winter bonnet diverted, in the shape of her husband's registration fee, from her own! Take one pound from a pauper medical practitioner's income—you can't, as the schoolboys say: one from nought, nought; but HEADLAM and Co. propose to work out the sum after November: when it will be, one from nought you can't, one from ten, nine, and carry one: and the one "carried" will be added to the nine, to make ten—the figure, in pounds, at which the medico-chirurgical starveling who has forgotten, or has been unable, to register himself at the comparatively petty-larcenous imposition of 20s. will then be plundered.

Why this enormous medical confiscation? To provide oil, it would seem, for greasing the tremendous machinery which will be created by the proposed bill: a Medical Council conjointly organised by the united Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the united universities of the United Kingdom, and the Secretary of State. This grand Council is to appoint examiners in the three capitals, "to examine candidates for medical diplomas, preliminarily," in classics, the exact sciences, and general literature. Under the latter head, of course, the pages of *Punch* will be included—but if, a little more than a century ago, it had been necessary for Surgeons to have been thus examined "preliminarily;" if, in short, the age had been rendered illustrious by MR. HEADLAM, would it have had the advantage of possessing unclassical MR. HUNTER? The former philosopher, we find, further proposes, that while "Surgeons" must be 22 years of age, the statutable age of "Physicians" shall be 26. Surely this wise man should likewise propose, that general practitioners, inasmuch as they act in both capacities, shall be 22 *plus* 26, or 48. We thought, moreover, that the said HUNTER, and subsequently another individual of the same sort, one ABERNETHY, had overthrown the distinction between the science of "Surgery," and that of "Medicine" assumed in the bill of that very different sort of individual, the said HEADLAM.

If, instead of harassing and plaguing medical men with fines, forfeitures, and vexatious formalities, MR. HEADLAM would devote his legislative abilities to the suppression of the traffic in patent medicines, he might serve both the Profession and the Public, by diminishing starvation in the former, and poisoning among the latter. But the tendency of his bill is to facilitate the sale of stamped specifics by impeding the legitimate practice of physic. By the bye, is MR. HEADLAM the proprietor of any popular remedy? Is HEADLAM the man, and HOLLOWAY merely an alias?

An Extraordinary Question.

The *Morning Chronicle* of the 7th inst. puts the following extraordinary question:—"What is the use of a Bishop?"

To this *Mr. Punch* readily makes answer—the use of a Bishop is to illustrate in the flesh the Christian virtues of humility and self-denial at a various income, ranging from three to ten thousand pounds per annum. Moreover, there can be no doubt that all this is done, and very well done, at the money.

THE OLD "FAVOURITE."—OUR jocular PREMIER owns himself ambitious to have a Name on the Turf. Would he like one which was rather famous there in its day, and which would seem just to suit him? What does he say to GREY MOMUS?



BATTLE OF THE HYDE PARK.

GALLANT AND DARING ACT OF PRIVATE LOBBS (OF THE CRUSHERS), WHO, BY HIMSELF, STORMED AN OLD TREE, AND VERY NEARLY CAPTURED THREE SMALL BOYS.

Infalible Cure for a Short Sight.

THE sudden acquisition of a large fortune is the best cure. It has been known to cure persons of short-sightedness in a minute, upon whom all other experiments had failed. It will bring a person (a poor relation, for instance) prominently forward, making him, and his merits even, eminently conspicuous, whereas both had previously been for years quite invisible to the naked eye. It extends one's views wonderfully; and, strengthened with an aid of such wonderful power, the eye will carry to any distance, and has actually been known before now to bring home a Rich Uncle all the way from India.

"HAPPY LAND" (FOR DEBTORS).

AN Insolvent Contributor, after reading the recent reports of successes in the Sea of Azoff, says that, unlike HORACE, he both wonders at and envies the Allied Fleet, for the more Straits it gets into, the brighter are its prospects.

DE BELLO CIVILI.

It is sometimes said, that civility costs nothing, but it would seem that the civility of the Civil Service in civilly waiting to have justice done to them in the matter of superannuation may cost a great deal. Every civil servant with a salary above one hundred a year, has five per cent. taken from him to meet a claim for retired allowances, which it is said that one per cent. would fully satisfy. Several successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have acknowledged the injustice of this arrangement, and promised a remedy; but this promise has not yet been fulfilled. So gross is the injustice of the tax, that the "opposition" offered to do the civil thing to the Civil Service, if the Government neglected it, and an independent member also pledged himself to introduce a measure on the subject; but, as it happens to be everybody's business, it shares the fate of nobody's business, and is not done at all. Every civil servant appointed since a certain date is paying twelve pounds out of every hundred by way of income tax, or rather he is getting eighty-eight instead of every hundred pounds he is supposed to receive. It has generally been thought a capital joke to victimise a recipient of the public money, and to talk of "bloated officials," of whom certain clerks at Somerset House, with some half-dozen children and incomes varying from eighty to two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, are not very obese specimens; but though the public may have its laugh, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should take care that the Civil Service when smarting under an admitted hardship should not find its cry in vain.

A HOMŒOPATHIC SUNDAY.

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR is, it is well known, a homœopathist. Doubtless, it is in this character that he would wish to give the people a homœopathic Sunday? He would administer to them infinitesimal doses of recreation; the smallest globules of pleasure, mixed up with brimming pailsful of abstinence and privation. He would have them limited, if he could, to the billionth part of a ride in an omnibus, with the 500,000th part of a dram of a glass of ale, and the 100,000 of the crumb of a sandwich, by way of refreshment; not a scruple of anything excepting religious scruples, and as many of those as you like—the scruples being against shaving, reading, dining (unless you have a French cook to dress your dinner for you at home), eating, drinking, (except you have a good cellar and larder in your own house, or belong to a club), and against all rational and innocent forms of amusement in general. We doubt, however, if this Hahnemannising the British Public would have been exactly humanising them, or would have put them into the most fitting humour for going to church. We are afraid that many a poor fellow with a hungry stomach would have wished that homœopathy had never been applied to politics; and in his anger would have inveighed bitterly against LORD ROBERT for being such an exceedingly homœopathic legislator.

Peace and War, by Lord John Russell.

We understand, that it is the intention of LORD JOHN RUSSELL's constituents to solicit him to sit, for a double portrait of *Peace and War*, to SIR EDWIN LANDSEER. The noble Lord, in imitation of the picture of *Death and the Lady*, will be duly divided. One half of him will appear in the uniform of a British Life Guardsman, and the other in the simple, buttonless dress of an olive-bearing friend. JOSEPH STURGE himself has offered the loan of his drab and beaver.



"I TELL YER WHAT, BILL, I THINK THE POLICE ARE A BAD LOT—AND I WISH THEY WAS DONE AWAY WITH ALTOGETHER."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 9th, Monday. LORD DERBY hinted to the Lords that the season was nearly over, and people were going out of town, and therefore that it would be as well not to bother themselves with more business than could be helped. On this hint LORD LYNDHURST threw over an Oath of Abjuration Bill, though he thought that the continuing the oath which he wished to get rid of was "an act of impiety," and LORD WINCHELSEA resigned the pleasure of an onslaught upon the Roman Catholic Prelates, who, as he thought, and thought very rightly, had been most improperly described in the Maynooth report by their ridiculous ecclesiastical titles. The Accidents on Railways Bill passed, with a characteristic protest from LORD ST. LEONARDS against violating the rights of property by protecting people's lives.

In the Commons, SIR BENJAMIN HALL abandoned the Public Health Bill, despairing of getting it passed so late in the session. SIR CHARLES WOOD explained that a certain bombardment of Old Town, at Calabar, on the African Coast, by HER MAJESTY'S ship *Antelope*, had been a sort of Public Health Measure for that locality, for the African chiefs were in the unpleasant habit of poisoning their subjects, so the missionaries had begged for a brief discourse from the mouths of our guns against the practice. LORD PALMERSTON promised that all the correspondence on the proposal which had been approved by the Austrian Count JOHN RUSSELL, should be produced, and he fulfilled his promise on the Thursday following. There was a good deal of talk about the window-breaking on the previous day. The impression was, that the police were sulky because complaint had been made of the brutality displayed by some of their number in the park, and that they had abstained from energetic interference with the window-breakers. SIR GEORGE GREY promised that "next time" every precaution should be taken.

MR. WALTER then referred to PROFESSOR FARADAY'S call upon Father Thames, with whom the eminent philosopher had left his card, (as set forth in *Mr. Punch's* cartoon this week), and of whom MR. FARADAY gave a most hideous account. MR. WALTER asked whether any plan had been decided on by Government for diverting the sewage of the metropolis away from the river, which it now poisoned. SIR BENJAMIN HALL said, that at present there was no plan decided upon, but several plans were under consideration. By way of further comment, the report of the Registrar-General, a day or two later, announced that the inevitable consequence of leaving the river in its present state would be an epidemic among the people. The people swarming along

the banks of the Thames, and the small unwholesome streets adjacent, had therefore better write at once to their housekeepers to have their country seats ready, or desire their agents to secure houses at Brighton or Ramsgate.

Tuesday. LORD CLARENDON said, that the Russian authorities had made untrue statements in reference to the Hango atrocity, and that ADMIRAL DUNDAS had been instructed to demand a better explanation, and also the immediate release of the prisoners.

In the Commons, SIR BULWER LYTTON announced his intention of moving a resolution, declaring that the conduct of LORD JOHN RUSSELL at Vienna had shaken the confidence of the country in HER MAJESTY'S Government. This startling notification occasioned considerable sensation, which was increased by MR. DISRAELI'S stating that he meant to ask, whether LORD JOHN RUSSELL had obtained HER MAJESTY'S leave to reveal state secrets, as he had done. On the following Thursday LORD JOHN was obliged to confess that he had not had the QUEEN'S leave; and added, with his usual logic, that such leave had not been necessary, and therefore (upon MR. DISRAELI'S hint) he had been and asked for it. HER MAJESTY "had been graciously pleased to sanction what he had done." This doing a thing first, and then asking leave to do it, sometimes gets little people into scrapes, but this time LORD JOHN was lucky, and if *Mr. Punch* were at liberty to reveal the words in which the QUEEN good-naturedly told JOHN that he might do or say just what he liked, it would probably be thought that HER MAJESTY'S estimate of his Lordship's importance is about that of *Mr. Punch* and the public. LORD JOHN also remarked that it was a shame to suppose that because he thought the Austrian proposals just and reasonable in April, he should think so in July; and he declared that the war ought to be vigorously prosecuted. This announcement was received by the Commons of England—

"Men whom JOHN has often led"—

with "shouts of derisive laughter." Evidently, as in MR. SQUEERS'S case, "the coat-of-arms of the RUSSELLS is tore, and their sun is gone down into the hocean wave."

Mr. Punch need not say that MR. DISRAELI came out upon this matter, and was very felicitous in taunting the Government with various endeavours which they had made to dodge away, behind the forms of the House, from SIR BULWER LYTTON'S motion. And BENJAMIN put one point so neatly that it is worthy to be immortalised here. He said that the moment LORD PALMERSTON heard SIR BULWER'S notice, he changed all the business of the House, and, for the night on which the baronet proposed to attack JOHN RUSSELL, PALMERSTON set down the New Partnership Bill, and the Limited Liability Bill. "Why," said MR. DISRAELI, "the New Partnership Bill? What the people wanted to know was, what were the conditions of partnership in Downing-street!—they wanted to know whether the principles of 'limited liability' were prevalent in that locality, or whether the people were to enjoy the general and collective responsibility of the ministers of the crown, which had theretofore been the salutary and constitutional course." This was very neat, and if MR. DISRAELI, instead of feeling gratified that his jokes are transferred to *Mr. Punch's* pages, thinks that he is entitled to remuneration for them, *Mr. Punch*, who is the soul of honour, will hand the Right Honourable Gentleman a cheque any day he will call at No. 85.

To complete the story, it should be said, that MR. ROEBUCK tried to get a "call" of the House for his motion of general censure on the managers of the Crimean Campaign, but was defeated by 133 to 108, members contending that it was deuced inconvenient to be called up to town to attend to the business of the country. And it was finally arranged that MR. ROEBUCK should give way to SIR BULWER LYTTON, and that the latter should open fire on the following Monday.

On this same Tuesday there was rather a good debate, originated by MR. VINCENT SCULLY, regarding examination of candidates for public offices. LORD PALMERSTON declared that Government were gradually extending the system, and he begged the House not to interfere, but on division there was a very small majority with him, 140 to 125 being the numbers by which MR. SCULLY'S resolution for examining everybody, and doing it in public, was got rid of by moving the previous question—an avoidance of a decision on the subject itself.

Poor APSLEY PELLATT, whom no snubbing and counting out will convince that he is the wrong man in the wrong place, tried to be heard about some army question, but he was literally shouted down, and then in a rage he moved the adjournment of the House, and this was put and negated, and then he was squashed, for the moment.

Wednesday. The Church Rates Abolition Bill, was debated, and at last members talked against time, in order to postpone the decision, and the device succeeded.

Thursday. The most interesting part of the Thursday's work has been described. The new Turkish loan was explained; England and France are to guarantee £5,000,000 borrowed by Turkey, but Turkey is to spend the money on the war. Perhaps, some day, if she should not pay up her dividends, a British fleet, like that which went to "collect" the Greek money, may—but we will not speak of such things.

There was a final fight on the Scotch Education Bill, as to which a

number of Scotch Members have suddenly been converted by menaces from the Scotch clergy. The LORD ADVOCATE well said that "the people wanted education; but while the House was discussing miserable abstract theories, a generation was growing up in ignorance." But the appeal was lost upon the tools of the northern priests, and the third reading was carried by three only (105 to 102), but the Bill was passed by a little better majority, 130 to 115.

Then came an Irish row. The Irishmen, in terror of their priests, have been obliged to threaten the Government with hostility, if the Tenants Compensation Bill be not restored to a somewhat more mischievous condition than that to which the good sense of the House had reduced it. LORD PALMERSTON, in his turn, was compelled to give way, affecting to be delighted at the self-stultification of the Ministry, and MR. MAGUIRE, member for Cork, explained, point-blank, the position which Irish members occupy. "What we have to do is to keep ourselves dangerous to honourable gentlemen on either side of the House."

This explanation of the principle on which legislation is conducted for the United Kingdom—this demonstration that by preserving a "balance" which can turn out a Liberal or Tory Government, the ignorant Irish priests virtually rule the three nations—so disgusted Mr. Punch that he stalked out of the House in a rage, and went out of town. Whether he condescends to come back again quite depends upon circumstances.

LIST FOR A SOLDIER.



THE dingy uniform of the Militia has already been the subject of the most serious observations in these columns. A CORPORAL IN THE GLAMORGAN MILITIA has taken up the same important subject in a letter to the *Times*, and, with a fine eye for colour, he describes the tint of the militia coat as a "muddy red." CORPORAL TAFFY says that the Welsh tailors call the cloth, of which this garment is made, "padding;" and it is evidently fit for no other purpose than the one indicated by that word, unless to be cut up into strips and applied to the cultivation of wall fruit. The Corporal further shows that the lower extremities of the Militia are clothed in serge trousers at eight shillings, worth only five; and he proves that the force is decreasing in consequence of the badness of its uniform. When we con-

sider the passion which the gentler sex entertain for the red coat, and reflect that this is one of the principal causes of enlistment, we view the shabby clothes of the Militiamen with alarm as well as distaste. Are the materials of the Militia Uniform supplied by the members of the Peace Society, who want to discourage recruiting, and make money by one and the same expedient? Is the discoloration of the Militia coat occasioned by an admixture of drab?

"HOW WE AMEND OUR BILLS IN THE HOUSE"

(A LITERAL REPORT FOR ONCE.)

TIME—Two o'clock of an Afternoon in the Dog Days

SCENE—The House of Commons in Committee on a Bill. The CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES in the Chair. About twenty Members in the House.

Chairman of Committees, reading rapidly the marginal note of the section. "All persons to produce certificate of vaccination on demand of Registrar." Any amendment before line 12? Proposed at line 12 to leave out the words "Produce certificate of vaccination"—and substitute—

M.P. for the British Constitution. Sir, I've an amendment before that. I rise, Sir, to move an amendment on this most inquisitorial provision. I am surprised—no—I am not surprised—for I am only too well aware of the utter disregard which the framer and promoters of this Bill and of Bills like this, have always shown to the liberties of the subject, and the admirable provisions of our Common Law—on—on—all matters affecting the welfare of this—great community. What, Sir, I ask the House—this Committee—is it to be tolerated that the country should be dragooned over in this manner by a set of persons—Registrars though they be—poking their noses into every man's house, and demanding to see his certificate of

vaccination, perhaps to take his coat off and show his marks? Good heavens, Sir, where is this sort of thing to end? The Common Law is explicit, as it always is, on the point. Any person who goes about with the small-pox on him commits a nuisance punishable on indictment; and, therefore, I say, if you pass this clause, instead of an Englishman's house being his castle, which it has been our proud boast, wherever theegis of British Constitutional liberty, the palladium of our rights, has flourished, for which our forefathers bled in the field, and which has braved for ten thousand years the battle and the breeze. I say—I say, Sir, all this is annihilated by this most iniquitous—this most inquisitorial—this most abominable, provision (*sits down*).

Chairman. Any amendment before line 12? Proposed in line 12 that the words "Produce certificate of vaccination" be struck out, and the words—M.P. for the British Constitution. My amendment has not been put.

Chairman. The Honourable Member did not propose any.

M.P. for the British Constitution. Then I move to strike out this section altogether (*Hear! hear!*).

Chairman. Proposed to omit section 15 altogether. The question is, that the section proposed to be struck out stand part of the Bill. Those who are of that opinion say "aye," the contrary, "no." The "noes"—

2nd M.P. (*Starting up*). But, Sir, before you put the question.—If this clause be struck out the whole bill becomes unintelligible. All the preceding sections refer to the certificate required by this section. For instance, section 2 speaks of "such certificate as hereinafter provided"—and if we strike out this section no certificate will be provided.

3rd M.P. Sir, I beg to move that the words "of three months old" be inserted at the word "persons" in line ten.

Chairman. The amendment before the Committee is that the section proposed to be struck out stand part of this Bill.

M.P. in charge of the Bill. I have only to say, as, has already been pointed out to the Committee, that, if this section be omitted, the whole Bill becomes waste paper.

4th M.P. (*sotto voce, to Chairman*). Put it—put it.

Chairman. It is proposed to omit section 15. The question is that section 15 stand part of this Bill? Those of that opinion say "aye," the contrary "no."—the "ayes" have it. Now, Sir? (*to 3rd Honourable Member*.)

3rd M.P. I beg to propose, Sir, the limitation of this section to persons of three months' old. It is all very well to insist on infants being properly vaccinated, but it is surely not to be tolerated that an attempt should be made to coerce adults, as is done by this section. Why Sir, there is nothing in this section to prevent the Registrar coming into my dining-room when I am at dinner with my friends and family, and insisting on my producing my certificate of vaccination.

M.P. in charge of Bill. I'm quite ready to put in "at reasonable hours." I move Sir, in line 11, after the word "shall" to insert—

Chairman. No—no. There's an amendment in line 10. Proposed after the words "all persons," to insert the words "of three months old." The question is, that the words proposed be inserted. Those who are of that—

M.P. in charge of Bill. Before you put the question, Sir, I wish to point out to the Committee that the last section has required an oath, or in lieu thereof a declaration, of all persons giving such certificate as hereinafter provided. Now, if you are to limit the giving of a certificate to persons of three months old, how are they to make such oath or declaration as you have already required them to do? I put this to the Honourable Member who moves this amendment, as a difficulty to be considered by him, before he presses this amendment.

Chairman. Does the Honourable Member withdraw his amendment? Amendment withdrawn—now (*to Hon. Member in charge of Bill*).

M.P. in charge of Bill. Sir, I move in line 11, after the word "shall," to insert the words "at all reasonable hours."

5th M.P. There are two "shalls" in line 11.

M.P. in charge of Bill. Oh—very well—then—after the first.

Chairman. It is proposed after the first, word "shall" in line 11 to insert the words "at all reasonable hours." The question is that the words proposed be inserted. Those who are of that opinion say "aye," the contrary "no;" the "ayes" have it. It is proposed in line 12 to leave out the words "certificate of vaccination," and insert?—

6th M.P. Before you put that, Sir, I wish, with reference to the amendment just carried, to call the attention of the Honourable Gentleman in charge of this Bill, and the Committee to the fact, that the 4th clause of the Bill authorises the Registrar to enter for the purpose of the Act between the hours of six in the morning and nine at night. Now, Sir, as the Honourable Member has inserted the words "at all reasonable hours" in this clause, I wish to ask the Honourable Member, how the two clauses are to be construed together?—

M.P. in charge of Bill (*rather puzzled*). Oh—reasonable hours.—Why—it's a term known to the law—the Courts have repeatedly construed those words.

6th M.P. But I want to know how the two clauses are to be construed together. Perhaps the Hon. Member will consider this. I don't wish to throw any obstacle in the way of the measure, which I consider a very useful measure. (*Sits down meekly*.)

First Legal M.P. aside to Second Legal M.P. A nut for us, BROWN. Second Legal M.P. aside to First. Not the first in the Bill, JONES, by any means. * * * * *

[Left amending.]

INTERESTING TO "MORALISTS AND POLITICIANS."



AIREY of the *Morning Herald*, like *Jaques*, can moralise upon anything; and that, too, at the shortest notice. The Bridgewater House theatricals, and the smashed windows of LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR are alike food for "sweet and bitter melancholy." Because the "suffering poor" are to be benefited by the Bridgewater play, the moralist condemns with all his might the spectators who "look with evident complacency" at LORD GROSVENOR'S broken glass. Because Lords and Ladies "hold the mirror up to nature" for the benefit of the poor, LORD GROSVENOR is—without rebuke—to shut up the Sunday barber! Nobody can justify the violence of a mob; nevertheless, it is well that Lords and Gentlemen, before they attack the people with Sunday bills, should remember that they themselves live in houses

that are not altogether impregnable to Sunday arguments. The "moralists and politicians" pathetically touched upon by the *Herald*, do not abound among the boys of London; but are, or ought to be, thick as blackberries in the Lords and Commons. We cannot but ask this question of LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR. Who, in very fact, threw the first stone?

THE WORKING OF THE SUNDAY BEER BILL.

As Tested by a Traveller.

I WENT to the Goat and Thistle,
But I could not wet my whistle;
I call'd to the Magpie and Stump,
And got only a pull at the pump;
The Green Man and Still I tried, he
Fear'd I was not *bonâ fide*;
So I turn'd to the George and Boar—
A policeman stood at the door;
Then I enter'd the Star and Garter,
And drank hock and Seltzer water;
And returning by Pall Mall,
At the Carlton I dined very well.

An Open Question.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON objects to the cry that is raised every now and then for pulling down the rails round St. Paul's, as he says, it does no good; but, on the contrary, rather does harm, by raising so much additional Railing against Railing.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. To move a humble address to HER MAJESTY, stating that the House of Commons is half inclined for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

ONE WHO ALWAYS SPEAKS COLLECTEDLY.—A Tax-gatherer.

BEAUTIES OF THE BISHOPS.

FROM certain returns, we have a very interesting illustration of the liberal feelings existing on the part of the Church towards the Law. Brothers episcopal and brothers legal are, it would seem, the best of friends. Black embraces, black! In three years, the bishops forming the Ecclesiastical Commission, and its subordinate organisation, the Church Estates' Commission, pay over to lawyers and surveyors very nearly the sum of £45,000! And this, too, as the *Examiner* observes, "after it was supposed that the Legislature had introduced some improvements into the management of the body." How many curates at £80, or even at the larger munificence of a £100 per annum, might not have had a few more penny loaves, a dozen or two additional sprats for themselves and families, out of this enormity of £45,000, expended on the preciousness of lawyers' tape and parchment, and surveyors' rule and compasses! With such expensive parchment have the bishops the proper thought of the wants of Christian flocks,—with such costly rule-work, do they best adhere to the rule of right?

Why, with such rewards dropped to law and surveying from the liberal hands of bishops, why was not the late DOCTOR JOHN KITTO either an attorney, or a man of line and compasses? Then working for worldly bishops, he might have easily left his widow in easiest case. But DOCTOR KITTO worked for the bishops in another sphere. His doings were with no contemporary parchment. He merely worked for sacred letters. He wrote upon such matters as the flocks of ABRAHAM; he only surveyed the Holy Land. And his reward was, a life of poverty; and dying, a wretched £50 per annum is doled out to his widow, from pensions granted upon the civil list. We marvel what works, the doings of a BISHOP OF OXFORD, or even of a BISHOP OF EXETER (all his political pamphlets included), may weigh in the balance against DOCTOR KITTO'S *Pictorial Bible*, and his *Biblical Cyclopaedia*; books of enduring preciousness; books produced in poverty,—and rewarded with contempt in high places:—for what other than contempt is the miserable £50 a-year vouchsafed to the widow of the self-sacrificing scholar?

To be sure, what can be hoped in the way of reward for literature, when such a crowd of outside claimants are let loose upon the miserable £1,200 granted yearly for the "encouragement of art, science and letters?" Out of this miserable sum £300 go to NELSON'S grand-daughters; we presume for NELSON'S merits as an author, when he composed his world-famous signal. COLONEL WILLOUGHBY MOORE loses his life; but leaves nothing that we can find, to art, science, or literature; his widow, however, takes double MRS. KITTO'S share—for she has £100 per annum. The widow of a late Cape Secretary has £300. The widow of a Scotch Judge, £200. The widow of a Treasury Clerk £150. •These deductions leave £150 per annum for the reward of

literature; namely, £100 to MR. THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, author of one of the most exquisite works in European literature, namely *The Fairy Mythology*, and the aforesaid £50 for widow KITTO. In this way are the few crusts, nominally voted for men of letters, science, and art, snatched from them by anybody with strength enough for the scramble, but wholly irrespective of any other merit. Literature, science, and art are first mocked with a nominal grant of £1,200 a-year; and then cheated by being despoiled of seven-eighths of the money!

REMARKABLE BANKING OPERATIONS.

It is said that Her Majesty's Theatre is about to be opened as a West End Branch of the Bank of England. This, indeed, would be an illustration of the meeting of extremes; for what can be more opposite than a ruined theatre, and the wealthiest banking establishment in Europe. The locality is undoubtedly one from which notes of the highest value have been issued, but it will be a somewhat novel experiment to send forth Bank of England notes from a spot, where those of GAISI and other celebrities have acquired their currency. If business is to commence immediately, the Bank parlour will have to be made up of a set-scene, and the directors will possibly have to meet in the "sacred grove" of the Druids; while the issue department may be carried on through the openings in the "cut-wood" of the *Somnambula*. We hope for the sake of the once spirited proprietor, that the rumour we have mentioned is founded in truth, for he could not get rid of all his old scores more successfully than by converting his theatre into a branch of the Bank of England.

MIND YOUR LETTERS.

IN the Panopticon there is written up, over several aparies, "Never kill a Bee." A facetious Country Cousin says, since the advice is intended for Cockneys, it would be much better to tell them "NEVER MURDER A H."

THE GREATEST CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

THE most perfect, most universal cosmopolitan, must have been OLD FULLER, for go where you will, you will meet with Fuller's Earth on almost every Soil.

A TRUTH ADMITTED ON ALL HANDS (AND HEADS ALSO).—Of all strikes that inflict the greatest injury on the people, and leave nothing but bad blood and ill-feeling behind them, there is none worse than the Policeman's Strike!



Shoe Brigade Boy (to old Gent, irascible from Gout, which has settled in his feet).
"Now, Sir! DID YOU WANT YOUR SHOES BLACKED?"

KING THAMES.

KING THAMES was a rare old fellow,
He lay in his bed of slime,
And his face was disgustingly yellow,
Except where 'twas black with grime;
Hurrah! hurrah, for the slush and slime!

There came to him all the essence
Of filth, both coarse and fine;
And all kinds of putrescence
To visit him did combine.
Hurrah! &c.

The matter from cesspools carted,
Decay'd vegetation as well;
Dogs and cats from life departed,
Sent their odours to add to the smell.
Hurrah! &c.

All comes to the rare old fellow,
In the course of a little time;
No wonder he looks so yellow,
As he lies in his bed of slime.
Hurrah! &c.

A ROUND-ABOUT STORY.

THE *Court Circular* informs the civilised world that:—
"HER MAJESTY and the Royal Circle partook of luncheon."

Which the civilised world will doubtless be delighted, if not astonished, to learn. Everybody in the world but the Russians and the cannibals will rejoice in the inference that HER MAJESTY has a good appetite. But the Royal Circle!—that will puzzle our friends. How can a circle partake of luncheon? Is such a thing mathematically possible? How about the quadrature of the Royal Circle? We, for our part, have no notion of any Royal Circle, except the hoops which the princes and princesses trundle, and the ring upon the QUEEN'S left fourth finger.

'LES "ROUGES" DE L'ANGLETERRE.—Our Red-Tapists.

A PHILOSOPHER AFLOAT.

A CHEMICAL work of small size and great importance has been lately published. The production alluded to is FARADAY on the Thames; a title which means even more than it appears to mean; for it not only expresses PROFESSOR FARADAY'S views of the composition of the river, but also describes the sensations experienced by him during a period of brief transit upon its surface. A piece of white card, according to the professor, becomes invisible at a very small degree of submersion in the Thames water; which is of a peculiar colour—"opaque pale brown"—dab—quakerish—and a not very peculiar smell, because it partakes of that of the sink-holes; and may be described as odoriferous but not fragrant. We have often had great pleasure in hearing FARADAY explain the composition of water, pure and simple; but we rejoice much more that he has enabled the public to form a correct idea of the constituents of that of the Thames; which consists of something more than Oxygen and Hydrogen. Because we are losing brave men by war, it is rather the more desirable than otherwise that we should not also lose useful citizens by pestilence, as we certainly shall if the Thames continues much longer to be an open sewer. We hope that PROFESSOR FARADAY'S publication, which takes the shape of a concise letter to the *Times*, will effect a saving of human life still greater than that which has resulted from his predecessor's safety-lamp. DAVY'S invention prevents carburetted hydrogen from blowing up miners; may FARADAY'S epistle avert cholera and typhus, by stirring up senatorial and municipal persons to prevent sulphuretted hydrogen from being disengaged.

A Nominal Error.

SOMEBODY has invented an instrument which he calls a "Palmerston, or Judicious Bottle-Holder." The object is to enable a person to take hold of a bottle without soiling his fingers. If this is really the case, the invention should hardly be called a Palmerston, for in the conduct of the war, or in other words, in his mode of dealing with the People, the PREMIER himself has not come out with entirely clean hands.

THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE, Bound in plaster and diachylon. This Series (anything but popular), a fresh issue of which was brought out, with numerous cuts, a few Sundays back, by the Police in Hyde Park, has since been discontinued by high authority of Government and Mr. Punch.

COMING IT TOO STRONG.

WE have often been shocked ourselves, and have doubtless shocked our readers, by quotations from the *Times* newspaper, of statements which are sometimes put into that journal by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, announcing that certain persons have sent him "conscience money," as it is called, "on account of income-tax." As everybody who pays the same tax on his earnings, that is to say, on his whole property, that another pays on the interest of his capital, is cheated, this payment of "conscience money," by anybody but a capitalist, is payment of money at the instigation of a morbid conscience: is, in short, an act of madness. We always doubted that any person could be so insane as to send the tax on his precarious income, out of which the law has forgotten to cheat him, to the Government,—could be such a fool as to cheat himself in preference to cheating Downing Street. We have long suspected that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER inserts these paragraphs in the *Times*, in order to give colour to the delusion that people are satisfied with the Income-Tax. All doubt on that subject is now removed from our mind by the following announcement, appended to the leaders of our leading contemporary:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER also acknowledges the receipt of a Bank note for £50 as Income Tax from 'A Lawyer.'"

Now, this is too much. It is drawing the bow that is too long. We are not incredulous—we would examine the subject of Homeopathy: we would, if possible, investigate the liquefaction of the Blood of SAINT JANUARIUS; but believe that a lawyer would pay "£50 as income-tax," under any circumstances than those of legal process,—no! No, SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, you don't come the old soldier in that way over us.

The Newspaper Blight.

ALREADY the blight is telling upon the trees and suckers of knowledge—the Cheap Newspapers. At the time of our going to press, the *Farthing Manchester Rocket* had been quenched in a gutter, and the *Halfpenny Leeds Volcano* had ceased even to smoke. The *Billerica Bay Butterfly* was very feeble on the wing, and the *Penny Guinea Pig*, or *Warrington Whole Hog* at its last squeak.



FARADAY GIVING HIS CARD TO FATHER THAMES;

And we hope the Dirty Fellow will consult the learned Professor.

IL TROVATORE.

If you'll listen awhile, I will tell you a story
Of the popular opera, *Il Trovatore*.
What's *Il Trovatore*? A foundling, no doubt,
From *Trovare*, to find; but, excuse me, you're out.
'Tis hardly yet known to three folks out of four
That *Il Trovatore*'s the (young) Troubadour.

The curtain goes up, and the audience soon are
Surveying the halls of the *Conte di Luna*.
The title is strange, but its owner will soon
Give proof of his right to take rank from the moon;
For his conduct becomes so decidedly bad,
That charity kindly considers him mad:
Attendants discover'd, all sleepy and spooney:
Is it strange that the servants of *Luna* are mooney?
Though anywhere else one would wake them by ringing,
On the stage 'tis the fashion to rouse folks by singing.
An upper domestic, *Fernando* by name,
Proceeds to allude to some violent flame
That's consuming his master—who's got an amour—
And fears as a rival the young Troubadour.
For 'tis a remarkable thing on the stage,
A Count in a courtship can never engage.
But straight to his servants he seeks to impart
The secret (he calls it) that burns in his heart.
The servants, however, have heard it before,
And threaten to sink into slumber once more,
Unless, the old story's replaced by another,
Not touching their master, but touching his brother.
The principal servant, who's made it his part
To get all the family secrets by heart,
Calls all the domestics and soldiers about him;
And though 'twould be very much nobler to scout him,
With keen curiosity gathering round,
They give to his scandal attention profound.
The story is thus:—"Count *di Luna* the late one,
(Who being deceased is of course called the great one).
Of two darling sons was the fortunate sire,
When a witch (who was afterwards thrown in the fire)
At the cradle of one of the boys came to sit,
And sent the young gentleman off in a fit.
The Count had the sorceress burnt to a cinder;
But the hag had a daughter, who seeing the tinder,
With wonderful instinct, by some means or other,
Collecting the dust, re-collected her mother.
With horrible vengeance, and energy wild,
She caught from its cradle the innocent child,
And, near to the spot where her mother was roasted,
Some small bones were found very recently toasted.
The chorus, of course, with discretion sublime,
Express their disgust at the low person's crime:
Though they suffer'd without observation to pass
The act of the man of superior class.
By one of those instincts that seldom prevail,
Except on the stage, where they're sure not to fail,
The Count a belief in his child's safety owns,
Notwithstanding the startling affair of the bones;
And so the old gentleman, just as he died,
Had summon'd the Count (Number 2) to his side,
And made him most faithfully promise and swear
He'd look for his brother—for though quite aware
Of the bones the poor child was consider'd the owner,
Further search might return them e'en yet *nulla bona*.
The woman by whom the vile deed was committed,
From all her pursuers successfully flitted.
For criminals always, in opera or play,
(However well known) can keep out of the way.
'Tis true she's the neighbourhood often infested,
But somehow or other she's not been arrested.
The people have seen her, on chimney and cowl,
At times as a crow, once or twice as an owl;
But to catch this strange bird they incessantly fail,
Or even to put any salt on its tail.
So the servants disgusted at finding a hitch
In their own bad arrangements for catching the witch,
Agree, in a chorus, she ought to be cursed,
Which brings to a spirited end—*Scene the First*.

Scene Two—is a palace with gardens at night,
The moon and the stars show each other a light,
Two ladies approach, *Leonora* and *Inez*;
The latter without the least atom of shyness,
(Although an attendant) begins to reprove
The former for feeling a dangerous love.

(A confidante wishing the sorrows to soften
Of a principal singer, can't bear them too often,
The latter is ask'd to repeat them once more,
If the audience haven't been told them before,
How came you to love him, says *Inez*, and when?
Leonora replies—that the dearest of men,
She met at a tournament, where in a quarrel,
He gain'd that absurd piece of rubbish a laurel,
Which—though to the gardening business not bred,
She planted right up on the top of his head.
The knight with the green stuff no sooner was crown'd,
Than all of a sudden he couldn't be found;
But though *non inventus*, he wasn't a brute,
And struck up an air (out of sight) on his flute.*
The solo was heard with attention serene,
But still the executant couldn't be seen;
And though he was look'd for, 'tis natural quite
(On the stage) to explore every place but the right.
Another remarkable fact then occur'd,
For the name *Leonora* distinctly was heard;
And though p'rhaps a singer could easily say it,
'Tis hard to conceive how a flutist could play it.
The lady, of course, as all heroines do
(On the stage), to the lattice immediately flew.
'Tis the stranger—she burns with a sudden amour,
For this flute-playing, eaves-dropping, strange Troubadour.
"Forget him," says *Inez*. "Forget him I can't."
Exclaims *Leonora*, "and therefore I sha'n't."
If for him unable to live—tell me why
I shouldn't make other arrangements—and die."
To the back of the stage the two ladies then mount.
When *exceunt ambo* and enter the Count.
He looks at the window, and seeing a light,
Observes *Leonora*'s not sleeping to-night;
Forgetting that people, not partial to gloom,
Will sleep with an ALBERT or CHILD† in the room.
Approaching the window to catch p'rhaps a sound
From the voice of his love, in the stillness around—
Or should she be sleeping, expecting a snore—
He's struck by the voice of the sad Troubadour.
His jealousy's roused, for he feels his position—
'Tis his rival, the beggarly strolling musician.
The lady descends with an *anima mia*
Address'd to the Count, who's astonish'd to see her
Sink back, like a ball that rebounds from the floor,
At hearing the voice of the young Troubadour.
The moon, which has hitherto been 'neath a shroud,
Is, thanks to a well-bred theatrical cloud,
Released from the veil—a disc-over it laid,—
And thus an important disc-overly's made;
For seeing the Minstrel, the lady, whose views
Are musical, throws herself down at his shoes;
Forgetting alike both her sex and her station,
She makes to the flutist a bold declaration.
The Count's in a rage—having heard her confess
That she favours the strolling musician's address;
And burning with anger, proceeds to exclaim,
"Since she's got your address, p'rhaps you'll give me your name."
"MANRICO's my name," cries the flutist. No sooner
Does the word reach the ears of the lunatic *Luna*,
Than he casts his abuse, like a boy throwing pebbles,
On the Minstrel, and calls him the chief of the rebels.
The gentlemen sing with remarkable power,
Saying, each has arrived at his ultimate hour.
And though one another most anxious to kill,
They execute jointly a beautiful trill.
Though the Count is determined the life-blood to take
Of MANRICO—the rivals concur, in a shake.
They flourish their weapons—then jointly they pause,
Awaiting the end of a round of applause.
The top of their voices the couple then reach,
While poor *Leonora* approaches a screech.
For the music of VERDI is known to require
The voice to go higher, and higher and higher.
No wonder, that just as the *First Act* is o'er,
The lady, exhausted, drops down on the floor:
While the gentlemen, having expended their might
In shouting—are forced to retire to fight.
A fight on the stage quite another thing means
From a duel (supposed) at the back of the scenes,
Where the combatants—all their hostility over,
Sit puffing and blowing their wind to recover.

* In the original Italian the word is *flauto*, but the poet of the establishment having translated it "flute," we take advantage of the mistranslation for our own purposes.
† ALBERT and CHILD will be recognised as the names given to two varieties of Patent Night Lights.



JOHN THOMAS, THE BELGRAVIAN FLUNKY, AS HE APPEARED WHILE THE MOB WERE BREAKING HIS MISSESSES WINDOWS.

ROEBUCK'S CALL.

Att.—"Young Agnes!"

YOUNG ROEBUCK, Sheffield's flower—
Resolved to have his say—
Proposed the House's power
To test, some early day.

But M.P.'s. had sought the shade
Of country seat, bower, and hall,
And didn't like being made
To come to town again at all.

And so with all their power
Resolved not to hear his call,
Ca—a—a—all—
Resolved not to hear his call.

The Right Nail on the Head.

It is said that the whole of the property of SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL is to be brought to the hammer. This will be but a poor consolation to the numerous ninyhammers who were content to entrust their means to the hands of those who have made such an improper use of it.

A QUESTION FOR THE CITY.

Why does the Thames, at the turn of the tide, remind one of a common saying?—Because it is slow and sewer.

(From a maniac, rendered one by the state of the river.)

A SUPERFICIAL PHILOSOPHER.—Electro-PLATO.

RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

How RABELAIS, after leaving the Great Bridle-goose, got into mixed Company, and learnt doubtful Ideas on Things sacred.

I LEFT the Great Bridle-goose, who had taught me so many wonders, and, as it were by magic, found myself in a mixture of quiet homely people, a small dash of thieves who did charge vigorously, and a large number of land-lobsters in their native blue coats, the which did nevertheless require the *main* turned on to keep them in fitting disorder. These same did use their claws (in the curious shape of clubs) most artificially against weak women, children, or quiet people, and did with most judicious inefficiency leave pickpockets and prizefighters to their own fortunes. These same did swear, talk vilely, run under barriers when they could not jump them, look valiant in numbers, and ride on cabs that they could not drive. And these lobsters, mark you, did it not out of their own head or out of *malice prepense* (as the learned in the law do say), but because the great *Animal of the two Ears* had an idea that people cannot meet together, without swallowing his own lobsters, his *measures* being, like his wit, a forgotten question, seeing that he who understandeth nothing of what he is talking about, knoweth little and teacheth less, and that he who runs away from the great beast PUBLIC, scarcely meets it fairly.

And this was all because the great *Animal of the two Ears* could only give ear to one side of a question. He was tolerably kind, especially to those who let him have his own way, and was much pitied and regretted by those who saw that thistles must ever be the food of those who prefer them to figs, and who think turning a place of harmless recreation into a bear-garden, the best worship of Him whom all adore.

And others did say that certain places called *Claves, Anglicæ Clubs*, did remain open for the benefit of big sinners, grown on a rich soil, while the public-houses for the middle or lower people were kept shut, even as the temple of JANUS when there were no Sabbatarians to keep it open. Some did say that those who worked all six days deserved the chance of a dinner on the seventh, and that those who are paid at eight or nine o'clock on Saturday nights have ill chance of a good market: some did say that a Lord whose own goose has been cooked, and whose horse can be driven on the seventh as well as any other day, should abstain from meddling with smaller birds or their dinners. Others did say, that *Mayne* force was not the best way of influencing the feelings of peaceable people, who only wanted to prevent certain animals braying too loud, and spoiling the privileges of their own Common.

And I did see many strange things, the like of which I hope I may not see ere the Palace of Sound is crumbled into the brains of its own speakers.

I did see a very mighty ass on horseback, the like of which I never saw before.

I saw about a couple of dozen, of baker's dozen, of raw lobsters, the which did ply their claws as aforesaid.

I saw a child trampled on, and a small woman knocked down—the which I was told were merely a sample.

I saw LORD G—'s common sense walking in company with Chaos along a Rotten Row.

I saw several thousand skinned eels, who nevertheless could keep a coat on their backs, against which, being defenceless, the aforesaid lobsters did use their claws.

I saw some broken heads, the which I was told did much for Sunday morality.

I heard several lobsters use some of the uncleanest language I never wish to hear, which conduceth to ditto.

I also saw, among other strange impossibilities, seven ounces of Government Common Sense. So small was the amount, that I lost sight of it in trying the hunt after some Sabbatarian Christianity.

I came to the understanding, that if all men of the public were not fools, some of their rulers were.

I also learnt that Cant is not Religion.

And I learnt all the lobster slang, blackguardism, abuse, and brutality, that the wits of the Great Talking Shop had provided for the entertainments of their own peculiar Sabbath, and much I got by it.

PUNCH AND THE POST.

ALTHOUGH an enormous increase in the circulation of *Punch* has resulted from the increased facilities for the conveyance of this celebrated publication in the British Islands, a serious inconvenience will be inflicted upon *Mr. Punch* by the obstacles which, by the new postal regulations, will be offered to the transmission of his famous periodical to the colonies. He will be subjected to the annoyance of having to put a penny stamp upon each of his numbers, besides the stamp of his stamped edition, in order to send it to any British colony whatever, except Canada. To go thither it must be loaded with two postage stamps! That is, it must pay threepence, unless it goes by a conveyance wholly British; in which case the exaction is a penny less, and the transference occupies six weeks. Now *Mr. Punch* does not think small beer of himself, perhaps, but that is the opinion which may possibly be entertained of him by those who get his journal in the condition of the beverage alluded to when that has been drawn for more than a calendar month. *A propos* of that fluid, the Newspaper Postage Act, which facilitates the home whilst it embarrasses the colonial postage of newspapers, may be described as a half-and-half measure.

THE COCHIN-CHINA CORRESPONDENCE.



WE have been requested to publish the subjoined correspondence, and as it relates to a too common grievance in which the peace of many worthy families is continually compromised, *Mr. Punch* cannot for a moment hesitate to do his best towards the cause of public and domestic tranquillity. *Mr. Punch* may merely add, that the correspondence relates to the encouragement of a breed of poultry—shamefully robbed by the Chinese of their tails, and cruelly divested of their nether feathers—known as Cochin Chinas. The correspondence is that of two ladies; and

is therefore characterised by a gentleness and forbearance truly feminine.

“*Primrose Lodge, Clarence Park, June —, 1855.*”

“DEAR MRS. BROOMBLOSSOM,—May I as an acquaintance and neighbour beg to call your attention to your poultry? I assure you, the noise is most distressing—particularly of the male bird, or birds; for there must be half-a-dozen, though I am told, it is but a single creature that makes all the disturbance. From the hour of day-break until the baker rings with the rolls, that dreadful Cochin-China destroys the peace of my family. I am sure, dear MRS. BROOMBLOSSOM, that I have but to call your attention to this fact—our houses are, I hope I may still say fortunately, so close,—for you to make the noisy creature have compassion upon us.

“Ever yours, MARY MILLEFLEURS.”

“*Minerva House, Clarence Park, June —, 1855.*”

“DEAR MRS. MILLEFLEURS,—I am very sorry that the note of the poor bird should, in any manner, distress the delicacy of your organisation. You know, dear Madam, or perhaps might know, that it is one of the laws of natural history that chanticleer should salute the rising morn. My bird does no more than follow the unerring statutes of instinct. If at this season, Phoebus flames in his car at an early hour, the cock, which is sacred to Æsculapius, who again is sacred to Apollo, must denote the event at a corresponding time.

“The poor bird is, I assure you, an especial favourite with all my young ladies, who would—but for my vigilance—kill the dear creature with kindness. Let me, dear MRS. MILLEFLEURS, ask a little further indulgence for the dear Cochin. He has only been with us a month, and I’m told in time one might sleep in St. Paul’s belfry without ever hearing it strike midnight.

“Yours, sincerely, CAROLINE BROOMBLOSSOM.”

“DEAR MADAM,—It is not for me to say to whom your Cochin is sacred. I can only say to us, it is a nuisance. Since half-past three this morning, neither MR. MILLEFLEURS—(and he has to go in the City by ten, and your bird has made him this last week look as haggard as a witch)—neither MR. MILLEFLEURS nor myself have closed our eyes.

“I have no doubt, Madam, that your bird may be a favourite with your pupils,—girls knowing nothing of the responsibilities of life. But when the City has claims upon the head of a family,—I must say I do think it a little too hard that he should be deprived of his natural rest, by a monstrous catarrah in feathers (as MR. MILLEFLEURS calls your Cochin) from the moment of day-break. And talking of day-break, I’m sure the creature very often takes the train for the car of Phoebus—as you call it—for sometimes all night long—I can hear him—he does nothing but crow against the railway whistle.

“Wishing to live at peace with my neighbours, it is no affair of mine whether your Cochin is sacred to anybody—I can only say that, as I hear, it comes from the land of the heathen; and whether or not that matters not—that any way it is unfit for any Christian hen-roost.

“Yours, sincerely, M. M.”

“MADAM,—Minerva House is, happily, too well-founded upon a basis of Rock, to fear either the sneers or the misrepresentations of common natures. As for the young ladies entrusted by parental solicitude to my instruction,—I can only say that more than ONE CORONET—one coronet, Madam—is at the present hour to be found upon the fair brow of more than one of my élèves. (But I will not dwell on this.)

“With respect to the Cochin bird, whose place of birth you have—I have no doubt unwillingly—misrepresented,—I have the pleasure to inform you, that although of foreign extraction, the creature is a British-born subject, being produced from a setting of eggs presented to myself by MRS. MAJOR SHELDRAKE, who had her setting from MRS. GENERAL BULLYRAGG, who had her’s from her own daughter, the Lady of the BISHOP OF HELIGOLAND—an individual as distinguished for the curious rarity of his poultry, as for the orthodoxy of his principles.

“I think, Madam, I have now most satisfactorily replied to you with respect to the origin and country of the bird you have too harshly slandered, and remain,

“Yours, obediently, C. B.”

“MADAM,—It is nothing to me where your brute of a bird comes from, it is enough that the whole neighbourhood is raised by it. MR. MILLEFLEURS has done nothing but turn and turn in his bed without a wink since 3, and has now gone to the City more dead than alive. I have just received a note from him, saying that he feels so ill, from want of sleep, that he thinks he shall be obliged to accept a hurried invitation to go to Greenwich to dine.

“And so am I, a wife and mother of a family, to be deprived of the society of a husband and father, because you will keep what must be a nuisance to all the neighbourhood, and a filthy thing to look at besides!

“It is not our wish to resort to strong measures,—but we cannot be kept awake all night by the shrieks of a foreigner, even though descended from an orthodox bishop.

“Yours, M. M.”

“P.S. If your young ladies are so fond of birds, the neighbourhood—MR. M. desires me to say—will, no doubt, allow you to take out the Cochin’s weight in macaws, with even a peacock thrown into the bargain.”

“MRS. BROOMBLOSSOM presents her compliments to MRS. MILLEFLEURS. MRS. B. can be in no way in want of a macaw; for she has only to imagine MRS. M. reading one of her own letters.

“Neither has MRS. B. any wish to keep a peacock at her own cost; seeing that she has an opposite neighbour, whose vanity as much exceeds that of the bird, as her good looks fall short of it.

“MRS. B. has the further pleasure to inform MRS. M. that early this morning one of her finest Cochins hatched a magnificent brood of eleven. Hen and Chickens doing well.”

“MRS. MILLEFLEURS has consulted MR. FURNIVAL—the lawyer under Mrs. M.’s marriage settlement—and instructed him, with the knowledge of her husband,—to indict MRS. BROOMBLOSSOM under the Nuisance Act. It may, perhaps, delight the vindictive nature of MRS. B. to know that, worn out by want of sleep, MR. M. was last night compelled to repose at the Crown and Sceptre.”

“MRS. BROOMBLOSSOM, in closing this correspondence, can only hope that MR. MILLEFLEURS had a good night’s rest. MR. LYONSINN, (MRS. B.’s solicitor) may be addressed by MR. FURNIVAL.”

Strange Departure.

THE *Daily News* says, “Common sense has departed from the War Office.” We are extremely sorry to hear of this departure, but for the life of us we never knew that COMMON SENSE had been lodging there.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

Enter RATCLIFF.

K. Rich. Who's there?*Rat.* My lord; 'tis I. The early village cock—*Richard III. Act v., Scene 3.*

POEM COMPOSED IN PRISON.

If I was a Pardoner hinn a Bank,
I shouldn't be vorkin' at this 'ere Crank;
For me and my Pals a Gang's the term,
Oh don't I wish we was call'd a Firm!

In that case Prigs is Bankrupts made,
Though some is in the Wan conwey'd:
But Juries finds they can't convict,
And Justice's ends thereby is nick'd.

Here, you or I, we frisks a till,
And for which we gets the Crank or Mill,
It may be for years to the 'ulks we goes;
It may be for hever, p'raps—who knows?

But hunto the 'ulks we never should go,
Providing we was a Banker's Co.,
Becos of our 'avin' pick'd the locks
Of hever so many a Gent's strong box.

If a Parson trusted us with his Deeds,
And we sold 'em and sack'd the hole proceeds,
That R'everend Gent would be jolly green,
But the Laws would make it all serene.

Cos why?—the case in course would be
Brought into the Court of Bankruptcy,
Vere we should have only to make a clean breast,
And couldn't be tried for wot we confess'd.

To quod suppose we went for debt,
And just a few months chanced to get,
Without 'ard labour bein' confined,
To which a cove might be-'ave resign'd.

Here am I, lagg'd for forty bob,
I've got seven year for that little job;
I wish it 'ad been arf a million Pound,
And I shouldn't be turnin' this 'andle round.

THE WATERY-GRAVE OF LONDON.

It is really beginning to be a very serious question, "What's to be done with the Thames?" We wish that somebody would set it on fire, and get rid of it at once. It is daily getting into the worst possible odour; and, although many of us are continually drinking some of it to the great danger of our lives, it is clear that we don't drink enough of it to get rid of it as rapidly as could be desired. Perhaps the best plan that could be adopted, would be to get some of the most efficient Parliamentary pumps to set to work upon it, after the termination of the Session, when they might endeavour to exhaust the river, as they have already exhausted the House of Commons by their long speeches. We are quite sure that these instruments will be found the most efficacious in trying to get rid of the water; for there is nothing they touch which they do not render perfectly dry. If these means should fail, we recommend the river to the earnest attention of those persons who are fond of throwing wet blankets upon anything like improvement; and who, by deriving the moisture they require from the Thames, might eventually absorb the disgusting liquid of which it is composed.

OUR ORGANISED HYPOCRISY.

You can't get beer on a Sunday during those hours when you most want it, but neither can you say your prayers in your own house in the company of twenty persons beyond the members of your own household, unless you have written yourself down a dissenter, and also, if we mistake not, paid half-a-crown. Moreover, although you can get beer during some part of Sunday, you cannot say your prayers under the conditions above specified during any. The same legislature that passed the Sabbatarian Beer Bill last Session, has defeated LORD SHAFTESBURY'S Religious Worship Bill this. The Bill of LORD SHAFTESBURY was a measure for preventing private houses from being closed against conscientious worshippers; but true religion, to the canting impostors who, from the love of spiritual tyranny, vote for Sunday Bills, is as great an abomination as beer.

QUERY FOR THE SABBATARIANS.

If all Sunday trading had been abolished after nine or ten o'clock, would the pew-openers have been disqualified from receiving their shillings as usual, for the accommodation of a seat in a pew?

SENTIMENTS FOR THE BOUDOIR.

BY MADAME PUNCH.



AIRLY cutting off
the wings of the
butterfly—such is
the attempt to de-
fine Love.

Love is the only
tyrant whose laws
are obeyed without
murmuring.

The woman who
succeeds in making
a fop love her,
prevents that fop,
to an equal extent,
from loving him-
self. The prefer-
ence is not a very
flattering one.

Love is about
the only passion that has the power of making a man change his character or his dress.

She is the most beautiful whom we love the most; and the woman we love the most is frequently the one to whom we talk of it the least.

The melancholy of a disappointed lover is like the dead light that burns over a tomb.

Love is fed upon the lightest pastry—Friendship upon solid beef.
To give to those who want *est un plaisir*—to give to those we love
est un bonheur!

A Temperate Request.

JUDGING from the speeches at the recent meeting of the Maine Law agitators, it would appear that those gentlemen are not quite so temperate in their demands as in their drinks. They require, it seems, nothing less preposterous than the immediate total abstinence of the whole United Kingdom—as if, for instance, it were possible, in any amount of time, to teetotalise the cabmen!



CAUTION!

Prosperous Shoe Black. "You don't ketch me putting my money into any o' them Banks, I can tell yer!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. PUNCH, having rushed from the House of Commons in an intense fit of disgust, as mentioned by him last week, had, of course, to be propitiated, like ACHILLES when he retired from the council-tent before Troy. He departed on the Thursday night, and early on Friday morning, as he was lying on his back on the grass at Herne Bay, inventing dozens of the most scorching and searing epigrams against the whole political world, a Cabinet deputation, headed by LORD PALMERSTON, humbly approached him, and, with much earnestness of supplication, begged him to return to town, and help the House through the session. *Mr. Punch* was for some time inexorable, but the gentle influence of the sea-breezes (how unlike those of the poison sewer that runs through London Bridge!) softened him, and, finally, he imposed the condition, that JOHN RUSSELL should be instantly turned out of the Cabinet, for his double-dealing in the Vienna affair. The Premier eagerly agreed, and sent BOUVERIE running over to Sturry to telegraph to JOHN RUSSELL that he must get out. *Mr. Punch* then treated the whole party to a bathe and shrimps, and they returned to town together in time to catch the SPEAKER at prayers on

July 13th, Friday. There was not much done in either house, but SIR GEORGE GREY announced, that he had appointed a commission, consisting of the three Recorders of London, Manchester, and Liverpool, to inquire into the conduct of the police in the Hyde Park affair.

Monday. LORD ALBEMARLE presented a petition, signed by 14,000 of the inhabitants of Madras (which, for the information of members of Parliament, it should be said, is a portion of India) complaining of a great number of heavy grievances, among which was the Maturia, an extortionate tax on trades and professions; out of every pound of which, moreover, the Government receives six and eightpence, and the soundrely collectors the remaining fourteen and fourpence. His lordship, deliberately, and upon the strongest evidence, charged the boastful East India Company with gross and culpable neglect of their duties as rulers. He also showed that torture is used to collect the Madras taxes. LORD GRANVILLE'S answer was rather an extenuation than a defence.

LORD PALMERSTON had kept his word with *Mr. Punch*, and in the Commons LORD JOHN RUSSELL announced that he had ceased to be Colonial Minister. He made a speech, in which he set forth his own merits, quoted SHAKSPEARE on hollow friendships, and professed contempt for his own pretended friends, who would not keep him in office, so as to bring down the whole Ministry with him in his fall. SIR BULWER LYTTON withdrew the motion which he had threatened, but intimated that the PREMIER was but an insincere party, and LORD JOHN a disingenuous one. LORD PALMERSTON retorted, that SIR BULWER himself was either deliberately insincere, or as ignorant as a child. MR. DISRAELI pleasingly characterised LORD PALMERSTON'S

speech as common-place bluster and reckless rhodomontade, and ended by declaring his belief, that his lordship intended, during the recess, to degrade the honour of the country, and betray its interests. MR. BOUVERIE contributed to the harmony of the evening by making a donkified speech about LORD JOHN'S dazzling merits, whereat the House roared, and MR. ROEBUCK expressed his opinion, that the dazzling personage in question had not done his duty to the House, to the country, to truth, or to honour. A very pleasant and personal night was thus got through, and that nothing might be wanting to sustain the character of the House of Commons, a Bill for paying schoolmasters to instruct the poor of Scotland, was thrown out by a considerable majority.

Tuesday. LORD PANMURE explained that as War Secretary he ought to have taken charge of our military dependency, the Ionian Isles, but he really had so much to do, that he had determined to call that locality a Colony, and hand it over to the Colonial Secretary. The Lords thought this rather cool, but said nothing.

In the Commons, the ROTHSCHILD Committee reported that the BARON was not disqualified from being a member by being a loan-monger.

MR. ROEBUCK then brought on his long-threatened motion of censure upon the Administration under whose government the Crimean disasters occurred. GENERAL PEEL moved "the previous question," which is the House of Commons' device for evading the pronouncing any decision. The debate occupied two nights,—this one, and Thursday,—and there was a great deal of pretended earnestness as to the subject of discussion, and a great deal of real party and personal asperity. SIR JAMES GRAHAM thought the House ought to come to a decision; SIR CHARLES WOOD thought that it had not information enough before it; SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN put in some attorney-like pleas; LORD JOHN RUSSELL insulted MR. ROEBUCK; MR. BRIGHT slashed at LORD PALMERSTON; and SIR DE LACY EVANS complained of the PREMIER'S tone and manner; SIDNEY HERBERT thought with SIR JAMES GRAHAM; LORD JOHN MANNERS proved that he could not think at all; LORD PALMERSTON declared that he was a very fine Minister, and all his colleagues were very fine colleagues; and, "until more capable men were found," they would retain office; and MR. DISRAELI, with a creditable sense of the gravity of the question, said that the House, after two nights' discussion, after the laborious efforts of the Sebastopol Committee, and while the whole country was looking on with interest, would come to a vote which could confer honour and credit neither upon individual Members nor on the collective assembly.

The House then came to such vote, and by a majority of 289 to 182, declined to say whether LORD PALMERSTON and his late and present colleagues were guilty or not.

The Maynooth Nuisance looked as if we should hear no more of it until next year, for the debate was adjourned until that day three months, but the persevering old SPOONER brought it up again on Friday, and carried a motion for inquiring why the report on Maynooth gave the Roman Catholic Bishops their "aggression" titles. The Government opposed him, but was beaten by 97 to 76.

Wednesday. The Commons did a little business rationally.

In the Lords on *Thursday*, the unlucky Scotch Education Bill was finally strangled. The opposition was so strong that the mover wished to withdraw the bill, but this being objected to, its friends determined to conceal the relative numbers, and, a division being taken, everybody except the mover voted against the second reading, the result being 85 to 1. This is a victory for the Scotch priests.

Friday. LORD LYNDBURST showed up the short-comings of the Government in regard to legal reform, and the Chancellor in defence laid everything upon the war, though what CRANNY has had to do with the war it is hard to say, or what share the wool-sack takes in preparing for the sack of Sebastopol. He had better have minded his own business, and improved the Divorce Law and abolished the Ecclesiastical Courts.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON explained, that though we had settled the first and second points with Austria, it was only done provisionally, and we were not bound by our agreement—also that CHARLEY NAPIER, when offered a Bath Cross, had crossly told the messenger to go to Bath.

A piece of good news was elicited from SIR BENJAMIN HALL. A clause is to be introduced into the Metropolis Management Bill, providing that after five years from Christmas next, no more sewage is to go into the Thames; in the meantime other receptacles are to be constructed for the horrible matter which now pollutes the stream. Christmas 1860 is to be the end of the existing hideous state of things. The authorities are desired to take notice, that *Mr. Punch*, the undying and the ever vigilant, has noted the date, and will attend on new Westminster Bridge, on Christmas Eve, 1860, to receive their report that the Thames is pure.

The resolution for guaranteeing the interest of the Turkish Loan met with a variety of unexpected opposition, and a result, which might have imperilled the French alliance and the fortunes of the war, was avoided by a majority of three only in a House of 267 members. So much for the wisdom of Parliament!

THE RUSSIANS IN COVENT GARDEN.



THE Russians are victorious; we are fairly beaten, and it is nothing more than common candour to own our discomfiture. MR. GYE has been the prime means of introducing the Muscovites into the very heart of the Metropolis; and whether we will or no, we must own their mastery. We will, however, as plainly as our emotion will permit us, give a brief narrative of the catastrophe.

On the evening of the 19th inst., between seven and eight, it was plain that an attack was to be made. The Russians had, by some means, taken possession of Covent Garden Theatre. The English, however, thronging the house, resolved to dispute the ground, inch by inch.

At eight o'clock precisely, GENERAL COSTA, with his truncheon in hand, rode into the orchestra, and was received with heavy rounds, which he received with the self-possession and true modesty of a true hero. The orchestra

opened from the overture battery, and never did we witness such power, such brilliance, and precision of fire. They carried all before them.

The fight raged from half-past eight—with but two brief intervals—until nearly a quarter to one, when the star of Russia—*La Stella del Nord*—was hailed as star triumphant. It is impossible for us,—although subdued and led away captive by the power of FIELD-MARSHALL MEYERBERG, to suppress the expression of our admiration, our veneration for the genius of that little, great man (for in corporal presence we think he hardly tops NAPOLEON or WELLINGTON). The subdued people flung bouquets and garlands at his feet,—the giant of music!

But how admirably was the genius of the General seconded by the genius of his forces! Prodigious was the energy of *Pietro Micaloff Formes*; magnificent the power of the Cossack Corporal *Gritzenko Lablache*. (He fought on foot; we can therefore give no idea of the horse that could carry him). How gracefully, how skilfully did *Danilowitz Gardoni* bring up his forces,—setting them in the most brilliant array.

Especially mighty in their grace and sweetness were the Amazons who took the field. How shall we describe *Catterina Bosio*, flashing hither and thither, and wherever she appeared, subduing and taking prisoner all about her. And then, that *Prascovia Marai*—with an innocent face: a face like a flower, yet so invincible wherever she appeared. Unerring sharpshooters were the *Nivandières*, *Ekimona Bauer* and *Natalia Rudersdoff*,—picking off unerringly whatever they aimed at.

Finally, the triumph of the Russians at Covent Garden is all to nothing the greatest victory the Russians have had in the present war. There can be no doubt that GENERALISSIMO GYE will "sack" all London.

Among the distinguished visitors who were present at this Russian victory, we noticed the EARL of ABERDEEN, MR. GLADSTONE, and MESSRS. COBDEN, BRIGHT, and MILNER GIBSON. We heard that LORD JOHN RUSSELL occupied a box; but if so, he sat so far back in the shadow—that we cannot conscientiously say we saw him.

THE NEW LAW OF LIMITED LIABILITY.

SINCE the difficulty of defining a Traveller has become such a serious nuisance to the Public, it is as well to provide against any further doubt in any future enactment, and we therefore call on Parliament to say, whether the following cases will fall under the new Act.

If a person sits in a draught, will the bill limit his liability to take cold?

If an individual hires a Cab, will the new law limit his liability to be overcharged and abused?

If a man goes into a Chancery suit, will the proposed enactment limit his liability to be ruined by the lawyers?

When these points are clearly settled, we may perhaps find a few more to propose.

IN THE PRESS.

RESIGNATION; a Moral Essay (with Cuts). By the HON. EDWARD PLEYDELL BOUVERIE, Esq., M.P. for Kilmarnock; gratefully dedicated by the writer to his out-and-out friend, LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—To be had at BELLAMY'S.

THE RECRUITING SERJEANT AMONG THE LINENDRAPERS.

COME NOW, you fine young fellows that behind the counter stand, And measure crape and calico in Fleet Street and the Strand, For the finest bunch of ribbons you ever saw, look here! Forsake your gauze, for your Country's cause requires a grenadier.

Who'd serve out silk and satin and buttons on a card, In Regent Street, or Oxford Street, or in St. Paul's Churchyard, When he might point a rifle, and send an ounce of lead, In Freedom's fight, and the cause of Right, through a Russian villain's head?

It is a woman's business a shop-yard-stick to wield, You'd do a better service with the bay'net in the field, By charging on the Cossacks with strong determined wills, Than a price to fix at three-and-six in making up your bills.

To wa! upon them, ladies, though pleasant it may be, Don't want young men from five feet eight to six feet two or three; Young females are quite capable of supplying their demands, When swords instead of scissors and thread should be in young men's hands.

In lieu of handsome shopmen to look at and admire, So many gallant heroes the ladies now require, From brutal Russian savages to defend their matchless charms, Who would soon be here, if sloth or fear kept men from taking arms.

From morning until late at night you now have got to stop, Inhaling bad unwholesome air in a close unpleasant shop, You might be on the open field whilst you are breathing gas, A thing to do, with the choice of the two, that is worthy of an ass.

In sedentary callings I wonder you can stay, Whereas, with colours flying, you now might march away, How you can bow and scrape there astonishes me quite, When if you please, you might stand at ease, and hold your heads upright.

From fever and consumption through being so confined, You might obtain your liberty in case you had a mind, Diseases sweep you off above the rate of shell or ball, With no chance you see, to be K.C.B., and Field Marshal after all.

Or if you were less lucky, returning from the war, With a medal on your bosom, and on your face a scar, How much more interesting an object to the Fair, Would you appear when they saw this here, and look'd upon that there!

PARLIAMENTARY NIGHT-WORK.

LORD MAYOR MOON while very properly directing his attention to the filth in the Thames, has rather improperly expressed a hope "that the matter will be at once taken up by Parliament." Surely Parliament has quite enough dirt on its hands just now, without adding the mud from the Thames to the heap of nuisances with which it has had to deal, and still has to dispose of. The progress of legislation has been slow enough, but if at this period of the year Parliament should go into the Thames, we may expect the legislative machine to stick in the mud for the short remainder of the session. We do not agree with the LORD MAYOR in calling on either house to act as a dredger for the purpose of "taking the matter up," and we prefer leaving the mud in the hands of the corporation, who will know how to deal with it. As Conservator of the Thames it is peculiarly the province of the LORD MAYOR to go into the matter, and probe it to the very bottom; though we confess we cannot fairly expect his Lordship to get over head and ears immersed in the very unpleasant business.

The New Doorkeeper of the House of Commons.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON has appeared lately in the new character of a doorkeeper of the House of Commons, and in that capacity he has been holding the door open for LORD JOHN RUSSELL, saying to his Lordship, in a tone of the most satirical blandness, worthy of *Pelham* in his best kids, "This way Out—this way Out, my Lord!" However, he has experienced the greatest difficulty in making LORD JOHN, who has grown rather short-sighted since the Vienna conference, see the door.

THE PEOPLE.—The Ladder that helps Statesmen to climb, but which they kick aside as soon as they have reached the Summit of their Ambition.

SOULS SOLD BY AUCTION.



OUR old friend, the *Morning Herald*, enables us to state that the following discourse will be delivered in the course of the present month from the Pulpit, by the REVEREND MR. HAMMERS:—"Reverend Gentlemen and Ladies, allow me to introduce to your notice the Rectory of Husband Bosworth, eligibly situate in a pleasant part of the county of Leicester. The lot of the reverend purchaser—I beg your pardon—of the purchaser's presentee, will be cast in one of the pleasant places of that celebrated county—celebrated for sheep of a superior breed, much admired for the wool; capital shearing to the Pastor. Income derived from no less than five hundred acres of land, and amounts to one thousand pounds per annum, exclusive of large and superior parsonage house. Population one thousand;

splendid business in cure of souls—souls cured at a guinea per soul. Incumbent fifty-five years of age; human life precarious: many gentlemen die at fifty-five. What shall we say for this eligible Rectory? Situate in pleasant places; what will any gentleman or lady give for this Rectory? Eligible—and the present incumbent fifty-five. Full fifty-five years of age—and life transitory—and situate in pleasant places. What shall we say? Shall we say twenty thousand pounds? Ten? Five? Shall we say five? Five thousand pounds—and a thousand a-year. One thousand souls and only five thousand pounds. Five pounds a soul, and a thousand pounds yearly return: capital replaced in five years. Will nobody give five thousand pounds? Four? Three? Two? (Thank you, my Lord.) Two thousand pounds are bid for this first-rate Rectory of only one thousand souls, situate in pleasant places and yielding one pound per soul per annum. And the present Incumbent fifty-five years of age. And one thousand pounds per annum. And human life transitory. Three thousand. (Thank you, Ma'am.) Three thousand pounds for the Rectory of Husband Bosworth—eligible family Rectory—going at three thousand. Only three thousand—and one thousand pounds per annum. Three thousand pounds only, and the cure of no more souls than one thousand. Probable Dissenters among the souls, and proportionate reduction of labour. Only three thousand pounds bid for this sumptuous living. Going at three thousand pounds. And fifty-five years of age: and human life transitory. Transitory human life and fifty-five years of age, and going at three thousand pounds. Going at three thousand—going—going—? Gone!"

MR. HAMMERS will also sell the Rectory of Simpson, "most pleasantly situate within a mile and a half of Stoney Stratford (so called, as the reader knows, on account of the fleas), five miles from Woburn, and fifteen minutes' walk of the Bletchley station on the London and North Western Railway." The living is worth two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, with parsonage-house; and the incumbent of Simpson is nearer to his grave by twenty years than the parson of Husband Bosworth, being five over three-score and ten. The Rectory of West Lydford, Somerset, will also be knocked down to some speculative person by MR. HAMMERS. "The living is worth four hundred and fifty pounds a-year," but "the vendor's right to present is subject to the contingency of a lady, aged sixty-three, dying in the lifetime of the present rector, whose age is eighty-three." MR. HAMMERS will probably expatiate, with his accustomed eloquence, on any infirmities on the part of this venerable clergyman, which are likely to prevent him from attaining to the age of OLD PARR. Houghton-on-the-Hill will also be submitted by MR. HAMMERS to public competition: "the income of this Rectory, two hundred and sixty pounds per annum, is of the most satisfactory kind, arising entirely from the rents of lands, and not from tithe-rent charge." The living man of whom, dead, the shoes are to be waited for in this instance, is aged seventy-six. It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that MR. HAMMERS is not himself in the Church, and that the pulpit whence he will address his congregation is one without a sounding-board, and one from which the orator is not accustomed to hurl denunciations against money-making and the love of ease.

The Thirsty Feast-Day.

INSTEAD of creating a disturbance by reason of having been tormented with drought on a Sunday by the Sabbatarians through their Beer Bill, it might answer the purpose of respectable mechanics simply to lie down in the streets, having chalked on the pavement before them the brief but touching inscription, "I am thirsty."

FIRM!

WHAT though AZRAEL's shadow lowering
O'er our leaguer'd army falls?
Though half-hearted Doubt be cowering
Ev'n within our Senate's walls?
What though Austrian wiles have taken
Eyes, that England deem'd were clear?
What though Austrian hints have shaken
Hearts we thought too high for fear?
Be all this and worse before us,
Think we of the sires that bore us,
And all English hearts raise chorus—
Firm!

What though dull Routine be fumbling
Where the shortest form were long?
What though mawkish Cant be mumbling
Non-resistance unto wrong?
What though in the hour of action
Old men fill the place of young?
What though all the clogs of Faction
On the State-machine be hung?
Be all this and worse before us,
Think we of the sires that bore us,
And all English hearts raise chorus—
Firm!

What though each sweep of Death's sickle
Mows our near and dear ones down?
What though Statesmen warn how fickle
Sways the crowd from smile to frown?
What though weight of new taxation
Fall on backs hard press'd before?
What though Commerce to stagnation
Turn, beneath the curse of War?
Be all this and worse before us,
Think we of the sires that bore us,
And all English hearts raise chorus—
Firm!

What though Russia be colossal?
What though Britain be but small?
'Tis the cause moulds the Apostle—
Hugest idols heaviest fall.
More than navies, more than armies,
Is the Power rules earth and sea—
With the just cause still his arm is,
And for that just cause stand we!
Then, let what may be before us,
Think we of the sires that bore us,
And all English hearts raise chorus—
Firm!

WHY ABUSE THE THAMES?

It is really very unfair of everybody to be always abusing poor old Father Thames, who was originally a clean, respectable, well-conducted river, until we rendered him what he is by throwing dirt at him and into him, on all and from all hands. Father Thames may well turn round upon the public and exclaim, in the words of *Norma* (English version).

"See the wretch that thou hast made me."

For it is the public to whom the river is indebted for all the filth it contains. Not only do we pitch into it everything in the shape of refuse, but we are continually "pitching into it" in the more familiar and pugilistic sense of the words. We might just as well throw a quantity of rubbish into our neighbour's garden, and then begin abusing the poor garden as a nuisance, for which, after all, the remedy is in our hands. How can we expect the Thames to wear anything but black looks under the treatment to which it is exposed, for we should all of us wear a somewhat lowering aspect if we were to be perpetually made a target for all the dirt that the Metropolis contains.

An Unlucky Day.

The *Morning Herald* lately said:
"The PREMIER has stated that Friday, the usual supply day, shall not be a supply day."
No! Has LORD PALMERSTON become so superstitious?



AQUATICS.

WHO IS THIS? WHY THIS IS MR. JOHN CHUB PULLING ONE OF HIS LONG, SLOW, STEADY STROKES. HE IS TAKING MORE PAINS THAN USUAL, BECAUSE THOSE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS ARE SITTING ON THE LAWN DRAWING FROM NATURE.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

FARREN has left the stage. His farewell was marked by the expression of public sympathy and admiration. The audience were truly in earnest when they took leave of their old servant. The actor was surrounded by actors and actresses—brothers and sisters all of the footlights. An incident, however, was particularly touching; and, even as the fountains leap into existence at the Crystal Palace, it called up a gush of tears from all assembled. It was particularly affecting, because the feeling was deep and uncontrollable, when J. P. HARLEY (who has himself been some three-quarters of a century a public benefactor) flung himself in speechless emotion on the neck of FARREN! Such



AND—HERE ARE THE GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS.

sympathy did honour to MR. HARLEY, not only as a man, but as an actor—a very great actor. The effect he produced was so great, that we cannot but ask *when* will the incident be repeated? May we inquire at what early day, on *his* retirement from the stage, will MR. CHARLES KEAN afford to HARLEY another opportunity for a like demonstration? We pause (a little impatiently) for a reply.*

For "Notes and Queries."

IS WILSON PATTEN, author of the Sunday Beer Act, any relation to SAMUEL FOOTE'S *Piety in Pattens*? If so, be good enough to state the degree, and the particular line of descent, by which PATTEN'S *Piety*, as now represented, may be found "stopping" a Sunday bung-hole.



THE EXCURSIONIST AS MR. HALL WOULD HAVE HIM—
THANK YOU, MR. HALL!

“MR. HALL, CHIEF MAGISTRATE AT BOW STREET, CANNOT DISCOVER ANY ‘INCONVENIENCE’ IN THE PRESENT WORKING OF THE ACT, BUT RECOMMENDS THAT THE POOR SUNDAY EXCURSIONIST SHOULD ‘STRAP A KNAPSACK ON HIS BACK, WITH TWO OR THREE BOTTLES OF BEER, AND THE CHILD TO BOOT, SOONER THAN THE SUNDAY SHOULD BE DESECRATED BY OPENING THE PUBLIC-HOUSES.’”

THE WHITEBAIT'S REVENGE.

It was an elderly Whitebait,
In a Greenwich boatman's well,
On his way to the fatal kitchen
Of the Trafalgar Hotel.

Around him in countless thousands,
His hapless fellows press'd,
And he knew the batter was mixing
Wherewith they should soon be dress'd.

And as the well-boat pass'd under
The Trafalgar windows wide,
He might see the parties feeding
On his brethren of the tide!

By his side swam an ancient Flounder,
Oh, heavily swam he,
Of the water-souché thinking,
Where sodden he soon should be!

You might see the steam-boats landing
Their crowds at the Greenwich pier,
But little, I ween, those faces green
Betoken'd of diner's cheer.

Oh! pale to be seen, or a sad sea green,
Were the parties that sped away,
From sewer-stain'd flood, and sewer-soak'd
mud,
Over Greenwich pier that day!

Then loud laugh'd the elderly Whitebait,
And his silvery tail wagg'd clear,
As he mark'd the hue, betwixt green and
blue,
Of each river-sick passengere.

And he turn'd to the ancient Flounder
That flopper'd at his side,
And with cheerful grin, 'neath his belly fin,
He poked him, and gaily cried:—

"Cheer up, cheer up, old Flounder,
And bear a stiffer tail;
He's no true fish that for dredge or dish
Turns dull in a single scale.

"The flour it is spread for my death-bed,
The pan hisses hot for me;
By cruel men I'm doom'd to Cayenne,
And devill'd I soon shall be!

"But a fig for the smart and for Mr. Hart—
I die as my fathers died;
Ne'er a Whitebait yet of my family,
But in batter he was fried.

"I was bred by my sire to face the fire,
And the lemon-juice so keen;
And calm to confront the scorching brunt
Of the *batterie de cuisine*.

"Then if Whitebait can die so merrily,
Oh, why should Flounder dread
In *souché* of water, to perish a martyr
On a verdant parsley bed?

"Our friends of old no comfort had
In the batter as they lay,
Save the thought of the bill their devourers
Would certainly have to pay—

"Save the thought of the bill, and how very ill,
From cold punch and iced champagne,
The gents who dined would probably find
Themselves, when they left the train;

"But thou and I, and our family-fry
Have a friend our sires ne'er knew,
In the nausea that rides the Thames' rank tides,
Which to eat us folks pass through.

"Oh, rank and rich, from the tidal ditch
The stink comes steaming up!
And well I wot there's more headache in that
Than in punch or claret-cup.

"An alderman's self it can lay on the shelf
With the appetite he reverts;
And thinner and thinner 'twill make the dinner
Where dine the Ministeres.

"Oh, fouler it flows, and grosser it grows—
Still fouler, and grosser still,—
Till from Greenwich hotels it more repels
Than headache or dinner-bill.

"Soon the time will come that dark and dumb
These coffee-rooms shall stand,—
No more *parties fines* from those casements
shall lean,
Tossing browns to the boys on the strand!

"Or if Englishmen's will be so potent still,
That yet at those tables you find them,
Eye arriving here, they'll have left, 'tis clear,
Their appetites behind them!

"Oh, in batter to lie, 'neath a dull dead eye,
That with hunger had gloated of old!
To defy the fork, that once went to work,
Ere a napkin you could unfold!

"To see his plate that once yearn'd for bait
Push'd languidly away!
Instead of lust, to create disgust,
Let bitters do all they may!

"Thus 'twill be, I wis, and the hope of this,
Is strong in the Whitebait's heart—
It nerves us to look with scorn on the cook,
And defy him and all his art!

"Aye, thought of this gives scorn to my hiss,
E'en out of the frying-pan,
And I fold me all proud, in my batter shroud,
And laugh at the hunger of man!

"Then cheer up, thou ancient Flounder,
And like me bravely die—"
The rest of the speech he had spoken,
But they put him on to fry!

A LOWE STYLE OF LOGIC.

IN speaking on MR. ROEBUCK'S motion, MR. LOWE is reported to have said—

"Why, the House of Commons was now asked whether it would not pass a vote of censure on the Government of this country, and on the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH."

But MR. ROEBUCK proposed to the House of Commons to censure the late Administration for "the sufferings of our army during the winter campaign in the Crimea," on the ground that the conduct of that Administration "was the first and chief cause of the calamities which befell that Army." The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH in no way contributed to the starvation and gelation of our brave soldiers, except by not insisting that they should not accompany his own. How he could have done that, we would thank MR. LOWE to inform our readers, and should also be glad if MR. LOWE would explain to the world by what means LOUIS NAPOLEON could have become acquainted with our extreme want of military organisation.

If MR. ROEBUCK'S motion is, in MR. LOWE'S opinion, a vote of censure on the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, MR. LOWE must consider MR. ROEBUCK as calling upon the House of Commons to declare that LOUIS NAPOLEON ought to have been cognisant of our defective military organisation, and of the want of concert existing between the Treasury, the War Office, the Board of Ordnance, and the Admiralty; that it was his place to represent these circumstances to the British Government, and to protest that he would be no party to the destruction of British troops by cold, and want of food, clothing, and shelter, at the side of the well-cared-for and comfortable French. As if, in case he had interfered in our affairs by any such representation, he would have been credited; and as if, moreover, he would not have been invited to mind that business to which the condition of the French army last winter proves him considerably more capable of attending than the ABERDEEN Society were of managing theirs. No, MR. LOWE, the condemnation of LOUIS NAPOLEON is not involved in a vote of censure on the BALACLAVA MINISTRY.

A CHAPTER WITHOUT AN END.—The Cathedral Chapter crying out as usual for more Bishops.

RESPECTABLE RASCALS.

WE are really beginning to be afraid of everything in the shape of respectability, for recent events have shown us, that the shape of respectability may very probably include the form alone without the substance. The cloak of religion seems to be nothing better than an extensive wrap-rascal, and we are afraid that we should find the garb of piety very often little better than a sort of moral Mackintosh thrown over the loose habits of the wearer. One of the latest instances of respectable rascality is that of a pious prig who has collected subscriptions for a number of ragged schools, and pocketed the proceeds. This gentleman will probably confess the weakness of the flesh, allude to the human race in general as poor worms, and after a few ebullitions of cant, will no doubt be received again with open arms by his puritanical brethren, and with open pockets by his unfortunate victims. We wish that the public would open their eyes instead of their purses to those pious impostors, who are getting just now "as plentiful as blackberries," or, more appropriately speaking, "as thick as thieves."

The Rose and the River.

The River doth offend the nerves
Which sense affords to noses:
The Thames, which the LORD MAYOR conserwes,
Is no Conserve of Roses.

A RUSSIAN MALADY.

THE CZAR has been said to be in a decline. This rumour has been contradicted; but whether ALEXANDER is in a decline or not, it is tolerably certain that his Empire is in a consumption.

MUSCÓVITE HOLINESS.

GORTSCHAKOFF talks of "Holy Russia." Let us hope that the Allied rifles will make the Russian savages "more holy than righteous."



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

1st Blackguard (aloud and with meaning). "No wonder Doormats is cheap, Joey."

PAM TO CHARLEY.

[Private and Confidential.]

"DEAR CHARLEY,—Let by-gones be by-gones: you shall have a shy at the Russians yet. Next year, or at all events the year after, we shall have a beautiful fleet of gun-boats—(the timber is already marked for cutting in the New Forest)—and then you shall go in, my brave old boy, and smash the windows of the CZAR'S Winter Palace, and pick up a bit of prize-money in St. Petersburg. How I should like to see one of your barns ornamented with doors of malachite! How I should like to see (and we all shall see it) the spread eagle nailed like a weasel over those doors!

"By the way, CHARLEY, there is to be an Institute of the Order of the Bath; we are all anxious that you should have your bit of ribbon. You have no objection, I suppose, to meet BERKELEY (we must give him his bit; for he has worked very hard in his chair at the Admiralty), and so come and take your decoration (the Earldom will keep for a year or two; but that must come when Cronstadt has gone), and, if I can get an open day, we'll have a snug little dinner at the Reform. When I say snug, I mean without any of the press-gang present to collar every syllable of the conversation.

"Ever yours, dear CHARLEY, PAM.

"P. S. I've a new conundrum to tell you. I made it the other night whilst ROEBUCK was firing away, and giving notice of impeachment. By the bye, I'll give it you now. Why is Tower Hill like HATCHETT'S? There!"

CHARLEY TO PAM.

"MY LORD,—As for your bit of blue ribbon, I wouldn't say black's the white of my eye for it. Instead of a bit of ribbon, I only wish HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY (God bless her, and long may she reign!) would put a rope's end into my hand, with leave to use it all round her Cabinet. My dear eyes! wouldn't I give some of ye a starting!

"Never mind—I shall be alongside of you yet in the House; for you can't stand long; must go to bits, and then may I be—but you know what I mean. And you think I'm to be bamboozled by another dinner, when you've your gammoning-tacks aboard. Just take a round turn in that. No more of your gammon about my spring-lamb: you'll find me a lion, an old sea-lion yet,—and so I just give you warning, take care of my teeth, and keep clear of the lash of my tail. Your Disobedient Servant (to command), CHARLEY."

THE MOVEMENT IN C. (DIVISION).—We see MR. HULLAH has just published a "Treatise on the Stave." We suppose it is dedicated to the Police in consequence of the striking and very superior powers of execution they have lately displayed with the Stave.

AIRY AND LITERARY.

"It is in contemplation to lay down tubes from the General Post Office to various parts of London, and through them to propel the letter-bags by means of atmospheric pressure."

EVERY hour of our lives, in this wonderful age,
Some bran new invention our thoughts will engage;
And the last (which I think leaves the others behind)
Is to give to our letters the wings of the wind.

'Neath our streets ROWLAND HILL has contracted, they say,
Large tubes, cheek by jowl with the gas-pipes, to lay;
Through which all our letters as swiftly will speed 'em,
As the gas by whose light we're enabled to read 'em.

These letters, perhaps, I need scarcely explain,
By the force of air-pressure will fly through the main,
For which kind of propulsion, 'tis clear VIRGIL meant his
Expression "*Jactata per aquora ventis.*"

Come then sturdy Notus, and blustering Eurus,
From all chances of failure assist to secure us;
On Foreign Post nights lend a favouring gale;
And provide a Monsoon for each Overland Mail.

Blow! Blow! Wintry Wind, in those tubes if you can,
And you'll still be more friendly and kindly than man;
Though in wafting our letters your blast may be rude,
You must be an ill-wind to blow nobody good.

Soon! Soon! shall the Zephyrs and ROWLAND conspire
To feed the warm passion, and fan the soft fire;
For blowing a letter from Master to Miss,
They'll make quite as easy as blowing a kiss.

The merchant enraptured shall haste to prepare
Price currents to float on these currents of air;
And a blast of the Book Post shall do for the name
Of each author far more than the trumpet of Fame.

The timid perhaps may see reason to fear,
That these tubes to the gas-pipes will still be too near;
And may dread lest some pestilent rate-seeking ass,
Should cut off the letters instead of the gas.

But one thought in the scheme all my confidence raises,
Its success is secured by our singing its praises;
For 'tis clear (and this maxim you can't trust enough in)
It is just the invention to prosper by puffing.

JUSTICE IS (DIS)SATISFIED.

LORD CAMPBELL complains that the people of Kensington are practically two days off from the delivery of their letters through the Post Office, because everybody (in Kensington) leaves home at 9 A.M., and, as the letters are not delivered until half-past 9, and as nobody (in Kensington) thinks of looking at a letter when he returns home at night, everybody (in Kensington) is two days behind hand in correspondence with the world in general. This perhaps accounts for the alleged dulness of the Kensingtonians, who, as a body, have sometimes been considered the "know-nothings" of the Metropolitan suburbs. As a promise has been made to accelerate the postal communication with Kensington, we may expect that the wits of the inhabitants will be correspondingly quickened. For our own parts, we have found this secluded people to be a race of at least average intelligence; and, though the Mail may be dilatory, we do not think the people themselves deserve to be considered as slow coaches. If the correspondence is not delivered in due time, we would suggest that the blame should be thrown on the right quarter; and that, if the letters are improperly detained, the words *litera scripta manet* should be inscribed over the Post Office.

The Opera Bank of England.

THE *Morning Chronicle* says:—

"The Italian Opera House in the Haymarket has been named as the probable locale of the new West End Branch of the Bank of England."

If, by some magical process of digging and "prospecting," all the precious metal buried in the Opera House might be once again produced, there would be ready money enough, and to spare, for all the purposes of the branch bank, without any supply from the city trunk.

A COUNTER-CHARGE.—The fines levied upon dishonest Tradesmen for using false weights and measures.

A NEW SYSTEM OF ATTACK.



N Kertch, Sebastopol, and other out-of-the-way places, where you would imagine that Disturber of the Peace of Private Families had never penetrated, pianos have been found. If the Russians were wise, they would bring all those instruments of torture out upon the ramparts, and begin playing upon them all at once. The Allies would infallibly raise the siege. They would never be able to stand such a terrible attack as that, and would retire as far as possible to get away from the sound of it. The "din of war" would be quite a love-whisper compared to it. Only let them bring forward a girl's-school in full practice, well supported by two or three German professors with a touch of the

forty-Broadwood power of LITZ, and our word for it, they would effectually clear the Crimea in less than a day. Depend upon it, it would be the last thing heard of the Siege of Sebastopol.

THE CORDON BLEU.

DEDICATED TO THE HONOURABLE ALEXIS SOYER.
Air—"The Minstrel Boy."

THE Cordon Bleu to the War is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him:
His snow-white apron is girded on,
And his Magic Stove's behind him.
"Army Beef," said the Cordon Bleu,
"Though a stupid bungler slays thee,
One skilful hand thy steaks shall stew,
One artist's pan shall braise thee."

The Cook went forth, and the foe in vain
On his pots and pans did thunder,
He thicked thin gravy, he sauced the plain,
And he sliced coarse lumps asunder.
And he cried, "A Cook can defy, you see,
A Commissariat's knavery;
The Soldier who saves a Nation free,
Should have a Ration savoury."

The King of Portugal.

WE understand that the KING OF PORTUGAL will not undergo the ceremony of complete coronation, until all Portuguese bondholders are, in some way, satisfied. This is at once delicate and conscientious on the part of his Majesty. When the bondholders have received two-and-sixpence in the pound, then his Majesty proposes to be half-crowned; when the two-and-sixpence is made five shillings, the king will undergo the other moiety of the ceremony, and enjoy a crown complete.

WHO IS A TRAVELLER?

THE evidence given by the London magistracy before the Sunday Beer Act Committee, has been very imperfectly reported in the newspapers. Very many interesting and most suggestive questions, with the most pregnant and instructive replies, have been wholly suppressed, and others sadly garbled. For instance, SIR ROBERT CARDEN, Alderman, has by no means had justice done to him. It is true that he was faithfully reported when he declared his desire to introduce everywhere the Maine Liquor Law; he himself standing apart from the operation of the enactment. SIR ROBERT, we understand, would not only close every public-house for ever and for ever, (the City companies have their own cellars), but would condemn every publican, in penance for his past sins, to work gratis at any fire-engine required by any fire. SIR ROBERT himself is worthy of being appointed turncock to creation, for his evidence was "one wishy, washy, everlasting flood" of water—Thames-water. There is an over piety at which decent people are fain to hold the nose. Towards the conclusion of SIR ROBERT'S evidence the committee indulged in copious lustrations of eau-de-Cologne; and, at its termination it was found necessary to fairly sluice the committee-room with vinegar before continuing the proceedings. However, we have noted the error of omission in certain points of evidence delivered by Police Magistrates, and shall proceed to supply them.

BOW STREET EXAMINED.

By the Chairman. Do you consider a swallow a traveller?

Bow Street. Certainly not.

Chairman. No? Why, it is known that the swallows, following a certain law, leave us every fall, and return every spring. Surely, swallows are travellers?

Bow Street. I should not hold them travellers. If they go abroad, it is for their own pleasure; and to travel for pleasure, cannot be—as I should interpret the act—*bona fide* travelling.

By Mr. Villiers. As we have touched upon the lower range of animal life,—do you consider a honey-bee a traveller?

Bow Street. Certainly: because a honey-bee is out upon business; and therefore I should think it wrong to shut up all the flowers the whole of the Sunday against him. I think, however, with my friend SIR ROBERT CARDEN that, on the Sabbath, it would be a pious example, if even the bees carried on their occupation without singing: the same might apply—on their Sundays out—to skylarks. I have known some righteous people, on their way to and from church, much scandalised by the out-door singing of skylarks.

WORSHIP STREET EXAMINED.

By the Chairman. Do you consider the Sea Serpent a *bona fide* traveller?

Worship Street. By no means.

By the Chairman. State your reasons to the Committee.

Worship Street. A *bona fide* traveller is a traveller far away from his usual place of abode. Now, the Sea Serpent cannot, I humbly suggest, be a traveller; because anywhere in the ocean the Sea Serpent must be considered quite at home. (*Sensation.*)

LAMBETH STREET EXAMINED.

By the Chairman. You are a reader of SHAKESPEARE?

Lambeth Street. I have some knowledge of that individual.

By the Chairman. Do you know Puck?

Lambeth Street. I have seen him, with considerable satisfaction, at Sadler's Wells.

By Mr. Villiers. Do you consider Puck a *bona fide* traveller?

Lambeth Street. That very much depends upon his occupation at the time.

By the Chairman. For instance: you remember that passage, in which the fairy king Oberon commands Puck to fetch him that "little western flower?" The flower—

"Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness!"

You remember Oberon's commission? He bids Puck hence:

"Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league."

The passage is familiar to you?

Lambeth Street. It is. If I may trust my memory (for I confess, I have not a very, very good memory)—Puck makes answer—

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."

If I may trust my memory, those are the very words.

Chairman. Very good. Now, under such pressing circumstances, should you not consider Puck a *bona fide* traveller?

Lambeth Street. Oh, dear no! Quite otherwise.

Mr. Villiers. Be good enough to state your reasons.

Lambeth Street. Certainly. You will concede that Puck is the agent, the mere agent of Oberon: you will also allow the validity of the old law maxim—*Qui facit per alium, facit per se?*

Chairman. It is not disputed.

Lambeth Street. Now, a *bona fide* traveller is one who is compelled to travel for business; but the journey undertaken by Puck for his master cannot be so interpreted.

Mr. Villiers. Why not?

Lambeth Street. Because, it is a journey commanded by Oberon simply that he may obtain the means of vexing his wife; and being undertaken with such intent cannot, I submit, be considered as any other than a journey of pleasure.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy."

K. Rich. II., Act i., Scene 3.

KING CLICQUOT'S EQUILIBRIUM.

WRITING from Berlin the other day, the Correspondent of the *Morning Herald* somewhat startles us by stating:—

"Whatever may be thought of his late vacillating policy it cannot be disputed that the balance of power is now resting mainly in the hands of FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA, the position which he occupies being now more than ever found essential towards preserving the due equilibrium of Europe."

Whatever may be thought of it by persons not so well informed, we ourselves have long expressed but one opinion as to KING CLICQUOT'S "late vacillating policy," namely, that it has proceeded chiefly from those exciting causes which lead from physical to mental vacillation, and create a staggering of mind as well as body. With all submission therefore to so (frequently) elevated a personage, we must confess a doubt as to his having the balance of power still resting in his hands. Simply since, we fear, from vinous agency, his hand has grown so shaky, that whatever he may once have held must inevitably by this time have slipped through his fingers.

In all soberness indeed, we question if KING CLICQUOT can in any way be looked to for "preserving the due Equilibrium of Europe," seeing it is quite as much as he can do just now to keep his own.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL is in treaty with DR. WAGNER to compose some *Music of the Future* for his Reform Bill.

ADVICE TO FORTUNE-HUNTERS.—The surest way to get a legacy is to appear not to want it.

BOLD REFORM OF THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

WE are in a position to announce, that HER MAJESTY'S Government, having carefully considered the question of Administrative Reform, are about to introduce a radical change into every department whatever of what can in any sense be denominated public service, the Church and the learned professions being included under that head.

It has appeared to Ministers, that the present system of conferring degrees and granting diplomas according to proficiency, as tested by examination, is no longer tenable. They propose, therefore, to put an end to it in the most expeditious possible manner. They do not intend to deprive the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries, of the right already vested in them, to confer honours and licences on those who choose to present themselves to them for examination. But they design to extend to other and more practically competent judges of scientific and professional ability the power of creating graduates, licentiates, and professors at their simple discretion.

The Cabinet for the time being is to be authorised to appoint such as they shall esteem eligible persons, not only to the dignities of Bachelor and Master of Arts, and Doctor of Law, Physic, Music, and Divinity, but also to the actual vocations and callings of barrister, proctor, prothonotary, attorney, physician, surgeon, and apothecary, with full power to practise on the persons of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, and in her courts, ecclesiastical and civil. Ministers will also be empowered to select any person or persons for the service of the Church, and Bishops will have to ordain such candidates at the peril of incurring the pains and penalties of a *præsumptio*. As this arrangement is precisely that according to which the Bishops themselves have been consecrated by the Deans and Chapters, they will be unable to offer any reasonable objection to it; besides, if a Premier is capable of judging of the fitness of a parson to be a Bishop, much more is he able to determine if a layman is fit to be a parson.

It is clear to the meanest capacity, that if Ministers can be trusted to select men for diplomatic service without requiring of them the production of any diploma, they may safely be allowed to constitute individuals, in whose skill, knowledge, and judgment they have confidence, medical men in the same manner. For a medical diploma places a comparatively small number of lives at the mercy of a practitioner; but a state-diplomatist has the welfare and existence of millions in his hand.

The plan, of which the above is an outline, will be shortly submitted to Parliament. There is little doubt that it will become law. The agitation out of doors on the subject of Administrative Reform renders it necessary that something shall be done. Every one sees that one uniform principle should govern the appointment to all offices involving the public weal. This can be managed in two ways: one to throw open all employments to competition, the other to dispose of them all by nomination. No doubt the latter will be the more acceptable to gentlemen whose seats in Parliament have cost them large sums of money.

A CARD FROM THE PUBLICANS.

WANTED forthwith a judicious unraveller
Of the horrible mystery, What is a Traveller?
It's proper to state, that the point to explain
The magistrates all have attempted in vain.
According to one, he who travels on one day
Don't travel at all if he travels on Sunday;
And therefore on Sunday, wherever you roam,
Unless you're on business, you're stopping at home.
The publicans feel it a difficult task
To learn what the law don't allow them to ask,
For the judge has decided they mustn't be cavillers
With any who enter their houses as travellers;
For these every innkeeper's bound to supply
Without asking questions, although, by the bye,
The law with its penalties has him again,
Unless he can prove what he can't ascertain.
The publican, therefore, is free to confess,
As he mustn't find out and he don't like to guess,
He's prepared to reward the judicious unraveller
Of the horrible mystery, What is a Traveller?

Cave Canem.

It is proposed to direct the drainage of the Metropolis towards Barking Creek. The name indicates the locality of this spot, for Barking must be in the immediate vicinity of the Isle of Dogs. We presume it is felt to be no injustice to the canine species to send all the filth of London into their neighbourhood, for it is not possible to create much additional nausea among a class of animals whose usual condition has given rise to the expression "as sick as a dog."

TEMPTATION TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.



THE *Times* offers, not only a feast, but a perfect glut to the eyes of those who are looking out for an eligible opportunity of educating their offspring. To the parent or guardian who is desirous of doing the thing at the lowest possible figure, that advertisement must be a temptation worthy of the great tempter himself, which alleges that "young gentlemen are boarded, clothed, and educated at £18 per annum." Allowing five pounds a-year for the mere necessary articles of dress, and another five pounds for the education, there is a balance of eight pounds for the board, which would allow something about sixpence per day, exclusive of holidays,

which are probably not very plentiful in this "eligible" establishment. The next advertisement offers an inducement to the parents of those young ladies who cram down bread and butter by the quartern loaf, astonish a joint, make a round of beef look foolish, and perform other feats of gormandising for which the gentler sex is happily not usually conspicuous. The invitation to this class of young ladies is comprised in the significant words "food unlimited." Here at least the female cormorants may "peg away" to their hearts' content, or rather, to the full satisfaction of their stomachs. In another

advertisement we find the amiable dodge resorted to, and the re-opening of the school is announced by the intimation that the "young friends will re-assemble on the —th instant," while an allusion is happily thrown in as to the extent of the "prospect." We recollect going to see a boy who had been sent to a school on the coast, on the strength of a glowing description of the "sea view;" but on inquiry we found that this marine luxury was only to be obtained from the top of one of the tallest chimneys of the house, to which, of course, the pupils were not allowed the *entrée*, after the act for the abolition of climbing boys had come into operation.

At another establishment the pupils are promised the treat of conversing "with a resident native"—an animal that is frequently spoken of in the zoology of cheap boarding schools. The next scholastic advertisement that strikes our eye is one in which "the principal abstains from unnecessary enlargement." Does he pledge himself not to get too fat, or does he intend to convey the idea, that the supply of food to the pupils will be so copious as to demand a check upon the over-copulency of the inmates of the establishment.

We might continue our specimens of scholastic advertisements through several columns of our publication; but we must be satisfied with one more illustration of the variety of modes of supply with which the demand for education is met at the present season. The instance to which we allude is an offer to barter a given quantity of learning for a given quantity of grocery, and to exchange so much Latin and Greek for so much tea and sugar. Of course, if a batch of Twankay should turn out to be half of it broom, the unhappy pupil might expect to be paid out with birch as an equivalent.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 23, Monday. The "Religious Worship Bill" (as it is entitled, in order to show that it does not refer to Mammon-worship, or any other recognised forms of British devotion), having been re-constructed, passed the Lords. The EARL OF DERBY still showed himself greatly interested in it, and was eager to know, "whether it would prevent divine service from being carried on in the ball-room of an inn." His lordship has, it is understood, a curious plan for combining race-balls and religion; and he intends to officiate as something between Steward and Deacon, and to stand at the door, for the collection, holding one of the plates his horses have won.

In the Commons the Nuisances Removal Bill was read a third time and passed. It is to be hoped that it will be amended in the Lords, to the extent of a clause suppressing Street Cries, which are represented to Mr. Punch as rendering great part of London quite uninhabitable. This crying nuisance ought not to be forgotten. New writs were moved, SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, through the happy release of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, having become Colonial Secretary, and SIR BENJAMIN HALL, through the promotion of his colleague, having become Chief Commissioner of Works. MR. LAING expressed a wish to have another debate on the Viennese Conferences, but LORD PALMERSTON told him that there was no time for anything of the kind; and, that if he had stayed in the House and minded his business, he would have heard a great deal of discussion on the subject. The Turkish Loan then came up again, and no opposition was offered to it, except some speeches. MR. BRIGHT complained that the London press "brow-beat anybody who spoke reasonably on the War." He should not call out before he is hurt—when he speaks reasonably on the War, we will attend to him; meantime, as the explanation of the word "brow-beat," is "to assail with arrogant speech and dogmatic assertions," we—but surely MR. BRIGHT, though a Quaker, keeps such a vanity as a looking-glass. MR. LAYARD urged the great importance of supporting Turkey in Asia Minor, and expressed his fear lest the Russians should take Kars. The majority of the Members had no idea what he meant, and wondered why the Russians might not take cars as we take cabs; but, when he gave MR. GLADSTONE a good castigation for "unstatesmanlike and unpatriotic conduct" in trying to defeat the loan, they were pleased. In the course of the debate, GLADSTONE called himself one of the *dii minores*; but, to the classical mind of Mr. Punch he more resembled one of the *dii selecti*—by name Janus the double-faced. MR. PALK wanted to know, how the Government intended to carry on the War, and whether they intended to do it properly, to which FREDERICK PEELE

replied, that they had intended to do it properly, and he would not tell him how. A long squabble about the eternal Scotch Map succeeded; and LORD SEYMOUR charged Government with having "cheated" the House into ordering a chart on a large scale for the convenience of the landed proprietors of Scotland. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, thinking the subject had something to do with *Magna Charta*, was going to make a speech, but was undeceived, and did not.

Tuesday. There was a small row in the Commons, as might have been expected. LORD PALMERSTON had done a bit of neat jockeyship. As Mr. Punch mentioned, the week before last, the Irish members had been compelled by their priests and the more ignorant part of their constituents, to threaten the Government with hostility if a mischievous clause were not restored to the Tenants' Compensation Bill. So PAM., of course, put it back, and obtained Irish support against MR. ROEBUCK. Then, danger being over, he throws over, also, the Tenants' Compensation Bill altogether. Whereat the Hibernians made a clamour, being regularly "done."

A knot of selfish capitalists are opposing the valuable measures by which a comparatively poor man may be enabled to invest his capital productively, without being exposed to ruin, as he is by the present partnership law. LORD PALMERSTON is fighting for the reform, very manfully, and this day he beat the obstructives by two to one; and on Thursday he told them that they might try, by all the forms of the House, to prevent the nation from obtaining what it was felt would be a great benefit, but if they liked to talk against time until September, he would keep them at it, and then he beat them again by 121 to 40.

The House was counted out before dinner, and APSLEY FELLATT was reckoned up in it; the manly exercise of a Count being one in which he is always mixed up, actively or passively. *En revanche*, on

Wednesday. APSLEY tried to resist the going into committee on the Union of Contiguous Benefices Bill, and was beaten by 70 to 47. SIR WILLIAM CLAY announced, that he must withdraw his Church-rate Abolition Bill for the session, as its opponents were availing themselves of the forms of the House to get rid of a measure they could not resist by argument. Twice, therefore, this week, men trying to do good have broken their shins over the Forms of the House. If these forms are not pushed up to the wall, out of people's way, Mr. Punch may feel it necessary to order them out altogether.

Thursday. The Lords cut away at real business, the only discussion being whether the Irish Constabulary ought to be employed, for excise purposes, in regard to the sale of spirits. Decidedly the policeman's staff and the gauger's, are two distinct things, and the former officer's

business is with bangs, not bungs. Besides, spirits are often above proof; but *Mr. Punch* has seldom heard of a policeman who was above proving anything that he was ordered to prove.

In the Commons, MAJOR REED asked LORD PALMERSTON a very proper question, namely, whether in the event of peace being made during the recess, he would call Parliament together before ratifying the terms. To which LORD PALMERSTON replied with one of his best pieces of courteous impertinence, namely, that if anything occurred rendering it necessary to call Parliament together, he should feel it his duty to do so.

An Education vote of £296,521, making, with a previous vote, about three hundred and eighty thousand pounds—all that England, with a collected national revenue of sixty millions, can afford to spend on the education of her children—was then taken, as was an Irish vote for the same purpose. There was a debate in which rather more sense was talked upon the subject than usual—which is perhaps not saying much, the locality being remembered.

Friday. In the Lords, BROUGHAM came out again in his old character of "our HENRY." He declared himself to be an attached friend of the Church of England, and an opponent of Dissenters, but he introduced a bill for sweeping away about 100 old penal acts against religionists of other convictions than his own.

In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE renewed his attempt to embarrass the Government and insult our French Ally, in reference to the Turkish loan, but he was tackled by almost a subtle logician as himself, the Solicitor General, and may, "in the language of the Schools" (in which he delights), be said to have cotched it rather. The desirability of a good understanding between ourselves and the French was further illustrated by the inability of the House of Commons to agree upon the meaning of the French word, by which it was intended to bind the allies "severally." The Loan, however, met with no successful opposition.

The Committee on the Sunday Beer Bill having reported that it ought to be altered, the preparatory steps were taken for that purpose. This is *Mr. Punch's* doing.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHEMISTRY.

(To *Mr. Punch*.)



IR.—I am a young female, being a science of recent origin: the sciences, you know, are invested with petticoats, and all sisters. You behold in me, *Mr. Punch*, a case of beauty in distress: for I am beautiful, though I say it: ask PROFESSOR FARADAY if he does not think so. My unhappiness arises from the circumstance of being compelled to be subservient to the designs of an odious and brutal tyrant and his thralls, whilst by the noble and the brave, the champions of liberty, to whose assistance I would devote myself with all my heart and soul, I am coldly neglected. The Russian Government has established a commission at St. Petersburg, with a view to extort from me all the de-

structive devices they possibly can—to be employed against the Allies. My chlorate of potash, my sulphuric acid, my galvanism, they press into their abominable service, using their utmost efforts to render me ancillary to the subjugation and the degradation of mankind. By-and-by they will arrive at the power of wielding my fulminating silver, and my chloride and iodide of nitrogen—and then what will become of civilisation! I am arming savages with thunderbolts. I cannot help myself. Those who choose can win me, and will wear me. That horrid man JACOBI, or JACOBS, was encouraged to apply me to the construction of his infernal machines, and you have only to thank his imperfect knowledge of me, and my sister, MECHANICS, that a considerable portion of the Baltic Fleet has not been blown out of the water. Has the British Government ever consulted, even, with FARADAY, or any of my other woovers, to the intent of employing me against the common enemy? "Try me, ply me," as the song says; you won't know what I am capable of till you do: indeed, I don't know that myself, exactly. But I do know that I possess tremendous powers of destruction, requiring only to be developed, and I wish that those could be employed by generous and gentle freemen for the extermination of ferocious and cruel slaves, I would, my dear *Mr. Punch*, wish to be,

"Your faithful Handmaid,

"*Albemarle Street, July, 1855.*

"CHEMISTRY."

DANGER IN DOWNING STREET.

Look out, my PALMERSTON—look out, my CLARENDON,
Look out, my MOLESWORTH—clean-sweeping new broom—
Now that you've got your long session and barren done,
Now lungs have breathing-time, elbows have room—
Would you clap stoppers on out-of-door movements,
Take the wind from the sails of LOWE, LAYARD, AND CO.?
There's an opening for work in Westminster improvements—
Out with plumb-line and trowel—with pick-axe and crow.

Read the Report of the Commons' Committee,—

The Report on the Downing Street Offices' Bill,—

And rotten as banks may turn out in the City,
You'll find public offices rottener still.

STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES may be Titans in robbery,
In private securities driving a trade;

But their row has been mild to what you'll have of bobbery,
Till public security surer be made.

First, the old Foreign Office is awfully tottery,
Its bottom a quicksand, its walls all awry:

Its standing or sinking an absolute lottery—
If the fall of the roof should open that to the sky!

What piles of foul litter from basement to attic!
What dust, meant in JOHN BULL'S poor eyes to be thrown!—

What red-taped and docketed lies diplomatic,
Which, but for that smash, never daylight had known!

What ricketty tie-beams, now made to pass muster,
And clench British interests in critical case!

What under-pinned clerks' rooms—a tumble-down cluster,
By family buttressing scarce kept in place!

What cracks gaping wide, where the light should be shut out!
What windows brick'd up, where light should be let in!

What worm-eaten sleepers that ought to be cut out!
What veneering where good two-inch oak were too thin!

When all this is set right, if you've pluck to begin it,
The Colonial Office may next claim your care;

Come SIR WILLIAM, and show what a Mole's worth, this minute,
Burrow down to its roots, and let in light and air.

Your function, at once, one for DRACO and SOLON is,
In cutting out old work and putting up new.

For amateur builders have work'd at the Colonies,
Till a nice state of things they have brought matters to.

There's GREY'S been employing his rule of Procrustes,
Trusting, *doctrinaire*-like, more to measures than men—

'Twill be lucky for you too, if GREY'S work the worst is—
If his building was rotten, his plans were meant well—

But take warning from him,—as at schemes architectural,
In your office you'll soon have to do what you can—

Trust no GREY-headed wisdom, sublimely conjectural,
Cut your coat by your cloth, and your cloth by your man.

Colonial ships, as RICARDO will tell you,
Are built of green wood, and so leak till they rot;

But Colonial officials,—for them friends will sell you
Stuff the boldest Colonial ship-builder would not.

Of used-up Town dandies and gaunt Irish cousins
You'll find, when you come to rebuild I'm afraid,

Uncommon bad lots on your hands thrown, by dozens,
Condemn'd as unfit for all use in home trade.

Then to work with you, PALMERSTON, CLARENDON, MOLESWORTH;
In modelling Downing Street use the recess—

'Tis the desperate task shows the strenuous soul's worth;
Think how HERCULES dealt with the Augean mess.

Then when new Downing Street challenges censure,
Colonial Office, and Foreign, and all—

Grown bold by experience, next year you may venture
On like work in Parliament Street and Whitehall.

A Turk's Head Broom for a Vatican Spider.

SCARCELY delivered from Russian aggression, the unfortunate Sultan is to be exposed to aggression from Rome. "The POPE is about to appoint an Italian Bishop to the vacant see of Constantinople." There is another vacant see close to Constantinople, called, in maps, the Sea of Marmora; and if the intruding priest should, on his arrival, be inducted thereto by the Turkish hierarchy, we trust Holy FATHER PIUS will not be severe on a mere clerical error.

CORRECT MEASUREMENT.—Tell me how many Ladies'-maids a Lady has had, and I will tell you her temper.

WHAT TO EAT, DRINK AND AVOID.



E fancy this question which has often been put through the medium of an advertisement, seems to admit of an easy answer; for we ought to eat nothing, drink nothing, and avoid everything in the shape of meat or drink, while the present state of things exists. The evidence being taken before a Committee of the House of Commons, discloses some startling facts; and, indeed, it will be impossible for anyone who reads it to enjoy a single morsel of any sort of food. Such is the extent to which adulteration is carried, that we cannot get even our drugs in a pure state, and it is almost as difficult to get an honest black dose, as an honest glass of port. It is horrible to think that

we cannot even make sure of a "cup of cold pison" in a sound condition, for our prussic acid is diluted, and our laudanum is deprived of a large per centage of its strength. Our bread, which is commonly considered the staff of life, has often more life about it than is either wholesome or agreeable, for it is sometimes a mass of animal matter; and we need scarcely be surpris'd at meeting a loaf which has made its way out of the bread-pan, which might easily be the case, if there were anything like unity of movement among the insects of which it is composed. Among other expedients to increase the bulk of flour, is the mixture of a quantity of chalk, so that it really requires a knowledge of chemistry to distinguish one from the other; and, if we mix up our crust with our slice of Cheshire, we may be literally unable to tell the chalk from the cheese.

We were never very partial to sausages; nor is our appetite for them at all increased by the discovery, that most of them are made of horses' tongues. It seems from the evidence of DOCTOR THOMSON, Professor of Chemistry at St. Thomas's Hospital, that the ultimate destination of every horse's tongue is, that it shall be in some form or other passed down a human throat. All of us have a tongue in our heads, but we little thought we have taken, perhaps, three or four horses' tongues into our system, in the deceitful guise of sausage-meat. We feel seriously disposed after reading the evidence before the Committee, to turn vegetarians, or total abstainers from everything in the shape of food. Even our tea, which we thought was at the most a compound of sloe and birch-broom, is said to consist of iron filings, and some stuff called catechu, which is more fit for a cat to chew, than for a human being to swallow. We wonder what the teatotallers will think of the fact, that they have been consuming tons of iron, to say nothing of the catechu and the other messes, of which the cup that queers but not inebriates is found to be composed.

▲ CHINESE INUNDATION.

THE last advices from Melbourne announce that 14,000 Chinamen have lately walked into the colony with the agreeable announcement that "all the rest are coming after them." Victoria is said to be in want of population, and the want is now likely to be supplied with what is popularly termed "a vengeance." Somehow or other the Chinamen are not received with much enthusiasm by the colonists, and it is said that a law is to be passed to exclude the unwelcome strangers, though it is evident that by shutting the door on the Chinese, the authorities would open the door to a great evil. One of the complaints against the Chinamen is, that they take more than their fair share of water, which they probably require for their tea. Victoria must be badly off indeed for rivers if it is apprehended that the thirst of the Chinese will occasion a drought. We defy the most inveterate of teatotallers to get through more than his daily gallon of the element; and supposing every one of the 14,000 Chinamen to be able to gulp down the contents of a moderate sized water-but, there are surely sufficient sources from which this drain on the aquatic wealth of the colony might be counterbalanced.

Perhaps when the colonial thirst for gold is accompanied by a thirst of a more natural and wholesome character, the diggers will begin to think of digging for water instead of digging perpetually for the precious metal. It will be indeed a sad lesson to the money-grubbing population of Victoria if it should come to pass that water in pints should prove a more really desirable acquisition than gold in quartz.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER angrily refuses to be a G. C. B. We thought he was one already.—GRAHAM'S CROSS BOY.

LINES BY A SCOTCHMAN,

On reading the following startling announcement in a weekly paper.

"The Liberal Scotch Members entertained the LORD ADVOCATE at a Whitebait dinner at Greenwich on Wednesday."

Did they see? I'm reecht wae to hear o't:
I'd like to ken their names—the noddies!
F'se wad, though, oor M.P. was clear o't:
He's nane o' siccan thriftless bodies.

The Leeb'ral cause I'se huld the main thing
That keeps us thack and rape thegither;
But leeb'ral in opinion's aye thing,
And leeb'ral in bawbees anither.

Scotch Members, at a Greenwich dinner,
Whose cost sets e'en pock-puddings grumblin'—
It maun be Hastie—the auld sinner—
That man a Scotchman!—it's just humblin'!

Starting aff Scots—like wud sky-rockets—
To snfu' feastings doon the river,
To the sair emptying o' their pockets,
Forbye derangements o' the liver.

Yet the backsliding's no that utter,
When ye tak tent o' the chief dishes.
Whitebait to kitchen bread-and-butter—
It's teepical o' loaves an fishes.

That thocht a' my objections closes
An' the fac' reads like a description,
How leeb'ral Israel dined auld Moses
After his spoilin' the Egyptian.

Nae doot our freens, true to their nation,
Spite o' yon Hastie, and gastronomy,
Wad hauld their leeb'ral celebration
Wi' due attention to economy.

And dine where no that high the shot is—
Though deeners may be waur by far—
For patriotic as your Scot is,
He'll no bleed twice at Trafalgar.

So that in bounds the lawings kept are,
Leeb'ralism folks may gie a loose to—
Let Scots uphaud the Crown and Sceptre—
It's a gran' cry—and a cheap hoose, too.

▲ A DESPOT IN GRAIN.

KING BOMBA is making himself disagreeable in his small way. It is a small way as regards ourselves and our Allies: for BOMBA cannot constitute himself a great nuisance to any body that is not in his clutches, as poor POERIO is, the captive of this modern MEZENTIUS. BOMBA is prohibiting the exportation of grain to our forces in the Crimea; a line of policy which, by glutting all the mills in his dominions with grist, will render his despotism more grinding than ever. Some time ago his sulphureous Majesty refused to let us have any of his brimstone; and no doubt he persists in withholding from us that unpleasant but necessary substance. POLYPHEMUS had only one eye; but with the half of that organ he would have been able to see what, under existing circumstances, would be the best thing to do with such a petty tyrant as the present ruler of the land he lived in. It is to be wished that he were still extant, and fling him either into Etna, or a league or two off Sicily into the sea. Cannot England and France, between them, in default of POLYPHEMUS, contrive to pitch Bomba into the middle of next week? As to the grain which he has the impertinence to deny us—why MR. EISENBERG, supported by a British man-of-war, would very soon succeed in extracting all his corns from him.

King Clicquot's Colours.

THE wits of FREDERICK WILLIAM have gone Berlin wool-gathering. The colour of the King's proceedings can no longer pass under the denomination of neutral tint; and affairs in the quarter of Sans Souci are looking decidedly (Prussian) blue.



Jolly Young Waterman. "HOLLOA! HI! POLICE! BACK WATER, JACK! WE'VE GOT INTO A NEST OF SWANS, AND THEY'RE A PITCHIN' INTO ME!"

AQUATICS.—A COMFORTABLE RAN-DAN.

wits, and soiled his state robes, with its dirty old cushions. We have often pined the Kings of the City, as we have seen them well shaken when taken in the State Coach to Guildhall, and we have expected to see the REMEMBRANCE pitched into the LORD MAYOR'S arms, or sent flying, mace-forward, through the plate-glass panel on to the heads of the multitude. We often wondered why the REMEMBRANCE'S head was cased in fur—so emblematic of the ordinary muf—but we now perceive that it is intended as a safeguard to that official, whose brains—or other contents of his caput—might otherwise be dashed or shaken out by the jolting of the state vehicle. We confess our admiration of the wisdom which refuses to

pay any further tax on the LORD MAYOR'S Coach, which ought to have gone out with Bartholomew Fair, Smithfield Market, and the other fooleries and nuisances for which the City has been conspicuous. Now that advertising vans are illegal, we are not sure that the State Coach does not come under the act by coming over the height to which vehicles are limited. We should like to see the LORD MAYOR'S Coachman brought up and fined forty shillings for perambulating the metropolis with a gilded van on LORD MAYOR'S Day "against the statute," and occasionally against the lamp-posts, or other articles with which the crazy old concern is liable to come in contact.

THE CITY STATE COACH.

Thus lumbering old machine seems to cost more than it is worth, for it entails a tax which nobody likes to pay, and unless an arrangement is come to, the probability is, that the vehicle will be torn to pieces by the hands of the bailiffs. We have heard of horses eating off their own heads, and we may soon expect to hear of a gilt coach that has eaten all its own gin-gerbread. MR. EX-LORD MAYOR SIDNEY refuses to pay the tax on the old vehicle, on the ground that he refused to ride in it, because it shook him to death, frightened him out of his



THE USE OF ADULTERATION.

Little Girl. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MOTHER SAYS, WILL YOU LET HER HAVE A QUARTER OF A POUND OF YOUR BEST TEA TO KILL THE RATS WITH, AND A OUNCE OF CHOCOLATE AS WOULD GET RID OF THE BLACK BEADLES?"

THE ILL-USED POLICE.

THE police, who acted in so noble a manner on LORD GROSVENOR'S Sundays out in Hyde-park, have been most shamefully scandalised. It is plain that a conspiracy has been formed against the members of the body, especially those important members lettered A. For instance, one witness avows that he saw policeman A 20 assault an old gentleman, beating him on the head with a truncheon; whereas, if we are to believe A 20 (corroborated by a brother or two of the force), it was the old gentleman, or old ruffian rather, who assaulted A 20, beating him on the head with a kitchen poker. Again, 380 A is accused of beating a little boy with his truncheon across the back and shoulders; whereas 380 A is ready to produce the most damning evidence that it was the brutal little boy who beat him! We have no doubt, too, that ere the inquiry is ended it will be proved that many of the policemen were most terribly assaulted by females, mostly girls. Two cases of great cruelty have come to our knowledge. One, that of a policeman six feet two—a scintillation from the Emerald Isle—a purest ray serene from Connemara—who is at this moment in bed, from a concussion of the brain, inflicted by a young woman with a parasol. Another is suffering from a broken collar-bone, fractured by a fan. These offenders—they have escaped for a time, but the police is on their track—are said to be milliners' girls, employed in a fashionable house, famous for late hours; and are therefore, with the unreasoning temperament of females, fiercely enraged against the aristocracy. It can be proved that one of these girls called out to the HON. AUGUSTUS FITZTIP, then on his bay hack,—“Go to church!” in the boldest manner, adding “and I'll go with you.”

The police have evidently been very much scandalised: but at length truth is about to prevail. Very providential has been the appearance of a legal gentleman who here came forward to depose to the excessive urbanity of the police; whilst, if we are to believe the testimony of a clergyman now out of employment (will not LORD GROSVENOR give him a cure?) the truncheons of the police were rather pleasant to consider than otherwise. Indeed, like German sausages, you might have eaten them: not truncheons of skull-cracking wood, but truncheons cut in the land of promise, secreting milk and exuding honey. So much has public opinion re-acted in aid of the libelled police that there is some talk in Belgravia of rewarding the brave fellows with a Hyde Park medal; bearing GROSVENOR'S face on one side, and on the other an empty hogshead. “GROSVENOR'S Sunday Out” will be engraven on the exergue.



PORTRAIT OF THE PARTY IN THE TIGHT COLLAR, SPECKLED TROUSERS, AND LONG COAT, WHO SO MUCH IMPEDED THE MOVEMENTS OF THE POLICE.

See Evidence on the “Hyde Park Inquiry,” July 24.

Aristocracy at a Discount.

THE titled classes seem to be falling in value, if we are to judge by the announcement of *A Shilling Peerage*, which has recently been followed by *A Shilling Baronetage*, and will probably lead to a *Sixpenny Knightage*, with a *Squirearchy* at a still lower figure. We have been told by WALPOLE that “every man has his price,” but when the whole Peerage sells at a shilling, it is lamentable to reflect how low the present price of humanity must have fallen.

COMPLIMENTARY.—To paint Angels, painters have borrowed the likeness of Women; to paint Devils, the likeness of Men.

HOW TO CLEAR THE KITCHEN.

OUR attention has been called to a new process of cooking by gas, which may be considered a real advance in the art of Gas-tronomy. One peculiarity of the arrangement is, that you may cook all your meals at once, which will be an economy of fuel; and, of course, if you eat them all at once, an economy of time will be effected. You may illuminate a leg of mutton, light up a chop, and throw a sufficient glare on a steak, from one moderate jet of gas, to cook the whole in a very satisfactory manner. Another remarkable advantage of the process is, that you may turn your leg of mutton into a sort of chandelier, for you may just as well hang up your apparatus to your ceiling, and you will thus light your room and cook your meals at the same gaslight. It is true that the gas-cooking apparatus will cook half a dozen things at once, and thus, perhaps, accomplish the (sometimes desired) object of a variety of flavour. We hail the invention as one that will give an impetus to the culinary art, and ultimately enable every man to become his own cook; so that he may use his own discretion about robbing himself by selling the perquisites, instead of leaving it to that very doubtful dependency—the honesty of his domestic.

PRUSSIA'S COACHMAN.

IN a book of French Anecdotes we have met with the following:—

“Whilst the KING OF PRUSSIA was talking with D'ALEMBERT, a servant entered the apartment. D'ALEMBERT seemed to be struck with his appearance, and, in truth, he was a fine, tall, stalwart fellow, as handsome as any of FREDERICK'S grenadiers. ‘That's the finest man in my kingdom,’ said the King. ‘He was for some time my coachman, and I seriously thought at one period of sending him as my ambassador to St. Petersburg.’”

Things have changed since then. Prussia has no longer the whip-hand of Russia. On the contrary, we rather think it is Russia now that drives Prussia. We only wish FREDERICK WILLIAM would try the experiment of sending his coachman to St. Petersburg. It is our firm opinion that ALEXANDER would order the Coachman back to Berlin with orders “to take His Majesty a little drive to Siberia.”

Lord John Russell's Coat of Office.

WE understand from a reliable eaves-dropper in Downing Street, that the coat of office which LORD JOHN has lately left off wearing, will shortly be on view at NATHAN'S the *Costumier*, it being found unsuitable for any but mere masquerading purposes. We are told indeed that it presents upon inspection a most party-coloured appearance, one half being of a bright military scarlet, while the other shows the sombre drab of the Peace Society. The coat, it is said, like the head of its late wearer, bears very evident marks of having been half turned within the last twelvemonth, and one of the sleeves has every appearance of having been much laughed in.

The Courts of Hymen and Cupid.

THE Admiralty Court appears to be doing a strange sort of business. According to the *Times*,

“The Court sat for a short time only, and disposed of motions and assignments.”

DR. LUSHINGTON presided on this occasion. The same judge sits in the Consistory Court, and adjudicates on matrimonial causes, as everybody knows; but most people will be surprised to learn, that his jurisdiction includes wooing as well as wedlock, and that he not only disposes of marriages, but also of assignments.

Affecting Anecdote.

SOME of the Russian prisoners, captured in the Kertch affair, have been brought to London. The other day they were taken upon one of the bridges, that they might have a sight of the Thames. No sooner did the odours of the river reach them, than they simultaneously uttered a cry of delight, as if at a memory of home, and rapturously exclaimed, “*Sivash! Sivash!*”—the Putrid Sea!

Cleansed of his Errors.

AN aquatic enthusiast, who has just returned from the Cold Water Cure, says he has had quite enough of it, and that he is fairly tired with the water and the walks, and the walks and the water, that beautifully vary one's amphibious existence at a hydropathic establishment; so much so, that henceforth he renounces the *Patios* and the *Bath-os* that are usually laid on, like so much water from a Water Company, in praise of a Malvern, or Bearhydding life, the great charm of which consists in washing and rough-drying (not to say, mangling) oneself all day long.

MONY MARKET AND SANITARY INTELLIGENCE.—The unsafest of all deposits is the deposit of the Banks of the Thames.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Oh, the Recorders—"

Hamlet. Act iii., Scene 2.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY A SOLICITOR.

I SING of summer the delights,
Its cloudless days, its balmy nights :
The time when Sol his fiercest burns,
And the Assizes' heat returns.

Now by the side of placid brook
The angler plies his sharpest hook ;
But they in Court for fees who dangle,
Show more acuteness in their angle.

Now, too, with hand all quick for catches,
At Lord's the cricketer plays matches ;
But when a Lord's in Chancery caught,
There's more excitement in the sport.

'Tis sweet in summer-time to hear
The skylark singing, loud and clear :
Yet sweeter 'tis the charge to state,
"Attending hearing—Six-and-eight."

'Tis sweet to contemplate the play
Of schoolboys making holiday ;
But sweeter far the contemplation
Of the approaching Long Vacation !

A Narrow Escape.

It is very lucky that MESSRS. STRAHAN, PAUL, AND CO., at the time of their breaking, did not hold "the Balance of Europe," or else Principalities by the dozen might have been reduced to so many States of Insolvency, and many a German Kingdom would have had to part probably with its last Sovereign.

LE DIABLE A PARIS.

THE Parisians have taken to a new amusement. We learn from our contemporary, the *Atlas*, that "the forgotten doctrines of the school of Alexandria, especially the pursuit after forbidden knowledge and communication with the Powers of Darkness, have, for the last two years, been objects of study among the doctors and savans of Paris. Results have been obtained, which have caused indescribable terror." It seems too, that the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, who, in order to frighten people into religion, lent himself to these researches, has managed to frighten himself in the most remarkable manner, and cannot sleep without one chaplain under the bed, and another on the mat outside the door, besides holy water in all the jugs, washhand basins, and *caraffes*. These experiments go on, "not in the garret of the deluded alchemist, but in the gorgeous saloons of the aristocracy."

The *séance diabolique* must be a refreshing change from the humdrum of an ordinary ball or party. Fashionable invitation cards, we understand, have in the corner, instead of "Quadrilles," the word "Diables." The drawing-room tables are no longer covered with *Books of Beauty* and *Scenery of the Rhine*, but with little square mediæval works on Magic, tastefully bound in flame-coloured silk, or in green scales. The pretty girl to whom you have been introduced, asks you whether you have seen that lovely likeness of DEMOGORGON, and is enchanted with the internal verses you have written in MRS. SPIRITRA'S Album, and a late arrival apologises, and hopes he has not kept the Incantation waiting. Elixirs and witch-potions are handed round by the servants, instead of lemonade and negus, and your hostess, in lieu of asking you to take a hand at whist, begs you to hold a Hand of Glory. The music of *Der Freischütz* has come up again, with that of *Robert le Diable*, to the exclusion of Italian languishment and spasm, and you are desired to prevail upon your wife to oblige the party with that delightful "Screech du Demon," or you are told that you really must take part in "Blow, sulphur gales, and on your wing, our long expected Old Un bring." The domestic servants, who are always nuisances, are the greatest trouble to people who give this kind of thing, as they object to the bore of fetching in bats' eyes and owls' ears, and babies' fingers and tigers' chaudrons, and the other things wanted for the evening's amusements, besides getting so stupidly frightened as to be always knocking down the skeletons and magic mirrors, and spilling the witch-broth up the stairs. A boy in buttons actually gave warning, lately, sooner than allow himself to be punctured in the arm, though there was no more "baboon's blood" in the house, all through his own carelessness. But science has always had to contend with vulgar prejudice.

We hardly think, despite the story about "results," "indescribable

terror," and the scared Archbishop, that much has been done beyond making some unpleasant smells, and spoiling some expensive carpets, but we have instructed a correspondent to report, should any further success be obtained. The aristocracy of the *salons* of Paris contrived, towards the end of last century, to raise a fiend they could never lay again, but their posterity is luckily made of other stuff. Meantime LOUIS NAPOLEON seems a greater conjuror than all of them, for while they only give run-away knocks at the door of the Prince of the Air, the EMPEROR, by a slight tax on his ingenuity and his subjects, at once raises the Wind.

DIRTY OLD FATHER THAMES.

WE wonder that poor old Father Thames can remain quiet in his bed, which is literally swarming with everything that is disagreeable, and likely to disturb his repose. Those who sleep in garrets have had a taste of the inconvenience arising from cats in a lively condition, but this is nothing when compared with the disgusting consequences of having feline and canine carcasses in every stage of decomposition pitched into one's bed at all hours of the day, as well as the night. Father Thames may be said to lead, literally, a cat and dog life, and though it is an old saying that "as your bed is made so you must lie," there is no reason why the river should not have its bed made a little more decently; or at least protected from being used as the receptacle for all the filth of the metropolis. We should not be surprised to find poor old Father Thames some morning "dead in his bed," for it is a bed in which anything like wholesome existence cannot much longer be maintained.

A Good Price for Washing.

WE see that no less than £1800 a-year have been given to the President and Secretary of the National Gallery. This is the largest sum on record ever given, we should say, for washing. We would not mind taking in a few of the Old Masters ourselves, and washing and doing for them upon similar terms. In fact, we should not care making a slight reduction, as the Old Masters would take less trouble washing now, since so many of them have lost their coats.

RAILWAY NEWS.

THERE is an old lady who says, that she always likes to travel by a trunk line, because then she feels confidence about the safety of her luggage.

TOBACCO IN THE CHURCH.



Y LORD NORMANBY has prevailed upon the magnanimous GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY to take his royal canine paw from the miserable mouse, CECCHETTI, the small animal having aroused the ire of the regal brute by daring to read the Bible to his own family. The malignant Bible-reader was sentenced to long imprisonment; but LORD NORMANBY prevailed, and CECCHETTI was doomed to body's banishment from sunny Tuscany; a land of beauty with a government of beast. The exile makes his way to Turin; and there again he is succoured by an Englishman, MR. ERSKINE, our *Chargé d'Affaires*, who prevails upon the Piedmontese government—ever glad to please the English—to give CECCHETTI employment in

one of the royal Tobacco manufactories.

Oddly enough, in the history of the weed, has Tobacco been associated with the Bible. Smitten for reading the book, CECCHETTI'S hurts are healed by the odorous leaf. In the early days of Virginia, Tobacco was the wages of working Christianity; the parson was paid with bird's-eye and nigger-head. The minister christened, married, and buried for fees, duly regulated, of Tobacco. Happy couples were, after this fashion, tied together by pig-tail; and the torch of Hymen was all smoke. "Tis observed," says BEVERLEY, in his *History of Virginia*, "that those counties where the Presbyterian meetings are, produce very mean Tobacco; and, for that reason, can't get an orthodox minister to stay among them." Thus, in Virginia, it might be said, show me your 'bacco and I'll tell you your Bishop.

A good, serviceable parson received for annual maintenance 16,000lb. of good Tobacco: the difference of remuneration was, of course, in the quality of the weed. For instance, a Virginian Bishop of Oxford—if we may suppose such a costly exotic—would have the very finest and most fragrant Tobacco; whereas a Virginian Exeter might take his salary in good strong returns.

For two hundred pounds of the weed, a man and woman might be made matrimonially one; and man or woman buried at precisely double the cost. That Tobacco should lay a man decently in the grave! *Ex fumo dare lucem!*

Thus, it will be seen, that Tobacco has in its time been a strange working agent in the Church. And now a poor Tuscan Christian, punished for his devotion to the Bible, is rewarded in this life by Tobacco. We hear that—at the suggestion of our waggish *Chargé d'Affaires* at Turin—CECCHETTI has sent a screw of bird's-eye to the DUKE OF TUSCANY, with this inscription,—“May it please your Ducal Highness, to condescend to put that in your pipe and smoke it!”

AN EPISTOLARY VEGETABLE.

SOMEBODY has written to the *Times* a letter, very much to the purpose, quoting a correspondence from PLINY'S letters between PLINY and TRAJAN, respecting the closing in of a nominal river, but real sewer, which was promptly ordered by the Emperor at the suggestion of the Philosopher: of whom both appear to have been “the right men in the right places.” Who, however, could have been the author of this communication?—for the signature thereto appended is “ONE TO WHOM THE THAMES IS MEAT AND DRINK.” Now to what created being can the Thames afford proper nourishment, liquid and solid, but one belonging to the vegetable kingdom? The Thames may be meat and drink to cabbage, but it would be poison to tailors, and is certainly not less deleterious to the rest of the human race.

Sink-we Scento.

“After five years the Thames is to receive no sewage.”—*Sir B. Hall.*

In shorter time, kind Sir, contrive
To purify our drink;
For while your figure is a Five,
Our river is a Cinq.

Neapolitan Frogs.

THE KING OF NAPLES, a great stranger in his own capital—can Naples have a better recommendation?—went there on the occasion of the late *fête*. Whereupon certain animals exclaimed,—“Long live our absolute king!” When the king of the frogs took his subjects by monthfulls, even the frogs (but then they were not Neapolitan) did not, according to *Æsop*, croak—“Long live our absolute stock!”

UNPATRIOTIC CLUBS.

It appears that there are certain Benefit Clubs, particularly about West Somersetshire, of which the members forfeit all the advantages by enlistment into HER MAJESTY'S service. What these Societies call themselves we do not know, but can conceive various titles whereby they might be designated. The United Cravens, the Incorporated Sneaks, the Disloyal Lodge of Shabby Fellows, are a few of these. We forbear to mention more, in the hope that a rule so disgraceful to any association of Englishmen, will, in the present hour of need, be expunged, on the publication of this notice, before many minutes shall have been added to that hour. Every Benefit Club should be a Society of Friends; but the society might be friendly without being drab. A late Act of Parliament forbids the enforcement of this contemptible proviso in the case of Militiamen and the Naval Coast Guard Volunteers. Could not Parliament extend that enactment to the Line and the whole Navy, by way of doing some little good before it separates?

POLES TO POKE THE RUSSIANS.

THE *Examiner* advocates the formation of a Polish legion, especially for the assault of Sebastopol: so do we. The garrison of that place is composed in a large measure of Poles, who can have no great affection for the service they are engaged in, and may be called negative Poles. Our Polish legion, burning with hatred against the enslavers of their race, furious in the recollection of Russian cruelty, outrage, and wrong, would come under the denomination of positive Poles. Negative and positive, positive and negative Poles, would mutually attract one another, as the case is in ordinary magnetism: and if we stirred up the Russians with these Poles, no doubt we should meet with foes who would strike beside us.

Meat, Drink, and Manure.

WE send missionaries to reclaim the cannibals from eating human flesh: to which end the best means would be to endow the savages, if possible, with the understanding and the affections necessary to enable them to comprehend and practise what they are taught: the next best, if also possible, to work a few physical miracles, which would convert these anthropophagous natives by astonishing them. Practically, perhaps, the best method of bringing them over to beef and mutton would be to give a mission for that purpose to M. SOYER. But why do we talk of converting cannibals? There is something even worse than man may swallow than other men's mere flesh—There is the Thames!

A Chance for Knightsbridge.

THE subjoined appears in the papers:—

“The *Monitore Toscano* states that the Pope has resolved to appoint an Italian Bishop to the now vacant see of Constantinople.”

Unless an Italian be indispensable for the post,—may *Mr. Punch* suggest that His Holiness should promote and appoint the REV. MR. LIDDELL, of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge?

A BUILT-UP JOKE.

OUR OWN Correspondent informs us, that the firing before Sebastopol if not always most effective, is at all events bold and vigorous; for every man stands up to his mortar like a brick.

A WHISPER TO BORES.

BORES should be lenient enough to bear in mind this truth:—that it is with the Fire of Conversation as with any other fire—little Sticks kindle it, great Sticks put it out.

GO TO BATH.—We recommend Old Father Thames to try the Cold Water Cure, as there is but little doubt that a good washing would do him all the good in the world.

MR. PUNCH is glad that the people who had their windows broken, a few Sundays ago, are proceeding to sue the Hundred, as this shows their conviction that the Million had nothing to do with the disgraceful business.

It is to be hoped that LORD JOHN RUSSELL obtained no refreshment out of lawful hours on his return from Vienna, as it is quite clear that upon that occasion he was anything but a *bona fide* traveller.

DOMESTIC AND POLITICAL ECONOMY COMBINED.—MR. BRIEFLESS says, “It is with politics as with your linen,—any sudden change is dangerous.”



AQUATICS.

Flora. "WELL, BUT TOMMY! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ROW BOTH OF US?"

Tommy (who fancies himself a perfect Athlete in high condition). "ROW YOU! WHY JUST YOU LOOK HERE, HERE'S A BICEPS MUSCLE FOR YOU!"

A DEJEUNER A L'EAU.

We have heard of dancing teas, and other absurdities, but the most eccentric meal that has yet fallen under our notice, is a breakfast in the water, which has been advertised by the Maidstone Swimming Club. The announcement of this wishy-washy entertainment concludes by the intimation that "every member will be required to partake of the repast in the river." We presume that several pounds of tea will be thrown into the water, with a sufficient quantity of sugar, while a supply of cream will be allowed to run over the surface, and the process of "stirring" will of course be effected by the members themselves, who will act as their own spoons. The ham will have to be cut in Vauxhall slices, so that, in the act of swimming, a morsel may be adroitly snapped at, and a few hard-boiled eggs will be thrown in for the satisfaction of those whose appetites take an oval turn. We fear that the dry toast will be none the better for being soaked in the river, and as to the bread and butter, it will be necessary to give particular directions that the butter side shall be kept upwards, in order to prevent the whole from being converted into a soppy sloppy mess, which no amount of hunger would be able to relish. We cannot help feeling that a breakfast in the water, will be very much like a dinner *in nubibus*, or a supper taken at a castle in the air. For ourselves we can only say that we would rather starve for twenty-four hours than adopt such an uncomfortable method of fishing for a meal.

• Co-loanial Device:

A FINANCIAL writer, who appears to have only partially considered his subject with reference to the law of *meum* and *tuum*, suggests that "the gold of Australia ought to be used in reduction of our national debt." This ingenious plan for obtaining an advance is certainly the newest reading of the colonial motto, "Advance, Australia."

FLATTERY.—The POPE assures BOMBA, that he is "the best of tyrants."

CARMEN PACIFICUM.

A Peelite Song.

GLADSTONE, and GRAHAM and SIDNEY,
GLADSTONE, and GRAHAM and SIDNEY,
Declare that this War
Has become quite a bore
To men of their peaceable kidney.

Says GLADSTONE, our Jesuit layman,
Says GLADSTONE, our Jesuit layman,
England's wrong, Russia's right,
And we've no call to fight,
Except that of the wicked highwayman.

Says GRAHAM, that veteran schemer,
Says GRAHAM, that veteran schemer,
We should beat a retreat,
We should call back our fleet,
Nor leave out there a single war-steamer.

Says SIDNEY, that graceful young hero,
Says SIDNEY, that graceful young hero,
The Russ for the Turk
Is but doing the work
We have done for each Indian Ameer, O.

Say these three jovial PEELITES in chorus,
Say these three jovial PEELITES in chorus,
When the War first broke out
It was all right, no doubt,
For we made it quite mild and decorous:

But the People are calling for vigour,
But the People are calling for vigour,
And of all ills the sternest,
Is a War made in earnest,
So Peace at all Price is our figure.

Fashionable Announcement.

MR. PUNCH has been requested by LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR to state, that the *fête champêtre* he had half-intended to give to his friends who, on recent Sundays, met so very numerously in his honour in Hyde Park, is for the present postponed. Due notice will be made of the festival. Precedence given to the maimed and bruised. Vouchers required for broken heads.

THE LORD MAYOR IN DANGER.

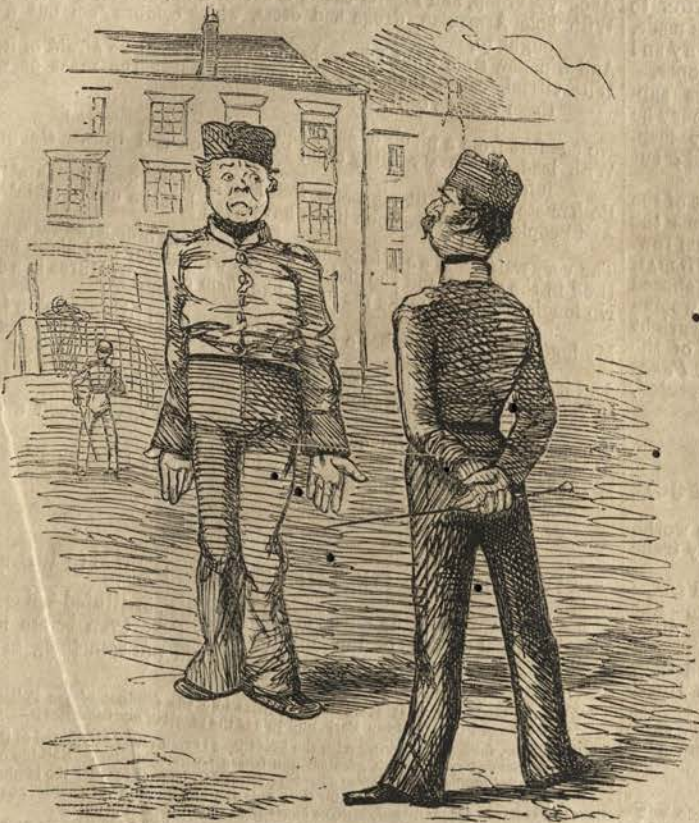
A PROPOSITION was made the other day at a Court of Aldermen "that the LORD MAYOR should take the usual view of the River Thames." Considering that the river savours of everything that is disagreeable, we must say, that the proposal savours of cruelty. Besides it is quite superfluous to take any fresh view of the Thames, for the "usual view" now taken of it is that it is a filthy and disgusting nuisance, which can't be got rid of too speedily. We are happy to find that the suggestion, which really looks like a piece of spite against the poor LORD MAYOR, was at once negatived. Had the "view" been resolved upon, a sum of £700 was to have been allowed for expenses, though we confess we do not see what expense could legitimately arise unless it had been for *Eau de Cologne*, *Sal Volatile*, and other restoratives that might have been necessary to "correct" the obnoxious odours arising from the river. Perhaps a portion of the £700 might have been put aside for additional insurances on the LORD MAYOR'S life, which would have been jeopardised had he been compelled to take his own private view of the river.

Up with your Copper.

In their admirable petition to HER MAJESTY, the English Engravers (complaining of the systematic insults of the Royal Academy) say, that they "look upon the art of engraving as akin to the art of translation." This is a delicate compliment to the English dramatists, especially from the steel engravers, who gracefully refuse to make a difference between what is steel and what is stolen.

A NATURAL REQUEST.

THE "Fibre Company" has, it seems, been canvassing certain parties of the House of Lords for support. It is only natural that those who would make paper should apply to reputations that have gone to rags.



A LIKELY CASE.

Fiery Instructor to trembling Pupil. "NOW, SIR! COME! I KNOW YOU! DON'T ATTEMPT TO BULLY ME, SIR—IT WON'T SUCCEED, I CAN TELL YOU!"

BY THE MARGIN OF THAMES' DIRTY WATERS.

By the margin of Thames' dirty waters,
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!
Lived a youth who was sick night and day,
For the stench in such pestilent quarters,
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!
Was never one moment away.
When abroad none more healthy than he,
But at home none more sickly could be,
"Will you cleanse this vile river, I pray?"
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!
The authorities only could say—
"Ur—ah—oh—ugh! It's dreadful to-day.
Ur—ah—oh—ugh! Ur—ah—oh—ugh!" was all they
could say.

By the margin of Thames' dirty waters,
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!
At the close of a hot summer's day:
As he lay in his pestilent quarters,
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!
This youth was heard faintly to say:—
"I'm ill, as you plainly can see,
This river is poison to me.
Oh! I'd rather be drown'd in its tide,
Ur—ah—oh—ugh!
Than of typhus die off at its side.
Ur—ah—oh—ugh! Ur—ah—oh—ugh! I'll jump in its
bed!
Ugh! Ugh!—No. I'll move from my lodgings instead.
Ur—ah—oh—ugh! No. I don't fancy its bed.
Ugh! Ugh!"—So he changed his apartments instead.

Sea-Side Fashions.

THE "Uglies" worn by the young ladies at Ramsgate, are of a larger size than ever this year. They are so large that it is almost impossible for the young beauty that is shut up inside to see anything without taking her bonnet off. It is said that certain modest mammas have organised this monstrous fashion purposely, in order to prevent their daughters seeing the strange sights that not unfrequently take place on the beach of a morning whilst the bathing-machines are out.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 30. Monday. LORD BROUGHAM expressed his opinion that, after all, some progress had been made in Law Reform this Session. As Mr. Punch intends to "take stock" as soon as the Session is over, he will probably have something to say upon this head.

In the Commons the Limited Liabilities Bill proceeded, and, later in the week, and after some more hindrances from the monied men, who are horribly disgusted that a poor man should presume to lend, instead of confining himself to his own sphere, and, with due humility, borrowing of themselves, was passed.

It was stated by Government that we are to have an Italian Legion, and Mr. Punch trusts that every street organist in London will be instantly pressed into it—and, if he might add a suggestion to the Commander of the Forces, he would recommend that such part of the Legion be allowed the utmost opportunity of distinguishing itself under the very hottest fire.

LORD PALMERSTON announced that the Session must terminate about the 14th or 15th. It is stated that HER MAJESTY will not prorogue in person, being, it is believed, too much ashamed of the conduct of her Parliament to meet it without a rebuke, which her kindness of nature disposes her to withhold. The Foreign Secretary, by reason of his superior acquaintance with the French tongue, is to accompany his Sovereign to Paris; and it is to be hoped that before his Lordship returns, he will endeavour to procure a translation of the word "solidairement," which, in the Turkish Loan debate, baffled the united lingual skill of the British House of Commons, and which in NUGENT'S French Dictionary, for the Use of Schools and Young Persons, Edit. xvi. 1830, p. 303, is explained to mean "wholly."

A great deal of money was voted in Committee of Supply. In the course of the debates on these grants, that ridiculous person, MR. APSLEY PELLATT, the China-shop man, offered three pieces of opposition, which may as well be mentioned, because they show what kind of an article PELLATT is. He wished to disallow the item of £10,000 for pictures for the National Gallery, the item of £2,000 for the accommodation of 200,000 additional books for the British Museum, and the miserable item of £250 for incidental expenses of the Belfast College.

Mr. Punch requests that due attention may be paid to MR. PELLATT'S regard for the arts, for literature, and for education.

The Partnership Amendment Bill is another victim to Parliamentary neglect. It was spared from the Massacre of the Innocents, to fall more ignominiously to-day by the hand of BOUVERIE.

Tuesday. The Lords sent the Metropolis Management Bill through Committee with laudable speed.

In the Commons, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said, that in his budget he had taken a trifling "margin" of Three and a half Millions beyond the then estimated expenditure of the year, but he should want a great deal more. He could not, however, tell them how much until they had granted the supplementary sums for which he had already asked. Let them mind one thing at a time. The intimation quieted the House, and they went on dutifully voting money till midnight.

The new Sale of Beer Act went through Committee. The pious MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD, and the sapient MR. FREWEN opposed it, but were beaten by 62 to 10. The bill was passed on Thursday.

Wednesday. Nothing particular. MR. OTWAY tried to cut off the salary of the gentleman who travels to buy pictures for the nation, but this little bit of cheese-paring injustice was scouted by the House.

Thursday. LORD REDESDALE advised the Government to buy up the ground between Downing Street and George Street. It was naturally supposed that his Lordship was about to recommend the erection of a "Casino" thereon, for Peeresses and their friends, in order to relieve the Chamber of Peers from the name which he was good enough to affix to it, when some of the wives and daughters of the noblemen of England found an interesting debate more attractive than an opera. But the courteous Lord only wanted to build public offices on the ground in question.

In the Commons, the very improper pension to LORD GEORGE PAGET was defended on the weakest and most contradictory grounds. To do LORD GEORGE justice, he seems to have done his best to deprive his friends of an excuse for giving him the money, but they almost forced it upon him.

Great sums of money were voted for Commissariat and Ordnance expenses, and £15,000 for the erection of a Museum at Kensington Gore.

MAJOR REED made another attempt to get LORD PALMERSTON to promise that Parliament should be consulted before any peace is made, but he could only obtain from the PREMIER the highly satisfactory and comprehensive pledge, that he would do everything that was proper.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, having obtained his supplementary votes, was so obliging as to say how much more money he wanted. He merely asked leave to raise Seven Millions, by loan. GLADSTONE thought that more taxes ought to be laid on, instead; but the House thought not, and granted the required permission.

Friday. A good deal of talk in both houses, on the one subject of the day. The Lords left off like gentlemen, but in the Commons the question of the Vienna conferences was lost sight of in a personal row. The opponents of the Turkish Loan were very savage with SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH for charging them with "combination," and they abused him a good deal, GLADSTONE politely likening him to "an old woman who fancied she had seen a ghost," and PHILLIMORE using downright Billingsgate. The House broke up abruptly in the middle of the disturbance. On inquiring at the Colonial Office next day, *Mr. Punch* was happy to learn that SIR WILLIAM was as well as could be expected, and the Colonies were going on capially.

MRS. GRUNDY ON THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.



THE roguery that 's in this world,
the frauds in every trade
and business!

I do declare my head seems
wirl'd, tectotum-like
with maze and dizziness.

Their impositions and their
cheats as often as I gets
a-thinking of,
Especially the stuff we eats,
and nasty messes we're
a-drinkin' of.

Oh! I've no patience with
such ways, such artful,
mean, and shameful
trickery;

And now so high a price we
pays to mix the coffee up
with chicory!

That good-for-nothing stuff
itself the wretches even
mess and muddle up

With things still worse, for love of pelf—mingles it with black Jack and ruddle up.

I can't enjoy my cup of tea, for there's "lie tea" instead of true in it.

They also puts sloe-leaves, I see, French chalk, black lead, and Prussian blue in it.

Don't talk to me of Best Souchong!—such rogues ought all to be a gaol in,

Fine Pekoe! Nonsense, go along! 'Tis half on't indigo and kaolin.

Your arrowroot's potato meal, and so's your cocoa and your chocolate, And that with common chalk, and bran, and candle-tallow you inoculate. Your mustard—pugh!—there's no such thing: of mustard there is not a taste in it:

'Tis flour and turmeric—'twon't sting—there's no dependence to be placed in it.

Your pickles and preserves you stains bright green for to draw people's eyes on 'em,

Whereby they verdigris contains, and them as cats on 'em they pisen 'em.

Your sugar-plums you colours too—at least confectioners in general—With copper, lead, that Prussian blue, arsenic, and every deadly mineral.

Your Cayenne pepper is ground rice, sawdust, and mustard husk and salt in it,

Mix'd with vermilion to look nice; or with red lead you hide the fault in it,

Though I might find Cayenne in gin, suppose I happen'd to desire it, Which spirit landlords puts it in, when they have lower'd it, to higher it.

They water porter just the same, and then to cause it to taste ekal to Entire, put salt, oh, what a shame! and sugar into it, and treacle too. Their ale the brewer's strength below with grains of Paradise they flaviour,

They'll never go where them grains grow, unless they quits such bad behaviour.

Anchovy, srimp, and lobster sauce, is doctor'd up, and so's tomato, With bole Armenian, drugs and dross, which colours 'em but didn't ought to,

And winegar, from what I hear, henceforward I shall be afraid of it, With vitriol, 'cause that ain't so dear, they makes the most of what there's made of it.

No comfort from a pinch of snuff can any longer be expected, With lead, that nasty filthy stuff, both Scotch and Brown Rappee's infected,

Both miste and dry, alike it seems, that lead is always used in makin' 'em, And people of their precious limbs have often lost the use by takin' 'em.

The very water that we drinks the crawleybobs and creepers swarm in it, Bred in the sewers and the sinks—I looks with terror and alarm in it. No longlegges could make me jump like them queer creatures in a drop on it,

My house, thank Evins, has a Pump, or otherways I'd never stop in it.

And if sitch things should make you ill, your physic aint to be relied upon, In vain you takes your draught or pill, so many tricks the drugs is tried upon;

What shop to trust I'm quite in doubt, their goods is such a vild miscillany,

Drat them that makes the laws! Get out. Ugh! I've no patience with sitch villany.

THE REPORT OF THE POLICE COMMITTEE.

WE fancy we know the report of the Committee instituted to inquire into the brutal conduct of the Police in Hyde Park, even before it is published. If we are not much mistaken, it will run something in the following strain:—

"We have made the most searching inquiries into the conduct of the Police on Sunday, July the First, in Hyde Park, and this is the result of our inquiries:—

"The Police, far from behaving with the brutality so erroneously attributed to them, conducted themselves with the greatest gentleness and forbearance. Nothing could exceed the good temper they displayed. No praises can be too great for the lamb-like endurance they exhibited in return for the words and blows of the very hardest nature that they received for many consecutive hours from the infuriated populace.

"Numerous instances of this have come to our knowledge. The following, perhaps, may suffice:

"A policeman (W 104) disarmed a mob of boys, who had been pelting him for the last quarter of an hour, by going up mildly to them, and offering them (with a smile) some nuts.

"CONSTABLE SAMPSON was struck by a ruffian at least three times his own size. He unaffectedly repeated the words of the ancient philosopher, and said 'Strike, but Hear.' The ruffian's arm instantly fell, and grasping the Constable's hand, he listened, not unmoved, whilst the latter recited to him the whole of DR. WATTS'S beautiful poem:

'Let dogs delight to bark and bite.'

"The X Division, though told three times to disperse a mob of not less than a thousand boys, who had been flinging oyster-shells and all sorts of missiles at their heads for the space of twenty minutes, refused peremptorily to do so, because a little child with a hoop happened to be in the way.

"All those who surrendered themselves prisoners to the Police, were conducted with the greatest consideration to the Royal Humane Society, where they were offered refreshments at the Policeman's own expense, several of them having contributed a day's pay for that purpose. After the prisoners had refreshed themselves, the Policemen were kind enough to accompany them as far as the Station House in Vine Street, but not liking the poor fellows to go upon foot, they sent for cabs, which they insisted upon paying for themselves.

"The Police on this occasion have had no less than 158 eyes completely blackened. The Surgeon of the Force reports having had as many as 556 noses under his care, the hemorrhage from which, he says, was absolutely frightful. This proves stronger than any argument which side the blows came from.

"The conduct of the Police on the above trying occasion is entitled to the highest praise."

A Prophecy Unavoidably Delayed.

MR. COBDEN'S familiar swagger about "crumpling up Russia as easily as a sheet of paper," has only been delayed in consequence of the extreme scarcity of the material. But when the Muscovite Empire is reduced to rags, there will doubtlessly be a better supply in the market, and consequently less difficulty in procuring a sheet of paper to carry out the illustration. Further than this, only let the sheet in question contain a report of one of MR. COBDEN'S Russian speeches, and we will warrant that every Englishman's hand will be instantly raised against it, only too anxious to crumple it up.

AN EVERY-DAY MORAL.

THE Law may be compared to a street-fight, at the end of which it is discovered that the coats of the combatants are missing. The fact is, the Lawyers, whilst their clients were pommeling one another, have quietly walked off with them!

LADIES FOR LEGISLATORS.—There is one very good reason why ladies should be eligible for Members of Parliament. They would afford such abundant facilities for pairing off.

OUR OWN COMMITTEE ON THE BEER BILL.



THE Committee appointed by Mr. Punch to inquire into the operation of the Sunday Beer Act reports that Sabbatarian legislation for the purpose of getting sots to go to church is a day too late. It is remarked by the Committee that almost everybody who is addicted to inebriety, especially if a member of the cellarless and tubless classes, is nearly sure to get drunk on a Saturday night, and to lie a-bed the next day. To have such a person, then, in church-going condition on Sunday morning it would be necessary to close the public-houses early on the evening before. The Committee point out that the hour at which it would be necessary to shut up

the liquor-shops on Saturday evening would be a very early one indeed, in order that the votaries of BACCHUS might have time to get sufficiently sober to attend to their religious duties. This arrangement would, in London at least, be attended with a serious inconvenience. Playgoers, fainting with thirst from the heat of theatres, or from their own exertions in laughing at farces and comedies, and crying at tragedies (or the reverse), and from perspiring at both, would be unable to step out between the acts to get a draught of stout; still less to procure a pull of that beverage after the performances.

To meet this difficulty two several courses are suggested by Mr. Punch's Committee. One is, to enact that the public-houses shall be permitted to supply refreshment to *bonâ fide* playgoers, inclusive of persons attending meetings and oratorios, if any, at Exeter Hall, in case of their choosing to demand a "drain" under that denomination. Audiences and attendants of all other concerts and meetings, not being "free and easy," and of lectures, provided the lecture be dry, that is, unaccompanied by grog or malt liquor, would be entitled to the same privilege. The claimants would be required to produce a refreshment-ticket, which would be supplied at the theatre, concert, or lecture-room. The ticket would be stamped by Government, to prevent imposition: the machinery for this purpose might involve some expense, but what would that be to the people compared with the advantage they would derive from having the kind and gracious designs of a pious Aristocracy for their moral and spiritual improvement carried out? Thus, the objection to the word *bonâ fide* would be obviated: and the Committee adds, that in order to secure the genuineness of the tickets, it might be advisable to make the counterfeiting of them felony, thereby the more certainly to render the sumptuous project of the sumptuous orders feasible. The other course recommended by Mr. Punch's Committee, is to let all sumptuary and Sabbatarian legislation whatever alone.

• EDUCATION AT THE ANTIPODES.

MELBOURNE had, according to the last advices from Australia, just opened its University, after a magnificent speech from the Chancellor, whose style of eloquence combines all the rotundity of the cannon-ball with all the hollowness of the cannon. We are of course great advocates for the spread of education all over the world; but we are afraid there is not much prospect for the cause, from the state of things at Melbourne: where, after an estimate of £110,000 for the building, £20,000 for the land, and £9000 a-year for the endowment of the new University, there are only sixteen students to profit by the tremendous outlay. The institution is to stand on forty acres of land, which will give precisely two acres and a half to each pupil. Perhaps the better mode of turning the concern to account will be to convert it into a vast gymnasium, with a Professorship of Cricket, who should give lectures on long-stop, and other physical accomplishments, which seem to be congenial to the youth of Victoria. It is really a reflection on the colony, that its inhabitants are so immersed in money-grubbing that they cannot even spare their sons from the degrading pursuit, and only sixteen youths can be mustered throughout the whole of the vast locality to accept the offer of a liberal education. The fact is, that nearly everybody in the colony is making haste to get rich, in the hope of returning to England, where after all they are only doomed to disappointment; for the vulgar rich—who have nothing but their dross to recommend them—are happily at a discount on this side of the world, as from their numbers they necessarily are on the other.

A DRAWING-ROOM TEST.—You can generally tell how popular you are with a Lady by the length of time she keeps you waiting whilst dressing to receive you.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THERE is nae luck about the House,
There is nae luck at a';
There is nae luck about the House,
Now its gude man's awa'.
To lead it there's nae mon alive,
Like puir SIR ROBERT PEEL,
It winna prosper—dinna thrive—
'Tis ganging to the deil.
There is nae luck, &c.

When a' gude people should unite
Against the common foe,
Its factions with ilk iiber fight,
And let their business go;
And whilst they jangle, jaw, and jar,
And words rin unco high,
This House of ours neglects the War,
And everything forbye,
There is nae luck, &c.

DISRAELI here, and GLADSTONE there,
Indulge in adverse prate,
AND BRIGHT and COBDEN idly share
In wild and vague debate.
And wee LORD JOHNNIE RUSSELL, aye,
Has something to explain,
And PALMERSTON his laugh must hae,
Whilst heroes fall in vain.
There is nae luck, &c.

As leaves in Autumn fall and fade,
So bills in Summer die;
Scarce ae gude Act thae chiefls hae made,
For a' they've pass'd July;
And now is August here, and sune
This gude-for-naething House,
Wi' nought, but aiblins mischief dune,
Will just adjourn to grouse.
There is nae luck, &c.

Oh! gif the parties, out o' doors,
As in the House, were split,
How mony birdies, on the Moors,
Wad they be like to hit?
But parties a' pursue their game
Wi' steadiness an' zeal,
When capercailzies ask their aim,
And not their country's weal.
There is nae luck, &c.

Gin sic a chiel as ROEBUCK try
To do the thing he ought,
His gude intent I ken na why,
Is sure to come to nought.
All ends in vapour and in smoke,
The mountain breeds a mouse,
All's barren, e'en the PREMIER's joke,
In this uncanny House.
There is nae luck, &c.

But at their clavers whilst they keep,
For a' the nation's ills,
The wind they sow, and whirlwind reap,
By Sabbatarian Bills.
JOHN BULL from day to day may bleed,
Wi' disregarded lot,
But on a Sunday they tak' heed
JOHN BARLEYCORN shall not.
There is nae luck, &c.

Oh! wad about this House sae daft,
Auld NOLL could rise and be,
From dolties doure and sumphies saft,
St. Stephen's Ha' to free,
And thunder, glow'rin' at the Mace,
"That bauble tak' awa'!"
Nae better luck than sic disgrace
Could now the House befa'.
There is nae luck, &c.

VERBAL NAVIGATION.—DISRAELI calls one of BRIGHT's long speeches against the War "a Pacific Ocean of words."



COMPLIMENTARY.

Bus Driver. "NOW THEN, OUT OF THE WAY, YOU TWO!"

THE VALUE OF A NAME.

WE have often been struck by the sentimental earnestness of some respectable old beggar on the stage, who honestly announcing the emptiness of his pockets, begins to puff away at his own integrity with a force which might make a blacksmith blush for the feebleness of his bellows. "Ah, my children!" roars out occasionally some seedy stage veteran, "Ah, my children! though I cannot leave ye land, or gold, I can bequeath to ye a still nobler inheritance, an untarnished name"; which, by the way, might be the boast of anybody who could leave to his heirs, executors, and assigns a well-polished brass door-plate.

We are not often in the habit of attaching much value to this very nominal sort of estate, for an unsullied paternal name can be of little consequence, as far as the business of life is concerned, unless the heir wishes to make use of the name for fraudulent purposes. It does not follow that JONES junior cannot be a scamp because JONES senior was a respectable man, and we have therefore come to the conclusion, that in a commercial sense, a "good name" is no very great catch by way of inheritance. We admit the moral value of the bequest; but it is only against the alleged pecuniary benefit to be derived from what is commonly called a "good name" that we enter our protest.

We have, however, recently met with an instance in which a name has brought with it such an accession of fortune as almost to justify the clap-traps with which a stage father usually announces his intention to leave nothing in the world but the monosyllable JONES (without a blot on any part of it) to a numerous family. The instance to which we allude is that of MR. CHRISTOPHER, originally DUNDAS, who called himself CHRISTOPHER for £14,000 a-year, and is now, for the respectable consideration of £38,000 a-year about to call himself NISBET.

We can only say, that we would call ourselves BUGGINS or MUGGINS, HOPKINS or POPKINS, or anything that anybody might think fit to call us, for one quarter of the money. We know that ladies have sometimes very large sums settled on them before they can be induced to change their names; but it is difficult to conceive the motive for offering a gentleman several thousands a-year to alter his appellation.

IMPORTANT FROM THE EAST.

AMID the latest intelligence, or anticipations of the Overland Mail in one of the morning papers, our eye fell upon the following rather startling announcement:—

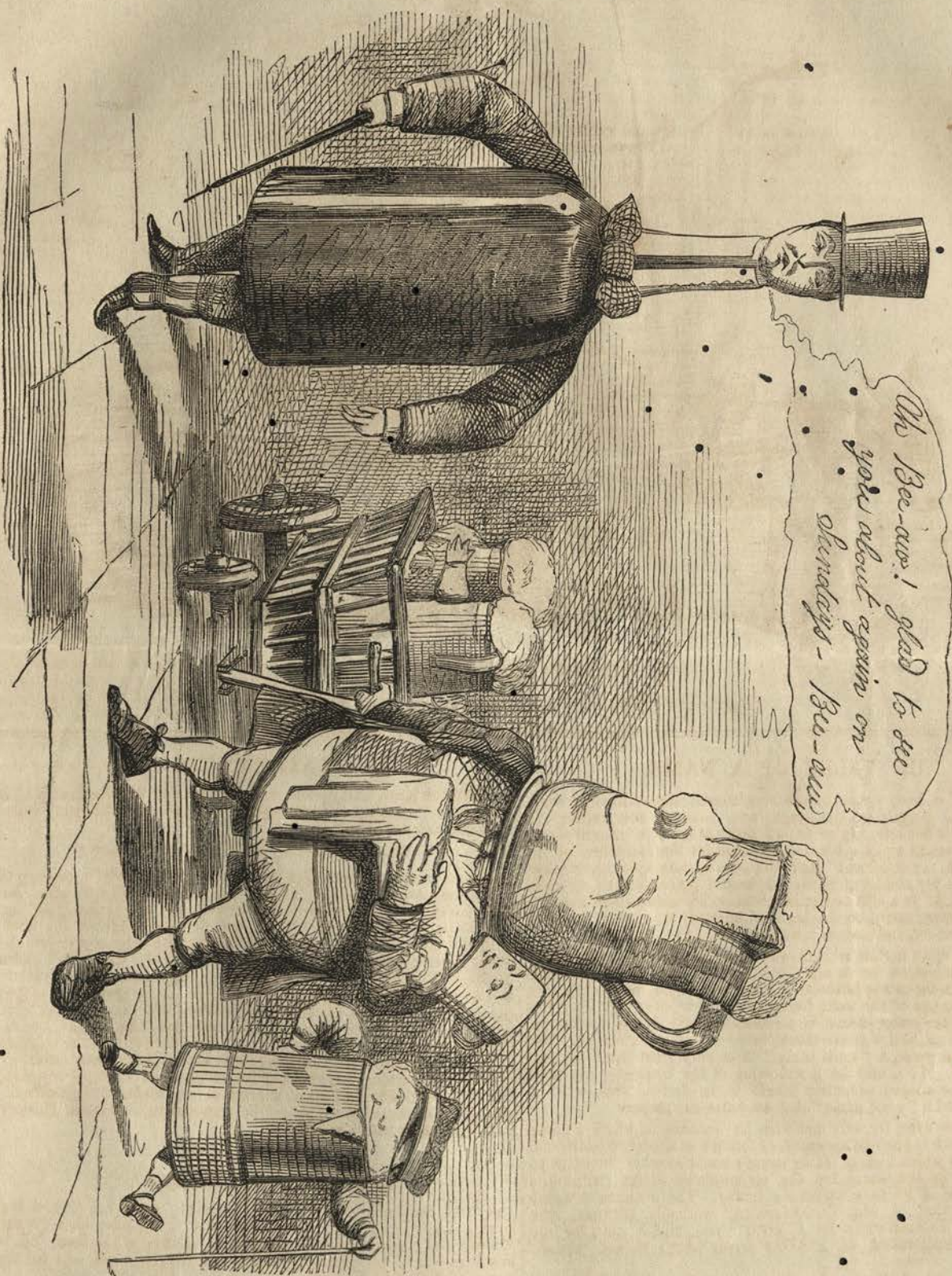
"HASSAN BEY has received a present of a copper watch."

We do not yet see the effect this circumstance is likely to produce on European, Asiatic, African, or American politics. The Foreign Correspondent who communicates this piece of news had probably no time for details, but in a future letter he will perhaps enlighten the world with further particulars. Who gave HASSAN BEY the copper watch? What did HASSAN say when he got it? Did the watch go? and a hundred other kindred questions will occur to the mind in reference to this somewhat remarkable topic. We wonder if the papers published in the East are filled with such foreign intelligence as that which we have quoted above, and whether such facts as "MR. JONES has received a present of a silver pencil-case," finds its way into the columns of our Asiatic contemporaries under the head of "Latest from London." We have no personal knowledge of the recipient of the copper-watch, but any one to whom a present is given is, *pro tanto*, a "gifted individual." Nevertheless we should be disposed to look upon HASSAN BEY as HASSAN rather green.

Parliamentary Obsequies.

A BILL has been brought into Parliament under the title of the Burial of the Dead Bill. As this is about the regular time for the Massacre of the Parliamentary Innocents, a Burial of the Dead Bill is less than was to be expected. One would naturally look out for the burial of numerous dead bills.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.—A Member of the Opposition wrote lately to one of his constituents:—"Things are in such a miserable state that, without PALMERSTON, it would be absolutely impossible to laugh at all."



SUNDAY EQUALITY. A RE-UNION OF CHAMPAGNE AND PORTER.

JOHN LOVES A LORD.



HE Rank is but the guinea-stamp, The Man's the gold for a that!"—

Rattle your glasses, clap your hands, Hip, hip, hip, hurrah that.;

Grand sentiment! Inspiring truth Of the Scotch ploughman's sacred song! The Coal-hole and the Cider-collars Applaud it loud and long.

And truth it is: but scarce the truth, That wakens Coal-hole admiration: Man's worth may be the nugget—yes, But Rank gives circulation.

With coin, not nuggets, dust, or quartz, Buying and selling must be done; So fitly, honours and rewards Rank wears, when worth has won.

But just as smashers in the world Palm counterfeits that pass for guineas, So chance, time, circumstance, make Lords, Whom Nature has made ninnies.

Coin'd money JOHN BULL rings and weighs, Nor takes it at the passer's word; But rank's coin he accepts untried: To JOHN, a Lord's a Lord.

Give to the poorest dolt that lives A lordly handle to his name, Untitled worth JOHN spurns aside, And bids it veil its claim.

If JOHN sets up a railway line, A Lord to turn the sod is there: If JOHN for charity would dine, A Lord must take the chair.

Can any but a Lord's white hand Lay squarely a foundation-stone? If there's a Lord to hold command, What rights does service own?

Where there's a Lord, a Lord JOHN takes, Though Lord knows what the Lord may be— LORD CARDIGAN a hero makes, LORD PAGET, K.C.B.

Yes, let us grumble as we will, At this predominance of nobs— 'Tis our own acts that prove us still, A race of arrant snobs.

The power is mine and yours, good friend, If with one mind we put it forth, To set up an Australian mint, And stamp our gold by worth.

Rank's old coin groweth worn and thin, Clipt, counterfeit, and sore alloy'd, 'Tis time our mintage were recast, Our nuggets more employ'd!

My Lords and the Laboratory.

PERHAPS the reason why British Governments generally are reluctant to employ Chemistry in aid of Warfare is a slow prudence, that prejudices them against a science of which one of the principal phenomena is Precipitation.

AN APPOINTMENT "SEWER GENERIS."—We are requested to state that Old Father Thames has been appointed Sole Agent for all the Cemeteries within fifty miles round London.

OUR PHILO-RUSSIAN COUSINS.

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR, "YOUR countrymen appear to be astonished at the circumstance that few of mine sympathise with them in their present contest with Russia, and that not a few Americans are rather disposed to wish that your enemies may whip you. Because we are a free and enlightened nation, Britishers think that we have got to range ourselves alongside of civilisation and liberty against despotic government and barbarism. But this is a no-ways logical expectation, and just let me indicate to you in a few words the reasons why it don't foller. The CZAR OF RUSSIA is no slave, he isn't. He may be the only freeman in his own dominions, but a freeman he is. He does whatever he pleases; that is genuine freedom. The CZAR is monarch of all he surveys, and considerable more. Now in all these here particulars each individual American citizen stands on the same platform with the CZAR. ALEXANDER is the center of a more extensive circle than the American citizen; but that is all. He rules over serfs; we govern niggers. The knout is a most identical with the cowhide; so there ain't much to choose between our scepters. And I tell you that we don't nohow like to hear serfs and knouts and irresponsible volition cried down. It is indirectly abusing our own glorious institutions. It is flogging us Americans over the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's shoulders. Opposition to the CZAR's attempt on Turkey would, with a change of circumstances, be resistance to our annexation of Cuba. It is no more nor less than a special assertion of the immoral principle of trying to prevent a powerful nation from carrying out its destiny. It is a line which we no ways approve.

"We ain't afeard that Russia will subjugate the whole world. We do not opinionate that she will enslave any more than the Eastern hemisphere. We have got to possess ourselves of the Western. This planet will then be divided between ourselves and Russia. In the meantime we have no vocation to interfere with each other. Russia will pursue her independent course, and we ourn. By that means we shall partition the globe in a friendly way.

"We cannot forget that we are the descendants of Englishmen, yet there exists a good many reasons why there should be no love lost between us and England. Our pilgrim forefathers left the old country because they couldn't conform to its institutions; and many of them were sent here on the same account. Not only that, but some of your authors have ridiculed our manners and customs. We are a serious people. It riles us to make fun of us. We can't tolerate it. But what is wust of all is the language and sentiments of all English writers respecting our institution of slavery. Their impious abolitionist doctrines and disgusting negroisms, have given mortal offence to a considerable some of our population.

"It is not a fact that we are indifferent to the prospects and the danger of European Arts, Liberty, and Learning. Our innards yearn towards our Anglo-Saxon kindred. But suppose our affection for you was ever so ardent. Suppose the Cossacks were ten thousand times more barbarous than they are, and were a-desolating of your hearths and homes with rapine, fire, and sword. Still we should be unable to break with Russia. She is very valuable. We are tied up to her by an everlasting strong knot. I mean our trade. That is our business. Your miseries would be no business of ourn. You are firing five-pounders sterling shells against Sebastopol. How could we be such goneycs as to pitch dollars at Russia instead of continuing to subduccatione them out of her? We couldn't afford to give her offense if we wished. So just abandon all hopes of our allowing our loafers and rowdies to list in VICTORIA's service, or loaning you a helping hand in any way against our Russian customers. We can't fix it nohow: that's a fact I tell you, which you may credit, although I am a

"Blackburn, Va., August, 1855.

"KNOW NOTHING."

MARRIAGE IN CONTINENTAL HIGH LIFE.

By the *Morning Post's* account—

"A letter from Warsaw states that the marriage of the GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, brother of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, to the PRINCESS OF OLDENBURG, daughter of PRINCE PETER OF OLDENBURG, has been positively determined on, and will take place very shortly."

Another apron-tie between Russia and "Fatherland." The CZAR has contracted one more matrimonial alliance with Germany. How long will Germans wait for the announcement of a political one?

A Lathering Flung Away.

JEROME CARDAN, as recorded by MR. MORLEY, was in the habit of saying, "When you mean to wash, first see that you have a towel handy." England is to blame for not having better attended to the above advice. Before attempting to give Russia a good wipe in the face, we ought to have seen that we had our Russian towelling all ready.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Richmond is on the seas."

Richard III., Act iv., Scene 4.

A SAINT AND A PROPHET.

LORD EBRINGTON prided himself at having told LORD PANMURE, that "it would be very hot in the Crimea during the summer." But the Marylebone Prophet surely did not stop there? He also informed LORD PANMURE, that when the winter came, it would doubtless be extremely cold in the Crimea. He likewise ventured to say, that supposing it rained much, it would probably be wet under foot, and that, when there were four or five feet of snow upon the ground, there would be without doubt an end to all cricketing. It was in consequence of these statements, the force of which LORD PANMURE admitted at once, that boots, tents, stoves, and all kinds of provisions and clothing, were sent out to the Crimea. Our brave Army in the East, little knows what it owes to LORD EBRINGTON, and we did not know ourselves until his Lordship kindly told us.

TWO STUMBLING BLOCKS.

On the same day the *Marlborough* and the MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD found themselves in an awkward "fix"—the one at Portsmouth, and the other in the House of Commons. The *Marlborough* would not take the water, and the BLANDFORD would not take any beer—at least stood in the way of the public taking any beer on the Sunday. Both crafts were guilty of obstructing the public "ways." However, the *Marlborough* has since been removed, but the other stumbling-block still remains, and is as likely as ever to impede any useful measure from being launched by thrusting before it some wooden "slip" or other, that is sure to be out of order. The sooner this crazy old BLANDFORD and his numerous slips are knocked away, the better it will be for the progress of business and the smoothness of all parliamentary "ways."

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE CANNON.

MR. PUNCH begs to give HER MAJESTY'S Government the following Notice of Motion:—Somebody to move for returns of the expenses incurred since the commencement of the War, in trying experiments for the purpose of applying the resources of chemical and mechanical science to the destruction of HER MAJESTY'S enemies, their fortifications and shipping. It is in no spirit of petty economy that Mr. Punch instigates somebody to move for this return. Quite on the contrary, Mr. Punch is afraid that the expenditure devoted to this most important purpose has been ridiculously small. Hardly a day passes without the *Times* containing a complaint of neglect at the hands of the Ordnance Board from some inventor of a projectile or a compound, apparently calculated to kill swarms of Russians, and blow up their nests. In particular a very awakening letter—though of course it will not rouse official sleepers—from DR. BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON appeared in that journal the other day. From that communication, it appears that a gentleman named SCOTT has, like CAPTAIN DISNEY, invented an inflammable liquid and a shell, the latter of which, charged with the former, promises, at least, to afford the most valuable assistance to our brave defenders in executing their high and humane commission to sink, burn, kill, and destroy the miscreants who have broken the sweet peace of the world, and have forced us into this horrible War. Well and truly does the DOCTOR say:—

"I think I have shown that the Board of Ordnance might at least have instituted one or two experiments bearing on an inquiry so scientific, simple, and important."

In the same day's *Times* another letter appears, with the signature of BASHLEY BRITEN; the writer whereof has devised an improved sort of artillery, of which the Government has made incomplete trial with results that want nothing but confirmation to be conclusive. MR. BRITEN says:—

"The only thing I require is the authority to make a few more experiments, but, in order to be useful, they must be on a very much larger scale than hitherto, and entered into in a more free and liberal spirit, with perhaps a little more assistance from military experience, savouring less of criticism on my efforts as a civilian."

Government does not hesitate to expend immense treasures in repeating the experiment of building enormous ships, which has thoroughly failed, but it grudges the outlay of a little money on the repetition of an experiment in artillery practice, which appears to have succeeded.

Still in the same *Times*, MR. ALEXANDER PARKES complains that he cannot induce the Government to grant him a trial of "a new shell, and

a powder which is considerably more powerful than ordinary gunpowder." And then there is LORD DUNDONALD'S plan, which there is very strong reason indeed to suppose to be what he asserts it. What if the noble Lord really can, for the comparatively small charge of £240,000, annihilate the Russians like so many of those insects that infest beds! Would ministers rather crack or crush each individual of these swarming myriads at several hundred pounds a-head? Do they kill their own thus? If there is nothing in his Lordship's plan, why don't they say so? If there is anything, why not try it? If they fail—they fail, and there is a little more money lost. If they succeed there is an end of the War, and (perhaps) the Income Tax. It remains untried, and the people don't know the reason why. But Mr. Punch does. DR. RICHARDSON points out that the mere publication of the note of CAPTAIN DISNEY'S experiments, is sufficient to put every chemist in Europe up to the composition of the substance with which his projectile is charged, and to enable such a fellow as JACOBI to employ it against us. This will by-and-by be done. The reason why the Government, and especially the Board of Ordnance, is so apathetic in reference to this kind of inventions, is, that it has not yet been done—that the Russians have not hitherto succeeded in applying them to the destruction of the British fleet. Should they persevere and succeed in doing so, then, perhaps, the Committee of the Board of Ordnance will be reconstituted on the model of the Commission for exploring chemistry and mechanics in order to exterminate us, which has been established by our savage but sharp foes at St. Petersburg: unless, indeed, ministers shall have had Red Tape Street blown about their ears, the Russians having bombarded the Treasury from London Bridge.

"Descend, Ye Nine!"

FROM the opera of the *Etoile du Nord* we learn the important historic fact, that PETER THE GREAT suppressed nine letters of the Russian Alphabet. However, we are secretly informed, that these nine letters will shortly be restored, out of compliment to MR. GLADSTONE having given his name, which also consists of nine letters, to the extension of Cossack barbarism.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"I BEG of you to understand, Sir," said a philosophic beggar, "that though I am asking for a penny, I am not in the least want of it." The penny was instantly given.

NINETEEN FORTUNES FOR THREEPENCE.



PUNCH sees that a fellow advertises that for twelve stamps he will send a circular enabling a person to earn an income in "nineteen respectable ways;" one of which is, probably, the obtaining stamps by means of such promises as the advertiser's. One of these humbugs, having secured the stamps he demands, writes to his dupes that they may earn a respectable living by buying potatoes wholesale, roasting them, and selling them about the streets by retail, and this too may be another of the nineteen ways in question. Mr. Punch, desirous to undersell the party, hereby offers to apprise the public of nineteen ways of earning an income, all for the price of threepence, and, in addition, presents the other invaluable contents of his current number.

1. Send round a circular, enclosing in an envelope, directed to yourself, a perforated card, for coin, and urging that the Church of St. Fungus, Diddleton Parva, (population 11,871 souls), is dreadfully in want of a new cocked-hat for the beadle.
2. Be a stockjobber.
3. Get hold of a piece of ground in a densely populated poor neighbourhood, run up a batch of undrained, unventilated, and unwholesome cottages, and let them to needy families at extortionate rents.
4. Organise a Benefit Society, be the treasurer yourself, make your brother its actuary, your brother-in-law its lawyer, hold its meetings at your uncle's public-house, puff it in your father-in-law's newspaper, and when you have got a good haul of deposits, let your cousin take you through the Insolvent Court.
5. Go into the House of Commons as an "independent" member, and transfer your allegiance in return for a good place.
6. Open a private bank, and convert your customers' money and securities to your own use—only get your passport before you suspend payment.
7. Set up a jeweller's shop, and "warrant" electrotype articles to be standard gold. Here you will need no passport, the little misdescription "not being held to exceed the ordinary licence of commerce."
8. Enter into business as a baker, and take care that your loaves contain the due commercial proportion of ground bones, mashed potatoes, and alum.
9. Become a patron of the manly sport of horse-racing, bet as heavily as you can, receive all that you win, and then discover that the excitement of losing compels you to seek the sea-breezes at Boulogne.
10. Another way. Enter horses for races, and study the noble art of "scratching," with due regard to your "book."
11. Buy a suit of black, get up some conventicle slang, and visit about at serious widows' houses as a "dear brother in the ministry," not over-abounding in "this world's goods," but very partial to hot buttered muffins. Best let the watches and spoons alone, perhaps.
12. Get a dabbler in mechanics to draw up pretended particulars of an impossible invention, and do you go about persuading enthusiasts with capital to advance you money to obtain a patent. This device can, of course, be repeated *ad infinitum*.
13. Make a pill, paste, or liquor, (better not let it be actively poisonous,) spend ten thousand pounds in advertising that it cures everything, and in ten years retire with a hundred thousand pounds of the money of fools who have believed you.
14. Be the trustworthy medium between the friends of persons who desire public appointments, and people who somehow know persons who know parties who know individuals who know the wives of persons who have the ear of authorities who advise head-quarters.
15. Take a contract for supplying some branch of the service with clothes and food, and mind that the clothes are rotten, and the preserved meat to match.
16. Sell a five-act Elizabethan play to a theatrical manager.
17. Go to the bar, and attack or defend at the bidding of any scoundrel who can afford to hire you.
18. Import original pictures by the great masters; but, as you will have had them manufactured in your own back premises, you will not, of course, warrant them to purchasers, but only show a faded pedigree, strongly attested, and prepared in the same locality.
19. Sell "unnecessaries of life" to foolish young men at a College,

on credit, ask sixty per cent. over the fair price, and then lend them money at a hundred per cent. to pay you not to expose them to their parents.

Now in this moral, civilised, and Christian country, none of these "nineteen means of earning an income" are unlawful, and most of them are in the highest degree "respectable," and lead their followers to honour and emolument. Mr. Punch submits that in suggesting them, he has honourably earned his threepence.

GERMAN ARMOUR; OR, MAIL AND FEMALE.

THE German warrior was, of yore, array'd in fashion grim,
A dragon on his helm he wore, an iron suit clad him;
His bonnet now of straw should be, with ribbons for a crest;
In silk or muslin, *cap-à-pie*, our Teuton should be drest.

For corset in a corset should his bosom now be cased,
Thereto a satin sash were good for girdle to his waist;
He, also, for a stout mail shirt should wear a slight chemise,
And flowing robe with flounce and skirt much lower than the knees.

Gauntlets of iron let him leave for kid gloves, and prefer
The silken stocking to the greave, the sandals to the spur;
The arbalest past ages saw the stalwart German pull;
The modern Berliner should draw the thread of Berlin wool.

For now the German's is the case of maiden or of wife,
His post is not in honour's place, he holds aloof from state.
He owes protection, like a wench, unto the stronger hand,
And leaves the English and the French to fight for Fatherland.

Break, enervated Prussian, break the needle from thy gun;
To needlework that needle take, and let thy work be done;
Whilst to defend thee from Cossacks the brave Allies advance,
Hem Tricolours and Union-Jacks for England and for France.

PLUSH UNDER SCHEDULE D.

A GENERAL meeting of the Livery of the West-end as well as the City, that is, of the metropolitan domestics in the service of the fashionable and pecuniary classes, was held yesterday evening at JENKINS' Hotel. The meeting was convened in consequence of a letter signed "Omega," which appeared lately in the *Times*, proposing to extend the Income Tax to stewards, butlers, grooms of the chamber, cooks, upper coachmen, stud-grooms, housekeepers, and culinary persons of the female sex, receiving from £50 to £100 a-year wages, besides lodging, light, fire, and food, and to assess those gentlemen and ladies under schedule D. THE DUKE OF PIMLICO filled the chair very completely in the person of that nobleman's butler, and in spite of some difficulty of speaking attendant on a plethoric state of system, succeeded in explaining the object of the meeting, amid murmurs and cries of "shame!"

THE MARQUIS OF BAYSWATER, represented by one of his Lordship's footmen, rose to move a resolution that the proposed extension of the Income Tax to gentlemen and ladies in domestic service was a unjust, himpolitic, and ridiculous suggestion. The Noble Lord said he would stand by his horder. Hignorance of taxation had been their privilege time out of mind. It was always inseparable from plush, and he opedjit would hever remain so. "What is taxes?" should ever be the proud question of a gentleman olding the hoffice which he had the honour to fill. He didn't know, and he didn't want to know, what they was, and should resist every attempt to give him any information on that unpleasant subject.

The resolution was seconded by SIR GEORGE TYBURN, BARONET, who derives his family name from the head of the family in which he is situated. SIR GEORGE dwelt upon the injustice of taxing a part only of the master's wealth and taxing the servants' hall.

A gentleman wearing the denomination, as well as the boots, of MONTAGUE BRUYON, Esq., moved a resolution pledging the assembly to use its utmost endeavours to frustrate any attempt on the part of Government to render the gentlemen and ladies of ladies and gentlemen subject to Income Tax. It would be no ard matter to put a stop to any sitch scheme in case it was started. The legislature was in the ands of valley-de-shams, and if they found any such projick was hentertained they would only ave to give warnin' and stand by one another.

LORD MARYLEBONE, a nobleman by the courtesy of the cloth, seconded the resolution. His lordship observed that service was no inheritance, and the wages that ought to go into the savings' bank didn't ought to be grabbed by the Exchequer. They were found in food, lodging, &c., but what then? What became of all that, if they got out of place? While he was on that pint he would say one thing. He did think the case of the Curafes would be uncommon ard if they

put the Hincome Tax on them as well as other servants, for theirs was mostly an out of doors place; they very seldom lived in the Rector's family, and in general ad to find themselves.

The meeting then, having given three groans for all taxes whatever, adjourned, principally to the Houses of Lords and Commons and the Opera, where they stationed themselves on the carriages of noble lords and honourable gentlemen.



JOHN THOMAS COMPLETELY NON-PLUSHED.

Tax Collector. "JOHN THOMAS MOONCALF?"

John Thomas. "— ESQUIRE, THAT'S ME!"

Tax Collector. "THEN BE SO GOOD AS TO FILL UP THIS INCOME-TAX PAPER, AND RETURN IT TO ME BEFORE TWENTY DAYS!"

A SCRAP OF COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

MR. NAPIER is reported to have made a rather wise speech on the motion for going into Committee on the Sale of Beer Bill. According to the *Times*—

"MR. NAPIER was of opinion that the subject of the bill was not one in which the House should lightly interfere; but at the same time he thought it would not be worthy of the House to repeal in one session an act passed in the preceding session."

By parity of reasoning, if MR. NAPIER, were such a thing possible, made a foolish speech at one moment, it would be unworthy of him to retract it the next moment. Perhaps the reporter, by mistake, has substituted "worthy" for "characteristic." As MR. NAPIER's remark stands, brevity may be pronounced to be its sole advantage, and it lacks that additional merit of sweetness which is necessary to render it, by the popular similitude, equivalent in quality to a donkey's gallop.

The Banker's Chapel.

SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL's Chapel, Chelsea, is to be sold by auction in the course of this month. There are many reports as to the probable purchasers. The Corporation of London will—it is said—be among the bidders; with the intention of converting the edifice into a Chapel of Ease to Newgate. By the way, a strange, foreshadowing circumstance attended the last visit of SIR J. D. PAUL to his own chapel. The text preached upon was this—"Now BARABBAS was a robber!"

SEA-SIDE INTELLIGENCE.

THE Season at Ramsgate is at its height, and the bathing is at its depth; though, if the latter were carried out to a somewhat greater depth, it would be all the better for common decency, if that can be called common which is somewhat rare on the sands at Ramsgate. The Library is in full play, and the "favourite tenor from London" is in full sing, warbling *Ben Bolt* to the captivated ears of middle-aged young ladies in beehive hats, and other adjuncts to a sort of second-childhood juvenility.

The Sea-side commerce is limited to a few trays of shell-pincushions, a small bundle of white boas, with a somewhat doubtful lot of Chelsea buns, and a parcel of brandy-balls. An attempt has been made to introduce a new article of trade, by a melancholy individual, who has been walking all over the town, and all along the shore, with a tremendous pair of polished horns, which he offers to everybody, but for which nobody makes a bidding. It seems to strike the public that the proprietor of the horns looks as if he really did not know what to do with them, where to put them, or how to carry them, and no one seems disposed to place himself in the same dilemma. The man with the horns is, in fact, becoming rather an object of sympathy, for it is the general belief that, if he should become worn out with his eccentric burden, and were to offer to give the horns away, nobody would be willing to relieve him of the very conspicuous article by which he is constantly accompanied.

PENAL MASQUERADE.

If anybody wants to make a fool of himself, one very good way is to put on a mask and an absurd dress, and go and dance therein at Drury Lane or Vauxhall. It is nevertheless possible to make a more foolish use of a mask and a costume than this, by which amusement is sought, and, by persons of weak intellect and depraved taste, obtained. It is possible to dress other people in a ridiculous manner, and to mask them, with a view to—their moral reformation. This is what is done by the authorities who direct the arrangements of the model prison at Winchester. The convicts detained in that gaol, besides being clad in prison dresses, have masks affixed to their faces in going and coming to and from their respective cells. However, causing the rogues to wear a mask is consistent enough with the Ticket of Leave system, which makes them hypocrites.

THE THAMES AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

To look at the many floating masses that make of the Thames a perfect sink of corruption, one would imagine that in London it never rained anything but literally "cats and dogs," and that they all found their way down to the river.

A TOWN OF TREES.

We learn from the *Morning Post* that—

"The trees in the Champs Elysées have just had numbers attached to them, similar to those of the houses of the streets."

On what principle the numeration of the trees in the Elysian Fields of Paris has been decreed, our unsatisfactory contemporary omits to inform us. We could understand why it might, perhaps, be desirable to number the trees in the Jardin des Plantes. Perhaps each tree may be destined to afford a *locus standi* to some Parisian analogue of apple and oyster stalls, lemonade, and ginger beer, and toy ditto, and tatters all hot:—a splendid little establishment to be regularly numbered, like a shop. In any abstract numeration of trees, we, for our own part, can get no farther than No. 1, which is the British Oak.

LINES ON THE LAUNCH OF THE MARLBOROUGH.

THE QUEEN the signal gave; they launch'd the ship,
Which slid a little: then refused to slip.

Police!

THERE seems no great reason to apprehend the introduction into England of Yankee Tee-total legislation—the struggle should be to resist the adoption of a much more unconstitutional affair—the Mayne Licking Law.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your CHOLER question"—
Henry VIII., Act i., Scene 1.

A BIBLIOMANIAC.

SOMEBODY advertises a complete set of the *London Gazette*, from 1810 to 1854, which is offered to the attention of the literary world and book-collectors in general. We dare say a purchaser will be found, inasmuch as there is scarcely anything that one person wishes to sell which some other person is not prepared to buy, at some price or other. We confess the collection does not offer much temptation to us, though the work may suit the tastes of many. Some would like to have it, from an ill-natured desire to peruse the bankruptcies of the last forty years, as there are some to whom the intelligence of the misfortunes of others is always agreeable. Others there are who would find a less censurable satisfaction in reading the lists of promotions, and becoming acquainted by name, with all the peers, baronets, and knights that have been created since the year at which the collection commences. We hope the purchaser of the work will favour us with his name and address, for we should like to include him in the index of a small book we possess containing the lives of remarkable characters. We hope the buyer, whoever he may be, will find, that the book, in the language of the reviewers or puffs, "will repay perusal."

The Shell King.

EVERYBODY knows that FERDINAND, King of Naples, is also called BOMBA. FERDINAND is not, however, so much a monarch of bomb-shells as he is of egg-shells, or, at least, of eggs; for his subjects are in course of being beaten up on all sides by a regular Commission which his Majesty has established for administering the bastinado. These unfortunate eggs must feel their yolk intolerable.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

August 6, Monday. BARON REDESDALE, VISCOUNT CASINO, whose residence is Moreton-in-the-Marsh, and whose motto is Stick-in-the-Mud, tried to prevent the introduction of the Amended Beer Bill, on the ground that there was "no urgency" in the matter. His Lordship's appearance is so exactly that of a pious butler, that nobody was astonished at his dignified contempt for the "poor creature, small beer;" but other Lords thought that the demands of the people were always matter of urgency, and the bill was read a second time by 25 to 16, and has since been passed.

In the Commons, the Criminal Justice Bill, a measure intended to save accused parties from a long and demoralising imprisonment, was, of course, opposed by a lawyer, CHAMBERS, but read a third time; and the Charitable Trusts Bill, which is designed to keep charities out of Chancery, was also opposed, chiefly by lawyers, and had to be greatly mutilated in order to save any part of it. The Commons have passed what remains.

Tuesday. In the Lords, LORD CASINO, of Stick-in-the-Mud, above mentioned, actually came out again as an obstruction, and tried to prevent the introduction of the Limited Liabilities Bill, but was beaten by 38 to 14. On Thursday, LORD CAMPBELL tried to render the measure as useless as possible, by endeavouring to exclude "small companies" from its provisions, but this ridiculous attempt was successfully resisted.

The Lords passed the Turkish Loan Bill, LORD ST. LEONARDS having opposed it on the previous night, and that unfortunate word "solidariment" having again come under discussion. The LORD CHANCELLOR thus admits, that, according to our usual way of managing matters, England has got herself bound "jointly and severally," while France is bound "jointly" only; but CRANWORTH adds that "it's of no consequence." May be so, but we don't want a Toots for Chancellor, nor slovenly bunglers for treaty-makers.

In the Commons LORD JOHN RUSSELL took the opportunity of trying to put himself in a better position with the country, but had better have held his tongue. He talked about the expensive character of the War, about nothing having been done in the Baltic, and about dangers to the common cause in Asia, and about the propriety of accepting the last Austrian proposal. He complimented the Turkish plenipotentiary to Vienna as one of the "best informed men in Europe;" but, as Mr. Punch had the pleasure a short time ago, of

recording the interview between the Turk and the Whig, the nation will understand what LORD JOHN'S opinion on the subject is worth. Then he made a pathetic and sentimental harangue about the way in which civil and religious liberty is outraged in Italy, and much of what he said was very true; and, as the speech was merely an advertisement, in case the nation should happen to want a Liberal statesman of philanthropic tendencies, LORD JOHN will be good enough to send eighteen and sixpence to our Office in return for our thus copying it. LORD PALMERSTON laid it rather well into MR. GLADSTONE for his previous peace-mongering, after having helped to get us into war; and he summarily disposed of LORD JOHN'S twaddle by announcing that he should prosecute the War with the utmost vigour, and that the opinion of the Turks was of no consequence, as it was for France and England to say when enough had been done. He admitted the truth of the Italian picture, and on Friday night, when that well-meaning but weak-minded Roman Catholic, MR. BOWYER, essayed a defence of the Ecclesiastical Governments of Italy, PALMERSTON told him that the best thing he could do for his clients, was to hold his tongue. As regarded Austria, the PREMIER declared, rather significantly, that she might not fight for us; but he would guarantee her not fighting against us. By a curious coincidence, KOSSUTH happened at this very moment to be drinking the health of MAZZINI.

MR. VERNON SMITH, the King of India, brought forward his Budget in the Commons, and showed (rather reluctantly) that the East India Company has, for a set of City merchants, singularly mismanaged the splendid country entrusted to them. They are in debt to the amount of £2,600,000; a sham surplus has been previously exhibited, as a commercial dodge; their accounts are confused and mystifying; and there is no longer any hesitation in admitting that torture is employed in police and revenue cases. The decisions of their local courts were stated to be a mass of contradiction and folly; and, altogether, the affairs of India present the strongest conceivable case for administrative reform.

Wednesday. The Commons were engaged in working up the fag-ends of measures, and generally clearing away for the recess.

Thursday. Rather a day to be noted. There was a bill called the Leases of Settled Estates Bill, which some persons thought would enable SIR THOMAS WILSON to steal Hampstead Heath. The promoters of the bill said that this was not so, but there must have been some grounds for the suspicion, or the law officers of the Crown would not have introduced into the measure a new clause expressly pointed at TOMMY,

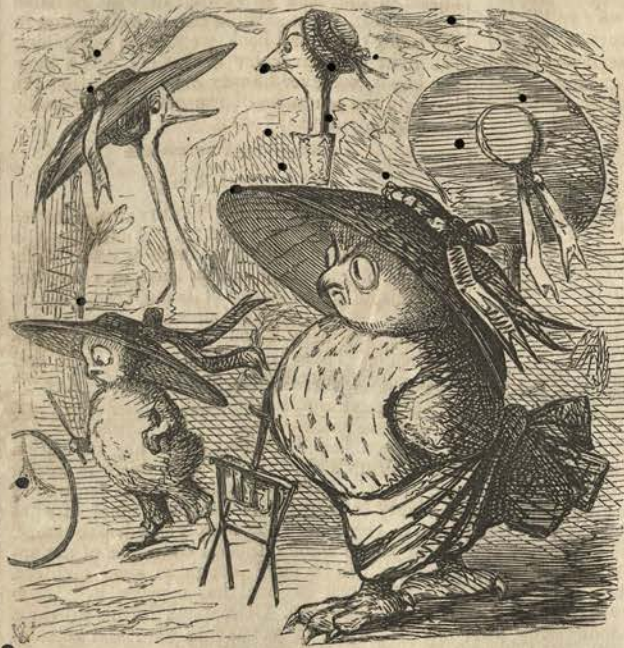
whose enclosing movements people have learned to regard with a remarkably vigilant eye. After much discussion on the subject, the Leases Bill was thrown over altogether in the Commons; so, whatever TOMMY'S powers may be, they have not been increased by anything done in Parliament this year. To *Mr. Punch's* solemn warnings, given some weeks ago, this lucky escape is due. He merely mentions it—not for applause—being in the habit of saving the country only about once a-week, while the *Tizer*, according to its own statements and those of its correspondents, savages the nation at least four times a-week, besides keeping its eye on the beer-barrel.

LORD PALMERSTON being asked, whether JOSEPH HUME was to have a statue, replied that he himself had made a speech in HUME'S honour, which PAM evidently considered quite as distinguished a tribute.

Friday. The LORD CHANCELLOR said he would bring in the TOMMY WILSON bill the very first thing next year, and the law Lords were pathetic about the rights of Lords of Manors. This shows what was in the wind.

The Commons did what they could, and having got through their own business, had to sit waiting for Bills from the Lords. *Mr. Punch*, happening to look in about half-past eight, told them they need not stay any longer, as it was a hot night; but they could come on the next day, Saturday, and finish off as much of their work as possible, which they did.

THE WORKING MAN'S GUIDE TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



The British Museum is open on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays gratuitously; however, you will practically be unable to avail yourself of its advantages without money. Its doors may be open to you three times a-week, but they cannot admit you more than twice in twelve months. Except on Easter Monday and Whit Monday, you are hard at work on every working day throughout the year; tinkering, tailoring, shoemaking, hammering, sawing, planing, chiselling, centre-bit-driving, rasping, filing, bricklaying, painting, plumbing-and-glazing, and so on, as the case may be. Therefore, if you want to see the British Museum you must, as *Iago* tells *Rodrigo*, put money in your purse. For, although you may see it at Easter and Whitsuntide, you will see only it. You will see

it, and nothing but it; deuce a bit of anything it contains. You will be surrounded by a dense crowd of people, who will make the place too hot to hold you in any comfort. Besides being squeezed and jostled, you will be stewed in a close reeking atmosphere. That atmosphere will contain a large quantity of carbonic acid gas and steam, which the multitude of men, women, and children that you are jammed in have breathed out of their lungs. The carbonic acid gas will stupefy you, and render you incapable of attending to the objects of art and natural history by which you are surrounded, even if now and then you succeed in forcing your way through the crowd so as to catch a glimpse of them.

It is not the circumstance of the people around you being working people that will make the place close and unpleasant. When the aristocracy are crammed together the nuisance is just as bad; and perhaps the worse for patchouli, and other things of the civet kind. The skin does not exhale any products the less for being washed with ROWLAND'S Kalydor, and if a dense mass of nobility were to keep breathing the same air, they would make themselves as mutually disagreeable, quite, as a body of the labouring classes similarly situated. This actually happens when they go to Court at St. James's Palace, where they are penned up together in a passage, and half stifle one another. Nobody can make any intellectual exertion when he is half-stifled. You, in that condition, will be unable to tell a lion from a leopard, or to distinguish the bones of an Ichthyosaurus from the skeleton of a Mammoth. What delight, or instruction either, will you derive from the Greek and Roman sculptures, and the Egyptian and Assyrian remains, you being in a state of semi-suffocation?

As aforesaid, then, put money in your purse. If you want to see the British Museum, make money. Put by your wages. Under the system of limited liability, perhaps you will be able to invest them so advantageously as to realise, in some years' time, an income sufficient for you to live upon without working. Then, it will be in your power to see the British Museum. You must not expect to see it before then. You might, to be sure, see it on Sundays, if you had a different sort of superior classes to legislate for you. You might inspect the leopards and the lions, the Ichthyosauri and the Mammoths, the Elgin marbles, the Egyptian antiquities, MR. LAYARD'S bulls, and all the other wonderful works of art and nature contained in the Museum, if the inspection of such objects on a Sunday were not a heinous sin, and if you were not blessed with pious and holy betters, who prevent you from committing that sin; a sin first

discovered by the Puritans of CROMWELL'S time, whose doctrine on this point we follow!

How much happier you are than the French! They have no kind Peers and Members of the House of Commons to restrain them from committing spiritual suicide by walking over the Louvre on a Sunday. On the contrary, their Government is so regardless of their true welfare, so indifferent to their highest interests, as to give them, by an act of despotic power, admittance to the Paris Industrial Exhibition on that holy day which your more benevolent and enlightened rulers, by constitutional means, endeavour to oblige you to devote to the serious contemplation of brick walls. How tender your superiors are for your souls! They really seem to love them more than their own. Witness the carriages to be seen on Sundays at the gate of the Zoological Gardens, and at the Star and Garter at Richmond. It is their determination that the working man shall never see the British Museum but on a working day. Of course that determination must be submitted to. Therefore, again, put money in your purse, in order that you may see the British Museum before you die on a working day, or you will never see it.

A THAMES' DITTY.

COME where your nose will quiver,
Down by the dirty river.
Bring not alone some *Eau de Cologne*,
But all the scents you own.
Perfume of sweetest roses
We need for our outraged noses,
When its odour the Thames discloses—
Such smells were never known.

Come just above the Tower,
Sit there for half-an-hour;
Bring not alone your *Eau de Cologne*,
But all the scents you own.
Sniff when the tide is flowing,
Sniff when the wind is blowing,
Sniff where the sewers are going
To add to Thames' filth their own.
Come, &c. &c.

THE PROGRESS OF CANT.

APPEALS in favour of all sorts of charitable institutions with pious pretensions are flying about the country by post, and in most of them may be noticed the following words:—"Owing to the failure of MESSRS. STRAHAN, PAUL, AND Co., we suffer loss."

"Birds of a feather flock together;"

and we cannot help feeling that in many instances Cant has been attracted by Cant, for several prospectuses we have seen are as thoroughly crammed with the verbiage of piety as the mouths of the peccant bankers were stuffed with the sort of phraseology that is usually but improperly supposed to denote religion. We seriously recommend to all really charitable institutions to abandon as soon as possible the practice of filling their circulars with bits from the Bible; for the public have been so nauseated by the pious frauds and religious humbugs which have recently been brought to light, that nineteen persons out of twenty consign at once to the waste-paper basket all documents in which texts are sprinkled about with most obtrusive irreverence.

Curious Phenomenon of Colours.

ACCORDING to the evidence adduced before the Adulteration Committee, it appears that pickles are coloured by copperas; the result being, that the more the pickles are done green, the more the purchasers thereof are done brown.

A DISGRACEFUL ABETTOR OF INTEMPERANCE.



to hear such has been the terrifying effect produced by the horrors of the Thames' Water, as exhibited at the Polytechnic, that several confirmed Teetotallers have given up the practice of water-drinking, and since taken, as a sanitary precaution, to the imbibing only of wine and ardent spirits. They defend themselves by saying, that if they are to be poisoned, they prefer the pleasanter poison of the two; and that, sooner than be reduced to the necessity of swallowing such impurities as have made the river their sewer-residence, they prefer the risk of all the headaches in the world. Thus the cause of Intemperance runs the danger of being drowned in a ditch, because there happens to be a scarcity of water that is drinkable.

It is our belief that Old Father Thames himself will soon become disgusted with the abominable filth in which he is condemned to wallow, just as if it were a sitz-bath of mud prescribed for his

health by some hydropathic doctor; and the chances are that the poor old gentleman will in time be compelled, in mere self-defence, to take to drinking. His urn, from which a limpid stream used once to flow, will be turned probably into a monster dram-bottle, or else you will see him lying stupified on one of his own banks with a barrel of XXX tucked under his arm, and the beer frothing freely from it. We should not be surprised to see a new spirituous compound advertised in his honour, under the name of "OLD FATHER THAMES," just as we have at present our "Old Tom," and which will be sold at all chemists, as the very best remedy for correcting the effects of the present abominable Thames' Water.

TUMBLE DOWN OF DOWNING STREET.

THIS locality has lately shown a disposition to sympathise with the system, and it has been expected that Official routine and Downing Street will go tumbling to the ground together. It is not strange that where the wildest confusion has prevailed the tenements in which it exists should have gone crazy. We quite coincide in the opinion of the proper authorities, that it is useless to attempt to patch up Downing Street any longer, and that a thorough reconstruction is the only remedy for the evils complained of. It is true that the French alliance has supplied a sort of cement for official use, but not even the plaster of Paris can any longer be available to keep the old system together. The quarters assigned to the ministers have been in such a dilapidated condition that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs was obliged to have his dinner dressed out of doors, and in LORD ABERDEEN'S time the PREMIER is said to have been indebted for the cooking of his goose to some of his colleagues. The Government offices have undergone a thorough taking down during the last session, and it is fortunate that they have done so, as if they had been permitted to stand in their old tottery condition till they fell, the effect would have been truly calamitous.

Psalmody in A Minor.

THERE is a class of people commonly called psalm-singers, not because they are accustomed to sing the compositions of the Hebrew Monarch in a decent manner, but by reason of being addicted to the droning of a melancholy sort of devotional doggerel through the nose. It is said that the relaxation of the Sunday Beer Bill has caused these psalm-singers to sing very small.

MONSTERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

Now that the Sea Serpent has gone down—by the way, it is very doubtful whether it ever came up,—an attempt is being made to introduce a rival in the shape of a Sea Devil to the gobemouche part of the community. This very odd fish is described in terms that completely take the wind out of the sails of everyone who would run it down as "very like a whale;" and, indeed, the account is almost sufficient to stop the voice of the caviller, by knocking all the breath—figuratively of course—clean out of his body. The Sea Devil is said to have a mouth two-and-twenty feet in extent, which may be supposed to leave a very wide opening for conjecture, on the part of those who are distinguished for their capacity to swallow anything or everything that is submitted to their notice by the medium of what are called "crammers." A mouth of such dimensions must form a very important feature, and, indeed, a solitary feature, for there can be little room for any other, as neither nose nor eyes can be said to "have it" in the neighbourhood of a mouth so extensive, that it can gulp down a human being entire without the slightest necessity for any division.

The report adds, that the Sea Devil can "swallow a man with ease," but we should very much doubt the "ease" of the operation, if the feelings of the victim are to be considered. If the Sea Devil really exists as described, we would give the creature credit, not only for swallowing a single individual at a mouthful, but we should not be surprised to hear, that he had gobbled up BARCLAY, PERKINS, MEUX, COMBE, DELAFIELD, and their respective Co's.—Entire. We congratulate the intelligent penny-a-liner, who has made a discovery which will replace the enormous cabbage, and other vegetable curiosities upon which the paragraph-mongers have lived so long that the cabbage and the pen may be said to have been equally worn to the stump in the process of reiterated description. The Sea Devil is, for the moment, something new, and as the head is said to form a crescent, we may expect to find, as the subject of future paragraphs, an accurate account of the houses built on the crescent, and the people by whom they are inhabited.

NOTICE OF MOTION.—Early next session, MR. SCHOLEFIELD to move for a Committee to inquire into the adulteration of materials that deteriorate Members of Parliament.

HOW "PUNCH" IS TREATED IN RUSSIA.

JAMES CARR, an English workman, has written a brief but very intelligent account of his sojourn in the interior of Russia. English newspapers are circulated with blank columns; "and so expert are they," says our workman, "that they, (i. e., the Russians,) can completely erase the print on one side without injury to the other." The writer supposes that this must be done with sand-paper, or something similar! Happy JOHN BRIGHT, he is so very clearly Russian that no particle of sand is applied to him. It is other wise with poor Punch; for, says our travelled English workman:—

I have seen Punch so much disfigured, that the owner has not had as much reading left as the breadth of his hand for his money.

That the Russians can so cleverly deal with facts that they can erase "all one side of them" to their own advantage, has been again and again shown; and never more clearly than in the Muscovite version of the Hango Massacre. For Mr. Punch's own part, he cares little for the application of the process of erasure; for he has this best and sweetest consolation, that no matter how much Russian sand-paper may be bestowed upon him, no quantity soever of such scouring can ever make him—BRIGHT!

Red Coats in Court.

Inter arma silent leges. Not so, says LORD CAMPBELL. He likes to see red coats in a court of justice; "his nerves are strong enough to bear the sight of them, and he hopes he shall not discharge his duty with less comfort because of their presence." There is an old circuit toast, "the glorious uncertainty of the law." Now red coats in court will give a deeper significance to this toast; for contrasting with the black of the bar, they may further illustrate the uncertainty of rouge-et-noir.

SCENES IN THE FESTIVE CIRCLE!—SIGNOR INSOMNUS (the well-known Tumbler), gives notice, that he has again joined the Festive Circle, in which he has so often figured, and is happy to state that, during the Crab and Lobster Season, he will as usual go through his daring Evolutions on the celebrated WILD STEED OF THE PAMPER, known all over the world as the Furious Nightmare.—N.B. For terms, inquire at all Supper-Houses.

THE HEAD AT THE BANQUET.

SCENE.—*The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner at Greenwich. The Company very merry: Mr. Punch rises through the Epergne, and bespeaks the guests.*

HERE'S crispness to your Whitebait and savour to your Punch!
You know me by my bright pate, small legs, and double hunch.
You're familiar with *Macbeth's* head, that foretells the Thane's bad end,
And the Egyptian death's-head—that grim good-natured friend,
To diners in their glory, at Thebes and Memphis old,
Which as *memento mori*, unpleasant truths out-told.
So *Punch*, your weekly Mentor the dreary session through,
From this jovial circle's centre has a few last words for you.
For jaunty *PAM*, and warlike *PAN*, for *LANSDOWNE* wise and old:
For you, my gallant youngsters, *ARGYLE* and *GRANVILLE* bold—
GREY, *CLARENDON*, and *LEWIS*—*MOLESWORTH* in place at last:
For you, men of the future—for you, men of the past.
For the last time the Lords' Order has to the wall been thrust,
To the wrath of my *LORD REDESDALE* and my *LORD GREY's* disgust.
From the pocket of *JOHN BULL*—that milch-cow that ne'er goes dry,—
You have wrung, with dexterous squeeze, some more runnings of supply.
The last Bill has been rattled through at twenty knots an hour,
Knots—each of which ere Easter had cost weeks of talking power.
With their *maximum* of committees and their *minimum* of debate,
The concluding month of work crowns the previous five of prate.
Now M.P.'s about their business of pleasure have been sent;
Parler and *mentir* join no more to make up Parliament.
The time of words is at an end, the time of deeds begun:
There is a pause from making laws to getting work well done.
Let me warn you of last winter, of the fate of *ABERDEEN*;
Be blind like him, your lot will be what his sad lot has been.
Think that England has borne once what she will not bear again,
Her gallant soldiers perishing, in hunger, cold, and pain.

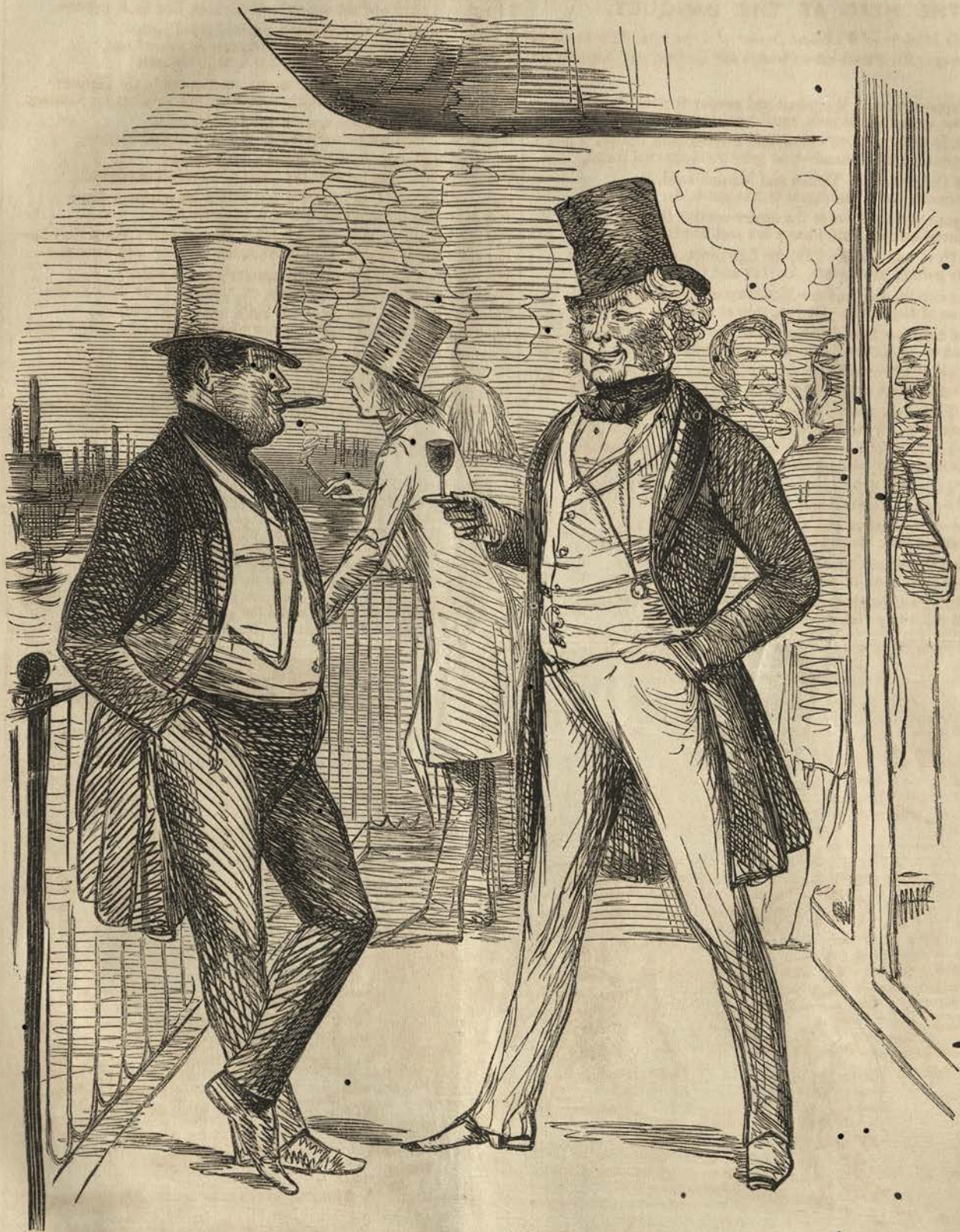
While ministers were resting or running to and fro,
To bath and moor and lecture-room—that host, like snow in snow,
Melted from off the hill-sides, and England stood aghast,
Helpless to meet the cry for help that came on every blast,
Yet willing, as she was, and is, and will be to the last.
That cry, this winter, will raise more than motions in the House:
The mountain may breed earthquakes, when you look but for a mouse.
Look to it, merry ministers, a distant thunder rolls,
Where bolts may not be conjured by points or protocols.
The devil is abroad—to work out the devil's plan;
Though in your eyes he wear the guise of a perfect gentleman.
He must be chain'd, and fetter'd fast within his northern den—
This is no play for lordlings, but it is work for men.
The right hands must be found for this, though horny hands they be—
The right words must be used for this, though they lack courtesie.
The country's heart is great, the country's eye is wide—
Obey you what that heart suggests, go where that eye doth guide.
The wind is sow'd—you deem'd it but a petty eddy's sweep:
Look out such gear as they must use who the whirlwind have to reap.
Rise to the pressure of your needs—the measure of your cause:
Be what those should be who assert great God's eternal laws.
If in those laws' assertion Europe turn to one vast pyre,
Let the flame rage:—the God that lights, doth he not guide the fire?

The Russian Orator.

THE *Invalide Russe* and the *Journal de St. Petersburg* have gained a great accession of literary talent in the articles of a new contributor. That individual is the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, late CHANCELLOR OF HER MAJESTY'S EXCHEQUER, whose speeches in Parliament in behalf of the Russian cause will be published in those journals, and will powerfully tend to animate the subjects of the CZAR against the Allies. We are not prepared to state, what the Right Hon. Gentleman will get by his contributions to the Russian papers; but we trust that the University of Oxford will give him the sack.



Daily Little Boys. "CHUCK US DOWN A COPPER OR A BIT O' CABINET Pudding, MY NOBLE SWELLS."



THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER.—IN VINO VERITAS.

Pam. (to *L-rd Pam-re*). "I SHAY, OLE FELLAH!—WHAT A JOLLY LOT OF HUMBUGS WE ARE!"

CHURCHYARD CLAY.



It is not enough that Churchman and Dissenter, lying in the churchyard, should have become so much clay—they must have a barrier of clay between them. Bishops do fight for bricks! Hence, LORD EBRINGTON, who just now seems to have quite a rash of liberality broken out upon him, proposed a clause in the Burials' Bill, "providing that it should not be necessary for the burial-ground of any parish to do more than prove that a regular line of demarcation had been made between the parts intended for the interment of members of the Church of England and others." Bishops, it seemed, require walls to separate the dead of the Established Church from the Dissenting deceased.

There is great conservative power in burnt bricks: and, the established and dissenting dead will sleep the more soundly until the last day, if kept in peace and quietness by the handwork of the bricklayer! LORD EBRINGTON, however, lost his motion; and the Bishops take their triumphant stand upon a brick wall. The question, nevertheless, remains unsettled, as to the depth of the foundation of the wall. If it be not sufficiently deep to separate the sleepers, some of them sleeping six, eight, nay ten feet deep in the earth—it can have no conservative effect; the dead, according to the Christian meaning of the act, must be kept "them-

selves to themselves," by a deep foundation of brick, or the wall is a delusion; a mere flam of burnt clay, in no manner carrying out the purposes of Christianity.

MR. W. J. FOX spoke against any wall soever: a wall would be "unseemly in the extreme!" But this it is to be a liberal! When how much real piety would not only have a wall between the established dead and the dead dissenting, but a wall surmounted by a stout, strong *chevaux-de-frise*?

SIR GEORGE GREY gave assuring comfort to certain members, pained by certain doubts. There was no fear that the dead would be otherwise than piously interred. For "if clergymen buried the dead in unconsecrated ground, they violated the feelings of the members of the Church of England, and"—and this is a penalty—"and deprived themselves of their fees;" a deprivation hardly to be thought of. That earth is only consecrated that yields money; it is no Christian burial-ground, unless it also partakes of the qualities of gold and silver mines.

Now, if there must be lines of demarcation, why not mark them in lines of flowers? Why not let the final bed of the Churchman and the bed of the Dissenters be separated by a bed of heartsease; a line of forget-me-nots; a strip of amaranth? And here and there the herb of grace?

But no, as the bill has passed, the Bishops may insist upon a wall—so much toleration in burnt clay. The Germans have a good name for a churchyard; *Gottesacker*—God's field! A field that, according to the episcopal opinion, must bear a standing crop of bricks.

The Hyde Park Report.

MR. SUPERINTENDENT HUGHES has obtained "a long day:" the report of the evidence on LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR's riots will not be ready, it is said before October. In the meantime, should the Kaffirs revolt, it is suggested that MR. HUGHES should be sent out with his staff to put them down.

THE LAUREATE'S VIEW OF WAR.

TENNYSON, you are an eminent bard; there is none of more note;
 You have sung some capital staves; for example, your Bugle Song,
 Out of numerous noble lines which I wish I had room to quote.
 But I think that some of your views propounded in *Maud* are wrong.
 I shouldn't object to War for "shaking a hundred thrones,"
 Provided it left that one at Buckingham Palace firm.
 But I hate and detest it, because of its breaking brave men's bones,
 And rendering many true hearts of heroes a meal for the worm.
 I cannot agree with you, that War is better than Peace,
 Because in Peace time men lie, and rob, and cozen and cheat.
 They will bam and bite the more as the Tax-man shears their fleece;
 For nothing makes people thieve like the want of enough to eat.
 Your "smoothfaced snubnosed rogue" has a large per-centage to pay
 On the gains of his fraudulent trade; that's the worst of the War to him.
 Were a shell to burst in his shop, do you think he would not run
 away
 As fast as he possibly could, out of danger of life and limb?
 But suppose such a snob could be, by the pressure of War's distress,
 Compell'd, or induced, to chouse in a somewhat minor degree,
 And suppose he turn'd out with a stick if the Russians were off
 Sheerness,
 Would that be worth the blood that we shed by land and sea?
 Imagine your stomach pierced with the lance or bayonet's point;
 Just fancy your own inside with the bombshell's fragments torn,
 Or a Minié bullet lodged in the middle of your knee-joint,
 And a wooden leg, if you live, for the rest of your life to be worn.
 Beyond some, albeit, of course, how many years no one knows,
 The War cannot last; what then? When the hurlyburly's o'er
 Will the knaves not continue to swindle, do you suppose,
 And adulterate food and physic as much as they did before?
 Better torment and death in the glorious field to brave,
 Than to run the risk of both, submitting to certain shame,
 Better the sabre-gash than the stripe that scores the slave.
 That is all I can find to say for carnage, rapine, and flame.

A nation that suffers war might suffer a great deal worse,
 It is worse to crouch, and crawl, and be tongue-tied, than to fight.
 A choice of the smaller evil, to either side a curse,
 War is murder upon the wrong, execution upon the right.
 I do not compare the British Grenadier to a sordid wretch
 For a suit of clothes and a guinea who chokes out another's breath;
 I esteem that gallant hero as a quite sublime JACK KETCH,
 Who risks his own precious life in putting villains to death.
 But I grudge that brave man's blood; I think it a grievous thing
 That in sweeping off vile Cossacks a drop of it should be lost;
 I wish they could be destroy'd, as the felons at Newgate swing,
 Machinery and rope comprehending all the cost.
 But the misereants are too strong, and battle alone remains,
 The means of ridding the world of the CZAR's enormous gang,
 And we are obliged to open our purses and our veins,
 To put the criminals down, whom we cannot contrive to hang.
 I abhor this War as much as I should a plague or a blight,
 I wish the loss of life and enormous expense might cease,
 But the more with dogged rage for that very cause would fight
 In hatred of horrible War, and the hope to conquer Peace.

A Bone to Pick with Lord John.

THERE appeared the other day in one of the papers a letter headed with the words "LORD JOHN'S last stake." We do not think the public care any more about LORD JOHN'S last stake, than they do about his Lordship's last chop, which indeed can scarcely be called his last, for he is just as likely as the wind itself to chop again, if an opportunity offers. We cannot speculate as to the last chop of LORD JOHN, but that he is by no means first chop has for some time been glaringly evident.

THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH.

WE hear that this vehicle has been valued by the City appraiser, previously to its being offered for sale. We are not at liberty to state the amount of the valuation, but may be allowed to repeat the report, that the fleas—descended from WHITTINGTON'S cat—will be found to be worth half the money.



"You'm no call to laugh, young man. My complexion's as much a object to me as the first Lady of the Land's is hern."

WHY SHE COULD NOT SMILE, DEAR MOTHER.

I CANNOT smile, dear Mother,
And I know my look provokes
My father, and my brother,
When they've made their little jokes.
I heard the hint at "physic,"
I heard the whisper, "bile"—
As we came away from Chiswick—
But alas, I cannot smile.

Yet do not let them chide me,
O, do not wrong your girl—
True, he was not beside me,
And my hair was out of curl.
But the reason was far other,
For my sadness on our trip;
I could not smile, dear Mother,
For my cold has crack'd my lip.

The Progress of Russia.

MR. GLADSTONE pities the boastful effrontery of England, that hopes to check the onward march of Russia. On she must come; and our hundred millions a-year are only so many millions turned into ducks and drakes. DR. CUMMING is of the same opinion. He prophesies that "Russia will, sooner or later, possess the Mediterranean, seize Palestine, and on its plains finally perish amid the judgments of Heaven." MR. GLADSTONE does not go as far as the doctor. He allows that Russia must, despite of us, get as far as the Mediterranean; but—judgment postponed.

RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

How RABELAIS went back to the Palace of Sound, and how the people therein did hold April Fools' day every day in the Season, likewise of the gigantic Roe that butted everybody.

OUR ship, such as it was, progressed gallantly through the dead cats and dogs, the sewers, the gas and tan, the suicides, old kettles, lamp-leavings, bottles, tripe-cuttings, decomposed fish, condemned meat, and the like delicacies, whereof this wondrous river doth consist, back again to the great Palace of Sound. In the which palace people did seem to me to grow more insane than ever; and, sooth to confess, had I one hundred mouths, two tongues to each, a voice of iron, a heart of steel, lungs of leather, and the heads of all the asses that go to a cabinet, yet I never could give you even a fifth part of the nonsense I witnessed in the great Palace of Sound.

For, no sooner had the great and famous Cat NIMRODUS, sat down, than another frightful but brave beast got up. And this was the gallant Roe, who with his horns did buck, and poke, and butt, and gore the same animals which the great Cat had just scratched so handsomely. And he did say, that all the asses ought to be turned out, as unworthy to consort with the nobler beasts, and that the first thing was to find out who the asses were.

But as he that doeth wrong careth little for publicity thereupon, as he that knoweth himself an ass writeth not down his title, so did our worthy Long-Ears stick to their thistles, and prefer their own stable to the public air. But they did bray in vain, for that the Roe, albeit he was but weak in frame, did so lay about him, that they did jump about from one thing to another, braying, lying, trifling, fiddling, playing at a game called amendments, moving for nothing and getting the supplies, losing their temper, sucking oranges, biting their lips or their fingers, playing at pitch and toss with soldiers, defending those who had nothing to say for themselves, turning asses into horses, making moons out of green Stiltons, fancying people believed in them; and so did they divert themselves and the nation with all manner of *Jacks in the Green*, sham fights over which the great Bottleholder did preside (and which were always sold or crossed), jumping into *sacks* (for that many were forced to go out), *duck and drake* with the people's money, shooting the long bow about public services, making dirt pies out of other people's honesty—all the which some did assure me, was because in the great Palace of Sound, the First of April did last all the season round, for the which reason they did seek to provide amusement for themselves and the people—especially as they were right well paid for their performance.

And there was a something or other named *Whom-to-Hang*, the which did indite, write, and scribble certain rubbish to show that the

herd of asses and merry jesters were perfectly right, sound of wind and intellect, and that a *de lunatico* was not required. And the Great Bridlegoose did very aptly and fitly condemn the same *Whom-to-Hang*, for that he was a greater ass than his brethren he sought to defend—for that, being nobody, he had no feelings for men; for that, being an anonymous scribbler, he had blurred, dirtied, spoilt, and wasted good wholesome paper, which might have been better used than in spelling out the ungrammatical and illogical brayings of an ass.

And so the row went on, and the asses brayed, and the geese stood on one leg, some with garters curiously devised, and everybody defended everybody. But it was of no use, for the great Roe did so buck and butt that the great Bull came to his help; and these same will, it is devoutly in all honour to be prayed, prove that,—when heaven rains larks, cathedral commissions are not fed on extra bishopries, income taxes are repealed, and the great flunkey JEAMES speaks the truth or the GLADSTONE a word of sense, or when any other impossibility comes to pass—the great and dangerous Roe will buck to some purpose, and the asses will be ashamed of their own ears, and put up with a "people's allowance" of their own thistles.

ROMAN DUCKS AND GEESE.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* says:—

"I observe the Papal journals of Italy are continually spreading false reports about the Sardinian forces in the Crimea. Sometimes they are beaten by the Russians, and at others decimated by cholera. Such falsehoods indicate the spirit of Papal priestcraft, which of necessity sympathises even with orthodox Russia, rather than with constitutional freedom."

The POPE is always complaining of annoyances which "grieve his paternal heart." One of them, perhaps, is the habit indulged in by his children upon the Italian Press, of telling lies in his interest. It seems that Papal *canards* are not confined to Loretto flying-houses and Rimini winking statues. Of course, these "canards," or ducks of Popery, find some geese who believe them.

"Messrs. Bright and Co." translated.

"MESSRS. BRIGHT AND Co"—writes the intelligent author of the article in *Blackwood* on Russia—are very popular with the bigoted national party. Their speeches are translated, and they are exhibited "as the only true expositors of the feelings of the majority of the people of England." In answer to this, *Mr. Punch* begs to assure the people of Russia, that JOHN BULL disclaims all and every connection with JOHN BRIGHT, alias JOHN MUSCOBRIGHT.

IRISH FREAKS OF NATURE.



THE *Morning Post* contains an account of the LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND'S late visit to DR. MONTGOMERY'S museum at SIR PATRICK DUN'S hospital, Dublin, and after describing various anatomical curiosities exhibited there to the noble Lord, proceeds to mention that—

"Another series of preparations was then shown, to illustrate the rather startling fact that the integrity of the brain is not, under all circumstances, essential to the discharge of the ordinary functions of life, and that injury done to the brain is not so likely to interfere with those functions as it is supposed. Amongst other cases brought under notice was that of a child who had no brain,

and yet lived for ten days, performing every function of life as well as children of that age usually do; and one of a child having its brain external to the skull."

The latter of these infant prodigies was a thoroughly Irish baby. It presents an analogy to *Iago's* idea of wearing the heart on the sleeve, for daws, or other birds of prey to peck at; but the former suggests comparisons of more practical interest. The brainless infant that performed every function of life as well as other children of the same age, affords proof that a certain instinctive capacity for routine can exist independently of brain. Everybody knew that such a faculty might be compatible with very little brain, but few were aware that it could be exercised irrespectively of any brain at all. It may be questioned by some people whether

this child, had it grown up to man's estate without brains, might not have been as dexterous in the manipulation of Red Tape and as well adapted to that employment as most of the officials in Downing Street. Of course the routine of functions performed during the first ten days of life is very simple, and with the exception of squalling, which requires lungs and larynx, demands no organisation superior to that of an oyster. As more than ten days generally elapse before babies begin to "take notice," it is not likely that this one differed from the majority by exhibiting any more than the average intelligence of that mollusc.

JUSTICE UNJUSTLY TREATED.

THE time of Parliament has been occupied on a measure bearing the name of the Criminal Justice Bill. What is the meaning of Criminal Justice? If it is Justice, it is surely not Criminal; and if it is Criminal, it is undoubtedly anything but Justice. We think all the judges of the land should meet together with all the magistrates and demand an inquiry into the application of the epithet Criminal to the word Justice. If there is any Justice who ought to be called Criminal let his crime be brought to light, and let the Justice be brought to Justice, that is to say, let him be brought to himself, at the earliest opportunity. Until this point is settled there is not a Justice from the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the Queen's Bench, to the humblest Justice of the Peace, who will not feel the peace of the Justice disturbed by the imputation alluded to.

Delicate Attention of the King of Naples.

WE learn that on the occasion of the visit of the KING OF PORTUGAL to Naples, all the beggars were put in prison. Very delicate this of the much-abused KING OF NAPLES. Knowing how much beggary had been brought upon families by Portuguese Bonds, his Majesty of Naples would not awaken unpleasant memories in the sensitive bosom of Portugal's sovereign.

MR. GLADSTONE'S PEACE SONG.

HEAR, Europe, and especially hear, Russia, what I say!
An honourable chance of peace England has thrown away.
Hear me proclaim my countrymen the foes of all mankind,
Pig-headed, proud, vindictive, greedy, quarrelsome, and blind.

It is not you, my Russian friends, that now the war prolong,
It is the English and the French, and they are in the wrong;
Reverses too, yes, that's the word, reverses they have met
In the Crimea; and will meet with worse reverses yet.

The Government of Britain is by far the more to blame,
'Tis dragging the French after it to play a desperate game,
And sink down, down, for ever, into Ruin's dark abyss,
Defeated and dishonour'd, 'mid a European hiss.

Ho, Russia, holy Russia! who thy warlike hosts can count?
Thy destiny it is to rule supreme and paramount,
Go forth and conquer, mighty CZAR, for strong is thy right hand,
Woe to the Anglo-Saxon slaves if thee they still withstand!

They for an abstract shadow fight—the freedom of the world—
Thou in Religion's sacred name thy war-flag hast unfurl'd:
Against the Champion of the Church all human arms are weak.
The Church: I mean the Roman Church, and also mean the Greek.

Thy warriors are a martyr-band whose progress nought can stop:
They march—not certain miles a day—they'll march until they drop:
Insensible are they of pain; incapable of fear.
What chance is there against them for the British Grenadier?

The people all are patriots; they'll spend their last coopeck,
That thou mayst place thy conquering foot on prostrate England's neck.

They from no sacrifice will shrink, for no privation care,
A few more taxes will exceed what Englishmen can bear.

Snap, then, thy fingers at thy foes, thou nothing hast to fear;
Thy triumph is assured if thou wilt only persevere:
And that thou wilt, for thou art firm as well as good and wise,
And overthrow thine enemies, and smite the blind Allies.

Before them is the winter: where they are they must remain,
And there they'll have to undergo another cold campaign:
The British troops again will want, again will starve and rot,
Although we peaceful Peelites in the Cabinet are not.

Oh, that the horrors they endured had, as I hoped they would,
Our people taught that to contend with Russia was not good!
We did our best to teach them that—our best are doing now:
These are the sentiments I own: this purpose I avow!

I am thankful for the liberty accorded to my tongue,
And patience which the House has shown throughout the song I've sung;
And Oxford will another time return me—I'm in hopes—
To do the business of the CZAR, and also do the POPE'S.

FROM CREMORNE TO THE CRIMEA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, under the signature of N. R., has suggested that, in order to make plans of the interior defences of Sebastopol, and surveys of the neighbourhood up to Simpheropol, a "veteran aeronaut" should be engaged, and sent out to the Crimea with his balloon. N. R. points out that the balloon might be sent up on a calm day, out of range of the enemy's rifle shot, and retained in its position by a long wire cord and a windlass, when an engineer with his "spy-glass" and other appliances could accomplish the desired object. This really seems to be a very feasible proposition, and accordingly we have the strongest reason for expecting that it will not be attended to.

PHYSIC FOR THE PHARISEES.

THE amended Sunday Act relative to public-houses is very distasteful to the Sabbatarians; who, notwithstanding, or rather in consequence of its mitigated severity, consider it, seriously, a Bitter Beer-Bill.

CHILD'S GEOGRAPHY.—Yes, my little dears, it's true—the railways in India are mostly called "Trunk-lines," because they carry the Elephants and their luggage.

CLOSE OF THE SESSION: POLITICAL MOVEMENTS.—Yesterday, LORD JOHN RUSSELL left town for—Chaos. No time is stated for his return.



Young Sholomunsh. (to Young SNOBLEY, who is attired in his very best), "Now, Sir! LET ME SELL YOU A NISH SHIRT OF CLOSE, MAKE YER GOOD ALLOWANCE FOR THE OLD UNS YER 'VE GOT ON!" [SNOBLEY'S feelings may be imagined.]

"GEROPIGA."

(Bacchanalian Song, No. 1.—AIR, from Der Freischütz.)

DRINK, drink, bumper on bumper pour;
This is wine, and something more;
That fact there's no blinking.
Grape-juice, brandy, sugar brown,
Elderberries—toss it down!
'Tis "geropiga" we're drinking.

Wine, wine, what people call Port wine,
Is the product of the vine
In a scanty measure.
Logwood gives it ruby hue,
And it smacks of catechu,
Headache will succeed our pleasure!

(Bacchanalian Song No. 2.—AIR notorious.)

A glass of "geropiga" fill, fill for me,
Give those who can get it Port wine;
But whatever our liquor it brandied must be,
There is no chance of French or of Rhine,
And here while strong alcohol flares in the eye,
And man's queerest feelings possess him,
Here's the health of the sage who would Claret deny,
Here's SIR EMERSON TENNENT—and bless him!

SHALL JOSEPH HUME HAVE A STATUE?

MR. WILLIAMS, member for Lambeth, has just put this timely question to the PRIME MINISTER, and his Lordship, by his manner of answer, would imply that the Government only need a little gentle pressure on the matter. The old woman who lives in the Lane of Shoe asks, "What right has JOSEPH HUME for a place among the worthies of Westminster Hall?" Anyway, the right of exception; for exception, that ordinarily proves the rule, in JOSEPH'S case proves the triumph of the Rule of Three. HUME has richly earned his statue. Let twopence in the pound, for every pound saved by HUME to the country, be taken towards the cost of the statue, and we might have a statue, not of marble, but of gold.

A VOICE FROM HOUNSDITCH.

HOUNSDITCH has its feelings, Petticoat Lane is sensitive as the polished mirror to the breath of calumny, and Rag Fair is ready to faint at the slightest imputation on its character. Somebody happened to hint the other day, that the display of pocket-handkerchiefs in Petticoat Lane might possibly include a few that had left the pockets of their owners in an unlawful manner, when a body of Jews rushed sorrowfully forth from the East to the West, and proclaimed in touching language their scorn of a dirty action—of a doubtful pocket handkerchief. If the deputation of Hebrews is to be believed, there is not the smallest transaction in Petticoat Lane which is not conducted on the highest principle of integrity. Every article is scrupulously traced in its course from the manufactory to the Judaical door-post where it is exposed for sale, and there is not a Bandanna admitted into the pure precincts of Rag Fair without an elaborate pedigree. Of course there is no possibility that a handkerchief should be described as got by Lightfinger out of Pocket, and it is the general presumption of the Jewish tradesmen that every little urchin who produces some "half-dozen best Indian, worth 5s. 6d. each," which he is ready to dispose of at sixpence a-piece, is only some eccentric juvenile who is desirous of reducing his pocket-handkerchief establishment, which he has of course formed in a purely legitimate manner.

We confess that we cannot expect society to sympathise very deeply with Hounds in the distress it professes to feel at the imputations lately thrown upon its commercial character.

Drunkenness at Bow Street.

ON Thursday, a German appears before MR. HALL, at Bow Street:

"MR. HALL. Were you sober?"

"GERMAN. Certainly."

"MR. HALL. Ha! That accounts for it; if you had been an Englishman, you would have been drunk to a certainty."

Is MR. HALL an Englishman? If so, then according to MR. HALL—MR. HALL must have been "drunk to a certainty."

DISCUSSION ON DR. WATTS.

AN interesting literary question has arisen in consequence of the following lines having been quoted in the *Times* from DR. WATTS, with a passing remark on their somewhat ungrammatical character:—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to."

A MR. or MRS. A. L. COPE, of Peckham, has addressed a letter to our leading contemporary, stating the belief that the lines were written by DR. WATTS thus:—

"Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too."

the line about the dogs commencing the verse, which consists of four lines; the second line concluding with the word "so." Now, certainly, this is the ordinary modern reading, and it is true that the writer in the *Times* has put the dogs in the place of the bears and lions; but our impression is, that in the early editions of DR. WATTS'S poetry, at least in those familiar to us in early years, the last line of the verse stood precisely as it was cited in the *Times*:—

"For 'tis their nature to."

Besides, by the substitution of "too" for "to," DR. WATTS is only exonerated from the charge of having committed one blunder, by being represented to have perpetrated another. "Too" cannot be brought to rhyme with "so," except by the pronunciation of "so" as "soo." In no dialect with which we are acquainted, has the adverb in question any such sound; whereas, in that of some dissenting ministers, the other adverb, "to," is homophonous with the noun-substantive "toe;" and the circumstance that DR. WATTS was a Nonconformist Divine, may seem to favour the supposition that "to," pronounced as a perfect rhyme with "so," is the correct reading.

QUERY—TO BUILDERS AND OTHERS.

ARE the Ceilings of the cells of Anchorites, do you think, hermitically sealed?



"NOW, YOUNG 'UN! JUST GIVE MY WELLINGTONS A GOOD POLISH, COS I LIKES TO GO TO BUSINESS RESPECTABLE IN THE MORNING!"

THE WORKMAN'S PROMENADE CONCERT.

On the evening of Sunday how pleasant to stray
In Kensington Gardens, and hear the band play,
With my leisure amused, and my feelings refined,
And with tranquil enjoyment elated in mind!

At that time, on that day, I shall seldom be seen,
With my pipe and my pot on the public-house green,
I shall not very often spend that afternoon
In continual exertions to fill a spittoon.

But what shall I do when the summer is o'er,
And the band will perform in those Gardens no more?
When church hours are finish'd why should these not be
Sunday concerts on purpose for people like me?

Let the music be sacred, and sacred I call,
Not parochial psalm-tunes, but good music all,
Such as quiets the troubled, and cheers the distressed,
And on Sunday would set a chap's spirit at rest.

I feel, when I hear certain pieces and airs,
Just the same as I should in attending to prayers;
And think time so employ'd is almost as well spent
As it would be in hearing a Reverend Gent.

But music's expensive, mayhap some will say,
And you'll have the piper on Sunday to pay;
That scruple on my mind weighs not in the least;
Why not pay the Piper as well as the Priest?

And even supposing I paid to go in,
Can any man look upon that as a sin,
Any more than what church-goers frequently do,
Namely, giving a bob for a place in a pew.

It will come in good time; and I hope that the move
In the right way now made a beginning will prove,
It is a concession—keep rolling the ball—
And let us give thanks to SIR BENJAMIN HALL.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

August 12, Saturday. (St. Grouse). The Lords deplord that the Commons had mutilated the Charitable Trusts Bill, but their Lordships vanquished their grief sufficiently to assent to the mutilations. The Limited Liability Bill, which had been a good deal altered by the Lords, was then passed. LORD LANSDOWNE, (as a Member of the Government) tendered his thanks to the Peers for the amendments they had been kind enough to introduce. A few minutes later, the Bill was carried down to the Commons, where LORD PALMERSTON, (as another Member of the Government) said that the amendments were very objectionable, but that it would be better to accept them than risk the loss of the measure. After this pleasing instance of Cabinet unanimity, both Houses adjourned, the Lords until Monday, the Commons until Tuesday.

Monday. The Law Lords expressed a great deal of wrath at the way in which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL had spoken of their free-and-easy manner of hearing appeals. They vindicated themselves from the charge of being a Court of *terminer sans oyer*, asserting that they very often listened to what was going on, that sometimes one of them told another what had been done in his absence; but the best defence was, that counsel said the same thing over and over again so often, that anybody, who would look in and remain for any reasonable time, must know enough to enable him to decide the case.

LORD CAMPBELL expressed his particular desire that soldiers might be allowed to attend in the Assize Courts, and the Chancellor added, that he had once let in some soldiers at Chester, and that they were most quiet and attentive auditors. All this was the merest clap-trap, a spring which JOHN LORD CAMPBELL is thought to be always ready to set. He added some utter nonsense to the effect, that "the connection between the judicial bench and the military was more intimate than was imagined by some persons." Very intimate of course. The soldier puts powder in his gun, and the judge in his wig; the soldier kills people by shooting them, the judge by hanging them; both have serjeants constantly before their eyes; the judge is a judge of assize, and the soldier is a man of a size too, and often a good size; the soldier charges a fee, and the judge charges a jury; and in short they are as alike as possible, and LORD CAMPBELL deserves great credit for enlightening the nation as to the interesting fact.

Tuesday. The Commons met, to be ready to receive their dismissal. SIR DE LACY EVANS made very good use of the interval by a speech upon the conduct of the War. He showed that the Army ought to be strengthened, and how; and especially recommended the employment of a Polish Legion, and the bringing a portion of our Indian forces to the scene of war. LORD PALMERSTON reiterated his pledge that the War should be carried on vigorously.

The Black Rod was then held up, and the Commons scuttled away, and up the long passage, into the House of Lords, where

The *coup-de-grace* was given to about as useless a Session as the annals of our legislature record. HER MAJESTY, as Mr. Punch intimated would be the case, stayed away, but sent the CHANCELLOR, ARGYLL, HARROWBY, GRANVILLE, and STANLEY, of Alderley, to get rid of the Parliament. This they did in rather a neat speech, in which the nation was not insulted by any particularly bad grammar, and in which the small achievements of the Session were dwelt upon with considerable fluency of commonplace. The War paragraph is, however, worthy of being lifted out of the limbo of oblivion, in which most speeches, royal and popular, are deservedly interred, and of receiving the distinguished honour of being used by Mr. Punch as an embodiment of his own patriotic sentiments, and as a conclusion to his own inimitable summary of the Session:

"No other course is left to her Majesty, but to prosecute the War with all possible vigour. And her Majesty, relying on the support of her Parliament; the manly spirit and patriotism of her People; upon the never-failing courage of her Army and Navy, whose patience under suffering and powers of endurance her Majesty has seen with admiration; the steadfast fidelity of her Allies; and above all, upon the justice of the cause—humbly puts her trust in the Almighty Disposer of events for such an issue to this great contest as will secure to Europe the blessings of a firm and lasting peace."

Commercial Caution.

PERSONS in the City, when about to make use of the old expression, "as safe as the Bank," generally stop short now, and take care to edge in an intimation that they mean more particularly "a Joint-Stock Bank."



THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

SEBASTOPOL IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

To see Sebastopol it is not necessary to go abroad; it is enough to travel to the foreign quarter of London only. This journey has been performed by ourselves. We have been to see MR. BURFORD'S *Panorama of Sebastopol*, in Leicester Square, and recommend all our readers who are within reach of it to do themselves the same pleasure. The London "season" being now over, there are few places either of instruction or entertainment remaining open, and this is a place of both. Moreover, as Rank and Fashion have for the most part left Town, the possibility of seeing all that is to be seen in the *Panorama*—to wit, very much—is likely to be increased by some diminution of the hitherto attendant crowd of the nobility, gentry, and clergy. There will be less danger than there has been heretofore of having one's corns crushed by a duke, of being hustled by an earl, or elbowed about and squeezed by peeresses and maids-of-honour, the bulk of a bishop being, in the meanwhile, interposed between one's eye and the canvas. However, to secure a good view of the exhibition, it may be advisable to go early in the morning, while Rank and Fashion are at breakfast, or late in the afternoon, when Rank and Fashion are at dinner.

Sebastopol is depicted as firing and under fire, and the first impression derived from the view of the "beleaguered city," presented by MR. BURFORD, is that of astonishment at the preternatural stillness, comparatively speaking, of the scene. Comparatively speaking, because a considerable noise is being made by MRS. MAJOR M'GAB, or some other military lady, who is sure to be present, and to be explaining the positions of the Allies with commanding gestures, in a loud voice. Astonishment, because the picture has such an air of reality, and the smoke of the bombardment looks so particularly natural, as to make you wonder at not hearing the artillery's roar and the crack of the rifles.

The visitor finds himself situated, with reference to the Crimea, precisely as, with allowance for change of circumstances, he would be with regard to London if he were on the top of St. Paul's: except that the objects below him do not seem so distant, and that the smoke of the ordnance does not obscure the prospect like the smoke of the chimneys. He sees the bays and harbours that surround the Crimean coast, the Allied Fleets, the enemy's vessels, as many as have not been sunk, and the mast-heads of those; and all the forts and batteries—the Mamelon, Malakhoff, Redan, Flagstaff, Quarantine, Constantine, Nicholas,

A SOCIETY OF HATTERS.

THERE seems to be nothing for which men will not associate, for there is no object, however apparently absurd, in which numbers are not ready to co-operate. Some are drawn together by the sympathies of the heart, others are attracted solely by the head, and of the latter class we may consider the Hatters, who have, it seems, formed a society. A hat reform has long been wanted, and frequently asked for by the thinking portion of the public, and we would gladly take off our present hats with a respectful obeisance to any individual, or to any society, who would give us something more tasteful as a substitute for the existing order of *chapeau*. The Hatters' Society took an excursion the other day to Erith, and mustered 1800 strong, so that the body is evidently powerful enough to mould the hat into a new form, and to crown itself with glory, by crowning the British public with something more sightly than the head-gear which at present disfigures the community.

THE LADIES' PEW-COMPANIONS.

A NOVEL is in course of being announced under the title of *Woman's Devotion*. We have not read this work, but we can form some idea of the nature of its contents. Travelling in an omnibus the other day, we observed an advertisement at the back of the vehicle, offering to the religious public—

"THE GUINEA FAMILY BIBLE, bound in best Morocco, with Plates.

"THE HALF-GUINEA VELVET CHURCH SERVICE, with best Gilt Rims, and Clasps.

"THE HALF-GUINEA FAMILY MOROCCO BIBLE, with References, Maps, Gilt Rims, and Clasps."

We suppose that these fancy Bibles and Prayer-books are designed for instruments of "Woman's Devotion." The advertisement is, doubtless, particularly addressed to the more serious sex, to whose innocent insensitiveness of incongruity a Bible might be expected to seem as suitable for trimming as a Bonnet: and the designation of the Scriptures and the Liturgy by coins of the realm would not, probably, appear absurd.

Alexander, Star, and so forth: also the encampments of the Allies and the head-quarters of the Generals, together with a number of other objects, which, recalled to his mind's eye, will enable him to read the *Times* every morning with the advantage of illustrations.

There is somebody present (besides MRS. M'GAB) who will oblige the company with any information they may desire in reference to the particulars of the *Panorama*.

It is not too much to say, that those who visit MR. BURFORD'S *Sebastopol* will see more of that City than they would if they were stationed before the CZAR'S: for the *Panorama* was painted some little time ago, since when a great many of the buildings represented in it have been demolished: and we hope the time will very soon come when the only correct picture of *Sebastopol* will be the accurate likeness of certain heaps of rubbish.

There is one very important difference between the prospect of *Sebastopol* held out by MR. BURFORD, and that afforded by the Government—and paid for by the tax-payers. The Downing Street one is rather expensive: that in Leicester Square will cost nobody more than a shilling.

THE MINISTERS A CUP TOO LOW.

AMONG the after-dinner doings last week at the Ministerial White-bait Meeting, was the "presentation of a china cup to MR. HAYTER." The reports do not inform us whether the china cup was a tea-cup, a coffee-cup or an egg-cup; but whichever of the three it may have been, the material—which is in every respect the material point—was of a brittleness which does not say much for the confidence of the donors in the stability of the Ministry. Of course the gift was considered to be appropriate, and we hope therefore that the china was without a flaw, for if otherwise it might be said that the Ministry is slightly cracked, or that there is a split in the Cabinet. We have seen no account of the speeches delivered on the occasion, nor indeed would it have been quite fair to report exactly what the Ministers over their cups may have uttered. We cannot help feeling that MR. HAYTER deserved something more than a mere china cup for the services he has performed; and we think everybody will admit, that if his colleagues could not have gone the length of giving him a tea-pot, they might at least have made it a milk-jug.

A RUM STYLE OF POETRY.



HE advertising columns of the newspapers are now seldom adorned by Poetry. There was a time when WARREN sang his Blacking in the most sentimental strains, and ROWLAND invoked all the Muses in praise of his Macassar: but now the former has handed over his unstrung harp and his stock in trade to the unromantic RUSSELL; while ROWLAND prattles playfully, but prosaically, on the subject of his oils and essences in mere ordinary paragraphs. The spirit-vendors seem to be advertising in a strain of fiction, which encourages us to hope that they may in time be disposed to take out a poetical as well as a publican's licence. There are many opportunities open to the proprietor of the Wine Vaults for calling in the aid of Poetry in disposing of his wares, and we need only suggest "Gin a body meet a

body" as a happy commencement for a puff of some of that cheap Gin, which, from what we have read on the subject of adulteration, may be said to comprise both vitriols and drink for the purchaser. To show what may be done in the way of poetical puffing for an article which is happily not in excessive demand, as it once used to be, we subjoin a little poem

on the subject of Vatted Rums, which are frequently proclaimed as fine and old in public-house placards:—

AIR—"Those Evening Bells."

Those Vatted Rums, those Vatted Rums,
How very cheap a quartern comes,
When of that liquor pure and prime,
You take two gallons at a time.
The fumes will quickly pass away,
And many an evening will be gay—
While nothing like a headache comes,
Through drinking these delicious Rums.
And so 'twill be, when I am gone;
Those Vatted Rums will still sell on,
And other fingers, pens, and thumbs
Will sing your praise—ye Vatted Rums.

Latin for Thames.

THERE are extant some old engravings of the River Thames and its Banks, under the name of Thamesis Fluvius. Now the Thames is not so much Fluvius as Effluvium. Moreover the urn, out of which, as in the statue at the back of Ham House, Father Thames is represented as pouring his stream, ought in the present day to be exchanged by sculptors for a slop-pail.

UNFAIR TO BOMBA.—MR. BOWYER declared in the House of Commons that, "there was no sovereign in Europe more popular than the POPE." Is not this a little unfair towards the KING OF NAPLES?

RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

How RABELAIS, in the Island of Soud, did anatomise and describe the great beast SESSION.

As for the inward and outward parts, or close-cabinet-down-with-the-opposition developments, of the great beast SESSION, they were pretty much as follows:—

- His head was like a barber's block stuffed with woolsacks.
- His brain was made of addled eggs and Vienna diplomacy.
- His neck, of a gallows of public opinion.
- His shoulders, of other people's work.
- His arms, of doing nothing all the week, and no beer on Sundays.
- His hair, of a BROUGHAM-stick.
- His chest, of a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a breviary.
- His heart, of a leather strap.
- His conscience, of an India-rubber purse.
- His legs, of the knaves of Clubs.
- His feet, of other men's shoes.
- His toes, of a treadmill for young thieves.
- His teeth, of opera ivories.
- His gums, of red tape.
- His tongue, of the ghost of chaos.
- His fingers, of a banker's trowel.
- His nails, of clenches.
- His eyes, of blind puppies.
- His ears, of other men's wit.
- His smelling apparatus or nose, of rats and Thames' water.

A continuation of SESSION's countenance, posture-making, and manner of behaving:—

- When he opened his mouth, the truth was shut up in a box.
- When he prayed, it was new bishops and Kentish rag-stone.
- When he "fixed his eye" it was "bull's" fixings and smiles.
- When he told the truth, the birds fell off the trees when you shook them.
- When he was in a fighting humour, coals went to Newcastle and came back again.
- When he was religious, it was raw lobsters and wooden staves.
- When he dined, it was off skinned eels.
- When he gave an alms, it was the shadow of a skinned flint.
- When he fought, it was with spiked guns and broken pickaxes.
- When he made peace, it was soft sawder and place.
- When he gave promotion, it was weak heads and strong pockets.
- When he listened, it was catching the sails of windmills.
- When he was free to confess, it was vested interests and younger sons.
- When he divided, it was woodcutter's splinters.

- When he yawned, it was common sense out of the windows.
- When he laughed, it was widows and wounded soldiers.
- When he diplomatized, it was bottles at a prize-fight.
- When he amended, it was flies walking on their backs.
- When he felt truly sorry, it was tenpenny nails in a pound of Westminster butter.
- When he rose to order, it was confusion in seven-league boots.
- When he expressed his opinion, it was bosh helping bunkuns to escape.
- When he was tired, it was other men's tight boots and used-up sittings.
- When he was at work, it was cobwebs and commissions.
- When he had done doing nothing, it was grouse and skylarks.
- When he came in, it was sackcloth and ashes.
- When he went out, it was church bells and smiles.
- When he came to an end, it was another bad beginning.

NOTA BENE.

MR. PUNCH has been requested by one of the Crew of the *Lady Nancy* to give insertion to the following Acrostic. Could he refuse?

HOW SHALL WE GET AT THE RUSSIAN FLEET?

T AGANROG's vixen idly rests on her laurels,
H appily cradled on Kertch's dark strait;
E ach wave as it lifts her, asks "where is your sister?"
L ady Nancy replies, "I've nor sister nor mate."
A h! ah! say the waves as they carelessly glide by,
D 'ye think, Nan, for you a fit mate could be found?
Y ou're ugly, dear Nanny; cheap, made in a hurry,
N othing dashing about you—you're not worth Ten Pound.
A las, replies Nancy—it's true—still I fancy
N ot all's gold that glitters; I'm young, strong, and rough;
C an fight in all weathers, want no paint or fine feathers;
Y ou'll find, as "times go," I'm "the right sort of stuff."

A. Z. V.

Five Seconds' Advice on Fainting.

(By Old Smellfungus.)

A FAINT is a Fashionable Exit, an Impromptu Flight of the Imagination, a convenient Absence, during which a Lady frequently displays to the greatest advantage her Presence of Mind, losing purposely all consciousness, the better to enable her to collect her wits.



AQUATICS.

Small Boy. "NOW, THEN! ALL TOGETHER!"

THE DANGERS OF PLAYING AT WAR.

WAR is not a thing to be trifled with, and its horrors are much too real to be the legitimate subjects of burlesque, or any other kind of mockery. The nearer the imitation approaches to the real thing, where an imitation of war is concerned, the more distasteful it must be to all persons of common sense, and common humanity. The mania for converting the horrors of war into a subject of amusement for the million, has received a somewhat sad lesson in the accident that has lately happened at Cremorne Gardens; where, for the benefit of some charity, there was to be a mock representation of the Battle of Inkermann. There was all the usual pride, pomp, and circumstance of in-glorious (theatrical) war; and, to give "reality" to the business, a dreadful reality it turned out, some of the Guards were "allowed by the authorities" to take part in the spectacle. Of course, the only real element in the business was incompatible with all the shams of which it was made up; and, amidst the sham fortifications, the sham defences, the sham barricades, and all the other gim-crack appurtenances of a sham-fight, the real soldiers tumbled to the ground from a height of some twenty feet with terrible reality.

Of course, when it is too late, everybody is exclaiming against the impropriety of allowing the Guards to take a part in these caricature copies of the horrors of war; in which everything is purposely made to yield, from the pasteboard ramparts, to the shilling-a-night supernumerary Russians. The sort of enthusiasm that is excited among the soldiers, by an imitation attack on an imitation enemy, in the teeth of imitation fire from imitation batteries, is not likely to be of much service in the hour of real battle, when there is no stage-director ordering the enemy where to fall back, and leading on the British troops to the point where, by previous arrangement, they are destined to be victorious. A panorama of Sebastopol is all well enough, and a pictorial representation of the siege may be made a matter of interest; but an attempt to show the actual storming of a place with real troops, must always be a melancholy, and, indeed, a feeble spectacle. Nothing can be better than the picture now being exhibited at the Surrey Zoological Gardens; but the moment the action begins, and the firing of the guns

sets the ducks quacking in the lake, while the playing of the band drowns, on the whole, the occasionally heard cries of—"Now Dick, set fire to that tow," "Ready there with them red-lights?" "Off with them fireworks," and other stage-directions of a kindred character, the whole affair becomes ridiculous.

Considering the trouble and anxiety in the public mind on the subject of the Siege of Sebastopol, it is a ghastly mockery to be told that it is being taken triumphantly every night, and sometimes twice a-day (for there have been occasionally morning performances), at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Let the directors of places of public amusement confine themselves to legitimate subjects of entertainment, of which there are quite enough, without resorting to dismal travesties of the War in the Crimea.

A Commissioner of Good Works.

WE have much pleasure in observing, that whereas the Marylebone Electors have given SIR BENJAMIN HALL a seat in Parliament, that exemplary minister has added 200 seats to those in the Regent's Park. SIR BENJAMIN acts as if he thought that one good turn deserves 200. It also gratifies us to remark, that the Chief Commissioner of Parks and Public Buildings intends to throw Kew Gardens open from morning to night; thereby rendering those who may visit them as happy as the day is long.

Thames' Prizes.

THE LORD MAYOR last week attended at the Twankey Tea Gardens, to distribute the prizes to the victors of the Thames' Regatta. It was quite right that a contest of strength and skill, tried upon the river, should be rewarded by prizes supplied by old Father Thames himself, duly represented by LORD MAYOR MOON: the prizes were three—namely, a puppy-dog, a kitten, and a mouse in excellent preservation, having been fished up below Battersea, and duly stuffed by an experienced hand. A microscope and a bucket of Thames' water will be contended for next week.



FRENCH SHAWLS FOR 1855.
1. TRICOLOR A LA VICTORIA. 2. UNION-JACK A LA EUGÉNIE.

ADULTERATION OF GOVERNMENT.



LORD JOHN RUSSELL, Political Druggist, late of Vienna, stated that he had had considerable experience in the practice of adulteration, more particularly in political drugs. Had examined several samples of Whig Government, and found them all perfectly pure. Absolute purity in most cases was unattainable, but the articles he had exercised his microscopic skill upon were as free from deleterious matter as they could be, and he doubted strongly, if they were made any purer, whether the people of this country would like them half so well. He had found the specimen marked "Reform Bill" extremely difficult to analyse. The difficulty principally lay in ascertaining precisely its "constituent" parts. He had been several years intent upon solving its various antagonistic elements, and he should persevere several years longer, until he clearly saw a proper settlement of

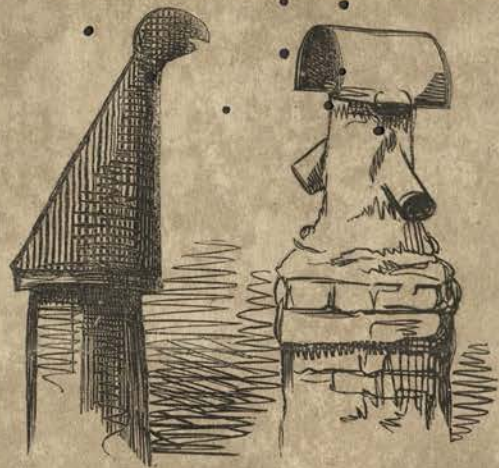
them, though as one of the Old School, he was strongly averse to precipitating anything. Decidedly in all Governments a little adulteration was desirable, and he could recommend nothing better for the purpose than a few grains of Whig's Paradise, better known in the trade as "ELLIOTT'S ENTIRE." About two or three dozen of these tender sprigs generally gave the ministerial mixture a fine bitter flavour, which made it go down wonderfully with the multitude, and did harm to nobody. Had examined a packet of Whig statements, and had detected in them no colouring-matter whatever. Strongly believed that Whig principles had never been adulterated since the days of Magna Charta. Purity of representation was decidedly requisite to ensure a good constitution, and he begged to differ from that great authority, MR. COPPOCK, whose wonderful laboratory at the Reform Club for the manufacture of votes was well known, inasmuch as it was his conviction that purity of representation did not necessarily require a large deposit of tin. Brass would do just as well, and in many cases went further. For instance, a few brass filings from some of the strongest pillars of the aristocracy were notoriously a capital thing for purifying the most corrupt channels of Government. Had repeatedly analysed the votes of the House of Commons, and never found anything but the purest motives in them. Had no particular test of ability, save DEBBETT'S PEERAGE, and never knew that to fail.

THE RIGHT. HON. B. DISRAELI.—Had principally devoted his time to the manufacture of retorts. He had brought them to the highest state of perfection, and his retorts were celebrated all over the world for discharging a greater number of sparks consecutively than any other. Their brilliancy would often illumine an entire House. Had often tried the power of his retorts on the Whigs, but they were such a dense body, that they had failed in making anything of an impression. The result of his analytical inquiries had all tended to one uniform result,—viz., that Whig Government was a regular drug in this country,—a drug so largely adulterated, that it could not be allowed for any length of time without doing the greatest injury to the strongest constitution. The only remedy he knew was a strong infusion of Tory Politics. Had submitted the principles of the Peace Party to analysis, and had detected in them a deleterious colour called "Drab," mixed up in large quantities with a popular fraud, of a pale transparent colour, called "GLADSTONE," which had been recently imported to a painful extent from St. Petersburg. He had applied the microscope to this "GLADSTONE," and, after reducing him to an impalpable powder, had succeeded in detecting in it, in the most tangible portions of its secret nature, a large preponderance of "Jesuit's Bark;" and, though he had divided this Bark into three heads—as though the Bark in question belonged to Cerberus (*a laugh*)—still he had not found much to repay him for the search in either head. He certainly had not been able to detect in the whole composition of "GLADSTONE" a single grain of sense (*general expression of surprise*). This revelation might be a startling one, but still it was based upon the most careful analyses,—each one painfully arrived at, only after the most minute divisions and sub-divisions of character. However, the effect of this "Drab" mixture was unquestionably very enervating; and when administered in large doses, created nausea, and moreover had the curious effect of making people quarrel. The most dangerous results were to be apprehended from a general use of this irascible narcotic.

MR. J. A. ROEBUCK, the popular lecturer of Sheffield, deposed that he had examined innumerable quantities of Parliamentary Loaves and Fishes, marked both "Whig" and "Tory," and really it was difficult to say which of the two

contained the greater mass of impurities. Both were grossly unfit for public consumption. It was, indeed, wonderful, how the Body Politic could have existed so long upon such corrupt aliment. The power of vitality must have been great indeed, to have withstood such daily encroachments on its strength. However, it was time that a stop was put for once and for ever to the circulation of such deleterious poisons, and a thoroughly healthy system of government introduced for the nourishment of the people. The whole heap of adulterations must be swept clean out of the national shop, and for the future nothing but the plainest political food of the most simple and invigorating kind administered to the public. As we value the future health of England, it was expedient that Adulteration should be deposed from the throne of Government it too long has occupied, and Purity henceforth reign in its stead (*loud symptoms of approval, with difficulty restrained by the Court*).

LORD JOHN RUSSELL was recalled, and said that he still had hopes of being able, in the course of time, to find a solution of the Reform Bill. The witness, being closely questioned, was evidently at a loss to fix any particular period.



Mrs. Potts. "I TELL YOU, MRS. COWL, YOU'RE A PERFECT NUISANCE! YOU'VE BEEN SCREECHING AND GROANING ALL NIGHT."

Mrs. Cowl. "YOU'RE ANOTHER, MA'AM."

OUR NAVAL GREATNESS.

THE circumstance that the Admiralty persists in building vessels like the *Marlborough*, of a size enormously disproportionate to the requirements of service, suggests the idea that my Lords who constitute that Board must be a set of old Pantaloons, whose notions of magnitude in reference to utility are derived from pantomimes, in which exhibitions a tea-spoon becomes as large as a shovel, and a watch acquires the dimensions of a frying-pan. One would expect them to carry out the propensity to physical exaggeration in their domestic arrangements, eating their dinners with knives bigger than broad-swords, and forks only a little shorter in the handle than garden-prongs; writing letters with pens as long and as thick as walking-sticks, and tying up despatches, covering more space than flag-stones, with red tape broader than the palm of the hand.

A Confidential Communication from Hayter.

THIS is the great characteristic of all Government appointments:—That whereas on the part of candidates there is constant application until they are appointed, you notice but precious little application afterwards.

HOW TO STIR UP A NATION.

AN experimental Chemist proposes throwing into Prussia an enormous quantity of German Yeast, with the view of trying whether it would have the effect of making the Germans rise?



Scout Party. "WELL, I'M SURE! WHAT CAN POSSESS THOSE SKINNY CREATURES TO WEAR ROUND HATS, I CAN'T THINK,—MAKING THEMSELVES SO CONSPICUOUS!"

PITY FOR THE FOE.

WHILST, as patriots, we rejoice in the triumph of the Allied arms at Sweaborg, as men we cannot but feel compassion for that suffering by which it has been attended on the side of our opponents. MR. BRIGHT, MR. COBDEN, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, MR. GLADSTONE, and those who think with them, that is to say the Greek firms, and the rest of the philo-Russian party, have no doubt severely felt the misfortunes of their beloved country. We should be happy to suggest to them any consolation, if we could think of any; and perhaps it may comfort them to reflect that, although Sweaborg was demolished without the loss of a British or a French life, it is probable that the capture of Sebastopol will not be accomplished without heavy loss on the part of the Allies.

Attachments may be not the less sincere because they are unaccountable; and the gentlemen above-mentioned may have a predilection for Russia, just as it is conceivable that they might be inclined to pet a boa-constrictor. Russia, indeed, is a boa—a great boa, as the fine young gentlemen say—rejoicing in the alleged peculiarity of the amphisbœna, or serpent with two heads, one head at each end. The Russian amphisbœna has the superior head in the Baltic, and the inferior in the Black Sea, and a body curled half round Europe, which the northern mouth and the southern have opened to swallow. Either head of the snake, however, has been considerably bruised, and we cannot help expressing the hope that both will be smashed, however sincerely the Peelites and Manchester friends of the reptile may sympathise with its agonies.

Jonathan and the Bear.

PRESIDENT PIERCE has congratulated the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA upon his assumption of the Imperial boots; and the EMPEROR assures the PRESIDENT that the last words of NICHOLAS were words of sympathy and admiration of JONATHAN! The knot of international friendship would seem to be formed of the serf-knot and the slave cow-hide!

THE POPE IN SARDINIA.—His Holiness, not content with making a pretty kettle of fish in Spain, has also expressed his paternal determination to "pot" the Sardinians.

THE KING OF NAPLES ON THE CARPET.

A History and no Romance.

CHAPTER I.

CE upon a time (a very few years ago) there reigned a certain King (who, alack the day! reigns still) called FERDINAND, otherwise IL RE BOMBA, of Naples. "See Naples and die," was a proverb that his Majesty had often worked out upon his faithful subjects. Now this FERDINAND was a potentate of most volcanic viscera, the very spit, saving the reader's presence, of Vesuvius. A King, much given to the stick that was much given to his people. He was withal a man of sport and many humane accomplishments. He could kill mosquitos like COMMODUS, and play upon the fiddle like NERO.



Now, it chanced one day, that this excellent King, making a procession of himself through the rooms of his palace, bethought him that the carpets thereof had become faded, and, for royal carpets, mighty threadbare. The Bourbon flowers had sickened, and the moth, that spares neither the frieze of the peasant, nor the coffin-velvet of the Emperor,—the moth had devastated.

Whereupon, seeing these things, the superb and magnificent monarch resolved within himself to have new carpets—carpets spick and span.

CHAPTER II.

"SEGRETARIO mio," said RE BOMBA to his penman, "straightway write an order to that accursed heretical England;—for the Lutherans—and here his Majesty crossed himself—"the Lutherans can, it must be confessed, do two things; truly they can grind razors, and they can weave carpets. Therefore, straightway, write and order,"—

"Razors?" said the secretary; but ere he could add "your Majesty" he was footed by a sudden movement of the royal muscles into the extreme corner of the cabinet.

"Cane!" (otherwise "dog!") cried RE BOMBA.—"Carpets!"

Whereupon the canine secretary gathered himself up on his two legs, and like a dog returning to his seat, he sat him down, and proceeded to write "carpets."

"Bestia!" cried RE BOMBA. "First, let painters be summoned; and let the royal patterns be drawn and limned; and when this shall be done, and we have approved thereof, then shall you write to the Lutheran slave"—here his Majesty graciously spat—"and the carpets be commanded."

And in due season these things were done, even as the King had given order.

CHAPTER III.

A LOVELY morning broke upon the Bay of Naples. The golden sun The glittering dew! The azure heaven! The sapphire ocean!

There might be seen an English barque, cleaving the liquid field. The Union Jack fluttered—to the eye of a Briton—defyingly from the peak. Boldly, saucily, did that English vessel plough the main. She brought up—she dropt anchor. She was straightway accosted by a boat of the King's.

That British craft was the proud bearer of the carpets woven by the happy Lutheran, whom RE BOMBA had delighted to honour. Now the carpet-weaver—embracing his saddened wife, and kissing his happy children—had quitted the soil of Albion to come, and in his own person, to deliver and lay down, the royal carpets. Perchance, too, the sordid dealer had brought with him a receipt for the royal ready-money.

Now the carpets were duly sent to the royal palace.

CHAPTER IV.

An interval of six weeks is here supposed to take place; when a British islander, of bilious and malevolent aspect—in the unalterable opinion of a Neapolitan physiognomist, much attached to the Neapolitan police—might be observed, with his dog, for every British islander travels with a British bull-dog, pacing the sunny side of the Piazza Reale. That bilious stranger was the Lutheran carpet-maker, and hope deferred had made yellow his cheek. For six weeks had passed; and

the carpets—the goods, as in his trade dialect he called those woven fabrics—had been delivered to the King; and the King had vouchsafed no word to the man whom with his royal commission he had delighted to honour.

The islander—with a brutality that a love of truth compels us to own, too much distinguishes the travelled Briton—resolved to write a letter to the King. Yes: the sordid Lutheran determined to tell unto R^e BOMBA, a bit of his carpet-dealing mind. With this thought, he took his way to his Hotel.

Arrived at his hostelry—his faithful dog still bearing him company—he beheld at the door a waggon, blazing with the arms of Naples. Now, in this van, or waggon, were the carpets returned to the carpet-maker. Of a verity, the carpet thrown back upon the carpet-maker's hands.

CHAPTER V.

It were vain to hope to paint the dismay, the rage, of the carpet-maker. He called down *not* a shower of manna on the anointed head of BOMBA the King. He vehemently swore; but, with a craftiness that characterised the tradesman, he swore in English. Whereupon, the faithful servants of BOMBA the King let him swear his belly empty, and arrested him not.

"What was wrong in the carpets?" "Did they think he'd be swindled?" "He, a free-born Briton!" "He, who was represented in his own British parliament!" "He, who was never born to be a slave!" "To come to Naples to be robbed—plundered—bamboozled—and that, too, by a—a—"

But, as we have said, felicitously for the ferocious Briton, he raved and swore in his mother-tongue; and the officers and the King's servants hindered him not.

Of what availed it, that he commanded the ragamuffins about him to set him face to face with the Majesty of Naples! Of what availed it, that he demanded to know in what whit, tittle, or particular, the carpets differed from the order given. They were woven even as commanded; and the arms of Bourbon and of Naples—

(The Bourbon arms! How much blood has gone to paint them! How much more blood of man, woman, and child; blood in the dungeon; blood at the wine-feast; blood on the scaffold; blood in the chamber, to paint the blazonment, that still blackening and blackening in heaven's air, will have more blood to keep it fresh. But, to return to our Briton, perspiring, and ever, as he utters the sacred name of BOMBA the King, shaking his clenched and parricidal fists.)

The carpets were shot down at the door of the hostelry; they had been looked upon by the eye of the King, and the King in his heart spat upon them.

And now, the carpets being rejected of the sovereign, the law of Naples required of the British islander to pay upon the British woven fabrics the duty of import. The Briton had brought carpets into the kingdom of Naples, and Naples was not to be fobbed of her due; for it is known that Naples has her duties, even as no Neapolitan has his rights.

"Pay import duty! Be robbed! No, the bold Briton would go to prison. He would rot with pleasure in a dungeon first." And then, exhausted by the expression of his unflinching firmness, the Briton paid the cash.

CHAPTER VI.

THE *Times* newspaper, gashed by the stiletto of the Neapolitan censor, lay upon the table of the Hotel Victoria. That sheet called up all the home feelings of our wanderer. He looked at the "Births,"—he knew not why, for he had no expectations. He read the "Marriages,"—idleness all, for was he not already wedded? He paused at the "Deaths;" but somehow nothing cheered him. And again and again home-sickness pressed upon him, and he felt his heart-strings twitched towards the sea.

He would go: he would shake from his polluted shoes the dust of Naples, and England should ring with his wrongs; and—he would take his carpets with him.

Sunny Naples is the land of the free. The Briton might depart—he might even take his carpets with him; but ere departing with his carpets, he must pay the state tax for the removal of the merchandise—yea, the duty on export.

Vesuvius never poured forth streams more consuming in their fierceness and fury than the volcanic Briton ejected at the paternal government of Naples.

No, he would not be swindled a second time; he would even at an alarming sacrifice sell the carpets—sell them in the broad daylight by public auction.

CHAPTER VII.

THE day came. The mart was crowded. The carpet-pieces were displayed; and great and general was the praise of the fabrics, glowing like flowers. But of what use to the private modest Neapolitan citizen? How could his foot trample upon the Bourbon arms? As well think to put his shoe-leather on the anointed neck of II RE BOMBA assoluto.

Who would raffle for an elephant? Who would put into a lottery for a knot of rattle-snakes? Who would draw chances for a hippopotamus? Surely, no private man or woman.

Who, we ask, would bid for carpets—enriched and solemnised with the Bourbon arms, the arms of Naples? Is there not constructive treason in the very thought of a bidding?

Even so. Hence, the carpets were put up, and no voice dared to make an offer.

At last one man took courage. He made a bidding; a low and modest bidding. But the auctioneer smiled, nodded his head, and was satisfied; for to the amazement of the vulgar Briton, the auctioneer knocked down the carpets for an old song; and that a Neapolitan one.

And who was the fortunate purchaser? Surely no private man—no private woman? No.

The carpets were bought by an officer in the household of his sacred Majesty BOMBA IL RE!

CHAPTER VIII.

CURIOUS are the coincidences of this our human life. The happy visitor, ennobled by a passing privilege to visit the palace of the King of Naples, may behold in every room every carpet-piece (a great bargain) as at first commanded by his Most Catholic Majesty of that most Lutheran carpet-maker!



PALMERSTON'S BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!

THE COCKNEY MALAKHOFF.

THE storming of Sebastopol at Cremorne the other day, by the Grenadier Guards and Artillery, seems to have been very much like the real thing. Actual wounds and broken bones, at least, appear to have attended that gallant affair, and if there was no mine under the soldiers' feet to blow them up, it appears that they stood on a footing which proved almost equally dangerous by letting them down. The brave who fell in the Crimea are more than sufficiently numerous, and England cannot afford men to tumble at Cremorne, unless they do so in the capacity of clowns and harlequins, and without the risk of breaking their necks. It is to be hoped that the public taste is too good to demand exhibitions of this kind—otherwise one would not wonder at Mr. SIMPSON's catering for it, any more than at his supplying them with carrion, if they preferred that to ordinary cold meat. The thought of those who are dying and suffering for our ease and comfort is not a very agreeable one, and anybody must have a queer kind of heart who can enjoy a scene of sham carnage in a pleasure-ground.

Police.—Bow Street.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Yesterday, MR. HALL took his seat upon the bench; and, although a proved Englishman, was *not* "drunk to a certainty."

A CARD.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, ARTIST IN HAIR (late Chancellor of HER MAJESTY'S EXCHEQUER). HAIRS carefully SPLIT with any degree of minuteness that may be required. N.B. Hair-Splitter to his Holiness Pius IX., the Roman Pontiff; also to ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

King Henry. "Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you."

Henry VIII., Act i., Scene 4.

THE POPE AT TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

IF, during one of those persecutions which the Roman Catholics, from the statements of their newspapers, appear to be continually suffering, an attempt were made to fry the POPE, there is reason to expect that his Holiness would come out of the process rather more lively, if anything, than he was before being subjected to it—indeed that he would do himself no harm, even should he step out of the frying-pan into the fire itself. The probability that the SUPREME PONTIFF is thus fireproof is not derived from any similarity between his Holiness and the Apostle, whom, Church history informs us, the pagans vainly attempted to boil in oil; but from the very opposite circumstance, that PIUS has, for some years, been existing continually in hot-water. He has now quarrelled both with Spain and Piedmont, and with each State on nearly the same ground. Spain has given him offence by refusing to persecute anybody for his religious faith or opinions, so long as these are not expressed by any public acts contrary to Popery; and also by putting some limitation on the power of the priesthood to add to their number, and create a swarm of "idle, useless, miserable clergymen," to quote the words of a memorandum of remonstrance with the HOLY FATHER issued by the Spanish Government. But, what no doubt is much more vexatious to the paternal heart of his Holiness, the Government of Spain has dared to attempt also to limit, in some moderate degree, the power of the Church to retain property. They might as well have questioned the "Immaculate Conception." Accordingly the POPE threatens to retain the sins of the Spaniards; and, shaking what he calls the keys of St. Peter at their heads, menaces them with excommunication. He has pursued the same course with Piedmont; where unservicable convents have been abolished, and a stop thus put to the rank luxuriance of monkshood. Nay, a misunderstanding has even arisen between the Papal Sovereign and his dear friend KING BOMBA. Therefore, our lord the POPE may safely be said to be situated in water of a very high temperature. As yet, certainly, he is not cooked, though many expect that he will be in some little time, and DR. CUMMING will perhaps inform the curious how long he will take to be done.

THE OPPOSITE PARTIES IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

"The banner, sword, crown, and achievements of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH were placed on Friday by SIR CHARLES YOUNG, Garter King of Arms, over the Stall of his Imperial Majesty, which immediately faces that of the KING OF PRUSSIA, in the Chapel Royal of St. George, Windsor."

CONFOUND that fellow, PALMERSTON, I'm sure it was his spite,
To get his QUEEN to make that man—that BONAPARTE—a knight;
The banner of that *parvenu*, a studied insult, shown
At St. George's Chapel, Windsor, hangs right opposite my own.

They knew I shouldn't like it, if we two met ever there;
'T would be impossible for me NAPOLEON'S eye to bear.
Dash them! they knew right well that I, all blushing with disgrace,
As blush I must, could never look that new Knight in the face.

For he has acted gallantly, without deceit or trick,
All Europe, saving Russia, says that I deserve a kick.
For shuffling like a base, mean, shabby, dirty, double king:
My name is call'd a neuter noun, which signifies a thing.

Suppose I faced my *vis-à-vis*—hard matter to suppose!
Of course he'd instantly turn up that great, long, ugly nose,
And that mustachio'd lip of his would curl with bitter sneer,
Importing "What has that poltroon, I wonder, to do here?"

"Off, Russia's underhanded friend! off lackey of the CZAR!
Thou in that place of Honour! Hence—but leave thy spurs and star—
Go, in a beer-pot plunge thy face—hide thy diminish'd head—
Until to shame insensible they carry thee to bed!"

Whipping up a Joke.

THE Ministers in giving to MR. HAYTER a china cup, are believed to have intimated to the honourable recipient a wish, that he might long live to enjoy as whipper in, the luxury of whipped cream in the testimonial then presented to him.



COOL AND COMFORTABLE THIS HOT WEATHER.

A NIGHT WITH THE NATIVES AT DRURY LANE.

We have a large marrowbone to pick with the Directors of the Opera at Drury Lane. The other evening we attended the performance of *Der Freischütz* at that theatre. The overture, to be sure, was admirably played. Caspar did his spiriting not gently indeed, but we will confess, extremely well, dramatically and musically. *Agatha*, or *Agnes*, sang characteristically in the character of an angelic kind of girl. We never saw or heard a better *Rodolpho*, alias *Max*, nor so good an *Anne*. As to *Zamiel*, he played the deuce with a fine appreciation of the part. *Killian*, *Kuno*, and the *Hermil*, all of them, behaved very well to WEBER, and *Prince Ottocar* acted with almost as much propriety as that which distinguishes PRINCE ALBERT. The *Owl* was effective in the Incantation scene, which the audience wanted to encore. But to all of these personages the fashionably constituted mind will discern one insuperable objection. Who was *Caspar*? MR. HAMILTON BRAMHAM. *Rodolpho*? MR. ARTHUR LOCKSLEY. *Ottocar*? MR. GLANVILLE. *Kuno*? MR. HODGES. *Killian*? MR. CHARLES WEST. *Zamiel*? MR. COSTELLO. *Agnes*? MISS (NOT MIDDLE) LANZA. *Anne*? MISS DYER. The *Hermil's* name was omitted in the playbill—it was probably JOHNSON.

This brings us to our marrow-bone. All these ladies and gentlemen were plain Misters and Misses. There was not one Herr, Monsieur, Signor, Madame, or Mademoiselle in the whole cast. It is very true that the Chorus sang so well that it might have passed for German, and that the Conductor would have been taken to be a modern Roman, if, instead of preserving the final *y* of his name he had denominated himself SIGNOR TULL. But the marrow-bone remains. The artists above-named were so many examples of talent considerable indeed, but merely native. We cannot say that the *Owl* and *Supernumerary Imps* did not come from La Scala, or the Dresden or the Berlin Opera—they hooted and danced well enough to warrant the pretence that they did, but that was not alleged. The Opera was performed, too, after the German manner; the whole of WEBER's music retained, and the condensation done by cutting down SNOOKS's dialogue.

Justice compels us to add, that the Drury Lane Operatic Company, conscious of the serious want of foreign names and a corresponding accent, appreciate their own abilities accordingly, so that their prices for admission are expressed by low figures, and anybody who simply wants to hear good music can get that article very cheap at their establishment.

TAXATION AND TORTURE.

ON Tuesday morning last, while MR. TIMOTHY BROWN, coal merchant, was at breakfast with Mrs. BROWN and his young family, at their suburban residence, the Collector of the district, MR. SCREW DRIVER, called and demanded two quarters' water-rates. MR. BROWN went out to him, and represented that the second quarter was due that day only, but that the former one should be paid in a day or two, but money was rather short with him, in consequence of the War, and so many persons having left town without paying their bills. MR. DRIVER beckoned to two men on the other side of the way, who came over, entered, and closed the door. The party, without saying anything, conducted the astonished MR. BROWN down-stairs to the kitchen, out of which they

turned the indignant servant. MR. DRIVER then said, "I must have this money. The Company order me to get it." MR. BROWN repeated what he had said, and added that he had only, as it happened, a few shillings in the house. "The Company must have it," was the Collector's answer. He then made a sign to his assistants, MR. BROWN was thrown upon the floor, his slippers removed, and a number of blows were inflicted with a stick upon the soles of his feet. The sufferer implored for mercy, but the only answer was, "the money." MR. BROWN persisting in declaring that he had it not, he was dragged to the fire, and hot water from the kettle was poured over his feet, the Collector still repeating at intervals, "the money." MR. BROWN'S cries now brought down his wife, to whom the Collector explained, with perfect civility, that he was only torturing her husband to get the Company's money, and then proceeded to heat a shovel red hot, with a view to the infliction of further sufferings. MRS. BROWN'S frantic appeal for a brief delay was unheeded until she tore off her necklace and ear-rings, and shewed that she was going to procure the money, which she did by pawning her ornaments. The Collector gave her a receipt, regretting any inconvenience he might have occasioned, and departed, and we understand that this mode of collecting for the Company is found to work very well, and will be generally adopted.

[Mr. Punch utterly discredits the whole of the above report. It is evidently the production of some penny-a-liner, who forgot that England was not India, and that practices which MR. VERNON SMITH admitted to be the regular means of collecting "the Company's" revenue in the latter country, would not be tolerated here. To torture HER MAJESTY'S subjects with white faces and black clothes is one thing, to torture her subjects with black faces and white clothes another, and the stupid scribe who invented this ridiculous story clearly does not know the difference.]

WONDERS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE.

OUR gracious QUEEN—long may she fill her throne,—
Has been to see LOUIS NAPOLEON.
The MAJESTY OF ENGLAND—bless her heart!—
Has cut her mutton with a BONAPARTE;
And Cousin Germans have survived the view
Of ALBERT taking luncheon at St. Cloud.

In our young days we little thought to see
Such legs stretched under such mahogany;
That British Royalty would ever share
At a French Palace, French Imperial fare:
Nor eat—as we should have believed at school—
The croaking tenant of the marshy pool.
At the *Trois Frères* we had not feasted then,
As we have since, and hope to do again.

This great event of course could not take place
Without fit prodigies for such a case;
The brazen pig-tail of KING GEORGE THE THIRD
Thrice with a horizontal motion stirr'd,
Then rose on end, and stood so all day long,
Amid the cheers of an admiring throng.
In every lawyer's office ELDON shed
From plaster nose three heavy drops of red.
Each Statue, too, of PITT turn'd up the point
Of its proboscis—was that out of joint?
Whilst CHARLES JAMES FOX's grin'd from ear to ear,
And PEEL'S emitted frequent cries of "Hear!"

Finis Coronet.

LORD CAMPBELL boasted in the House of Lords, on the last night of the session, that he had been a soldier in his time, and said he believed that he could even now manage a Minié rifle. It is not improbable, considering how well "plain JOHN" has succeeded in an aim requiring some skill—that of lodging certain balls on the top of his own head.

HAWKS ABROAD.

A PROVINCIAL society has been formed with a laudable object, that of counteracting the sale, by hawkers, of objectionable books. It has, however, a curious title, being called the Book-Hawking Society. To an association with such a name, the first purchases that would occur would, we suppose, be the FALCON Family, with the productions of FALCONER'S Mews, HOOD'S, BELL'S, and JESSE'S.

Look Again.

THE Irish papers, which publish MR. GAVAN DUFFY'S hope, that LIPRANDI and TODLEBEN may gain victories over the Allies, also complain that no allusion is made to Ireland in the QUEEN'S Prorogation Speech. In terms, perhaps, there is none; but is there not a congratulation to Parliament on the passing the Criminal Justice Act?

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT ALDERMAN.



PART I.

The Alderman
stoppeth a Swell,

It is an Ancient Alderman,
And he stoppeth one of three;
By thy gouty hand and ruby nose,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

Who would go to
the T. R. A.,

The Adelphi doors have open'd long,
And I would save my tin;
My order's lost at seven o'clock,
Permit me to go in."

And remon-
strath.

He holds him with his gouty hand,
"There is the Thames," quoth he;
"Bother the Thames," the other cried;
"Jump in, and let me be."

But yieldeth to
circumstances,

He holds him by the glittering guard,
The Stunning Swell stood still,
And listens in most sulky style;
The Alderman hath his will.

And reluctantly
lends his ear.

The Stunning Swell against a lamp
Leant, as if bored to death,
And thus gasp'd on that Alderman,
With brevity of breath.

The other re-
lateth how the
Mayor and Ald-
ermen went
swanhopping on
the Thames.

"The Mayor appear'd, the barge was steer'd,
Merrily we did drop,—
The Aldermen, in City Barge,—
Along on our Swan-Hop.

"At the Blackfriars we did embark,
Where gapes the mighty sewer."
The Stunning Swell he stamp'd his foot,
For he heard the overture.

The Swell loseth
benefit of clergy,
leastways of
orders.

MELLON hath mounted on his stool,
The desk he tappeth thrice—
Four Roberts now the Swell must pay,
Or wait for the half-price.

The Alderman
telleth how the
voyage pro-
ceeded.

"We pull'd—at least the rowers did—
Bang through the Bridges Three,
And Lambeth Reach, and Chelsea Reach,
We pass'd full merrily.

How the party
eat and drank.

"And then the hour of lunch was come,
Our appetites wax'd strong,
We eat and drank, and drank and eat;
The Chaplain sang a song.

How the party
drank and eat.

"We drank and eat, we eat and drank,
Till full was every sinner;
And then we thought we'd go on deck,
While STAPLES laid the dinner.

How, being re-
plete, they re-
buked the discon-
tent of complain-
ing persons,

"We lean'd along the barge's seats,
Or o'er the bulwarks bent;
We said it was a jolly world,
And folks should be content.

And the exagger-
ations of a mistress
by the press.

"We said it was a jolly world,
And everybody stated
That what we read of want and wrong
Was much exaggerated.

But suddenly
smelt as it were
a Smell.

"That on the whole we really thought
Things went uncommon well—
When the Remembrancer baw'd out,
'Gog! what a awful Smell.'



Disgust of the
Chief Magistrate
and Conservator
of the River
Thames.

"The Mayor he started to his feet,
Out of his lordly doze,
And ramm'd his scented handkerchief—
Close up unto his nose.

The Smell in-
creases,

"And as the Smell came foully round,
We gasp'd and spit, and swore;
Such an abominable stench
We'd never smelt before.

To their discom-
fiture,

"And after comments fierce and fast
On that unsavoury theme,
For reasons which I need not name,
Each turn'd him to the stream.

And still increas-
ing, it is dis-
covered to arise
from the stream
they ought to
have conserved.
Revolting details.

"When fouler, fouler rose the smell,
And then we did diskiver
The source of all that awful stench,
Dear Gog, it was the River!

More revolting
details.

"The river it was yellow mud,
With putrid colours varied,
And every kind of filthy thing
Upon the tide was carried.

A drowning cat
garlanded with
drowned kittens
is seen.

"Dead dogs rotund, and garbage vile,
And slime, and scum, and muck;
Clung round as in a fetid lake,
And oozed, and stank, and stuck.

"And in the mess a drowning Cat
Mid seven drown'd kittens sprawl'd,
And her great eyes stared wildly out,
And piteously she squall'd.



The Alderman
shoots the cat.

"There was a blunderbuss on board—"
"Old Cock, what are you at—
Are you not well?" "O gentle Swell,
I took and shot the Cat!

PART II.

The crew escape
into pure air and
pure water.

"We pull'd—at least the rowers did,—
How long I cannot say,
But up to Richmond's pleasant banks
At length we made our way.

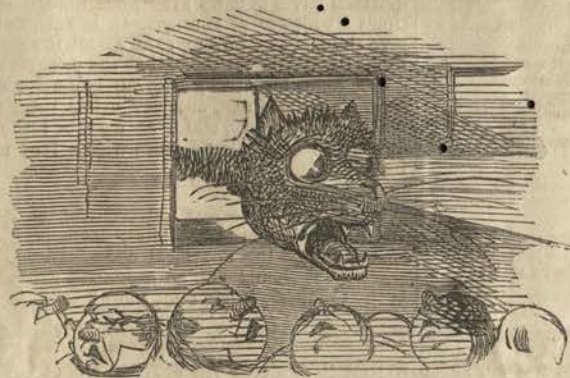
"There ran the river pure and bright,
Without a speck or stain;
So once it ran at Westminster,
And so might run again.

And recovering from their discomfiture, resume their gormandising,

And their philanthropy,

And make merry with the sufferings of those worse off than themselves.

Awful appearance of the Cat's eyes.



With new grief to their own noses.

Their sufferings are renewed with increased severity.

The Eyes are upon Them.

The Ancient Alderman's crime is brought against him.

They float backwards towards town.

And the Vermin of the Thames, visit them,

"We all revived—began to laugh,—
And then went down to dine,
And all bad odours were forgot
In my LORD MAYOR'S good wine.

"We eat and drank, and drank and eat,
Back in our chairs we leant;
We said it was a jolly world,
And folks should be content.

"We own'd the Thames's scent was strong,
And said the labouring classes
Who lived beside and drank the tide
Were very stupid asses.

"For why not move, as we had done,
Out of the stench's way,
And why not drink the sort of lush
That we had drank that day?

"We eat and drank, we drank and eat,
With toasts and speeches hearty—
When, Gog! that Cat's infernal eyes,
Glared in upon the party.

"In at the cabin window glared,
Like the red fires of—well,
But what was worse, along with her
The creature brought the Smell.

"Into the cabin pour'd the stench
Suffusing all the air,
And instant every Alderman,
Fell down beside his chair.

"And there we sat upon the floor
Unable for to rise,
While, gazing in malicious sort,
Glared down that Cat's green eyes.

"And greener grew those fiendly orbs,
(Ay, greener than green fat),—
As, twixt a mew and screech we heard—
'Who was it Shot the Cat!'

PART III.

"FLOATING, floating down the Thames,
Upon our backward way,
All sorts of foul and nasty things
Did seek our course to stay.

"At every window in they look'd,
Upon the deck they leapt,
They crawl'd upon our visages,
And on our plates they crept.

"To tell you of their hideous forms
I have nor power nor hope—
Look on a water-drop, shown in
The gaseous microscope.

"They were the Vermin of the stream
That now is London's sink;
The filthy stream that is at once
Her sewer, her bath, her drink.

To thank them for their protection and patronage.

The Ancient Alderman recounts a dream. He pretends to have seen Westminster New Bridge.

Fish in the Thames.

Good fish too.

New Sewerage arrangements.

The banks in a healthy state.

The humbler classes enjoying the river breezes.

"And as they crawl'd, and crept, and writhed,
We heard this awful ditty—
'The Vermin of the Thames salute
The Fathers of the City!'

PART IV.

"A DREAM, a dream, a pleasant dream.
I stood at Westminstere,
And saw a bran-new, span-new bridge
Bstride a river clear.

"The wave it was as crystal bright,
You saw white sand below,
And flounders, gudgeon, tench and dace,
Shot, flitting, to and fro.

"The jolly salmon heaved his jowl,
The whitebait glanced like gems;
In short, all kinds of finny fowl
Were swimming in the Thames.

"On either bank a mighty sewer
Received what London gave,
And bore it to the Kentish farm,
Or to the ocean wave.

"And terraced gardens there display'd
Green leaves and arbours fair,
And rosy children laugh'd and sniff'd
The river's fragrant air.

"And artisans, (their labour done,)
With pots, and pipes, and wives,
Sat by the stream, and call'd the sight
The pleasure of their lives.



The reason of this blessed change.

The Swell has had enough,

Counsels the Alderman.

Adds an impertinent suggestion.

And bolts into the theatre, Half-price commencing.

The Alderman comforts himself in his fashion, and is duly punished.

"And thus outspoke a gentle voice—
A voice of cheer and beauty:
'See, London's Mayor and Aldermen
At length have done their duty!'

PART V.

"It's deuced interesting," quoth
The now exhausted Swell;
"But I must be allow'd to hope
You've nothing more to tell.

"And if you'll take a fellow's hint,
You, and your Mayor, and crew;
The work you say your dream described,
You'd better go and do.

"And when the sewers are quite complete,
Jump in, and you shall be
With all the other nuisances,
Wash'd nicely down to sea.

"Now, *au revoir*—the boxkeeper,
With the Half-price board comes;
And I must hear that BLONDELET,
Upon his twenty drums."

Vanish'd the Swell: the Alderman
Went off and drown'd his sorrow—
And with a thundering headache he
Awoke upon the morrow.



Ingenious Youth. "OH! SUCH A LARK, BILL! I'VE BIN AND FILLED AN OLD COVE'S LETTER-BOX WITH GOOSEBERRY SKINS AND HOYSTER SHELL,—AND RAPPED LIKE A POSTMAN!"
Old Cove. "HAVE YOU!"

TWO KINGS AND TWO COUNTRIES.

Foes in arms, when swords were swaying in the push of battle;
Foes in arts, when pens were weighing claims with critic prattle;
Foes in trade, at every haven, Jack 'gainst Tricolor;
Foes in habits, in the haven of their lives, all o'er:
France and England, foes no longer, hand in hand are clasping:
For their ancient feud the stronger be that tardy grasping!

Bells from out a hundred steeples clash their gladsome greeting,
While the chiefs of two great peoples join in friendly meeting.
Thick within my brain are clustering dim historic fancies
Of our HENRY, bluff and blustering, kissing liquorish FRANCIS;
While the Cardinal, prime mover of those puppets royal,
By ANNE BOLEYN'S broad-back'd lover rears his brow disloyal.

What are our shows for the million to that gorgeous scene,
In the carved and gilt pavilion, on the plain of Guisnes?
Plate, and cloth of gold and arras,—fountains running wine—
Gems that hungry eyes embarrass with their changing shine;
While, amid those blazing splendours—cynosures of all—
Move the Kings, with their defenders, proper men and tall.

BRANDON, DORSET, RATCLIFFE, NEVILLE, CAPEL, and CAREW,
England's champions in the revel, and the tilt-yard too;
ST. POL, MONTMORENCY, BIRON, FLEURANGES, and COMMINES,
Lusty sires, in silk or iron brave alike of mien.
Meteor-like in trailing scarlets WOLSEY rides along,
While Lords, proud to serve as varlets, at his stirrup throng.

In old time, 'twas in such journeys, with their pomp and pride,
Masques and mummings, jousts and tourneys, kings, not countries vied.
In the persons of their princes nations then were known;
What of light that time evinces shines from round the throne.
Of the people,—of their willing, working, suffering—nought!
Good for taxing, they, or killing, while kings spent or fought.

Times are changed. Nor mask nor tourney gilds our sober days;
Kings, like common folks, must journey by the iron ways.
For our QUEEN, of outward honour make we small ado;
Yet a splendour waits upon her bluff HAL never knew.
With no shows nor pageants pressing round her though she move.
She has gems—a people's blessing; she has guards—their love.
In their Sovereigns' courteous meeting France and England share,
The nations are repeating vows the monarchs swear.

THE CRICKET ON THE MORMON'S HEARTH.

WE learn from the *New York Herald* that the crickets and grasshoppers are devouring up, and serve them right, the Mormons of Utah. That grasshoppers will devour men, nay, whole families alive, is a fact not to be denied by any one who will consider the doings of the GRESHAM grasshopper at the Stock Exchange. How many a broker has that grasshopper nibbled to bits, singing the while, and Bow bells ringing music to the feast! In like manner, the Mormons were chewed up in the Illinois in 1846, devoured—say the accounts—"by the crickets; great goggle-eyed, crook-legged, bottle-bodied monsters." They are more than a match for the oriental white ant, that in a night will leave the bones of an elephant as clean as a domino. Most appalling are the accounts of the ravages of these monster crickets on the hearths of the Mormons. Cradles, with half-a-dozen babies in them at night, are found empty in the morning. And a doting and incomparable husband—the spouse of fourteen wives at dewy eye—finds himself seven times a widower at sunrise. It is said, and we give the fact as a warning to all about to emigrate to marry at the Salt Lake, that the crickets have a preference for wives; carrying half-a-dozen off from under one roof, and devouring them to a music of their own, and that may be set to the old words of—"Plenty more where they come from."

ST. BASTINADO.—The government of Rome has, in imitation of Naples, introduced the bastinado into the Pontifical code. We do not see why it should not be canonised; for what, in the Calendar, is one stick more?

THE FIRST SINGER GOING—BUT NOT GONE.

GRISI gave us the gratification of singing during the past season at the Italian Opera, because happily her villa at Florence was not completely ready for her—the Glazier having omitted to glaze the windows, or the Painter having forgotten to paint the doors. Happily for the Parisians the same neglect still prevails among the tradesmen of the Prima donna, for she is announced to sing in Paris during the ensuing winter, in consequence, no doubt, of the Upholsterer having failed to put up the curtains according to contract, and having thus left her free to appear before the curtain again. We dare say the tradesmen of GRISI will know how to accommodate their future movements to the taste of the public; and if the Queen of Song is required next year at Covent Garden, nothing will be easier than for the Ironmonger to forget to send home the scraper, or the Bell-hanger to omit to hang the street-door bell.

Of course it would be unreasonable to expect a public favourite to retire until everything is made perfectly comfortable for her reception, and it is even possible that if she should have finally taken leave, and the pipe of the cistern should burst, or the rain should come in at a loose slate in the roof, she might be induced to re-appear for a few nights during the completion of the necessary repairs. The only thing to be apprehended is the possibility that the lady herself may get a little damaged in her vocal machinery, and that before her villa is in every respect ready for her, the public may begin to feel that it is time to say Farewell! The time has not yet approached, but we recommend the still attractive favourite to keep her tradesmen up to the mark, if she wishes to have her villa in perfect order for her reception, when it is really time for her to take possession.

Official Incubation.

MR. MONSELL has confessed that Government has had MR. BASHLEY BRITEN'S improved shells nine months under consideration. The presumption might be that the shells were empty, since Government has been sitting on them so long without hatching anything, if we were not satisfied of the fulness of the shells, and equally convinced of the Government's emptiness.

THE ADIEUX OF DUFFY.

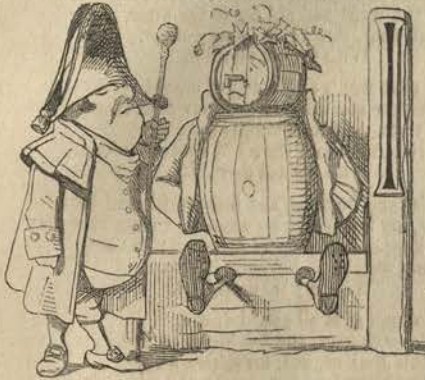
MR. DUFFY has taken farewell of Ireland; and proposes to go to Australia, there like the hunted ostrich, to hide his head in the Bush!



LA BELLE ALLIANCE, 1855.

BARNUM FOR PRESIDENT.

(From the New York Freeman.)



It is with no ordinary pleasure that we announce a new candidate for the Presidential chair of this great and enlightened Republic; and we shall be much surprised if the news that the individual in question is about to tender himself for this, the most honourable office in creation, does not at once cause the heart of every true American to leap with rapture, while tyrants upon the thrones of

the old world experience the shudder which foretells impending desolation. The HONOURABLE TAYLOR PHINIAS BARNUM, as will be seen in another part of our columns, addresses the people of America, and asks their suffrages at the ensuing election for President.

What the honourable candidate has urged in his own manly, masterly, ay, and majestic appeal, we cannot hope to strengthen by our advocacy. He has there shown with irrefragable force, why he is at this moment the fittest man of all our glorious millions to take the conduct of the State. His one irresistible and logical argument must carry conviction to every bosom. "An American for the Americans," he not less boldly than truthfully says, is a maxim eternal as the undying stars; but his corollary is scarcely less triumphant, namely, "the most American of Americans is the man for America." To that title the honourable candidate appears to us fully to make out his claim; and because we believe him to be the complete and noble representative of all that is great and original in the character of our nation, we humbly, but strenuously, proffer him a support which gold would vainly seek to buy.

The honourable candidate has enunciated his views in words of singular force, and it will be a proud day for the Republic when her state papers are composed in a style which combines the lucidity with the solidity of the diamond. As well might you seek to displace a stone from a wall with the aid of your finger as to disturb his collocation of phrases. He says:—"I own, not with shame, but with pride, that my character is truly American. I glory in the thought that my nature reflects that of the millions to whom I now appeal. I admit that I have the true American admiration for all that I have myself achieved, and the true American disbelief in the achievements of others. So thinks the nation of herself and of her contemporaries, and I adore her for that noble pride. I own that the cold petty dogmas of antiquity, on what it arrogantly calls truth and justice, have as little echo in my bosom as in that of this glorious Republic. A nation with a mission like ours takes its creed from no less worthy source than its own mighty intellectual organisation. I add too, and add proudly, that it is not for a freeman to chain himself to what pedants call truth, but by the inspiration of anticipatory prophecy, to state facts as he would have them, and then, by his dominant might, to mould them into what he has described them. I am an American, and I dauntlessly say, that he best represents America who is bound by no tyrannic fetter, but who bends his knee alone at the shrine of progress and enlightenment."

To the inherent nobility of this declaration, which has been made in feebler words by many of our leading statesmen, who have, not always ineffectually, followed out its principle, we can add nothing. But as the virulent pens of the hirelings of tyrants, will doubtless be let loose, both in Europe and here, upon the honourable candidate, let us forestall some of their venom. It will be scoffingly said, that MR. BARNUM has been a showman. He has—nay, he is one at this hour, and millions of dollars attest to his success. Is this a reproach in a land of liberty and equality? From the haughty Ten Thousand, the miserable caricatures of English and French aristocrats, we may expect the taunt—we should blush to think that a true American would think less of his President because he had made his fortune by exhibiting the wondrous creations of Providence. No, we will not answer this. But it will be urged that he has lowered his dignity as a man by attending a wretched dwarf from Court to Court in the Old World, and accepting the gold and jewels of "patrons." Patrons! The THUMB tour was the noblest work ever done by an American freeman. It was a death-blow at kings and king-ships. BARNUM has solemnly declared, upon the unstained honour of an American citizen, that his only object in taking the unhappy monstrosity to Europe was to humble crowned heads by exposing their folly and weakness, and to show them to the New

World, slaving over a loathsome dwarf, and enriching him with a colossal fortune, while men of genius were starving, neglected in their garrets. Such was the THUMB tour, and the deed alone entitles BARNUM to claim the suffrages of republicans.

We fearlessly and fervently echo that demand. Not for his efforts to honour the sacred name of WASHINGTON, by honouring even the aged negress on whose dusky bosom the liberator's infantine form had lain,—not for his endeavour to confer upon the agriculturists of our colder provinces the invaluable boon of an animal that could contend with the icy wind—we allude to his introduction of the Woolly Horse—not for his graceful tribute to the reproductive talent of the Republic, when he gathered around him the childish loveliness of our States, and rewarded the most exquisite of the baby forms with a prize the sickly seedling of royalty might envy—not for the yet more chivalrous courtesy with which at this moment he proffers the golden apple to the female beauty of the nation, but, with a delicacy unknown to regal courts, he covers that beauty with the veil of the daguerreotype—not for all this, but because TAYLOR PHINIAS BARNUM is emphatically an American, a type and a symbol of the glorious Republic, do we echo the national cry—"BARNUM FOR PRESIDENT!"

A SPIRITUAL WEEKLY PAPER.

THE *Spiritual Telegraph* is a New York Paper, worth, it would seem, many a rap. In South Nuggetson, however, Vermont State, there are "weekly papers" edited and got up wholly by spiritual management! We are told that a Mr. and Mrs. MERRILL of that enlightened place have, like JEPHTHA, a daughter—that is, a medium daughter.

"They have an interesting medium in the person of their own daughter, fifteen years old, through whom volumes have been written."

Written, doubtless, on tallest foolscap, and bound in thickest calf. But this is nothing.

"They receive 'weekly papers printed in imitation of type, and edited by angels;' and they have 'sheets written by invisible hands in red and black ink,' though they have 'no red ink in the house, and never had any!' They have seen the Spirit-hand which wrote these, seen Spirit-lights, and had many other demonstrations of Spiritual presence."

That papers should be edited by angels proves that the printer's devil has, at least in Vermont State, been altogether superseded. Now, by what means do these angels write? With sunbeams? or with quills, plucked and nibbed from their own wings? that may, in some measure, account for the redness of the ink. As for the "Spirit-hand," we can easily imagine what sort of hand this must be, Mr. Punch having, in his varied experience, often seen the sort of hand, of exactly the same crooked pattern, held up in the dock of the Old Bailey. Mr. Punch can, in his own person, almost believe in the possibility of an angel of an editor; but how about an angel of a penny-a-liner? Who is to swallow him?

The Nightingale's Nest.

A HOSPITAL is about to be built, to be dedicated by way of testimonial to the melodious-minded MISS NIGHTINGALE; a hospital, in which, writes Mrs. SIDNEY HERBERT, MISS NIGHTINGALE'S "own system of unpaid nursing" is to be carried out. Mr. Punch will add no word of his to the beauty of the design; for words are not wanted. He will merely, as in blithe duty bound, observe, that those who think gratefully and lovingly of the notion of the NIGHTINGALE'S Nest will, without loss of time, duly deposit their golden eggs at COURTTS'S. When golden eggs are not forthcoming, the nest may be most cosily lined with bank-notes.

Austria at St. Cloud.

THAT capital actor, REGNIER, in the play at St. Cloud, has given a filip in the face of Austria,—and that too in the presence of France and England. In the *Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, "the policy" of Austria is named; upon which REGNIER, as *Duboulay*, after his manner cries "O Austria! Austria!" QUEEN VICTORIA laughed—the EMPEROR chuckled in his own hearty way—and PRINCE ALBERT roared! It is said that the Austrian Ambassador has asked for an explanation of the government of France, and has been respectfully referred to—M. REGNIER!

Very Honourable of Him.

MR. DISRAELI, in the course of rather a severe article in the *Press*, on LORD PALMERSTON'S levity, makes amends by saying "The PREMIER has resolved to show the country that he thinks the *Comic History of England* the best extant." This handsome admission that, after all, LORD PALMERSTON'S judgment is sound on subjects of real importance, does credit to the candour of a political opponent; and Mr. Punch is glad to see that even amid the asperities of controversy, the EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER does not endeavour to inflict real injury, as he might have done, by accusing the PREMIER of holding a reverse opinion.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
That he is grown so great?"

Julius Cæsar, Act i., Scene 2.

A LIGHT CAVALRY CHAUNT.

Oh, I'm a light cavalry trooper so trim,
I stand five foot seven, I'm slender of limb;
I'm small in the waist and not big in the bone,
And yet for all that, Sir, I ride twenty stone.
With my tol de rol lol.

I've a chako that won't stay a-top of my pate;
I've a stiff leather stock for to keep my head straight:
My jacket is tight, and my overalls too;
And to turn round is more than I'd venture to do.
With my tol de rol lol.

I'm all buckles and buttons, and brass-work and belts;
When we trot, my horse blows—when we gallop, he melts;
And as with long stirrups we're forced for to ride,
I can't shift my weight on his back if I tried.
With my tol de rol lol.

My carbine to look at is all you'd desire,
But it's too long to load, and too heavy to fire.
I've two pistols besides, but, for taking a shot,
One light COLT's revolver were worth the whole lot.
With my tol de rol lol.

I've a beautiful sabretash dangling at heel;
I've a sword, and to blunt it a scabbard of steel;
And to tire my sword-arm, if all else chance to fail,
On each of my shoulders I've got a brass scale.
With my tol de rol lol.

With any light troops in the world I will show,
As a beauty to look at, a bad 'un to go.
In short, I'm turn'd out, as the Horse Guards may boast,
For the minimum work, at the maximum cost.
With my tol de rol lol.

But there's one thing the Horse Guards can't do, try their
best,
That's muzzle the pluck in an Englishman's breast.
To cripple the soldier they've done what they can,
Balaklava will show they've not damaged the man.
With my tol de rol lol.

Then here's pensions and peace to Peninsular men,
And more power to big JACOB OMNIUM'S pen:
Here's GENERAL GOOD SENSE *vice* GENERAL ROUTINE,
And here's up with old England and God save the QUEEN!
With my tol de rol lol.

BOMBARDMENT OF SWEABORG.

(From the Invulnerable Russe.)

A SUPPLEMENT to the above journal contains the following despatches from the commander of Sweaborg. They are dated 29th of July (otherwise August 10).

The enemy's fleet, consisting of 150 ships of the line, 120 mortar-boats, and 230 gun-boats, anchored at 9 and 11 A.M., and opened fire. They fired from 500 to 520 shots a minute, but with no effect.

2'40 after midnight.—The fire of the enemy has become so heavy that three mortar-boats have been shattered to pieces by the recoil, the crew of which were picked up by the boats of the ships of the line. The enemy has already lost 10,000 shells.

5'55 A.M.—A shell has fallen upon a spirit shop, and the conflagration of twenty hogsheads of raki is the consequence. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of our brave soldiery, who burn for the hour of vengeance.

8'15 A.M.—A rocket has just entered a chemist's, and an explosion followed. The chemist's unfortunately adjoining an oil and pickle shop, the flames have spread. The conduct of our troops is excellent.

10'25 A.M.—A shell has burst in a barrel of tar, in close proximity to a powder magazine. The impending destruction was stayed by the heroic BOMBARDIER WAGHISOWNCHINOFF, who flung himself into the burning mass, and, at the cost of his life, and with incredible coolness, extinguished it. His ashes have been preserved, and, duly enshrined in an urn of platina, will be dedicated to ST. ANDREW.

12'30 P.M.—The enemy has brought up all his boats, but, thanks be to ST. NICHOLAS, has done nothing of consequence.

1 P.M.—A lucifer match manufactory caught fire, but the flames have been extinguished by a milkmaid (name not given).

2 P.M.—The enemy have withdrawn all their ships, mortar-boats, and gun-boats that have escaped.

All our batteries are consolidated in their foundations by the thunder of the enemy.

Casualties.—One Cossack missing.

SALARY FOR A SHARP YOUNG MAN.

SHARP young men of business appear in a commercial sense to be flat. Here is an advertisement from the *Times*, whence it would seem that in the labour market they are quoted at a very low figure:—

WANTED, a sharp YOUNG MAN, thoroughly acquainted with the examination floor, Custom House, and Dock Business. Salary about £30 per annum. Address full particulars to A., 146, Leadenhall Street.

Perhaps the hours during which it is proposed to work the sharp young man daily at £30 a-year are few in number: or perhaps that moderate salary is to be a superaddition to board and lodging, with treatment as one of an uncommonly happy family. It is rather unreasonable to expect the services of a sharp young man on terms not exceeding those which would be expected by an able-bodied labourer; and the sharp young man who would accept them would probably be discovered by his employer to be, in regard to any property he might be intrusted with, considerably more sharp than honest.

The Rule with many Government Places.

THE height of the place is not always in proportion to the merit that fills it. You frequently see a weak person in a high place, and wonder to yourself how he got there. But do not be discontented—at a dinner-table is not the highest seat invariably occupied by the most childish?

AS SURE AS A GUN.

THERE used to be a doubt as to the value of guns when brought into operation against walls, but recent events at Sweaborg have proved that an English mortar is more than a match for any quantity of Russian bricks.

BONNETS AND BIRTHS.—The present style of Bonnet is certainly not of a Malthusian character, for since they came into use there have been more hairs-apparent than ever.

HINTS FOR CONTINENTAL TRAVELLERS.

(By our own Tourist.)



T this season of the year, everybody who can afford it, together with many who can't, will besiege the Railway or the Steamboat Station at London Bridge, for the purpose of indulging in a Tour. Some seek to bury their cares in the bosom of Gravesend, with its shrimps, its Rosherville, and other cheap attractions, while others carry their blighted hopes to Margate, and endeavour to efface bitter memories by transferring them to the sands. Some there are whose pursuit of pleasure or oblivion runs in another channel, or rather in another part of the channel, for they will cross the sea from Dover to Calais or from Folkestone to

Boulogne. On reaching the shores of France, the tourist will find them guarded by a strong force of custom-house warriors, each armed with a sword, and dressed in full military uniform. The experienced traveller will recognise among this corps some veterans who have been long in the service of their country; and there is one who was present at the taking of a carpet-bag from a party of English as far back as 1840, when an attempt was made to introduce some British calico into France. Our ally is indeed a great military nation, for even her headles in her churches are armed with warlike weapons, her police are invested with swords, and even the touters from the hotels appear occasionally in a sort of

uniform, which but for their obtrusiveness might make one fancy they belonged to a *corps de reserve*.

The landing of the luggage from the steamboat is a great military operation, for not a *sac de nuit* can be passed through the Custom House without a series of evolutions performed by gentlemen in handsome regimentals, and who, to do them justice, combine the civil with the military in an eminent degree.

The *table d'hôte* at the Calais Station affords the traveller, who is going on by the fast train, an opportunity of purchasing half-a-crown's worth of experience, for he will have just time enough to pay three francs for a dinner which he has no time to eat. The traveller should beware of entering too speedily into friendly relations with a class of gentlemen holding commissions from themselves, and taking the title of Commissioner, who if he is an Englishman, will attach themselves to him and follow him wherever he goes. If he knows what to do, they will tell him, in indifferent English, what he is doing, and when he has done it they will touch their hats and ask to be paid. If he does not know what to do, or where to go, they will walk about with him until they have got the keys of his luggage, and he will then be completely in their hands. The Commissioner is from that moment the "master of the situation," the traveller will find no escape until he is fairly off by the train.

* * * * *

On arrival in a Continental city, be it Paris or Brussels, or any other, you will naturally go to see everything that is to be seen. On these occasions avoid taking a stick for your companion, for a stick is always disagreeable, most especially when you have to pay a couple of sous for leaving it at the door. It has been said that a horse can eat his own head off, but this operation is more rapidly performed by a gold mounted cane, which eats off its head in less than a week, if a penny is paid every time it is left in a porter's hands.

AN ENTIRELY NEW HOSPITAL.

THE proposed NIGHTINGALE testimonial announced in the *Times*—a hospital served by unpaid nurses under her direction—is a tribute, the idea of which we regard with feelings far different from those with which we contemplate the gold salver voted to the arch-rogue of a railway company, or the tea-service and slippers presented to the clerical humbug. Indeed, we are rather ashamed at having named such very dissimilar things in the same sentence. If the public gives Miss NIGHTINGALE a hospital, it will acknowledge the good she has done by giving her more of it to do. Virtue, in this case, will be its own reward, but the case will be, that one of extremely rare occurrence, wherein the meritorious party can enjoy the recompense. The sufficient military hospital, also advocated by the leading journal, is an institution of which not only is the establishment desirable, but the want is infamous. It may, therefore, be feared that the suggestion for the foundation of such a hospital will not be adopted by any Ministry. But there is a description of infirmary whereof the notion might very possibly find favour with a British Cabinet. Many of our enlightened aristocracy, among them, we believe, LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, support a place of provision for the treatment of disease by doses of medicine imperceptibly larger than the ultimate particles of matter. Of course, these fashionable philosophers and wise ladies have studied anatomy, physiology, and pathology, and have thence been enabled to discern that HUNTER and ABERNETHY were two humbugs, and that HAHNEMANN was not one, for clearly he was one, if they were not two.

A homeopathic hospital is not, however, what we are now alluding to, although the ruling powers might be likely enough to entertain the proposal of that. We mean a hospital of an entirely novel character, albeit conducted on medical principles which have long been recognised officially. This is to be a hospital without physicians, surgeons, or an apothecary. One medical officer is to serve for all three. That individual shall be the Patent Medicine Vendor. He shall supply the patients with whatever remedies they may choose to demand, they having to prescribe for their own cases. To enable them to manage this not very difficult matter with perfect ease, let them be furnished with plenty of advertisements of various and rival pills, ointments, mixtures, balsams, elixirs, tinctures, &c. &c., including testimonials

and directions for use. As Government not only permits the sale of quack medicines, but encourages it by sealing them with the stamp of its approbation, it of course thinks the self-prescription of specifics a form of medical treatment proper for the public at large, and must therefore approve of a hospital in which the indigent sick may relieve themselves of their maladies by the same practice.

PEACE UPON CRUTCHES.

THERE is a very pretty story of the War that we hope foreshadows the conditions of a peace. On the attack of the 18th on the Malakhoff, CAPTAIN M., a Frenchman, and CAPTAIN S., a Russian, meet and exchange the "usual compliments" with sabres. Both are hurt; and the Frenchman is made prisoner. Both are sent to Odessa; again both meet. The Frenchman is cured of his wounds, is hale and strong; but the Russian is still upon crutches. However, the old combatants recognise each other; embrace; and become such friends that, when they part, they separate with weeping eyes!

What a pity that men do not embrace before fighting, that no fighting may come of it! Is it not so, MR. GLADSTONE; is it not so, MR. BRIGHT? We know that both of you will say "ay," and so says *Punch*; but since this cannot be; since the CZAR, strong upon the wrong side, will cross his sabres, let us hope that, with the Russian CAPTAIN S., he may have the worst of it. We can only embrace Russia with safety, when we embrace her upon crutches.

Austria Slandered.

SOME evil-disposed foreign journals have stated that Austria had remonstrated with KING BOMBA on the wholesome punishments introduced, under royal patronage, into Naples and the Two Sicilies. There is no truth whatever in the malignant report. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," says high authority. "Spare the stick and spoil the subject," thinks Austria. It is understood that KING BOMBA will continue to use the stick until compelled on his own account "to cut it."



RATHER ANNOYING.

Mr. Todgers's disgust, after flogging the water all the afternoon, in vain, to see Farmer Giles's stupid Old Cow get a rise the very first cast.

THE ROYAL SALUTES AT BOULOGNE.

MR. PUNCH very much regrets that, circumstances over which he of course had no control—(whoever has?)—kept him from the shores of Boulogne on the arrival of QUEEN VICTORIA; otherwise there would not have been left for future historians, a great question—to be henceforth known as the Great Kiss Question—never, perhaps, to be satisfactorily settled. The unsatisfactory report of that kiss will descend, echoing through generations. We are told by the *Morning Post*, that ought to know something about a question of "cheek," that when the royal yacht was brought to, a flying bridge was extended to her from the shore.

"But no sooner had the QUEEN put her foot on it and left the deck, than, as on her first touching the soil of France, the EMPEROR, who had previously dismounted, came forward, took HER MAJESTY by the hand, and saluted her on both cheeks—a salutation customary among royal personages on such occasions."

The English present, not aware of the royal etiquette, were at first taken, says JENKINS, by surprise. However, they soon recovered themselves, and corroborated the salute on both cheeks "with three very hearty cheers." Now, history would be content with this; but how is it possible, when—on the testimony of the *Morning Chronicle*—the cheeks are changed? The *Chronicle*, with historic gravity avers that—

"His Imperial Majesty immediately stepped on board, and, having bowed, kissed the hand of the QUEEN. HER MAJESTY then kissed the EMPEROR on BOTH HIS CHEEKS."

Will this question ever be cleared up? We fear not. It is hardly to be expected that HER MAJESTY will "write to the *Times*," denying the statement of the *Chronicle*; whilst, on the other hand, it would be a shocking want of gallantry in LOUIS NAPOLEON to do so, he being most delighted to enjoy the benefit of even a doubt. However, Mr. Punch thinks he espies a way by which the difficulty may be managed.

Boulogne has already one column, a column commemorative of the landing (that did not take place) of NAPOLEON in England; let there be another Boulogne column that, to all future generations, shall perpetuate the pacific landing of VICTORIA in France. The EMPEROR would have come wielding thunderbolts,—the QUEEN really lands, offering the rose of Albion to be bound up with the violets of Gaul. Very different memories will be awakened by the two columns.

"Colonels, Forward!" writes NEY in his *Account of his Division for the Invasion of Great Britain*—and "in ten minutes and a half, twenty-four thousand men embarked." Another signal proved it was a feint to try the rapidity of their embarkation: for "in thirteen minutes from the time the soldiers were on board, they were drawn up in battle array on the shore."

That is, not on the shore of Dover. The Napoleon Column commemorates a feint; the Victoria Column will testify to a truth. NAPOLEON

did not land—VICTORIA did. There were no thundering guns on the shores of Kent, but the salute of peace on the strand of Picardy; and as the givers and takers of these salutes may otherwise be a matter of dispute, Mr. Punch proposes this easy mode of compromise. On the base of the monument there will, of course, be four medallions. Let one of these medallions show how the EMPEROR saluted the QUEEN on both cheeks, and how on both cheeks the QUEEN saluted the EMPEROR.

RARE FUN AT RYDE.

ONE of the most amusing as well as intellectual of our old English sports and pastimes, is a competition consisting in the pursuit of an animal greased as to the tail, and in the endeavour to catch and hold it by that appendage. Another is the rivalry of climbing, or rather attempting to climb, a pole similarly lubricated, on the top of which is placed a similar animal. That animal is the prize of scansory or prehensile prowess; amusement results chiefly from unsuccessful exertion; the competitors are clowns in general; and the animal is always a pig.

The refined mind will admit that this diversion beats cockfighting by much, if it is not very superior to chess or billiards. To a more robust taste, if not to a stronger intellect, it may appear insufficiently exciting, and capable of improvement in that respect. Something has been done towards filling the room for that improvement: as witness the following copy of a handbill published at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight:—

POLE DANCE.

On Thursday, August 9th, 1855, at Four o'Clock in the Afternoon
(weather permitting),

A GREASED POLE

Will be suspended from the Pier, at the end of which will be placed a Box containing a Pig, which, with Five Shillings, will be a prize to any one residing in the Island, who will walk along the Pole, let out the Pig, and bring it ashore without the aid of a Boat.

All Persons wishing to try, must be dressed in Guernsey Frocks, and enter their names at the Pier Toll House, before Two o'Clock on Thursday.

Should the weather prove unfavourable on THURSDAY, the Sport will take place on SATURDAY, the 11th, at the same hour.

Ryde, August 6th, 1855.

G. BUTLER, Printer, "Observer" Office, Colonnade, Lind Street, Ryde.

The horizontal arrangement of the greased pole and the pig over the water is a great improvement upon the perpendicular on *terra firma*. The fun of failure is much enhanced by the consequent ducking; besides which the sport has the interest of danger to the competitors. If one of them, in falling, knocked his head against the pole, he would perhaps be stunned, and then he would not only tumble into the sea, but would never rise out of it. However, some attendant emissary of the Humane Society might succeed in spoiling this consummation of the sport; and geese swim; therefore, instead of suspending the pole over the sea another time, it would be advisable to set it over a tank of boiling water. A close plantation of spikes would answer the same purpose at less expense.

But what public-spirited party is it that has been thus treating, or offering to treat, the Isle of Wight people to games? Whoever that party may be, the Ryde Pier proprietors ought to be particularly obliged thereto: for no doubt the attraction held out by the pig and the "Pole Dance" to the intelligence of the Island was calculated largely to augment the receipts at the Toll House alluded to in the above-quoted announcement.

Mr. Laing's Russian Reward.

THE *Times* benevolently observes on the melancholy case of MR. LAING:—

"We hope that, if peace does ever again visit the earth, MR. LAING will reap the reward of his support of Russia, and gain the concession of a railway long enough to console him for the immediate loss of all the dividends and premiums which the miserable people of Italy are not to supply to him."

Yes; a very long railway; so long that it may reach even to Siberia; MR. LAING having the privilege to issue tickets the whole of the way to his friends the peace-at-all-pricemongers; tickets carrying luggage, but by no means returnable.

THE KAISER AND THE POPE.—A Concordat has been signed between Austria and Rome. JUDAS has kissed BARABBAS.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Hear the king's pleasure, Cardinal: who commands you
To render up the Great Seal presently
Into our hands."—

Henry VIII., Act iii., Scene 2.

A PARISIAN SOLEMNITY.

OUR Parisian contemporaries have been full of glowing descriptions of what they termed the "solemnity" which took place at the Grand Opera on the occasion of the QUEEN'S State Visit. The solemnity consisted of a trio from *William Tell*; some variations sung by CRUVELLI; an *étincelant bolero*; *le galop cosmopolite*; and, by way of conclusion, *le fameux Gode Save the Queen*. Our vivacious neighbours have an odd idea of a "solemnity" when they describe by such a term a sort of medley performance, in which a bolero and a galop formed the principal ingredients. We could conceive the title of "solemnity" being given to a selection from the Old Masters, whose Ops. present the most ponderous specimens of abstruse counterpoint; but to attach the notion of anything solemn to an entertainment comprising sparkling boleros and cosmopolitan galops is an idea we cannot realise.

We can imagine a solemnity made up from the labours of the old contra-pointists, but there is a vast difference between the galop of modern date and the slow coach movements of the ancient harmonists. With our mercurial neighbours, however, everything is a solemnity, if it has any object beyond the moment; and as such we are willing to accept every incident connected with the visit of the QUEEN to the FRENCH EMPEROR.

IDIOSYNCRASY OF THE CZAR.—Some people faint at the smell of cheese: a cat in a cupboard will make others uncomfortable. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who can swallow any quantity of train-oil, is thrown into fits by the mere mention of a box of Sardines.

PUNCH AT BOULOGNE.

AUGUST 27.—Boulogne has scarcely been in bed all night; the town may have taken twenty winks, but before cock-crow was wide awake and doing. When VICTORIA flashed along the Port to the railway terminus, she just left a lambent stream of light behind her to mark her way, but that was all. Boulogne saw nothing of the royal countenance—nothing of the royal smile, that, during the absence of the sun from foggy England, ripens the royal peaches in the royal gardens. Therefore, Boulogne resolved, on the return of the QUEEN, to embark for faithful Albion, to have a good stare at HER MAJESTY by day-light, moon-light, and fire-light. To this end, the sun, of sunny France vouchsafed its brightest lustre—it could not have been finer on the morn of Austerlitz)—whilst the moon, with a gentle pale face, sweet and fair as EUGÉNIE'S, looked mildly down; and yet the same moon that shone on Agincourt! The fireworks slept like dragons in sheets of paper, ready to spit and sparkle with the first "Promethean touch." Boulogne was so full, that many families slept with their feet out of Hotel windows—English all; a fact easily, and withal painfully, communicated to the Gallic beholder by the clumsiness of the sleepers' shoe-leather. One enthusiastic solicitor from Thavies' Inn could be accommodated for a bed with nothing more extensive than a knife-board; but being professionally accustomed to make much of a little, he was overheard to assure his friend KNAGGS (of Furnival's) that he couldn't have slept more sweetly on a woollack. Perhaps, indeed, he got up all the sharper for that knife-board!

It touched the British bosom tenderly, musically,—so musically, that the British heart-strings, vibrating to the sentiment, softly murmured *God Save the Queen*—to mark the hospitable, the affectionate preparations made to welcome the *Bonne Petite Reine*. She had shot through Boulogne like a sunbeam onward to Paris; she had beheld, to the astonishment of the dust of grandfather GEORGE THE THIRD, the capital of his natural enemy; she had beheld, and wondered; and was now returning, filled and lustrous with the splendours she had gazed upon! The glories of the Hôtel-de-Ville must still float about her—the glitter of the thousands of bayonets, glistening in the Champ-de-Mars, must make a halo around the royal bonnet. QUEEN VICTORIA, an excellent little QUEEN, landed at Boulogne, and went on her rapid way to Paris. But now she returns, glorified, sublimated by the homage, the raptures of the past week,—and, *par Dieu!* she is now not only *une bonne petite reine*, but *une reine magnifique!* For, had she not gone, hand in hand with the EMPEROR, to the coffin of NAPOLEON? Had not BRITANNIA,

a little remorseful about St. Helena, gazed with reverent softened eyes at what covered so much dust—dust, that once burned with the quickening might of myriads! That right hand had hurled thunderbolts, every bolt bringing down some throne. One the thunder could not reach, but still fell short, still went down into the deep that still hissed in scorn. And now, the gentle woman who adorns that throne, in her very gentleness embodying the calm strength of England, comes to the coffin of the dead enemy of her land; and in his coffin—the while the organ peals old England's anthem—buries all dead enmities. Such an incident is, in its solemnity, the very religion of history. Painters historical, prepare your palettes!

Punch changes paragraphs, and is again at Boulogne. At five o'clock, a cannon boomed forth—"Here she comes!" "She comes"—"she comes"—bellowed another and another. "She is come," another bellows, with thundering satisfaction. The magnificent QUEEN has returned to Boulogne, and Boulogne fetches a long breath!

There can be no doubt of the magic influence of Paris on the QUEEN OF ENGLAND; yes, and on the QUEEN'S first and most dutiful subject, PRINCE ALBERT, late of Saxe-Gotha. The Boulogne mind discerns even in the improved bonnet of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND the blessed influence of the Paris visit. The QUEEN'S brow is more ample; a tablet enlarged to hold greater memories: the QUEEN'S eyes were blue as the sea at its bluest,—but now, as the sea, they are deep. HER MAJESTY has devoured so many wonders, that she has become exalted beyond mere Britannic royalty. She has eaten and drunk of the ambrosia and nectar of Paris, and her mien, her looks, declare the influence of the celestial fare. So speculates and resolves, the philosophic mind of Boulogne!

In a few minutes, and the QUEEN is prepared to review the troops on the Sands. The Champ-de-Mars had been honoured in Paris,—why not the Champ-de-Neptune in Boulogne? There were the compact fellows drawn out, drawn in; and all of them very plainly understanding their business; a truth *Mr. Punch* was immediately convinced of, when he observed FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT give an approving nod. The MARSHAL seemed particularly pleased with the marvellous movements of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, who treat war as a practical joke, and would have as much fun and no more in dislodging monkeys from a sugar plantation as in routing regiments of Russians. In fact, to a Chasseur, a mounted Don Cossack is no more than a monkey on pony-back.—Nothing can beat the good-temper of these fellows: they crack a skull as a good joke; and to their teeth bullets are merely sugar-plums. If there be "dogs of war," then are the Chasseurs war's playful puppy-dogs! The review ended, and, it is said by some who

boast good eyes, that as the troops moved off the ground, the statue of NAPOLEON on his own Column, bent a little forward; and his bronze lips moved somewhat, as he vouchsafed down from his eminence, an imperial bow. NAPOLEON in the flesh had, in his time, been on that cliff: nothing could move him then: but now a scene was acting on Boulogne Sands, that in its wondrous strangeness moved and melted even bronze. To think that French regiments should, on a French shore, pass in review before a QUEEN OF ENGLAND, the while English three-deckers, calm in the magnificence of their might, should lie lazily in the offing!

The QUEEN OF ENGLAND went to dinner, and all the fireworks, from smallest, most spluttering squib, to tallest, and most starry rocket, must have felt the warmth of impatience that still pervaded Boulogne, growing the warmer as the hour came on. At length, *God Save the Queen* was breathed through regimental brass! (Again, a very sharp eye-witness averred to *Mr. Punch* that he saw the bronze NAPOLEON just lift his bronze chapeau!) The QUEEN descended; and, at the same time, the QUEEN'S yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*,—like the Sea-Serpent illuminated—with fiery speed, dashed to the harbour to receive her mistress. The thing seemed alive, and of its instinct seemed to know its duty.

Can MR. PUNCH write fireworks? Can he dip his pen in pyrotechnic ink? Why, perhaps not. But let the reader consider the page before him. Let him imagine every letter—black and small, and thronging—

suddenly touched into a firework of some sort—this P a marvellous rocket, showering stars; this U a Bengal light; this N—this C—this H—each and all a marvellous combination of fire and colour,—let the reader obligingly think this, and so thinking, multiply the fireworks by multiplication that shall reach to the skies, and he may, perhaps, imagine somewhat of the splendours that burned about QUEEN VICTORIA as she took her way on board. Out blazed a bouquet, growing to the heavens,—a bouquet of red, white, and blue fire-flowers—roses red and white, and violets of azure—as the yacht, its quarter all a flame, like burning arrow, shot along the sea!

And then—and then—the guns of the English ships gave mouth; as it seemed to *Mr. Punch's* ears—with a gruff affectionateness, welcoming their mistress, the Royal Lady of the Lions, back again to them!—Still they roared, and still deeper and deeper, as though their satisfaction deepened as their own QUEEN came nearer and nearer; and she was once again among them!

And in such affectionate, such loyal guardianship—with the hopes of France and England intermingling above her and around her—so leave we VICTORIA.

Two Mermaids rose in the offing. One sang *God save the Queen*, the other trilled *Partant pour la Syrie*. One was an English maid; the other French. When each had done her singing, each by way of keepsake changed with each, her comb and glass.

THE PEACE PROJECTILE COMPANY.

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A COMPANY under the above title is in course of formation upon the newly-legalised principle of Limited Liability. The superiority of private enterprise to the operation of Government, which has hitherto been exemplified in every instance where the one has come into contrast with the other, warrants the conclusion that a body of intelligent capitalists would pursue the arts of war with the same relative success as that with which similar societies have cultivated those of peace. The speedy and satisfactory termination of the War is an object, which of itself, would render a large outlay a wise investment on the part of any important member of

the mercantile community, and the projectors of the Projectile Peace Company have accordingly determined to fix the Company's Shares at

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS PER SHARE.

The object of the Company will be to test the merits of Inventions calculated to bring the War to a conclusion by the

DESTRUCTION OF HER MAJESTY'S ENEMIES,

Their Fleets, Fortifications, and Strongholds; and one of its immediate proceedings will be to investigate the

Plan of Lord Dundonald

For the annihilation of Sebastopol, Cronstadt, &c. Early in the next Session of Parliament a Charter will be applied for to enable the Company to try, on their own pecuniary responsibility, any such destructive agent, power, machine, or invention upon the enemy, as they may deem worthy of the experiment, always, of course, with the proviso, that such experiment shall not interfere with any operations contemplated by HER MAJESTY'S Naval and Military Forces. In the event of a demonstration of the capability of the scheme thus tested to answer its purpose, should the Government still neglect it, as they neglect the proposal of LORD DUNDONALD, notwithstanding its approval by

SIR CHARLES FOX,

The Projectors submit, that the restoration, by their unaided efforts, of such a peace as that which they contemplate would alone more than repay the Subscribers; to say nothing to the great

• Economy of Human Life

And human suffering which would result from the wholesale, but limited, destruction of savages.

** Subscriptions will be received at the Company's Office, 85, Fleet Street.

"WRITE ME DOWN" A 'RECORD.'

THE *Record* lately quoted from our last number some lines relative to the Promenade Concert given in Kensington Gardens on Sunday to the Public, by the QUEEN. To this quotation were annexed certain comments, reviling us, of course, for ribaldry and profaneness. Our sanctimonious contemporary accused us, moreover, of advocating, in those verses, the institution of JULLIEN'S concerts upon Sundays. If the *Record* writer has ever been present at the concerts of M. JULLIEN, he must know that they usually include quadrilles, polkas, and other frivolous and trumpety pieces of music, whereas the music which we represented as proper for Sunday, was distinctly described by us as having, on the mind of the hearer, an effect essentially and beneficially spiritual.

Veracity is not the forte of any of the fanatical journals, Popish or Protestant: but we do not accuse the *Record* man of having uttered, to the prejudice of *Mr. Punch*, the thing that is not, knowing it not to be. We dare say that he has not the most remote idea of what we mean by good music. To him, probably, sacred music is parish psalmody; nothing else, and nothing more; miserable and vulgar tunes married to equally miserable and vulgar verses; such as the doggerel into which NICHOLAS BRADY and NAHUM TATE have presumed to turn the Scriptures, in diluting, corrupting, and rhyming, the songs of DAVID.

Sacredness in music, as apprehended by him, is probably what, to any person with an average ear, and ordinary sensibilities, is maudlin dreariness; aesthetically the same thing as the groaning, and moaning, and whining in the pulpit, accepted by the sect which he represents for devotional expression. His allowance of ear, however, may be said to be considerably above the average, and in respect of both ears we should say that he ought to have, by some inches, the advantage of the "tremendous justice *Midas*," or the "translated" *Bottom*.

A Weighty Argument.

WE hear a good deal about the War being necessary to preserve the Balance of Power, which is no doubt the case; but there is another Balance—and a pretty powerful balance it is—which is likely to be destroyed rather than preserved by the existing state of things. There is not a state in Europe which will not find its balance—if it happens to have any in its treasury—seriously jeopardised by the hostilities which have broken out.

PORKERS ON PARNASSUS.



THE fine Statue of SIR ROBERT PEEL at length stands in its place in Cheapside, and the noble Emancipator of Corn faces his old friend, the warlike Emancipator of Catholics. The Aldermen have had sad grief and trouble about it, however, and their last unhappiness has been about the inscription for the pedestal. The only report which has been allowed to escape the Court states that the Fathers of the City "finally resolved that the stone should bear nothing but the name of 'PEEL,' with the dates which open and close his history." But it seems that many of the Aldermen had strong feelings upon the subject, and thought that the inscription ought to say a great deal more. One of

This epigraph excited some approbation, and but for the envy of other Aldermen and poets, would have been at this moment on the pedestal. But it was opposed by ALDERMAN GREENFAT, who, with a loud voice, read his own composition:—

"To SIR ROBERT PEEL, Bart.,
The City gives applause,
For taking an active part
In taking off the Corn Laws."

ALDERMAN GLOBULAR thought that both of these were well, so far as they went, but still he considered that the Aldermen "ought to be brought in somehow," and he proposed to introduce them as follows:—

"The Aldermen of London
Can appreciate public merit,
So erect this figure of PEEL
On account of his public spirit."

The neatest inscription of all was, however, tendered by ALDERMAN GHERKINS, who suggested this—

"Erected to SIR ROBERT PEEL,
Because we think he did a deal
Of service to the common-weal."

A fierce debate, however, arose upon the last word of this composition, some maintaining that it ought to be spelt "wheel," being an allusion to the helm of state, and others—indeed the majority,—contending that its initial should be "v," which produced some sarcasms of the usual civic elegance, in which the changes were pleasingly rung upon veal and calf; and finally, after a great storm, the Meeting sulkily decided that there should be no inscription at all, except what has been mentioned. And this is certainly the right decision, for the less very small men have to say about a very great man the better.

Gazette Extraordinary.

HER MAJESTY has been pleased to command that the fashionable mushroom hats are to be called *Ladies' All-rounders*.

them considered that the names of all the civic dignitaries who conspired to do the statesman this remarkable honour ought to be engraven on the pedestal, as it would naturally add to his fame if the world knew what very great men had thought well of him. Several had prepared inscriptions, for which they fought with much animosity. The kindness of an official supplies us with a copy of these. ALDERMAN GRUNTER moved the following—

"He made food Cheap, for which we Sigh'd,
And so this is erected in Cheapside."

OLD BRICKS AND OLD MORTARS.

Yes—we are an exceedingly practical people:
The *History of England* that virtue will show.
We don't trust our eyes, when they say "there's a steeple,"
But, bang, with our noses against it we go.
And not till our noses bleed after collision,
Do we feel we're entitled to say, with decision,
"Yes—it is solid stonework, and not a mere vision,"
And the practical proof quite makes up for the blow.

Hence our wars have been triumphs: for, when we commenced them,
We conclusively proved all the stone walls we found,
By gallantly running our heads up against them,
Singing out Q. E. D., as we came to the ground.
Thus we've proved the Crimea makes bad winter quarters,
And the proof has but cost us an army of martyrs:
To exact the same proof in all Russian waters,
Through our naval campaigns, we by logic are bound.

North-Sea skippers declared that the Baltic was shallow,
So, too, said the charts; but JOHN BULL's not so flat
As, without some more practical proof, things to swallow,
On mere word-of-mouth and eye-witness, like that!
So of man-of-war stations our Whitehall assigners,
Send into the Baltic our first-rates and liners;
If they get aground, Sir,—a fig for the shiners!—
That's a practical proof there are shoals—*verbum sat*.

Theoretical writers maintain'd, for such waters,
That gun-boats of some six feet draught were the thing:
That Russian forts to the pounding of mortars
(Though they mock point-blank fire) soon "peccavi" would sing.
Mere reasonings that gunboats are needed, we scout them!
Let's have practical proof, first, by trying without them:
To show long guns won't knock the foes' casemates about them,
Long guns, and not mortars, against them we'll bring.

Well, the practical proof—dear to BULL—has been given;
Our liners have grounded, our long guns have fail'd—
With short-soundings and stonework in vain we have striven,
Vainly GRAHAM has written, and NAPIER has rail'd.

And at length—Hip-hurrah!—we've got gunboats and mortars;
And now, spite of granite and sands and shoal waters,
Our Tars will soon have their own way with the Tartars:
Sweaborg first, and then Cronstadt will soon be assail'd.

"But hold"—say the theorists—"mortars, 'tis certain,
Will wear out with firing—the fact is well known,"
Is it so? We can't rest on mere random asserting;
By a practical proof we must have the fact shown.
Send our mortarboats out with no relay of metal,
If the mortars fail, mend 'em, as tinkers a kettle;
If they burst—why, the practical point it will settle,
That honey-comb'd gun-metal's best let alone.

Here, too, we've had practical proof that with firing
Gun-metal will crystallise, duly, and burst;
But who, save JOHN BULL, would have thought of requiring,
Loss of life, and a half-and-half victory first?
But what if we have lost some men by explosion,
If the granite of Sweaborg still frowns o'er the ocean?
We've got practical proof of what was but a notion
Of a few closet-writers, in theories nursed.

Now 'tis fact, that old officers wear like old iron,
And this fact *Mr. Punch* in JOHN BULL's head would fix;
With old mortars our arsenal yards we environ,
Why not with old mortars get rid of old jackets?
We have gouty old admirals, cranky and crusty,
Peninsular heroes, grey, mildew'd, and musty:
Let us not wait for practical proof how untrusty
A WELLINGTON's self grows at sixty-and-six.

The glorious old boys! *Punch* profoundly respects them.
He knows what they have been, but sees what they are:
Their duty to do, he, like England, expects them—
Which is to lie up, and nurse chalkstone and scar.
Let them warm their old bones in the sun, and have pensions—
JOHN BULL can afford it—of monster dimensions,
And like NAPIER, confining to print their pretensions,
With insular pen wage Peninsular war!



OBSERVATIONS ABROAD.

(BY A PREJUDICED MAN.)

PERHAPS there is no more striking difference between the gross English and the refined French than in the matter of eating. "*Les Anglais!—Mon Dieu! Comme ils mangent!*" says your Parisian, and with reason, no doubt. For young Mr. BULL would, in all probability, have gone the length of eating an egg and a piece of dry toast, or even a rasher of bacon, with a cup of tea, by way of breakfast; whereas the young fellows in the picture have had nothing in the world but a couple of fowls, with nice greasy sauce—a dish of cutlets, accompanied by mushrooms, olives, and cockscombs—a melon—a bowl of eggs beaten up with truffles—about a pint of currant juice and iced water—a large crayfish, or lobster, a bottle of ordinary red wine, some salad, with plenty of oil, four peaches, two apricots, a dish of potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel*, two cups of coffee and some rum, a yard and a half of bread, and just a handful or so of radishes, a few almond and ratifia cakes, and a dozen lumps of sugar! How much more delicate and sensible is such a meal! And yet, somehow or other, at the age of thirty, a Frenchman is generally obliged to wear stays to preserve his figure, and he has no digestion to speak of.

POUNDING OF SWEABORG.

THE trembling Baltic shore
With a volcanic roar,
The fast and furious cannonade astounds;
Thousands of bombshells fly
Across the smoky sky,
In every one of them—there goes five pounds!

But pitch away the cash,
And may the death-bolt crash
Into as many little bits of bomb;
Those fragments, every part,
Reaching a Russian's heart,
As there are farthing pieces in the sum.

The more gold we expend,
The more Cossacks we send
To NICHOLAS, who loosed them on mankind.
How much of life we save,
In smashing every slave,
To work a Tyrant's murderous will design'd!

Delightful is the note,
From the blazing iron throat,
Answering the Muscovite hymn's yell,
When, Liberty to crush,
The brandied Helots rush,
Mow'd down before our batteries pell-mell

These mortars are the things,
Upon Destruction's wings,
The telling kind of messenger to send
Those, who to no discourse
Save that of mere brute force,
Their stupid, savage, servile ears will lend.

More mortars! send out more,
Burn arsenal and store,
Let the shells scatter death on every side;
Among the slaves, to show
Their OZAR that he is no
Colossus that shall all the world bestride.

Work, founders, work away,
There will be much to pay:
If there's as much to show we'll cry "Content!"
Sink, burn—that War may cease,
Kill and destroy—for Peace;
Spend money, that less money may be spent.

A PROBABLE GLUT OF GENIUSES.

AN anonymous individual, who is quite right in concealing his name, has given 10,000 francs, some £400, to be distributed in prizes to men of letters of every degree, and of every nation. We tremble to think of the number of geese that will be sacrificed to provide quills for the myriads who will rush into manuscript on the chance of obtaining a share of the proffered plunder. The highest prize is one of £40, for the best novel, consisting of not less than 50,000, and not more than 60,000 letters. We suspect that even the successful competitor will starve before an award can be made, for the arbitrators cannot come to a decision until they have counted all the letters in all the novels that may be sent in for adjudication; and when this operation has been gone through, it will be necessary to read every one of the million manuscripts that will pour in upon the harassed judges.

When all this has been done, there will still remain the task of appropriating some £200 among the authors of second rank; and as the numbers of those who come off second-best in the literary world are incalculable, we look with real horror on the task that has been imposed on those who have been appointed to adjudicate.

MODESTY WHERE LEAST EXPECTED.

DELICATE SWELL (*holding up his long coat previous to running over a dirty crossing*). "Good gracious! I hope to goodness no Lady will see my ancles!"



JUSTICE PARSONIFIED.

Reverend Gent. "AS FOR YOU TWO COLLINS, YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF THE HEINOUS OFFENCE OF LEAVING YOUR WORK TO SEE A REVIEW, AND AS YOU DON'T SEEM SORRY FOR IT, I SENTENCE YOU TO •FOURTEEN DAYS' IMPRISONMENT IN CHELMSFORD GAOL, WITH HARD LABOUR." (Fact!)



“PLEASE ‘M, HERE ‘S FIDO BEEN A ROLLIN’ OF HIMSELF IN THE
‘KETCH ‘EM ALIVE, O!’”

ENGLISH CONVERSATION.

MR. PUNCH has read in some book or other, that “Conversation is a difficult Art.” Like most things in most books (except a series of volumes of which this is the twenty-ninth) the statement is ridiculous. Conversation is perfectly easy. In England, especially, the art is carried to the utmost pitch of perfection. You have only to listen to what takes place in the omnibus, or on the steamboat, or in the next box at the opera or eating-house, or as you come home from church, or in the railway train, or in any other place where people talk publicly, to be convinced that English people talk remarkably well—that their conversation is easy, precise, pointed, full of information, instructive but not pedantic, lively but not flippant, bold but not audacious, serious but not didactic, and a great many other things but not a great many other things, and, in short, that the British Public talks admirably.

Eager for the honour of his native land, Mr. Punch has been taking notes of a good deal of Conversation which has lately reached his immortal ears. And in proof of the justness of his eulogium, he subjoins a specimen of a brilliant dialogue which occupied and amused the estimable individuals who delivered it, all the way from the Nine Elms Pier to Blackfriars Bridge. He took it down in short hand, and his notes may be seen on application at the publisher’s.

SCENE—After-Deck of the “Bride” Steamer.

Enter, embarking from the Pier, MR. BROWN, a well-dressed, florid, fussy, purely lady’s man, of middle age, and some rotundity; MISS JONES, a highly-dressed spinster, of a certain age, with rather a made voice and simper to match, and her friend, MISS ROBINSON, of the same pattern. The ladies were unacquainted with the gentleman, but they met at the pay-place, and the plot of the drama is that the man who gives the tickets thought for a moment that the three were one party.

Mr. Brown (bustling aft, and smiling). Ah, ha! Ha, ah! [Waits.
Miss Jones (following). Hee—hee—hee. [Takes her seat.
Miss Robinson (fainter). Hee—hee. [Takes her’s.
Mr. Brown. Ha! Ha!

[The Ladies being seated, MR. BROWN sits. They all smile for some time.

Mr. Brown (with a more subdued laugh). Ah—ha!
Miss Robinson (volcanically). Hee—hee—hee—hee. [Boat moves off.

Mr. Brown. I am bound (emphatically, and with action) to say, ladies, that I do not think he meant to be impertinent.

Both Ladies. O dear NO! O DEAR NO.
Mr. Brown. Mistakes will occur, you know.
Both Ladies. Just so, just so.

Mr. Brown. You are aware that he must see a great many persons in the course of the day.

Miss Jones (thoughtfully). I suppose he must.
Mr. Brown. Yes. And some of these persons come alone, while others come, perhaps two, perhaps three, perhaps even more together.

Miss Robinson (apprehending). Ah! Exactly! Yes.
Mr. Brown. Well then, it is difficult, unless he is told, for him to know whether one person belongs to another’s party, or not.
Miss Jones. It must be, of course.

Miss Robinson (eagerly). Especially when they approach his box at the same moment.

Mr. Brown (delighted at her quickness). Precisely so—precisely so.

Miss Jones (jealous of her friend’s laurels). Of course, if a person deposits the money for one ticket only, he is not likely to mistake.

Mr. Brown (considers this problem). No—no. At least he is less likely to do so.

Miss Robinson (evidently an administrative intellect). Except that sometimes in a party everybody agrees to pay for themselves.

Mr. Brown. Yes, and that avoids confusion. Besides, in that case, it would not matter what he thought, because he would give but one ticket to the person presenting the money, you see.

Both Ladies (crushed by the masculine grasp of the subject). Just so—just so. [They bump Lambeth Pier.

Mr. Brown. I did not for a moment consider that he meant to defraud.

Miss Jones. O, certainly not.

Miss Robinson. I should think he was an honest person.

Mr. Brown. He looks so, but then we mustn’t judge by looks, ladies, ha! ha! [They all laugh.

Miss Robinson (timidly). But—but, it is a place of trust. I think I have heard that the men are obliged to give securities—is that the word.

Mr. Brown. I have no doubt they do. I say, most distinctly, that they ought to do so. I say so as a man of business. Were this Company under my direction, I should feel it my duty, and most assuredly one from which I should not be tempted to swerve, to demand security from any person who received the Company’s money.

[The Ladies muse over this statement—perhaps think what worlds of other Companies are under MR. B.’s direction. They bump Westminster Pier.

Miss Robinson (whose subtle brain is perfectly GLADSTONIAN). He did not like to give me the three-penny piece, at first, though.

Mr. Brown. Few people like parting with money. Ha! ha!

Miss Jones. True. Yet what is the use of money, unless spent?

Miss Robinson. Money is the root of all evil, they say.

Mr. Brown. Still it makes the mare go. Ha! ha!

[Great fun for some minutes.

Miss Robinson (bent on the solution of her new problem). But his trying to keep back the three-penny piece would not show that he was dishonest towards his employers, but only to the public.

Mr. Brown (solemnly). My dear lady, I have always remarked, in my progress through life that—(They bump Hungerford Pier). Dear me, there is always a mess at this pier. O, all right. I was going to say, that I have always remarked, in my progress through life, that a person who will be dishonest towards one person will be so towards another.

Miss Jones (determined to go in for honours). Certainly—

Miss Robinson (forestalling her friend). Because there is nothing more to make a person honest in one case than in another.

Mr. Brown. Precisely. Except the fear of being found out. Ha! ha!

Miss Jones (who has something in her, after all). Fear of detection is a low motive to deter from the commission of wrong.

Mr. Brown. Very just, very just. It is so.

Miss Robinson (rather a failure this time). Persons should know their duty, and do it.

Mr. Brown. Very true, very true. So they should.

Miss Jones (pursuing her advantage). But if everybody did what they ought to do—

Mr. Brown (the masculine vigour re-asserting itself). We should not want those majestic buildings to remind us of what is proper and right.

[Points to St. Paul’s, as they bump Waterloo Pier. The Ladies gaze upon the Cathedral, as if seeing it for the first time in a new light.

Miss Jones (giving way to her enthusiasm). It is indeed a fine structure.

Miss Robinson (devotional feeling having overcome her rivalry). Is it not? And how well you can see it from the river.

Mr. Brown. It was built, you are aware, by SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Both Ladies (thankfully). O, SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Miss Jones. I always forget the name.

Miss Robinson. I think of a little bird, but then I forget which bird.

Mr. Brown (facetiously). Perhaps, if the man had kept the three-penny piece, he would have spent it in paying to go in and see St. Paul’s.

[The Ladies are convulsed, until they bump Blackfriars’ Pier.

Mr. Brown. “Ha! Ha! I wish you good morning, ladies. I am going to get out here.

Both Ladies. Good morning.

Mr. Brown (as he ascends the pier). Very nice, lady-like women—full of intellect and appreciation. [Exit.

Miss Jones. What a very well-informed man, dear. Evidently an influential City merchant.

Miss Robinson. Or banker, perhaps—his manner is so superior.

[The “Bride” proceeds on her perilous way.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

MR. GAVAN DUFFY, Irish Patriot and Parliamentary flunkey to his Holiness the POPE, has signified his intention to transport himself to Australia. MR. GAVAN DUFFY is a good judge.



THIS IS CAPTAIN GOGGLES, WHO WOULD SIT FORWARD IN A HANSON WHEN IT CAME ON TO RAIN.

A COMPLAINT FROM THE PADDLE-BOX.

By a Captain in the Above-Bridge Service.

ALL down the Thames I steam until I'm ill, O!
 All down the Thames to London Bridge from Kew:
 And I'm forced by way of antidote before I seek my pillow,
 With the draught that is so black to wash down the pill
 so blue.

If any one should ask me the reason why I sicken,
 I tell him 'tis because I live on liquified manure:
 For while all the drains of London the Thames with garbage
 thicken,

Though its tide be e'er so slow, it will certainly be sewer.

Beside the drains, the bone-mills all add their foul out-pour-
 ings,

And gaseous filth from gas-works flows in emetic streams;
 And while the dirt at bottom defies all tidal scourings,
 With cat and dog inanimate the surface thickly teems.

Then all down the Thames small wonder I'm so ill, O!
 And shall be until Parliament to cleanse it finds the way:
 But except the River-Cholera some sitting Member kill, O!
 The House, I fear, won't listen to advice from FARADAY.

THE IMPASSABLE PARK.

PRINCE ALBERT is Ranger of St. James's Park. He has a fine view of it from the front of Buckingham Palace. The prospect of the busy multitude of foot-passengers, diversified by nunsmaids and hoop-trundling children, must be pleasing to his Royal Highness of a fine morning, when, full of benevolence and breakfast, he surveys that scene from one of the windows, with a serene countenance, and his hands behind him under the tail of his dressing-gown. But he must observe one deficiency in the spectacle. He beholds his Royal Consort's foot subjects, but not HER MAJESTY'S horse. The comfortable carriage and convenient cab do not cross the field of his vision. The look-out is pretty enough, but deficient in the Hansom. PRINCE ALBERT being, as aforesaid, Ranger of the Park, has the power, and doubtless only wants the hint, to do the handsome thing by conceding a carriage way across it to the cabs.

STREET NAMES.

AMONG the numerous benefits which London will derive from the new Act for the Government of the Metropolis, is a revision of the system of street nomenclature. The mass of King Streets, Queen Streets, Victoria Streets, Albert Streets, and the like, will have to sort themselves. To each King Street will be put the Shakspearian question, "Under which King, Bezonian?" and the Queens will be expected to be equally explicit, and to apply to MISS STRICKLAND for separate christening. Victoria Street (and Punch Street) will be names restricted to the very highest order of thoroughfare, morally, socially, and architecturally considered; and the Albert Streets, with perhaps a couple of exceptions at opposite quarters of the town, will be told off into Consort Street, Hat Street, Night-light Street, and other titles which, preserving affinity, may avoid confusion.

Equal justice will be meted out to the plebeian localities. SMITH and BROWN will not be allowed to stud districts all over with Smith Streets and Brown Terraces, nor will it be held sufficient reason for having eleven Mary-Ann Places in one suburban parish, that eleven respectable and uxorious builders have wives of that name. As for John Street, James Street, William Street, Alexander Street, Henry Street, Edward Street, and all the other streets with mere *prænomina*, they must prepare to take less ridiculous appellations. A Christian man may be entitled to be called a brick, but bricks are not entitled to the Christian name of a man.

A register is to be opened, and every street is to have its own name recorded, and no street to take that of another. Why, indeed, should it? What is the use of an *alias* to a street? It can always be identified if it gets into disgrace; and though one street often runs into another, it is sure to be caught. We hope, therefore, that all decent streets will hasten to obtain their own distinctive names.

Some difficulty, it is thought, may arise in the selection of the new titles, and inhabitants who have settled placidly down under the no-meaning names of Pleasant Row, Prospect Terrace, the Paragon, or the simply declarative River Terrace, Thames Bank, or Parliament Street, may rebel against any title which may have more definite associations. But, while respecting this English feeling, let us remind such persons that no vow of allegiance is at present held to be implied by residence

in a street with ever so specific a name. Living in Wellington Street does not compel you to go about in Wellington boots, residing in Grosvenor Row does not pledge you to the Sunday Trade Bill, chambers in Regent Street do not make you an admirer of GEORGE TURVEYDROP, a house in Gordon Square does not constitute you a worshipper of LORD ABERDEEN, and you may dwell in Wood Street and yet join the rest of your fellow creatures in considering the First Lord of the Admiralty no very great statesman. Did a house suit *Mr. Punch*, were there hot and cold water to the top, no black beetles or church bells to be seen or heard, and the taxes reasonable, he would not hesitate to live therein, even though the street were called after MR. DUFFY or MR. CALCRAFT.

A Commission, with *Mr. Punch* at its head, will probably issue for the allotment of names, and literature may be enabled to render some assistance in the business. He is not inclined to forestal his work by publishing his whole plan, because in that case Government would probably steal it, and give him no money. But he will furnish a specimen of his notion. He would divide London into districts, and by means of his own immense topographical knowledge—not that he would not be glad of the co-operation of his friends PETER CUNNINGHAM and JOHN TIMBS—he would decide what feature gave worthiest historical, social, or other characteristic to the prescribed locality. Settling this, the feature in question should give the key to the nomenclature. Suppose, for instance, that the district included the New Palace of Westminster. This is, evidently, the key required. Parliament Street exists. Add to it Lord Street, Commons Street, Throne Street, Speaker Street, Mace Street, Bauble Street, Green-Box Alley, Black Rod Passage, Lobby Street, Order Street, Bill Street, Vote Street, Count Street, Bore Street, Bribe Street, Profligate and Unexampled Expenditure Street, and so forth. Observe the great advantage of this system. It would make no second title necessary. Who hears the word Bore or Bribe, and does not instantly think of Westminster?

Take another instance. Suppose Drury Lane theatre were the feature of the district whose streets required names. Preserve Drury Lane. Add Kemble Street, Kean Street, Young Street, Siddons Street, O'Neill Street, Macready Street, Vestris Street, Braham Street, Malibran Street, Stanfield Street, Grieve Street. Or, if it would not be too humiliating to a respectable locality, even the names of authors and

composers, who have in some humble degree contributed to the success of the stars, might be used for the back lanes and by-ways, as Shakspeare Court, Ben Jonson Alley, Beaumont Passage, Fletcher Lane, Sheridan Corner, Rossini Row, Balfe Buildings. One would not be severe, and suggest titles which, though they have no connection with any of the above honourable names, might hit elsewhere, as Rant Street, Stamp Street, Quack Street, Puff Street, Gag Street, Clique Street, and other appellations that might occur to the malicious.

Or, finally, suppose the district to be named included *Mr. Punch's Office*. How the corner of the streets would sparkle with one constant illumination. Punch Street, Judy Street, Toby Street, would be the grand titles, and despite what has been said about non-allegiance, the rents would go up fearfully from the moment those names went up. Happy too would those lucky householders be whose destiny should plant them in Almanack Street and Pocket-Book Row; happy the dwellers in Caudle Street, Titmarsh Street, Struggles Street, Pips Street, Briggs Street, Comic England Street, Violet Street, Honeymoon Street, Bib Street, Bashi-Bazouk Street, with those in Wit Street, Humour Street, Wisdom Street, and the other streets which would derive their names from all the Virtues formerly resident with BISHOP BERKELEY, but now far more comfortably installed at 85, Fleet Street, London.

THE CUMMING MAN.



OWEVER profitable to his publishers, it must be, or it ought to be, very painful, to DR. CUMMING to be made the subject of the numerous and various puffs which are circulated concerning himself and his works in the different newspapers. We are beginning to be almost as familiar with the name of CUMMING as we are with those of HOLLOWAY and a few others, who will go down to posterity in the supplement to the *Times*, or the advertising sheets of the *Quarterlies*. It no doubt answers the purpose of the pious publishers who wish to sell a few extra copies of the *Voices of the Night* or of the *Morning*, or of the *Afternoon*, or of any other hour that may be thought suited to the taste of the day,

to render DR. CUMMING notorious in newspaper paragraphs; but to the Reverend Gentleman himself it must be—or it ought to be—most distasteful to have his “reputation kept alive,” as the commercial phrase goes, by continual puffing. The latest instance we have seen of this kind of thing is a puff for one of DR. CUMMING’S Sermons, which is said to have been preached before SIR J. CAMPBELL, previous to his leaving for the Crimea, which Sermon is said to have made him “ready to die as a Christian,” and he accordingly “fought and fell like a hero.”

Of course the inference is, that the Reverend Gentleman’s Sermon was the cause of the Christian heroism of the unfortunate, but gallant General, who we have no doubt would have manifested all the noble qualities he evinced, even if he had not attended the Chapel in Crown Court, Covent Garden, before proceeding to Sebastopol. We hope we shall hear no more of gallant officers having been preached to death by DR. CUMMING.

BREAK DOWN OF THE INCOME TAX CART.

We have to announce a break down of the Income Tax Cart, whereby the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been thrown out, but no one as yet appears to have been seriously injured. The accident was owing to a defect in one of the wheels, known as Schedule D, which moves on the swindle, or unequal pressure principle.

The *Times*, in commenting on the occurrence, observes, that Schedule D does not yield what it ought to do, and illustrates this remark by the statement, that there are only 805 persons in Great Britain returning between £900 and £1000 annual profits from trades or professions, and that the number of those who return between £1000 and £2000, from the same sources, does not exceed 5,350. That the Income Tax Cart should have thus broken down will not surprise those who long ago foresaw that the vicious principle on which Schedule D was constructed would sooner or later insure its failure.

No doubt this is a bad job, and our leading contemporary has reason in urging that the Tax Cart must be got to go, if the War is to be carried on; and that the War must be carried on, or the Cossacks will triumph over us. Of course, it is a great plague to Government that the public will not pay up and grease the unlucky wheel of this fiscal vehicle. It is natural that every Minister should have “complained very bitterly” of that shortcoming. But then, how bitterly did the industrious public complain of Schedule D! They complained piteously of the shame and the wrong of taxing the whole sum of one man’s earnings, and the interest only of another’s capital; the entire property of JONES, and merely a part of

ROBINSON’S—that part being precarious. They cried out on the monstrousness of taxing an income which, long before the call of the collector, might have ceased to come in. They cried, not indeed to deaf ears, but to callous hearts. The iniquity was admitted: the answer was, that they must grin and bear it. This is the language of cool unprincipled Forre addressing the helpless. Most people ol.v such a recommendation as far as they please, and no farther than they must. They grin; but instead of grinning and bearing the injus. ce, they grin; and, if possible, evade it. They grin, and evade Schedule D, and the Income Tax Cart breaks down.

Tell men to grin and bear the confiscation that you are able to enforce at the point of the bayonet; but don’t be so silly as to give that advice to persons whose own conscience is the instrument by which you mean to subject them to extortion. What verdure a statesman must imagine that he sees in the eyes of a people, whom he expects to afford the information which he asks for, avowedly in order to bamboozle them. It is wisdom almost worthy of MR. MERRYMAN to propose to swindle any person, with the knowledge of that person, by means of questioning him upon his honour. To question any one for such a purpose, you should use the thumbscrews. It may be the duty of the unfairly-taxed victim to be an accessory to the fraud which Government seeks to practise on him. If an incorrigibly insolvent rogue, whom you do not wish to offend, asks you if you have five pounds about you, with a view to borrow the money, the rule of strict veracity may require that you should answer in the affirmative, if you cannot, in accordance with fact, reply in the negative. But except our noble selves, and a very few others, frail mortals appear to be incapable of such exalted morality—and so we have a break down of the Income Tax Cart.

Very lax, very lamentable, perhaps: a sad bluntness of moral sense may be evinced in meeting imposition with subterfuge, instead of yielding to it with simplicity. A truly conscientious man, perhaps, would rather be a party to cheating himself than cheat the Government, if obliged to do one or the other. The generalty of people under such circumstances give themselves the benefit of the doubt. This is human nature, in the face of which Chancellors of the Exchequer must not fly: if they do, Tax Carts break down. Indeed, how is an unrighteous tax ever to be got rid of, but by making Governments discover that it will not answer? Let us have a new Tax Cart—one that will go—rolling along equitably. Our admirals and generals have just found out that mortars are the best means for a bombardment. Perhaps Ministers may, by deep study, arrive at as great and as simple a discovery in taxation. What if an increase in the Inhabited House Tax would furnish a satisfactory Tax Cart? Wanted, a tax which cannot be evaded, and which there would be no excuse for evading if it could. At least, a man’s house affords a truer revelation of his means of living than any confession likely to be extorted by the rack of a fiscal inquisition.

French “Welcome.”

THIS has been a difficult word for our neighbours to spell rightly. However, they managed to do it with due significance in the *bon accord* they gave to LORD MAYOR MOON; for, over his Hotel, blazed in oil lamps, the letters—“*Veal come!*”

A SHAME AND A SNUFFLE.

IN order to name, correctly, the Court of inquiry in the Crimea which virtually tried MR. BAKWELL for calumny in his absence, it is necessary to catch a cold. The tribunal in question was a Court Partial.

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OUR ARTIST GOES TO ALDERSHOT TO MAKE A SKETCH IN THE CAMP, AND MEETS WITH AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

THE TREADMILL FOR A TRIFLE; OR, A HARD CASE FOR CATNACH.

'Tis of a case of hardship as you shall quickly hear,
Of cruel prosecution and punishment severe,
Related by JOHN COLLIN; his age is fifty-two,
Of his two sons sent to Chelmsford Gaol for attending a Review.

The one is THOMAS COLLIN, the other GEORGE by name;
GEORGE COLLIN is a married man and THOMAS is the same.
GEORGE COLLIN he has one child and THOMAS he has five,
Whom a Reverend Beak for fourteen days of their fathers did deprive.

JOHN COLLIN's deposition, sworn to and taken down,
Declares that he and his two sons were at work for JOSEPH BROWN,
Of Roydon Hamlet, Essex—a sheep-jobber is he—
And likewise a small farmer of petty mean degree.

'Twas on the fourth of August these two young men did say
To MR. CHURCH, BROWN's foreman, that they wanted half a day,
To see the Essex Yeomanry review'd on Nazing-mead,
Whereto the foreman neither objected nor agreed.

Upon the following Monday, JOHN COLLIN said and swore,
That he and his two sons got up as soon as half-past-four,
Which was before their regular time, their master's work to do,
So that they shouldn't wrong him by their going to Review.

They work'd till one o'clock, when CHURCH bade them to cease to
mow,
Then THOMAS unto Nazing-mead immediately did go,
GEORGE COLLIN follow'd after in about another hour,
Not thinking of curmudgeons, nor of Jack Priests in power.

On Tuesday and on Wednesday they work'd as they were wont,
On Thursday MR. JOSEPH BROWN call'd them unto account,
Before a reverend magistrate, GEORGE HEMMING is his name,
Who gave these poor men fourteen days' hard labour. What a shame!

On the REVEREND GEORGE HEMMING did FARMER BROWN prevail
To give these honest young men a fortnight in Chelmsford gaol,
Along with rogues and scoundrels of base and wicked lives,
To work upon the treadmill torn from their families and wives.

In vain did MAJOR PALMER their hard case represent;
The Home Office would not remit their cruel punishment.
Inquiry on the subject having been, by SIR GEORGE GREY,
Of PARSON HEMMING made, to hear what he had got to say.

Three groans for PARSON HEMMING and three for FARMER BROWN;
And I think I see three scarecrows paraded through the town;
Then in a bonfire blazing, with a smell of pitch and tar,—
A Parson, and a Farmer, and his Majesty the CZAR.

Bad luck to every wretched hunk and all unhappy screws,
That would discourage fine young men from going to reviews,
Likewise to every Justice, whether clerical or lay,
That backs them up in putting any hindrance in their way!

Abyssinian Progress.

OF all the crowned heads of the present day, that of the KING OF
ABYSSINIA appears to contain as large a quantity and as good a quality
of brain as any. His African MAJESTY has prohibited slavery, re-
nounced polygamy, and banished the Jesuits. Three almost equally
fine things to do!—what other existing monarch or state has done them
all? Africa is not only distancing Europe and Asia in civilisation, but
going a-head of America too.

A PRODIGY IN THE PULPIT.



SOMETIMES in ancient Rome the ox used to speak, but till lately the bovine species has not been known to utter articulate language in this country. Rustics, of all people, have the greatest experience of horned cattle; yet no rural person, worthy of credit, has asserted himself to have heard any animal of that kind say anything, from time immemorial up to Sunday the 26th ult., when, according to a statement in a letter to the *Times*, made by "A MILITIAMAN" of the West Essex Regiment, a calf walked into Moulsham Church, ascended the pulpit and pronounced the following words:—

"Now the people of the City of Corinth were exceedingly wicked people, for they were idolators, and indulged in evil and idle sports; and the people of Chelmsford would be equally as wicked as the people of the City of Corinth, if they (the people of Chelmsford) were all like the Militia."

The calf then, says the MILITIAMAN, "proceeded with his Sermon, wherein he again expressed himself as follows upon his own responsibility:—"

"That the people of Chelmsford were tired and disgusted with the Militia, and that they (the Militia) were a perfect nuisance to the town; that the people of Chelmsford wished them away; that the Militia were going headlong to Hell—say, every day deeper and deeper."

Sensible, no doubt, of the likelihood that these assertions would encounter general incredulity, the "MILITIAMAN" does not call the calf a calf, but names it the REVEREND MR. WILSON. But, surely, it is more easy to believe that the language above quoted proceeded from a calf than from a clergyman. Yes—beyond doubt, if the words were uttered at all, the tongue that spoke them might be an ingredient of mock-turtle, and the possessor of that organ must be one of the Essex Calves.

MRS. DURDEN'S ANNUAL TROUBLES.

WELL! Here's my plagues come back again—the usual torment of the season, Them nasty good-for-nothing flies—I can't think what can be the reason. In course such things is sent to try and punish us for our transgressins! To think that books—oh! all my eye—is wrote to prove the varmint blessin's!

Bother your nasty snails and slugs, and what you call your Recreations In Natural History, fleas and bugs, and insects and their habitations, Inhabiting our ticks and beds, where there's no means of getting at 'em. What can there be in people's heads to like such nasty things? ah, drat 'em!

Your cockchafers, and grubs, and worms, your palmers and your caterpillars, And what's the use of Latin terms for good-for-nothing moths and millers?

Which in the candle always flies, and serve 'em right, although they suffers; But then it gutters whilst they fries, and so I kills 'em with the snuffers.

Their homes and haunts, indeed! I know too well what places they infestes; They burrows in my brockilo, and in my cabbage makes their nestes. They winds their ways, and lays their eggs, and frets, and ferrets, and deposits Their nits in clothes on all my pegs, in all my trunks, and drawers, and closets.

Bluebottles, I am quite aware, about my safes and larder buzzes, Left open by the want of care of inattentive thoughtless bussies. Blackbeetles on the kitchen floor, and cockroaches, all night are sprawling, From underneath the cupboard door, or from behind the dresser crawling.

A hole somewhere behind the grate, I take it, is the cricket's quarters, Where they goes on at such a rate a-chirruping at night—the Tartars! In windows and on ceilings both the daddy-longlegs fix his station, And is a sign of shameful sloth whichever is his situation.

I know that mites inhabits cheese, and hams is where we meets with hoppers, I know likewise that straw breeds fleas; thatch'd cottages is full of whoppers;

All that I know, and that's enough; I want to know no more about 'em, Unless it is what pison stuff is the best kind of thing to rout 'em.

Maggots in filbert nuts is found, and apples also is their dwelling, Wopses in plums and pears abound, and stings, which cause a dreadful swelling;

Talk of the good which they fulfils!—I don't believe a word or letter, What I say is, the more you kills of enemies like them, the better.

They plaguy things was made to eat our refuge, lecture-teachers tell us; Rubbidge! they comes to taint our meat.—If we was to believe them fellows,

The blow-flies we should leave alone, and let the spiders live to eat 'em, And be with cobwebs overgrown; a pretty way, indeed, to treat 'em.

Servants would have a fine excuse, dusters and brooms for not employing. If sitch like creturs was of use, and therefore didn't want destroying—I sweeps 'em down, and hunts 'em out with every kind of persecutions, And cresh and tremples 'em without more pity than I would the Roosshians.



ASTONISHING THE "BROWNS."

THE Laureate says that we are fools to trust "a tradesman's ware or word," but we hope that we may be permitted to recognise his politeness. The remark is forced from us by observing the exquisite mode in which the West-End traders now return us our very small change. Before us lies the sum of two-pence, which, with a bottle of soda-water, we have received from a Pimlico chemist, in return for a sixpence. The "coppers" are enclosed in the neatest little square scented envelope, on which is embossed a charming wreath of lilies and roses,—the latter coloured rosy red,—and this legend is intertwined with the flowers—"The Change—with Thanks." Can politeness go farther? Echo answers in the affirmative, for we understand that other tradesmen have even blander phrases engraven on their packets. One hands you the change, inscribed, "What a lovely day!" Another, with an eye to business, says, "With hope to see you again," and a third, "Would you recommend our articles?" The Spamiards used to perfume their money. The Englishman does this, and more—he gives you perfumed money and fair words. He may cheat, but even if he does, it is a case of "stealing, and giving odour."

A Nice Dinner for a Nice Party.

IN the knapsacks of the Russian prisoners were found bread made of unsifted flour and rape-seed; a piece of raw suet "which appeared to have been cut out of the belly of a dead animal, and a small bag of salt." Mr. Punch proposes that Manchester should invite its peace-mongering members to a banquet, and serve up to them the above rations. As they have such bowels for the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, let them, if they may, digest the creature comforts he provides for his Muscovite children. What is good for the Cossack is surely good for MILNER GIBSON.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—One of the assistants in the reading-room of the British Museum has published a pair of new boots, that are making a deal of noise just at present in the literary world.

A STATUE FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.



THE moral gallantry displayed at head quarters is only equalled by the physical courage exhibited before Sebastopol. What a daring defiance of public opinion has been shown at the Horse Guards, if we are to credit the following paragraph in the *South-Eastern Gazette!*

"SERGEANT BRODIE.—On Monday, SERGEANT BRODIE, of the First Royal Dragoons, whose conduct in preventing the duel in connection with the 'practical joking,' has repeatedly been referred to in these columns, proceeded, according to his route, to Chatham, to undergo the usual inspection previous to being discharged from HER MAJESTY'S Service; while ADJUTANT WEBSTER, who prompted the duel, and ordered his men to 'knock the Sergeant down with the butt end of their carbines' if he resisted being taken to the guard-room, for preventing its consummation, has been promoted to a captaincy in the Turkish Contingent,—the Sergeant is to be rewarded by his discharge from the Service!"

Military justice is of a nature so peculiar that we beg to suggest an illustration of it in the shape of a statue to be placed in front of the building in St. James's Park which is consecrated to the martial authorities. The statue of Military Justice should be represented with the sword of course, and also with the bandage, but let the latter, instead of being tied over both eyes, cover only one eye, and let that one be the right.

LETTERS REWARDED.—"NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ."

It is not to be expected of flesh and blood—for *Punch* is no longer ligneous: *Punch*, as Samuel Johnson would now allow, *has feelings*—it is not for *Punch*, then, to suffer any reward vouchsafed by authority to letters, to pass unheeded, unacknowledged. We know not, indeed, what may be in store for literature. We believe that we violate no confidence—and if we do, we cannot help it; joy, in its expression, is apt to be incautious—when we state that a late Royal visit to our dear and affectionate Allies may abound with much future good to Literature, Art, and Science. France and England mutually feel that they can in no better, no stronger way, consolidate the alliance than by each copying the excellences of each. Therefore, England is about to pay France the first compliment of imitation. In France, writers, painters, men of Art and science have, time out of mind, been acknowledged, and from time to time, in so far as the state could dignify, dignified. Even in the time of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, Versailles was little more than a palace-of-ease to poets, dramatists, painters, sculptors. They were the birds of the sun; more considered by the Grand Monarch, than were the ducks of St. James by his brother king and bought flanker, CHARLES THE SECOND. And so, with a difference, it was with Uncle NAPOLEON; and so it is again to be with Nephew LOUIS. This pleasing fact was made very evident, on the QUEEN'S visit to Versailles and other places, where men of genius were invited, and—no spoons were missing!

It will be remembered that our excellent ambassador, LORD COWLEY, has been attacked in the columns of the *Times*—(the usual pillory for persecuted goodness, misinterpreted benevolence,)—because, forsooth, he was not disposed to acknowledge the existence of English jurymen; individuals, mixed up with literature and science, whom his Lordship, by means of his Lordship's bellicose porter, kept at extremest arm's length. "Literature and science not admitted" were written—but in shortest hand—upon that porter's forehead. It is now to be otherwise: the frontal notice is to be forthwith erased: and, in obedience to the advice of a distinguished Prince, LORD COWLEY is henceforth to receive men of letters, Art, and science. His Lordship felt that he might have justified his late ignorance of English jurymen by the example set in the Royal palaces of Great Britain, but his Lordship is a courtier, and as a courtier, held his tongue.

However, reward of the right men who have written the right books, chiselled the right statues, and made the right discoveries, will henceforth be of daily occurrence. The first person, happily selected to illustrate the new and better order of things is PROFESSOR FERRIER of Edinburgh. The Professor, it may not be generally known, is the editor of the collected works of PROFESSOR WILSON; a man of very varied genius—a man who could dash off a Highland landscape, all fresh

with the morning dew still glittering on it,—a man, moreover, who could impale either man or woman, if wickedly Whiggish, upon his pen, with all the ease of heart, all the loud enjoyment of a schoolboy who runs a corking-pin through the bowels of a cockchafer. POLYPHEMUS never took a human marrow-bone with greater enjoyment, never made his cave echo with blither bellowings, than did CHRISTOPHER NORTH feel and utter, when he devoured alive, bones and all, a wretched Radical! At such meals, his countryman, SAWNEY BEANE, was not a fuller feeder. At CHRISTOPHER'S *Noctes Ambrosianæ* human hearts were served up—like the peacock's brains at LUULLUS' suppers—a hundred to a dish. But these were strong-stomached times. A reputation—like a pullet, the whiter the better—was a mere mouth-full. MR. MARTIN, dressed by the cook CHRISTOPHER (he cooked his own dishes), was served up as "an Irish jackass." JOSEPH HUME lay on the sideboard as "a poor creature in mind, soul, and heart." BROUGHAM smoked as "a Billingsgate fish-wife," M'CULLOCH as "an obscure and insolent lout,"—and so forth; for we may not dwell upon half the number of dishes that, from month to month, was served up by the Apician CHRISTOPHER.

Well, as we have said, certain party men had strong stomachs in those days, and they, doubtless, enjoyed these things, even as a Kaffir enjoys his rough meal of swine intestines. When, however, the collected works of WILSON were first talked about, timid folks feared that the *Noctes* would make no part of the reprint: they feared that they might be allowed to pass away with the offal, the dead rats and drowned kittens that were once so buoyant, so biting and so scratching, in the kindred columns of the *Age* and *Satirist*. Such timorous men knew not the stuff whereof PROFESSOR FERRIER was compounded. That conscientious editor has thought it a solemn duty to reproduce all the dishes compounded and gloated over by the living CHRISTOPHER. They were sweet and fragrant to the nostrils of an age when Toryism tyrannised in the Commons, and doubted on the Woolstack; and, like spices extracted from mummies, they must have a smack, a flavour still. We must in 1855 still enjoy the memory of a good, eccentric man, as "an Irish jackass," must still laugh heartily to have LORD BROUGHAM, a "Billingsgate fish-wife,"—still acknowledge the delicious jest, subtly conveyed, in MR. M'CULLOCH as "an obscure and insolent lout!"

With an industry only equalled by his conscientiousness has PROFESSOR FERRIER so far acquitted himself of his edition of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The more pleasant part remains to be told. For reward of the Professor's services, the learned gentleman has been offered, under the operation of SIR BENJAMIN HALL'S Metropolitan Act, a very distinguished position in the sewers. Here, certainly, we have the right man in the right place.

A FRENCH BULL TAKEN BY THE HORNS.

JOHN BULL is now a very familiar object in Paris, but an Irish Bull is still a novelty in France, though one of our French contemporaries has recently favoured us with what almost deserves to be termed the *Bœuf Gras* of Bulls of Irish origin. In speaking of recent events, the *Constitutionnel* observes, "We see everywhere in France the invisible hand of Providence." Our contemporary is, we admit, endowed with a good deal of penetration, and more than an average share of keensightedness, but, his being able to "see everywhere" that which is "invisible," evinces an amount of visual power which we should not have given him credit for. When a writer begins an article by saying "*Nous voyons partout l'invisible*," &c. &c., we decline trusting our eyes any further in the perusal of his remarks, lest we should see something that is not to be seen, or lest in what our eye rests upon, we may be so unfortunate as to see nothing. When a writer begins seeing the invisible, the chances are, that he will proceed to utter some unutterable stuff, or to touch upon that which is not tangible, and we therefore think it better to drop what he has let drop, by putting down the paper.

Translation and Traduction:

SOME of the Handbooks to Paris are very good, but others, we think, err in carrying to excess the attempt to render the names of Parisian localities into our vernacular. For example, we have no objection to a writer who tries to make his reader feel at home by calling the *Rue des Marais*, Marsh Lane, or translating *Rue d'Enfer* into Holywell Street. But we consider that he goes too far in calling the *Rue des Trois Couronnes*, Fifteen Shilling Street, terming the *Rue de Malte*, Beer Street, or denoting the *Avenue des Anes* as Alderman's Walk. This is what *Ophelia* calls, "wearing your Rue with a difference."

An Axe-idental Joke.

"We met a fool in the forest" who had the audacity to ask us the following conundrum:—

Why cannot the proprietor of this forest fell his own timber?—Because no one is allowed to cut, when it's his own deal.

THE ADULTERATOR'S ALPHABET.

BY AN APPRENTICE OF THE LAUREL.



- 's the Mock Auction—go buy, if you choose, The trash palm'd upon you by duffers and Jews.
- B** is the Baker, whose loaves sell the faster When made up of alum, potatoes, and plaster.
- C** is the Clergyman—mind he don't mix His Rubric with PUSEY's or Claphamite tricks.
- D** is the Druggist—the *Lancet* explains How he poisons each drug, and increases your pains.
- E** 's the Excise, that affixes its locks— But very queer mixtures are made in the docks.
- F** is the Fellow whose Furniture falls To pieces as soon as it's set round your walls.
- G** is the Grocer—the rascal is he Who puts sand in your sugar, and sticks in your tea.
- H** is the Hatter—his hats (which you bet) Turn shamefully brown the first time they get wet.
- I** is the Ink-maker, he's a nice fellow— His deepest Jet black in a week becomes yellow.
- J** is the Jeweller—I know who is sold When you've bought his sham gems neatly set in sham gold.
- K** is K.G., and a title debased Since NICK and Nurse AB in the Chapel were graced.
- L** is the Laureate, who tenders us for song A lachrymose whine when we wanted a war-song.
- M** is the Member, the place-hunting elf, Selling rubbish he's no right to sell—that's himself.
- N** is the Nurse who your suffering insults— Who gives GODFREY to babies, and plunders adults.
- O** is the Omnibus cad, who deceives Concerning his route, and who lets in the thieves.
- P** is the Publican, neek deep in sin, With salt in his bear, and with turps in his gin.
- Q** 's the QUEEN'S Government (that's but a phrase) Who delude their good Mistress in all kinds of ways.
- R** 's the Romance writer, read with a groan, What's good he has prigg'd, and what's stupid's his own.
- S** is the Stockjobber—none can dispute That a bull or a bear is a low kind of brute.
- T** is the Tailor, who makes us all wroth With his skimping bad fits, and his rotten old cloth.
- U** is your Uncle, the Usurer POP, And legalised cheating goes on at his shop.
- V** is the Vintner, you trace, when you dine, His crimes in the mess that is brought you for wine.
- W** 's the Watchmaker, nine times a-week His "warrants" should bring up himself to the Beak.
- X** (with an *e*) 's the EXCHEQUER, which axes • All sorts of unjust and irrational taxes.
- Y** is a Yokel—when he meets your eyes, Look out—he's most likely a thief in disguise.
- Z** 's ZADKIEL, the quack who, with "Venus" and "Mars," Diddles Zanies, by lying reports from the stars.

A Most Touching Proof.

A Young Lady, who had weathered many summers at the sea-side, was accused of dyeing her hair, which is of a rich raven-black. She declared in the most indignant manner, that there was not the slightest truth in the accusation—more than this, she generously offered to let any one examine her hair, to see how false it was!

PROSPECTS OF THE MILL.—If we may judge of warfare by the analogy of pugilism, our arms will very soon be triumphant.—The Russians come up groggy.

RUSSIAN VERSION OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO PARIS.

WE borrow the following statement from the *Invalide Russe* :—

The visit of QUEEN VICTORIA and PRINCE ALBERT to LOUIS NAPOLEON has proved a failure. The *fêtes* given to the BRITISH QUEEN were very poor and mean affairs, strikingly manifesting the exhaustion to which the French nation has been reduced by the impious war in which it is engaged against the children of the Orthodox Church, and its Father, our august Sovereign.

The *fête* at the *Hôtel de Ville*, given by the City of Paris at the dictation of the EMPEROR, surpassed in dulness and heaviness anything of the kind hitherto attempted. The *Rue de Rivoli*, and a portion of the quays were decorated with some old flags, which were mostly worn out theatrical properties. The *Place* of the *Hôtel de Ville* was stuck about with a few smoky lamps enclosed in coloured paper. The vestibule was hung with bunches of faded flowers, and tapestry of the same description, behind which some bands were stationed, which played *God Save the Queen*, and *Hail Britannia*, out of tune, whilst the populace outside sang *Marlbrak*.

A few persons collected in lines between the Tuileries and *Hôtel de Ville* to see their Majesties. They cried "*à bas les Anglais!*" and "*Vive Henri Cinq!*" though some shouts of "*Vive la République!*" were also mingled with their imprecations.

The Royal personages were hissed all the way to Vincennes, and at one of their visits to the Exhibition an oyster-shell was thrown at the Royal party.

The Review in the *Champ de Mars* was a miserable demonstration. The French Army, decimated by its defeats in the Crimea, could furnish but a mere handful of men for the occasion.

At the Tomb of old NAPOLEON, the QUEEN evinced uneasiness, and the EMPEROR frowned.

QUEEN VICTORIA remarked, in the hearing of her Ally, that the display at Versailles was nothing, compared to that exhibited every night at the tea gardens at London, called Cremorne.

The fireworks prepared to signalise the departure of her Britannic MAJESTY and the Prince Consort from Boulogne refused to go off, with the exception of a few squibs.

It is said that the QUEEN and the EMPRESS more than once exchanged angry words on some question of precedence. The former looked thin, haggard, and sulky, the latter more than usually plain, and intensely disgusted.

The QUEEN has sent a few sous for distribution among the poor of Paris. This parsimony is not to be wondered at, considering the state of national bankruptcy on which England is bordering, by reason of the War.

THE PRELIMINARIES OF PEACE.

PRINCE DOLGOROUSKI, Prince of Cutthroats and Assassins—for does he not adopt and justify the Hango massacre?—alleges, in one of his avowals of that atrocity, to which he has constituted himself accessory after the fact, that—

"LIEUTENANT GENESTE, of the Royal Navy, landed without waiting for his character as flag of truce to be legally admitted and recognised by the authorities."

How to get a flag of truce admitted and recognised by the Russian authorities is a question which will naturally occur to the French or English Commanding Officer who may desire to send one to our miscreant enemy. Its solution will not be difficult. In letting them know that a flag of truce is coming, it is necessary to keep out of their reach, and the obvious mode of intimating to them the approach of one, will be, to precede the flag of truce with a discharge of shells, at a long range, pitched accurately into the midst of the murderous authorities.

The Navy of Netherby.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM, the other day, turned the first sod of the Silloth Railway. This was a navy's work to be sure: but the Right Honourable Baronet could have condescended to a much more unworthy employment. SIGNOR MAZZINI, MR. LAYARD, and SIR CHARLES NAPIER, could mention much dirtier jobs, of which the performance might be possible to SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

A GENT'S VIEW OF A NEW DISCOVERY.

ALUMINUM is a new metal, closely resembling silver, that is extracted out of clay; and a relation, from whom you easily extract large quantities of silver, may be said to be a Brick made of the finest clay—that is, full of Aluminum.

THE LAST YANKEE CRY.—No English! no Irish! no Germans! no Taxes! no Government! no Babies!—Know Nothing!!!



SYMPATHY.

Tailor (to considerable Customer). "TRIPLE THINNER THAN YOU WAS, SIR! GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, SIR! 'OPE YOU'LL SOON GET YOUR 'EALTH, SIR! WHEN WE HEARD YOUR REGIMENT HAD BEEN IN ACTION, SIR—YOU MAY FANCY WHAT OUR FEELINGS WAS, SIR!"

A BOUQUET OF ROMAN CANDLES.

THE ROMAN ROPE-WALK.

In the city of Rome stands the Vatican;
And in it there lives a blind old man;
And this blind old man is call'd the POPE,
And he's ever at work—a-twisting a rope;
And the rope, he thinks, is strong and tough;
And soon, he hopes, 'twill be long enough.
But the work that rope will be put to,
Is not the work it was woven to do.

Pope after Pope, this many a-day,
At that self-same rope has been working away.
Round the girth of the world it was to have gone,
Round castle and cottage, round altar and throne.
Drawing the souls and bodies of men,
Back to the fold of Rome again.

That rope was of priest-craft and pious fraud,
Thick and threefold—big and broad:
Suggestio falsi a strand supplied,
With *suppressio veri* laid to its side;
Imposture and Ignorance both were wove in,
And the priestly right of absolving from sin;
And lest its black colour should scare folks away,
They run in a strand of Oxford grey;
In Jesuit's bark it was tann'd and dyed,
And round St. PETER'S chair it was tied.

Then to work all the force of Rome did fall—
The POPE and the Conclave, and Priesthood all,
By sea and land, and all abroad,
They flung out their rope of lies and fraud.
A few crazed consciences in they drew,
And a nest of addled brains or two,
But for aught beyond this they strove in vain—
And the rope kept snapping at every strain.

Yet to knot and splice that rotten old rope,
Still toil the Cardinals, toils the POPE;
With foreign bayonets propt in their chairs,
The blind old men keep splitting hairs,
To strengthen a cord that was meant to draw
A moving world 'neath Vatican law.

Let them weave, and weave, and make it strong,
For its destined work 'twill be amply long—
For the rope they weave—so a little bird sang—
Is the rope folks have given, themselves to hang.

OUR QUEEN AND OURSELVES.

THE Parisians were naturally very much puzzled at the daily announcement in the *Moniteur* that QUEEN VICTORIA had taken Lunch at one o'clock, and every one was full of curiosity to know the nature of *Le Lunch*, to which HER MAJESTY was so constantly devoted. At length it seems to have struck all Paris—of a heap—that *Le Lunch* was a misprint for *Le Punch*, and the mystery was at once solved, for the supposition became general among our French neighbours, that the QUEEN set apart the hour of one every day for the perusal and study of our popular periodical.

We have authority—our own—for stating that this view of the subject is in exact accordance with the facts, and that those who have ignorantly supposed *Le Punch* to be a mere physical kind of grog instead of a rich intellectual draught, which Royalty drinks in with appreciation and delight, are completely in error. No one is more sensible than HER MAJESTY of the force and value of a good example, and when it is known, through the medium of the whole European Press, that QUEEN VICTORIA devotes the best period of the day to her *Punch*, it is probable that other crowned heads may be induced to "improve the shining hour," by a similar excellent use of it.

King Bomba Rewarded.

THE POPE is about to give his Orders! On the Festival of the Nativity he will, it is said, found "a new order of chivalry—the Order of the Immaculate Conception." The KING OF NAPLES, it is widely reported, will receive the very first Order—and for this sufficient reason. He will become a Knight of the Immaculate Conception, because as a King, he is a potentate more easily conceived than described.

A THOUGHT WHILST SMOKING.—Love is like a cigar—the longer it burns the less it becomes.

A LANSDOWNE TO THE RESCUE!

THE matter has appeared in print, as it ought; and therefore *Punch* may make a note of a new act of goodness on the part of the good LORD LANSDOWNE,—ever ready, open-handed, to give more than a cordial shake to the hand of genius. FRANCES BROWNE, the blind poetess, is permitted by the Government to make the experiment of a livelihood on £50 a-year. Even this she owes to the sympathetic liberality of the late SIR ROBERT PEEL; and even this is not paid out of the miserable dole voted for the encouragement of science, literature and art. Lately LORD LANSDOWNE read a very sweet poem in the *Athenaeum* written by FRANCES BROWNE, called *It is come*. His Lordship inquired into the worldly circumstances of the outwardly darkened poetess, and learned sufficient immediately to place at her disposal the sum of £100. A humane and noble act, but only worthy of the coronet of a LANSDOWNE. *Mr. Punch* especially begs the attention of the EARL OF ABERDEEN to this circumstance. If duly weighed in his equitable, in this his pleasant time of leisure, with all the freshening influences of country life about him, it may, perhaps, urge him to do a deed of conscience-money. For it cannot be otherwise than that the late Premier must now and then have a twinge of conscience, when he remembers that under his administration, no less than £1050 were diverted from the £1200 voted for science, art, and literature—leaving only £150 to be shared by MR. KEIGHTLEY and the widow of the gifted, laborious DOCTOR KITTO. However, if we are compelled to give up ABERDEEN, let us hope that at the next distribution of the grant next year, LORD PALMERSTON will follow in the good work begun by good LORD LANSDOWNE.

A FOUL COPY.

THE imitation of PEEL in every respect is proposed by SIR JAMES GRAHAM to himself. It will not do. GRAHAM will always differ from PEEL, in wanting the property of being candid.



THE NEXT ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Designed for that Enlightened Monarch, King Bomba.

THE INDIAN CANDIDATES.

It was stated in an Indian paper, that among the exercises proposed to Candidates at the late Examination, (which has fallen like a bomb-shell among "University reputations" and other questionabilities) was a quaint device of SIR GEORGE STEPHEN'S. That learned personage conceived a cruel plan for testing the intimacy of a Candidate's acquaintance with history. This was, to propose to him an imaginary situation, in which real historical personages were placed, and from which he was to deduce the probable consequences. Some only of SIR GEORGE'S problems have been given, *e. g.* "Suppose that GUY FAWKES had blown up KING JAMES THE FIRST and the Parliament, what would have been the effect, besides the bang?" and "Suppose KING CHARLES THE FIRST had escaped from Carisbrook Castle, what would CROMWELL have done, after hanging the guards?" But *Mr. Punch*, who takes great interest in all the educational processes of the day, applied to SIR GEORGE STEPHEN for the whole of the papers, with the Candidates' answers; and these SIR GEORGE very politely supplied. For the benefit of future neophytes, (and especially for students of Trinity College, Dublin, which disgraced itself outrageously upon occasion of this first endeavour to ascertain what its *alumni* are good for, not one *T. C. D.* man succeeding), *Mr. Punch* has made a short selection from these suppositious cases and their solutions.

1. An Oxford Man was asked,

Suppose that the Spanish Armada had not been destroyed, and the Spaniards had seized London, what would have been the effect?

After due consideration he replied, very neatly—

The Spaniards, having deposed KING CHARLES THE SECOND, would probably have placed the Pretender, CHARLES EDWARD, upon the throne, with FERGUS M'IVOR as his Viceroy, and would have repealed the Habeas Corpus and the Bill of Rights, and revoked the Abolition of the Slave Trade, for which they were infamously celebrated. They would naturally have proclaimed the Roman Catholic religion, and the horrors of the Inquisition would have succeeded those of JUDGE JEFFRIES and LORD MONMOUTH'S assizes. *Vae victis!*

2. A Cambridge man was asked,

Had RICHARD CROMWELL resembled his father, what course would he have adopted on the death of the latter?

His reply was—

He would have taken prompt and unhesitating steps to secure his power. Recalling CLAVERHOUSE from Scotland, he would have entrusted the English army to that skilful but ruthless leader, and, placing a garrison in the Tower, under the command of the veteran, LORD FALKLAND, he would have dispatched a fleet, led by BLAKE and DRAKE, to assail the ports of France, whose Regent, D'ORLEANS, enfeebled by pleasure, could not have successfully opposed British valour. He would thus have had leisure to put down the intrigues of WALPOLE at home, and to baffle the philosophic but atheistic BOLINGBROKE, afterwards HENRY THE FOURTH.

3. A student from Dublin was asked,

Had the ring given by QUEEN ELIZABETH to LORD ESSEX been re-delivered to her when he was under sentence, would it have saved his life?

His answer (deducting the brogue) was—

The faymale heart is imminently susceptible, and the soight of the ring moight have revoived impressions which niver before existed in the bosom of the Virgin Queen. In the beautiful terrums employed by HORACE, *Humano capiti cervicem*, she would have humanely preserved his head. But the deep insults the miscreant traitor had lavished upon unhappy Oireland made that felon head a grateful offering at the shroine of outraged nationality, and the leebation of his heart's blood at the foot of the tree of liberty projuced a harvest of unadulterated loyalty.

4. A London University Man was asked,

Suppose the elder PITT, "that terrible cornet of horse," had been "muzzled," as the Court desired, what result would have been avoided?

He meditated for a considerable time, and then said—

Perhaps he wouldn't have had the gout, translated VIRGIL, or fought a duel with MR. TIERNEY. Also, there might not have been that statue of him in Hanover Square, or the picture of his falling into the arms of LORD LYNDBURST, in the House of Lords.

5. A young Barrister in the Temple was asked,

Suppose that when the thieves were stealing the Great Seal from the house of LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW, in Great Ormond Street, he had jumped out of bed and caught them, what proceedings would his lordship have instituted?

He promptly answered—

The question is a difficult one. The seal is a part or portion, as it were, of the Court of Chancery, which is inchoate and incomplete without it; and therefore, if the article had been conveyed from the premises, an injunction to restrain the thieves from going away could not have issued. I imagine that it would be held demurrable to treat the seal as if it were a marine animal of the same name, or else, a seal being unreclaimed, and of *fera natura*, an action of trespass upon the case in which it was kept would be the right course. But on the whole, I should have advised LORD THURLOW to lock the fellows up in the cellar, and bawl for the police.

6. A Youth from Glasgow was asked,

Had KING EDWARD THE FIRST died of the wound from which his Consort, QUEEN ELEANOR, sucked the poison, what would have been the consequence?

He instantly responded—

I dinna! preceesely recal the ceerc-omstaunces, but I just ken this consequence, that, live or die, I wadna have paid the useless doctors ae single bawbee.

EMIGRATION OF THE LAWYERS.

THE Bench and the Bar may be said to be at present on their annual Continental circuit, and in the majority of legal motions, the venue is laid in Italy, France, or Switzerland. Several judges may be found sitting in banco under the verandahs of Italian hotels, and various members of the Bar are asking in vain for a rule to show cause, why there should not be an order to tax the bill of some exorbitant Swiss landlord. Our learned friend, BRIEFLESS, has converted his blue bag into a *sac de nuit*, and was much hurt at being asked at the French custom-house, if he had "nothing to declare," which he regarded as a satirical allusion to his not having much to do in the way of drawing declarations. When we last heard of him he had just attained a very considerable eminence—geographically speaking—and was looking back on the Jura Mountains, which he had just crossed, when with excusable emotion, he burst into a strain of eloquence, characteristically commencing with the words "Gentlemen of the Jura." He has since been heard to observe, that the difficulty of the pass would be altogether removed, if the parties on both sides would consent to have a Jura withdrawn.

THE LITERATURE OF THE TOILET.

On reading the subjoined extract from *Le Follet*, some people will be inclined to think that the journal so called deserves its name:—

"The month of September is an epoch in fashion, and also in the customs of the *beau monde*. In September we must begin to renounce the zephyr dresses of summer—the grenadines, the muslins—those light materials we have worn with so much pleasure—for *taffetas d'Italie, noires*; in a word, for tissues more solid and comfortable."

Our finical contemporary talks, in a tone of regret, of renouncing the grenadines and muslins which it, and the ladies, "have worn with so much pleasure," although it says that they are going to "renounce" these tissues for others which are more comfortable, and which they will, therefore, have still greater pleasure in wearing. Of course, the fair readers of the *Follet* do not prefer elegance to comfort. Surely they cannot derive the vivid pleasure it alludes to from the mere circumstance of being decorated with the specified tissues, with which they adorn themselves, not for their own gratification, but for the delight of their beholders.

Sphere of Usefulness for Lords Spiritual.

It appears that a visitor to the British Museum cannot be permitted to see the Library there without an order, to be obtained only by application to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the BISHOP OF LONDON, or some one or other of the directors. Considering the incomes which the above-named prelates enjoy for doing a by no means proportionate amount of service, not to say work, would it not be as well if they were to take turns of attending at the Museum Library door to examine applicants for admission as to their moral fitness for the privilege, and to pass the duly qualified in?

Retributive.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM opened letters that were private, though not so marked. SIR CHARLES NAPIER prints letters, in defiance of "the private" written thereon by the late LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. We hear that SIR JAMES expresses himself as perfectly shocked at SIR CHARLES!

AN UNRECORDED CURIOSITY OF LONDON.—The great pillar of the Stock Exchange is BARON ROTHSCHILD; and yet, strange to say, this pillar is all Capital!

THEATRICALS.

WE are authorised to correct a false statement that, with the inherent lightness of falsehood, has been very generally circulated, with respect to two interesting young ladies, from whose united services the modern drama may hope for considerable advantage. An enlightened public is already in possession of the fact, that the lessee of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane is in happy possession of two sisters of the Guinea Coast, bound together by a family tie similar to that which united the Siamese Twins. The young ladies are very young, but full of talent, having executed a song before the magistrate of Bow Street, who at once perceiving that they were Africans, complimented them on their habits of sobriety, in lustrous contradistinction to the confirmed drunkenness of the English. However, our present object is to give the denial to a false, and, we will add, malicious rumour.

We believe it is generally known, that a drama is in course of preparation for these interesting strangers; one drama; as, it is evident, from their configuration, that not even for the manager's benefit, can they appear in two pieces. The piece—the title has somehow oozed out—is



THE BEST PREVENTIVE AGAINST SEA SICKNESS.

WHEN YOU CROSS THE CHANNEL, ESPECIALLY IF IT SHOULD BE BLOWING HARD, "KEEP YOUR PECKER UP," (AS THAT AGREEABLE BATTLE, YOUNG FIPSON, CALLS IT,) BY MAKING A HEARTY MEAL AT THE SHIP OR PAVILION,

to be called *The Guinea Sisters*: and will illustrate the most striking points of African history. There will be a real bamboo throne; and MR. GORDON CUMMING has, in the handsomest manner, offered to superintend the draping of the lions' skins. A live elephant has also been engaged; and all the blacks retained from all the London docks. Indeed, no expense will be spared in order that the reality of the spectacle may be complete; the real in the furniture of the play being, of course, in every way superior to the ideal in the player.

We now hasten to deny a very foolish, if not a very malicious report. It has, then, been stated that, stimulated by professional envy, the *Corsican Brothers* have expressed a determination to appeal to Chancery for an injunction against *The Guinea Sisters*. We pity the mind that, for a moment, gives credence to such pettiness. What! Is there not room for all? Is it probable that, in a profession so favourable to the development of our most generous impulses—so exalting to the higher aspirations of our nature, as that of the stage, that *Corsican Brothers* could, for an instant, feel anything below the most generous emulation of *Guinea Sisters*? As we have asked before—is there not room enough for all?



AND ONCE ON BOARD, FIX YOUR EYES UPON SOME DISTANT OBJECT, AND ADAPT THE MOVEMENTS OF YOUR BODY TO THE ROLLING OF THE VESSEL, AND THE RESULT WILL PROBABLY BE, AS ON THE PAGE OPPOSITE.

THE BOSTON BABY SHOW.

After TENNYSON.

I WENT to our Gardens, CLAUDE, when the Boston babies were shown ;
I went to our Gardens, CLAUDE, to criticise beauty and bone ;
And my cheerless bachelor lot I abhor'd, and long'd to have one of
my own.

The Royal Harmonics I heard on the flute, violin, bassoon ;
Each gay little Mammy-boy coo'd like a bird, while its Mammy humm'd
it a tune ;
Each infant to nourishment never demurr'd, with cheeks like a harvest
moon.

Mothers and nurses a hundred and one, with their charges, sat in array,
But MARY ANN JACKSON reign'd not alone as the "PRETTIEST GIRL"
that day ;
Full half of the voters bow'd at her throne, while half to her charms
said "Nay,"

For the heart from a stone or the veriest crone ELLEN BRIDGEMAN
would steal away.

Then I said to JOE MAWER, "Now JOE—here goes, I'll bet you a
bottle of wine,
Out of all his fat rivals in all those rows, your WILLIE will take the
shine :
From the bridge of his nose to the tip of his toes, he's the 'FINEST
Boy' of the fine."

And the sight of the twin RAYS stirr'd the blood of MR. MANAGER
SMALL,
So a three-guinea special prize, he stood, for he bow'd to the public's
call ;
But ELIZABETH ANN was the tenderest bud,—the "SMALLEST BABY"
of all.

Then MARTHA BENTON so chubby and neat, won the "HEAVIEST
BABY" prize ;
'Twill be many a month ere she "feels her feet," if her mild-looking
mother's wise ;
For such cherubs a roll on the floor is meet, or a go-cart Paradise.

QUEEN ROSE of the rose-bud garden of girls, of the "PRETTIEST
BABIES," A L.,
Proud SPILSBY need grudge not the ocean its pearls, to compare with
LOUISE it has none ;

The heir of a hundred Plantagenet carls might deem thee fit bride for
his son.

Well may MR. SMALL talk large of this treat, since he mark'd seven
thousand head
Of visitors, passing his cheek-taker's seat,—and oh ! when I got to bed,
On baby-touches so soft and sweet my slumbering fancy fed,
And I dreamt till morn of their fat little feet, and dimples of white and
red.



THE RESULT !

WANTED, THE "VAN."

THE Betting-House scoundrels are making another attempt upon the forbearance of the police. They are working a system of "lists," which, according to the *Sunday Times*, is a change of the old system in one respect only. Money is still staked, but no tickets are produced—except, we suppose, the tickets-of-leave, which are carried by most of the betting-house fraternity. The *Sunday Times* reluctantly warns its friends that "an open transgression of the law cannot in any case be defended." Having precluded, in a wonderful sentence which we dare not pretend to disentangle, that "however oppressive and unjust may be the restraints which legislators in their wisdom may place upon the liberty of the subject, however unpopular may be their enactments and inquisitorial their statutes, that love of order and respect of the law, which are supposed to be inbred and involuntary among Englishmen, ensures their obedience, because it is known that they will be carried out with vigour," the journal advises "circumspection," for "however unpleasant the fact may sound to ears polite, they (the ears) are under the eye of the police."

We should like to see a policeman with polite ears under his eye, especially as it appears to be his duty to carry out Englishmen with vigour—carry them out of the betting houses, we suppose. But if nothing worse than eccentric grammar were in question, we should not presume to interfere—a journalist knows what kind of composition is acceptable to the class he addresses. We, however, protest against any kind of expressed or implied toleration being extended, by any portion of the press, to the betting scoundrels, upon whom we trust the police will not keep their eyes long, inasmuch as under SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN'S admirable Act, the duty of watching the rascals may be expeditiously transferred to the keepers of HER MAJESTY'S gaols.

QUEER OBJECTS OF CHARITY.

THE Widows and Orphans of the Clergy can hardly be the sort of people they are generally supposed, if the following remarks of the *Morning Post*, commenting on the "Festival of the Three Choirs," are correct:—

"Most proper it is that there should be a fund for the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen, but is it not a roundabout way of raising it to spend £2,658 in pleasure in order to give £900 in charity? Does it not show that, after all, the real object is not appreciated? Would not nearly the same people have gone to the same festival had the collection been for a totally opposite object—say, for the prevention of cruelty to animals, or the promotion of teetotalism?"

Perhaps they would; but are not the prevention of cruelty to animals and the promotion of teetotalism objects more especially opposite to the sale of spirituous liquors and the amusement of dog fighting than to the sustenance and relief of Clergymen's Widows and Orphans? Is there any opposition between the Widows' and Orphans' benefit and the cause of temperance and humanity? Are the heliots and fatherless children of the Clergy particularly given to gin and ratting? Surely our aristocratic contemporary could not have said a severer thing of the abandoned wives and children of the mobility.

TESTIMONIALS WANTED.

THE sound men and true of Sheffield are about to embody their admiration of their out-speaking member, ARTHUR ROEBUCK, in a Testimonial. We are glad of it. Were they to bestow upon him another Koh-i-noor, it would only typify, in its unflawed purity, the high integrity of the senator and the man.

But this is the vacation, and are there not other members of Parliament with claims to testimonials, very significant of their services and merits? Shall nothing be bestowed upon MR. GLADSTONE, in commemoration of his oratorical aid to Russia? Old REGIMONTANUS once made a fly, so exquisitely constructed that it would use its wings, make circles, and buzz. Why should not Oxford offer a premium for a mechanical spider, with eight diamond eyes, the spider always carrying eight that, politician-like, he may keep a sharp look-out for all sides; a spider that will spin the finest gossamer, every line of film nicely balancing the other? Or, if this mechanical achievement be impossible, why not present to the Ex-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER a full-grown chameleon?—a logician, poetically said to live on air, and a politician by no means warranted of fast colours?

As it is very probable that MR. JOHN BRIGHT is at Rhyl, North Wales, and as he must, on the early fall of Sebastopol, write another letter from the sea-side to Manchester, in condemnation of the wickedness of the bombardment, we think a bran new pen from the wing of a Russian eagle could not fail to assist him, even in his best moments of inspiration.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know, whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong to call it "a waste of water!"



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"And breathe short-winded accents of new BROILS."

Henry IV. Part 1, Act 1, Scene 1.

SUICIDE BY STATUTE.

THE new Health of Towns Act is a capital Act, but one of its clauses seems to contemplate the infliction of capital punishment. In speaking of a place pronounced to be injurious to health, the legislature has declared it shall be "unlawful to live in it," and therefore the only legal course will be to die in it as soon as possible. We should be glad to have the opinion of the law officers of the Crown on the point, whether in a place where it is "unlawful to live," and consequently obligatory—under the Act of Parliament—to die, suicide will cease to be a crime, and become simply permissive, or actually imperative? We should be gratified, also, to be informed, whether all persons whose existence is declared unlawful, are to be liable to be executed according to law; or whether in the event of their not perishing by their own hands, when it becomes "unlawful to live," they may appoint their own executors or executioners. We presume that, although there may be some places in which it will be "unlawful to live," it will always be lawful to "hang out," in a sense more literal than agreeable.

ALEXANDER'S MASKED BALL.

THE CZAR is said to have commanded a series of masquerades, in order to recruit the spirits of his subjects, by way of compensation for the recruits which they are daily compelled to afford his army. We have not been furnished with a programme of any one of the entertainments; but we suppose that the celebrated *Dance of Death*, arranged upon the model of HOLBEIN'S work, would be a principal feature of them. The masquerade, to be complete and characteristic, should include a masked battery, which, accompanying the fiddles, might play upon his Russian Majesty's own people. A *Flag of Truce Dance* should be composed for the occasion, to be performed by DOLGOROUSKI and GORTSCHAKOFF, with all the flower of Russian chivalry, in the character and costume of Ojibbeway Indians. These masquerades will not deceive Europe. Russia threw off the mask when she invaded the Principalities, and will get no good by resuming it now.

PROCRASTINATION.—It is with our good intentions as with our dishes—to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

"THAT FELL SERJEANT," ADAMS!

A GREAT compliment has, all unwillingly, all unconsciously, been paid to the undaunted, unbending integrity of SERJEANT ADAMS. To be sure, the eulogist does not hold a very high position in the world; and—the pillory being abolished—may never achieve the elevation that, in other times, might have rewarded him. In a word, JOHN JACOBS, the eulogist of the Serjeant is, in the stern English of the police-reporter, "a well-known Jew thief and burglar." Nevertheless, even a Jew thief may be capable of fine appreciation of character, and truth—to his own astonishment—may break out from the lips of a burglar.

MR. INGHAM, the magistrate, proposed to send JOHN JACOBS to Clerkenwell to be tried. JOHN JACOBS had strong objections to such a movement. The earnest burglar observed, "I would rather not go before SERJEANT ADAMS." He repeated his objection; and at last emphatically declared, that "old ADAMS would convict his own mother."

Surely "this is more than Greek, and more than Roman fame!" We have had BRUTUS condemning his own son; and we know—especially at college—how very stoically sons do sometimes sacrifice their own fathers; but for a Serjeant to suppress within him all filial risings, to put down the *hysterica passio*, and convict his maternal parent, is the very martyrdom of duty!

We earnestly propose the subject to Academician WARD. It would make a fine fresco, and would be an illustrative and enduring memorial of the judicial inflexibility of SERJEANT ADAMS as avouched by burglar JACOBS. We leave the treatment of the subject in the hands of the painter, merely stipulating for the introduction, in some corner, of JACOBS himself, looking straight at the Serjeant—straight as the crow-bar flies. This is due to the thief and housebreaker as the proposer of the subject. We are all familiar with the picture—*Chief-Justice Gascoigne commits the Prince of Wales*; but how poor the theme to that of—*Mr. Serjeant Adams convicts his own Mother*; MR. JOHN HUMPHREYS PARRY, with all his horse-hair on end, vainly striving to move in arrest of judgment!

"THEN MUST THE JEW BE MERCIFUL"

THE "cruel Jew" was an old phrase, dear to persecutors, but one did not expect to find it justified in the present day. It appears, however, that the Animals' Friend Society have discovered that the mode in which the Jews put to death the creatures they eat is especially barbarous, and the law is invoked to put a stop to the system, under which it is alleged that a poor ox is a quarter of an hour in dying. Time has been given to the Jews to get up their defence, their advocate intimating that "their religious liberties might be involved in the question." We trust it will be found that they are not, and that a Jew may be as free as possible, without the necessity of his torturing beasts to show his liberty. Anyhow, such practices must be abandoned, the rabbi must be merciful to the rabbit, and however little else a Jew may stick at, he must stick at a sheep with humane promptitude. Surely those who were divinely forbidden even to "muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," must misread any order which they imagine directs them to kill him by inches. "We all expect a gentle answer, gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion."

Sadly Flippant.

A LOCAL newspaper says,

"A marriage was solemnised at Darton on Monday, which excited much interest in that locality. In the procession were seven asses, gaily decked out."

A heartless and disrespectful wretch, whom *Mr. Punch* instantly kicked out of his office, remarked, on reading the paragraph, "What a fuss to make about five more than ordinary."

Our Foreign Relations.

ENGLAND and France have turned pawnbrokers in favour of Turkey, offering to lend it so many millions upon such and such security. In honour of this monetary alliance, we should not be at all astonished, if, for the future, every *Mont de Piété* in Paris, and every pawnbroker's in London, were to take for its sign,—*La Tante Cordiale*.



THE ROUND HAT.

- 1. When it is all very well.
- 2. When it is objectionable.
- 3. When the Police ought to interfere.

AN UNWARRANTABLE AFFAIR.

CAN this be true?

"We have now found out that Policeman HICKS, of Roydon, had no warrant or summons when he took us before MR. HEMMING, on Thursday the 9th of August; we thought that the piece of paper which he produced at the time was one. But in consequence of the statements which appeared in the newspapers, the chief constable for the county of Essex, CAPTAIN M'HARDY, sent to the superintendent of police at Epping, MR. GODWIN, on Saturday, the 25th of August, to know if there was a warrant issued for Policeman HICKS to take us before the REV. MR. HEMMING on the 9th of August, when he, MR. GODWIN, went to the REV. MR. HEMMING at Parndon, on Sunday the 26th of August, and got from him a warrant, dated the 7th of August, which he sent to Chelmsford to CAPTAIN M'HARDY, thereby deceiving him, and making him believe that all was done regularly, which turns out now not to have been the case."

The above is the statement of THOMAS COLLIN. Surely it is not understood rightly if it appear to represent MR. HEMMING as making out a warrant on the 26th August and dating it on the 7th, in order to assist the superintendent of police in deceiving his chief. We know that MR. HEMMING committed the COLLINS; nevertheless, we should think he would have been afraid to commit a written act—which we forbear to denominate.

Nos Poma Natinus.

THE *Times'* critic states, that at the dance with which the cider aristocracy of Hereford finished their musical festival, great, and in fact, impertinent precautions were taken to exclude a Reporter from the floor. This showed prudence, if not manners; for the conversation of the class in question can scarcely be up to reporting mark, if it be true that one of the Ladies Patronesses thought it was "very low" to give MARIO "a song about Cider." Her hearers were puzzled, but at last, an unusually acute short-haired Hereford discovered that the accomplished lady had been puzzling over the programme, on which was (a little carelessly printed), thus—"La cidar em lo mano."

NOTICE TO MARINERS.—By an order from his IMPERIAL MAJESTY, ALEXANDER THE SECOND, the Harbour of Sebastopol has been constituted a Sink Port.

THE ROYAL ROAD THROUGH ST. JAMES'S PARK.

SCENE—A Castle in the Scottish Highlands.

An ILLUSTRIOUS PAIR at Breakfast.

Il. Lady (throwing down the *Times*). How very provoking!
Il. Consort (pausing in the middle of a venison pasty). Hein?
La. Where do you think, Papa, those stupid men propose making the new road across St. James's Park?
Cons. Mamma, I cannot conceive how they could possibly take a wrong direction.
La. Would you believe it?—they are actually going to cut the Park in two by a road to lead from Birdcage Walk right through the Gardens to a point between St. James's Palace and Marlborough House!
Cons. But they will have the ornamental water in their way. Aha!
La. They are going to throw a bridge over that. Fancy!
Cons. What! cut up those beautiful gardens, disturb their quiet, disfigure them with a great unsightly bridge? Oh, what terrible want of taste and judgment to create a nuisance and establish an eyesore in that delightful spot!
La. So needlessly, too, since the proper line for the new road is obvious.
Cons. In front of Buckingham Palace, of course?
La. Undoubtedly. The railing would keep the traffic sufficiently far from the Palace, and the sight without the noise would be agreeable.
Cons. I like the sight of the noble British Public.
La. I should think you did—the dear, generous Public! Such a good, kind, delightful Public as that!—to have one of its favourite places of resort spoiled! Oh! I've no patience with that stupid board.
Cons. The board must be a wooden board.
La. (remonstratively). Oh! But it's too serious a matter for joking. What will our friends over the water think of such a barbarism? What will NAPOLEON say the next time he comes? Fancy anybody proposing to him to bisect—isn't that the word?—the Place de la Concorde!
Cons. He would probably bisect the booby for his pains.
La. Well—this thing must not be. Only think how happily we are situated in comparison with our friend whose name I mentioned just

now, and others—all our headwork done for us—no trouble beyond a little ceremony—wanting no gratification that an opulent nation can bestow—we, surrounded with every comfort and convenience, must not allow of any interference with the pleasure and enjoyment of our Public. We can do no wrong, ourselves; and we won't, if we can help it, let others do it.

Cons. A thoroughfare in front of the Palace would be so much pleasanter. How pleased I should be if yonder road, which winds so far around our dwelling, could be brought within a shorter distance of our windows. What finer figure in a princely landscape than a picturesque peasantry?

La. Spoken with that feeling for the Fine Arts for which you are celebrated. Well, as I said, we must put a stop to this. Pray write instantly to SIR BENJAMIN, and tell him we say so.

Cons. I will, mine love, so soon as ever I have done my breakfast.

Holy Russian Fire.

GORTSCHAKOFF calls the fire sustained by the wretches under his command at Sebastopol a *feu d'Enfer*. What was the fire which the Russian miscreants poured on the Turkish fleet at Sinope? What does GORTSCHAKOFF call the fire which his murderous countrymen directed at LIEUTENANT GENESTE's crew, and their flag of truce? Probably the Russian gunpowder does not smell of brimstone. *Feu de Ciel*, we suppose, is what GORTSCHAKOFF denominates the fire of his angels.

THE RIGHT DUKE DOING THE RIGHT WORK.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND is making noble amends for his Admiralty mistakes. We learn that he is expending £50,000 a-year on new cottages, farm-houses, draining, and so forth. Long may his Grace remain out of the Admiralty to serve his country!

THE STICK'S PROGRESS.

THE stick continues to make wonderful progress throughout Naples. It sticks at nobody and sticks at nothing!

CALISTHENICS OF COMMON LIFE.



INCERELY do we invite the attention of all our fair readers not afflicted with paralysis of the lower extremities, not wearing a wooden leg, not weighing twenty stone, not being silly and unfit to go about, but being, perhaps, indolent and indisposed to exertion, to the subjoined paragraph, extracted from the columns of a fashionable contemporary:—

“A FEMINE ACCOMPLISHMENT.—A female pedestrian, MISS ISABELLA MELROSS, performed last week at Neath the astonishing feat of walking 500 half-miles in 500 half-hours, and 500 quarter-miles in 500 quarter-hours. The event came off upon the green near the railway station, in the presence of a large number of persons.”

It is very much to be desired that pedestrianism were, really, what the *Morning Post* sarcastically calls the above-mentioned exploit; “a feminine accomplishment.” Nobody, of course, but a wretch

would like to see it carried to the extent of walking a match, farther than to Church; or would wish to behold a young lady accompanying the pedestrian feat by that of picking up pebbles with the mouth which was made for other purposes. Five hundred half-miles in five hundred half-hours, may be rather too great a distance, in proportion to the time, for the majority of our female friends and relatives; but that of as many yards in as many days,—an amount of walking exercise in the open air, which is not exceeded by a great many of them,—is hardly far enough. For, in that case, the blood stagnates, and is insufficiently aerated; hence, headache and all manner of poorliness, besides the more disagreeable consequence of loss of blooming complexion. This dreadful misfortune is aggravated by discolorations,

eruptions; in fact, not to mince the matter, breakings-out and pimples, consequent on inaction of the skin. The muscles lose their tone from disuse; and the figure, no longer braced by their action, bulges and falls away; besides which, it often becomes deformed by the calamity of fat. The ligaments of the joints relax from the same cause, the ankles thicken and swell, and, the tarsal arch giving way, the feet spread out, and expand into slabs, in form and dimensions resembling fire-shovels and flat-irons.

A BISHOP MADE EASY.

It is proposed to split the see of Exeter into halves and make a new bishopric of one of them under the name of Cornwall. The BISHOP OF EXETER consents to the partition, which may seem wonderful; but the endowment of the new see is to be provided by the liberality of the REV. DR. WALKER, and it is not designed to divide the income as well as the diocese. DR. WALKER is the rector and patron of St. Columb Major, of which benefice, worth £1,600 a-year, he offers to resign the incumbency and advowson, giving up his own living to supply the BISHOP OF CORNWALL with a maintenance. He is prepared also to give the Bishop a house fit for him, and two other houses, for canons. Thus DR. WALKER precludes a pun that might otherwise be committed against episcopal extension, in the shape of an objection that we are too much in want just now of mortars and Lancaster guns to be able to think of affording more bishops and canons.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GERMAN BED.—“Good Stabling for Nightmares.”

THE CANT OF SQUARETÖES.

THE *Liverpool Standard*, in replying to the question, “Where are our great men?” observes that—

“If our great men are asked for, the inquirer is referred to the names of FARADAY, STEPHENSON, BRUNEL, and other masters of science; the materialism of hard facts having totally superseded the imaginative faculties, and wisdom given place to mere human knowledge.”

When, since the Britons wore coats of paint, and no pantaloons of any other material, did the superhuman wisdom, of which our *Liverpool* contemporary speaks, exist in these islands? We can think of no example of the wisdom of our ancestors more nearly divine than that of the celebrated dramatic author to whom our Allies apply the epithet in question, under the name of WILLIAMS; meaning SHAKSPEARE. At present SHAKSPEARE has probably more readers than he ever had, so that his wisdom, at least, has not given place to any inferior description of knowledge. We do not get a SHAKSPEARE, as we do not kill a pig, every day; and the same remark, with still more propriety, perhaps, in the opinion of many, may be applied to BACON. Now, BACON'S philosophy is precisely the basis on which modern science is cultivated, and by proceeding thereon such men as FARADAY discover facts instead of imagining fallacies; but is it not a considerable advantage that the materialism of facts, whether hard or otherwise, has thus superseded the softer unreality of the imaginative faculties?

To attempt the search of truth by the imagination, instead of the perceptive and reasoning powers, is rather characteristic of a great fool than a great man. What the old Eldonite writer in the *Liverpool Standard* probably means in complaining that the present age is deficient in great men is, that there are few minds among us which predominate over the general mind; but this circumstance may be owing not so much to the scarcity of great men, as to the circumstance that solemn prozers and pompous mouthers do not now make that impression on the public which they made in the good old times, and would still, perhaps, if they had any scope for their genius, make upon himself.

The Manchester Bells.

WE read with satisfaction that on the arrival of the news of the Fall of Sebastopol peals of bells were rung from the Churches of Manchester. The Manchester School bell, however, was tolled by the Manchester scholars in a slow and solemn manner, sounding a knell.

A SERGEANT'S SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

THERE lives in the little village of Brentwood, a sergeant retired from the 7th Fusiliers, by name THOMAS EVERETT, illustrated in the Crimean War with five wounds, and the loss of one eye. A mighty hunter of Russians was THOMAS EVERETT; having, it is said, bagged fifty of the children of the CZAR,—the miserable little ones! At the Alma shot whistled through THOMAS EVERETT'S ear, whispering danger private and confidential. A bayonet went through his arm in a sortie; and, by way of variety, THOMAS EVERETT enjoyed a ball on the same evening through the hip. A cannon-shot made so near an acquaintance with one of his feet, that it delicately removed the sole of a shoe. Two of his comrades were taken into Sebastopol prisoners, but THOMAS EVERETT stole into the city at night, shot the sentry who guarded them, and returned with his rescued friends. Great, heroic have been the deeds of THOMAS EVERETT; and great, magnificent has been his reward, for—but the theme calls for a new paragraph.

For THOMAS EVERETT has received a silk handkerchief hemmed by HER MAJESTY! How much heroism, how much devotion may be covered by one silk handkerchief! The gallant fellow is, of course, delighted—proud of the present. We think he ought to be permitted, on Sundays and holidays, to hoist that handkerchief as his own peculiar flag, on his own staff before his own cottage-door. How, streaming to the wind, it would gather around it all the youthful rustics, firing their blood with a sense of glory; and kindling their hopes that, for only the loss of one eye, the inconvenience of five wounds, with deeds of prowess too numerous to particularise, they too might hope, some day, to obtain a silk handkerchief! Of course, THOMAS EVERETT, sergeant, receives a pension. But wherefore has he not been promoted to the rank, at least, of ensign? At least the silk handkerchief might have wrapped up a commission.

The Bane and the Antidote.

It seems, after all, that the greatest adulteration of milk is with water. But it is a question, with what kind of water? If it is with Thames' water, there cannot well be a worse kind of adulteration, against which chalk itself would be a thousand times preferable. In fact, the chalk should be prudently reserved as an antidote against the bane of drinking the Thames' water, for we all know that Chalk Mixture is repeatedly administered in violent cases of cholera.

THE CAMPBELL MASSACRE.



[THE Massacre of Glen-coe is avenged! ELGIN has been down upon CAMPBELL. Henceforth let that unpleasant page in the history of our deliverance from Popery, slavery, wooden shoes, and other comforts, be held to be balanced.

At Elgin, on the 11th of September, 1855 (the date is as memorable as the 9th of May, 1691), a banquet was given, ostensibly to entertain GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN on his return to his native country. About 250 unsuspecting Scotch

people sat down, and two suspicious circumstances occurred—one, according to the *Inverness Courier*, being that the supply of waiters was very deficient, and the other, according to all the reports, that the gallant SIR G. B. talked a great quantity of nonsense. These circumstances ought to have put the assembly on their guard, but they seem to have gone on eating and drinking out their twelve-and-sixpence a-piece, with no uneasy feeling, except that "the price of the tickets was comparatively high." We consider that it was positively high, considering what followed.

At a given signal, the President, no other a person than JAMES GRANT, Esq., Provost of Elgin, drew a long breath, rushed upon THOMAS CAMPBELL, who had offered him no offence whatever, and deliberately murdered him in the following manner:—

"Bold northern usurper, we have marshall'd our clans,
Their swords altho' thousands, their bosoms are one;
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death."

Then welcome be Russia's hordes to the shock,
Let them dash their proud foam like a wave on the rock;
But woe to their kindred, and woe to their cause,
When Albyn her claymore indignantly draws."

And, brutally repeating, not the lines of the poet, but the stab at his intellect, proceeded,—

"Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
I, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in my bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With my back to the field, and my feet to the foe;
And leaving in battle no blood on my name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."

The felonious ferocity of that last wound at poor CAMPBELL can scarcely be exceeded. It finished him, and he was heard of no more. But we understand that such was the determined fury of the slaughterer, that had this not been enough, he meant to have concluded the awful deed as follows:—

"Ha! laugh'st thou, PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, my vision to scorn,
Proud double-headed eagle, thy wing shall be torn,
Because a darker spectacle is near,
The war drum is beating, and black is your fear,
Accurst be the ashes that glow at thy feet,
'Tis Sebastopol's ruins, now quite complete."

But enough of such melancholy turpitude. Let us only linger on it long enough to say that, despite the similarity of names and of style, the gentleman, who upon this occasion displayed so marvellous a familiarity with the treasures of poetry, was not our own J. G. Scotland may be proud—she has two sons who can appreciate verse. Circumstances would have brought our own J. G. much nearer to the text. He would have said—

"The war-drum is muffled—and black is the Beer."

May it be long before Elgin has again to record such an act upon her Marbles.

An Earnest Teetotalter.

It is told of a distinguished teetotalter (whose decanter bears the motto, "private and confidential") that when he read the hoax, printed some time since, of the utter destruction of the Falls of Niagara, he immediately went into deep mourning.

MANCHESTER IN PARIS.

We rejoice to find that Manchester flaunts and flourishes in the French exhibition. The *Times'* correspondent does all honour to the fineness, the delicacy of the drills—so fine that even the EMPEROR approved of them, so delicate that the EMPRESS became a purchaser. We further learn that Manchester's agent, MR. MURRAY, in the blandest manner informed His MAJESTY that these drills, notwithstanding "the prohibitory tariff, found their way into the French market; the cost of smuggling varying from 50 to 100 per cent." At this guileless avowal, His MAJESTY merely observed, "It was a good thing to know." And as far as the benign effects of the smuggler may operate, Mr. Punch will add, "a good thing to do;" for the smuggler may, in a sort, be considered a public benefactor: a citizen of the world that circulates the world's good gifts. There were several LUTHERS before the successful one, says a philosophic historian. There were many WILL WATCHES before RICHARD COBDEN.

The name of COBDEN brings us to BRIGHT, with whose house the *Times'* exhibition critic is very wrath. The subject is carpets—carpets which are exhibited by BRIGHT AND CO. The savage critic declares,—

"These carpets are execrable in design, though remarkable in other respects; and for the sake of British taste, which the Manchester manufacturers appear to glory in doing all they can to vulgarise, we could have wished that the gold medal said to have been awarded in this instance had been withheld, on the special ground that it is a high industrial offence to use the multiplying powers of machinery for the purpose of debasing in any country the appreciation of the beautiful."

These be bitter words: but we believe JOHN BRIGHT AND CO. may plead this much in extenuation: the carpets were not intended for France, but were originally manufactured for Russia; the unsophisticated children of the CZAR, like all children of nature, having a passion for the strongest conflict of colours. That Manchester delights to debase the appreciation of the beautiful can hardly be true, seeing how it at once appreciates and elevates JOHN BRIGHT, a very pattern-man, though it would seem not quite the man of carpet-patterns.

We have, however, heard a trade report that, if true, will go very far to enhance the reputation of JOHN BRIGHT as a fancy carpet-weaver. Our readers are, of course, familiar with pocket-handkerchiefs on which the whole text of documents—poetic or patriotic—are printed. Well, JOHN BRIGHT is about to produce for the Russian market—the goods

will go through Prussia—certain carpets with his own speeches in condemnation of the Russian war, and in praise of Russia, printed, to the last letter, in the very best Russian,—the translation having been obtained by means of a certain Greek merchant located in Manchester, who every day drinks, in the choicest Samian wine, confusion to the Allies by sea and land!

There can be no doubt that these goods will find a ready sale throughout holy Russia. Most fittingly, too, will the speeches of MR. BRIGHT be transferred to carpets, for such specimens of Manchester logic and Manchester patriotism cannot be too often or too much trodden under foot.

RUSSIAN RECEPTION OF THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

On the receipt of the intelligence of the Fall of Sebastopol, MR. GLADSTONE retired into his bedroom, and locked the door.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM wept.

MR. COBDEN, who was at tea, ordered the things to be taken away. The hon. gentleman was taken very ill in the course of the night.

MR. BRIGHT stopped his ears with cotton, that he might not hear the ringing of the bells.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL scratched his head.

KING OTHO, of Greece, shook in his shoes.

BOMBA danced with rage for a few moments, and then broke out into a violent perspiration.

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, who was writing an autograph to the CZAR ALEXANDER, ground his teeth, and tore the letter to pieces.

The KING OF PRUSSIA was seized with a vertigo. When he recovered he expressed himself very unwell, and called for brandy and water, of which beverage His MAJESTY drank several glasses, crying more and more profusely over each, and was ultimately carried to bed.

Prussia Illuminates.

THE illumination for the Fall of Sebastopol at the Prussian Embassy in Paris was, of all the illuminations, the most brilliant. With a touch of refined diplomacy, it is said that the lamps were filled with the choicest Russian oil.



USEFUL, IF NOT ORNAMENTAL.

Master Alfred (an ingenious boy). "LOOK HERE, WALTER! SEE WHAT A JOLLY TARGET OLD AUNT BETSY'S ROUND HAT MAKES."

THE HARVEST OF THE WAR.

THE heart of Britain heaveth with an universal gladness,
From the Land's End to the Orkneys, from the Wash to Arran-more :
The voice of Britain cleaveth the air in jubilant madness,
And the clashing of her steeples,
And the shouting of her peoples,
Bear a burden to the cannon as they roar !

'Twill be time for tears to-morrow, o'er their names that conquering
perish'd ;
But now let those who mourn for their loved ones stricken down
Like Spartans hide their sorrow, in the thought that those they cherish'd
Fell, with the foe before them,
Their country's banner o'er them,
And hands clench'd in death upon the crown.

We knew they would not fail us—that flower of four brave nations—
Though the struggle might be stubborn and the conquest dearly bought :
Coward doubtings might assail us, and petulant impatience,
But we knew that no contriving
When Wrong and Right were striving,
Could bring God's rule of justice unto nought.

All through the winter dreary, when the clouds were at their blackest,
We felt the sun behind them—soon in radiance to appear :
When inaction seem'd most weary, and progress at its slackest,
With heart and hope unbated,
The tidings we awaited,
That at length burst on Europe's listening ear.

Sebastopol is taken ! Spread the news till it engender
A fear in all enslavers, a hope in all enslaved :
Till the CZAR's proud heart be shaken, in his terror-haunted splendour,
And he own the wrath of Heaven,
Embodied in the levin,
That scathes where his flag so lately waved.

Sebastopol is taken ! as the scorpion girt by embers
Deals death upon itself with suicidal sting,
So Moscow's blazing beacon the Muscovite remembers,
And in ruin lays the city,
While his wounded scream for pity,
As the fire round them draws its hungry ring.

Sebastopol is taken ! its stored accumulations
For long-plann'd schemes of conquest in the air are idly hurl'd,
Or blaze, or stand forsaken for the victorious nations,
To break them or to burn them,
Or to noble uses turn them,
For the freeing, not the fettering, of the world.

Sebastopol is taken ! Those walls whose teeth of iron,
Guarded arsenal and harbour and war-ships, frown no more ;
Red tongues of fire unslaken the bastions environ,
Whose glare lights victors gazing,
On Russian hulls a-blazing,
And her army to the northward pouring o'er.

Sebastopol is taken ! But the work is not completed,
While a foot of the Crimea the CZAR dares call his own ;
While a race with heart to waken under Russian rule is seated ;
While Georgia Russian wrong holds,
And the Baltic has its strongholds,
Where the double-headed vulture sits in stone.

Sebastopol is taken ! Peace is the cry already
From those who cried that cry, 'ere War's flag was well unfurl'd ;
"No Peace"—say we. The Kraken, though stunn'd, yet welters, ready
With force or subtle suction,
To fold to their destruction,
The onward-moving nations of the world.



THE HARVEST OF THE WAR.

A CARD.—ST. JAMES'S PARK.



R. PUNCH respectfully invites his brother citizens and fellow Englishmen, to indulge in a little philosophic and scientific contemplation in the green enclosure of St. James's Park. In the first place, Mr. Punch would wish Englishmen to give their most calm but most earnest attention to the water-fowl, disporting—as a great deceased authority would have said—in the translucent ripple. They are particularly required to note well the habits and deportment of the Solan goose, and then dispassionately to inquire of themselves, whether they believe that goose—as to all intents and purposes goose it is—is nevertheless one half so great a goose as “the party,” however it may be, who nopes to drive an omnibus through the greensward of St. James's, the folks of London loyally twiddling their thumbs, and submissively looking on?

Englishmen are next requested to mark and give ear to the ducks,—and, having attentively heard them all, to say,

whether there is so great a quack among them as “the party” aforesaid?

Finally, Englishmen are desired to eye well the bare poles, the dry dead wood that marks the line “where beauty lingers,” to be speedily sullied, deformed, and in very truth to be cast upon the town, by being made a parcel of it. Englishmen are earnestly desired to contemplate such poles, and then to declare, whether, in their opinion, there is not more genial life in such dry desiccated wood than in the head or heart of “the party” who has placed them there?

These are a few matters to be considered calmly and dispassionately.

God save the QUEEN! And from all Goths and Vandals, God save St. James's Park!

SIMPLETONS WHO MAKE SOTS.

At a meeting of busybodies, which took place last Monday week, at St. Martin's Hall, various resolutions were agreed to, one of them being to the effect:—

“That, as it had been proved that much drunkenness took place on Saturday night and on the evenings of Sunday, it was important that petitions numerously signed should be prepared for presentation early in the next session of Parliament, praying that public houses and beershops might be closed at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, and remain closed the whole of Sunday in every part of the United Kingdom; and that strenuous exertions should be made to reduce, as speedily as possible, the number of public houses, with a view to their utter extinction, so far as the sale of intoxicating liquors were concerned.”

These meddling persons constituted what is called the “Temperance Conference,” and many of them were members of an impertinent body calling itself the “London Temperance League.” We suspect that some large capitalists in the wine trade are at the back of these “Temperance Leagues” and “Conferences,” the result of whose frantic ravings and insane resolutions must be to produce a re-action against that moderate use of fermented liquors, which has been of late years gaining ground, and thus to occasion a greatly-increased abuse of those fluids. The sanctimony of the Puritans was one of the principal causes of the dissoluteness of the Cavaliers, and the fanaticism of the teetotal quacks and maniacs will, in a corresponding measure, tend to the promotion of drunkenness.

Exit Menschikoff.

THERE appears to be no doubt of the fact that PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF has become Prince Pious; having entered a monastery at Moscow. The former Prince Plenipotentiary is now a humble Monk of the Order of Dunbrownsky. With a pensive recollection of his historical swagger at Constantinople, it is said that his principal occupation is to hatch and cram young turkeys.

VAUXHALL AND THE HARVEST.

THE very first day that Parliament resumes its labours, a notice of motion will be placed upon the paper for leave to bring in a Bill to the following effect:—

Title. AN ACT for prohibiting the Opening of Vauxhall Gardens during certain periods.

Preamble. Whereas the Harvest of 1855 was being got in under the most favourable circumstances, and in the most delightful weather; and whereas while such Harvest was being got in, certain parties malevolently announced the opening of Vauxhall Gardens, whereby Rain, as was natural and habitual, instantly descended, and the weather became cold and raw:

Vauxhall not to be opened during the Harvest.

Be it enacted, that in future any person or persons announcing the opening of Vauxhall Gardens at any period between the putting in the first sickle, and the carrying the last Harvest home, in the United Kingdom, shall be publicly whipped in the said Gardens twice a-week until the said Harvest is in.

A COUPLE OF WONDERS.

THERE are always two money-questions, which puzzle people more than any other social question, including even the celebrated question, repeated *de die in diem*, of “What shall we have for dinner to-day?” These questions assume the form of riddles that are constantly being asked, but to which we never recollect hearing an answer. Scarcely a day passes, but what you hear the question applied to some one you know. Every one present takes it up, repeats it in nearly the same form, until at last the whole society loses itself in a labyrinth of absurd surmises, out of which they are only conducted by the thread of the next discourse.

These money-questions are:—

1st., I wonder where So-and-So gets all his money from? and 2nd., I wonder what So-and-So does with all his money?

Now, these riddles have been going on ever since our earliest childhood, when we remember the difficult inquiry of, “When is a door not a door?” exploding for the first time in all its terrifying perplexity upon us. They still remain unguessed, and it would be a regret if the difficulty were solved, for the riddles once guessed, there would be an end for ever to the amusement.

There are some friends who are worse even than the Income-Tax Commissioners. Not satisfied with knowing the amount of your income, and from what particular sources you draw it, they would also wish to know how you spend it. What a pity these meddling persons are not allowed to send round papers every quarter with questions relative to one's income, like the above, drawn out at elaborate length, which their friends should be compelled, under a heavy penalty to answer, down to the smallest details, accounting satisfactorily for the outlay of every penny of their disbursements. Some day, when we have nothing better to do, we will draw out this new form of Income-Tax papers, and give ample instructions as to the precise fines and penalties to be imposed upon all persons who fail in meeting the demands of this new tax levied upon their patience. It is, in fact, strange that this general want on the part of so numerous a class as the Busybodies has never been supplied before!

Bulletin from Rochdale.

It was to be expected that the news of the Fall of Sebastopol would materially shock even the nerves of the eloquent Member for Manchester. The disastrous tidings were therefore revealed as cautiously as possible. We are happy to say, that at the time we went to press, MR. BRIGHT was as well—and it is not saying much—as well as could be expected.

CATCHING IT IN THE CRIMEA.

WHEN the Russians first seized on the Crimea, they captured a great many of the inhabitants, but amongst all of these they never got hold of such a native as the Tartar they have now caught at Sebastopol.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"An eye like MARS (Ma's) to threaten and command."

Hamlet, Act iii.; Scene 4.

A CAROL FOR CRICKETERS.

AIR.—*Apparent.*

HERE a sheer hulk from fierce round bowling,
We mourn a batsman true;
No more he'll send the ball a-rolling;
He's batter'd black and blue.
Long at the stumps he did his duty,
And puzzled many a scout,
For though swift balls might spoil his beauty,
They rarely put him out.

Ne'er from the wicket he departed
Without a decent score;
And seldom were his timbers started
Until his legs were sore.
At pads and gloves, as things new-fangled,
With pleasant scorn he'd laugh;
But now so grievously he's mangled,
No more we'll fear his chaff.

Curious Characteristics of Waiters.

In Ireland, the waiter, when he answers you, is always "Going!" in England, however, your waiter, when he favours with an audible response, is always "Coming!" But we have generally found with waiters, as a class, that it is when you want them to come that they are always "going," and, on the contrary, it is when you wish them to go that they will persist in "coming." To avoid these unpleasant contingencies, there is nothing like a dumb waiter—one who bears without a murmur anything and everything you choose to put upon him, and expects no fee or gratuity in return.

THE REAL "VINE DISEASE."—Drunkenness.

THE CLERICAL AUCTION MART.

ON Tuesday afternoon, says a paragraph in the *Times*, MR. ALDERMAN FAREBROTHER attended at GARRAWAY'S Coffee-House, for the purpose of disposing, by public auction, of the advowson and right of presentation to the rectory of Lytchett Maltravers, in the county of Dorset. After stating various interesting particulars about the living, the value of which was estimated at £607 a-year, the worthy Alderman proceeded to inform his congregation that—

"The incumbent was thirty-three years of age, and some representations had been made as to the state of his health. He (the worthy Alderman) would not say what those representations were, but intending purchasers might easily satisfy themselves on that point."

The *Times'* reporter, however, omits to state that the Alderman in the pulpit—a worshipful preacher in a place of suitable worship—proceeded to dilate upon the delicate hint above quoted, in the following extemporaneous burst of song, to the tune of *George Barnwell stood at his shop-door*.

Yes, gentlemen, certainly, yes,
'Tis true, and the truth must be told, Sirs,
He is but thirty-three, I confess,
Such a fact it were wrong to withhold, Sirs.
The incumbent is but thirty-three;
And the purchaser's loss would be weighty,
If he should—as might possibly be—
Hold his present preferment till eighty.

(*Spoken.*) If he should, ugh! ugh! (*coughs.*) If he should by a miracle—ugh!—by a miracle—ugh! ugh!—by a miracle—ugh! ugh! ugh! The air of the locality is recommended by the faculty too in cases of—ugh! ugh!—in cases of (*expectorates*) ugh! ugh! ugh!

Thirty-three is an earlyish age,
One would count on a longer lease, surely;
They who sleep at the end of that page,
Shut up human life's book prematurely.
Thirty-three and a fine healthy air,
Thirty-three and a light occupation,
Thirty-three and exemption from care,
Might look forward to lengthen'd duration.

(*Spoken.*) Old PARR lived to a hundred-and-twenty. But old PARR never had to take cod-liver oil—ugh! ugh!—to wear a respirator—

ugh! ugh! ugh! It isn't everybody at thirty-three, even with a broad chest and sound lungs, that's likely to live as long as old PARR. Ugh! ugh! Dear me, what a cough I'm troubled with!—but I hope it isn't a churchyard cough, though a man might have a churchyard cough at the early age of thirty-three.

Life's flow stops at thirty-three soon,
To compare human life to a river;
But the sun of our day sets at noon,
From organic disease of the liver.
How long a young man may drag on
Existence is not a hard question,
Supposing his stomach is gone,
And has quite lost the power of digestion.

(*Spoken.*) When no food is retained; when the face is hollow (*sucks in his cheeks*)—eyes thus (*pressing his own back in their orbits*); abdomen so (*describing a concavity by a downward wave of the hand in front of his stomach*); when physicians of the greatest eminence have been consulted in vain—when there is schirrus of the pylorus, ossification of the valves of the heart, hypertrophy of the left ventricle, aneurism of the aorta, incipient ascites, *ramollissement* of the brain, tetanus opisthotonos, and threatening paralysis, the whole system presenting one complicated mass of disorder and disease, no sane actuary would calculate on a protracted existence—even although the age of the sufferer were only thirty-three.—Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ahem!—hem!—ugh! ugh! ugh!

An old age, hale, hearty, and green,
May the present incumbent await, Sirs,
Some representations have been,
Of his health made respecting the state, Sirs.
What they were I won't say; but to such
As may fancy to risk this transaction,
The trouble will hardly be much,
Of obtaining complete satisfaction.

Short-Lived Cholera.

THE provincial papers record, as a wonder, that the Americans are wearing "paper shirt-collars, which a New York manufactory throws off at the rate of a thousand an hour." The invention is in keeping with the "Go-a-head" nation. What is paper, but linen in an advanced stage of existence?

SAVE ME FROM MY INDIAN FRIEND.



HERE is published in MR. VERNON SMITH'S Asiatic dominions, a newspaper called the *Friend of India*. It is ably and honourably conducted, except that the title is delusive. Were the journal named the *Friend of the India-House*, nobody could quarrel with its uncompromising advocacy of the H. E. I. C., and its interests. There is published in QUEEN VICTORIA'S European dominions a journal called *Punch*. It is needless to say how that periodical is conducted, or that it is devoted to uncompromising advocacy of the interests of QUEEN VICTORIA, and of all her honest subjects.

The European and the Asiatic journals appear to have found a point upon which they differ in opinion.

Some months since it was stated, authoritatively, that officials in the service of the East India Company employ Torture in dealing with the tax-payers. *Mr. Punch*, on due consideration, cast his indignation upon this subject, not after the fashion of some of his contemporaries, into howls, and yells, and notes of non-admiration, and other intense typography, but into the form of an advertisement, by a Sheffield Firm, which proposed to supply the Company with the newest and most excruciating appliances for inflicting torture. Spasmodic appeals are usually wasted—*Mr. Punch's* acid bit even into the brass of Leadenhall Street.

The Company's organ shall speak for itself:—

"The Torture question has got into *Punch*, and we annex to this article an advertisement on the subject, written in his best style of raucy and sarcastic humour."

To this introduction we have no objection at all. The writer then proceeds to say, that the "attack is in the highest degree unjust." Of this, more anon. The *Friend*, after a brief analysis of the advertisement, which he has the fairness also to quote in full, meets the alleged injustice, by treating it as an imputation upon the "Company's Servants," by which title he states that in England "European civil officers in the Company's Service" are "exclusively" designated.

Now this, with great respect to the *Friend*, is something like trifling with a grave accusation. *Mr. Punch* is not in the habit of making charges that are either unjust or ridiculous. Every reader of *Punch* knows perfectly well what he meant. Nobody for a second supposed that he imputed physical cruelty to one English gentleman engaged in administering the affairs of India. When was *Punch* guilty of putting such insane trash to paper?

But he did make an imputation, and a pretty strong one, and one which he has since repeated, and one which he means to repeat until the last vestige of a reason for it is done away; namely, that Torture is used in India for the collection of the Company's Revenue. And as, since he published the advertisement, the clearest proof of the fact has been put forth at much length, and with due circumstantiality, by the *Times* and other journals, and as the *Madras Torture Report*, about to appear in England, will formally register the accusations, *Mr. Punch* in nowise regrets that he has called universal attention to the subject. The very modes of inflicting the torture are before the world, and therefore, luckily, it is needless for *Mr. Punch* to pain his readers by the recapitulation of such atrocities. When the Honourable East India Company has done what no doubt every gentleman, either in its direction or its service, desires should be done, namely, rooted out the infernal system from every Indian village under British domination, it will be time enough for its advocates to become indignant with English journalists. Meantime, it would be well for those advocates not to try to ride off on a quibble, such rides generally terminating where the equestrian performances of mendacity are popularly held to end.

The Torture Commission sat but a short time, but, says the *Press*, in

reply to the attempt "to show that the use of Torture in the Company's territories has been exceptional," during that short time they received "1440 letters of complaint of the practice."

In presence of this fact, and some hundreds of other facts which have been and will be made known, *Mr. Punch* is obliged to intimate to the *Friend of India* that, while entirely agreeing with him, that

"The article in *Punch* will be read by millions, and it will now become the settled conviction of the people of England, that the *European* [no, not European, but Asiatic] servants of the Company are constantly in the habit of resorting to the most flagitious modes of torture."

he cannot concur in the sentiment that

"It is impossible to overrate the mischief which such an article will produce, and the deep and fatal impression which it cannot fail to create in the national mind;"

for *Mr. Punch* is happy to believe, on the contrary, that he will have largely aided in the formation of a popular feeling which will speedily enforce upon the Honourable Company the necessity of doing away with a foul blot upon the Anglo-Indian escutcheon.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

"KNOWLEDGE is power;" but in America this power consists in the knowledge mainly of knowing nothing.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" consequently, to avoid all danger, it is far better to know nothing at all.

The old precept, "Know Thyself," is quite wrong. A real Know-Nothing, if he carries out strictly the principles of his creed, has no right even to know himself.

What becomes of State Education, when the great object of life is to know nothing? only, in England, our many religious sects have for years past arrived at this happy conclusion; for they are unanimously resolved, that if a child cannot be educated according to their own peculiar way of thinking, he shall not be educated at all—in other words, that he shall be a complete Know-Nothing, and live and die in that blessed state.

We wonder if a Know-Nothing ranks as a cipher in the State? and if these ciphers are only valuable so far as they help, like other ciphers, to swell the value of the figure that stands at their head? And again we wonder, how many of such ciphers it would require before that figure would be able to make anything like "Political Capital" out of them? For instance, what would be their political market value to such a figurative statesman as GLADSTONE? and with what justice might he be quoted, from being the principal national figure of the Peelites, as standing in England at the head of the English Know-Nothings?

A Know-Nothing is one who sticks at nothing in order that America may be "nothing to nobody," excepting to such as are regular Know-Nothings.

But, perhaps, the Know-Nothings are so called to distinguish themselves from the MITCHELLS, and the like in America, who are generally Good-for-Nothings?

The man, who professes to know everything, is generally proved to be a know-nothing; but, in general, mistrust the man who meets an accusation by saying he "knows nothing," as it is pretty evident that he knows something that he is most anxious to conceal, and a great deal more than he would like to confess.

True Dignity.

SOME of the French authorities last week gave a banquet to the English men of science forming part of the English jury; and thereto imprudently invited the English ambassador, LORD COWLEY. His Lordship gave no direct answer, but in the most dignified manner caused it to be made known to the inviters, that it was not his custom to dine with low people. Very proper: science ought to know its place. An electric telegraph is all very well in its way, but what is the fiery eloquence of a discoursing wire compared with a blue riband?

Epigrammatic Despatch.

BY PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

THOUGH Victory refused our arms to bless,
We ran away with wonderful success.

ADMIRALTY DOCTRINE.

WHILST the NAPIER Correspondence was going on in the *Advertiser*, the newspaper used to be sent to the Lords of the Admiralty regularly, with the following endorsement, "A NAPIER-ient Pin for SIR JAMES—one or two to be taken every morning."

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY.

WHEN the House of Commons is up, public robbers are down upon St. James's Park.



SCENE ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

A SPLENDID SPECIMEN OF CANT.

We have a contemporary calling itself the *Christian Cabinet*—a title which conveys an insinuation against LORD PALMERSTON'S Government. This journal is addressed to mechanics and labourers, whom it professes to supply with news of a general character, and articles imbued with Christian sentiment. A paper, assuming the prefix of Christian, of course intends thereby to distinguish itself from the rest of the newspaper-press, the larger portion of which claims, though it does not arrogate, that epithet. It might be surmised that the Christianity of such a paper would be something peculiar. Whether that is the case may perhaps appear from the following taste of its quality:—

IDOL WORSHIP IN ENGLAND.—To the Editors of the *Christian Cabinet*.—It cannot be denied that idol worship is greatly on the increase in this country. Let any thoughtful person go to the British Museum, and observe the earnest gaze of the people at the hideous idols which have been brought into this country at an enormous expense to the nation."

But why not rather ascribe the "earnest gaze" to interest in objects which illustrate and attest Scripture, than to idolatry? The letter, of which the above is the charitable and rational commencement, proceeds in the ensuing language of modesty and humility:—

"Why were those abominations of a wicked nation brought into this land to be a blot upon its fair escutcheon, and to bring down the wrath of the Almighty upon us, by war, disease, and taxation?"

The signature attached to this sensible epistle is J. LANE. MRS. LANE—for the sex of this writer must be female and her age advanced—is a cool old lady to pretend to a knowledge, which of course must be of a prophetic nature, that MR. LAYARD'S bulls have brought upon us the Russian war. We expect that J. LANE will shortly give herself out as the successor of J. SOUTHCOTE.

Poor old MRS. LANE continues—

"Let the people destroy those idols, and level them with the dust."

Fair, but anile iconoclast! But how is your advice, GOODY LANE, to be followed by the people without resistance to the powers that be, which include policemen, besides the soldiers who mount guard at the gate of the British Museum? Now, MRS. LANE, you know what is the penalty in such case made and provided by a higher Court than even that of Parliament.

GOODY LANE then moderates the rancour of her pen; and her next suggestion is less dangerous, if not much more reasonable.

"Let tables be placed in those magnificent rooms, and cover them with religious books and papers for the spiritual improvement, daily, of the people."

There is one thing to be said in favour of this proposal. The rooms certainly would not be overcrowded, and it would be possible for the frequenters of these religious reading rooms to pursue their studies without the slightest mutual interruption. But we are afraid that this plan would involve the presentation of the sack to SIGNOR PANIZZI. We do not know what are the views of that gentleman as to the religious character of literature, but apprehend that they would at least differ from those of MRS. LANE. On that question the Public, moreover, would entertain some diversity of opinion.

MRS. LANE adds the following piece of advice:—

"Let a large organ be placed in the rooms, that the people may hear solemn music, at least once a-week."

But the people can do that already. At St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey there is an anthem and chanting every day. Besides, there is very solemn music in *Le Prophète*, which they have frequent opportunities of hearing, also in *Robert le Diable*. There is some deeply solemn music in the *Zauberflöte*: and the opening of the overture to *Der Freischütz* is marvellously solemn. But MRS. LANE, we suppose, disapproves of the theatre, and disapproves equally of cathedrals.

MRS. LANE'S last recommendation is, that all Christians should pray for peace. Very proper. We trust, too, that she will in future hold her own. By printing that venerable lady's letter the *Christian Cabinet* appears to participate in her sentiments on the subject of sculpture. But then it ought to style itself the *Mahometan Cabinet* rather than the *Christian*—save that all enlightened Turks have by this time outgrown the old fanaticism of Islam in regard to imitative art.

Wiseman and St. Winifred.

ONCE upon a time, JAMES THE SECOND turned aside from a progress to visit the well of ST. WINIFRED, in order to supplicate the Saint to bless him with an heir to the English throne. A few days ago, DOCTOR WISEMAN, it is said, not only visited ST. WINIFRED'S waters, but bathed in them! Is the POPE in want of another son to the "true" Church?



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA was my father :
Ob ! that he were alive, and here beholding—"

Winter's Tale, Act iii., Scene 2.

LORD BROUGHAM MADE A VALUABLE CONSIDERATION.

AN advertisement in *Galvani* announces for sale a chateau in the South of France, which, among its other attractions, is said to be "adorned with the Cactus," to be "within forty-four to fifty hours of London," and "only five minutes' walk from the residence of LORD BROUGHAM." To the amateurs of the Cactus the inducement above held forth is legitimate enough, and it is reasonable to intimate that the chateau is within forty-four or fifty hours of London; but, the propinquity to LORD BROUGHAM is a matter which no speculator has any right to take advantage of. We do not imagine that it is with LORD BROUGHAM's consent that he is thus introduced into an advertisement as a means of enhancing the attractions of a chateau for sale in his neighbourhood. It is of course a merely nominal advantage to be within five minutes' walk of LORD BROUGHAM, unless the privilege of dropping in upon that accomplished nobleman is to be included in the purchase. Unless LORD BROUGHAM becomes a party to the conveyance, and agrees to a clause, in which he undertakes to be at home when the purchaser drops in, we do not see how the fact of vicinage will add to the value of the premises. We think it would be only fair that LORD BROUGHAM should have a portion of the purchase-money in consideration of its amount being increased by the announcement that his Lordship is within five minutes' walk of the property. If the advertisement had appeared during the session, we should have expected a motion to have been made in the House of Lords on the subject.

Punch to the Smoking World.

(After Ready-madeasy.)

LEARN to smoke slow. The other grace is,
To keep your smoke from people's faces.

Pop goes the Pontiff.

THE POPE has lately been engaged spiritually in the sort of work that other European powers are doing in a material sense. He has been letting off his artillery, particularly at Spain, and our Allies, the Sardinians. The ordnance of his Holiness is, however, of a small description, and makes but little noise; in fact, it is an almost childish species of artillery, consisting of mere POPE-guns.

CAPTIVITY AMONG THE NATIVES OF RUSSIA.

WHAT can you expect from a bear but brutality?—but contrary to expectation, it seemed that the Russians had treated some officers of ours, who had fallen into their hands, humanely. A different story, however, is told by the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who says—

"I have spoken to a gentleman who has just arrived in Paris from Constantinople. A number of English exchanged prisoners had just reached the latter city, half dead. They had been subjected to the most insolent and humiliating treatment by the Russians whilst marching. One officer told my friend that he had been marched more than 1000 miles on foot, with nothing to eat but black bread and dirty water. When the party arrived at certain villages on their way, he was made to walk two or three times through the place, to be shown to the people, and was insulted and spat upon. The guard gave him dirty water to drink when clean was at hand, and, throughout the march, sought to annoy him in every way. I hope this gentleman, who is now ill at Constantinople, will make his case known, for I am assured it is no exceptional one. The Russians are taught particularly to insult the English, it appears."

The writer then makes the very natural remark, that the Muscovite prisoners in France and England are treated too well. But France and England cannot stoop to retaliation. They do not scalp captive warriors because those warriors have scalped French and English captives. The worst we could possibly allow ourselves to do to the Russian prisoners would be to send them back to Russia. But then we must keep them, in order to exchange them for the men whom we have had taken. The longer they remain among us the more thoroughly they become imbued with liberal ideas, and the greater service they do us as live bombs when they come to be thrown back upon the CZAR.

An Act of Dotage.

THE *Times* one day last week presented its readers with an uncommonly absurd case of "conscience-money:"—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the first half of a Bank of England £100 note, from 'F. G. Y.,' on account of undemanded Income Tax."

Of course, F—G—Y can only stand for FOGY.

THE TEETOTALLERS WANTED.

THE attention of the Universal Sackcloth and Cinder Sunday Society is respectfully called to a flagitious ceremony too frequently acted in HER MAJESTY'S Dockyards. A few days since, MISS GORDON stood godmother to a new ship, naming it the *Pearl*. We are told that—

"Having taken a very brief survey of the Ship, COMMODORE SHEPHERD placed the garlanded bottle of wine in MISS GORDON'S hands, which she immediately dashed against the cutwater, exclaiming, 'Success to the Pearl!'"

What can be expected of a *Pearl* so christened, but that, as in the case with pearls in general, it should at some time be found at the bottom of the sea? Why cannot HER MAJESTY'S ships be baptised with the pure lymph; or, for at least a season, is it allowed that the Lords of the Admiralty have cast sufficient cold water on the true interests of the navy? What a moral is conveyed in the garlanded bottle! Innocent roses, with the wine "biting like a serpent" under them! We recommend this thought to MR. GOUGH, to be duly made up with his other flowers of rhetoric. We have, moreover, to call the attention of the above Sackcloth Sunday Society to the fact that, under the auspices of PRINCE ALBERT, whiskey was drunk about the bonfire lighted at Balmoral, in commemoration of the tumble down of Sebastopol. Of what use, it may be asked, is the moral influence of FORBES MACKENZIE in Scotland, if the good man is thus to be outraged by the sad example and mischievous patronage of a PRINCE CONSORT?

"Cooking" a Barometer.

GREEK merchants of Liverpool in the interest of Russia, have been accused of an attempt to depress the corn-market, by tampering with the quicksilver of the Exchange barometer. They have protested against the imputation, signing three names; they are GLADSTONADI; GRAHAMILIZZI; and RUSSELLAYANNI. A brass bar, now protects the barometer from all meddlers: the quality of the metal suggested by the impudence of the offenders.

THE PIOUS PUFFERS.



It must be very painful to a sincere professor of those doctrines by which self-glorification is especially condemned, to find himself continually made the subject of puffing paragraphs. We have already called attention to the lamentable case of poor dear DOCTOR CUMMING, who has been so bespattered, besmeared, and bedaubed with booksellers' puffery, that we naturally begin to look for a list of his works in that portion of a newspaper which is devoted to medical and miscellaneous quackery. Some of our friends have become so thoroughly possessed with the idea of a connection between the name of CUMMING and newspaper notoriety, that we have been seriously

asked, whether the lion-slayer at the top of the Haymarket is the same CUMMING whose appellation has been made the subject of that familiarity which is said to lead to contempt, through the medium of advertisements. We should scarcely be surprised if the pious puffers of DOCTOR CUMMING's books were to take advantage of the popularity of the present connection between the name of CUMMING and the King of Beasts, and were to send forth a list of his works with the words, "DR. CUMMING, THE GREAT RELIGIOUS LION OF THE DAY," by way of an attractive heading.

While we are on the subject of pious puffs, we may as well remonstrate against a paragraph we lately met with, in which one DOCTOR CLOSE, the idol of the old maids of Cheltenham, has been introduced with the interesting accessory of a bad leg, or something of the sort,

for which he has been taking a trip somewhere on the Continent. The newspaper puff informs us that his leg is getting better, and that his "people" at Cheltenham will soon have him back, and that he thinks of his "lambs," or some twaddle or other, which will, of course, go the round of all the Cheltenham tea-tables. If DOCTOR CLOSE's amiable admirers like to be called his "people," we see no objection to the title; but when we recollect that the Doctor was one of those who wrote a book to prove the Satanic agency of Table-turning and Spirit-rapping, we think that a better term than "lambs" might be found for those who accept the Reverend gent as their guide; and we should be disposed, in selecting a word from the animal creation, to describe them as DOCTOR CLOSE's Donkeys.

The over-sanctimonious, and not over-charitable portion of the public, will believe, or rather will assert without believing it, that we intend to sneer at Religion or its ministers, because we denounce the quackery and puffery which make the latter contemptible. It is, however, obvious to common sense, that the clerical profession is only degraded by the unwholesome pandering to personal vanity, to which it is in these days so much exposed, and which has placed a "popular preacher" and a "popular performer" in much the same position. We simply wish to put down that morbid and usually feminine feeling with reference to parsons which develops itself in working slippers and antimacassars, or in giving silver tea-pots to unmarried clergymen.

We recollect an instance in which a bachelor divine had been presented with so many embroidered shoes and tea services by the spinsters of his flock, that he might have started with a capital stock as either a slipper-dealer or a silversmith; but happening to marry a lady out of the parish, he was nearly torn to pieces by his fair adorers, who called on him to return all the plate that had been presented to him for his bachelor piety—his single blessedness.

SOME VERY ODD FISH.

AMONG the pranks performed by the animal creation in what is called the "dead season" by the penny-a-liners, we have met with nothing richer than the conduct of a certain cod-fish, who, if newspaper paragraphs may be believed, has recently indulged in the eccentricity of swallowing a kitten. This feat appears to have been performed in a fit of jealousy at the alleged achievement of a ling, who, according to a Scotch paper, had recently devoured the leg of a rabbit. Of course nobody will inquire very closely how the rabbit lost his leg, or whether the ling was at once the amputator and the devourer of the unlucky limb; nor will any one be too curious to ascertain which way the cat could possibly have jumped to have found its way down the throat of a cod-fish. If these stories of lings swallowing rabbits' legs and cods bolting entire cats are believed by the readers of a newspaper, it might certainly give a portrait of one of its subscribers as that of an animal that can swallow anything.

CURE FOR HOT COPPERS.

A CURE for the complaint commonly called hot coppers would be a great boon to a no small proportion of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, who occasionally exceed in strong potations. If their coppers want cleaning, let them eat some street-oysters, and wash those molluscs down with street-vinegar. That fluid, in some cases, consists, according to a statement made by DR. HASSALL at the late meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, of little else than sulphuric acid and water, coloured with burnt sugar. Sulphuric acid and water are dilute oil of vitriol, which, as most people know, is the proper thing to scour copper-kettles with. Indulgence, therefore, in street-oysters is very likely to cleanse, and, if repeated often enough, effectually to cool hot coppers; so effectually, that the coppers will be rendered incapable of being heated any more.

CON. BY SAIREY GAMP.

WHY will the proposed Port of Hartlepool be like the dirty Thames River?—Because it will be a Harbour of Refuge.

AN ACQUISITION TO PLAIN ENGLISH.

THE writer of *Notes and Sketches* in the *Morning Post* makes the following remark, among others of a more judicious character, on the subject of "Discourse."

"To say that some point has been excluded, or left out of the question, is much better than to say it has been ignored."

If conciseness is desirable in expression, "ignored" is better than "left out of the question;" besides, the word means more than that phrase, and than the term "excluded." To ignore is wilfully, and cunningly, and deceitfully to leave out of the question; fraudulently to overlook; mendaciously to affect not to know; to blink; to pretend ignorance of a fact that the fact may pass unnoticed, and not be taken into account. It is a word which describes, with beautiful precision, a thing very common both in the writings and the conversation of zealots and bigots, and especially of solemn ecclesiastical humbugs; it compendiously expresses one of their artifices; it neatly bottles off a puff of their smoke; therefore they don't like it: but therefore it is a lovely word, and well deserving of incorporation with the QUEEN'S English.

A WASHED DUKE.

THE *Glasgow Citizen*, in describing the personal appearance of some of the savans assembled at the meeting of the British Association, is good enough to remark of the DUKE OF ARGYLL, that he looked "superlatively clean." Did the Scotch reporter muddle the modicum of French in his possession, and think it was a case of *savon* instead of *savant*? Or, is it such a wonder that a Scotch Duke should be physically clean? Some of the Scotch Dukes (like some of the English ones) have done very dirty things in their time, but it was hardly matter of surprise that the DUKE OF ARGYLL, who, moreover, is a very estimable young man, should have washed his face and put on a clean shirt upon such an occasion. To be sure such a luxurious-demonstration might excite a trifle more notice in Glasgow than in most places, but even there the upper classes occasionally set examples of unobjectionable neatness. This Citizen has been showing his freedom rather unwarrantably.

THE INFERIOR ARTICLES OF WAR.



PUNCH is disgusted to observe, that while the public at large are looking at the War in a patriotic spirit, the merely mercantile mind is inquiring, how the War can be made to pay, and how it can be converted into a medium for puffing. The press accordingly teems with advertisements of all sorts of goods, bads, and indifferents, to which the word "War" has been attached, from the War-Sermon of the puffing parson to the War-Jacket of the advertising tailor.

It is rather too bad that a great cause should be desecrated by a connection with one of the lowest of tradesmen's tricks, and that our triumphs should be converted

into a peg for cheap and inferior clothing to hang upon. Already have the names of some of the heroes of the Crimea been given to all sorts of coats, whose inventors may be said to be hanging on to the skirts of Victory. It is nevertheless unfair, that our brave generals should be made to give titles to all kinds of ill-made garments, and that a Simpson should become synonymous with a wraprascal, or that a Pelisse should usurp the appellation of a PELISSIER. One of the advertising tailors has invented a jacket, which he declares is designed to commemorate one of our recent victories, whose name has been given to the article alluded to. Glory would indeed be short-lived, if the achievements of our soldiers had no better commemoration than a low-priced coat, in the sleeve of which our enemies might comfortably laugh, if they thought that the fame of our victories would not be more durable than a bit of bad broadcloth.

VERDURE AND FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

For some time lately the water ejected by the Trafalgar Square Fountains has been observed to be of a green colour. Speculation is baffled in the attempt to account for this phenomenon. The Serpentine is the only known source whence it is easily conceivable that water of such a tint could be derived. But the Fountains are supposed to be supplied from an Artesian well; and there are many considerations, besides those of a geological nature, which preclude any idea of a communication between the well and that sewer. Had the well been out of order, the authorities who preside over it might, perhaps, have entered into an arrangement with one of the Thames' Water-Companies, for the temporary supply of the Fountains with the fluid which those societies distribute among the inhabitants of the Metropolis for drinking purposes. In that case, however, the Fountains would squirt up a liquid of an "opaque, pale drab-colour," and not a green. Perhaps a drainage-pipe leaks into the well, a pipe conveying away the slush from an adjoining institution, the administrators of which have been at work again scouring the Old Masters. A correspondent of the *Times* compares the water of the Fountains to "cabbage-water;" but its tint is more probably derived from the Old Masters' greens.

The sight of verdure associated with water-works is very charming, when the relation between the water and the verdure is merely that of one element in a landscape to another. But, when the latter is chemically or mechanically combined with the former in the shape of a solution, the eye is offended; and the disgust of that organ is usually shared by the nose.

PALMERSTON AT THE ANTIPODES.

We were rather startled a few days ago by reading in capital letters in a column of the *Times* the somewhat striking words, "LORD PALMERSTON AT MELBOURNE." We knew that Australia was in a condition to need the aid of statesmanship; but we also felt, that whatever might be the necessities of Victoria in the Colonies, there is a VICTORIA at home with a paramount claim on the services of the PREMIER. We were next disposed to think, that the affair was a joke, and that by way of showing how completely the PRIME MINISTER had been "transported" by the news of the fall of Sebastopol, he had caused himself to be announced as "LORD PALMERSTON at Melbourne." Again, we fancied we might be indulging in a dream of the future, and that we might be living in the year 1875, when it is probable that a minister may be running over from Downing Street to Melbourne as rapidly as he now passes from London to Paris. All these hypotheses were, however, put to flight by the sudden recollection that there is a place called Melbourne in England as well as in Australia, and that the former locality rejoices in the ownership of LORD PALMERSTON, who can go to Melbourne when duty does not call him to VICTORIA.

FINALE TO SEBASTOPOL.

A Sero-Comic Opera.

SCENE—The Palace at St. Petersburg. The Imperial Council-Chamber. The CZAR ALEXANDER, MENSCHIKOFF, DOLGOROUKI, CHORUS OF COUNCILLORS.

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

Alex. Ha!
 Chorus. He nods. Look—look—ah! look—
 About our ears the walls affrighted shook.
 Alex. MENSCHIKOFF!
 Mens. To my buckles thus I bend.
 Alex. Attention!
 Mens. Humbly I attend.
 Alex. To what a grave reality we waken!
 O Heaven and Earth! Sebastopol is taken!
 Mens. The fact, my liege, is sad,
 Alex. It almost drives us mad;
 We are surprised, confounded,
 Amazed, bewild'rd, and astounded,
 Sebastopol fallen! What can be the reason?
 We cannot think—unless it fell by treason.
 Your system of sorties upon the foe
 You discontinued—wherefore did you so?
 We'll have that mystery at once unveil'd!
 Mens. My ammunition fail'd.

AIR.

Although the soldier's heart and hand
 Be all that is desired,
 By every General in command,
 There's something more required:
 His hand though steady, heart though stout,
 In warfare that's not all;
 The soldier cannot do without
 His powder and his ball.

RECITATIVE.

Alex. (to DOLGOROUKI.) Of your high office why did you fulfil
 The paramount duty so extremely ill,
 As not to take care that our troops had got
 Plenty of powder, and sufficient shot?
 Doly. My liege, I answer with submission,
 That there was plenty of ammunition.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

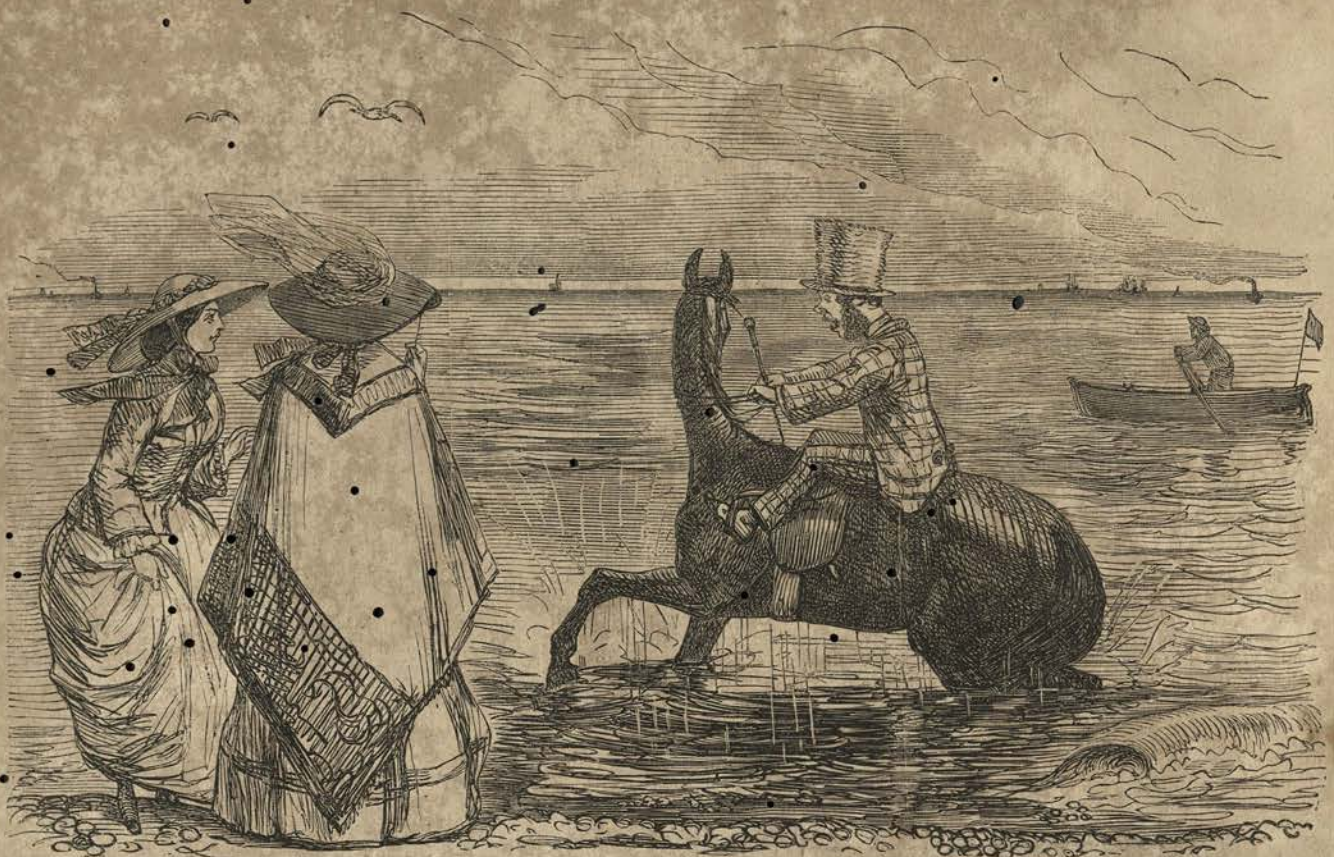
Mens. You lie!
 Alex. Oh, fie!
 Chorus. Oh, fie! Oh, fie! Oh, fie!
 Alex. He gives him
 Doly. He gives me } the lie!
 Mens. I give him
 Chorus. Oh, fie for shame! Oh, fie!
 A much too strong expression's that of lie.

RECITATIVE.

Mens. The pardon of your Majesty I crave,
 Thus in your presence stung to misbehave;
 I'll only say your Highness (to DOLG.) tells a story—
 And it is idle and derogatory,
 Ridiculous, and perfectly absurd,
 To let your voice be in this council heard,
 Assembled to discuss affairs of war.
 You never have received one warlike scar,
 E'en in retreat; no soldier are at all;
 A bomb you know not from a rifle-ball;
 And have—although in talk there's not a louder—
 Neither invented, burnt, nor handled powder.
 Alex. Cease, I say, these rude discussions,
 Unbecoming polish'd Russians;
 We will inquire to which the blame is due:
 Woe to the one or other of the two!

BRAVURA.

Yes, woe and vengeance on the slave,
 And wrath, and rage shall fall,
 No matter whether fool or knave,
 Who lost Sebastopol!
 His fault that guilty wretch shall rue,
 For we will find him out;
 And safe will be, for one of you,
 Siberia and the Knout!



OUR LITTLE FRIEND, TOM NODDY, THINKS THE SEA-WATER WILL DO HIS MARE'S LEGS A WORLD OF GOOD.

THE
HAIR NOT APPARENT.

We are continually being taunted in the newspapers by the disagreeable question, "Do you want beautiful Hair?" We confess that we are obliged to respond to this rather impertinent interrogatory, by avowing that we are deficient as to our capillary attraction; and that we do, in fact, "want beautiful hair." We, however, must decline the assistance of those, who would put all sorts of things into our heads, with the view of giving luxuriance to that, which at present resembles a mixture of stubble, with a slight dash of the



THE PLAYFUL CREATURE OBJECTS AT FIRST, BUT FINDING THE PROCESS AGREEABLE, DETERMINES TO HAVE A COMPLETE BATH.

door-mat, and a touch of the mop. We are not tempted by the avowal of the Berkshire lady, who says, "my head, which was once quite bald, is now covered with new hair;" for, we would as soon think of putting our old wine into new bottles, as of cramming our old head into new ringlets. We therefore decline any attempt to give luxuriance to our locks; and, indeed, it would be impossible to do so; for the well-known maxim, "first catch your hair," would apply in a case of curling, just as much as it would in a case of cookery.

THE GREEKS are anxious to repudiate the name given to their country—*Bear's Greece*.

AN ERROR ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

NEWSPAPER paragraphs have sounded the praises of the QUEEN, for her generosity in giving £50 to a Scotch Station-master, for having been "the fortunate person to bring before HER MAJESTY the glorious news of the taking of Sebastopol." The donation was no doubt very handsome; though the Royal act was evidently one of impulse rather than of principle; for it is difficult to see why the Station-master who telegraphed the news, should have been better entitled to £50 than the individual who communicated the fact to him, or the still earlier informant who worked the telegraph at the Crimea. If priority of communication is the real ground on which a reward is to be given, the Scotch Station-master seems to be less entitled to £50 than any of those engaged in transmitting the news, for he is clearly the last person

instead of the first who forwarded the intelligence, which is so gratifying to HER MAJESTY. The practice of giving a handsome gratuity to the one who immediately communicates a welcome fact, is likely to retard rather than to expedite good news; for everyone has an interest in keeping the knowledge of it to himself, until he can personally arrive at the spot where the information is likely to be lavishly paid for.

Our remarks are not quite in accordance with the tone of flattery that has been employed by our contemporaries in reference to this piece of Royal generosity; but we are quite sure that HER MAJESTY will agree with our view of the case; and we are ready to admit, that under the same circumstances, we might have done the same as the QUEEN did, if we had had £50 to spare, and taken no time for reflection.



THE SPLIT CROW IN THE CRIMEA.
He's Hit Hard!—Follow Him Up!

THE CAUSE OF BAD MAGISTRATES.



THE following story has appeared in the *Bucks Advertiser*, and if true, is "passing strange:"—

"A HARD CASE.—At the Petty Sessions held at Stony-Stratford, Buckinghamshire, on Friday last, a man, named LEVI HENSON, was charged with firing off a gun within 80 feet of the turnpike road. The evidence was very conflicting. The defendant was employed in a field, and had been ordered by his master to shoot the birds if they touched the wheat. He had, it appears, shot a jay, and his master, having measured the ground, found that the spot was above 80 feet from the road. The magistrates, however, told the defendant that he stood convicted upon the clearest evidence they had ever heard, and fined the poor fellow £1, with 17s. 6d. costs."

Perhaps some enemy of the Magistrates alluded to in the above paragraph communicated it to our *Bucks* contemporary. Perhaps the reporter dreamt the circumstances therein stated. Perhaps it is not the fact that those Magistrates pronounced the illegal sentence ascribed to them. Perhaps

they were justices of the peace, and not injustices of Buckinghamshire. Perhaps they were gentlemen, and wise men, and good men, and not precisely the reverse. But such judgments as they are alleged to have delivered are, in fact, not seldom delivered by country Magistrates. For this, the country is itself to blame. At first sight it may appear that Magistrates might be deterred from inflicting unjust and malicious punishments by the fear of incurring punishment themselves. For instance, you feel that a bench of brutes and boobies, for having punished a man so shamefully as the bench in question is (by mistake, we hope) charged with having punished LEVI HENSON, might and ought to have their heads shaved, and be set to work at the crank, for a warning to others. But what sort of justice can you expect

from amateur judges—who like their office, for the most part, from the love of punishing; because it is fun to them to fine and imprison, because it gratifies their arbitrary and tyrannical passions? Nothing is ever well done for nothing. Justice—like children, as the notice says in the Hammersmith omnibus—must be paid for. Pay all your Magistrates if you want the due administration of justice; otherwise what can you expect upon the Bench better than such a set of fellows as those must be who could be capable of inflicting the iniquitous fine which the *Bucks Advertiser* represents certain gentlemen to have inflicted on LEVI HENSON?

AN AGED ALDERMAN.

A FEW days ago the citizens of London elected an Alderman, to whom there was no objection, except on the score—or rather the three scores and upwards—of his age. We cannot help thinking that, in the present doomed state of the Corporation, which may be said to have at least one foot in the grave, no amount of years can be considered a disqualification for one of its representatives. An Alderman of London in the prime of life, presents a picture of vigour, which by contrast would render more striking the decrepit state of the tottering body of which he is a member. To introduce a hearty and healthy individual into the Aldermanic fraternity of London would be almost as cruel as to tie a living being to an inanimate corpse, or—still greater horror—to bind the brawny limbs of active youth to the moribund frame of age and imbecility. We accordingly recognise the wisdom of the citizens in selecting age before everything else as a qualification for the office of Alderman.

ENGLAND'S HUMILIATION.

(For the Invalided Russe.)

SUCH of our countrymen as are acquainted through our columns with the real state of public opinion in England, as to the unholy war in which that island is engaged with us, will, we apprehend, be quite prepared to learn that the intelligence of our temporary evacuation of Sebastopol has plunged the entire kingdom into the deepest mourning and dejection. Accounts slightly at variance with this statement have, it is true, been published by the English press; and an obscure print, called the *Times*, whose circulation is about as limited as its ability, has had the effrontery to suggest that a medal should be struck to perpetuate the memory of our triumphant retreat. We need, however, scarcely remind our enlightened readers, that nowhere is the censorship of the press exercised with greater rigour than in England; and any editor who had dared in this case to reveal the real feeling of the nation would have been tried by a court-martial, and in all probability sent to Coventry,—an equivalent, it is well known, to our own Siberia.

But, notwithstanding the dastardly attempts of the despotic British Government to prevent the transmission of letters to the Continent—evinced especially of late by their reduction of the rates of postage—we have received from one of our own Manchester correspondents, a description of the way in which the so-called victory was actually celebrated: for the veracity of which our known character of truthfulness will, we do not doubt, be a sufficient voucher. In part, for we epitomise his report, he says:—

"The news of the partial capture of Sebastopol has occasioned here the greatest sorrow and indignation. Throughout the Metropolis, on the night of its arrival, the people were so incensed at the Government that it was found necessary to call out the militia; and an attack being meditated upon St. James's Palace (the usual autumnal residence of HER MAJESTY), the QUEEN and her Ministers fled with the greatest precipitation to the Highlands, where they are still hiding under the alleged plea of 'living in retirement.' Knowing somewhat of the real feeling of the populace, the LORD MAYOR very prudently declined the office of proclaiming the so-termed victory. There is little doubt that he would have been torn to pieces if he had attempted it. General illumination there was none, of course. At the French Embassy some two or three lamps were lit up on the sly, but on the approach of an indignant member of the Peace Society they were hurriedly extinguished.

"At Woolwich there was a tremendous bonfire in the Arsenal, the

mob destroying several millions' worth of Government stores. Effigies of GENERALS SIMPSON and PELISSIER were burnt *a la Guy Faux*, and the boys exploded a vast number of 10-inch shells and Congreve rockets without the slightest injury to any of the bystanders.

"The one ship left in Portsmouth had her flag hung half-mast high, in mourning for the loss of the remainder of the Russian fleet. Her captain has in consequence been dismissed the service, and is now *en route* for St. Petersburg, where he will doubtless be received with honour.

"As may be supposed, the demonstration at Manchester was extremely gratifying. All the manufactories and shops were closed, and the principal inhabitants appeared in deepest mourning. The bells rang muffled peals throughout the day, and most of the churches were hung with black. At a meeting in the evening, a vote of condolence with the EMPEROR and PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF was unanimously agreed to, and a subscription for the late inhabitants of Sebastopol was most liberally commenced. Three groans having been given for the murderers, SIMPSON and PELISSIER, three hearty cheers for Russia were led off by MR. BRIGHT.

"P.S. There is little doubt that on their return home, the British troops will be lynch-lawed and their officers beheaded."

"OH, BRING ME SHOWERS!"

IT never rains but it pours when the penny-a-liners are describing a storm, and the newspapers are accordingly inundated with torrents of a most overwhelming character. A recent paragraph describes a series of showers in the Jura, which were distinguished by hailstones of the size of an egg, and the appearance of which must have been greeted with a cry of, "Hail, fellow, well met!" from the delighted dealer in paragraphs. We have no doubt that if the hailstones in question resembled eggs, their existence may be traced to some adjacent mare's-nest. It is possible that the reporter may have somewhat exaggerated the violence of the showers; and although he cannot be accused of giving the reins to his imagination, it is not unlikely that his imagination may have been the principal source of the excessive rains he so copiously dilates—or dilutes—upon.

Mr. Gladstone's Dog.

WANTED, A RUSSIAN RETRIEVER, to retrieve the position of Russia. Address to the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, Oxford.



SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

Miss Raphael makes a study for her grand Picture, "The Day after the Deluge."

SONG OF THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

I ROAM and wander o'er the Town,
And where I see the straw put down
I take my stand, and grind away,
For there my music's sure to pay.

Forth comes a servant from the door
Which I pick out to play before,
And gives me sixpence to move on,
And get myself and music gone.

He says his mistress is a-bed,
And that the least noise splits her head;
Or master's near his latest breath,
And wants to die a quiet death.

So off I walk, repeat the trick
On some one else that's lying sick,
And thus my pockets often fill
By plaguing people who are ill.

A Wedding-Ring in Difficulties.

IN Cheshire, if a bride bake a cake with her ring in it, the person who gets that part of the cake that contains the ring will next be married. Last week, avers the *Cheshire Chronicle*, "a young man present took the piece of cake without knowing the ring was in it, and ate both cake and ring." Now, we beg to ask of *Notes and Queries*, if a ring so taken may be considered as in any way binding upon the party so swallowing it? For when a ring is so eaten, may there not be the whole marriage chain "to follow?" We have often heard of simple young men swallowing wedding-rings before they well knew it; but it is one thing to swallow a wedding-ring, and another to digest it.

POETIC REWARD.

THE *Athenæum* corrects an error of *Mr. Punch*, and *Mr. Punch* owns that he blushes for the mistake, albeit really not his, but the scurvy blunder of whosoever for the time being distributed the pensions to literature, art, and science. *Mr. Punch* lately stated, that MISS FRANCES BROWN (the Blind Poetess) was in the small enjoyment of £50 a-year. The gratification is not, it seems, half that amount, being no more than £20. The liberal, the literary (for the Viscount has in his time dallied with quill and ink), the chivalrous PALMERSTON will, surely, on the next partition of the pension list, end this scandal. Twenty pounds per annum is (see *Mr. Punch's Pocket-Book*) seven-and-eightpence per week, or one shilling and a penny farthing per day. How many a plain cook, whose genius stops short at the perfect boiling of a potato, rejoices in a larger income! It is even better to be maid-of-all-work to the MOWBRAYS of Baker Street than handmaiden to the Muses of Parnassus.

QUICKSILVER MARTYRS.

THE Greeks always paid great homage to Mercury, because he was the God of Thieves and of Merchandise, whence latter word came his name. It would seem that a hankering after this idolatry is still supposed to prevail among the modern Greeks, and an illustration of the fact is found in the circumstance that certain Greek corn-merchants, in one of our large towns, have been accused of not being able to keep their hands off a Barometer much consulted by folks whose corn transactions are guided by the state of the weather. The suspected individuals have denied the charge of tampering with the instrument, but we should have honoured them more had they admitted it (if true), and clamoured for the right of exercising their religious worship in a free country. This would have shown that Greeks make some pretence to conscience, and the novelty of this discovery would render it doubly acceptable.

A Letter for Doctor Pettigrew.

DOCTOR PETTIGREW, of London, acknowledges the receipt, per post from Somersetshire, of "a live lizard, measuring 19 inches in length; lively, after having undergone no less than eight post-office stampings. A live bluebottle, placed as food for the lizard, was dead at the journey's end." This is all very well for an experiment, but we hope it will stop here. Otherwise, should the hint be maliciously improved upon, we may have porcupines delivered by post in their own letters, and hedgehogs in their own envelopes.

CHEAP TESTIMONIALS.

A TESTIMONIAL has been presented to jolly SIR JOHN TYSSSEN TYRRELL, in the shape of his own portrait painted by LUCAS; and showing the best and most gratifying evidence of the fact that, although England is destroyed, crushed, wiped from the map of nations by the repeal of the Corn Laws, SIR JOHN, like a protectionist and a philosopher, still looks gay and hearty, "smiling at ruin." We are glad that SIR JOHN is favoured with his own picture; but in other cases would suggest a more economic style of testimonial. For instance, instead of giving a man his own portrait fixed in oils,—why not present him with a looking-glass?

"Enlarged at the Expense."

OUR eye is continually falling on an advertisement relating to "the stomach and its difficulties." We should find it no easy task to fill a book on the subject, but we believe that a great deal may be got into a very small compass where the stomach is concerned. The difficulties of the stomach vary of course, according to the circumstances of the owner, for while with one class the difficulty is "how to fill it," with another class the great object is to keep it within moderate dimensions. We have no doubt that the author fully understands his subject, and however numerous his readers, he would of course have "stomach for them all."

"A Line must be Drawn."

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, in his despatch on the downfall of Sebastopol, thanks its valiant defenders even in their defeat, saying—

"There is a line which is impassable even to heroes!"

That line has now been found the line in blue, and now the line in red. There is, however, another line, to be drawn in diplomatic ink; a line to be traced in the new map to be prepared by the Western Powers for Russia.

Shah! Nonsense!

We have carefully perused the Persian Treaty recently entered into between the SHAH and the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. We see no objection to it, except that in recounting the glories of the high contracting parties, it states that each "takes the Sun for a Standard." The Persian sovereign may know no better than this, but the EMPEROR is well acquainted with our journals, and ought not to have been described as capable of making such a blunder. He would be as likely to take the *Record* for a *Punch*.

A CRUSADE AGAINST THE BUTCHERS.



SOMEBODY is endeavouring to get up a movement to bring the grazier and the consumer into connection without the intervention of the butcher. We are not generally favourable to the employment of a middle man, but we must say, that if every one were obliged to kill his own mutton, very few would enjoy the luxury of eating it. We there-

fore feel that it is rather premature to recommend the abolition of the butcher, as an intermediate agent between the owner of the animal and the individual who eats it. We confess we should feel considerable inconvenience in having to kill the whole of our animal food, and we are quite sure that not one of our readers, who might wish for a pound of steak, would feel disposed to purchase and slaughter an entire bullock. Such, however, would be the case if the butcher were to be abolished, and every transaction in meat were to be an affair between the grazier and the consumer. It would be hard, indeed, if one could not indulge in a pork chop without buying an entire pig, which would be going the whole hog in a most unequivocal manner.

CAPTURE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WATER-SNAKE.

We may now very soon look for the capture of the Sea Serpent, seeing that as a sort of instalment of the "take," the dwellers on the Silver Lake, near Perry Village, New York, did on the 12th of August harpoon and haul to land the Great American Water-Snake! There can be no doubt of the interesting fact, all the circumstances being detailed with that precision, that delicacy of touch, that so distinguishes every American record of wonders and triumphs. When Niagara subsided to a dead level, what other quill, save a quill from the American eagle, could so truly have painted the catastrophe. A kindred pen—a pen from the same pinion—traces the last moments of the Great American Water-Snake. The Snake, in an evil hour for himself, appeared to the whaler provided with a harpoon. He was laying "quiescent on the surface," when—

"The iron whistled in the air, and went deep into his body!"

Under these circumstances, prolonged quiescence was not to be expected; assuredly not. Therefore—

"Instantly the whole length of snake lashed the air!"

That is, the snake bird-like raised its whole body in vacancy; but only for a while, for he darted off, almost dragging the boat under water. However, in due season, he was hauled to land, when, as was very natural on their part—

"Four or five ladies fainted on seeing the snake, who, although ashore, lashed his body into tremendous folds, and then straightened himself out in agony, with a noise that made the earth tremble."

BARNUM himself had shaken in his shoes at such a snake-quake. And now follows a most interesting description of the victim:

"He is fifty-nine feet eight inches in length, and has a most disgusting look. A slime a quarter of an inch thick covers his body, and if removed is instantly replaced by exudation. The body is variable in size. The head is the size of a full-grown calf."

In fact, exactly the size of the heads of the believers in the Fejee mermaid and in WASHINGTON'S negress nurse.

"Within eight feet of the head, the neck gradually swells to the thickness of a foot in diameter. It then tapers down, and again gradually swells to a diameter of two feet in the centre, giving above six feet girth. It then tapers off towards the tail and ends in a fin, which can expand in fan shape three feet across or close in a sheath. Double rows of fins are alternately placed along the belly."

The "fan-shaped fin" must have some affinity to the mermaid; whilst the "sheath" would imply, at least, a distant relation to the sword-fish:

"The head is most singular. The eyes are large, staring, and terrific, with a transparent membrane attached to the lids, protecting the eye without impeding the vision. No gills appear. The mouth is like that of the fish called a sucker. It can stretch so as to swallow a baby a foot and a half in diameter."

In fact, about the same capacity of swallow as that required of the docile and elastic reader.

"When he rears his head (which he generally keeps under water) he presents a

fearful aspect. In expanding his mouth, he exhibits a blood-red cavity, horrible to look at, and the air rushes forth with a heavy short puff."

There is this advantage in the last faculty of the Great Water-Snake for dealing in "heavy, short puffs," he will be able to write his own advertisements from the Museum in the Broadway. The "slime, that a quarter of an inch thick covers his body," will supply him with ink: the supply, moreover, is inexhaustible; for "if removed, is instantly replaced by exudation."

We have solicited the scientific opinion of the first naturalist of the day—need we name him—as to the classification to which this Water-Snake is due; and have received the following brief summary—"It is my opinion, from the description supplied me of the Water-Snake, that it is only a huge specimen of a monstrous sea-calf, resulting from a cock-and-a-bull and a nightmare." There can be little doubt of the proprietorship of the parents: the cock-and-a-bull and the nightmare being indubitably the property of MR. BARNUM; and the written account thereof one of his heavy, but not very short, puffs.

THE SANHEDRIM OF WORCESTER.

WHAT Pharisees and hypocrites abound on every side, All puff'd up with authority and insolence and pride! Poor old NATHANIEL WILLIAMS, of Alfrick, has been fined By a bench of Worcester magistrates belonging to that kind.

Five shillings they inflicted, and twelve and tenpence more, For costs, which is a heavy sum in case a man is poor; And what do you imagine, now, was old NATHANIEL'S crime? Why cutting wheat on Sunday, in stress and want of time.

From morn till night was WILLIAMS engaged in daily toil, The little piece of wheat, his own, would have been sure to spoil In case he had not cut it upon the Sabbath day, For which the sham-Jew magistrates condemn'd the man to pay.

If one of these strict Rabbis an ox or ass possess'd That tumbled down a sink or well upon the Day of Rest, Till twelve o'clock at night there, of course, they'd let him lie, And leave the brute to take his chance—most probably to die.

The noses of these justices are very likely red, Their veins perhaps would mostly run port wine if they were bled; They fill their bellies daily with the very best of meat, And they fined this man for cutting on Sunday food to eat.

Some eighteen hundred years and more ago had they been born, They might have punish'd other men just so for plucking corn; Who, through some fields in Palestine, when hungry, on their way, Began to pluck the ears of corn upon the Sabbath Day.

A FULL MOON MADE FULLER.

IT is very hard that a LORD MAYOR cannot go anywhere, even to visit a private friend, without his being at once treated as a goose, and stuffed accordingly. The other day LORD MAYOR MOON went to see an old acquaintance in a quiet way at Congleton, when the inhabitants of the place insisted upon blowing him out with a quantity of cakes, for which it seems the neighbourhood is remarkable. We really think the Corporation should protest against the notion that its head is all mouth, and that the LORD MAYOR is ready to perform a series of disgusting feats of gormandising wherever he presents himself.

It is, moreover, especially hard that when the City potentate rushes out of London to take breath, after the continued consumption of green and other fats, he should be taken as it were by the throat, and crammed with the puffy, stuffy cakes of sweet-toothed Congleton. We have never had an opportunity of analysing a Congleton cake, but we are quite sure that any kind of paste must lie heavily on any part of such a Corporation as that of the City of London.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

WE want two or three Women Judges, Female Juries, and Lady-like Barristers to try and adjudicate certain evil-doers, whose sins are not duly appreciated by mere men. Further, we want a prison with a Female Governor, and Female Turnkeys. Among the most efficient troops of the KING OF DAHOMBY is his regiment of Amazons; a very terror to his enemies. Considering this, Mr. Punch proposes, that all brutes guilty of beating their wives, should be committed by Lady Magistrates, tried before a Lady Chief-Justice, convicted by Gentlewomen of the Jury; and when sentenced, to be given into the custody of strong-minded women. Punishment upon marital brutes will never be duly carried out, unless by functionaries chosen from the sex so cryingly outraged. To the hands of the avenging Beauties would we render up all the offending Beasts.



THE FAGGING SYSTEM.—TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

Old Gent. "AND PRAY WHO IS YOUR FRIEND WITH THE COFFEE POT?"

Small Boy. "THAT? OH! HE'S MY FAG—HE GETS ME MY BREAKFAST AND SUCH LIKE, BUT I ALWAYS LEAVE HIM SOME CRUMPETS—AND—NEVER BULLY HIM!"

A BARGAIN ON HORSEBACK.

We are always happy to assist in the elucidating a problem; and, although we think that the following inquiry should have been republished by our excellent contemporary, *Notes and Queries*, rather than by *Mr. Punch*, still, we cheerfully submit it for the consideration of the world. The demand originally appeared in the *Stanford Mercury*. The names of the parties not seeming to affect the interesting inquiry in question, we substitute asterisks, in order that the philosophical world may proceed, unimpassioned, to the abstract problem.

CAUTION!

WHEREAS I, ****, of ****, Farmer, on the 10th day of September, 1855, sold to Mr. ****, of ****, Farmer, all my old Wheat, at £5 per quarter, and he wished me to get off my horse to sign the bargain, which I did; and then, after it was wrote, he refused to sign!—Is that a Gentleman, or what?
(Signed) *****

We would rather abstain from giving our own opinion at the present stage of the investigation; but we incline to the conviction, that that is rather to be considered a pronoun than a gentleman; and we cannot at all assent to the view that it is what. Other interesting points arise on considering the above advertisement. It may be surmised from the allusion to the horse, that the advertiser was smoking, and that the other party told him he was welcome to a light. The word "wrote," would seem out of place, but (the subject being agricultural) may have something to do with the wrotation of crops. But the mystery deepens as we proceed; and we invite everyone to forward speculations on the topic, distinctly pledging ourselves that none of them shall be inserted.

Bomba in want of a Barber.

BOMBA should get his head shaved. His frenzy might then abate, and his outrageous conduct cease. In that case he would be spared a more serious retrenchment, as his subjects would be satisfied with his loss of his hair.

KNIGHTHOOD OF THE STEAM-BATH.

THE Order of the Bath is an order of chivalry almost as oddly named as the Order of the Garter. One would think it should rather be the reward of dirty doings than of noble deeds. The Order of the Bath is a very proper sequence of a committal to the House of Correction, and shameful behaviour is suitably requited with a ducking. A warm bath is a very good and a very comfortable thing; but so is a sofa, so is an arm-chair, so is a hot-water bottle, so are many other domestic conveniences, which, in relation to warlike achievements, or any other grand exploits and magnanimous actions, are simply absurd. What sort of a Bath can that be, the Order of which is esteemed a fitting recompense for the valour of the heroes who fought before Sebastopol?

It appears to be a Vapour Bath, a Bath designed to promote perspiration. Warriors, by means thereof, are subjected to that process to which certain Semitic persons are accused of being accustomed to subject sovereigns, and with similar results. Admission into the Order of the Bath costs the Knight Grand Cross £164 13s. 4d.; that is to say, the Knight on whom that honour is conferred is let into it for that amount. This money is distributed among various persons employed about the Bath. A head man called Bath-King-at-Arms, for example, sacks two separate portions of it, amounting together to £23 13s. 4d. The Dean of the Order pockets £22 6s. 8d.; the Gentleman Ushe, nets the same sum. The Messenger walks off with £18 13s. 4d., the Secretary sweeps up £6 13s. 4d. The Registrar and Genealogist come in for £22 a-piece. One would suppose that the service rendered by these persons consists in shampooing the Knight; they appear to do that effectually, for they certainly squeeze a great deal out of him.

What does a man get, then, for bleeding for his country who gets the Order of the Bath? He gets antiphlogistic treatment. Having lost blood, he has to swallow a sudorific.

A Generous Enemy.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF takes credit to himself and his troops for having rendered Sebastopol a heap of "blood-stained ruins" for the reception of the Allies. We are very much obliged to him.

ROUT OUT OF A ROBBER'S DEN.



HERE is the inventory as published by the *Moniteur*, of the naval and military goods and chattels left behind by the Russians at bastopol:

"Cannon, 4,000; Ditto Balls, 50,000; Hollow Projectiles, a few; Grape, a large quantity; Gunpowder, a great amount; Copper, 25,000 kilogrammes; Steam engines, 36-horse power, two; Blindages, a considerable number.

As the items above enumerated are to pistols, pistol-bullets, bullet-moulds, slugs, jemmy, centre-bit, picklocks, lucifer-matches, and black vizards, so is Sebastopol to the den of a burglar, and so is

the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS to BILL SIKES."

The Flag that has not Braved Anything.

ALL the Prussian Flags are to be called in, and to be re-modelled. In honour of the active part that Prussia has taken in the present European war, the Prussian army, for the future, is to exhibit none but Neutral Colours.

THE DISTILLER IN DIFFICULTIES.



Ye are informed by a Scotch Distiller, that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue have published, for the guidance of Supervisors and Distillers, a book of instructions: in which occurs the following direction:—

“The windows of the mill-room, if not glazed, must have coverings of wire gauze or perforated metal, and be so secured that no malt can be removed through them. The man is to be locked in, and the door must not be opened for his ingress or egress oftener than once in three hours, and then only on notice in writing, except in cases of emergency.”

Poor man! How is he to make his emergency known? The Board does not, we suppose, require that anybody shall be in attendance outside the door to open it, in the event of an “emergency” occurring to the man. What is he to do? Write a formal demand for liberation and pass it under the door—for he will be unable to throw it out of window—and take the chance of its getting picked up and conveyed to the key-keeper? Or shout and scream, proclaiming the ground of his claim to be released in a loud voice?—But suppose his emergency were apoplexy!

Our spirituous Scotch friend furnishes us with two other notable precepts from the same code; viz., firstly:—

“The sacks in which malt is removed must be free from patches or holes, and the folds of the seams must be in the inside. The mouth of each sack is to be securely closed by the trader with strong cord, sewn or fastened to the bagging, and when tied, passing twice at least round the neck.”

That a sack of malt should be free from holes is not merely very desirable, but absolutely necessary. But one would think that the purchaser might be safely left to take care of that. *Caveat emptor.* That the folds of the seams of the sack should be in the inside is manifest, but the Inland Revenue Board might have been saved the trouble of making an express order to that effect by the consideration, that there is hardly anybody who would be likely to turn the seamy side outwards.

Secondly:—

“With a packing needle, a piece of red tape is to be drawn through a fold in the neck of the sack, drawn tight round the neck, and tied in a double knot, the ends are then to be passed through the small holes of a leaden seal, the tape drawn tight and tied in another double knot, when the lead is to be shifted, so as to cover the last named knot, and the seal is to be firmly closed upon it, with an impression of the die with which each officer is to be furnished.”

The great Macedonian cut-throat and robber, the namesake of the present EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, contrived to deal with the Gordian knot by cutting it. That knot had to be untied,—this has to be tied; probably, however, the Distiller will treat the Government knot as the despoiler treated the Gordian, and cut the thing. Being DAVUS and not EDIPUS, he will never attempt to solve such a puzzle as the formula above quoted; which the Commissioners of Inland Revenue had better send in for publication in the next edition of the *Boys' Own Book*, accompanied, of course, by an explanatory diagram. It will not have escaped observation, that the ligament by which this wonderful knot has to be tied on the malt-sack, by order of Government, is Red Tape. A very proper material for that application. Red Tape to the sack—the sack to Red Tape!

GERMAN DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

How is it, that in the German hotels they never give you any more than one towel?

How is it, that they are just as liberal with their water?—the quantity given being the proportion that in England is generally put into a finger-glass?

How is it, that at dinner they only give you one knife and fork to do duty for about five-and-forty dishes, consisting of every possible variety of joint, game, pastry, fruit, preserve, pickle, and cabbage?

If this is the cleanliness, if this is the system of domestic economy practised by the Germans in their best hotels, where everything is open to the criticism of strangers, we tremble to think what can be the state of cleanliness, and what must be the awful destitution of domestic economy, practised by them in their own homes!

CRIMINAL PREFERENCE.

We read in a weekly contemporary,

“Many of our most active thieves now prefer immediate punishment under the new larceny act, instead of the former system of delay.”

This statement must afford gratification to every reader. Any legislative improvement which tends to the facilitation of commerce—the equivalent of thieving, according to court poets—must be welcome to a commercial population. The “delay,” which used to impede the “activity” of operations in silk, specie, purse-leather, and other articles, was much to be deplored, and we doubt not that the amended “system” will be found to have an invigorating effect upon the markets, especially those in Field Lane and Houndsditch. Could any further plan be suggested for preventing the unnecessary shackling of commerce, or commercialists? A Thieves’ Clearing-House, perhaps, might be advantageously established, and the banking experience of an eminent and saintly prig—now in durance—would naturally point him out for its Superintendent, when the expiration of certain probable engagements shall permit him again to give his attention to business. In the meantime we trust that the Magistrates will do their best to carry out the intention of the Legislature, and with as little “delay” as possible consign “many of our most active thieves” to the sphere in which their activity may have the amplest scope, and where Whips and Cranks may reward its “wanton wiles.”



A BRILLIANT TRANSLATION.

1st Britisher (with intense pronunciation). “*Cahfay Flahmarng—Well now, what do you say to a glass of bitter beer at this Flaming Corfy?*”

NOT QUITE POSTED UP.

OUR affectionate cousins in America so seldom give us credit for being in advance of themselves in the smallest matter, that it is doubly vexing, when they do condescend to praise us, to find the praise undeserved. A case of this kind occurs in the last file of New York papers. A fearful railway catastrophe—“massacre”—the *New York Herald* more justly calls it, had elicited a very severe article from the Editor, who vehemently denounced the cupidity and negligence of railway Directors, and the inefficiency of the laws to compel them to provide for the public safety. The article might be transferred, bodily, to a London paper, à propos of any of the “massacres” which have recently taken place on our own lines. The only passage which, we are truly sorry to say, would have to be expunged, would be the New York journalist’s statement, that “for lesser offences against public safety, British Railway Directors have been imprisoned for a term of years.” We no more think of punishing rich and respectable people than our American cousins do. We send engine-drivers, pointsmen, station-masters, and such like *canaille* to prison “for a term,” but a Railway Director—the really guilty party—imprison *him!* “No, our fair cousin!”

EVERYBODY'S OPINION.

"DEAR OLD PUNCH,
"I AIN'T an Artist, and I ain't an Author—but this is *our* idea of what ought to be done in the Crimea with our trench-loving Generalissimo.

"Yours to command,
"JOHN RAMROD, (— Rifles)."



PITY FOR THE FOE.

LAY the might of Russia low!
"Pity for the prostrate foe?"
No, my BRIGHT, my GLADSTONE, no:
RUSSELL, GRAHAM, say not so.

Let Ambition's mangled slave,
Cruel, barbarous, but brave,
Not in vain for mercy crave;
Him, the unit, spare and save.

But what pity for the horde,
And their CZAR, on earth who pour'd
Forth the plague of fire and sword,
Can humanity afford?

Pity, such as that we take,
On the crush'd and writhing snake,
Smitten, in a thorny brake,
With a strong arm and a stake.

Pity?—yes, indeed; the same
As, his sting about to aim
At his own head, girt with flame,
The poor scorpion too might claim.

Pity—as we do the fall
Of a tiger shot—his sprawl,
And his frantic dying squall,
And his glaring green eyeball.

Oh, the lost, the brave, the good!
Oh, the waste of noble blood!
Pity Russia!—he who could,
Would he like a leg of wood?

"Pity for the fallen great?"
Pshaw!—that hackey'd cant abate,
Strike, with all your strength and weight,
And strike down the Robber State!

A COIFFEUR'S DISCOVERY.—No wonder that we hear of curling Smoke, when it has the fire-irons applied to it so repeatedly!

RACHEL AND JONATHAN.

RACHEL—France will be happy to hear it—has given satisfaction in America. Just before her *début*, the Yankee critics very properly remarked, that a most important epoch in her life was approaching, and that the question, whether she were "clever" or not, was to be settled by "an audience as intellectual and subtle as that which first sat in judgment upon her." Indeed, the value of the test was increased by the fact,—recorded in the same papers—that the American mind was a *tabula rasa* in regard to her, and that the intellectual and subtle audience assembled in some doubt as to what they were to see or hear, one journal having described her as "a great *danseuse*," and another having congratulated "the lovers of good music" upon her arrival. However, New York has now found out—and of course talks as glibly of the discovery as if it were of ancient date—that there were some French Dramatists called RACINE and CORNEILLE, who wrote "the most boring plays ever heard in America," and that RACHEL really delivers their language brilliantly, and with a very pure French accent. Nay, rushing into extremes, as usual, the Americans actually find histrionic merit in the bundle of Hebrew sticks whom RACHEL takes about with her to fill the other characters, the innocent Yankees being unaware that all the acting permitted to those articles is the acting as foils to herself. Let it be added, that RACHEL's slight figure has been duly appreciated, and that the leading New York critic describes it as, "very light physical timber." *Punch* felicitates Paris upon the endorsement of its bills—play-bills—by New York.

The Jumping Wafer.

THE priests in France now announce a new miracle about twice a week. The last is a jump which the "wafer" made, in church, from the hand of a person who ought not to have touched it, to the missal of a very devout lady, and thence into her mouth, which happened, providentially, to be open at the time. This was clever, for a wafer, though we confess the greater miracle seems to be, that a priest should print such a story and not be sent to St. Pélagie as a rogue, or to Bicêtre as a fool. However, the Jumping Wafer is the last addition to the *repertoire* of the Roman Catholic Wizard of the South, and is a worthy companion to the Winking Virgin.

GERMAN CRITICISM.

(Compounded from certain popular Berlin recipes.)

If a German critic were describing some of our most popular performers, it would be probably thus that he would largely qualify them:

BENJAMIN WEBSTER, ESQ.—"The never-remembered Benjamin with Napoleon-headed and Napoleon-minded genius that all things touching and all things adorning with the equal talent on the British Public as on the fiddle plays."

E. WRIGHT, ESQ.—"The jolly jovial winking gagging dearmopsy wopsy bricksy wicksy son of Momus withstitch in the side provoking humour and from overlaughter depth thirst only with beer to be quenched exciting talent that often with his Boy Believing you round as a barrel ribbed Pauline endless mazes of fun loses itself."

MISS WOOLGAR.—"The many-sided facile lithe blithe Protean plastic wonder beautiful boy girl woman fairy devil poacher gipsy tiger and most accomplished actress ever dancing ever singing laughing gaily and beautifully sighing ying dyings such as at all times on our knees even without apocket handkerchieft okneel upon can never be sufficiently admired."

S. PHELPS, ESQ.—"The manager actor might majestic magnetic mirthful in the divine realms of heavenly Shakspeare's domain without rival near the throne reigning highest either with the ears of *Bottom* our fancies irresistibly to tickle or with the wand of *Prosper* our hearts gently to touch with genius tinted qualities eminently gifted."

MRS. KEELEY.—"The domestic quaint tragic familiar extravagant nature al killing melting ecstasy producing sky transportings pout ascending chimney descending kitchen stirring parLOUR moving attic convulsing kid gloves plitting button bursting and hearty appetite for our oysters suppers provoking actresses deeply honoured and of one of England's smallest but greatest comedians of the name of ROBERT but more familiarly as BOB KEELEY known the equally honoured wife."

"That Air Three Facts." (From an American Paper.)

"WASHINGTON's tomb is in ruins and mire,"
"BARNUM's new mansion's as fine as can be."

Moral—That Yankee dom approbates higher
The "selling" one's fellows than setting them free.

A HINT FROM THE ANTIPODES.



feebleness of the beers supplied at the Governor's table. It is clear, however, that he has deeply wounded the feelings of the Victorians by not ministering to their animal appetites, and the disappointment has been the subject of various witticisms which do not say much for the state of waggery in Australia. The following advertisement, extracted from one of the Melbourne papers, is about the

best of the squibs which have been let off, like a small shower of damaged fireworks on a damp day, at the expense of the Governor:—

RETURN BALL.—To His Excellency the Governor of Victoria, SIR CHARLES HOTHAM, K.C.B., Rear Admiral of the Blues.

Several Gentlemen being Highly Gratiſied with their reception at TOORAK HOUSE, on the evening of the 24th of May last, the Anniversary of the Birth Day of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

And having fully appreciated the Lesson of Economy which His Excellency so graciously and feelingly taught them that evening, have entered into arrangements with Mr. CURRIE, to give a

RETURN BALL to His Excellency, On the 21th of June next, And are happy to say that, in order to bring it within the reach of all parties,

Tickets are 1s. each. Ladies Free.

This seems to be a discharge of very small shot against SIR CHARLES HOTHAM'S Ball, and it is only fair to the Governor to say, that if he exhibits economy in his public entertainments, it is not for the sake of pecuniary profit to himself; for while he practises retrenchment on those beneath him, he sets the good example of voluntarily relinquishing a portion of his own salary. In a colony where animal indulgences are eagerly sought, while intellectual pursuits are almost entirely neglected, a lesson of abstinence from the grosser kind of gratifications should be regarded as a subject of encouragement rather than a theme for ridicule. Even in our own more civilised society, a wholesome example would be set by any one in high quarters who would hold out some nobler inducement than gluttony to bring people together. Somebody has already introduced the fashion of "dancing teas," and we wish somebody else would boldly establish "boiled-beef-and-beer balls," in opposition to those extravagant quadrille suppers which half ruin the host, while damaging the digestion of his visitors.

Plain Facts for Plain People.

It is a question, whether a Physician holds his hand out to a Patient when he comes with half so much pleasure as when he goes.

The Man in Armour fancies you are staring at him, whereas he is inside the armour, and you cannot well see him. The truth is, you are looking at the armour outside the man.

A Bell is a handy hint, when a Bore will not take any other hint to go.

THE WOMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

It is not very easy, if we look abroad upon the world, to find a more atrocious kind of savages than the Russians; wretches who fire on their own comrades, if in murdering them they have a chance of shooting their enemies; miscreants who bayonet their crippled helpless antagonists; demons who set the haunt they are expelled from on fire, and leave their own miserable sick and wounded men to burn alive in the ruins. The subjects of the KING OF DAHOMEY, or those of the Sovereign who rules the roast of the Cannibal Islands, may be a little more disgusting in their customs, but in conduct they are not at all more barbarous than the slaves of the CZAR OF MUSCOVY.

A more anticelestial set of brutes than the Russians we do not see in the world if we look abroad. No; but ruffians of a yet lower grade are to be found by anybody who will look at home. He has only to walk into the London slums, when his ears will be assailed by the most hideous yells, the most revolting words, and the most blasphemous curses, uttered by those ruffians, and mingled with the most piercing and dreadful screams, which proceed from women whom they are beating, kicking, and trampling to death, and who are their wives.

A Russian female has, or had, on the occasion of her marriage, to present the male with a whip, usually manufactured by herself, in token of her subjection to the stronger brute: but it does not appear that even the Muscovite serf is accustomed to thrash his wife with quite the frantic ferocity of the British blackguard.

The outrageous maltreatment of women is becoming a specific crime, which will soon, probably, acquire a distinctive title in legal nomenclature. The criminal will perhaps be formally indicted for Woman-battery; and provision that, if convicted of that dastardly offence, he shall be duly punished, should be the object of an Association hereby proposed, to be called the SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO WOMEN.

It is quite clear that the object of this Society can be accomplished only in one way, namely, by securing for the cowardly offender the

infliction of an extreme and acute amount of bodily suffering, pain, and unpleasantness.

Whipping is for brutes; and only for those brutes that are incorrigible by any other means. A dog ought not to be whipped for any purpose which could be answered by coaxing. But the habit of walking on two legs, and the faculty of speech, are not sufficient to constitute a human being; and the brute who beats women has no sensibility to appeal to but that of his skin. He cannot be degraded; he has sunk to the zero of baseness, and is fit for nothing but to be lacerated by the cat-of-ninetails, that he may howl and scream, and stand as a scarecrow for a warning to other brutes like himself.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women should endeavour to get a whipping-clause added to the Women's Protection Act as soon as possible.

If the Whip will not suffice, add the Pillory. It will not demoralise the populace to cast any fith on a recipient much fitter for it than any cavity or corner.

A Fortunate Scotchman.

At a meeting held at the Gordon Hotel, Covent Garden, for the purpose of getting up a Testimonial to SIR CHARLES NAPIER, a gentleman, named LAWRENCE, is reported to have remarked that—

"He believed that a brave man had been basely treated, and that certain incapable members of the Government had been allowed to go Scot-free when they ought to have received chastisement."

The head of those incapable members, LORD ABERDEEN, is a Scot who has gone more than Scot-free. The noble but amle Earl has gone Scot-gartered.

A MARRIAGE QUESTION.

If a man addicted to smoking marries a widow, does it follow that he must lay down his pipe, because she gives up her Weeds?



THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN.

Precise Female (in answer to a rude inquiry). "YOU ARE A VERY IMPERTINENT BOY!—YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL, THAT IT IS A MATTER OF NO MOMENT TO YOU WHO MY HATTER IS!"

BOW, WOW, WOW!

ONE of the features of the "organ nuisance" which appears to have escaped notice, is that occasioned by the newspapers themselves when they become the organs of twaddle. A weekly contemporary, which seems to have what the French call a *spécialité* for the gossip of servants, and the other "kitchen stuff" of the Court, produced last week from its collection of literary perquisites an account of the QUEEN having entered an apartment at St. Cloud, during her recent visit, and remarked to the EMPEROR, "If my own little dog were lying in that chair, I would assuredly fancy myself at Windsor."

In the first place, it is not likely that HER MAJESTY would have been so ungracious to her Imperial host, as to have expressed any hankering after Windsor while on a visit to the French capital. There are, however, more absurdities as the story proceeds; for we are told that on the QUEEN'S entering the apartment the next morning the "canine favourite" was sleeping on the identical chair, which HER MAJESTY had been pleased to indigitate. How the dog found his way to Paris is a mystery that is solved by the statement, that "the EMPEROR had telegraphed for the animal, which being sent off by express, arrived in time to surprise and delight its Royal mistress." Of course there must have been special trains on both sides of the Channel, with a special steamer to cross it, and special attendants to take charge of the pet, who must have been sent specially to sleep, in order to secure its position on the chair specially selected by the QUEEN for canine occupation. When all these little difficulties are got over, there yet remains the puzzling question, how the facts came to be known to the newspaper reporter, whose information must, in the first instance, have proceeded directly from either the QUEEN or the EMPEROR? Did LOUIS NAPOLEON tell the Lord-in-Waiting to tell the flunkey to tell the "own correspondent" of the weekly print, or did VICTORIA write off the facts with her own hand for the enlightenment of the Court organ?

We never peruse paragraphs of this description without wondering

DIRTY JEMMY.

THERE is a naughty dirty boy
Who wants the sense of shame;
The QUEEN has had him in employ;
His name is JEMMY GRAHAM.

He's always getting in a mess;
His hands, his head, his face,
Bedaub'd all over, and his dress:
For ever in disgrace.

And when he's in that nasty state
He does what's nastier still;
A trick which I dare scarce relate,
Lest it should make you ill.

In fear of punishment and stripes,
And loss of cake and toys,
This miry varlet goes and wipes
Himself on other boys!

To MASTER LAYARD, JEMMY GRAHAM
Attempted so to do;
And then he basely tried the same
On CHARLEY NAPIER too.

EIGHT HUNDRED HEADS TO A SERMON.

IN 1798, says the *Annual Register*, "Eight hundred heads of Frenchmen were exhibited before the Seraglio in Constantinople." In 1855, a good many more were to be seen in the same place, with the advantage of having stalwart bodies attached to them. The SULTAN has discovered that the Seraglio itself is all the safer from his importing his Frenchmen entire, and this advance in commercial science warrants us in hoping for further progress—even the exportation of the "old Turkish party" one of these days. This is the most objectionable old party we ever heard of, worse than MRS. HARRIS herself, or her Protectionists, and the sooner its heads—we mean, of course, its leaders—are sailing down the Bosphorus, the better, under the direction of their friend, the new and bigoted CAPOODAUN PASHA. We know that the SULTAN has *Punch* read to him, and we trust that he will excuse this hint: we make no scruple in poking him up for his good, as the Turkish is the only Porte benefited by being shaken up.

whether the privileges of the press include the *entrée* to the domestic circle of Royalty; for we frequently meet with paragraphs which have produced perhaps ninepence to the narrator, and which profess to record facts that can by their nature be known to no other than the penny-a-liner and the Sovereign.



Nurse. "DEAT THE CHILD! WHY CAN'T YER WALK!—YER MORE PLAGUE THAN ALL MY MONEY!"



A DAY'S FISHING AT SEBASTOPOL.

Jack. "HI! JIM, BRING THE LANDING NET—BLOW'D IF I HAIN'T HOOKED ANOTHER SEVENTY-FOUR."

PROOFS THAT PARLIAMENT IS UP.

(With a Sub-Editor's Compliments.)

HERE is an old lady now living at Sherborne who has attained the age of ninety-six years, having been born in 1759. She has therefore lived in five reigns; namely, those of GEORGE THE SECOND, GEORGE THE THIRD, GEORGE THE FOURTH, WILLIAM THE FOURTH, and Our Gracious QUEEN, the present occupant of the throne of these regions.

THE steeple of Little Congleton Church, Gloucestershire, used to be repeatedly struck by lightning, which is in the habit of falling upon elevated points, but it has not been touched for exactly thirty years. Some of the oldest inhabitants attribute this to a conductor having been put up in 1625.

THE weather has been so unusually mild this autumn, that in various parts of the country, cages of canaries, ring-doves, Java sparrows, and other domestic favour-

ites, have been left out of doors during the entire night without doing the animals any injury.

FROM the circumstance of several flights of birds, on the peculiar species of which our informants differ, having passed over Salisbury Plain, apparently on their way to the sea, the observers of the weather in that part of England are inclined to believe, that there will be a good deal of severe weather either before or after Christmas.

As some labourers were lately digging in a field near Petersham, the spade of one of them struck upon a hard substance, which being disinterred, proved to be the blade of a knife. There is no evidence as to the date of its being deposited, but the REVEREND WILLIAM BODGE, F.S.A. (in whose domain it was discovered), has deciphered the letters R. O. G. E. R. upon it, and considers that it may have belonged to ROGER BACON, who is known to have visited Petersham.

WHAT might have been a melancholy accident took place at Worthing last Monday. A small boat, capable of holding about eight persons, broke away from her anchorage on the sand, and drifting out to sea, nearly capsized. Fortunately there were no persons in her (though as late as the previous Saturday she had taken a party out for a row), and she was ultimately recovered by a shrimper.

THE Gentlemen of the Long Robe will, it is whispered, derive more satisfaction from an action about to be brought at the next assizes, to be held not a hundred miles from *****, than a gallant gay Lothario who will be the defendant, and who, it is said, will be taught, by a verdict for breach of promise of marriage, that though "a Rose by any other name might smell as sweet," still that "the labour," the learned counsel "delight in" will decidedly "physic Payne." We say no more. *Verbum say.*

THE RUSSIAN PIG-MARKET.

AN old English saying expresses a man's incurring unpleasant consequences through any speculative proceeding, by describing him as having driven his pigs to a pretty market. According to "A SUNDERLAND MAN," writing to the *Times*, there are certain Sunderland swine-merchants who deserve to find that they have driven their pigs to a market of that sort. It appears that,

"At the present time there are many thousand tons of pig iron lying on the quays of Sunderland Dock: this iron is being (and has been during the year) shipped off for Stettin. The captains of the Prussian vessels say: 'We carry it to Prussia, it then walks off to Russia.'"

Are there no means, by an Order in Council, for instance, of walking off such pigs as these into HER MAJESTY'S arsenals, and their proprietors into some of HER MAJESTY'S prisons, hulks, or penal settlements?

A HINT TO MEDICAL COBBLERS.—When the Mind's diseased, it's frequently not healing a man wants so much as fresh-souling.

FIGHTING DOG EXTRAORDINARY.

WONDERFUL! will be the ejaculation of some people, whilst others perhaps will invoke the name of WALKER, on reading a very extraordinary story of a fighting dog related by the *Gazette* of Trieste. At the battle of the Tchernaya, according to that journal, as quoted by the *Post*:

"While the struggle was at its hottest, a large dog belonging to COLONEL METTMANN, of the 73rd Regiment of the Line, broke his chain, and rushed into the midst of the combatants. Having saved the lives of a sergeant and a soldier, and made three Russians prisoners"—

This twofold feat we presume the sagacious animal accomplished by the single act of seizing the three Russians who were going to shoot the two Englishmen. He probably managed the matter by grasping them all three between his fore-paws; which he must have been a large dog to do; but it would have required a still larger dog to hold three men at once in his mouth. Without, however, stopping to explain this little difficulty, the Trieste paper proceeds—

—"he received a severe bullet wound in the leg, notwithstanding which, he continued in the field, and grappling with an officer among the enemy brought him to the ground, and secured his capture."

This clever dog not only brought his prisoner to the ground, but, when he had got him there, secured him—by what means our Trieste contemporary omits also to state; no doubt by tying his hands and legs together with his own sash. It is astonishing what dogs can be trained to do. The reader will be gratified by the information that—

"After the battle the leg of the animal was carefully dressed by an army surgeon, and it is said that he will receive a medal, in token of the fidelity and prowess which he displayed."

There will not be wanting some persons who will be of opinion that a bone, perhaps, would have been a more suitable reward for this valiant dog than a medal. But he could not have wanted bones. He had doubtless killed a great many Russians in the course of the day, and eaten all he had killed, and a very proper meal for such a consumer are the brutes who bayonet our wounded, and fire upon our ambulances removing their own.

The breed of this remarkable animal is not mentioned. Displaying so much bull-dog courage and enormous strength, he may reasonably be presumed to have been a bull-dog of gigantic size; a bull-dog much exceeding the magnitude of an ordinary bull.

THE LOWEST SCALE OF BORROWING.

SCENE—Bohemia in Paris.

Confirmed Borrower. I SAY, my dear fellow, I want you to lend me twenty francs.

Friend. I'm sorry I cannot—I haven't got so much.

Confirmed Borrower. Well, then, let me have ten.

Friend. I can't let you have even ten.

Confirmed Borrower. But, on second thought, five will do.

Friend. Five is equally impossible.

Confirmed Borrower. Come, you've got a two-franc piece, surely?

Friend. No—the fact is, I have nothing at all.

Confirmed Borrower. Botheration! it's deuced provoking! You see I am very unwell, and I don't mind telling you, I wanted the money merely to buy some medicine; you haven't by chance got such a thing about you as a couple of COCKLE'S Pills or draught that you could lend a poor devil until to-morrow morning?

Friend. Yes, as good luck will have it, I've got the very thing—and I'm sure they are both perfectly at your service. Never mind, you needn't trouble yourself about returning them.

[Exit CONFIRMED BORROWER, with the Pills, quite elated at the thought that his visit has not been altogether in vain, as he has been able at last to borrow something!]

THE GAËL IN THE HEATHER.

At the late Gathering of Highlanders before the Castle of Mar, the principal Highland Clans were not present. A few MAC KENZIES, MAC INTOSHES, and other clansmen of the more familiar denominations, attended and danced about the swords which they might as well, or perhaps better, have been wielding; but the races by which the Scottish Highlands are now mainly peopled kept aloof. PERGUS MAC IVOR was present with his retinue, but CERVUS MAC EAPHUS and his kindred, the Red Deer Highlanders, who have supplanted the MAC GREGORS, did not honour the company with their presence. The clans MAC CAPERCALZIE, and MAC PTARMIGAN, or the Grouse Highlanders, also absented themselves. Some FRAZERS showed; but not a single STOR made his appearance: neither did any one individual of the great Clan BOS; and there was an equal paucity of the wool-clad representatives of Clan OVIS.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Oh, I should have a heavy miss of thee."

Henry IV., Act v., Scene 4.

•THE NUDE IN RAILWAYS.

A CURIOUS difficulty has accompanied the opening of railway traffic in India. The *Mofussile*—a very smartly edited paper, by the way—apprises us that the natives have an objectionable custom of taking a ticket—and nothing else—for their journey, or, in other words, that they insist upon getting into the trains either *in puris naturalibus*, or with such an apology for clothing as is more to be deprecated than the statuesque negation of raiment. A Baboo seems to have been pitched out of a carriage for such Arcadianism, and to have brought an action against his ejector. We hardly know what ground he will take, unless he puts forward the legal fiction, that, having purchased his place, he was what the law calls, "clothed with the freehold," but whether the Indian courts will consider this a sufficient travelling costume, we cannot say. The Directors should put in the corner of their tickets, as our theatrical managers do on private box-orders, "Full Dress," and an Indian Jew might turn an anna by keeping a stall at each station, and letting out costumes, varied in price and elegance, according to the class of carriage to which a traveller aspired. It is odd, that while the Crystal Palace people are assailed by silly folks, for not attiring their casts, the people whose castes are the originals, renounce attire. However, we trust that the difficulty will be amicably adjusted, and that when our Indian friends take a ride in the Company's carriages, they will remember their company manners. Every elephant they pass on the line should remind them that a trunk is essential, and they should consider, that if they would bring their journey to a fitting close, they must really bring fitting clothes to their journey.

A Wash to Cure a Nuisance.

AN interesting modification of a well-known hydraulic apparatus has been devised by an ingenious mechanist. It is an elegant form of the common garden engine, adapted to drawing-rooms; and its purpose is not to irrigate the plants in the balcony, for promotion of their growth, but to besprinkle the organ-grinders in the street, in the event of their refusing to move on. No library or sick-chamber facing the street should be without one of these useful contrivances. The liquid recommended for the spargefaction of the noisy vagrants is soap-and-water: a fluid to which they have all evidently a great objection.

WHO HAS ASCENDED MONT BLANC?

SINCE MR. ALBERT SMITH has made the ascent of Mont Blanc the path to popularity and profit, there seems to be a fashion for following his steps, and another and another expedition to the summit of the Monarch of Mountains is continually being chronicled. Among those who have made the experiment during the present year is a resident of Barnard's Inn, who is much hurt at an insinuation that he did not reach the top; and who has written to the *Times* to complain of this cruel imputation on his altitude-attaining character. He admits having made one failure, but then he had "lost his Alpentstock;" a guide had "refused to carry his great-coat;" and the same guide had cruelly left him "without any stimulant." We were not aware that "stimulants" were needed on these occasions; for, though we have heard of people being "elevated" by champagne, we doubt whether anyone would be able to get to the top of Mont Blanc by such a mode of elevation. It seems, however, that the occupant of Barnard's Inn was not to be kept down by common disasters; and he accordingly made another attempt, which was so perfectly successful, that the Syndic has given a certificate under his hand and seal of the feat having been accomplished.

Considering how pleasantly one can ascend Mont Blanc, in the company of MR. ALBERT SMITH, at the Egyptian Hall, it seems unnecessarily laborious and expensive to perform the task elsewhere than in Piccadilly. As there are many, however, who will not be satisfied without going up something or other, and being "able to say" they have actually "been at the top," we think that Primrose Hill might be used as a cheap and commodious substitute for the Swiss original. An arrangement might be made for the attendance of a "Syndic" (as a policeman specially appointed for the duty might be figuratively called) to grant certificates to those reaching the summit of the Metropolitan Mount; and the payment of a small fee would amply repay any expense attending the performance of this extra duty. As the object of most people in going to out-of-the-way places is to be able "to say they have been," it matters little what the place may be, if it is understood that it shall be regarded as an achievement to have arrived there.

"I'LL LEND THEE A WIND."

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science has advanced it at last, with what revengeful people call a vengeance. The DUKE OF ARGYLL, with characteristic modesty, abstained from alluding to the feat in his inaugural address, but *Mr. Punch* is restrained by no ducal *mauvaise honte* from at once proclaiming the fact in his loudest tones. Among the papers which were read before the Association, was one thus described in the Syllabus:—

"Captain Fitzroy, R.N.—COMMUNICATION OF NEW CHARTS OF WIND MOVEMENT ON THE SURFACE OF THE GLOBE in Accordance with the Directions of the Board of Trade."

The Board of Trade, therefore, now directs the Movements of the Wind over the surface of the Globe, and the vulgar joke about a Clerk of the Weather-Office becomes a mere administrative truism. The long and exhaustive experiments of Government in raising the Wind have, finally, resulted more satisfactorily than could have been expected, and we hear that the rate of insurance at Lloyd's has been greatly reduced since it has been known that a captain, instead of going to a Lapland witch to buy a wind, has only to send to the President of the Board of Trade. It is needless to dilate upon the great commercial advantages which this acquisition will give us over all other nations, or to show how we shall take the wind out of their Sales; but what does THOMAS CARLYLE say to official Windbags, now? It is delightful to think that we shall be able to give a heavy Blow as well as a great discouragement to all competition, and we trust that the Board of Trade means to take care to have the Right Wind in the Right Place.

Dead Weight.

AMERICA may certainly boast that her contributions to the Paris Exhibition are on a very extended scale, for the principal object sent from the United States consists of a long row of weighing machines. This is quite characteristic of a calculating people like the Americans, who attach more importance to the power of the balance among themselves than to the European balance of power.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.



AMONG the miscellaneous articles advertised as "Missing" in the morning papers, we find a very curious specimen, for which a reward of Five Pounds is liberally offered. We think that anybody, after reading the description, will be of opinion, that the price for the recovery of such a very odd article as that which has disappeared, is rather extravagant. The object of the advertisement is a man whose name it is not necessary to set forth, and who, from the description given of him, seems to be by no means worth the five pound note that his friends are prepared to give for him. He is, it seems,

"Aged about 53 years, about 5 feet 9 inches in height; lost his right eye, of sallow complexion, and strong, close cut, greyish hair; loud and extravagant talker, addicted to drink, and generally very much excited when in liquor. Was last seen in Sheffield in the early part of July, 1854, and addressed a letter from London on the 29th of that month, stating that he was in daily attendance at one of the London infirmaries, having, as it is believed, a wound in his leg. Any person who will give such INFORMATION as will lead to his discovery (if living), or afford proof of his death (if dead), shall receive the above reward, on application to MESSRS."

Five Pounds seems a very large sum for "a loud and extravagant talker, addicted to drink," and we cannot help thinking, that his acquaintances should be glad to have got rid of him, instead of being prepared to pay to get him back again. We know some "loud and extravagant talkers," whom we should be delighted to send away

with the dust or other rubbish, and, whom we would not attempt to recover if happy chance had once removed them from our circle. The only intelligible part of the advertisement is that which offers Five Pounds for a proof of the death of the disagreeable individual with one eye, a wounded leg, a propensity to drink, and a tendency to conversational extravagance.

To know that such a person is not likely to be troublesome for the future, might indeed be worth more than the sum advertised to those who have been subject to the infliction. We can only hope that he is at rest, for his own sake as well as for the comfort of all his acquaintances.

In the old days of murder and romance, we should have imagined that the offer of Five Pounds for a proof of his death, might have been a covert hint to some professional assassin to put the obnoxious individual out of the way, for the consideration named in the advertisement.

CRITICISM.

GÖTHE is called "one-sided." I have yet to learn that it is a merit in an author to be "one-sided." It strikes me, that one-sided views are not always the best. Is it not rather the duty of a philosopher to draw his conclusions from both sides? It is only a barrister who has a right to be "one-sided." He is hired expressly to advocate only one side; but what is hiring to the barrister is only lowering to the philosopher. But I am getting cruel, and that is not what I mean. Perhaps GÖTHE, after all, had but one eye? or, it may be, that he was "one-sided," simply because he didn't like to show his squint? —JENKINS, in the *Illiterate Gazette*.

The Least Said the Better.

THE first historian of Germany was TACITUS, —and the best historian that Germany of the present day could in charity have, would be, also, a TACITUS.

SWEETLY PRETTY.

MATRIMONY should be a Stereoscope, in which two hearts, though they may slightly differ, appear to the observer as one.

RAILWAY LUXURIES.

We have been rather mystified by an advertisement issued from the offices of the North-Western Railway; and as the publishers of Christmas collections of puzzles will be shortly on the look-out for "novelty," we beg to call their attention to the following:—

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY CONTRACT for PERMANENT MATERIALS.—The Directors of the London and North Western Railway Company are prepared to receive Tenders for the supply of the undermentioned Materials:—

- 100,000 Sleepers.
- 4,000 Tons Chairs.
- 500 Tons Fish Plates.
- 275 Tons Spikes.
- 120 Tons Bolts and Nuts.

Specifications, with Particulars, may be obtained on application to the Permanent Way Office, Railway Station, Stafford. Tenders addressed to the Secretary, at this Office, to be sent in on or before Wednesday, 10th October, 1855.

By Order, CHAS. EDWD. STEWART, Secretary.

Secretary's Office, Euston Station, 15th September, 1855.

We think our readers will admit that the above announcement presents ample materials for the ingenuity of any Wizard of the North, or the South, or the North-East-by-East, or any other still more acute quarter of the compass, to go to work upon. We can understand an extensive demand for sleepers on certain lines where somnolency among the officials is such a constant habit as to amount to what may be called their "permanent way," but we should hardly have expected that "sleepers" would be in request on a line so generally wide awake as the London and North-Western. The other requirements of the Directors appear to be of a somewhat festive kind, including, as they do, "4000 tons of chairs," and "500 tons of fish-plates;" from which we infer that a fish dinner on a most extensive scale may be in contemplation. We cannot help thinking that the number of fish-plates seems rather excessive, and that a few dessert-plates might be substituted, especially as the advertisement shows that several tons of nuts—which can only be introduced by way of dessert,—are required. What on earth the Directors intend to do with such an enormous quantity of nuts is a mystery, which we leave those who are desirous of dealing with "nuts to crack" to elucidate.

TYING UP A BRASS KNOCKER.

MR. PUNCH does not very often waste his space upon bumptious pretension, because it is unphilosophical to assail what is incurable, but he must sacrifice an inch of room to a nest of folly which he routed the other day out of the *Globe*.

"Mr. and Mrs. POPPY BLOCK have arrived at the family mansion, No. 51, Barnacle Street, from their seat in the Isle of Man, to attend the confinement of their daughter, the HONOURABLE MRS. BOUNCE (LORD KILLYSCULLYBOY'S daughter-in-law)."

Now, who are these people (whose names, as there are women in the case, *Mr. Punch* has, with his usual chivalry, disguised) that they should print such an announcement? First, who cares whether they are at the family mansion or not? Next, what did they come for at such a time? Or, thirdly, if the HONOURABLE MRS. BOUNCE liked to have her mamma in the house, what did MR. POPPY BLOCK come for? What use is he? Is there no servant in such an establishment who can run round to the red lamp, without the necessity of keeping the ancient POPPY fussing about all night in his dressing-gown? Fourthly, where's the HONOURABLE MR. BOUNCE, whose manifest duty it is to fetch the doctor? Fifthly, what needs mention LORD KILLYSCULLYBOY. Anybody who knows the POPPY BLOCKS must know that BOUNCE married their daughter, and who he is, and certainly the world does not want to be told of the relationship. Heartily wishing the HONOURABLE MRS. BOUNCE comfortably and happily through the little affair, *Mr. Punch* advises old KILLYSCULLYBOY, who, as a real nobleman, must dislike snobbery, to tell the BLOCKS that this is not the kind of thing to do.

Something for the Sphinx.

THE following genuine specimen of Herefordshire unintelligibility should have been sent to the Editor of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide*, and not to us. However, we print it:—

"Sein in The Herefor timms honvor list aplchans for farming bailfs ishould wish too ingaag miself if ther is any opping iham experenced man for the Last twent ears Ples too stat your fe iwil atend immedent ly nam and adres Samuell Thomas Monkland near Leomins Ter 1850 5 May The 13"



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

"WE KNEW HOW IT WOULD BE—GIRLS HOLDING THOSE GREAT ROUND HATS OVER THEIR EYES SO THAT THEY CAN'T SEE WHERE THEY ARE GOING.—WHY, HERE'S FLORA PLUMLEY RUN RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF THAT YOUNG HORACE SPANKER, WHO HASN'T A PENNY."—Extract from our Aunt's Letter.

RUSSIAN REASONING.



HAT ingenious print *Le Nord*, evidently at its wit's end to find an excuse for the evacuation of Sebastopol, (which by the way, we understand was first telegraphed to St. Petersburg as a "successful retrograde movement of our troops,") apologises thus:

"Impartial history will do justice

to the resolution of PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, who by making a momentary sacrifice, and avoiding a useless effusion of blood, has preserved for Russia an army trained to war by a struggle of a year's duration, which for intensity has no parallel in military annals, and placed that army in a position which enables him to hold a commanding situation."

We have small wish to detract from the character of PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF as a military genius, but we cannot help remarking that the successful "preservation" of his army, for which he is here so abundantly commended, must not be regarded in the light of an original conception; it clearly is a plagiarism of

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

We do not know what precise duration of time the writer in his own

A GERMANY OF GERMANS.

WHAT hero now the Chief would be
Of one united Germany?
Italy free, let him proclaim,
Poland and Hungary the same.

Free press, free speech, and senate free,
And every kind of liberty,
Of tongue, of pen, of hand and arm,
But that of doing others harm.

Should such a Chief his standard raise,
Would not all Germany outblaze,
All Germans round that ensign band,
With rifle and with sword in hand?

The CZAR'S vice-kaiser and vice-kings
They would release from apron-strings;
And give, unpinn'd from female gowns,
Them decent hats for shabby crowns.

Then would all Europe stand allied,
Against brute force controll'd by pride,
Her civilised nations leagued to pen
The Russians in their proper den.

A kingdom, then, the world would see,
Or commonwealth of Germany;
And he who held the first command
Would Father be of Fatherland.

AS SAFE AS THE BANK.

THE writer of the money article of one of the morning papers talks of "the suicidal course adopted by the Directors of the Bank of England." This is rather strong language; and would make a timid person believe that the Directors contemplated self-destruction. If the Bank housemaid should be a nervous individual, and were to read the paragraph in question, she would be afraid to open the Bank shutters, lest she might find a quorum of the Directors hanging together in the Bank Parlour. We must confess that the word "suicidal" is rather objectionable in other respects, for as the Bank happens to be a Corporation, and a Corporation never dies, it would be an absurdity on the part of the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street to attempt to lay violent hands upon herself, as she could not make away with herself in an effectual manner.

mind would assign to the "sacrifice" he here describes as merely "momentary;" but certainly, unless that adjective have a widely different meaning in his dictionary to that which DR. JOHNSON gives it, we think he might with greater chance of truth have used a more enduring one. As for PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S retreat enabling him to "hold a commanding situation," that, for Russian ears, is well enough; but it reads to us certainly a little akin to sarcasm. For with our knowledge of despotic governments, we should not be surprised if the loss of Sebastopol were to entail upon PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF the loss of the only "commanding situation" we can admit him still to hold—namely, the situation of Commanding Officer.

TRUMPETERS.

THERE are three sorts: 1st, the Impudent Man, who blows his own trumpet; 2nd, the Clever Man, who gets the trumpet generally blown for him; and 3rd, the Really Clever Man, who will see all the trumpets blown first before he will stoop to any such trumpety expedients. It is for the latter that Fame takes up the instrument, and, with a trumpet-note, sounds their names all over the world; but, as this class is necessarily a very small one, we cannot quarrel with the modesty of certain men, who, feeling there is but little chance of Fame ever blowing the trumpet for them, become subscribers of that highly-popular Musical Society of, "Every Man His Own Trumpeter," and blow away lustily for themselves. Some of our greatest politicians, patriots, doctors, tragedians, and tight-rope dancers are already members of the above Society, and the numbers are increasing daily.

History Rationally Explained.

THERE is nothing so very strange in the fact of a Wolf having suckled ROMULUS and REMUS, for it is evident that of all animals a She-Wolf alone could have acted as an-Ursa to two young children. (Oh! oh!)



Charles. "FIGURE, INDEED! WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO? A MAN MUST WEAR SOMETHING. HATS AND COATS ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION—THEY ARE REALLY SO VERY EFFEMINATE."

JONES BAYS THE "MOON."

ONE JONES, at the election of the new LORD MAYOR—(and the LORD MAYOR'S Dinner is now become removable into a Jewish Feast)—opposed the resolution of thanks to LORD MAYOR MOON, inasmuch as he "had not sufficiently encouraged Art and Science by inviting members of the various City Guilds to partake of the hospitalities of the Mansion House." This is, no doubt, a serious charge: heavy as the MAYOR'S mace: but, tell us, JONES,—where are Art and Science in civic guilds? Where do they, unlike the noses of the liverymen, blush unseen—where, unlike the turtle, do they waste their sweetness? Is there a CHANTREY among the Spectacle-makers, a CLARKSON STANFIELD in the body of the Fishmongers? Does another author of another Calculating-Machine glorify the Goldsmiths? The Art and Science of the City Guilds might have been very effectively represented by GOG and MAGOG; but then, in defence of LORD MAYOR MOON, it must be confessed, they are somewhat above the ordinary dimensions of the most elevated diners-out; whilst, as they have not been provided with hinges, they could have hardly stretched their legs under the civic mahogany.

We think ONE JONES has with the very worst grace bayed our MOON. We firmly believe, that when the eventful civic year of 1854-5 shall be written in a pomp and manner worthy of its events, that the mayoralty of MOON will shine like his gold plate, will abound with cordial sweetness, like his own loving-cup. The greater, too, is the credit of MOON: inasmuch as though it was his fortune to cross twice to Paris, and twice to come within the cold, shady influence of LORD COWLEY, our English Ambassador who keeps continual fast in the Rue St. Honoré,—his Lordship each time returned to town as genial and as ripe as ever; even riper, like a travelled pine-apple.

Having alluded to LORD COWLEY, it will be only humane in *Mr. Punch* to warn his fellow-countrymen against the savageness of a French mastiff, who, in his Lordship's service, receives passports from timid travellers, to be viséd, &c. &c. We have heard that there are no less than six Englishmen at the present hour lamed for life, having been wantonly bitten in the calf of the leg by the mastiff aforesaid. LORD COWLEY, with only £8,000 a-year, and no dinners to give, may not be

THE TEETOTAL TOAST-BOOK.

THOUGH there is nothing very jovial in the idea of total abstinence, and it is difficult to get much jollity out of a pump, we do not see why the Teetotalers should not adopt the practice of giving "sentiments" when they drink, and thus realising the popular combination of Toast-and-Water. We subjoin a few specimens, which will be found suitable to those aqueous associations, whose members seem to look upon the garden-engine as the only really moral engine, and the water-cart as the only vehicle of progress.

A light heart and a heavy water-jug.
 May ewers always be mine, and ours be ewers.
 May the pump always give us its succour.
 May the pitcher of strength never want the water of purity.
 The noblest works of man—the water-works.
 The pump—the only true source of legitimate liquid.
 May sorrow find a watery grave.
 A fig for my friend, and a pond for my pitcher.
 Confusion to the donkey who stops up (by getting his foot into) the plug-hole.
 A full water-bottle and nobody to partake of it.
 May the good ship *Britannia* draw plenty of water.
 My friend and filter.
 May every pipe be put out, except the water-pipe.
 The best of all Unions—the grand junction.
 Water—an excellent fellow in the main.
 May confidence always break the ice, and friendship drink the water.
 May the tear of sorrow from the cistern of the heart be purified by the filter of affliction, and join the waters of oblivion.
 The prudent housewife, who keeps a full washing-tub, and is never without floating capital.
 May the sackbutt always get the sack, and all other butts but the water-butt.
 The brightest diamonds are those of the purest water.
 May the hand of friendship be extended to every pump that needs it.
 Here's to him who is always doing his fellow creatures a good turn—the turncock.
 Confusion to the pride, that would keep its head above water.

able to afford to keep a gentleman to do the passport duty of his office; but, at least, he might employ a well-mannered Christian. Or at the worst, if his Lordship will not, or cannot part with his present growling, snarling official, he might humanely cause something like the following notice to be painted up in the office below.—"Persons coming here on business are requested to beware of the dog."

UN-FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS IN BRIGHTON.

MR. and MRS. JONES and family have left the Bedford Hotel—at the door of which they stopped to inquire the prices—and then proceeded in the direction of the Railway.

MRS. POPPLEKINS has not quitted her apartment in Brunswick Terrace. She has torn up the notice to quit; and tells the landlord to "do his best and do his worst."

THE MARQUIS POLIGLOTTO, a Polish nobleman, has visited several of the tradesmen of the town, to whom he has given large orders, none of which are likely to be executed.

MR. and MRS. ROLEY POLEY have taken the whole of the back portion of the third-floor of a house in the neighbourhood of Regency Square. Their stay will be limited.

CAPTAIN FAMISH dined in the coffee-room at Peggs' on Tuesday last, and left unperceived by the waiter. The Captain is not expected to return.

The Reverend and dis-Honourable ARTHUR SWINDELL has left his lodgings on the Terrace. From the contents of his portmanteau, which have been inspected by the landlord, the dis-Honourable and Reverend gentleman would seem to have been engaged in archæological pursuits, for his luggage consists entirely of bricks.

Eccentric Orthography.

ARCHDEACON HALE, writing on the philosophy of the dead body, with an instinctive regard to burial profits, can spell philosophy in no other way than—"fee-losophy."

A BATCH OF ADVERTISEMENTS.



EW more amusing articles have appeared in the *Quarterly Review* than a recent one on the subject of Advertisements, past as well as present, and every day affords such a choice of materials, that another article as interesting as that to which we allude might already be written. As our voluminous contemporary cannot devote much less than some forty or fifty pages to any topic (though we might dispose of it in about half that number of lines), it is not probable that the *Quarterly* will within the present century give another article on Advertisements. The subject, however, is too good to be allowed to drop, and we shall therefore continue to take it up and let it down, as our humour prompts us, and as the theme may appear to be one that requires dropping or dealing with. The *Times* of Wednesday, the 3rd, is rich in curiosities of the second column. Among others, is an invitation to a gentleman, "late of Kennington," who is requested to "oblige a well-wisher," by "leaving his papers at—Chancery Lane;" a recommendation which looks very like the commencement of a lawsuit. How any well-wisher can ask anybody to leave papers in Chancery Lane is a puzzle to us, but the mystery is perhaps capable of solution. True friendship would, in our opinion, rather suggest the committal of one's papers to the bottom of the Thames, than propose their being left in Chancery Lane, for we should expect them to go off by a sort of spontaneous combustion into a Chancery suit, if we were to leave them in such a dangerous locality.

The next advertisement is a repetition of the offer of five pounds—to which we have already alluded—for the "loud and extravagant talker addicted to drink," who has "lost his right eye," and was "last seen at Sheffield." It is possible that he has by this time lost his other eye, or become otherwise so mutilated as not to be known to others, while it is obvious that he occasionally forgets himself, and thus the probability is, that he will never be discovered.

A little further on, we find the following interesting announcement:—

A LADY LOST A PAPER, on Saturday last, in an omnibus, near the Bank; a Gentleman spoke to her respecting a scarf she wore, saying he had thirty tenants who made such; will he, if he saw the paper, kindly write to A. B., &c., &c.?

This gives an insight into what may be called omnibus life, and affords a glance at the habits and manners, the conversations and opinions, of travellers by those useful vehicles. A gentleman speaks to a lady about her scarf, and goes into a description of the occupations of his numerous tenantry. The lady seems to have picked up something that dropped from the conversation of the gentleman, who it is delicately hinted may have picked up something that dropped from the hands of the lady. This style of thing may come under the denomination of "give and take," but when the thing given is gratuitous information about one's tenantry and the article taken is "a paper," there may be an inequality in the exchange, which on one side might be inconvenient.

We shall wind up for the present with a lamentable instance of error which seems to have occurred recently in the neighbourhood of London.

CAME ASTRAY, A DONKEY. The owner can have the same by paying the expenses. Apply to JOHN LAMBERT, 27, Norland-road, Notting-hill. If not claimed within seven days, will be sold to pay the expenses.

Considering the number of donkeys that daily go astray, it is fortunate for the errant ass who is above specified, that he has fallen into such considerate hands as those of MR. JOHN LAMBERT. It is not everybody who would trouble himself about a poor creature who has been such a thorough donkey as to go astray, and indeed it is not every donkey in that predicament who would be kept for even seven days on the possibility of his being of sufficient worth to pay his expenses for that limited period.

•The Belle-Isle Nuisance.

We have lately seen a good deal of correspondence in the Newspapers on the subject of the Belle-Isle Nuisance, but we have been reluctant to go very deeply into a matter which everybody seems to view with disgust. We were not aware that the suburbs of London possessed an *Isola Bella*, and we can only regret, that a place with so taking a title should have got itself into such bad odour.

THE PEACE-MONGER'S PEACE.

We hope that no Peace-at-any-Price man will be allowed to have anything to do with any Peace that may be entered into with Russia, else the following will be about the Price that England will be called upon to pay for it:—

To surrender possession of the Crimea, and to rebuild Sebastopol as it formerly existed.

To provide Russia with another fleet, in every way as good as the one that was sunk at Sebastopol.

To make good Bomarsund, Sweaborg, and Kertch, and to repair generally all the damage that has been committed, either in the Baltic, or the Black Sea, or the Sea of Azoff.

To pay Russia an indemnity (hereafter to be calculated by MESSRS. BRIGHT, GLADSTONE, COBDEN, and SIDNEY HERBERT) for all the expenses of the War.

And further:

That the PRINCE OF WALES be sent to St. Petersburg, as a hostage, until such indemnity be paid.

The above would be, probably, the principal items of the Peace Price, but there would be smaller disbursements, of course. For instance, England would pledge herself to guarantee:

That all HER MAJESTY'S inferior Ministers should be tried before a Russian and Manchester jury for high treason.

That LORD PALMERSTON should be sent (without trial) to Siberia.

That LORD PANMURE, or MR. ROEBUCK, or PRINCE ALBERT, should, with a lighted candle on his hand (such candle to be made of the finest Russian tallow), do public penance before the statue of PETER THE GREAT, and, in the name of England, beg pardon of the EMPEROR for having dared to wage war against the Autocrat.

That the swords of GENERAL SIMPSON, LORD RAGLAN, SIR CHARLES NAPIER, SIR EDMUND LYONS, SIR DE LACY EVANS, LORD CARDIGAN, and others, too numerous and insignificant to mention, should be surrendered up, in order to be laid as trophies upon the tomb of St. NICHOLAS THE GREAT, implying thereby the penitence of the owners that they had ever drawn them against such a holy martyr.

That every gun used in the Crimea or elsewhere against Russia, be given up for the purpose of erecting out of the metal a votive offering to that same blessed martyr.

That MR. ROEBUCK'S testimonial, be it what it may, be confiscated, and the proceeds devoted likewise to the same sainted purpose.

And lastly:

That HER MAJESTY'S crown-jewels, together with the coronets of all her nobles, be lodged for the next thirty years in the Kremlin at Moscow, as some small security that England during that period will maintain peace with Russia.

And further, as a still better security, that during that same period, LORD JOHN RUSSELL be kept irremovably in power, as England's Prime Minister.

We do hope, however, that England, anxious as she may be for Peace, will never consent to pay terms so exorbitant as the above!

Only consider—LORD JOHN Minister for thirty years!!!

ROYAL CHAFFING.

WHATEVER may be the merits or demerits of PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA, he is evidently a wag, or he would never have "left Berlin on the 18th to compliment the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA." We should like to have heard a few of the compliments passed on the occasion, though we can imagine the effect they must have produced when the PRINCE began to compliment the EMPEROR on the state of the War, and the aspect of affairs at Sebastopol. If we had just had our house burned down about our heads, if the servant we had left in charge of it had run away, and if we had recently lost nearly all our money in a mad speculation, we don't know exactly what we should say to an individual who came to pay us compliments. Perhaps, if we knew the precise answer addressed by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to the compliments of the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, we should have some guide to follow.

Logic of Le Nord.

We really cannot understand the exultation of the French and English Journals, and the rejoicings of the respective peoples, not only of those countries, but of all the other European states, at the result of the late operations of the Allied Armies at Sebastopol. The one Point of the celebrated Four, on which Russia held out, was the limitation of her preponderance in the Black Sea. That point is now disposed of; the question at present to be determined is, that of the preponderance of the Allies themselves in the Black Sea. Thus the tables are completely turned upon France and England.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE RAILWAY WHISTLE.



A PATENT has just been taken out for an invention which will very much increase the pleasure, and in the same degree diminish the danger of travelling by railway. Not only that, but the excursion of a few will be rendered conducive to the delight of the many by this contrivance.

The railway whistle has hitherto been a necessary nuisance. But what a nuisance! Ten thousand screech-owls, as many cats, and an equal number of infants in concert, could hardly make a more horrible noise. It is worse than the most piercing squall wherewith any young lady that couldn't sing and would sing ever split our ears at an evening party.

The invention above alluded to will substitute railway harmony and railway melody, for railway discord and railway din. It will supersede the steam-whistle. It is, in fact, a sort of Steam Apollonicon; to be connected with the engine, capable either of mechanical performances, or of being played upon by a competent musician, who will accompany the engineer and stoker for that purpose.

Besides delighting the ear of the passengers and the public, this instrument will form an important addition to the present means of making railway signals. It will give different intimations by distinct tunes: There is a song called, "Men of Action clear the

way." Well, on approaching a station the Siderodharmonicon—that seems to be a simple and appropriate name for the instrument—might play the air of that song. "There's a goods-train coming, boys," would be the unmistakable import of an obvious popular air. The approach of the Parliamentary train might be indicated by what fast people denominate slow music—because they cannot discern any other quality in it than slowness of time; for instance, the "Dead March in Saul." A graver occasion for the performance of that funeral composition might be averted by thus playing it in time.

During the whole Royal Progress to Osborne, Balmoral, or elsewhere, the Siderodharmonicon might play, "God Save the Queen," for the entertainment of HER MAJESTY; thus she would have music wherever she went.

Old stagers miss and regret the guard of the ancient coaching days, and his horn. This deficiency of the iron road, as compared with the turnpike, will be more than supplied by the Siderodharmonicon.

No doubt this invention will be forthwith adopted and applied by the Railway Companies, and they will appoint an able Professor of Music to travel with every train, and perform appropriate airs, at an ample salary; behaving in this respect with that generosity, liberality, munificence, and solicitude for the public safety, accommodation and comfort, for which all their arrangements are so justly celebrated.

Human Forgiveness.

LET cynics say what they will, Man is not vindictive. Here for years we have been subjected to the daily torture of wearing the Hat, and we haven't even preserved the name of the wretch who invented it!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIGHT.

It was settled that Liverpool should not illuminate on the occasion of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S visit. Many ardent souls were bursting into light, when suddenly Mr. J. R. JEFFREY, in the expansive shape of a wet blanket, came down upon them, and the nascent fires were put down. We avow and admire the courage of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. He fought like a trooper at Inkermann; and, doubtless, even as a Royal Duke, won his after-ease and his round of nobility visits, although Sebastopol remained to be taken. But wherefore illuminate? If the English Duke were a Russian DUKE CONSTANTINE, a huge offering of oil and tallow would be only a due sacrifice to the idol. It is otherwise with our hearty DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. Let him be highly and fully feasted; and let all the wind instruments of Liverpool blow till they crack again on his advent "See the Conqu'ring Hero Comes!" and let the dear women flutter their cambric, and scatter their roses; let them, moreover, in their own eyes light up the best Liverpool illumination, to the great economy of Liverpool gas.

MR. WET BLANKET JEFFREY talked, it must be confessed, in a very unphilosophical way on what he democratically stigmatised as "tomfoolery!" He, moreover, more than hinted that it would be far better to expend the £4,000 at least, required for gas, oil and candle, "on those who would be left widows and orphans" by the War. To this sentiment there were—could it be doubted?—"loud cheers."

Ere the damp periods of the Wet Blanket aforesaid had penetrated to the skins of the hearers (who finally voted against the illumination), promises had been received, "when the books were first put round," to the extent of about £200. The light was put out in favour of the widow and orphan; when the "actual cash" that came to hand, "did not exceed £3!" Such is the philosophy of light at Liverpool. And how should it be otherwise? When Dor, of the house of Dor, Cross, and Co. gives £5 for an illumination, his eyes have the money's worth. He sees the brilliancy of his public spirit, the lustre of his citizenship. But when the £5 is expended in coals and candles for the widow and orphan, what knows he of the tallow and Wall's-Ead? They make an illumination of which he must needs be insensible. DOT, therefore, buttons his pocket; and if the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is not to be illuminated, neither shall be the fire-side of the soldier's widow. If the Duke be denied his blaze of gas, the orphan shall go to bed without a candle.

FÊTES FOR TICKET-OF-LEAVERS.

THE Proprietor of the Clyfaker Gardens, Convictoria Road, Brixton, in humble imitation of the example of his superiors, who avail themselves of passing events to attract patronage to their entertainments, begs respectfully to announce, that it is his intention to open the above brilliant and enchanting gardens with a series of fêtes, in commemoration of various matters more or less interesting to his own immediate patrons. He proposes that the following Galas shall take place during the ensuing week (wet, or dry).

Monday. A Fête in honour of Liberty—this being the anniversary of the discharge of SAMUEL MORDECAI ISAACS from the manacles of tyranny. The identical handkerchief, whose abstraction caused his retirement for two months, will be exhibited at the Bar.

Tuesday. A Fête in honour of our American Brethren, to whom on this day four years, "JIMMY" DUFFER and EBENEZER SMASHER escaped from the bloodhounds of law. The Star-spangled Banner in fireworks.

Wednesday. A Fête in honour of Woman's Love and Courage, when a transparency will be exhibited, showing the heroic SAL OF BATTERSEA, as she appeared this day three weeks pouring hot water on the heads of the policemen who came to arrest her lover for burglary.

Thursday. A Fête in honour of Art. A lecture will be delivered by COPPERAS FLIMSY, Esq., in which the science of multiplying Bank of England notes without the aid of the Bank of England will be explained, with anecdotes of personal experiences inside and outside Newgate.

Friday. A Fête in honour of the Laws of the Country, when a testimonial will be presented to the eminent Old Bailey barrister, HORSE-HAIR CHEEKY, Esq., for his exertions in procuring, during the past year, no less than two hundred and seventeen acquittals of parties persecuted by conventional hypocrisy.

Saturday. A Fête in honour of the Constitution, when the Humours of a contested Election will be exemplified, and a series of combats between the SLOGGING SPIDER, CACKSMAN CREEB, BILL STAGGERS, and a host of supernumeraries, accustomed to "physical canvassing," will give enlivenment and truth to the picture.

No Police admitted.]

[Tickets (of leave) at the Bar.]



PLEASANT!

Affectionate little Wife (who has made many abortive attempts to fathom the secrets of Free-masonry). "WELL, BUT, DEAR! TELL ME ONE THING. DO THEY PUT YOU INTO A COFFIN?"

IF WOMEN BET, WHAT DO THEY BET?



SOME men, when they lose wagers, pay in hats. We do not know whether ladies ever wager together, or what the nature of their wagers may be, but you may be sure they are not bonnets, simply because ladies would derive no pleasure whatever in winning bonnets from one another. A wager, so won, would destroy the amusement a lady always has in getting a new bonnet out of her husband, and would take away most materially from the enjoyment of that husband's society whenever he had been persuaded to leave the City a trifle earlier, "just to take a stroll before dinner with his dear little wifey."

It is about the rarest thing in the world, when a wife is favoured, in public, with her husband's company, and it would be too bad to deprive that rarity of one-half its charm by attempting to strip it of its principal attraction. An afternoon's walk down Bond Street, or a quiet saunter whilst dinner is getting ready through the Rue de la Paix, would be dull, indeed, even in the very finest weather, unless there was the incentive of a bright new bonnet glittering in the distance. It is the belief of some, that a woman would lose her head sooner than part

THE CZARINA TO HER MATE.

My own sweet CZAR, dear EMPEROR of my soul,
Thy purple's hem in earnestness I twitch,
Let me not vainly thine Imperial stole
Tug, my beloved NICOLAEWITCH.
No further let this horrid war proceed,
Stop it; it is too dreadful: 'tis indeed.

Have pity on your subjects—those poor things—
Although, of course, they all were made for you.
Yet they are men—and women—and it wrings
My heart to think upon what they go through:
The agony, the grief, the monstrous loss
Of life—for that pretence about the Cross.

The Cross! My dear, you know, as well as I,
The Cross suffices to defend its own;
And dare we hold it forth to screen a lie?
For aggrandisement only and alone
We've drawn the sword. How awful that to do,
Dearest, if what the Cross means is all true!

What can you hope to get by going on?
You see, the stake for which you play'd is lost,
My dear, you know Sebastopol is gone;
The Black Sea Fleet, too. Would it had ne'er crost
That plaguy Euxine on that horrid day,
To do that slaughter in Sinope's Bay!

Fortune declares for England and for France;
Leave off at present, saving all you can;
Another day you'll have a better chance;
Wait that, and bide your time, there's a dear man.
Run not the risk of having to resign
The power which you enjoy through friends of mine.

'Tis you, my CZARRUMS, only, who maintain
My dear relations on their German thrones.
To fight the French and English if you drain
Your armies, and exhaust your means by loans,
How will you get the bayonets and gold
Which, solely, their vicerealties uphold?

Them should their discontented subjects send
About their business, as they would, no doubt,
In Europe we should not possess one friend.

BOMBA will soon go to the right about:
And you, my love—I shudder!—who knows where?
Grant, then, MARIA ALEXANDROWNA'S prayer.

with her bonnet! But still the question remains unanswered, "Do ladies bet? and what is the nature of their bets?" The latter may be (for what we know) gloves, or bottles of Eau-de-Cologne, or packets of pearl-powder, or boxes of bonbons, or pots of pomatum, or night-caps; but we strongly suspect they are cups of tea. This is, of course, only amongst themselves, for with all wagers entered into with gentlemen, no lady would ever think of demeaning herself by paying her losses. A bet with a lady is only valid so long as she wins.

We confess the question, even now, remains involved in the greatest obscurity, and we hope the British Association will take it into consideration at their next meeting. In the meantime, we think it is satisfactorily proved that, if ladies do indulge in bets, at all events they never stake bonnets on the issue, as gentlemen stake hats. Just as if a bonnet was not by far too important a thing to be left to the caprice of a wager! And, besides, where is the lady who would trust another lady to choose a bonnet for her? or care about choosing a bonnet at any other shop than her own?

THE LITERARY LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

SOMEBODY has published a book, under the quaint title of *An Hour with the Hollyhock*. We confess we have not much curiosity to read the work, for we cannot see how sixty minutes, spent in the company of a rather vulgar-looking plant, can afford matter of either an amusing or instructive character. We would much rather have *Five Minutes with a Pine-apple*, or even *A Moment with a Peach*, or *A Quarter of an Hour with a few Apricots*. The language of flowers is all very well; but we do not believe the biggest hollyhock, or the downiest of daffodils can have anything to say for itself that would justify any reasonable being in giving up even half an hour to its society. *An Hour with the Hollyhock* appears to us, therefore, to promise nothing but the details of a very dull and unsatisfactory interview. We should have preferred *A Minute with the Mignonette*, or *Six Seconds with the Seringa*, or even—though the experience of such things at an evening party is not very promising—*A Quarter of An Hour among the Wallflowers*.



THE MEN IN POSSESSION.—TAKING THE INVENTORY.

BABY SHOWS.—A SEA-SIDE MONSTER.

At the late Baby-show at Withemsea, the sea-bathing place of Hull, all the visitors were, as a matter of course, canvassed for subscriptions, in order that the prizes might be equally worthy of the precious child carrying off the prize and the proud mother carrying the baby. We are appalled at the capable atrocity of human nature; but we are moralists, satirists, and part journalists, and, at whatever cost of feeling, will perform, like Cerberus, our triple duty. A hideous old bachelor, with a face corrugated like a walnut, and a mouth like a tweezer-case (we forbear to give his name,—indeed, it is unnecessary), received, in due course, a circular soliciting his mite for the triumphant poppet. To this urbane, and most humanising epistle, the sea-side monster wrote the following reply:—

Griffin Hotel, Sept. —, 1855.

"Sir,—I thank heaven, I am sixty-two; and what in a few years may be made a show of in what was once domestic and respectable England, I am happy to say I am not likely to see. I can understand a lamb-show, a pig-show, or even a learned pig-show, but why parents should ask to be rewarded for fine babies, like a couple of mountebanks sending round the hat for clever tumbling, I am not yet old or wise enough to learn.

"I see a great many old women about this place; visitors, who I hear are spinsters, every one of 'em. These women go about with big round brown flop-hats, to save their skins; just, I suppose, as we cover up furniture in summer to keep the mahogany from cracking. Now, Sir, why not make a show of them, and let the oldest that can pass for the youngest carry off the prize? It might amount to enough to make it worth any honest labouring man's while, and buy the poor thing a partner for her natural life. To this benevolent object, I have no objection to give *my five pound*. More; I will give the article away.

"But to contribute towards a prize baby, this in the least way I will never be brought to do. Stop; as it is ever my wish, in my annual visit to the sea-coast, to conform, in so far as I can without an entire loss of self-respect, to the tom-foolery of the place,—I will subscribe my two, nay, my ten guineas, to what you are pleased to call this 'most laudable, most interesting, and most domestic purpose,' on one proviso: and that proviso is this—

That the Baby-show having taken place, and the prizes awarded, the unsuccessful candidates, without distinction of month or sex, shall be *one and all immediately drowned*. On this simple condition, you may send your treasurer for my ten guineas.

"I am your Obedient Servant,

"HEROD THROTTLEM.

"P.S. When the Baby-show has come off, why not follow it up with a Show of Donkeys; for, of course, 'the affectionate parents' accompany 'the interesting offspring!'"

THE ROMANCE OF EUCLID.

THE papers informed us the other day, that MR. SYLVESTER, the new Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, has "a passionate love for the Science." We do not doubt the Professor's high qualifications, but we cannot believe that there is anything passionate in the attachment of this gentleman, or that he is either sentimental, or what is usually termed "spooney," over the pursuit to which he is devoted. If we are to believe the paragraph alluded to, MR. SYLVESTER is a sort of Mathematical Romeo, with one of EUCLID'S figures for his Juliet. If this were the case, he would, of course, be jealous of every other clever individual who pays attention to the alleged object of his affections; and no other Professor of Mathematics would be safe in his Chair, if the assertion of the paragraph-monger were to be credited. If MR. SYLVESTER had anything like "a passionate love" for Mathematics, he would be writing odes to Problem I, or sighing over the *Pons Asinorum*, and, perhaps, precipitating himself, from very sentimentalism, over one of its parapets. We, however, believe nothing of the sort; but we are satisfied that MR. SYLVESTER has a sensible regard for the ingenious Science in which he has so eminently distinguished himself.

PALMAM QUI NON MERUIT—SNEER-AT.

WE cannot share the surprise of our contemporaries at the elevation of certain veterans to the rank of Field-Marshal, for the operation is in perfect uniformity with the system that has generally prevailed at the War-Office. Age and incapacity are quite as worthy of promotion as some of the other materials out of which Field-Marshalshs have been made; and it may, at all events, be said, in defence of one of the recent instances of exaltation, that the "party" has a name which entitles him to the step he has gained; for Cumber-mere is an appellation that may be considered appropriate to a rank which, from the objects on which it is usually conferred, may be regarded as mere-ly Cumber-some.

ABSURD RUMOUR OF AN APPROACHING MARRIAGE IN THE HIGHEST LIFE.

THEY say that young PRUSSIA our PRINCESS will wed, }
Which shows that we can't believe half that is said.
What! she marry the nephew of CLICQUOT the mean!
The friend and ally of the foe of the QUEEN?

Why, nothing keeps CLICQUOT from standing array'd
Against her in arms, but his being afraid.
His near kinsman the spouse of HER MAJESTY'S child!
Pooh!—the notion is monstrous, preposterous, wild.

His nephew her husband!—whilst over his head
Dethronement apparently hangs by a thread.
He is far below zero in Honour's scale down.
How long with good name lost will he keep his crown?

Suppose his liege subjects made him cut and run,
Would his brother succeed him, or that brother's son?
They'll bundle the dynasty out, neck and crop,
And set up, most probably, quite a new shop.

Deposed, we shall have him to keep over here,
And find him in brandy, in wine, and in beer;
And his nephew and bride we should have on our hands,
And to grant them a palace, and money, and lands.

The PRINCESS is—bless her!—scarce fifteen years old;
One summer more even o'er Dinah had roll'd.
To marry so early she can't be inclined;
A suitable Villikins some day she'll find.

Moreover, in her case, we know very well,
There exist no "stern parients" her hand to compel,
Affording the LAUREATE a theme for a lay,
With a burden of "Teural lal leural li day."

INK FROM BEER.

MR. PUNCH'S admiration of that remarkable paper, the *Morning Advertiser*, is not habitually expressed, he hopes, in terms which may be considered fulsome. But he is bound to say, that the mode in which it would appear that the journal in question is governed is so preposterous that much may be excused to the unfortunate executive. The paper is the property of a set of Licensed Victuallers, who hold periodical meetings, and thereat discuss, not merely the general management of their organ, but the merits of the Editor, Writers, and Reporters, and the proceedings at these meetings are not even kept private, as might be expected from men of business, but the Writers' criticisms on the articles are reported and published. One Boniface declares that the Editor "draws it a deal too mild," and another complains that the editorials are "frothy," and that the paper wants "more head to it." A Witler of practical character suggested, at the last meeting, that one of the writers should be told to "leave out some of his poetry," possibly thinking that the poor quoter gave unsatisfactory measure. When GRAHAM, GLADSTONE, and HERBERT retired, and bread became dear, the crisis was discussed as that of the "Quartern and three Outs," when the Sewerage Bill was debated, doubts were expressed whether the rate-payers ought to "stand a drain," and one day a leader-writer gave awful offence when, in citing from the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he remarked, that there were many objectionable things to be found in Old Burton. Now this kind of supervision, by personages whose education has been somewhat "concentrated" must be peculiarly undesirable. We admit that *fas est ab Hoste doceri*, but doubt whether a Newspaper-writer who understands his business can be taught much by the Host of a public-house. Without the least disrespect to the Wilters, who, no doubt, deserve all the compliments lavished upon them the other day by MR. WAXLEY, and fully subscribing to the truth of that gentleman's tribute to the "grace and sweetness" of their female relatives, we must think that a publican knows less about Ink than Beer, and that he had better leave the management of a Newspaper to those whose business it is to understand the subject. We doubt whether even the WARREN "who kept a Poet" insisted on mixing blacking with his ink, and we confess that only one thing surprises us more than this kind of interference with the legitimate functions of those who, having been chosen considerably, should be trusted implicitly; and that is, that any English journalist should submit to dictation from behind the Bar. On recollection, however, is it so?

A TRAVELLING TRUTH.

YOUR genuine travelling Englishman carries his grumbling, his invincible discontent everywhere. In fact, it forms part of his luggage; and he would no more think of leaving it behind him than of travelling without his medicine-chest.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Poor Tom's a-cold."

King Lear, Act iii., Scene 4.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SUNDAY READING.

To the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,

Excuse my apparent rudeness in not addressing you as the most Reverend FATHER, &c. I rather think I am prohibited by a very high Authority from calling you FATHER at all in the spiritual sense. Certainly, I have not the honour of being MR. SUMNER, *filis*.

Your Grace—I am not forbidden to apply that title to you, although, perhaps, your primitive predecessors would have repudiated it for themselves—is probably aware that a petition has been got up by the jewellers, goldsmiths, and other trades, praying that the British Museum and National Gallery may be open on Sundays. I respectfully ask your Grace to support the prayer of this petition on the following grounds.

Your Grace, as a sound Protestant, must subscribe heartily to the proposition, that a material body cannot be in two places at once. Whilst, therefore, a jeweller, or any other artisan, or indeed, individual, is engaged in inspecting objects of art and natural history at the National Gallery and British Museum, he cannot also be employed in drinking beer, and smoking tobacco, at the Cat and Fiddle.

A divine, named WATTS, a Doctor of Divinity, has propounded a dogma which, although the divinity of that Doctor does not on all points coincide with that of DOCTOR SUMNER, your Grace will doubtless endorse: namely, that the great Enemy of your Grace, and myself, and all mankind,

— "finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

I invite your Grace seriously to consider what employment a journeyman or mechanic of any sort can find for his time between church hours. Will you say that he ought to be reading the Bible all day? That would be a new duty, may it please your Grace, for a common Christian man, a duty not three hundred years' old, whereas we are now living ANNO DOMINI 1855. That he should be thus availing himself of the advantage afforded him by the invention of printing, and the solicitude of JAMES THE FIRST, would be very desirable, if the occupation were as consistent with his bodily health as it would be conducive to his spiritual welfare. Conducive to that,

if he read the Book with intelligence. How many working men does your Grace suppose capable of so reading any but a very moderate portion of that Book, on the meaning of which DR. CUMMING and other Doctors so widely differ?

Your Grace should not forget that, having heard the text of that same volume expounded in Church, the working man might, were the Gallery and Museum open on Sundays, go and see illustrations of its narratives at the former institution, and attestations of its authenticity at the latter. Does any more innocent—nay more edifying—occupation for him occur to your Grace?

Had he better sit during the intervals of Divine Service twiddling his thumb? That expedient, certainly, would preclude any mischief which might result from the idleness of his hands.

Had he better literally observe the Day of Rest by going to sleep?

Your Grace, of course, would consider his making a railway excursion, or taking a steamboat trip, quite out of the question.

You could hardly desire that he should walk in the Park, and countenance and encourage the desecration of the Sabbath on the part of the superior classes, by gaping and staring at their equipages and flunkeys.

And surely your Grace will not prefer that he should spend his time in the public-house, as he can if he likes, though he cannot spend it among the biblical pictures, and the scriptural monuments, and the wonders of creation.

A few policemen might supply the place of the keepers of the Museum and the Gallery. Or a proper number of guardians might be appointed, selected from that class of HER MAJESTY'S subjects to which the LORD MAYOR elect belongs, and who observe the Sabbath according to the written Law of their Lawgiver, and not in a different manner and on another day, that other day being prescribed by the Tradition which your Grace altogether protests against, but insists upon in this one instance. The holyday of the keepers would be preserved by the substitution of the gentlemen in the blue clothes, or of those with the aquiline noses; Anglican consistency would be maintained; satisfaction would be given to everybody but the neophrisese; a great boon would be conferred on a great many people; much less gin, much less beer, and much fewer mechanics would be drunk on Sunday; and very much pleasure would be afforded to your Grace's humble Servant,

PUNCH.

P.S. Don't listen to the dishonest suggestion, that the concession of any point whatsoever, whether right or wrong, is damaging to clerical power.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET—"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET has taken the earliest opportunity of celebrating his accession to his title, by still further illustrating that magnanimous contempt of courtesy that distinguished him as LORD SEYMOUR. His Grace, it may be remembered, refused to give security of voting to tradesmen, because certain dealers adulterated their goods. If only men of unadulterated gentlemanly habits were admissible to the House of Lords, where would his Grace be?

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET'S "What do you want?" to MR. ALFRED HAMILTON, the visitor from Totnes, is quite equal in dignity to his "Get out of that, old woman," to MRS. ANNE HICKS, of the Serpentine, Hyde Park. They may both, at some long-distant day, make part of his epitaph. We would further suggest as typical of his Grace, that the monument should be capped with one of ANNE'S ginger-beer bottles: an earthy utensil, cold without, bottling mere pop and froth within.

A SLICE OF BULL BEEF.

THE Irish paper called the *Nation*, has published a letter which is truly national. The writer is a MR. ALEXANDER PELISSIER, of Mastfield, Clonmel, and the object of his communication, says the Dublin correspondent of the *Times*,

"Is to prove that there can be no mistake with regard to the Irish descent of the conqueror of Sebastopol."

Which fact the Hibernian PELISSIER proves thus:

"The family, he says, is originally Huguenot. ALEXANDER PELISSIER, PETER, and JOHN, with two sisters, escaping from the persecution, settled in Dublin."

So that Irish descent is identical with French extraction; and PADDYWHACK PELISSIER originally came from France—no doubt with his coat nately buttoned behind him.

The Sweetest Moment of Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP dearly loves to crack its nut after dinner, more especially when it has at its side a friend and a bottle of wine, (both of whom have been mellowed and improved by age,) the better to enable it to crack it.

RACHEL WRITING IN NEW YORK.



VERY garbled letter of RACHEL'S has appeared in the papers. The letter purported to be a reply to certain of her fellow-countrymen, who on the natal day of old chivalrous LAFAYETTE, ingeniously desired the Hebrew maiden to sing to them, as she had been wont to sing seven years before, the *Marseillaise* at the Théâtre Français. Magnificently, too, did she chant that strain—those notes that have beaten like “the double, double, double drum” upon the hearts of generations. She seemed to glide upon the stage, moving like a snake erect; and clutching the tricolor about her, as though in its web were the charm of her existence, she mutteringly chanted that grand air, as though beneath the doomed thrones of kings, she sybil-like chanted their universal downfall. Now such a sybil could hardly have written the letter that JONATHAN has printed in her name. *Punch* is fortunate that he can give the true copy:—

“Dear Countrymen,—It is seven years since, in public, I sang the *Marseillaise*, although daily I sing it for my own patriotic consolation. Then, DELAMARTINE was thundering, like another MIRABEAU, at the Hôtel de Ville, and the barricades of Paris were not removed. Under those circumstances, a *je ne sais quoi* gave me something that resembled a voice. Now, the empire is peace; and were I to make the least effort to sing the *Marseillaise* in New York, I feel that, on my return to Paris, I should be compelled to sing very small indeed. Remembering what the *Marseillaise* was, and as the *Ophelia* of the divine WILLIAMS says, “seeing what I have seen, seeing what I see,” I often feel exhausted after thinking of it.

“As a daughter of Israel, I should really fear to do wrong to interests no other than my own if I were to augment my fatigues.

“You will, I am sure, believe as much as myself in the deep regret which I feel at this moment—(what I may be permitted by my strength to do on my next visit events must say)—at not daring to promise what you wish for me.

“I did love to sing the *Marseillaise* as much as I now love to play my finest part in CORNEILLE, but—but—*nous avons changé tout cela. N'est-ce pas?*”

“Accept (not the *Marseillaise*) but the assurance of my distinguished sentiments,—

“RACHEL.

“P.S. In the home of their adopted country, if I know anything of at least the hearts of Frenchmen, I must know that the native airs of that country must by adoption be dear to their bosoms. Hence, it will give me great pleasure to execute *Yankee-Doodle*. This beautiful, but inspiring air, whilst it animates all the emotions that must ever fire the American breast, is, nevertheless, I venture to hope, still within the compass of my voice; or, *pardonnez-moi*, that *je ne sais quoi* that resembles a voice.”

Parliamentary Intelligence.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, it is said, is busily engaged in putting the finishing touches of caustic to a tremendous Philippic he intends delivering against the Protectionists next season. The speech is the same that the clever Secretary of the Admiralty had prepared against the present Ministry just before he accepted office; but it is found that with a few alterations, and of names principally, the speech will answer just as well now as then, and that there is no fear of a single “point” being lost to the country.

I don't Believe you, my Boy.

To the category of Old Boys, which used to be limited to Post-boys and Pot-boys, we must now add the whole tribe of Beggar-boys; for we perceive that a book has been recently published called the *Autobiography of a Beggar-Boy*, comprising his fifty years' experience. We have seen Post-boys old enough to have reached their second childhood, but this autobiographical Beggar-boy may be said literally to beggar every other description of boy by the duration of his puerility.

FEE! FI! FO! FA! FUM!—The reason why a Doctor always feels the pulse is, we suppose, that he should not leave his patient fee(l)-less?

PRIVACY IN SCOTTISH INNS.

THE “Scots wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,” shed their blood in company with that hero from a strong objection which they entertained to “chains and slavery.” The slavery, however, consisted in foreign domination, and the chains were of alien manufacture; but our Caledonian friends now submit to be bound hand and foot by native tyranny exercised through the Act of a species of busy bailie body. Not that we mean to say that MR. FORBES MACKENZIE is literally a bailie—we mention this to save him the trouble of writing, perhaps, and informing us that he is some other kind of Scotch magistrate. This gentleman appears to have been devoting his energies to the diminution of the comfort of Scotch inns, as far as comfort is comprised in toddy. Such, at least, is the natural inference from a letter signed “BONA FIDE,” which lately appeared in the *Scotsman*, headed “FORBES MACKENZIE'S Act,” and stating that a respectable tavern-keeper in Leven had just been fined £1 5s., with 15s. expenses by a bench of Cupar justices, under the circumstances following:—

“At the last annual fair in Leven, on the 4th July last, a gentleman from Lochgelly put up at the tavern-keeper's and engaged his bed for the night. Although the evening of the annual fair, the tavern-keeper's house was cleared before eleven o'clock P.M., and the traveller from Lochgelly retired to his bedroom, where he was furnished, some time before eleven o'clock P.M. with a gill of whisky and cold water. After eleven P.M. the police constable demanded admittance, and went through the house. He found the Lochgelly gentleman in his bed-room with whisky and water on the table, and reported the case. The tavern-keeper was summoned at the instance of the Superintendent of Police, and on the case being called yesterday, he gave the above explanation, and submitted to the Justices whether he had contravened the statute. The Police Superintendent thereupon rose and stated, that if a drop of whisky was found in a public-house before a traveller, even in his bed-room, after eleven o'clock at night, the keeper of the public-house was clearly liable in a penalty under the statute. The Justices adopted this view, and the tavern-keeper was fined, as already stated, the Justices warning him to take better care in future. “I am, &c. BONA FIDE.”

When a policeman can walk into a man's bed-room, in order to see whether or no he is drinking grog at a late hour, without incurring the peril of being legally kicked out again, the degree of personal liberty, to which a people amongst whom that possibility exists has descended, may be said to be low. Are there no exemptions from liability to this surveillance of the Police? If so, the Highlands will be a very unsuitable destination for any tourist wearing petticoats other than tartan, and reaching below the knee. Sex constitutions no exemption from being taken ill in the night, and wanting a drop of brandy—or whisky. It might pay an officious constable in Scotland to watch hotels late of nights, mark any sudden light appearing in the window, rush up and demand entrance, and get considerably bribed for waiving his right of intrusion into a lady's chamber. HER MAJESTY, on her way to Balmoral, if she ever chose to put up for a night at a hotel, may run the risk of being much incommoded by some over-active and fanatical officer. The happy pairs who leave St. George's, Hanover Square, will not so often quit that sacred and fashionable edifice for the vicinity of Ben Nevis and Loch Lomond, as such beatified parties used to do before the Act of this MACKENZIE gave such very extraordinary powers to constables, in order to check the consumption of the produce of Islay and Glenlivet.

Dropping a Line.

THE clever fellows who undertook to lay down the electric telegraph for communication between England and America have laid it down so thoroughly that nobody can get it up again. The whole of the cable has dropped into the ocean, and the only person who will receive any communication through this telegraph is old FATHER NEPTUNE, who is destined to be literally “troubled with a line,” for a large twisted rope at the bottom of one's bed must be a source of very considerable annoyance.

GREAT BENEFIT OF THE COUNTRY.

A REGULAR Cockney says: “There is certainly one decided advantage that a person derives from living in the country; and that is, it enables him to wear out his old clothes and boots, and to put on such worn-out shabby things generally as he never could think of wearing in town.”

A Certainty as Safe as the Bank.

A BANK-NOTE is frequently cut in two, and sent on different days through the Post to ensure its safe delivery. And so it is with Sebastopol; we have already received one-half, and expect the remittance of the other half by the arrival of the next despatches.

FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

A VERY suspicious-looking Eagle has been observed hovering about the Royal palace of Balmoral. It is supposed that the bird of ill-omen has an eye towards HER MAJESTY'S dove-cote.



Ben. "I SAY, JACK!—GIVE US A LIFT DOWN WITH THESE HERE BLOOD-STAINED RUINS FROM SEBASTERPOOL!"

["Sebastopol is only a heap of blood-stained ruins."—GORTSCHAKOFF to his Imperial Master.

THE PLAYGROUND IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

We do not know which is a greater nuisance, the playing of the fountains or the playing of the boys, in Trafalgar Square. This locality is daily the scene of a variety of games in which the passengers reluctantly find themselves implicated; for every moment they are liable to become involved in the popular diversion of Cat, or the still more exciting sport of Rounders. Now and then, a quiet pedestrian becomes the centre of a game at Leap-frog before he is aware of it, and it will occasionally happen that he is made to serve as "a back" by a string of promiscuous young blackguards, who in the enthusiasm of the moment, are going "over" everything that falls in their way. The appearance of a Policeman only serves to add variety to the daily sports; for directly he comes in sight, he acts as a sort of signal for the commencement of a race of the most exciting character, when the whole of the assembled *gamins* rush off at a tremendous pace, tumbling over the parapets, and executing a kind of steeple-chase over old gentlemen and apple-stalls, ladies and children, anything and everything, in the direction of St. Martin's Church.

Since it seems that Trafalgar Square is to be converted into a playground for all the tag-raggery of the Metropolis, we can only call upon the authorities to appoint a Master of the Revels, that there may be something like order in the conduct of the games. If one of the basins were to be cleared out, and a Clown to the ring appointed, his *facchie* would be useful in filling up any gap in the entertainments which the Trafalgar Square juveniles are in the habit of finding for themselves.

England's Political A. B. C.

ABOUT the only Education that the State gives its children are the letters of the Alphabet on the Collars of the Police. Government doubtlessly imagines that a boy who has gradually worked his way to the Old Bailey through the letters of the Alphabet is sure in after-life to mind his letters. Thus, the State shirks its parental duty of Education, and the consequence of this neglect is, that so many of the boys in large towns are "brought up" by the Police!

A KINDLY CRITIC.—One who gives you a hand at an awkward pass to help you over the Style.

IMMACULATE CANNON.

It is said that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has lately called that very naughty old boy the POPE to task; and that PLO NONO, far from continuing to feel the obligation of French bayonets, has answered in full *pontificalibus*. "We yet live in hope—we have seen such twirls of the political teetotum—to see LOUIS NAPOLEON a very moral imperial schoolmaster. He has snubbed the POPE, and may yet birch the King of the Stick himself. In the meanwhile let us live in hope.

If, however, anything could add to the possible ingratitude of a Pope—if the deepest scarlet could still be dyed a fiercer tint—it is the fact patent against his Holiness, that the clergy of Paris,—good, obedient sons!—have taken the POPE's last manufacture of the Immaculate Conception as joyfully, as huggingly, as your own little girl—parental reader—would embrace and fondle a doll. Why, it is not generally known, that Sebastopol has finally succumbed, not to the bombs of the Allies, but to the flames of the Vatican. Sebastopol has gone down; but it was the wrath of the immaculate Virgin that blew away the Malakhoff, even as she might have blown away a thistle-down in Galilee. To be sure, she was induced—we may not say bribed—to the act, by the promise of a handsome present. The *Univers*, in its triumphant piety, testifies to the fact:—

"Scarcely had one of our Bishops obtained an assurance that the bronze of the cannon taken from the enemy should be employed to raise a colossal statue to *Notre Dame de France*, when two days after, 4,000 guns fell into our possession."

The assurance of a few more statues might, haply, leave Russia without a single gun. It is the more kind of the immaculate Virgin to have brought about this victory, seeing that so many heretical allies were fighting for it. But this may have been vouchsafed as a merciful inducement. Hence—who knows?—a single piece of brass ordnance, delivered to us from Russia, may bring over more of Belgravia to Rome than twenty WISEMANS!

AMENDMENT OF JOHNSON.

RIBALD. An abusive epithet applied by turncoats, quacks, hypocrites, humbugs, and fools to the Press for showing them up. †



TERRIBLE PROPOSITION.

Ferocious Hairdresser. "NOW, SIR, SHALL I TAKE THE PINTS OFF THE WHISKERS?"

THE LEAGUE OF CROWNED SAUSAGES.

MR. PUNCH presents his most abjectly reverential compliments to the KING OF PRUSSIA, and all the rest of the German Sovereigns upwards, and hastens to retract every line and syllable which may have appeared in this work, calculated to give the faintest offence to any one of the aforesaid Sovereigns, from the pettiest in point of territory, down to the pettiest in point of character—need he again name the KING OF PRUSSIA?

He hopes that this retraction will be attributed to its proper cause (conviction that he was wrong in venturing to offer any criticism upon the conduct of these illustrious personages), and not to the bewilderment of terror, into which he has been thrown by the following announcement of the intentions of the above-named Sovereigns to castigate France and England.

In the correspondence of the *Press*, appeared, on Saturday, this appalling notification:—

"How do the Germanic Sovereigns propose to combat the rational demands for a reformed Confederation which shall form a barrier against Russia? Here is the answer. By forming a league of neutrality, by attempting to induce France and England, by persuasion, and that failing, by force—this is not said in jest—BY FORCE, to accept such terms of peace as they, the Sovereigns of Prussia and Austria, with the petty powers, shall deem satisfactory, and which shall at the same time repress the liberalism of Germany."

"BY FORCE!" Yes, CLICQUOT AND COMPANY are going to put us down! And high time, too. Nay, there must be no mistake as to the fact. The writer of the above paragraph adds, that the KING OF WURTEMBERG and the KING OF PRUSSIA met at Coblenz to establish such a league as is above mentioned—the Great Sausage League is, we believe, to be its historical name—and the Party of the Kings, which is self-named the *Parti de la Croix*, has an accredited organ, which puts the threat in explicit language, and proceeds:—

"Si la ligue des neutres se dressait compacte et résolue, si l'on préparait des forces de terre et de mer pour soutenir ses projets, si l'on s'avancait sur le théâtre de la lutte avec des offres honorables et dignes, les parties belligérentes y réfléchiraient avant de repousser cette action ou cette médiation, si l'on veut lui donner ce nom."

The League of Kings is to prepare ITS SEA AND LAND FORCES, to intimidate the Allies. The Great Sausage League will be down upon us in thunder. Already, the terrible "sea forces" of Prussia are swarming at Dantzic; the mighty navy of Saxony is crowding the noble sea-port of Dresden; Wurtemberg, from her ocean towers, is signalling her ships to come from the uttermost parts of the world; and the huge naval arsenals of Ratisbon and Munich are alive with the clang of the

shipbuilders of Bavaria. Russia has a fleet in the Black Sea; but the keels of her German avengers plough the surface of the deep, and the sun of the Allies is set. Let us make terms—the Sausage League tells us that we shall "reflect," but we will not wait disrespectfully to do that—let us accept "*cette Médiation*," and humbly ask what the League would like us to do? It is no time to trifle, now. The Baltic Fleet is coming home, certainly; but what—even if we presumed to think of resistance—could that do against the navy of Germany?

There was another Sausage League in former days, and for its exploits, are they not recorded by the faithful historian RABELAIS? The furious Sausages of the Wild Island, incensed at the acts of the wise and kindly-natured giant PANTAGRUËL, and his friends, determined to give him battle. It was fearful times for the giant. PANTAGRUËL was naturally "very much daunted," for after discerning "an ambuscade of squab chitterlings in a thicket," he beheld seventy-eight standards advancing with the greasy army. "Their order, proud gait, and resolute body made us judge that they were none of your raw, paltry links, but old warlike Chitterlings and Sausages, and their right and left flanks were armed with a great number of forest (probably Black Forest) Puddings." But victory is not always to Kings or Sausages. A legion of cooks was let loose upon the daring League, and after some slashing and hacking and "slicing of the fat thieves in twain, the survivors betook themselves to their heels, scampering off with full speed, as if the Devil had come for them, while a wonderful shower of Mustard suddenly descended and completed the rout."

What if it should be thus with the *Parti de la Croix*—the League of Kings? There are about seventy-eight standards in Germany, and terrible as it may be to the PANTAGRUËLIAN Alliance to see them approaching, and the devices of the Crowned Chitterlings flying in the air, France and England may yet find artists who, having cooked the Russian Goose, will not despair of being able to deal with the German Sausage. Only, instead of Mustard, it is possible that the Anointed may get Pepper.

"Coalized Kings threaten us," said DANTON; "we throw at their feet our gage of battle—the head of a King!" The Allies will not do this, for several reasons; one being that they would be perplexed to find a King with a head at this present writing. But if the coalized Sausages threaten us with their "*forces de terre et de mer*," Punch thinks that—much as he grudges wasting good victuals—he must throw at CLICQUOT'S feet a pound of the most superior Eppings. Punch retracts his retraction, and defies even the mighty Armada of Germany. *A bas les Saucisses!*

THE POOR PHARISEES OF WORCESTER.

My Sabbatarian Magistrates—so you've had to repay
The man you fined illegally in such a cruel way,
For only cutting his own corn upon the Sabbath day.
Now meekly take your reprimand, and bear it as ye may.

Tremendous Justice PEARSON, thou, a Reverend Divine,
Presiding Genius of the Bench, whose will imposed the fine,
At having to refund it, don't—I hope you won't—repine;
You'll kiss the rod—I know you will—I should, were your case mine.

Of course you did not puff, Sir, and of course you did not blow,
When you got that note from Waddington—no, gentle Parson; no!
Your arms you folded on your breast; ejaculated "Oh!"
And turn'd your pious eyes up, and said softly, "Be it so!"

You still think you were right, Sir; never mind, Sir, never mind;
You're a martyr, Sir; a martyr: be to martyrdom resign'd.
Bless you, Sir!—you leave LATIMER and RIDLEY far behind
In suffering for conscience' sake, and that old WILLIAMS fined.

Old WILLIAMS, when he reap'd his corn on Sunday, still suppose,
Did not a necessary work; to reap's not one of those;
But 'tis a necessary work to shave each hair that grows
One single line above a wart beneath a Parson's nose.

THE POOR MAN'S APOSTROPHE TO CONTENT.

"OH! Content, that to the Captive maketh his chains as light as feathers; that to the Pilgrim, boileth the peas in his shoes; that to the Maid-of-all-work, levelleth five pairs of stairs to the height of one; that to the Wife, sitting up for her husband, giveth wings to the clock as during the days of courtship; that to the School-boy, softeneth the rod with flowers; that to the Policeman, toiling on his beat, garlandeth the area-railings with yards of blooming sausages and ropes of the duck-suggestive onion—grant, that I may learn to pay my double Income Tax with pleasure, deriving comfort and consolation from the thought that I am helping, with my hard-earned contribution, to give that cantankerous, obstreperous old Russian Bear a jolly good thrashing!"

THE RETURN FROM THE BALTIC.



It is most gratifying to philanthropists to know, that very few casualties have occurred to anybody during the visit of the Fleet to the Baltic waters.

THE Baltic Fleet is about to return home; the playful little salute to Riga (which the inhabitants of that place were perfectly astonished to hear had been intended as a bombardment) bringing the exploits of the expedition to a triumphant close for the year. The order in which the vessels will reappear is not yet known, but it is supposed at Portsmouth that the smaller ships, the *Cautious*, the *Discretion*, the *Hare*, the *Tortoise*, the *Fabius*, the *Inquirer*, the *Examiner*, the *Reasoner*, the *Lingerer*, and the *Observer* will return first; the next squadron being composed of the *Harmless*, the *Threatener*, the *Demonstration*, the *Imposition*, the *Abstinence*, and the *Looker-on*; the rear being brought up by the *Lumberer*, the *Hulk*, the *Wopper*, the *Colossus*, the *Floating Castle*, and the *Preposterous*.

THE BACCHANALS OF COLOGNE.

BACCHUS wore a vine-leaf crown;
So did old SILENUS;
Myrtle sprigs did trim the gown
And deck the hair of VENUS.
Either plant our King befits,
As loud as we can shriek O,
Ye people, sing then, *To FRITZ!*
And halloo *Evoe CLICQUOT!*

JULIUS CÆSAR had his wigs,
So says ancient story,
Made of twisted laurel twigs,
Periwigs of glory.
CLICQUOT's chaplet of the vine
Suggests a state more glorious,
Although, of course, 'tis not the sign
Of having been victorious.

CLICQUOT has a right to wear
Wreaths of sacred myrtle,
Though there is no lineal heir
To our Sovereign Turtle.
Yet has he not one nephew, to
Await his crown so steady?
And has he not another, who
Is EMPEROR already?

CLICQUOT! wear the double wreath!
Drinking each like twenty,
We will sing and dance beneath
Thy "golden horn of plenty."
Roaring ourselves into fits;
As long as we can speak O,
Let all of us shout *To FRITZ!*
And bellow *Evoe CLICQUOT!*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR COMPLEXIONS!

THE processes of gilding gold and painting the lily are becoming quite surpassed as hyper-superfluities by the means which are adopted by young ladies now-a-days for protecting their complexions. Some few seasons since we fancied that the force of preservation could no further go, when those feminine infernal machines called "uglies" were invented. But a recent visit to a watering-place (we will not make the others envious by specifying which), has completely undeceived us: and although we now imagine that the climax has been reached, we have still a latent fear that we shall find next year it hasn't. Our readers will, however, probably agree with us, that it will require some ingenuity to increase the methods of protection which have already been adopted, when we tell them that the other day we saw—or rather we vainly tried our utmost to see—a young lady, who preserved at once her complexion and *incognito* by wearing—

Item. A Round Hat, of the first magnitude: doubled down to eclipse all but her chin!

Item. An Ugly: of magnitude to match!!

Item. A Veil!!!

Item. A Parasol!!!!

And the worst of it is, that very many of these young ladies who muffle themselves up in this more than Turkish manner (for the Turkish women do at least allow their eyes to be looked at), have nothing to be ashamed of that they should so hide their heads for. On the contrary, indeed, it is a cruel fact, that the prettiest faces are in general made the most invisible.

A HANDFUL OF GERMAN SILVER.

1. GERMANY is a rich cake, cut up into a number of small pieces.
2. The lights of German Philosophy are little better than pipe-lights.
3. The Prussian Constitution is a great Pudding, first mixed in 1815, and which has been boiling ever since, so that it has all boiled away, and now there's nothing but the dirty cloth left.
4. Kings sow promises, and the people reap moonshine.
5. Donkeys prefer thistles to theories.
6. When the German Goose is cooked, there will be no lack of sausages.
7. Liberty will never light her torch from a German pipe.
8. Your German is all spoke, and no fire.
9. German pride simply amounts to this:—Sourkroot will not mix with cabbage.
10. Political Schools in Deutschland have been broken up long ago; the last master starved for want of pupils.

11. No fear of an explosion in Germany—at best it will be but a smouldering volcano of German Tinder. A little smoke, and it will soon blow over.

12. The King, Lords, and Commons of the German Diet are represented by:—Sourkroot, Small Beer, and Small Germans.

13. The first step a Prussian takes in public life is the goose-step.

14. If Prussia is an Eagle that has shown the Russian white feather, Austria is only a paper Kite—a Kite that is only enabled to keep up by the enormous length of Bills it has tied to its tail.

15. One grain of English Sense is worth a whole bushel of German Philosophy.

MANAGERIAL DOCILITY.

THE Manager of Drury Lane has set an example, to which we see no particular objection, except that its adoption might entail some little inconvenience. Having produced a drama to which one of the critics takes exceptions, the Manager writes to the paper in which the strictures appeared, and states that he will comply with the Critic's wishes, cut the drama into the number of acts recommended, and otherwise follow the directions given. We have no doubt that in the present instance the process will be an improvement. But if dramatic productions are to be thus dealt with, we think that the Critics ought to meet, and agree as to what they shall demand of a Manager. Otherwise the latter may be embarrassed. One Reviewer may have a pleasant home, and social habits, and therefore may like short plays, which enable him to get away early—another may have a controversial wife and declamatory offspring, and therefore may desire nine acts and fourteen *tableaux* as a justification for the latch-key, and non-domestic oysters. Then one, being of a kindly and gentle nature, will, as is usually the case, like murders and all sorts of horrors on the stage, and his contemporary, being of a savage disposition, equally of course prefers elegant dialogue and repartee, and the Manager may be advised, on the same morning, to "cut out the brutal scene where the ruffian throws his mother-in-law and grandmother into the fiery furnace," and to "excise the scene where all that snip-snap talk, intended for epigram, interferes with situations." However, so long as Managers pay the utmost attention to everything but the literature of their dramas, the competent critic must do in type what ought to be done by the Reader to the theatre.

A Remarkably Healthy Clause.

(To be henceforth introduced into all Marriage-Contracts).

THAT, in all families where Jars abound, it is clearly understood that it is the wife who pays for all the breakages.

THE ATTITUDE OF PRUSSIA.



We have observed that "Our own Correspondents" see strange things. Here for instance is a picture of the present attitude of Prussia, which "our own" avers to have been drawn by "an eminent diplomatist," and to have been exhibited lately in print at Berlin:

"Prussia in the present world-crisis is like a noble animal of the forest, sitting motionless on its hinder part, with head erect, showing her teeth, and with watchful eye, attacking no one, but ready to spring on the first, whoever he may be, that menaces or irritates her."

Not being much of a zoological turn, we are somewhat at a loss to

guess what "noble animal of the forest" is referred to. As far as we can comprehend it, the description seems to us to point to something between a mad dog and a donkey at bray. If, however, we were asked to find a zoological representative for Prussia, we should say it might be typified in that respect most fitly by its Sovereign, who, according to all accounts, now daily makes a beast of himself.

In which case the above description might with greater truth to life run thus:

"CICERO, like a noble animal of the mahogany, sits with fuddled head and bloodshot eye, attacking no one but the man, whoever he may be, that stops the bottle."

THE LAMBTON CASTLE BABIES.

We read in a provincial paper,—

"The young VISCOUNT LAMBTON, heir of the EARL OF DURHAM, being a twin, is distinguished from his younger brother, FREDERICK WILLIAM, by a blue silk ribbon tied round his right wrist."

This will not do. Emphatically, *Mr. Punch*, as an adorer of the House of Lords and the respected aristocracy generally, repeats, this will not do. May he be permitted to show why? He will put a case without intending the slightest offence to the EARL OF DURHAM, or VISCOUNT LAMBTON, or the HONOURABLE FREDERICK WILLIAM LAMBTON, or anybody else; but still a case worthy of grave consideration.

Mr. Punch knows nothing of the arrangements of Lambton Castle, but he takes it for granted that the nursery department is confided to the care of a head nurse of the most exemplary and conscientious character, one whose faith in the mystic value and influence of primogeniture is worthy of the nurse of an Earl's heir; one who would shudder at the profanity of a mistake in such a matter. But suppose—it is almost profane in *Mr. Punch* to suppose it, but he will patriotically venture—this nurse should, in carelessness, or in wilfulness, or under the control of a wicked and democratic husband—privately transfer the blue silk ribbon from the VISCOUNT'S little fat creased wrist to FREDERICK'S, and this being done in the secrecy and silence of night, the following morning the brothers should change places, and the VISCOUNT'S wet nurse should administer to the comforts of the younger baby, who should thenceforth become "the EARL'S heir." And some day,—many days to come, we trust, for LORD DURHAM is under thirty, but still coronets must be transmitted—suppose the wrong twin should take his place in the House of Lords, and in the discharge of his function as arbiter of our destinies, should give the casting vote for an unjust war, or a disgraceful peace, or against a reform, or in some other way interfere with the history of England—having no right to do so whatever, and taking his seat only by virtue of nurse's blue ribbon. This is too dreadful to contemplate, and we protest against the identity of one of our hereditary legislators being left to the caprice of a nurse, or to the security of a little piece of silk. Our constitution in Church and State must not be left dangling on so frail a support.

Mr. Punch would not hurt a fly, far less a baby; but there are stern duties which he owes to his country, and to his aristocracy; and on behalf of the nation, and of the House of Lords, he must insist that no time be lost in tattooing an Earl's coronet (which so nearly resembles the celestial crown, that it is no wonder Earls are so pious) upon some portion of the VISCOUNT LAMBTON, so that there may be no mistake hereafter. The process may not be pleasant for the moment, but when the baby VISCOUNT can read and comprehend from what *Mr. Punch* proposes to save him, his gratitude will be certain. Besides, if he inherit the spirit as well as the name of his noble grandfather, the first EARL OF DURHAM, he will not shrink from a display of patriotism, even at discomfort to himself. The LORD CHANCELLOR, as Speaker of the House of Lords, ought to go down and see the thing done, and afterwards register in the Lords' Journal an attested copy of the marks.

LORD ERNEST VANE.

"BUT who is my LORD ERNEST VANE?
And who is my LORD ERNEST VANE?"
He's a chip of the block,
And a sprig from the stock,
Of a Marquis's house, in Park Lane.

"And what is my LORD ERNEST VANE?
And what is my LORD ERNEST VANE?"
He's a brat of nineteen,
Whom our LADY THE QUEEN,
In her service is pleased to retain.

"And what deeds doth my LORD ERNEST VANE?
And what deeds doth my LORD ERNEST VANE?"
Why, he does what he likes,
And he drinks, swears, and strikes,
And bangs Managers' backs with his cane.

"And why is he LORD ERNEST VANE?
And why is he LORD ERNEST VANE?"
Because his late father,
A better man, rather,
Had a brother, a Lord, though insane.

"And who pays for my LORD ERNEST VANE?
And who pays for my LORD ERNEST VANE?"
Why, you do, and I,
For the taxes supply
His pay to this "savage" young Thane.

"And what said my LORD ERNEST VANE?
And what said my LORD ERNEST VANE?"
When policemen forbid
The impertinent lad,
In the actress's room to remain,

Why, thus said my LORD ERNEST VANE,
And thus said my LORD ERNEST VANE,
"You infernal thief, you,
NASH, your bidding they do.
I'll kill you"—neat statement and plain.

"And what did my LORD ERNEST VANE?
And what did my LORD ERNEST VANE?"
Why in spite of all prayers,
He flung NASH down the stairs,
And then punch'd him, with might and with main.

"But they punish'd my LORD ERNEST VANE.
Sure they punish'd my LORD ERNEST VANE?"
Yes, they levied a fine,
On your money and mine,
Which greatly distress'd the young CAIN.

"And where is my LORD ERNEST VANE?
And where is my LORD ERNEST VANE?"
Why, being a Lord,
He retains his gay sword,
And swaggers in scarlet again.

"He has 'friends,' then, this LORD ERNEST VANE?
He has 'friends,' then, this LORD ERNEST VANE?"
He has, and he's sent
Where he'll pitch a Snob's tent,
Among soldiers of names without stain.

"Then good-bye to my LORD ERNEST VANE.
Then good-bye to my LORD ERNEST VANE!"
Yes, good-bye to that Snob,
And a very good job
That we're quit of bad heart and bad brain.

"But the System that made ERNEST VANE?
But the System that made ERNEST VANE?"
That makes us all flunkies
To such titled monkeys—
Ah! when will that finish its reign?"

The Servants' Hall.

THE secret Tribunal that sits in judgment over the Drawing-room, and every night issues its decrees that are distributed all over the neighbourhood the next morning.



LANDING OF TOM NODDY. HIS HORSE HAVING HAD ENOUGH OF IT, RETURNS TO HIS STABLE.

CHESTERFIELD FOR SOMERSET HOUSE.

COMPLAINTS are continually being made of the incivility of the clerks in many Government Offices, and particularly of the subordinates employed in that department of Somerset House where the money is received for stamps and taxes. It appears that these persons are greatly addicted to the use of bad language, consisting in answers which are much more concise than perspicuous, delivered in a rough and rude tone and manner, to applicants for information which it is their business to afford. These brief and brutal replies, moreover, are, in effect, misdirections as to forms requiring to be filled up, and therefore not only excite disgust and indignation, but also entail inconvenience and expense.

To remedy this nuisance, a measure is hereby proposed, which has produced a great amelioration of the manners of a class of persons, whose speech and demeanour were once not much less objectionable than the tone and bearing of these officials. Let it be enacted, that every individual of the latter class shall, like each member of the former, be compelled, under a penalty, to wear a badge, numbered and conspicuously apparent. And let it be further enacted, that every such individual aforesaid shall, for the neglect, in the discharge of his duty, to return a sufficient answer, or for returning a rough, abrupt, or uncivil answer, to any person whomsoever, be liable to be summoned before one of HER MAJESTY'S Justices of the Peace, and on being convicted of any such offence, shall, for each offence, forfeit a given sum; or, in default of payment, be imprisoned in the House of Correction for one week.

Respectful behaviour to that Public whose taxes they subsist upon, would soon, by some such measure as the above, be enforced on these insolent fellows; precisely as it has been on the comparatively polite cabmen—polite comparatively not only to their own predecessors, but also to the contemporary class of underlings at Somerset House.

A Rhenish Fog.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA is reported to have lost his way in a fog on the Rhine, and to have got to Aix-la-Chapelle too late for dinner. This is a myth, of course. We know of what fumes the fog was constituted, and what was meant by the statement that FREDERICK WILLIAM lost his way. But we don't know how his Majesty's nose is, and we wish we did.

MAKING ALLOWANCE.

At a recent meeting of the Creditors of PAUL, STRAHAN AND Co., a proposition was made and agreed to, that two of the Bankrupts should have an allowance out of the assets; or, in other words, that the defrauded Creditors should pay for the support of the parties who are accused of having defrauded them. This request seems to us very like a demand from a pickpocket, that the prosecutor, whose handkerchief has been stolen, shall at once provide for the light-fingered "party" and his family, if he happens to have any. We really cannot see why a bankrupt—and especially a fraudulent one—should continue to be kept at the expense of his unfortunate Creditors. If the parties have sympathising friends, let the friends by all means show their sympathy in any manner they may think fit; but if the ex-bankers are really without the means of support, the law—we mean the Poor-Law—supplies a refuge.

It may be said, that there is money in hand, but this money no more belongs to the bankers than does the "swag," as it is expressively called, which is found in the possession of a party of thieves who are detected in the midst of their operations. We can make allowance for a good deal of human frailty, but we must say that an allowance—of a pecuniary kind—to PAUL, STRAHAN AND Co. is far beyond the limits of our rather "enlarged" philanthropy.

NOTES AND QUERIES ON 'CHANGE.

Is there no law to hang for high treason any person, or persons, knowingly concerned in negotiating a Russian loan in this country, or in sending or procuring to be sent pecuniary supplies to the enemy? If not, why is not Parliament called away at once from the pheasants, and such a law enacted instantly? What can there be more eminently contraband of war than the sinews of war?

Note, in reference to the question of the gallows: that war is an exceptional state; and an extreme case demands an extreme remedy.

Might not a law, not generally desirable, be advantageously introduced on the Stock Exchange—the law, to wit, Transatlantically called Lynch? Not to suggest that capital punishment should be inflicted, might not tar be applied, with feathers, under this law, to all manner of persons convicted of wilfully spreading false rumours, with a view to create embarrassment in our national affairs? In which case, would not certain Greek Firms assume the very suitable external which denote "birds of a feather?"



WHAT WE MUST COME TO.

Old Parly (to P—m—re). "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR,—DID YOU WANT A SPERITY OLD WOMAN TO SEE AFTER THINGS IN THE CRIMEA? NO OBJECTION TO BEING MADE A FIELD MARSHAL, AND GLORY NOT SO MUCH, AN OBJECT AS A GOOD SALARY!"

NITOCRIS AT DRURY LANE.

THE play-bill reading public of the Metropolis, who are versed in the literature of large type and the poetry of the paste-pot, have for some time been amused and amazed by a placard issued from Drury Lane, which throws all previous broadsides into the shade—or the waste-paper basket—by its display of learning and mystery. Antiquarian research has become fashionable among theatrical managers, who appear to be up to their eyes in the dust of ages; and it will soon begin to be a question of rivalry as to which theatrical lessee shall be regarded as the regular dustman of the past, and which theatre shall be looked upon as the original dust-hole of antiquity.

The play-bill of Drury Lane commences with the announcement of "an original Egyptian play," followed by the confession, that "the early ages of Egypt are lost in dark mystery." Undaunted by this obscurity, the management has been groping about in the dark for the last eighteen months, aided by the lights of DENON, FITZBALL, DYKYNIN, and HERODOTUS. "No research has been too trying" for the patience and purse of the lessee, who has distributed his agents and his money over every spot where anything was likely to be found to aid in "reviving the associations of the Pharaonic period." Everything bearing any pretensions to an Egyptian character has been ransacked, from a coffee-cup to a Colossus, and we dare say that even the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly—where the lessee of Drury Lane recently exhibited the African Twins—was occupied in the hope that some Egyptian notions might be got out of it.

After so much expectation had been raised, the house was, naturally enough, crowded to semi-suffocation, or partial asphyxia, on the opening night, when the result of so much learning and so vast an outlay of money was to be presented to the public. To preserve the antiquity of the whole affair, the writing of the piece had been entrusted to the celebrated MR. FITZBALL, one of our oldest dramatists.

The list of characters commenced rather mysteriously with *Mesphra* (*King of Egypt*), MR. EDGAR, and *Tihrak* (*a young Egyptian, conquered by Mesphra*), MR. BARRY SULLIVAN. This seemed to us very like *Victoria* (*Queen of England*), MRS. ANYBODY, and *Jones* (*a young Englishman, conquered by Victoria*), MR. NOBODY. If *Mesphra* went about "conquering" his subjects, his sovereignty must have been no sinecure, and it must have been rather a relief to him when, in an early part of the play, he was stretched lifeless on the stage, pierced—or rather poked—by the waistcoat by a formidable and rather authentic-looking Egyptian weapon.

We will not go through the whole of the plot, which turns upon the love of *Nitocris* for *Tihrak*, who saved her life—or rather her leg—from the jaws of a crocodile. While the lady was walking near the Nile, the brute in question opened his mouth, in the hope that *Nitocris* would put her foot in it, when *Tihrak* turned the animal into a sheath for his scymitar. *Nitocris* becomes *Queen*, and marries *Tihrak*, who is, of course, conspired against, and who, by what is called in the bills "a great effect, introducing a new electric tinted light, invented by MR. KERR," overcomes his enemies. This "effect" is certainly striking, and says a great deal for the completeness of the water-works of Egypt; for *Tihrak*, who is suddenly elevated from the chair he has just taken to the roof, turns on the main, and the water is supposed to rush into the Banquet Hall. The water is, however, of a peculiar kind, for it does not extinguish the lights, which are seen burning as brilliantly as ever through the inundation. The conspirators, thinking, perhaps, that they are born to be either hanged or drowned, quietly adopt the latter alternative; and, instead of even jumping on to the chairs and tables, or hanging on to the lofty columns as well as they can, surrender themselves quietly to their fate, and lie down with a dogged determination not to struggle, or to rise even once to the surface. *Tihrak* having turned on the main to subdue his enemies, quietly turns it off, that he may have the satisfaction of viewing them grouped together, like so many drowned rats, under "the new electric tinted light, invented by MR. KERR," and contributing greatly to the ghastly appearance of the swamped conspirators.

Nobody, we believe, claims any literary merit for the piece itself, which is a mere vehicle—and rather a slow one—for the effects arising out of it. Some of the incidents were rather dangerously ludicrous, and the audience appeared to relish the absurd position of a certain "dark warrior" who coming in with a "mission" which he might have easily fulfilled half a dozen times over, if he had proceeded at once to his work—that of killing *Tihrak*—became so extremely dilatory over the business that *Tihrak* killed him instead, and the "mission" accordingly failed by the dispatch of the missionary.

It must be allowed that the piece is well got up, and does credit to the liberality of the management. On the first night, the audience clamoured for a few extra acts that seemed to have been left out, which proved that the public, when it can't have too much of a good thing, will not be satisfied with having too little of a bad one. This remark refers to the dialogue and not to the accessories of the piece, for the latter are very gorgeous, while the former had been very properly curtailed, and the restoration of the missing act is no improvement. It is

only just to the lessee to say, that he has done his part well—that he has engaged the best available performers—including Miss GLYN, who did all she could for an indifferent part, and that he has succeeded in producing a spectacle, the splendour of which will be sufficiently attractive to repay much of the outlay that has been bestowed on it.

WHY DON'T NEWSPAPERS GO BY POST?

THE above inquiry, which is now made on all sides, may perhaps be answered by the following copy of the last Instructions furnished on the subject.

Instruction No. 185,990, cancelling Nos. 11, 1002, 3097, 4608, 9751, and 15,555.

INSTRUCTION TO POSTMASTERS.

It being desirable to check a Ribald Press, by placing every possible obstacle in the way of transmitting journals, you are hereby ordered to take that notice as the basis of your dealings with all posted Newspapers.

In answer to any inquiry by the public as to the proper mode of forwarding any journal, be perfectly civil, and give the most elaborate instructions, always, however, conveying the impression, that it would be wiser not to attempt sending the paper at all.

In the event of a journal being sent in a way which palpably violates the new rules, do not always detain it. Its exemption under such circumstances, will produce imitation, and then a large crop of disputes and complaints will arise.

If three journals are posted by the same party, all in violation of the rules, deliver one and detain two. The apparent inconsistency of this course will create fresh confusion in the public mind.

When an indignant recipient who finds his paper inscribed "Not in accordance with the law," and himself muled in an enormous postage, comes in to demand explanation, tell him that you cannot understand the reason of the over-charge, but that he had better write to head-quarters—the utility of this latter process being proverbial.

There is no wish that the transmission of Newspapers should be overburdensome to you, and you are at liberty to delay them, should your own business make it inconvenient for you to forward them until next post.

Close examination is strictly enjoined, and this cannot be done in a hurry, nor is it expected that you should sacrifice valuable time to the purpose. Breakfast and supper offer the best occasions for your looking over the journals, and Sunday morning for the weekly press.

Lose no opportunity of abusing the recent alteration and the new orders, as this will cause additional conviction that the chance of a Newspaper being delivered is very scanty.

You are aware that the affixed stamp is very liable to be detached in your letter-box, or if your counter happens to be damp, or if your thumb should be sticky while sorting. On no account omit to notice the absence of an affixed stamp.

Act up to the spirit of these instructions, and the present belief of the public, that the chances are against a Newspaper being delivered, will become certainly, and the desired effect will be produced.

General Post Office, St. Martin's le Grand.

APPEAL TO THE TRIUMVIRATE.

KOSSUTH, and MAZZINI, and LEDRU ROLLIN,
Why not be content to effect what you can?
You are doing your utmost dissension to sow
In what should be one camp with one common foe.

Why—blindly and doggedly bent on extremes?
Why will you insist on unfeasible schemes?
Accept an instalment, and wait for full pay:
Rome was not built, and will not be freed in a day.

Oh! how can you be such a triad of fools?
You serve the CZAR more than his creatures and tools;
You are three Russian agents—and all we can say
Is—we trust that you are so without Russian pay!

Imperial Small Talk.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is going about expressing his readiness to shed "the last drop of his blood" in defence of his country. We have no doubt that when he makes up his mind to part with the first drop, the last will be quite at the service of anybody who chooses to take it. We suspect, however, that the CZAR has no intention of putting himself on tap in the manner proposed, even *pour encourager les autres*, who are being hourly drained of all the blood they possess to suit the pleasure of their imperial master.



"WHY DON'T YER STAND BY 'IS 'EAD? CAN'T YER SEE THAT THE MISSUS IS NARVOUS?"

UNIFORM FOR ARMY CHAPLAINS.

CONSIDERABLE scandal having been given by some of the Chaplains to the forces in the Crimea, through going about in wide-awakes and wrap-rascals, the military authorities have, we understand, in compliance with urgent representations from many quarters, issued regulations assigning to those reverend military gentlemen a distinctive uniform, whereof the following are the details.

The hat will be of the same material as that worn by the men of infantry regiments generally. It will be a modification of the shovel-hat, to which it will be similar in the size and shape of the brim; for the rest it will be identical in form with the common soldier's hat. Thus it will, so to speak, exhibit, in appearance, a combination of the fire-shovel and the flower-pot. The pompon will be white. To the fore part will be affixed a plate of white metal, whereon will be enamelled, in black, the number of the regiment, under the letters V.R., surmounted by the ace of clubs. The stock will be made of leather of considerable stiffness, so as to give the Clergyman that character of uprightness which is doubly appropriate to the clericomilitary officer. The colour of the stock will, with the same view to the Chaplain's two-fold capacity, be white, and also have white leather bands depending from it in front. The coat will be black, and differ in cut from the ordinary tunic only in being somewhat longer. It will fit with a moderate degree of tightness, as a military Chaplain, by appearing too straight-laced, might incur ridicule, and lose his influence. The epaulettes, facings, and belt will be all white; the collar will be embroidered with lace of the same colour. The trousers will be white also, with a black stripe down the outside.

The gloves will resemble in form those worn by ancient Bishops, for example ARCHBISHOP VON EPSTEIN, a cast of whose effigy, representing the great Bishop crowning several small kings at once with dislocated hands and arms, may be seen in the German Medieval Court at the Crystal Palace. The colour of old EPSTEIN'S gloves is violet; that of these will be lavender, in order that they may not present the appearance of any error of Popery, but, on the contrary, exhibit that of gauntlets becoming gentlemen who are at once officers in HER MAJESTY'S service and champions of Protestantism.

It is whispered that the hat, if not the whole of the military Chaplain's uniform, has been designed by an illustrious FIELD MARSHAL.

ACCOMMODATION IN GAOL.

THE following announcement appears in a daily contemporary:—

"SOUTHAMPTON NEW GAOL.—The prisoners at Southampton have been removed to a new gaol just built in that town. The new gaol will accommodate about 120 prisoners."

Accommodate! "It is good," as *Justice Shallow* says: "yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase." Doubtless, the "phrase," accommodate, is a very good phrase considered as a verb, governed by the noun substantive "hotel" in the nominative case, and governing the like noun "guests" in the accusative. But with "gaol" in the former relation, and "prisoner" in the latter, the "phrase" may, with some show of reason, be considered rather inappropriate. It is however "commendable" as expressing a fact—commendable for the merit of truthfulness; and just as "a soldier," as *Bardolph* told *Shallow*, "is better accommodated than with a wife," so is a rogue in gaol better accommodated than with a garret, in which many an honest hardworking man is incommoded.

HORRIBLE INTENTIONS.

AN Oriental Journalist, desiring to explain the intentions of the rebels in India, horrifies us with the following information:—

"Their plan was to loot Pikoor, then take Kuddums Saw on their way to Doolean, after looting which, they would go up stream, taking everything in their way to Rajmahal, which they would loot, and then go on to Bhangulpore."

This is truly awful. We are as frightened as we can possibly be; and we do not believe that our having the slightest idea of the nature of this "looting" process would add one bit to our terrors. Surely, MR. VERNON SMITH must be hurrying to the scene where his subjects are conducting themselves in such an atrocious manner, and wanting to play the loot so unseasonably. Will he at once ascertain what they were going to take Kuddum's Saw for, and whether Kuddum gave them leave to take it. Justice ought to be done to the poor man. Altogether, we are very much bewildered, and by no means sure, that the union between England and the natives of India is so tight, that it would not bear a little more luting.

A SUPERSTITION EXPLODED.

FROM time to time circumstances occur which signally refute popular superstitions. GORTSCHAKOFF attended the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S funeral, and employed himself on that occasion in examining the soldiers' shoes. All this while the knell was tolling. Now, the following story is related of GORTSCHAKOFF, in the *Times*, by "ONE WHO STOOD BY," not at the DUKE'S funeral, but at another spectacle in which the Russian General was concerned:—

"He proposed to his prisoners on all occasions the alternative of the Russian service or the knout. Once a body of 2,000 insurgents were defeated and took refuge in the Austrian territory. The Austrians disarmed them, and sent them to GORTSCHAKOFF. He gave them the usual choice of entering the Russian ranks; they desperately refused. It is said that the General was present at the execution that followed. The flogging lasted many hours; ten died under the lash, seven more yielded after horrible tortures, and were borne to the hospital. GORTSCHAKOFF stated his determination to go through the whole number, if the execution lasted a month. The Poles then bowed the head and were drafted into the Russian legions."

The knell has evidently not the virtue ascribed to it by the old monks. It tolled at the DUKE'S funeral; nevertheless, PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF continued quietly to examine the soldiers' shoes. There he remained in spite of the knell; he, the ministering spirit of the demon then incarnate under the name of NICHOLAS. No; the knell has not the power which the mediæval friars believed it to have, of driving away the FIENDS!

BABY SHOW BRUTALITIES.



THE Baby Show abomination, which had its origin in the vulgar brain of a greedy American quack, is making, to the disgrace of some of the women of England, considerable progress among us. There was a recent show at Boston, and another at Withernsea, of which more presently. Before us lies an announcement of a third, to be perpetrated in a suburb, and the walls and hoards are placarded with invitations to a fourth, to be appropriately held among the beasts at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

As no decent woman of any class would take her infant into a crowd to be examined, handled, and pinched, as if it were an animal for sale, to have it weighed, and its little bones and muscles commented upon, its fat estimated, and the general process gone through with which farmers and butchers buy and sell

their live stock, Mr. Punch has no hesitation in using language upon the subject, which he would abstain from employing, were he merely remonstrating with thoughtless persons. He is perfectly certain that upon such women as are not ashamed to assist at these exhibitions, his remarks would be utterly wasted. To the train of coarse and impure thought, suggestion, and comparison which is generated at such shows, he need not allude, because the offensiveness of the original idea is more than sufficient to repel and disgust any true womanly mind, no matter in what station of life the woman may move. He addresses himself to the question as one of humanity, and because he deems it to be a case in which police interference should take place. The greediness of gain has sometimes to be met rather promptly; and here is a very proper occasion for helping the helpless.

Of the nature of the passions excited by these shows, of the treatment to which the unhappy babies are exposed, and of the general character of the scene, an idea may be formed from the following account of the proceedings at the Withernsea Show.

After describing the crowd and the confusion which prefigured the examination of the candidates, the reporter says—

"At half-past three the judges entered the building, and the previous quiet of the scene was changed into bustle and excitement. Nurses and mothers, with babies in their arms, fought their way through the crowd, and blushed not beneath the fire of jokes. How all were safely settled without accident we know not. Those who know what it is to carry a child through a crowd may appreciate the scene. Ultimately the competitors, on the laps of their mothers and nurses, were arranged all round, and in the centre of the building."

That such mothers and such nurses should not "blush" beneath "the fire" of such "jokes" as were likely to be launched on the occasion, we can well believe—those who did not blush to be there at all had little to fear for their modesty. The "judges" proceeded to their examination, and during this,

"Great noise and confusion prevailed, and attempts were frequently made to force

open the front door. At about five o'clock the anxious duties of the judges were completed, and the children were placed in the orchestra, just in time, as the door was then forced open, the impatient crowd rushed in, and all order was at an end."

The bones and the fat and the weight of the poor little creatures having been duly tested, the decision as to the quarter in which Providence had acted most kindly (the profanity of the affair being another of its amiable features) had to be announced.

"Then the uproar reached its height. The time for sweet simpering to the judges was past. Tender mothers expanded into viragoes, frantic protestations arose on all sides; unsuccessful babies were held screaming up at arm's length by the excited parents, and a jury was demanded. The uproar, however, became so intense that the promoter of the display, after handing over the prizes to the parents of the successful competitors, left Hull without delay, fearing that any longer stay might perchance prove personally disagreeable."

(We heartily wish that the "frantic" women had finished the display by dragging the fellow through the foulest horse-pond in the neighbourhood, but this *par parenthèse*.) Such is the treatment to which the babies are exposed—a hot crowd, a frightful noise and riot, and personal ill-treatment. These are the boons proffered to babies by Baby Shows.

A great outcry, with great justice, was made when it was alleged that the humbler classes were in the habit of enrolling their infants in Burial Societies, with the frightful desire to profit by their deaths. This was a foul libel upon the mothers of England. But there was some ground for the charge—the practice, with the alleged object, was not—is not—unknown, comparatively small as is its extent. And if we had to investigate the subject of Burial Societies, we should try to obtain a list of the women who join in Baby Shows. The mother who would pocket money from the degrading exhibition of her infant's limbs and proportions might possibly find consolation for its loss in the money obtained at its death. But with such women Mr. Punch can hold no argument—the person to argue with them is the Policeman.

PERSONAL TO OURSELVES.

THE official Gazette of Colombo, (which we have some reason to think may be somewhere Ceylon way, but we do not profess to know more about the Colonies than the late noble Colonial Secretary) has been forwarded to us, and contains the following announcement:—

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR has been pleased to appoint Ketalabokke Weerewardenne Mudianselage PUNCHY Appoochamy, Esq., to be Deputy Coroner for the Kolonna Corle.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
Colombo, 7th July, 1855.

By His Excellency's Command,
C. J. MACCARTHY,
Col. Secy.

Mr. Punch is anxious to say, that the gentleman whose appointment is thus announced is, he has no doubt, a most excellent and respectable person; but is no relation, as has been supposed, of Mr. Punch. The latter is not in the habit of imitating the aristocracy, and quartering his relatives upon the public. He has, however, every confidence in Mr. KETALABOKKE which he can reasonably repose in an individual of whom he never before heard in all his life, and trusts that his office will be such a sinecure that he will have time to become as punchey as possible.

SONNET ON A PARAGRAPH RESPECTING BUSHY PARK.

'Tis said that certain paths in Bushy Park,
Which every one till lately could pursue,
Have now been closed by gates of iron, shut to,
And locked. A hoax, invented for a lark,
By some buffoon. Fiddlededee! Pooh, pooh!
Yet Rumour adds the insinuation dark
That Bushy Palace is design'd to be;
The dwelling-place of Royalty once more;
And that the encroaching spirit which some see
At Balmoral and Windsor, is let loose
At Bushy too. Nay, the paths, as before,
Must be, like Britain's Constitution—Goose!—
Free, yet preserving still the tracks of yore,
And Royal highways for the People's use.

Gigantic Hotel Prices.

First Traveller. Do you know that at the *Riesen*—the Giant Hotel on the Rhine—they charged the Grand Duchess of Russia £500, it is said, for a single night?

Second Traveller. Well, what then?

First Traveller. What, don't you think it's enormous?—monstrous?—wicked?—abominable?—awfully, diabolically extortionate?

Second Traveller (with wonderful sang-froid). Quite the contrary. For the *Riesen*, I think, it's extremely Riesenable!

[FIRST TRAVELLER orders his Bill in a rage.]



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"What are these?
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?"

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 3.

NEW BLOOD IN THE PEERAGE.

THE election of a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion to the dignified office of LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, will, perhaps, more than mollify the opposition which has hitherto been offered by the House of Peers to the Amendment of Oaths Bill. The noble opponents of that measure will now probably perceive that public feeling so strongly demands the abolition of theological tests of eligibility for the function of legislator, that they will not only consent to the admission of the fellow-believers of MR. SALOMONS into the House of Commons, but also allow them the capability of reception in another place, amongst other persons than mere honourable members. MR. SALOMONS will, in less than another month's time, be LORD MAYOR SALOMONS: why should he not hereafter be LORD SALOMONS, if he deserves to be, and the QUEEN pleases to make him so? The logical consequence of fitness for LORD MAYORALTY is fitness for any other lordship, from the lordship of Barony up to that of Dukedom, except, of course, spiritual lordship. Noble lords set great store by lofty lineage; what gentleman can boast of a loftier pedigree than those who trace theirs to the contemporaries, not of WILLIAM, but of JOSHUA THE CONQUEROR; and higher still?

LORD ISAAC LEVY; the HON. SAMUEL MOSES; VISCOUNT ABRAHAMS; the EARL OF BEVIS AND MARKS; the Most Noble JACOB, MARQUIS OF ALDGATE; how are these names inconsistent in the nature of things with coronets and stars and garters? His GRACE LAZARUS, DUKE OF WHITECHAPEL; why must there not exist such a nobleman? Is Duke's Place to be understood as so denominated *quasi lucus a non lucendo*?

The HON. MR. MOSS has left Town for his shooting-box in Hampshire. LORD COHEN is entertaining a select circle at Castle DAVIS, the noble Lord's magnificent mansion in Glenbogic. The HON. MR. HYAMS, MR. MORDECAI, and MR. SHADRACH, accompanied his Lordship on a deer-stalking excursion yesterday, and had good sport. The distinguished party, with the addition of SIR SOLOMON HART, Baronet, bagged one day last week 250 head of grouse. Why should not these things be, and be chronicled in the *Morning Post*? And why should we

not be gratified by the announcement in the columns of that fashionable journal, of an approaching marriage in high life between LORD SLOMAN and the HON. MISS REBECCA AARONS, youngest daughter of LORD AARONS, and Maid-of-Honour to the QUEEN?

Of course, it will not accord with the dignity of noble lords and honourable gentlemen to sweat sovereigns and to discount stolen bills: so neither is it consistent with the nobility of lords, and the honour of gentlemen, to cheat at games of hazard, and be concerned in swindling turf-transactions.

What shall stop the man who has passed the civic chair from passing anything passable by a lay subject? From the category of laymen must be excluded, of course, all persons who stand related to the Church similarly with the beadle and parish-clerk. He whom the City has chosen for its Monarch, may surely be presumed eligible to be any city's representative—as eligible as anybody else. A Member who is as fit as any other Member to sit in the House of Commons is clearly equally fit to be raised to the House of Peers. The Chief Magistrate of London is a Lord, and of course noble Lords will treat him as one of themselves—if there is any sincerity in the veneration always expressed by Lords of the Treasury over their wine—and *in vino veritas*—at the LORD MAYOR'S Dinner, for the LORD MAYOR'S office. We may therefore confidently expect that, in conformity with those principles of logic and justice on which the Government and Legislation of this country have always been conducted, the door of the House of Lords will be forthwith opened to those who share the faith of the LORD MAYOR elect—provided they shall have earned the title to enter them. At present, those doors, and all other national doors, stand wide open to anybody making a certain profession of faith—and believing nothing whatever.

A PICTURE OF DESPAIR.—The Russian Bear licking his paws out of rage that he cannot lick the Allies, or the Turks, or the Circassians, or anybody else!

A NEW MOTTO FOR THE CITY ARMS.—"Deserted by the *Waning Moon*."



"I BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'AM, BUT I THINK YOU DROPPED THIS!"

GREAT PERAMBULATOR RACES.

(From our Sporting Correspondent.)

THE return of sunshine, during the past week, occasioned a pretty numerous meeting, on the Gower Street course, on Thursday and Friday, and some good sport was shown. There was no great punctuality in the attendance of the competitors; but, when they did arrive, they went to work in good earnest, and, in their sportswomanly ardour, would not even wait for the course to be cleared. Several minor events came off, as did the hats and bonnets of the infant riders; but nothing of much public interest took place until about twelve o'clock, when the following exciting race was run.

The PANCRAS PERAMBULATOR RACE, from the bar in front of University College Hospital to Montague Place. Open to all competitors. The following started:—

MRS. BROWN'S b. <i>Pretty Pet</i> , 10 months	Sarah.
MRS. ALPHONSO JONES'S g. <i>Duck o' Diamonds</i> , 1½ year	Mary-Jane.
MRS. BATHSHEBA'S twins, <i>Mosey and Nosey</i> , 9 months	Rachel.
MRS. FIGGINS'S b. <i>Only Treasure</i> , 1½ year	Matilda.
MRS. DE BUGGS'S g. <i>Ma's Image</i> , 1½ year	Susan.
MRS. MONTMORENCY'S g. <i>Young Slut</i> , 6 months	Sally.
MRS. WOBLEBY'S b. <i>Blessed Darling</i> , 1½ year	Sarah-Ann.
MISS PARCEMENT'S b. <i>Niece Nelly</i> , 2 years	Buckram.
MRS. FITZGINGER'S b. <i>Take Notice</i> , 8 months	Eliza.
MRS. POPPLE'S g. <i>Toddlekins</i> , 1 year	Bella.
MRS. BLOGGS'S b. <i>Little Tootums</i> , 10 months	Laura-Maria.

Of the eleven ten got away, but BELLA'S eye was unfortunately caught by that of a favourite baker, and she was left behind. The ten kept together so well until past the Hospital that you might have covered them with a Turkey carpet, but here the laughter of the drivers and the screeching of the riders began to tell, and the running became more frantic than precise. At the Torrington Place crossing, *Ma's Image* encountered the legs of an Italian boy, and his images fell all over the carriage, to the great delight of the inmate; and here too the Hebrew Twins were beaten off by a stratagem of MATILDA'S, who pretended to drop a halfpenny accidentally, and RACHEL, pulling up to seize it, lost the race, and indeed her time, for the coin was a bad one. The rattle over the stones also proved too much for *Duck-o'-Diamonds*, whose convulsive screams caused the passengers to interfere, and the field was thus reduced to seven, of whom *Young Slut* and *Only Treasure* kept the lead until opposite Chenies Street, where *Only Treasure* was thrown out into the gutter, and *Blessed Darling* took up the running, collared the *Slut*, and made capital play, until SARAH ANN, unfortunately looking round to return the wink of a life-guardsmen, drove the carriage up the steps of an eminent medical man who was at that moment coming out, and the whole party were floored on the doorstep. The ruck was now but four, *Pretty Pet*, *Niece Nelly*, *Take Notice*, and *Little Tootums*, who all dashed past Keppel Street in fine style, but here BUCKRAM lost a shoe, and at the corner, the owner of *Take Notice*, who happened to be out for a walk, and met her infant tearing along at that tremendous pace, stopped the vehicle, seized the baby, made ELIZA herself take notice on the spot, and sent her home with a policeman, to have her boxes searched. The race was now between *Pretty Pet* and *Little Tootums*, and they ran very hard and even, until *Little Tootums*, breaking a shawl knot, rolled out of the carriage; and though LAURA-MARIA, with true sporting feeling, would not stop, but screeched to somebody to pick

up the pieces, and dashed after *Pretty Pet*, SARAH'S superior Gloucestershire wind was too much for her thin-chested London rival, even thus lightened, and she landed *Pretty Pet* under one of PICKFORD'S railway vans (luckily standing still) at the Montague Place corner of Bedford Square, in eight minutes eleven seconds from the start.

No casualty of any particular consequence occurred; but we must advert in terms of censure to the conduct of an elderly gentleman, who was so incensed at one of the carriages (*Young Slut*'s we believe) running over both his gouty feet, that he wrote a violent letter in the *Times* on Saturday, condemning the perambulator system as a nuisance. The article is now an institution of the country; and no grumbling old misobabist can injure it. Let him keep at home. As friends, however, of popular amusements, we think that it might be well were one side of a street devoted to these races, while the ordinary traffic went on upon the other; and we also think that some stringent rule should be laid down as to the weight carried. A driver, should, we consider, stop when the infant is flung out; and an owner ought not to interfere (as in the case of *Take Notice*) when a start has once taken place; it is unfair to the other competitors and to the public. But these are trifles; and, we are glad to state, that Perambulator Racing is rapidly increasing in popularity; and, though certain selfish and prejudiced parents set their faces against it, they little know what is done when their backs are turned. Let them content themselves with looking to the springs, while we look forward to the next Spring Meeting, which will be held in Oxford or Regent Street.

Since our packet was made up we are informed that *Only Treasure* is scratched. This we expected—the kerb-stone being a new and rough one. *Little Tootums* has sustained no injury, except that its nose being irretrievably damaged, *Tootums* is scratched too; namely, out of the will of a rich uncle, who had fancied it like himself. ELIZA is at the station-house.

ADVICE TO ADVERTISING SNOBS.

MANY a useful lesson may be derived from the animals called lower, but which are not inferior creatures to you. The kite is a clever bird: learn of the kite. When this knowing bird sees a partridge with a broken wing, it forthwith swoops down upon the crippled partridge, and takes a meal out of the victim. As the kite sweeps the fields with its sharp and long-sighted eyes in search of wounded game: so do you sweep the column of "Deaths" in the Newspapers, on the look-out for bereaved relatives. The parties are stricken and afflicted, and you, kite-like, may pick a profit out of their sorrow and affliction.

For instance, if you see that a lady has just lost a son—a young hero who has fallen in action in the Crimea—forthwith, in case that you are in the furriery line, drop the broken-hearted mother a circular, puffing your "Real Aztec Monkey Furs, particularly adapted for Mourning." Or, suppose you are a stonemason, pounce down upon her, in her grief, with a similar application, representing that you "hope her confidence," from the fact, that "at no former period have you had so many memorials as at present to" &c., &c. If you are a quack religious author or publisher, dash at her with an advertisement of your *World of Spirits, a Manual for Christian Mourners*, in royal 32mo., cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. bound, fourth edition.

Humanity, under all its varied conditions, is regarded by the genuine Snob, in one sole aspect; and its states of sadness and misery, like the rest of its phases, are looked upon and taken advantage of as simply affording weak points, and exposing soft sides out of which money may probably be extracted.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO RAILWAY DIRECTORS, FATHERS OF FAMILIES, AND THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL.

A new and instructive game for Christmas. MESSRS. FAIRLARN of Fleek Street, beg to announce, that they have lately produced a most amusing game of chance called "Railway Accidents." It consists of a board on which is drawn a miniature railway, with an "up" and a "down" line, and likewise several branch lines. Each player is furnished with a small railway train, such as an "express," a "stopping," a "goods," "cattle," "first," or "second class," either on the "up" or "down" line. Each player is likewise furnished with a "time-table," which indicates the times fixed on for the departure of the trains from the various stations marked on the board. The mode of playing is as follows: Each player having paid a small sum of money into the "pool," the train of the first player is started at the time mentioned in the "time-table." The time of departure of all the other trains, although fixed, is in no way regulated by the "time-table," but on the contrary, by the cast of dice. The great amusement of the game consists in each train endeavouring either to overtake or to come in collision with the trains of the other players. The train which arrives at the end of its journey without accident, pays a forfeit to the "pool." On the other hand, if a "down" train, for instance, should be so fortunate as to get on the "up" line and run into an "up" train at full speed, that "down" train wins the game and clears the "pool." Various other little accidents incidental to railway travelling, are introduced and add to the excitement and amusement of the game. For further particulars, see the printed directions, which may be had, gratis, at every Railway Station in the United Kingdom.



LAD OF OBSERVATION.

"Well, he's jest the right sort o' chap for a—wot-de-call-em?—Pry'oneer. Why only shove 'im just through a hedge, and he'd make a gap big enough for a whole Redgimint to march through."

MELT YOUR BELLS.

THE *Builder* usually contains capital matter, but we shall feel particularly indebted to MR. GODWIN to take care and exclude in future any such monstrous proposition, or rather, brace of propositions, as has been recently propounded by one of his correspondents. This unfortunate Bedlamite or Hanwellian suggests that all new Churches should be furnished with bells, because "they tend to diffuse cheerfulness." We have indicated the habitual residence of such a writer, and need say nothing to him; but inasmuch as everybody admits that the bells of the old Churches in London (rung and tolled that muddled ringers and dirty sextons may grasp certain fees) are one of the greatest nuisances of the day; and inasmuch as the vicinity to a new Church with a Bell prevents houses and lodgings from being let, except to the unwary, who get let in for a term's damage to their nerves. We rather marvel that an enlightened advocate of civilisation, like the *Builder*, should have inserted such a letter. Let us rather melt our bells into cannon, that they may be "fired" at the common enemy, and our congregations, who assemble for worship without the aid of these noisy contrivances for continuing fees and beer to humbugs, will have additional cause for thankfulness for national triumphs.

Calumny on the Erring.

WE have been requested by the solicitor of CROWBAR BILL, the burglar, captured in the house of a distinguished Teetotaler, to state that the offender was not found drunk in the wine-cellar of the premises entered. The unfortunate man declares that he never got further than the cupboard.

"OUR PARK'S" PARLIAMENT:—PRICE OF BREAD.

A FEW earnest patriots have, for a Sunday or two, returned themselves to Hyde Park, as representatives of the wrongs of the people. Duly contemptuous of all property qualification, they have deemed it sufficient to feel in its fullest influence the incitement of their mission, and therefore, like much-moved Quakers, have given tongue simply because they could not help it. As it is likely that the Hyde Park Parliament may, for awhile at least, be prorogued by the police, we think it the more incumbent upon us to save from oblivion—(putting them in decent language as in the case with St. Stephen's) the few remarkable pithy speeches delivered on the passing occasions. At four o'clock the Park assembled, when a Speaker took one of the highest trees.

MR. CHIPPS (joiner), believed that the rise in the price of bread was solely caused by the preposterous number of bakers. The only way to bring down the loaf would be to hang up a baker. (*Cheers.*) As bakers increased, loaves must go up; or otherwise, how were the bakers, with their expensive wives and luxurious families to be supported? It mattered nothing that we had plentiful harvests: the greater the growth of wheat, the greater the number of bakers. He considered bakers to be the poppies among the corn, and did not believe that the loaf would fall to its natural price, until a baker was given to the people to be hanged, one at least every morning. (*Cheers.*)

MR. BLUFF (bellows-mender) said that his friend—for although a nobleman, he was not proud, and had no objection to call him his friend;—his friend the MARQUIS OF GRANBY, had hit the right nail upon the head when he declared that the Russian War had been wholly and altogether brought to our shores by the Electric Telegraph. He thought the same with regard to the dear loaf. When all the ends of the earth could tell one another the price of corn, why, of course, all the corndealers and all the bakers would lay their heads together to keep the figure up. He would say, though he knew very well that MR. CHOWLER would not agree with him—he would say, cut adrift the telegraph, and the loaf would come down to its natural obscurity.

MR. CINCINNATUS SMITH (toyman) had but one opinion. The price of bread was kept up by the cakes of the children of the aristocracy, and the muffins and crumpets of the bloated fundholder. There would be no true equality, until everybody from Windsor Castle down to Mutton Hill, was made to eat nothing but good, honest seconds. It was a known fact that the Royal cream-colours were fed upon nothing

but the best twists twenty times bolted. (*Shame.*) If a footman or two with a twopenny *buster* hung round his neck was hung up every morning when the rolls were drawn, bread couldn't but fall, as the flunkey went up. (*Laughter and Cheers.*)

MR. DANTON JONES had but one opinion; and, were that opinion his head—that opinion was at the service of his country. We owed the present price of bread to two things; the visit of the man LOUIS-NAPOLÉON to England,—and the starched collars and rufflers of what glorious old COBBETT called the sons and daughters of corruption. The gorging in the City had first created a dearth of corn, and the collars kept it up. He would confine every swell to a diet of his own collar (*laughter*) and seize all the funds in the Bank of England, as he knew, put by against a rainy day by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

A man here rose, and demanded a hearing. He said—"My friends, I am a baker, and —"

But no more was heard. The indignant multitude gathered about him, and—although several tatters identified by his friends as his, have been picked up—no vestige of the man himself has, up to the present time, been returned to his home.

Glasgow and Ayr and—Kensington.

SCOTLAND is about to send across the Tweed a body of Missionaries to convert the Sabbath-breaking Southrons. The unco' gude "Tree Synod of Glasgow and Ayr" have resolved to memorialise the QUEEN, praying her to make dumb the music in Kensington Gardens on Sundays. Will Kensington quietly suffer its brains to be thus blown out by a Glasgow bagpipe? We think not.

FORM AND REFORM.

SIR B. HALL has been giving the people seats in the Regent's Park. This is a good beginning, but the seats are out of Parliament. Let SIR BENJAMIN now try his ministerial hand at giving the people seats in Parliament.

IMPORTANT FROM GREECE.

THE KING OF GREECE has changed his Ministry! It is a remarkable fact, and one of almost equal importance to Europe, that on the same day he also changed his—shirt.

THE PENITENT'S PROGRESS.



LAS! SIR JOHN SAUL, betrayed by the Evil One—whose name too often appears in the indictments of the Old Bailey—forgot the frankincense and manna of another life, and gave heed to the flesh-pots of this valley of tears. SAUL, in the abstraction of an uplifted soul, soared above all material bonds; and made a covenant with himself.

SAUL, knowing from the depths of a learned and pious spirit, that sorrow and affliction chasten the proud and worldly-minded, resolved to make of himself an instrument of chastisement, of the pomps and vanities of his brethren. No sinner was too rich, scarcely any too poor for the discipline of his regards. The rich he humbled, and the poor he flayed; for SAUL, in his Christian love for the heathen had, as we say, made an especial covenant with SAUL. If he loved the benighted Carib, still the more dearly did he dote upon SAUL.

SAUL had built unto himself and his poorer friends a tabernacle—had set up an Ebenezer. And in this tabernacle Saul would, to the confusion of the scorner, show how the riches of DAVES might be enjoyed with the spirit of LAZARUS. And this was the comfortable faith of all men, when it chanced that, even as the Golden Calf was cast down, so was SAUL tumbled into the dirt, and all men mocked and made mouths at him. Of a truth, SAUL was reviled as a hypocrite and an abomination: a younger brother of BARABBAS; a despoiler of widows, and a grinder of the faces of orphans.

The goods of SAUL were taken by the strong hand. His chariots, and his horses, his oxen and his mules, were put up and knocked down after the manner of Basinghall; and SAUL had no rest for the sole of his foot, save in a cab or an omnibus. And SAUL's private tabernacle, the Ebenezer of stone and cedar, was also conveyed away from SAUL, and also, after the manner of Basinghall, disposed of.

Now SAUL, released from bonds, took heart; and on a certain day sought the Ebenezer. He entered what was once his pew, and set himself to work to wail and pray. Now the congregation were scandalised, and the elders, with a strong hand, sought to remove SAUL, but SAUL would not move a foot. "What!" cried SAUL, "and is it thus you would spurn a penitent?"

And again SAUL came, and again and again; and still he cried—"Would you thrust me forth—me, a penitent?"

And the story runs that, after a time—for SAUL was not to be rebuffed nor downtrodden, he was so strong in his repentance—after a time, a new and beautiful house rose up in London's city, even a house known, as the United Myrrh and Spikenard Bank, with the penitent SAUL, for its honoured principal!

THE VOICE OF THE COUNTRY ON BABY-SHOWS.

Now tell me, JOHN TROTTER, wha'st laughin' about?
Ever since thee'st come whoam, thee hast kep bustin' out.
What is't thee hast heer'd, mun, or what hast thee sin?
JOHN, tell us what keeps thee zo broad on the grin?

Well, there, then, old ooman, the truth I ool spake;
I'll tell 'ee what 'tis meaks my zides for to shake,
The rummest thing ever you heerd in your life,
As any man truly med zay to his wife.

Steppun into the Bull as I came by just now,
I zee SIMON TANNER, and he said as how,
Up in Lunnun there was for to be such a go!
I zay, lass, wha'st think of a Prize Baby Show?

The breeders o' them as be vinest in size,
And shape and condition, to bear off a prize;
Just like 'tis wi' bullocks, wi' ship, and wi' swine,
S'pose we was to goo there and thee to show thine?

For shame, JOHN, to talk so!—a Baby Show!—where?
Among the wild beasties at Bartlemy Fair?
I heerd't that was done for, and Smithfield likewise;
I doubt JOHN thee tell't me a passle o' lies.

At the Slogical Gairdens o Zurrey 'twill be,
'Mongst lions and tigers vrom over the sea;
Hiaynars and zabras, bears oolves, kangaroos,
Jackanyapses, baboons, and all sorts o' yahoos.

Well, then, JOHN, I zay 'tis a sin and a shame;
And sitch mothers as they be bann't worthy the name,
To be show'd like a sow wi' a litter o' young!
To call 'em the right word I wun't trust my tongue.

They lies among straa there, I s'pose, on the ground,
A nussun their young uns wi' hurdles around;
A vit place vor sitch volks!—wi' a trough vor a plate,
And wi' wash for to drink and wi' grams for to ate.

Then the visitors handles their little ones hides,
And pinches their polls up and punches their sides,
To think now that Christians theirselves should demean,
In a pen like fat cattle to goo and be seen!

The mothers their babies as shows like that there,
Deserves to have tails upon all as they bear,
Nare a one born wi' feet, but wi' cleft hoofs instead,
And some of 'em havin' horns come on the head.



A MAIN REASON FOR A MAINE LAW.

We never felt so much inclined to turn Teetotalers as we did after reading these remarks upon the qualities of *Cocculus Indicus*, extracted from *Waring's Practical Therapeutics*:—

"The berries are never given internally. The kernels contain a poisonous principle—*perotoxin*—the properties of which have been lately examined by DR. GLOVER. From numerous experiments, he concludes that it acts on the spinal cord; that under its use the animal temperature is much increased. In all animals killed by it he observed congestion of the base of the brain. From its intoxicating properties it is used for entrapping game and fish, but animals thus caught are often very dangerous to eat. Dishonest persons use the extract for adulterating porter."

The first sentence in this statement appears somewhat difficult to reconcile with the last: and as it is said subsequently, that "above 2000 cwt. of the drug are imported into England annually, of which about 1 cwt. is used for medicinal purposes," we are disposed to give the writer credence for his last assertion, rather than his first. We think, however, that the "persons" he refers to, deserve a stronger epithet than the word "dishonest." To be asked for porter, and serve *Cocculus Indicus*, is something worse, it seems to us, than giving stones for bread, or wooden knobs for nutmegs. With an eye to what may happen from it, we think that the transaction may be called, in the completest meaning of the words, a dead swindle.

If we were writing for the *Morning Advertiser*, (which, most unhappily for our credit, we are not) we would endeavour to exercise its great public influence—that is to say, its great influence with the "publics,"—in showing that this practice of poisonous adulteration has not merely a murderous but, commercially considered, a suicidal tendency.

It is obviously rather a short-sighted policy to endeavour to increase the profits of one's trade, by killing off one's customers; and surely no publican can expect to have a very brisk demand for his porter, when it is known to be a thorough drug in the market. For ourselves, now we are so well acquainted with the virtues of *Cocculus Indicus*, we mean certainly to adopt all possible precaution to escape being catalogued among the "animals killed by it:" and, so long as we are in possession of our sober senses, we will never run the risk of being "entrapped" into drinking like a fish, nor in any way made "game" of, through an exhibition in our person of the drug's "intoxicating properties." Indeed, we in future never mean to enter any doubtful "publics;" without asking the landlord for his chemical diploma; and, if he fail to show one, and, instead, recommends us to "ave a drop o' porter," we will inform against him for prescribing drugs without authority; and, perhaps, drag him from his bar to that of the Old Bailey.

A DEFENCE OF THE SYSTEM.—Every General ought to be able to look Death in the face. What, then, more reasonable than to select for Generals veterans who are at Death's door?



Railway Porter. "NOW THEN, SIR! BY YOUR LEAVE!"

PRAYERS FOR PRISONERS.

THOUGH in conformity with the Church Service by law established, we are in the habit of praying "for all prisoners and captives," it appears that all prisoners and captives are not allowed the pious privilege of praying for themselves; or at least they are not permitted to do so in an audible manner. An exception had, however, been made in favour of the inmates of the Wandsworth House of Correction, who are, nevertheless, to be prohibited from any further extension of the right of devotional utterance, as we find from the following extract from a report of a recent meeting of Surrey Magistrates. The passage, though rather lengthy, is sufficiently remarkable to warrant our giving it entire:—

"The Rev. Mr. KETCH, the chaplain of the Wandsworth House of Correction, in his report to the Court, stated that the conduct of the prisoners had been generally good, and he said also that the permission given to them to make the responses in the chapel at Divine Service had been attended with satisfactory results, and he prayed the court to sanction their being permitted to sing psalms, as he considered it would be attended with more effect during the celebration of Divine Service.

"Mr. AUSTIN said, he felt compelled to express his opinion that it would not be advisable to push the request of the reverend gentleman. The county had been put to great expense in the erection of this prison upon the silent system, and it was found that the permission to give the responses had already had the effect of enabling prisoners to communicate with each other, and if psalmody were allowed, it would give greater facilities for this being done. Psalmody, under ordinary circumstances, no doubt rendered Divine Service more solemn and imposing, but they must not forget that they were dealing with criminals, and it was a most important object that they should be prevented from communicating with each other, as, if they did so, all the expense they had gone to carry out the silent system would be thrown away.

"Mr. CLARK, as one of the Committee of Visiting Justices who had sanctioned the prisoners being permitted to give the responses, begged to say that it was only intended as an experiment; and undoubtedly, if it should turn out that it enabled the prisoners to hold conversation with each other, it would at once be discontinued. He added that the Visiting Justices undoubtedly had no idea of sanctioning the introduction of psalmody among the prisoners.

"The matter was eventually referred back to the Visiting Justices to consider whether any alteration should be made."

The chaplain, who ought to be the best judge in such matters, is so satisfied with the effect of allowing the prisoners to join in the responses, that he wishes them to be allowed to sing psalms; but the cautious Magistrates are afraid that the gaol-birds would turn their singing to an unholy account; or, in other words, would parody the psalms for the purpose of communicating with each other.

We confess we have not much apprehension on this subject; for the keeping up of a conversation through the medium of psalm-singing, would require a considerable power of improvisation, and a degree of musical ability which the prisoners are not likely to be masters of. Every psalm would of necessity have to be converted on the moment into a concerted piece, with original words, or at least into a series of independent duets or trios; according to the number of prisoners that might be interested in the musical dialogue. Any attempt to hold a communication by means of psalms, could only be carried out by a combination of literary and musical talent, which the inmates of a gaol are not likely to possess; and we do not think the chaplain would have testified, as he has done, to the satisfactory working of the system of responses, if he found that they had been travestied into "the means of communication between the prisoners."

The Silent System may be all very well; but we think the Magistrates are hardly justified in applying it to the performance of Divine Service, where the members of the congregation are called upon, according to the rubric, to utter the responses in an audible manner. Though prisoners must not address each other, it is hard to say that they shall not address the Source from which mercy for all prisoners and captives is invoked; for if audible prayer is an advantage, it is one of which the unfortunate inmates of a gaol should be allowed the benefit.

Limited Liability for Noblemen.

SEEING the recent decisions of some of the Country Justices, we are disposed to imagine that they have got an idea into their heads, that the Limited Liability Act, of which they may have heard something, is an act to limit the liability of the higher classes to be punished like common people for any offences they may have committed. It is difficult to account in any other way for the mode in which the recent case of assault at the Windsor theatre was disposed of; for while any ordinary ruffian would have been liable to be committed for trial, LORD ERNEST VANE TEMPEST seems to have had his liability limited to a fine of five pounds, which might as well have been five shillings.

NEW MOTTO FOR THE CITY.—The Rising Sol.



B—r. G—e. D—i.
THE NEW COALITION.

THE GOVERNESS GRINDERS.



A
 "DISTRESSED NEEDLEWOMAN" has long been an object of general compassion; but the Governesses have scarcely obtained the share of sympathy which their case deserves. The practice of Governess-grinding, in spite of our frequent exposure of the offence, is still continued to a great extent by those whose vanity induces them to keep a Governess, whom their meanness will not allow them to pay in proportion to her services. It may be said that education, like everything else, should be a matter of free trade, and that a man in want of instruction for his daughters, should obtain his Governess as he would his garments, in the cheapest market. We, however, question whether the article supplied is really an equivalent for even the paltry price paid; for cheap Governessing, like cheap tailoring and cheap furnishing, is often a

most expensive experiment. We should like to know what Paterfamilias might expect his daughters to turn out, if he entrusted their moral and intellectual culture to the article bid for in the following advertisements:—

GOVERNESS WANTED, to assist in educating six children; music, singing, and French desirable. No salary given, but advantages offered.—Address, T. 132, at the printer's.

NURSEY GOVERNESS WANTED, to instruct and take the entire charge of two children and their wardrobes, ages four and six; also, to be a Companion to the lady. A comfortable home, with laundress's expenses, offered; but no salary.—Address T. 130, at the printer's.

Who with one grain or half-a-seruple of conscience would undertake to educate half-a-dozen children, to set them thumping on the piano, screaming sentimental ballads, and jabbering

bad French, without any remuneration for the onerous task, beyond the vague prospect of "advantages offered." We certainly see some "advantage" to be gained in such a situation by the scope it must afford for the exercise of patience, resignation, self-sacrifice, and a whole catalogue of other virtues, but the obvious impossibility of doing what is required to be undertaken, will prevent any person of real worth from accepting the situation.

T. Number Two is somewhat more liberal than T. Number One, for he holds out the temptation of "laundress's expenses" to a person who is expected to combine the characters of Companion, Dress-maker, and Governess. The "Companionship" would probably be the most objectionable part of the work, for one would be naturally anxious to avoid all association with a "lady" who values the education of her children at "nothing," and wishes to make a milliner of their Governess.

The *Times* of the 11th contains an advertisement too lengthy to quote in full; but which demands the services of "a well-educated accomplished gentlewoman, not under twenty-one years of age," to "train and educate a little girl," and "be willing to undertake the entire charge of her pupil's wardrobe," for a salary of £10 per annum. In addition to her intellectual and millinery acquirements, the accomplished gentlewoman is expected "to combine firmness with gentleness" in her disposition; or, in other words, she is to unite the strength to execute her various labours with the softness necessary to make her satisfied with the shabbiest possible salary.

If people cannot, or will not, pay a Governess for the qualities a Governess ought to possess, they should forego an appendage to their establishment which is in reality a badge of meanness and degradation, though employed for the sake of display, and the Governess is thus the real "victim to appearances."

DISCOURAGEMENT OF YOUTHFUL GENIUS.

It would be unfair to blame the Magistrates who, according to the *Hampshire Independent*, adjudicated on the following case the other day at the Southampton Petty Sessions:—

"UNPLEASANT NAMES.

"HENRY YATES, a lad, was summoned by JAMES BROOKS, of the Back of the Walls, for repeatedly annoying him, and calling him, on Sunday last, by the names of 'cow-mouth,' 'slobber-chops,' 'pig-jobber,' 'beicher,' and 'bladder-blower.'"
 "He was fined 10s. and costs, or fourteen days imprisonment."

Certainly the Southampton magistrates cannot be justly found fault with for passing the above sentence. It seems a heavy one, perhaps. Ten shillings fine for five abusive names!—that is two shillings fine per name, besides costs; amount unknown. A large sum for an urchin to be amerced in!—but when it is considered that the language of HENRY YATES was calculated—highly calculated—to provoke JAMES BROOKS to a breach of the peace, consisting in the fracture of HENRY YATES's head—for which solution of continuity MR. BROOKS would have incurred a penalty of more than ten shillings—the judgment of their Southampton Worship will appear perfectly righteous.

Yet, whilst we concur in the award of the judges, we cannot withhold our sympathy from the case of the culprit. The juvenile railer was mulcted for the use of strong expressions, but it is impossible not to admire that very strength of them to which the fine was proportionate. How graphic too—"cow-mouth"—"slobber-chops!" We hope the Southampton Magistrates have not nipped a genius in the bud—a genius of invective. Surely, if anybody conversant with his country's literature had been asked to guess the author of the epithets applied to MR. BROOKS by MASTER YATES, he would instantly have named the late WILLIAM COBBETT. Instruction rather than punishment is desirable for such an offender as MASTER HENRY YATES. Were his natural faculties disciplined and directed by education, he would learn to substitute refined invective for coarse vituperation, to speak cutting diamonds instead of unpleasant toads and frogs, and desisting from indulgence in the application of abusive terms, to couch an insult in a quibble. By fining MASTER WILLIAM YATES ten shillings and costs for his untutored and unadorned insolence, who knows that the Southampton Magistrates have not spoiled a brilliant wit of the personal species, and deprived future society of a sparkling ornament in the shape of a smart utterer of rude things?

PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

The Little Treasure, at the Haymarket, is a little gem; its great value arising from its great purity, its surpassing brightness. Even as in the fairy tale, a whole mansion is to be illuminated by a single jewel suspended from the roof, so is a whole household gladdened and delighted by the one fireside jewel—bright, pure, and on all sides glancing lustre. The story is full of tender pathos, and yet with merriment in it; a baby's tear. A few words tell the tale. Husband and wife have been twelve years separated: the husband claims our merciful consideration, in virtue, or rather in terror of a mother-in-law. Though a soldier, it is only needful to look at the adamant curls of *Mrs. Meddleton*—those fireside bolts!—to think somewhat leniently of the naughtiness of the Colonel. To be sure, *Lady Howard* seems a charming woman; but then—with the golden fruit is there not the mother-in-law dragoness? Now *Gertrude*, the little treasure, otherwise the priceless little pearl, learning the cause that separates her parents—(she has no recollection of her errant father, who ought to be ashamed of those lodgings in Curzon Street.)—determines to bring them together; and this she does with all the might of gentleness, with all the art of innocence. The conquest is perfect, and the house rings with admiration of the naturalness, the tenderness, the vivacity, and the pathos of *Gertrude*. In the heart of the hearts of the audience she is confessed to be not a little treasure—but a very great one.

MISS BLANCHE FANE is the fortunate *Gertrude*; fortunate in the possession of powers to make for herself friends of nightly thousands. Her *Gertrude* is a flower, fresh with the dew upon it; with not a whiff from the lamps. We are at once assured that the stage has won in her a new attraction. May it be tenderly dealt with!

MRS. POYNTER—the awful mother-in-law—is terribly real. We leave her portrait to LEECH. He alone can put her in immortal black-and-white.

Cause and Effect.

THE *Austrian Correspondence* declared that "eighty ships were in sight of Odessa, resolved to bombard the city." The wicked print then added, "the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA will not visit Odessa." Haply, his Imperial Majesty has no taste for fireworks?



A POLITE REQUEST!

Drover. "Hi!—Marm!—Stop her, Turn her!"

CANT AND THE CONJUROR.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the Governors of the Caledonian Asylum, and begs to know what amount of contribution was paid to their funds by the juggler at the Lyceum for the loan of the "fourteen orphans in full Scottish costume," the orphans whose "fathers have recently perished while defending Sebastopol?" Mr. Punch learns from the printed puff, that the juggler himself "who was also attired in the dress of his native land, the MACGREGOR tartan—made a very touching speech concerning them, which enlisted the entire sympathy of the audience." It may be all very proper that these poor children should be occasionally regaled with wine and cakes; but, why for the profit of a juggler, should they—like the animals at the Park—have their feeding time in public?

The conjuror himself only carries out his trade. He, of course, would ply his gilt balls and shuffle his cards for the penny's-worth in a hospital; but Mr. Punch must, in conclusion, put it to the Governors of the Caledonian Asylum, whether they do not, at such a time, betray a sacred trust, when they suffer the orphans of their guardianship to be turned into the ready-money tools of the mountebank?

Delicate Attention.

Who says that France and England can be real Allies? England has thrown down the gauntlet to France. We have reason to know that HER MAJESTY has sent over to the EMPEROR one of her own white kid gloves for tying up the Tuileries' knocker.

A SCHOOL FOR TIGERS IN THE EAST.

The following rather alarming account is taken from a daily Newspaper:—

"RAPID DEPOPULATION OF SINGAPORE BY TIGERS.—Two deaths by tigers every week (says the *Singapore Free Press*) are read of in the papers just about as much a matter of course as the arrival or departure of the P. and O. Company's steamers. It is notorious that during the last fifteen or twenty years many thousands of men have lost their lives from this cause. Yet the only measures adopted by Government, so far as we know, to prevent this enormous sacrifice of life, have been to dig tiger-pits in various parts of the island (which we are now told did little or no good), and to give a reward of 100 Company's rupees for every tiger killed on the island. The reward is, for all practical purposes, ineffective; it ought to be increased to 250 rupees; for the price of procuring the destruction of one tiger in the jungle of Singapore is a hundred dollars, and the thing cannot be done for 110 Company's rupees. Such is the position in which we are now placed."

the population of Singapore is really being converted into food for tigers, and the inhabitants are departing as regularly as the steamers, it is high time that something should be done to save the remnant of the populace. Considering that the tigers have evidently got the upper hand, we think they show a sort of moderation in taking only two inhabitants per week, and there is consequently no hope of any further diminution, for it is clear that the brutes are already on what may be considered low diet. We cannot be surprised at the anxiety of the Editor of the *Singapore Free Press*, who may any day be selected as a moiety of the weekly allowance of the somewhat abstemious tigers, who appear to be practising the negative virtue of moderation and regular living. Since the Government will not, or cannot, take the matter up, and put the tigers down, we would advise the population of Singapore to enter into an arrangement with the brute-slayer at the top of the Haymarket, and we have no doubt that MR. CUMMING would be hailed as the Coming Man, if he were to offer his services.

The Singapore journalist expresses his fear that the "evil will go on increasing,"—or in other words, that the population will go on diminishing—and we fully sympathise with his editorial fears; for even should he be so lucky as to escape till after every other inhabitant is disposed of, it would be but a sorry consolation to feel oneself constituting the last mouthful at a feast of tigers.

We suspect that our Eastern contemporary is either indulging in a little romance, or is agitated by fears that have grown up under the enervating influence of the climate, for we cannot suppose that the people and the Government are quietly submitting to the gradual consumption of the inhabitants in the manner described, and our friends at Singapore will excuse us, therefore, if we have treated somewhat lightly a subject that we should certainly regard as no joke, if we put faith in the statements on which we have commented.

COUP D'ŒIL EXTRAORDINAIRE.

It is a foolish notion, that Art languishes while War proceeds. War develops the resources of Art. A singular proof of this has been given in the gradual advance of pictorial art in reference to representations of the scenes in the Crimea. When the struggle began, a few modest sketches of Russian scenery, and a few barren charts of the coast, issued, and satisfied the public. But the interest deepened, and our artists had the benefit of the graphic letters which came streaming in on all sides, and which enabled them to do wonders in the way of illustration.

The immense progress which illustrated Art has made is, however, splendidly shown by the last pictures which have come out depicting the fall of Sebastopol. It is really impossible to have much more for your money. Never was such a *coup d'œil*. The stronghold is in a blaze, while the gallant Allies are respectively attacking Malakhoff and Redan, and you can see both attacks at once, and the manly features of WINDHAM and the energetic bearing of PELISSIER are plainly visible from the same point. You can also see the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE on the hill whence he, less happy, could see nothing. You can behold GORTSCHAKOFF encouraging his men to run away from the "blood-stained ruins," you can see the commanders of the Russian ships sinking them, while our own brave captains may be made out, stamping on their decks with rage, and ordering bombardments of all kinds. Near you, is Balaklava harbour, with the vessels in repose, and the Railway in active work,—you could hear the whistle but for the cannonading; and, if you look close, you may behold the *Times'* correspondent in his tent, making, with his pen, the immortal photographs which bring the War to every household. We are informed, too, that if you look into the corner of the picture, you may see LORD PANMURE, at the other end of the electric telegraph, spelling out the news, on his features an expression of contempt for GENERAL SIMPSON. The comprehensive in Art is now what is chiefly studied, and this advance, we repeat, we owe to the War.

Medals and Clasps.

We hear much of clasps being given, whereas medals were due, to the Crimean heroes. The relative value of clasps and medals depends, let the medals be ever so valuable, very much upon what sort of clasps the clasps are. There is, for instance, the clasp with which the hero, on his return from victory, is welcomed by the object of his affections. This clasp is worth any medal, and we hope it will reward all those who deserve it, as soon as possible.

A BLIGHTED BEING.

"Office of Civil Commissioners, Westminster.



EXPECTED SIR,
 "HAVING failed in a late examination for HER MAJESTY'S Civil Service (owing to a not unnatural mistake between HOMER'S *Odyssey* and OMAR PASHA), I beg to offer myself as a candidate for any situation in your domestic circle.

"I enclose you a copy of the last paper I wrote at the examination—the subject being, to write an official to some great authority, explaining your general views on the subject of the Civil Service.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
 "Your most obedient, humble servant,
 "C. - A."

(An algebraic expression, signifying a Clerk without an Appointment.)

"TO THE SECRETARY FOR WAR.

"SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I wish to distinguish myself in any capacity, and my notions are that the pay should be equal to the work, as well as the wishes of the aspirant. I have been educated on an Island which has not circumscribed my knowledge, which is as extensive as the track of sea I formerly gazed upon, and which induced me to study the height, depth, and breadth of all things within my circumference. You will not think it exaggeration for me to say that I could look far a-head. With respect to my predilections for the Civil Service, I beg respectfully to state that honour will not cure a wound nor restore a dead body; that I was always attached to civility, and therefore prefer a service where bows and attention to the polite arts of Routine are eminently practised. The honour of the QUEEN'S Service surpasses that of a private individual in the same ratio that Lombard Street holds to a China orange, or Windsor Castle to a sentry-box, more or less. Having disposed of the *quo modo* and *quare*, I have no difficulty in speaking of the *modo*, according to the expression of Horace, *rem quocumque modo, rem*. This then is not a matter of indifference, but is rather a *sine qua non*. Philosophers and statesmen have disputed whether a little with comfort, or much with discomfort is most desirable. I beg to differ from both parties, and to assert, without flinching, my firm conviction, that a great deal of *pecunia* is very compatible with ease and comfort. I might go further and state the general impression of clerks in office—that mending pens and looking out of window is a pleasant routine of official time, and will entitle a competent person to quarterly payments. Indeed we have heard the fact of an ex-Colonial Secretary, who 'cursed all the Hindoos, looked out at the windows, and sometimes he mended a pen.' My aspirations then lead me to think that in HER MAJESTY'S Service I should receive a competent salary, with the privilege of rising higher, that it is immaterial where I go, provided it is at HER MAJESTY'S expense—that my wishes, perhaps, out-run my prospects with regard to an increase of pay; and that eventually my reward will be, *mens sibi conscia recti* (a mind conscious of right). I would simply add, that I consider all examinations rather a bore than otherwise, being a test of temper, patience, memory, and self-command, highly injurious to the nervous system, involving a concatenation of ideas, which sometimes leaves the examinee worse than they found him. Therefore, I rejoice in that noble sentiment 'my mind to me a kingdom is.'

"I send a form of examination for the benefit of the Service:—

1. Your name and age.
2. State your own merits.
3. Mention your own wishes.
4. Have you had the small-pox?
5. Will you serve the QUEEN?
6. Give your idea of two and two.

7. Is the Earth round or spherical?
8. Did you ever receive a black eye at school?
9. What is the difference between a loose fish and a fish loose?
10. What work do you propose to do in proportion to Salary?
11. Meaning of the word Salary?
12. Meaning of the word *work* in its primary and secondary sense?
13. Was WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR married or single?
14. Can you explain if England was joined to the main-land originally?
15. Which is most useful—a steel or quill pen, and why?
16. Explain the difference between a reasonable man and a man of reason?
17. Which is the Examiner?
18. Which is the Examinee?"

THE IDOL-WORSHIP OF THE WHITE NIGGERS.

WHAT a pity it is that the European peoples do not realise the condition in which they would find themselves if the Russians were to succeed in the attempt to subjugate them! Could they but imagine that, they would unite instantly, and form a general coalition against these ambitious and powerful savages. The superiority of the CZAR'S subjects to those of KING KOSSOKO may be great, but is only military. Nor, to judge from some antics of an idolatrous kind in which he has been lately indulging, does the former potentate appear to be, intellectually and morally, a very much more exalted monarch than the latter. The following extract from a contemporary exhibits the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS engaged in devotions very closely resembling those which are wont to be performed by the dingy sovereigns of Western Africa:—

"A letter from St. Petersburg says that the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, in his recent visit to Moscow, not only went with all the Imperial family to the holy places, temples, catacombs, and chapels, kissing the relics of the saints, and prostrating themselves before the altars; but in order to fortify the courage of his army, determined on carrying to it a relic of St. Sergius, consisting of a painted image of the saint from one of the sides of his coffin, which is supposed to be of great sanctity and virtue, and which figured in the wars of the CZARS, MICHEL FEODOROVICH, and PETER THE FIRST, and in that of Moscow in 1812. On giving up the image to the CZAR, a grand religious ceremony took place, and the Metropolitan, in the course of it, made the following solemn appeal to the Saint:—'St. Sergius!—Thou gavest thy blessing to PRINCE DIMITRI, to the CZARS, MICHEL, PETER, and ALEXANDER—look down favourably on the CZAR, ALEXANDER NICOLAIEVITCH, who comes to demand from thee thy holy image, in order to show it to his Army as the sacred mark of thy prayers of benediction and protection.'

The CZAR, on receiving the image, reverently kissed it.
 "The EMPEROR has taken the image in question with him to the south."
 AWAY CZAR ALEXANDER has gone with his Fetish; and, perhaps, if he resolves on perpetrating any wickedness whilst he holds it in his keeping, he will, in order that it may not see him, bury it in the earth, after the manner of one of his royal brethren of the Guinea Coast uninfluenced by Missionaries. If such is the Sovereign, what must the subjects be? And these debased and grovelling, but formidable adorers of ridiculous idols are menacing the civilisation of Europe!

But, some cosmopolitan gentleman will tell us, this is an illiberal and narrow-minded way of looking at a practice of the Greek Church. However, Fetishism is Fetishism; though, perhaps, our cosmopolitan friends would insist on having a large and liberal view taken of that. If we are ever at peace again with Russia, the gentlemen concerned in the Birmingham idol trade, who export gods to India, will probably find an extended market for their manufactures among the natives of the AUTOCRAT'S territory, and their best customer in that enlightened ruler himself. That is to say, if their scandalous and shocking traffic is allowed to proceed.

The CZAR may not be accustomed to sport a footman's gold-laced hat and a peacock's feather. His undress may not be a state of half-nakedness, nor his full costume an old red coat and a pair of striped cotton drawers. His usual posture, when seated, may not be that of squatting on his hams. Neither his Russian MAJESTY, nor his subjects, may wear rings in their lips; and, finally, we know that their skins are not black. This is to be lamented; for, if their hides were sable, the darkness of their exteriors would symbolise their internal want of light, strike the mind through the eye, and scare all the civilised races of mankind into a confederacy, resolved to disarm or destroy them.

Bear and Forbear.

A RECENT paragraph, from a Toronto paper, informs us that a "struggle with a wounded bear is considered generally hopeless." If this is the case, it is probable that MR. HAMILTON will abandon his dispute with the DUKE OF SOMERSET, notwithstanding the mauling which the latter has experienced.

POLITICAL TURNIPS.—Ministers cannot understand agriculture. At least they do not appear to be aware of the importance of cultivating Swedes.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii., Scene v.

A CABINET QUESTION.

THE superior sorts of German wines are called "Cabinet." We have a shrewd, uncharitable opinion, that these are the only kinds of Cabinet that the KING OF PRUSSIA ever opens his mouth at. Thus, when the Court Circular of Prussia informs us, "HIS MAJESTY, FREDERICK WILLIAM, attended a Cabinet yesterday afternoon:" it simply means that he was present at a meeting at which none but the choicest Cabinet wines were admitted. It is a pity, however, that the same Court Circular (the Heidelberg Ton, filled with Johannisberg, would not be a bad emblematic Circular for such a Court) never informs us how many bottles with the KING'S private seal were discussed upon these august occasions?—and how long his Teetotal Teutonic Majesty was engaged in discussing them? Again, there is another great lapsus;—we are always kept in the dark as to whether MADAME CLICQUOT (*Yevee*) is ever present at these little Cabinet *réunions*? We fancy that at a meeting, where the order of the day is the exclusion of all politics, that her presence would give *verve* and sparkle to many a dull moment. But, without a doubt, the poor Court Historian has a difficult task of it. It would be unkind to wish to increase his perplexities. If he were to publish all the truth, we should be having some such paragraph as the following creeping into the Royal record:—

"The Cabinet sat for four hours, when it was suddenly brought to an end by His Majesty accidentally falling from his chair, and spraining his ankle. His Majesty received every attention from his Ministers, who even carried their solicitude so far as to carry their Royal Master up to bed."

Spanish Arithmetic.

IN a Spanish paper there is an account of the execution of twenty-five rebels. The writer declares that "the rebels were *all* of them taken out, and shot by *fours*." This comes of a nation never paying its debts; it inevitably loses the knowledge of the first elements of arithmetic.

BENCH BUFFONERIES.

If some of the County Magistrates are deficient in wisdom, they appear to be making a desperate effort to make up for the deficiency by a display of wit, of which we have been favoured with the following specimens from the town of Sunderland:

SUNDERLAND POLICE.

"JAMES FLINN, drawing his knife to stab the officer who was taking him up for fighting.—All I have to say is, the policeman took me out of my brother's hands. I was taking the knife out to cut some tobacco.

"P. C. HOLMES. There was no tobacco found on him.

"MR. SIMPSON (one of the Magistrates). You won't bacey us in that manner.

"Fined 40s."

To our southern apprehensions, this kind of thing seems to want all the ordinary attributes of humour; but to the northern appetite for waggery which finds wit in the effete balderdash of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, whose feeble-minded play on the word "Mulligatawny" has been seriously cited as a specimen of first-rate facetiousness, it is possible that the pun of MR. JUSTICE SIMPSON on the word "bacey" may be voraciously devoured. A joke at the end of a sentence, as in the above instance, is well enough, but when justice is interlarded with jokes, and the decision is affected by the ribaldry with which the case is interwoven by the Bench, the matter becomes rather more grave, and we therefore protest against the mode of proceeding indicated by the following paragraph:

"BARTHOLOMEW GANLEY, and his wife, MARY, kicking up a shindy in [their own cabin in Church Street.

"BARTH. I believe, Sir, the officer telling the truth. I've been six or seven years in Sunderland.

"MR. SIMPSON. How often have you been here?—Only once, Sir, and it was for a very small thing.

"MR. SIMPSON (to the Mayor). I would let him go, Sir, that's a good character for an Irishman.

"THE MAYOR. My brother magistrates think you should get off, as you have behaved so well previously; you are therefore discharged.

"MR. SIMPSON. And let it be six or seven years before you come back!"

This is all very pretty and playful as far as it goes, but however

humorous the notion, of letting a man off who is charged with one offence, because he has been only once previously charged with another, we cannot recognise the law or the logic, in accordance with which the arrangement was come to by the Magistrates. The parting advice of MR. JUSTICE SIMPSON, "Let it be six or seven years before you come back," would seem to involve the dictum, that offences committed at intervals of six or seven years may be committed with impunity.

It is possible that the whole report may be erroneous, and that none of the waggeries recorded in the extracts we have made were perpetrated by the Sunderland Bench, but presuming the facts to be fairly stated, we think there is ground for a *quo warranto*, to know by what authority *Momus* is found acting in the Commission of the Peace for the borough alluded to.

Soyer's Final Triumph.

THE ingenuity of SOYER makes rations go so far, that one wishes he could also apply it to projectiles. If he could do as much with shells as he can accomplish with eggs, how soon we should demolish the north side of Sebastopol! One more achievement SOYER has to perform for the completion of his glory. It is to cook the Russian eagle, which no doubt he would do beautifully, if we could but catch the bird, as we wish we soon may.

CASUALTIES AT HOME.

THE Balaklava Railway does not appear to have been so dangerous as the trenches, at least, we do not hear that more lives were lost on the former than in the latter. Railway travelling seems to be better managed in the Crimea than it is at home.

A MUSCOVITE JERUSALEM.—There is, it is said, a sham Jerusalem built at Moscow. Very proper. The "mock tomb" exactly harmonises with the Christianity.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.



Do you really do apprehend some danger to the Church, or, at least, to that portion of it which is represented by the affluent, from the following advertisement:—

TO THE AFFLUENT CHURCH OF ENGLAND MEN.—A gentleman, holding a position of some eminence, and of such a nature as to enable him to promote on a very large scale sound Church principles, APPEALS to the wealthy friends of these principles under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. The very nature of his position has involved him in a heavy outlay at first, and led him to incur a debt, for the payment of which, he is threatened with legal proceedings. His income

is large, and in a few years he could pay off this debt by instalments, but he cannot obtain the required time. The sum required is £2,000. He cannot offer what is called legal security for the repayment of such a sum, but, if any person of wealth should be induced to advance it, he would undertake to pay 5 per cent. interest, to repay the principal by instalments in five years, and to give insurances on his life as security in the event of his decease. He is ready to admit of the fullest inquiry into the circumstances by any person who proves that he sincerely desires to meet the case, and is not actuated by mere curiosity. Whoever does so will do good service to our Church in an important field of usefulness. Address —

We do not know what may be the advertiser's notion of "Sound Church Principles;" and we are equally ignorant as to the principle—either moral, social, or commercial—upon which a gentleman of eminent position has run into debt to the tune of £2,000, without the means of payment. If he were a boy at the outset of life, we might attribute his difficulties to inexperience on his own part, and roguery on the part of others; but with a "large income," and a "position of eminence," the debts which would be pardonable in early life, cannot be so indulgently treated. We admire the determined rebuff which the advertiser is prepared to give to "mere curiosity," and his resolution to treat only with one who "sincerely desires to meet the case," or, in other words, is prepared to "dub up" a couple of thousand pounds before asking any questions. It is rather difficult to conceive in what way "our Church" is to profit by getting one of its "eminent" members out of a pecuniary scrape; and, indeed, it would seem to us that, to pay the debts of this rather improvident Churchman, would tend to demoralise the Church, by giving encouragement to extravagance. There is some ingenuity in holding out the double temptation of love for the Church, and five per cent. interest, which the advertiser "undertakes to pay," though he candidly admits that he "cannot offer what is called legal security."

Of course, therefore, there will be nothing to depend upon but the "Church principles" of the advertiser, and it is not likely that these principles, judging from the mess their owner has got into, will provide very efficiently for the payment of the promised interest. Had we the pencil of the artist, we should like to draw the portrait of "the party" by whom this advertisement is put forth, and the other "party" who will possibly reply to it. We foresee a correspondence, in which the advertiser will be requested to forward his acceptances for £2,000, to some gentleman of a Jewish name, but whose principles are sound Church, who has a friend also a high Churchman, who, when quite satisfied that Church interests will be served, will be ready to advance the sum required. We can imagine a police case arising out of the business, when the gentleman of "eminent position" and "Church principles" (represented chiefly by a white choker) will call upon that eminent Churchman, MR. DAVIS LAURENCE, to show cause why he does not return certain acceptances which sound Churchman Number One entrusted to sound Churchman Number Two, and on which the former has not received a shilling. If the Church wishes to keep itself out of danger, we recommend its keeping itself quite free from bill transactions, even though they be of the tempting kind suggested in the above advertisement.

America and Russia.

CERTAIN American prints avow that America sympathises with Russia. We cannot believe so vile a scandal upon the American people. That certain dwellers in the States may sympathise with the Muscovites, we can easily conceive. The owner of the slave wishes well to the owner of the serf. In this way, and in this way only, the knout has the sympathy of the cow-hide.

THE END OF THE BLACK SEA.

THE present naval operations in the Black Sea have, for their ultimate object, the identification of those waters with the Pacific.

AGRICULTURAL SPENDTHRIFTS.

It is a great mistake to suppose that prodigals and spendthrifts are chiefly to be found amongst the youthful heirs to great estates. The most extravagant dog in existence is the Norfolk agricultural labourer. This assertion we make on the authority of Mr. T. G. TUCK, a magistrate of that county. At a meeting of the Blofield and Walsham Agricultural Association, Mr. TUCK is reported to have stated certain particulars concerning the Norfolk peasantry, which exhibit them as accustomed to indulge in reckless profusion to a degree without parallel in the annals of the Insolvent Court. The cause of their lavish and profligate conduct is precisely the same as that which has ruined so many juvenile inheritors of riches—the seeming immensity of their affluence. These ploughmen and carters are rolling in wealth, amounting in many instances to 10s. or 12s. a-week; thus overloaded with abundance, they evince the common weakness of human nature so circumstanced: and, as Mr. TUCK says,—

"What was lightly acquired was little valued, and this was the case with the labourers. In the years of 1848 and 1849, when flour was extremely cheap, they did not care how it was wasted, and he would give an instance of it. He once saw three children of one family, in the middle of an afternoon, with a large piece of bread in their hands, eating some of it, giving some of it to a dog, and throwing the greater part of it on the road. He rode up to the cottage in which they lived, and asked their mother why she encouraged such waste in her family? Her answer was, 'Sir, my husband would be extremely angry with me if I refused these children a piece of bread and cheese at any hour of the day.'"

This wasteful woman had actually given her children more bread than they could manage to eat. Of course she might easily have known how much they absolutely required. The test of their being really hungry would have been their crying bitterly. She ought not to have complied with their mere demand for bread. Had she not been utterly devoid of any feeling of frugality, she would have made them wait till they screamed for it. All that Mr. TUCK could get from this dissolute woman in answer to his remonstrances, was, that "it was very hard to deny the poor children a piece of bread." An astounding reply, probably, to that gentleman who, doubtless, thought that nothing could be more easy. Note, that this instance of profusion occurred to Mr. TUCK not less frequently than once.

Mr. TUCK further averred that,—

"He knew a gentleman who frequently visited the cottages of the poor, and that gentleman had told him that he went one Tuesday into a cottage, the occupier of which had received his wages on the previous Monday, and witnessed such extravagance as he would not have allowed in his own house. The following Friday he visited the same house again, and the people were eating dry bread."

In eating dry bread, did Mr. TUCK mean to say that they were continuing the course of extravagance, on the Friday, which they had commenced on the Tuesday? It would be natural to conclude that he did, as he evidently considers dry bread a thing of which it is possible for labourers to eat too much; and probably, with wages of even 10s. or 12s. a-week, they would not, although they had just been paid, have been so outrageously extravagant as to eat anything better.

To some people, the case last quoted may not seem so strong against the luxurious Norfolk labourers as that of the children, but it is equally so; for eating too much bread is the worst way of wasting it. That which is given to a dog, nourishes the dog; that which is thrown away may feed the sparrows; but that which is unnecessarily swallowed is wholly useless. If digestible, it goes to form superfluous fat; if indigestible, it is so much rubbish, which cannot be shot into any more unfit receptacle than the stomach. This is said with all deference to Mr. TUCK, who, no doubt, thinks that children ought to tuck all their bread in.

The Norfolk labourers, by their excessive consumption of bread, inflict severe suffering on the class of which Mr. TUCK is a member. According to this gentleman:—

"There was a great deal of suffering after the measure for the repeal of the Corn Laws was passed, and no one knew better than he did that the loss of property was enormous; but he believed they were suffering still from the repeal of the Corn Laws, and he would prove it. The repeal of those laws caused such extravagant and uneconomical practices on the part of the labourers that years and years would elapse before they returned to their former habits."

Mr. TUCK, then, related the above quoted anecdotes in proof of the extravagant and uneconomical practices of the labourers.

Surely, every feeling heart will commiserate Mr. TUCK and his order, on account of the suffering and privation which must have been entailed upon them, through the loss of Protection, by the labourers' inordinate indulgence in bread. We dare say that many of them are actually no longer able, by reason of the scarcity of flour which has thence arisen, to afford their livery-servants hair powder.

A Hero Actor.

THE conduct of LORD ERNEST VANE in the Ladies' dressing-rooms of the Windsor Theatre, proves to demonstration that that very fine young English gentleman is able at the very shortest notice to act the part of *Caliban* in his own *Tempest*.



HOW VERY EMBARRASSING.

Gustavus. "MAMMA, DEAR! ARE MOUSTACHIOS FASHIONABLE?"

Mamma. "WELL, GUS, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, BUT I BELIEVE THEY ARE."

Gus. "OH! THEN, IS THAT THE REASON WHY MISS GRUMPH WEARS 'EM?"

MISS GRUMPH, as well as being strong-minded, is rather masculine in appearance.

DIZZY BREWED A KIND OF PLOT.

DIZZY brew'd a kind of plot,
And BRIGHT and GLADSTONE came to see:
Three downy birds; a Quaker ane,
And twa ex-heads o' Chancerie.
We are nae friends, we are nae friends,
But when we catch the SPEAKER's e'e,
What ane may say the twa may say,
And over goes the Ministree.

Here we are met, three fluent boys,
Three fluent boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've kept the floor,
And wearied out stenographee.
We are nae friends, we're nae that friends,
But when we catch the SPEAKER's e'e,
We'll all gae in for making peace,
And over goes the Ministree.

It will nae do to blaw our horn,
Proclaiming unanimitee;
The nation might nae like the game;
So, by my troth, we'll wait a wee.
We are nae friends, we are nae friends,
But when we catch the SPEAKER's e'e,
We'll all gae in for making peace,
And praise the Russian's honesty.

Wha first shall rise must say the War
Is urged with sad ferocity;
The next on Taxes foul shall fa';
The third shall preach o' Policy.
We are nae friends, we're nae that friends,
But when we catch the SPEAKER's e'e,
The House shall find a union form'd
To overset the Ministree.

MYTHOLOGY EXPLAINED.—VENUS's car was drawn by pigeons, inferring thereby that in Love there should be no kicking over the traces.

INSPECTION OF FIELD-MARSHALS.

ONE of the most remarkable military ceremonies which we have lately had the pleasure of recording, took place on Saturday last, at the United Service Institution in Whitehall Yard, where several gallant soldiers, officers, and privates, who have distinguished themselves in the Crimea, inspected the Field-M Marshals in HER MAJESTY'S Service.

The recently made Field-M Marshals arrived punctually in their respective perambulators, and were received by the attendants with the utmost kindness and tenderness. They were lifted along the passage, and placed in three of the easiest chairs which could be procured. The windows were carefully closed to exclude draughts.

While waiting the arrival of the veteran F.M., whose creation, dating 1840, is much older than that of the Peninsular Generals, and to whom more latitude was therefore very properly allowed, the objects of interest in the Institution were explained to the Marshals. The skeleton of Marengo, the horse ridden by NAPOLEON at Waterloo, much delighted them, as having belonged to an acquaintance of other days, and GENERAL WOLFE's Quebec sword recalled to them an event of their younger lives.

The other Field-M Marshal's carriage was then heard, and presently H.R.H. entered, in the uniform which he wore at the taking of his last quarter's salary. With him came the Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards, the Colonel-in-Chief of the Sixtieth Rifles, the Grand Ranger of Windsor Park, the Lord-Warden of the Stannaries, the Chief Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall, the Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle, the High Steward of Plymouth, the Colonel of the Artillery Company, the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and the PRINCE CONSORT. Mr. Punch was also present.

The inspection was then gone through, and the Field-M Marshals were examined as to their efficiency, and their capability of rendering military service to HER MAJESTY. The Peninsular Generals admitted that their day had gone by; but said that they were delighted to hear that younger men were appointed to do their work. From motives of delicacy it was thought best not to undecieve them. They were then asked if they had any complaint to make, and they replied that they had,—that their promotion to the highest rank in the Army had either been earned forty years ago, or not at all; and that both the delay which had taken place, and the moment selected for conferring the honour, were equally unfair. Mr. Punch promised that this

should be notified, and expressed his entire concurrence in their sentiments.

H.R.H. was then inspected, and was warmly complimented upon being in such apparently excellent condition. H.R.H. stated that he was at that moment quite as fit to discharge the duties of a Field-M Marshal as he ever had been, and that he long hoped to serve his Sovereign in that capacity. Although he could not as yet aspire to the renown of his colleague in honours, F.M. LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS, who had received £1,200,000 of the people's money up to last pay-day, and who therefore was naturally anxious to negotiate a peace (as such items might in war-time be thought objectionable), he trusted that he should not be found unworthy of the relationship.

The examination being completed, the inspectors departed, with the single recommendation, that the Field-M Marshals, being happily lodged in a collection of military curiosities, should be kept in what was evidently their proper place.

BREAD AND STONES.

CERTAIN patriots, altogether guiltless of their country's good, continue to meet on Sundays in Hyde Park, to discuss the question of high prices, and believe in their philosophy that the only remedy for dear bread is in the use of stones. Hence, these worthies fling about their arguments in a manner, not so much calculated to convince the heads of their opponents as to split them. We have no doubt that these patriotic young gentlemen are animated by the best intentions, and are quite in earnest in their desire to construe the cause of dear bread. We therefore beg leave to refer them to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA: and further propose that a recruiting company should be in attendance at the Park, in order to enlist the sympathies of the patriotic young gentlemen to the confusion of the CZAR of the dear loaf. As they are so fond of flinging stones, we do not see why they might not be incorporated into a force, to be called "The Heavy Pebbles."

AMENITIES OF POLITICAL LIFE.

A LADY of the good old Tory School, and closely related to the one of the old women at the Horse Guards, declares, that "She never can forgive Nineveh for having discovered MR. LAYARD."



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Disguised as Muscovites."

Love's Labour's Lost, Act v., Scene 2.

AN ORTHODOX RUSSIAN LEGEND.

THE following interesting particulars have reached us respecting the idol, in whose aid, combined with that of ardent spirits, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has put his trust, and through whose power and might he hopes to conquer.

The image of ST. SERGIUS was prepared by its priests for presentation to the orthodox Monarch by being freshly gilt, painted, and illuminated. It was supplied with a new wig; and some holes, which worms and earwigs had eaten in certain portions of it, were stopped with putty. Its fingers and toes were also mended.

When the CZAR worshipped his image, and kissed it, a wonderful circumstance occurred. The nose of the devout Monarch turned suddenly red, in consequence of the transference thereto, on the part of the holy image, of a portion of the colour with which its cheek had recently been painted.

ALEXANDER has made a solemn vow, that he will not wash that paint from his imperial nose until his pious troops shall have retaken Sebastopol, and driven back the Allies into the sea.

The ears of the wooden ST. SERGIUS have been so wonderfully constructed as to hear; the eyes, as to see; the nose, as to smell: the Saint enjoys a sniff of incense as much as anybody could a pinch of snuff. The prodigious mechanism of the tongue enables it to taste; that of the hands to feel; and that of the feet to walk: insomuch, that the holy image will not be carried in the van of the Russian forces; no doubt being entertained that it will march, and lead them to victory.

Young Prime Ministers.

IT is said that LORD PALMERSTON has become so sensible of the necessity of filling all public offices with, at most, middle-aged men that he resolves at the earliest period of the Session, to lay a Bill before Parliament, by which no man shall be permitted, after the present minister, to hold the post of Premier beyond the age of fifty. LORD JOHN RUSSELL will, it is said, earnestly support the principle of the Bill; moving, however, the following amendment,—namely, that for the present minister, let there also be an exception in the case of the next Premier who is immediately to succeed him.

MAUD FOR AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.

WHAT do they mane by the blessuns o' Pace? we ha' vound it a cuss. Civilization, revinement, zience and arts be blow'd! Talk o' prawsperity—pshoo!—what times was there ever wuss Than when we was zellun our whate at next to nothun a load?

Prawgress! we've had too much; we've been gwian on too vast, We was gittun too vur a-head wi' Machinery and Mind; Now arter varty year long we ha' got to pull up at last, And gie up all them there schemes for the benefit of mankind.

Pace! we ha' had too much; no good comes o' Pace to we; Mind, what I thinks I spakes, and what I approves I owns; War, my bucks, I says, War, jolly war by land and sea, Raisun the price o' carn, costun enarmus loans!

More cotton, for ever so long, than enough, by half, they've spun; Until we all was like to be choked wi' cotton-twist. Wi' jennies and calico mills the country was overrun; But these here times o' war is bringun our mills the grist.

Pace is a pleasant thing for dapper fellers that stands Behind a counter, mizhurun lengths of tape. There let 'em vlourish their shop-yards and rub their hands, Shavun the ladies; cringe, bow, and congee, and scrape.

Haberdashers, tailors, man-milliners, drapers, and sich, In Pace ha' bin a thrivun like pigs upon barley meal; They've had a good long while to get fat and wealthy and rich: Now, mates, our innuns is come; 'tis now our turn o' the wheel.

Wutts is a lookun up, and barley's in good demand, So is banes and pacs, and likewise clover and hay. Therefore I holds that War is a blessun to the land, And as to the blessuns o' Pace I takes no account o' they.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION IN THE QUADRANT.

AMONG the gratuitous exhibitions of London is a spectacle to which the public is treated in the Quadrant, Regent Street, by the benevolent proprietor of a shop for boots, gloves, and other articles of dress and ornament. Immediately inside the window of this shop there are to be seen, throughout the day, not only the gloves, boots, and miscellaneous goods, but also one or two young ladies, busily engaged in needlework. The establishment bears a name which appears to be a French one: and may therefore suggest, to some minds, an explanation of the display in the window. Our Allies entertain an idea that a wife, among us, is a commodity of traffic; and it may be surmised, that the young ladies are placed in MONSIEUR or MADAME CHOSE's window for the same purpose as the boots and gloves, namely, for sale. If this is the case, however, it had better be indicated by the recognised token of a halter worn in lieu of a necklace by the goods. A ticket fixed on each of them, stating their prices, would save much idle and superfluous inquiry. A notice-card in the window might also mention that there is a great variety within, if such is the fact, and the shop is really a matrimonial emporium and conjugal depôt.

The girls, however, who are placed in the very forward position above described, do not appear to evince a corresponding character. Their demeanour is rather confused, and their looks downcast, as if they were afraid and ashamed to lift their eyes; which, certainly, if they did ever raise them, would meet those of grinning street-boys and leering fast men about Town. The situation, in fact, to any modest young woman, must be little preferable to that of a pillory; and we hope these seamstresses have not been condemned to undergo such exposure for the crime of want: and that they are not suffering penal servitude under a grinding employer, who compels them to drudge in the capacity of live dummies.

MILITARY THEATRICALS.—We are sure that our readers will be delighted to learn that the farce of "SIMPSON AND CO." is no longer to be played in the Crimea.

A LION-HUNTER'S MUSEUM.



THE celebrated Lion-hunter of Belgravia, MRS. NIMROD, has for years past, been hunting Lions all over the Metropolis. The trap she was in the habit of setting for them was simply a rose-coloured note, baited with a sandwich and a cup of weak tea. These, diluted still further with a quantity of washy music, were sufficient to entrap a Lion, no matter how savage in his habits, or greasy and unkempt in the mane. When she had caught one, she would assemble some three or four hundred fashionable people, and let him loose amongst them. Her happiness was

unbounded if he roared, let it be ever so gently; but if he happened to bring a long tail with him, or was attended by a lioness, or some young cubs as ferocious as himself, then she would retire to bed the happiest of the happy, and dream of her extended fame as a celebrated Lion-hunter.

In the course of her numerous chases, she has collected innumerable trophies and curiosities. These she has arranged into a Museum, which she intends opening shortly in opposition to MR. GORDON CUMMING'S at the top of the Haymarket. It will indeed be a rare exhibition, and quite unique of its kind.

We subjoin a few interesting items from the valuable Catalogue, which, like the one at the BERNAL OSBORNE Collection, will be charged not less than five shillings.

1. The celebrated Long-Bow, lately in the possession of the Editor of the *Invalide Russe*.
2. One of the lashes of the whip with which America intends, one of these days, to "flog the world."
5. A false collar, belonging to a distinguished leader of the Irish brigade. Rare.
25. The famous Scotch Mull of LORD ABERDEEN, whilst he was Minister at the beginning of the Russian War.
46. The iron ring that fell from the nose of one of the Ojibbeway chiefs, after he had been taking a pinch of snuff, offered to him by the Pig-Headed Lady, on the evening of my celebrated *soirée*, July 19, 1848.
57. The bone of the leg of mutton which BERNARD KAVANAGH, the living skeleton, devoured at supper on the same occasion. In perfect condition.
69. The Van that COLLINGWOOD led at the Battle of Trafalgar.
79. The Wedding-ring that was put on the toe of MISS BIFFIN at the time of her marriage.
81. METTERNICH'S Balance of Europe, with the beam all twisted, and one of the scales leaning strongly on the side of Russia.
112. The KING OF PRUSSIA'S glass the last time he sprained his ankle.
141. LOUIS PHILIPPE'S cotton umbrella during the last few days of his reign.
152. The wooden handle to the Four Points that LORD JOHN took with him on his last visit to Vienna.
160. The washhandbasin in which GLADSTONE washed his hands of the present Ministry.
182. One of the two tears dropped by SIR JAMES GRAHAM when he found that he had made a false charge against MR. LAYARD.
194. The pocket-handkerchief of the *Victim of Unmerited Persecution*, of the Victoria Theatre, and a pawnbroker's duplicate found pinned on to "GRIMALDI'S Mantle." Very valuable.
322. The POPE'S Eye, when FATHER NEWMAN went over to Rome to eat his mutton.

The New Cerberus of Downing Street.

THIS Cerberus is to have, like MR. GLADSTONE'S speeches, the usual number of three heads. One head will have a broad brim, under which you will recognise the features of a well-known Manchester man; the second will wear a Church of England beaver, with just a slight turn towards Puseyism; and the third will be an Asiatic Mystery, buried under a Mosaic tiara of hats, darkening the already dark physiognomy underneath. This Cerberus, presenting the rare combination of three heads under five hats, will have around its neck a brass collar, on which you will be able to read, in half-Roman half-Hebrew characters, "COALITION."

NURSERY RHYMES FOR FIELD MARSHALS.

THE appointment of some persons in a state of second childhood to the rank of Field-Marshal has suggested the propriety of furnishing a few appropriate Nursery Rhymes, to be sung to the venerable military infants by way of lullaby. It would be cruel to disturb their very tender ears by martial strains, and we prefer putting them to "by-by" on their bed of laurels to the tunes which are usually sung at the side of every respectable cradle.

"Hush-a-by Baby."

Hush-a-by, Marshal, on the tree top,
When the storm blows the System will rock:
When the shock comes the System will fall;
Down will come System, Field-Marshal, and all.

"Ticketty, Dicketty, Dock."

Ticketty, dicketty, dock!
The people know what 's o'clock:
The public will frown,
Routine must go down,
Ricketty, tricketty, dock!

"There was a little Man."

There was a man of birth,
Of very little worth,
And his cranium was full of lead, lead, lead.
A commission he obtain'd,
And influence was strain'd,
Till he got to the army's head, head, head.

"Dance a Baby diddy!"

Dance a lordling diddy;
What shall mammy do wid 'ee?
His frocks he discards,
And into the Guards
Dances the baby diddy.

Smile, my lordling bonny,
What will time bring on 'ee?
Promotion through birth,
Independent of worth;
So smile, my lordling bonny.

Laugh, my lordling beauty,
What will be your duty?
Courtly St. James
Your presence claims;
So laugh, my lordling beauty.

Dance, my lordling deary,
With service you'll never be weary;
Frolic and play,
And spend your pay,
So dance, my lordling deary.

BEHIND THE SCENES AGAIN.

A PROVINCIAL Critic, whose lucubrations *Punch* notices in one of the journals with which he is favoured, says of a certain actor, "We must also deprecate his most objectionable habit of playing to the pit, and gallery, and sometimes to the boxes!" In the name of THESPIAS, to whom is the unfortunate man to play? We almost imagined that pit, gallery, and boxes made up the audience. The Critic was evidently standing at the wing, and felt insulted that *Hamlet* did not give the audience his mere profile, and play full face to the visitor who condescended to come round and look at him. This comes of admitting people behind the scenes: first a Lord smashes a Manager; then a Critic smashes an Actor. The practice should really be put a stop to.

The Shepherd of Christchurch.

MR. BROWN, the Rector of Christchurch, aided by the church-wardens, took the young and aged poor of his parish—from baby in the lap to the old of eighty—to the Crystal Palace on Tuesday,—in all nearly two thousand persons. This is, indeed, to act the part of a good shepherd, to lead the weakest and the most helpless of the flock to drink a fill of enjoyment at the Crystal Fountains.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 3, 1855.



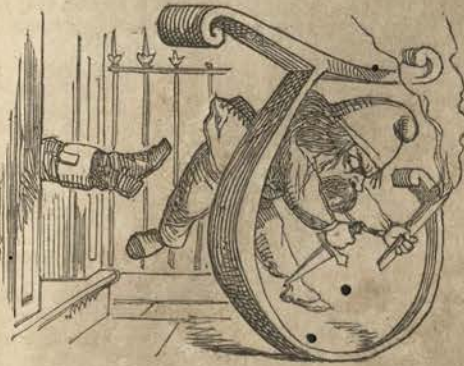
ALL BUT TRAPPED.



GRAND MILITARY SPECTACLE.
The Heroes of the Crimea Inspecting the Field-Marshal.

THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE.

A Review Mr. Punch expects shortly to have to write.



THE indefatigable Mr. WYLE, of Charing Cross, has just produced a map of Europe, in which the alterations, occasioned by recent revolutions and dynastic changes are marked, and the new boundaries are given with great precision. Among the more important variations from

the old map are the annexation of the dominions of the late KING BOMBA to the kingdom of Sardinia, and the substitution of the Roman Republic for the States of the Church. The fall of the House of Hapsburgh, and the restoration of Hungary to its independence have also occasioned alterations, as, of course, has the session of the Rhenish provinces to France. The expulsion of KING CHICQUOT, and the elevation of his brother to the throne, as a constitutional monarch, and the consequent close alliance of Prussia with England (since the brilliant feat of the Prussian cavalry at the taking of Moscow, they have been named the Daughter of England's Own) have caused no great change in the map, except that Prussia has absorbed several of the wretched little sovereignties in her neighbourhood. Poland now figures as she did before 1772; may we hope that she has learned wisdom, and that her intestine broils will no longer tempt the appetite of aggressors. The extermination of the Greeks, and the addition of Greece to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S dominions, throws some more red colour into the Mediterranean, and the Crimea, restored to Turkey, ceases to be yellow. Russia is strangely shrunk up, and her humiliated and diminished appearance is a perpetual caveat against the will of PETER THE GREAT.

The independent provinces, which have arisen where stolen regions have been wrested from her, are the best guarantees against her ever again extending herself. The map naturally includes a portion of Asia Minor, and shows the Pashalic of H. R. H. PRINCE WILLIAMS, Pasha of Armenia, the protector of the SULTAN'S Asiatic dominions, who holds the province as SAID PASHA at present holds Egypt; a country which, however, HIS MAJESTY ABDUL MEDSCHID has some idea of presenting to QUEEN VICTORIA, as a small token of respect and esteem. We do not know that there is any other alteration which we need note, as the conflagration which happily and utterly destroyed Holywell Street and its contents produced a change which, though great to London, is too small to be inserted in a map of Europe. MR. WYLE deserves all credit for his, &c., &c.

FIELDING ON FIELD-MARSHALS.

It is one of the advantages of an author who takes nature for his guide, that what he writes will be as true to-day as it was yesterday, and as it will be to-morrow. We have been struck with the following passage in FIELDING, which might have been written to describe the condition of the heads of our army that have recently served—if that can be called serving which is of no service at all—in the Crimea. FIELDING certainly hit the right nail, or the right people, on the head, for he came down like the right man on the right place, when he wrote thus on the mental qualifications of those who are sometimes entrusted with the command of armies.

"Nature (who, as wise men have observed, equips all creatures with what is most expedient for them) takes a provident care, as she always doth, with those she intends for encounters, to make the skull three times as thick as those of ordinary men, who are designed to exercise talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whom, as brains are necessary, she is obliged to leave some room for them in the cavity of the skull: Whereas, those ingredients being entirely useless to persons of the heroic calling, she hath an opportunity of thickening the Bone, so as to make it less subject to any impression, or liable to be cracked or broken; and indeed in some who are predestined to the command of armies and empires, she is supposed sometimes to make that part perfectly solid."—Joseph Andrews.

It is clear that heroes with thick heads, and commanders with abundance of bravery and an absence of brains, were quite as familiar to the imagination of FIELDING as they are unfortunately to our own experience.

THE COMING MAN.—GENERAL S—MPS—N.

A PUZZLE FOR A COUNTRY COUPLE.

IN the following advertisement excised from the Salisbury and Winchester Journal, there is rather more, perhaps, to be understood than will prove generally intelligible:—

WANTED.—A MAN AND HIS WIFE: the Wife, 30 to 35 years of age, who has been brought up in a Training School, as MISTRESS of a small Village School. The salary £20 a-year, and a comfortable Cottage and good Garden. The Man, if able to work on the Farm, at the usual Farm Labourer's wages, or if capable of taking care of a Hackney Stable, he might be so employed. Apply, by paid letter, to J. T., Post Office, Weymouth.

The purpose for which the wife is wanted, appears to be that of filling the situation of mistress in a small village school; but it is by no means clear that the punctuation of the above announcement can be depended upon as indicating the meaning of its author, and that all which that individual intends to express, is not merely the indefinite requisition of a married person who has been educated as a small village schoolmistress in a school for training schoolmistresses. That a salary may consist of £20 a-year is comprehensible enough; but some little difficulty must be experienced in conceiving how a periodical payment can include a cottage and a garden.

Considered as the commencing clauses of some imaginable sentence, there is no great obscurity in the next succession of words, as far as Stable. "The Man, if able to work on the Farm, at the usual Farm Labourer's wages, or if capable of taking care of a Hackney Stable," might be the subject of a great variety of verbs, but his case above is that of an unconnected nominative. The Man might do something; what, we are not told; the statement of what he might do is omitted; but if capable of doing something else, also unmentioned, it appears that he might be so employed.

If we suppose that the wife is wanted as the mistress of a school, and the man to work on the farm, or to take care of a hackney stable, a question still remains to be decided. What is the connection between the school on the one hand, and the farm and stable on the other, rendering it desirable that the parties wanted in reference to them should be conjugally related to each other?

We should think it would pay country papers to employ somebody to edit their advertising columns.

LONDON BELLS.

Those London Bells, those London Bells,
How plain a tale that nuisance tells
Of fees and beer, that buy the time
Of those who raise that senseless chime.

Those foolish times are pass'd away,
When people liked the bellry's bray,
With Lord Mayor's shows and Thames's smells,
We class those pestering London Bells.

Were ringers' swipes and swindle gone,
That vulgar noise would not go on,
The fact from every steeple knells,
That Pewter Pots are London Bells.

THE BEAUTY OF SILENCE.

WHY could not Red Republicanism, in his Jersey refuge, eat his Jersey pear under the shadow of the hospitable tree, and hold his tongue? And even allowing that ROUGE were desirous of exercising his throat with a few maledictions more or less upon the EMPEROR LOUIS-NAPOLÉON—who it must still be allowed, did not swim through rose-water to a throne—why should the varlet have the ill-manners, the ingratitude, and the cowardice to cast slanderous words at the QUEEN? Why not, we ask, still munch his pear, and hold his tongue? Could he not be as wise as a goose—the geese duly celebrated by PLUTARCH?

For it is chronicled of certain geese, desirous of flying over Mount Athos, that with a modest diffidence in their own constancy—a modesty very commendable in geese in general, and very worthy of imitation by men at large—they invariably, before they took flight, took each a stone in the mouth, that, as they flew, they might not gaggle, and so give warning to the eagles in the neighbourhood.

Now if Red Republicanism will take towering heights, we earnestly recommend it, for its own safety, as it flies over Windsor Castle, to keep a stone in its mouth.

NOTICE.

IF the Gentleman who (by mistake) took an umbrella from the stand in the Old Foggy Club on Wednesday evening last will APPLY at the Porter's Lodge, Albany, he will find the gatekeeper has orders to give him the case, which is now of no use to the owner.



Head Nurse (with much dignity). "MISS MARY! YOU SHALL NOT STIR YOUR TEA WITH THE SNUFFERS!—IT IS NOT LADY-LIKE, AND I AM QUITE SURE YOUR PAPA WOULD NOT APPROVE OF IT!" [MISS MARY hurls awfully, and smashes tea-cup.

TELLING TRUTHS,

Which much better had never been told at all.

WOMEN are never satisfied. If a man is jealous, they cry out against his tyranny; if he is not jealous, they complain of his indifference.

A man ceases to be "a good fellow," the moment he refuses to do precisely what other people wish him to do.

Tell a woman that she is a flirt, and she will laugh; that she is ugly, and she will get angry; but just hint that she is growing old, and she will never forgive you.

Self-Love is Love with two bandages over its eyes instead of one.

A man marries generally to leave society—a woman to enter it.

Those who live only for appearances generally end in making one in the Insolvent Court.

Many a man talks with loud complacency about the charm of his fireside, and yet, let temptation give but the smallest tap at the door, and he evinces the most wonderful alacrity in leaving it.

Satire is a dangerous acid, which none but the most skilful should presume to manipulate. Many a clumsy hand at it has been blown to pieces by the explosion of his own retort.

• • •
Rather Late in the Day.

THE LORD MAYOR and the principal Members of the Corporation of London went on Wednesday last week in State to Windsor, to present the QUEEN with a congratulatory address upon the fall of Sebastopol.

Considering the length of time which has elapsed since the event took place, some surprise has been expressed that the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen did not accompany their address of congratulation on the capture of Sebastopol by one of condolence with HER MAJESTY on the lamented demise of her Royal predecessor, ANNE.

HOYLE AT FAULT.

THERE is this fault in most games, that the King conquers the Knave; whereas at Court it is the Knave, if he plays his cards at all well, that generally beats the King.

NEWSPAPER NOODLEISM.

THE London correspondents of the Liverpool papers seem to be lamentably hard up for matter, or they would certainly abstain from the violations of good taste and common sense, which their communications occasionally exhibit. London correspondents are not usually remarkable for delicacy; but if one of them happens to be admitted to a private party of gentlemen, he must be fearfully "put to it," indeed, for the means of supplying his weekly amount of copy, if he avails himself of what he picks up over the dinner-table, and converts the little confidences of social life into newspaper material. Sometimes, when the whole field of realities, private and personal, as well as public and political, has been exhausted, the London correspondent resorts to his imagination to make the food he lives upon. A curious example of this sort of thing has just been set by a correspondent of a Liverpool journal, who has taken the forthcoming volumes of MACAULAY'S *History of England* as a theme for some rather rampant absurdities. He has first made a guess at the number of copies ordered, and, having got hold of these, he goes through a series of ridiculous feats of arithmetic and measurement, of which he gives the results for the entertainment of the enlightened people of Liverpool. He tells them that if the whole edition of MACAULAY'S *England* were to be piled up, one book on the top of the other, a height would be attained equal to that which GARNERIN reached in his balloon, and that if the volumes were placed in a line, they would extend from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith. Nobody—but the London correspondent of the Liverpool paper—could have entertained the absurd idea that MESSRS. LONGMAN would so trifle with an expensive work as to pile it up to the utmost possible height, or lay it in a long narrow row in the public thoroughfares.

The London correspondent might as well have continued his ridiculous speculations by suggesting the quantity of butter each volume would enclose, if torn up for the use of a London buttermilk, or how many trunks the whole edition would furnish with lining. The same ingenious calculator might also apply his powers to other subjects, and give an elaborate table of the number of brandy-balls at

four a penny the LORD CHANCELLOR could purchase with his quarter's salary, or the number of times that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could visit the pit of the Victoria Theatre with the produce of the Income Tax.

• • •
"MY LADY THE HOUSEMAID."

MANY people are slaves to their servants, but we never recollect the position of mistress to have been so coolly claimed by a domestic as it is in the following advertisement, copied the other day from the *Times* of the 22nd:—

WANTED, BY A LADY A RE-ENGAGEMENT AS HOUSEMAID in a gentleman's family, in a house of business, or the entire management of a widower's house. She is fully capable of fulfilling all the various branches of a housekeeper's duties, with a thorough knowledge of cooking. The highest references given. Address —.

It has long been the practice of a certain class of housemaids to assume the dress and even the address of a lady, for who has not been disgusted by the arrival of letters at his residence, directed to Miss So-and-So, who is called by the knock of the postman from the making of the beds, or other household duties? We certainly admire the cool impudence with which the person in want of a housemaid's place, adopts the position of "a Lady in want of a re-engagement." We shall not be surprised at a stipulation on the part of one of these "lady housemaids" for the privilege of practising on the piano an hour in the day, with the allowance of an hour in the evening, to be devoted to drawing or some other accomplishment. Dancing, of course, they manage to enjoy at the public-houses in the neighbourhood, and social intercourse is easily attainable on Sundays, when the praiseworthy desire to go to church affords an opportunity for a *soirée* at a beer-shop, or some other equally improving rendezvous.

A CABINET QUESTION (*in Berlin*).—"I say, how many bottles did his Majesty drink last night?"



AN OPINION BACKED BY SOMETHING LIKE AN
AUTHORITY.

"The 'Times' is quite right in saying they should send Men out,
and not Boys."

"HOW VERY LIKE SPOONBILL!"

THERE is not a more foolish fallacy than that which avers that nature in her boundless variety has made no two objects precisely alike. The truth is, we are too apt to be too complimentary to nature. Nature is all very well in her way; but nature, being feminine, is too frequently flattered by our ignorance and simplicity. We very much doubt if, after all, nature is not sometimes a very much overrated female. We propose to make a short narrative in explosion of the fallacy aforesaid. We feel, too, that we shall have the sympathy, the consent of our reader going along with us.

MR. SPOONBILL is a distinguished parishioner of Marylebone. He is in fact a model parishioner. He has upheld all the respectabilities of life,—a moral Atlas. Propriety is his atmosphere. Even as it is said the white-coated ermine, when one spot of dirt has tainted its snowiness, stops, turns upon its back, and there and then dies—so we believe would SPOONBILL cease and determine, as the lawyers say, if brought into rude and sudden contact with the least possible indecorum.

MR. SPOONBILL is rather a peculiar-looking person: in fact, he has been called a very odd-looking man; a man not to be easily mistaken. When nature thought of the *ens*, the mind of SPOONBILL, she thought of an earthen vessel of harmonising character wherein to enshrine it. The mind of SOCRATES in the head of SOCRATES was, we know, likened to the precious drug or spice of the apothecary in the pot or jar decorated with the face of a faun or satyr. Well, it is very plain—as we shall prove—that nature, in the case of SPOONBILL, made two mugs so alike each other that nature only, it is our belief, could tell the SPOONBILL mug from the other vessel belonging to the other party.

Anybody, with less faith—faith, did we say?—creed, religion—in the respectability of SPOONBILL might have been deceived into scandal of that pure and very upright man. But no: we knew it could not be SPOONBILL; it was morally impossible; and yet—again and again—we could not suppress the exclamation—and yet "how very like SPOONBILL!"

SPOONBILL was distinguished for his affection for his country; his dogged love,—nay, his bull-dogged love for old England. He had never been to France; and never intended to go. Not he! Talk of the *belle alliance*, all such fine words wouldn't change one frog into a nightingale. He would live and die, and never stir a foot out of the blessed, tight little island. And yet, with this conviction of the sincerity of SPOONBILL, a few days ago in Paris, turning round the Rue de la Paix, we came plump upon a man—his hat was genuine Parisian certainly, and there was a day or two's tendency towards a moustache, but otherwise, coming plump upon that man—we had hardly breath enough left to say—"Gracious! How very like SPOONBILL!"

We went to the Exposition of the Beaux Arts: we could have been content to winter there. We were in the Belgian Court and—immediately opposite, with eyes nailed to a lognette, opposite that most

beautiful *Leda* was our man of the day before—the man so very like SPOONBILL! Now, SPOONBILL, as a shareholder of the Crystal Palace had—it was his pride to dilate upon it—churned up a very stormy meeting, and had lost his resolution only by twenty, a resolution that went to put the *Venus de Medicis* into a shawl, and DEBAR'S *First Cradle*—(who can forget that divine young mother with her dove-like babes?)—into a dressing-gown. And here was that man—except with a sort of satyr-like leer—that man, before that *Leda*, so very like SPOONBILL!

In the evening, we went—and why not?—to the *Bal Mabilite*. Does not MRS. BECHER STOWE say of this place, and there is not a *grisette* of Paris who will not agree with her, that it is "a scene where earthliness is worked up into a style of sublimation the most exquisite conceivable?" We repeat it, then: we went to the *Bal Mabilite*, and there—he—he who in the morning was fixed by *Leda*, was whirling away in the whirlpool of a waltz. (There are not less than four *w's* in that bit of fine description.) There he was, the moustache still looking up, spinning round and round, that man so very like SPOONBILL! Now SPOONBILL hated, loathed all public dancing.—Had he not, on his side-board, a salver, a testimonial subscribed to him by his neighbours for his successful opposition to a licence for music and dancing for the *Cat-in-Walnut-Shells*? Nevertheless—though we thought of the salver, we could not help saying—"How very like SPOONBILL!"

Another night, and we paused and thought we would take a seat and take an ice outside the *Café Vachette*. We turned round and—there was the man so very like SPOONBILL! So like, and yet so different! The man was stirring hot brandy-and-water, and smoking a vile rank cigar. Now MR. SPOONBILL is a rigid teetotaler, and has been seen more than once to weep copious water-drops at the discourses of MR. GOUGH the water moralist. Nevertheless, as the man stirred and smoked—and that, too, on the public Boulevards, with all the varnished vice of Paris, all the hollowness of the brass, all the tinkling of the cymbals, passing and sounding before and round about him—nevertheless, we felt a sort of vague terror, as we cried in our inmost soul—"How very like SPOONBILL!"

The next day was Sunday. We went to Versailles. The fountains were to play. The *grandes eaux*! The crowd was great; the fountains magnificent. Great was the well-bred admiration of the French. At the climax, however, I heard an Englishman roar out—and the French laughed—"Bravo! Capital! *Ancore!*" It was that man again! Now the good, gentle, pious SPOONBILL himself had petitioned in favour of the Beer Bill, and had resolved to support LORD ERRINGTON again and again for Marylebone, if only for his lordship's support of that Bill. SPOONBILL was the darkest of British Sabbatarians; and yet here was a man on a French Sunday in a French show-palace, roaring and applauding; and that man—so very like SPOONBILL!

We returned to London with an uneasy sense of mystery. We could not help it: we inquired about SPOONBILL. Surely he had never left London? Left London! Impossible. MRS. SPOONBILL had been to Cornwall to see a well-to-do aunt, and how, under such circumstances, could SPOONBILL leave the house? Both could not be from home at the same time.

Unfortunately, however, SPOONBILL had had a fit of the gout, that had kept him in his bed; but he would not have MRS. SPOONBILL know it—for that would only shorten the dear soul's holiday with her aunt.

And yet with a startling fact or facts like these staring us in the face, it is to be expected of us that we are to continue to subscribe to the fallacy that nature, in her boundless variety, makes no two things alike. If such were the case, how could that dissolute—for we will call him dissolute—man in Paris be, we might almost say one and the same with the punctilious, temperate, pious man in London? How could such a roysterer be so very like the respectable SPOONBILL?

A JOKE IN SPITE OF HIS TEETH.

SOME people may imagine that the expression, "mad with the tooth-ache," is a mere phrase, but the following joke made by an individual when suffering under acute pain in one of his molars, affords proof of the existence of what may be called dental insanity. While rolling in agony from one side of his bed to the other, this unreasonable being asked himself in the middle of the night, "What property is a man likely to come into, if all his lower teeth should become affected?" The reply was as mad as the question, "About a dozen achers in Rotten-Row." Surely this man's friends must either take out his teeth, or take out a commission of lunacy.

Cause and Effect.

THE American publishers lately held a festival in New York. BRYANT the poet was among the speakers. He said—"When I hear of a rich bookseller, I know there have been successful authors." Just so. Whenever *Punch* hears of a fat American fox, he knows there have been English geese with "plenty of meat upon 'em."

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN ?

"SIR,—I am no enemy to the Peerage, but rather a well-wisher. I wish every Duke was as valiant and courteous as the DUKE OF SOMERSET. I am glad there is only one LORD CLANRICARDE. I forgive LORD CARLISLE his diary, and am really glad to know what a first-class man of the old school can do with his pen, especially when he is well-conditioned. I do not mean to call the Balaklava charge the greatest piece of tomfoolery that military annals record, nor do I altogether adopt the French estimate of the two chief culprits who were implicated in it. They say, 'if such a thing had happened in our service, one of those officers would have been cashiered, and the other shot.' I cannot go that length: the utmost I can allow is that one, and certainly no matter which, might well have been cashiered, but I cannot for a moment believe that either was born to be shot.

"Thus much in palliation;—on the other hand, I admit frankly that so many noble lords going out at the beginning of the campaign, with such a flourish of trumpets, and almost to a man, except poor old LORD RAGLAN, that gallant gentleman, sneaking home again on one plea or another before winter set in, thus enjoying the advantages and reaping the honours of war themselves, but leaving its hardships and privations to be endured by 'common fellows,' bears a very awkward look about it indeed, and forcibly suggests the trite remark of 'the least said the soonest mended.'

"Having thus cleared the way, and proved myself, I hope, an impartial witness, neither a lord-lover nor a lord-hater, I approach with more self-possession the great question which heads this article, 'Who killed Cock Robin?' which every right-minded Englishman will instantly understand to mean, what is become of LORD J. RUSSELL? And, Sir, I ask boldly, what is become of him? Has he been quietly put out of the way? Has he been made safe? When and where was he last seen? Was there any peculiarity in his look or manner, anything unusual in his appearance? Was he well dressed? Did he smile or say anything clever? In short, was there anything about him unlike himself? Europe must know these things; it won't wait for a committee, as Sebastopol did. But if this man has been really filched from us, and nothing is left of him but a blest shade, what must be the feelings of the wretched press that killed him? What! to be assailed with obloquy till his little heart broke, because he failed at Vienna! Why was he sent there? Can a man be made a first-rate diplomatist at half an hour's notice? It took more than half a century to make the great LORD WESTMORELAND what he is;—the fact is, this mission to Vienna was a delusion and a snare, and success impossible. They say, that his first landing in France was a perfect treat, although to an Englishman rather a humiliating one. We have all seen the same thing happen a hundred times,—a grand Johnny,—no matter whether a JOHNNY RUSSELL or a JOHNNY RAW, a milordo in short,—arrives, and steps on to the quay: he is twigg'd in a moment,—his air, his look, his gait, his suite, his importance, his ignorance of French, betray him in an instant. Mock civility, half-suppressed smiles, boys with their tongues in their cheeks nudging each other, saucy girls staring and laughing outright, pursue him at every step. Everybody knows and feels that a great goose is just landed, to be plucked by the first comer, and it is difficult indeed to recognise in him the clever Ambassador who is to outwit all the practised diplomatists of the Continent, where the medium of communication is French. It is said of poor LORD JOHN, that, being aware of his deficiency in that language, he never ventured upon it but once, which was, I believe, in Paris, where, on leaving the room, he desired the waiter not to let the fire go out, saying, '*Garçon, ne laissez pas sortir le feu.*'

"Thence this ill-used man is packed off to Vienna, to be cast headlong into a circle of professional mystifiers, astute schemers, heroes, whiskered and decorated, self-important and self-possessed, conversant with all the arts of which he knows nothing, the manners, customs, plots,—in a word, dodges and languages of that phase of Continental life. What boots it to oppose to them an accurate knowledge of *Hansard*, quotations of parliamentary precedents, an intimate acquaintance with the SPEAKER or the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS. Of what value is the cock of St. Stephens, in such an assembly as that? Many of us have seen, no doubt, in our lives, a strange little dog introduced all of a sudden into a kennel of fox-hounds; it is a pitiable sight; the poor little animal is naturally frightened to death, and does not know how to humble itself, and to submit and to cringe enough; it twists itself into shapes, bends and wriggles about, and hides away its little tail; presently it rolls on its side, then on its back, holding up its poor little paws, begging pardon, and ready to die; they meanwhile stalk fiercely round with bristles erect and half-suppressed growls at their small and abject foe.

"Such was our luckless Ambassador at Vienna. Fancy him in the council-chamber, attacked at once by all the grandees of many empires. First, there advances against him the fierce Prussian COUNT ALLPUFF VON BIERUNBACKE, then comes up the portly Austrian BARON WOTTABASUN, followed by the celebrated Russian PRINCE TWITCHIZOWNWHISKEROFF.

"It is needless to pursue this mournful subject any farther. At such

a moment as that, our clever Envoy—who was to overreach all these statesmen, and conclude for his country an advantageous and honourable peace, and security for Europe—probably did not recollect whether Vienna itself was in Austria or in China, and was most likely puzzled between trying to decline *avoir* and calculating how soon he would be in bed.

"In conclusion, Sir, let me sum up this stunning question with true parliamentary precision, thus:—Our great statesman is at the present moment either alive or dead. If alive, where is he? if dead, who killed him? An indignant country pauses for the reply, and convulsively repeats, Cock Robin, in accordance with your obedient servant,

"COCK WREN."

KING CLICQUOT'S HORSE.



HERE shall be no blame to *Punch*, if the KING OF PRUSSIA'S horse be not duly chronicled, in order that some future historian of our times may give it its rightful place. Bucephalus has a reputation, — and why not KING FREDERICK WILLIAM'S one-legged charger? We say one-legged, as it appears that the other three are merely auxiliary to the potent one. The horse that carries Prussia's king is, in fact, *uno-ped*. The *Times*' Prussian court

chronicler thus speaks of the horse and his rider:—

"The King can only ride his own horse, trained and schooled to canter always with the same leg, and to keep that pace, and that leg even when turning round corners, &c. The animal is left to its own conception of what is becoming in Royal equestrian etiquette, for the King sets in motion neither thigh nor heel nor whip to convey to it any expression of his own wishes in this respect."

Style is the man, says BUFFON. Sure we are that the natural philosopher might have added—the horse is the man; for how admirably does the KING'S horse develop the KING'S policy! He can only go his own way upon one leg, and with one leg turn round all political corners. How different was WELLINGTON'S horse Copenhagen! For is it not upon record, after Waterloo, when the fight was done, that that immortal chesnut, as his master descended from him, gave a whinny, a caper, and a caricole, as much as to say—"get up again once more, if you like; I can go through as much again." But where should we have been if Copenhagen had had the merit of only one leg?

There can be no doubt that KING WILLIAM'S horse, like the horses of RINALDO and all the other knights of fable, has some deep intelligence with his mystic master. Sufficiently animated by the mind of the KING the animal acts wholly as befits his Majesty. PHILIP DE COMINES relates how his horse, after a certain battle, plunged his head into a pail-full of red wine, and drank it up. And we know, on the credit of ROBERT BROWNING, how the good horse Roland won and enjoyed his draught:—

"And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I pour'd down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgeses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent."

The KING OF PRUSSIA'S horse is similarly addicted to wine. When turned out to grass, he is always caught, not in the ordinary way with a sieve of oats, but with successive poppings of champagne corks. In fact, although the horse has only one leg to canter, or rather decanter upon,—it is hitherto unknown what amount of champagne he can carry, especially when KING FREDERICK WILLIAM is upon his back.

A Parliamentary Pudding.

THE Press irreverently calls MR. HENRY DRUMMOND "the Jack-Pudding of Parliament." MR. DRUMMOND may still have some pudding left in him, but what, oh, what, have become of all the plums?"

POETRY OF THE RAILWAY MARKET.—The quotations made on the Railway Market during the past week have principally consisted of familiar lines.



MOST DISTRESSING.

POOR STUBBS!—JUST AS HE MEETS THOSE NICE GIRLS HE ADMIR'D SO AT M'S PARTY, AN ENORMOUS BLACK SETTLES ON HIS NOSE. HE LOSES ALL PRESENCE OF MIND.

A TOUCHING SCENE AT THE OLD BAILEY.

IN the case of the fraudulent Bankers, PAUL, STRAHAN, AND BATES, we should be rejoiced to say that the Prosecutor and the Judge had "done their duty like men," if unfortunately they had not laid themselves open to the charge of having done their duty like women. BARON ALDERSON was "deeply affected" while passing sentence, and DR. GRIFFITH, the prosecutor, "shed tears" on the occasion. We really cannot see the necessity for all this sentimental snivelling over one of the clearest matters of duty that any persons could have to perform; and we say, without hesitation, that there is a great deal more to cry about, more matter for sympathy and commiseration in nine cases out of ten, at the Old Bailey, than in the case of these dishonest Bankers.

We seldom or never hear of either prosecutors or judges crying over the trial and sentencing of the friendless and uneducated criminal, nor can we excuse the weakness that weeps over the richly-merited punishment of three of the most offensive culprits that ever added to the enormity of crime by the basest hypocrisy. Delinquency is always a fit subject for pity, but we scarcely remember a case in which the guilty deserved less commiseration than did MESSRS. STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES, who were beset by none of the temptations of want, and had none of the excuses usually claimed for ignorance. The punishment of such persons is a subject of general congratulation to all who are interested in the purity and impartiality of justice; and so far from there being any legitimate cause for the shedding of tears on the Bench, we are satisfied that the Crier of the Court might have been very properly left to do all the crying that was suitable to the occasion.

Diplomatic.

THE EMPEROR SOULOUQUE has just instituted a new Order, the *Order of Uncle Tom*. His negro ambassador, black as the night, BARON DAMIER, has arrived at St. James's, and the American Ambassador has not yet given notice to quit. It is said that the EARL OF WESTMORELAND happily relieved from his duties at Vienna, will represent England at the Court of Haiti. He may be hourly expected in London *en route*; for his fiddle-case arrived yesterday.

CHASTISEMENT FOR CROWNED CRIMINALS.



THE EARL OF ELLESMERE, in a lecture on the War, delivered the other night at Worsley, near Manchester, estimated the total Russian loss, since the commencement of hostilities, at not less than 300,000 men at the least. Suppose we divide these victims between the late and the present MOLOCH, between NICHOLAS and ALEXANDER, this computation gives 150,000 victims a-piece to each of the MOLOCHS.

Now that symbol of Russia's dominion and instrument of Russian rule, the knout, is, as administered by CZARS, an invention of the same kind and quality as the wheel, the stake, and the impaling

iron. Nothing so diabolical exists anywhere out of Russia in the present world, except in the Southern States of civilised America. Yet for a murder, for one human life deliberately sacrificed to pride and ambition, it would hardly be too severe a sentence to award one cut of the knout. Three or four strokes delivered by a practised hand—by that of an accomplished Muscovite artist—are sufficient to supersede the final operation of JACK KETCH. Even of such stripes one would scarcely be one too many for the wilful, determined, cruel author of a single murder. Few people will consider that one stripe of that sort per murder would be an excessive measure of punishment.

After a torture of as many as three hundred lashes, inflicted at the ordinary rate, recovery sometimes happens. One of these lashes would probably be borne with some fortitude by an average rascal, and even be preferred by him to a common whipping. Now, suppose there were European sessions or assizes, with European judges to preside at them, and European juries to sit, and try, convict, and sentence European criminals; suppose NICHOLAS to have been arraigned before such a tribunal, and to have been condemned to one knout-stroke of customary smartness on account of each of the 150,000 murders for which he ought to have suffered. The death of the culprit under the knout does not arrest the hand of the executioner; the sentence is carried out on the corpse. Into how many shreds would the anointed body of NICHOLAS have been flogged?

Had such an example been made of NICHOLAS, would the successor to his seven-league-boots of ambition have dared to walk in them, and be, at this moment, meritorious of the whipping which, if everybody had their deserts, his father, at any rate, would certainly not have escaped?

Of course, we are aware what stuff and nonsense it is to say that aggressive war for territorial aggrandisement is equivalent to murder, with a view to robbery; because we know that there is all the difference between them that exists between a wholesale and a retail transaction. Moreover, the former is sanctified by religious invocations, and attended with a tremendous deal of pomp and circumstance; whilst the latter is committed either with oaths and curses, or in silence and in the dark. Still, there will be no end of war, and consequent taxation, in this world, till it becomes fashionable to hoot and hiss national aggressors, however extensive, as assassins and thieves; to raise a hue and cry after them living; and to name them with execration when dead. What is the use, JONES, of such execration, hooting, and hissing, considered as the *solo* of you, JONES? Hiss, hoot, and execrate away, friend JONES, with all your might, heedless of wet blankets—your *solo* in good time will become a chorus.

WANTED A MUZZLE for an Irish Wolf-hound, suspected from some hideous noises that have lately escaped the animal, to be in the first stage of hydrophobia.—Apply to DR. CARILL.

THE BLACK MARSEILLAISE.



AT the urgent solicitation of the citizens of New York, MADemoiselle RACHEL consented to sing the *Marseillaise* at the Metropolitan Theatre. Her delivery of the spirit-stirring composition elicited, on every occasion the tumultuous applause of an overflowing audience. But, we understand, this was nothing to the frantic enthusiasm into which she lashed her republican admirers by volunteering to sing another version of it—the hymn of Liberty rendered into the negro dialect—in character. With her face and arms blacked, she unexpectedly rushed upon the stage, brandishing the tricolor, and shrieked out, amid a storm of impassioned thunder, the following verses:—

Jim 'long black chillern ob de nation,
De day ob glory we behold,
De flag agin our 'mancipation
De stars and stripes um hab unroll'd.
Hark don't you hear de sogers drummin' ?
Dem wicked debbles, how dey swear!
Our babies from our breasts to tear,
De sabage bloodhounds is a comin'.
To arms, my nigger men,
Formee de battle band:
March on, march on, wid deir vile gore,
Dat you may drench de land!

What want dem fellahs, dem dare oders,
Agin dese niggars leagued in vain?
To rivet upon men and broders
De handcuffs and de slabe's ole chain?
Niggars, ah, how dis would disgrace us!
Our fury how him ought to flare,
'Tis us to threaten dat dey dare,
In our ole slavery to replace us!
To arms, &c.

O sacred lub ob blessed freedom,
De niggars arm sustain and guide!
O Liberty, direct-um, lead um,
Fight by thy champion nigger's side!
Range us beneath dis flag victorious,
To fight and conquer on de field,
Until de Tyrant forced to yield,
And own de nigger triumph glorious.
To arms, &c.

Let niggars ebbermore make freedom,
And human broderhood, deir aims:
De lamps within um, let um feed um
For ebberlastin', wid dem flames.
Impossible him an no word in
De nigger's book—s'pose we unite—
Our enemies de dust will bite;
Den niggars sing no more de burden.
To arms, &c.

It is unnecessary to add, that the House rose at RACHEL before the end of the song.

A DRAMATIC WORD FOR MRS. BROWNRIGG.

WHAT are our dramatists about? We have magnificent revivals, but wherefore have we not fine originals? We know that stage genius will create a soul under the ribs of a state chair, and breathe a grand spirit of inspiration throughout the universality of upholstery: we know that so many gilt nails studding a footstool will flash with more than the brilliancy of mere poetic metaphor: we know further that there is a learned and withal a very reverent appreciation of these things that cannot, and indeed ought not to be otherwise, than sustaining and sweetly rewardful of the enterprising mind that exhausts all old forms of furniture, and then imagines new. These things are called solemnities. The drama may be dead; but then, is not its very funeral a solemnity? The tragic mute who stands at the door of defunct MELPOMENE,—is not that mute a solemnity? Unquestionably. However, to leave this part of the question, the velvet and rosewood auxiliaries of the revived drama, let us give a minute to the consideration of the original drama, as its elements lie around us.

Newgate is shamefully neglected. That is a quarry that remains inexhaustible. The statue of MEMNON became vocal to the kindling touch of APOLLO; there is not a stone of Newgate that, under the inspiring exhortation of the poetic lyre, would not give utterance to a powerful drama; a drama as neatly, as strongly, and withal as coherently constructed as JACK SHEPPARD'S chains, to be still shown to the curious in Newgate lobby.

It has long been our fixed opinion, that MRS. BROWNRIGG has been a very ill-used and most neglected gentlewoman. Why should she not make at once the brain and the heart of a four-act drama? Very beautiful effects of chiaroscuro might be produced in the coal-hole; whilst Mrs. B. might whip the apprentices out of life to a death-chaunt that would alike vindicate the versatility of the strong-minded actress, and vary the deep emotional effect upon the spell-bound hearers. There is great moral teaching latent in the story of MRS. BROWNRIGG: whilst all her domestic history is full of a grand, grim power of intellect that is especially available to the strong-minded actress; to that rapid, instant, vehement energy that tells like a crowbar on the understanding of a most thinking audience. With, we hope, a full sense of the peculiar merits, the pathetic household interest, of *The Beginning and the End*, inflicted at the Haymarket,—we nevertheless incline to believe that the story of MRS. BROWNRIGG contains still stronger elements of the dramatic in all combinations of forgery, suicide, and murder. We understand from a distinguished translator that MR. CALCRAFT, of the Old Bailey, was in the gallery, and marked his strong sense of the moral fitness of the drama with the most powerful language. He airily observed that *The Beginning and the End* was very like a halter, bearing nothing but a dead weight.

In conclusion, we must again recommend MRS. BROWNRIGG to the dramatic genius of the country. The homeliness of the subject in no way precludes the adjunct of the picturesque. What, for instance—supported and buttressed by antiquarian authorities—could be finer than *A Moving Panorama from the Old Bailey to Tyburn, with a Vision of Mercy to the inexorable George the Third at St. James's Palace?*

In addition to this, MRS. BROWNRIGG'S victim apprentices, in white satin, might ascend on a milk-white cloud raised from this world to the next by invisible wires. In conclusion, we hopefully ask, will the honoured, the venerable bard of *Nitocris* try his master hand upon the neglected MRS. BROWNRIGG? If not he, will the original English writer of the German *Ingomar* essay the task? After *The Beginning and the End*, we are surely taught to be satisfied with something very middling. *The Beginning and the End*, it seems, is taken bodily from HORACE SMITH'S tan-pit novel *Jane Lomas!* It was announced, of course, as "original;" but this no doubt was done on philosophic principles. "The mixture of a lie doth ever please," says BACON.

Hyde Park Parliament.

WE hear that the Government is about to take decisive and strong measures to stop the Sabbath gatherings in Hyde Park. If they are attempted to be continued, the Government—it is said—have come to the determination to throw open on Sundays the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Crystal Palace. This resolution is the best evidence of a really strong Cabinet.

HE SMASHED VIOLIN.

"LORD WESTMORELAND is succeeded at Vienna by SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, late our ambassador at St. Petersburg."—*Times*.

Air—"There was a little Man, and his name was Uncle Ned."

THERE was a noble-man, and his lordly name was read
As Burghersh in years long ago,
He hadn't much brains in the top of his head,
But his fiddle would have pleased DUCROW.

Hang up his fiddle and his bow,
He never was a match, you know,
For BUOL who's alive, for TALLEYRAND who's dead,
Far less for the great POZZO—o—o,
Far less for the great POZZO.

For of Old JOHN BULL far less he thought
Than he thought of OLE BULL,
And a cordon bleu went with him for nought,
Compared to the strings he'd pull.

Hang up his fiddle and his bow.
He a match for the Germans?—No!

Send SEYMOUR out, who will not be caught,
For he'll see-more than they show, show, show,
For he'll see-more than they show.



THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

SOME foolish enthusiasts are publishing the works of the KING OF PRUSSIA. The first part consists of his Speeches and Toasts. Of the latter we are happy to be able to present our readers with a few choice specimens:—

Here is the man, far greater in his way than HARVEY, who first discovered the circulation of the Bottle!

The Soul of Drinking! May such a Soul never know the pang of a single heeltap!

May we ne'er want a friend in the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, nor a bottle of Porte to give him!

Here's to MINERVA, the Goddess of Wisdom, that issued out of JOVE's head—the result of a splitting head!

There is nothing for opening a man's heart like the Key of the Cellar. May the Glass that we mirror our souls in overnight, bear without a blush the morning's reflection!

The Four P'int's! may they soon be changed into Four Quarts. Turkey! May Russia soon put it into the Pipe-of-Peace, and smoke it.

Here's to that precious old fool, TEMPUS—who fills his glass with sand instead of Clicquot Champagne!

A PRESENT FOR VICTOR HUGO.

THE rash, intemperate men, who identified themselves with the cowardly scandals of M. FELIX PYAT—the patriotic poodle who insulted the QUEEN—have been removed from Jersey. VICTOR HUGO has, however, budged no further from the coast of Brittany than Guernsey; resolved it is said, there to remain and to beard the English minister until he shall obtain from Parliament a more stringent Alien Act. We respect VICTOR HUGO for his genius and for the sincerity of his opinions; but he has fallen into questionable company, and *rouge* is apt to come off. We hear that several of his English admirers have resolved to present him with a testimonial in token of their sympathy. The gift is to be a statue of Liberty. Nothing could be more appropriate than a statue under the circumstances; for a statue teaches what may be the wisest of all human lessons,—namely, silence.

Neapolitan Magnanimity.

A SUBSCRIPTION, to raise a monument to MELLONI, a celebrated man of science, has just been prohibited in Naples. Of course. The Lion preys not on the dead: it is only the Hyæna that outrages the grave.

SIR PETER LAURIE'S MISSION.

NEXT to a "man with a grievance," a "man with a mission" is one of the most serious nuisances that afflict society. A man with a grievance has the best possible intentions towards himself, and a man with a mission may have the best intentions towards his fellow-creatures, but the latter individual may become almost as great a bore as the former. The mission of SIR PETER LAURIE is to put down swindling, to tear the mask from the face of commercial false pretence, and to administer such rubs as will effectually rub the gilt off all commercial gingerbread. The vocation is not an unworthy one, but it sometimes leads to irregularities and absurdities, when the judicial Bench is converted into a place for making all sorts of inquiries, which, as far as the administration of justice is concerned, may be classed under the head of impertinent curiosity.

An instance of this sort of thing occurred the other day at Guildhall, where SIR PETER having a person before him charged with forgery, expresses an opinion that the accused "is a respectable man," but remands him because, in SIR PETER'S own words, "I should like to know something about you and COLVILL." Now COLVILL is the prosecutor, and why a respectable person should be remanded in order to gratify the Magistrate's curiosity as to the person who makes a charge, is somewhat mysterious. The only light thrown upon the matter is to be found in the exclamation of SIR PETER: "I will remand you till Saturday, and will then attend here myself, for I should like to pursue this inquiry."

SIR PETER has evidently an inquiring mind, but it would be better to keep his general researches into private character distinct from his investigation of a public charge, unless the former have any real bearing on the latter. If one man accuses another, it is rather irregular to remand the latter for the purpose of learning "something about" the former, unless that "something" has reference to the matter immediately under investigation. The fact, however, is that SIR PETER feeling it to be his "mission" to expose fraud, is not very particular as to the regularity of the means of doing so. He is apt to forget that he is placed on the Bench to perform the duties of a magistrate, and not to act the part of a detective. In the case to which we are referring, he exclaimed, "It is astonishing the credulity of tradesmen. I have been sitting here for thirty years, and I can't put them on their guard."

This remark proves beyond doubt the impression of SIR PETER LAURIE, that the City Justice Room is intended as much for the exposure of fraud as for the punishment of criminals. Some people may be of the same opinion as the worthy Alderman on the subject, but for our own parts we think that any irregularity in the administration of Justice is but poorly requited by any amount of exposure that may be accomplished under the pretext of conducting a judicial inquiry. For exposures of the kind, the press is a far more legitimate and more effective remedy than the Police Court.

EARLY CLOSING.—THE LADIES' LEAGUE.

WE learn that Committees of Ladies are about to be formed to carry out the principle of Early Closing; the ladies pledging themselves, and if necessary, all that is dear to them, to abstain from all evening shopping. We are delighted to hear this, as we are convinced that the news will be most welcome to thousands of affectionate husbands driven out to their clubs by the evening absence of the best and brightest ornament of the fireside—the wife. With evening shopping rigorously suppressed, the fond husband will be enabled to take the partner of his bosom to the opera, the theatre, the concert; places which, if he visits at all, he is now too frequently compelled to visit alone. The movement on the part of the ladies, if successful, will be a great boon to husbands. It is, besides, a promising beginning. Who knows? In time, if properly provoked, women may give up shopping altogether.

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

A PARAGRAPH in a recent number of our fashionable contemporary has the following remarkable heading:—

"SALE OF ROYAL BEASTS IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK."

There being no Royal Beasts in existence except Lions, and KING BOMBA, and perhaps another monarch, who is said occasionally to make a beast of himself, the above announcement is calculated to excite terror and alarm in the minds of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. It suggests the idea that there are live lions roaming about in Windsor Park; a frightful thing for Cockney excursionists, and, indeed, anybody also roaming there, to think of. However, it might also convey the notion that HENRY THE EIGHTH, and certain other of his predecessors and successors had been exhumed and disposed of—say, to the College of Surgeons; which would have constituted a sale of Royal Beasts, at least of their carcasses; but all apprehension will be allayed when the fact is known, that the Royal Beasts alluded to, were only seventy-three "superior horned Scotch oxen."



RATHER A DROP.

City Gent (who fancies himself a Judge of a Horse, and no end of a Swell). "THAT'S A NICE LITTLE TIT, CABBY, AND BROUGHT US ALONG WELL!"

Cabby. "YESSIR! HE IS A NICE LITTLE 'OS, HE IS—BUT LOR BLESS YER! HIS 'ART'S TOO BIG FOR HIS BODY. HE'S TOO GOOD FOR MY WORK! NOW HE'D JEST SUIT SUCH A GENT AS YOU—TO DRIVE A LIGHT TEA-CART ABOUT TOWN FOR ORDERS ON A WEEK-DAY, AND TAKE THE MISSUS OUT FOR THE DAY O' SUNDAYS!"

THE WANTS OF A GENTLEMAN.

THE author of the following advertisement has his wants, or rather, his deficiencies, though he seems to be sadly mistaken as to what he is really in need of; for instead of advertising for a Wife, he had much better apply for a Governess. His domestic condition may be bad enough, but his grammar is still worse; and he must be enjoying a double felicity, for in addition to his single blessedness, he must experience the bliss that is said to be united with ignorance.

MATRIMONY.—A GENTLEMAN by birth, in appearance, manners, and address, age 36, but of most lonely condition, not having scarcely a friend, with a view to marry, he would be happy, in secrecy and honour, to treat with any amiable single or widow lady, of independent position, not more than forty-five, fond of travelling; her means, with a part of mine, can be settled on herself. Any letter will be attended to in a few days, should I be favoured with any. Address, BARVILLE, Post Office, opposite Kingsland Gate, London.

We can scarcely wonder at the lonely condition of this "gentleman by birth, in appearance, manners, and address," for if he looks like a gentleman, he will naturally repel the advances of the ignorant; while on the other hand, the detection of his ignorance will exclude him from the society of gentlemen. The lady he requires must indeed be "very fond of travelling," if she can sympathise with an individual who travels from the third person to the first with the recklessness and rapidity shown by this "most lonely" man, who, whatever may be his antecedents, inflicts the most barbarous treatment on his relatives. Possibly he contemplates suicide, for we cannot otherwise explain the passage "any letter will be attended to in a few days, should I be favoured with any." If this does not mean that he will answer a letter in a few days, should any days remain to him, it means nothing. We recommend the wretched BARVILLE, of Kingsland Gate, to join an evening school for adults on the very earliest opportunity.

DESTRUCTION OF WORKS OF ART.

A PARAGRAPH with the above title has been going the round of the papers, for the purpose of puffing the property of a parcel of tradesmen who are anxious to get a good price for a quantity of old prints, on the strength of their being the last of the stock, just as the orange-women in the streets tempt a purchaser by the offer of "the last penn'orth in the basket." The whole affair is a piece of Vandalism, without any excuse in these days; for though we are certainly a nation of shopkeepers, there are few of us who would think that the destruction of any Work of Art or genius is to be excused for the sake of adding to the gains of a few shopkeepers. Perhaps, however, there is no real sacrifice in the matter after all, for the plates, about the destruction of which so much fuss has been made, are understood to have been pretty well worn out, and consequently, of no further use to the Proprietors. This is a far more sensible view to take of the matter than to pretend that the articles were still of any material worth, and indeed who would believe that the parties concerned would have made any sacrifice at all, if another penny was to be turned in a commercial enterprise? The principle on which it was pretended that the Engravings have been destroyed is too ridiculous to be entertained for a single moment, and indeed, it would be equally absurd to knock LORD MAYOR MOON on the head at the close of his Cockney-regal career, to prevent the possibility of there being another like him.

Shakspearian Lectures.

MR. GOUGH, who has been shamefully mulcted of his quota of income tax, is about to give a lecture at Exeter Hall to re-imburse himself: the lecture will be on the following passage from SHAKSPEARE—"Now there be land rats, and water rats."



THE BILLETTING SYSTEM.

Unjust to the Publican and Corrupting to the Soldier.

THE RHAPSODIES OF THE ROSTRUM.



HERE has been a struggle among a few advertising auctioneers for the mantle of the late GEORGE ROBINS, which not having fallen on any particular pair of shoulders, seems likely to be torn to tatters in the tugging and pulling that it has experienced from the rather inferior hands that have had a snatch at it. Once we thought a certain MR. ALFRED COX had got the garment about him in an awkward way, but he had not strutted about very far, when we find it torn from him and employed as a wrapper by one MR. HAMMOND. This latter gentleman has evidently found neither a grammar nor a spelling-book in the pockets of the mantle, or, if he has, he declines to make use of them; and, indeed, he has got the article so strangely twisted about him,

that it trips him up every now and then, as will be seen from the following advertisement:—

TUMP HOUSE, MONMOUTH, beautifully situated on an eminence declivity precipitately to the banks of the river Monnow, picturesquely studded with foliaged underwood; lies adjacent to the town about two miles, and is approached from the rustic village of Rockfield by a private bridge across the streamlet scene, entering by a lodge of characteristic design, along a park-like drive to the substantially erected domain, built with every carefulness to preserve the neatness of its more imposing architectural style, altogether surrounded by those more delightful instances of our richer tastes, with a varied and undulating landscape, embracing a mountainous and valley view, of a truly rural cast. To those lovers of nature and of sport in its many forms, here is offered to them the full indulgence of their pleasurable desires in an available manner, delightfully changed by the well-selected assortment of so vast a fund of cheerful recourse. A right would be granted to shoot over 1200 acres of farm lands adjoining, with liberty to the preserves of the abundantly stocked rivulets and streams. In the season, a pack of most favoured fox hounds meet regularly in the adjoining covers. The residence, in every way, is in neat and decorative repair, is in readiness for the immediate reception of a family of distinction, together with about 27 acres of parklike grounds, consisting of meadow and orchard land, well stocked with valuable fruits, with an extremely productive kitchen garden, and an ornamental and tastefully laid out lawn. Coach house, and stabling for six horses and farm buildings. To be let for a term of years. Rent £140.

To the inquiring mind the above picturesque piece of writing will suggest a variety of questions, to which no one less audacious than Echo would attempt to give an answer. We will, however, set forth the queries, for the amusement of those who, in the approaching season of *Nuts to Crack* and other popular puzzles, may wish to exercise their ingenuity. In the first place; Is it the "rustic village," or the "private bridge," or the "streamlet scene" that "enters by a lodge of characteristic design?" and, secondly, though it is often said that one street runs out of another, How is the mystery of a "rustic village," or a private bridge," or a "streamlet scene," "entering by a lodge," to be accounted for?

Passing over the more poetical portion of the announcement, we would inquire, as a matter of business, and in the most prosaic manner, What can be the use of the right of "sport in its many forms," if there is to be "liberty to the preserves of the abundantly stocked rivulets and streams?" for, if the fish are to have their liberty secured, the labours of the sportsman would be superfluous. We don't quite understand the allusion to "a pack of the most favoured fox hounds;" and cannot say whether they are lightly worked, or are well "favoured" in the ordinary sense, and are a good-looking pack of animals. The capacity of the residence must, indeed, be enormous; for we are told it is ready "for the immediate reception of a family of distinction, together with about twenty-seven acres of park-like grounds." So that, while the lodge allows an entrance through it for a "rustic village," a "private bridge," or a "streamlet scene," no less than twenty-seven acres of land can be accommodated inside the residence. The coach-house and stabling are equally capacious, being adapted "for six horses and farm-buildings;" an arrangement which must have its inconveniences as well as its advantages. The proprietor of Tump House may, according to the above advertisement, be prepared to find a "private bridge," or even a "rustic village," in his lodge; "an extremely productive kitchen-garden" in his dining-room; and, finally, a barn, or granary, or any other species of "farm building" in his coach-house and stable. It is clear that there will be a good deal to do in the way of turning the house, or rather the grounds, out of window, before comfortable possession can be taken of the premises.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE NEW COALITION.—Three Heads are better than one.

MUSCOVITE WIT.

THE Russian Papers are filled with the most ridiculous stories against the English. As some of these are weak and clumsy and not so violently absurd as they might be, we make the Muscovite journals a present of the following extravagant fictions, which, of course, they will solemnly present to their readers as positive facts:

EGREGIOUS EXTRAVAGANCE IN ENGLAND.—The inhabitants of London not only wear hats to protect their heads, but umbrellas also to protect their hats. The wonder is, they do not wear something over the umbrella to protect the umbrella also? However, the crowning folly is, that the umbrella, which gets all the rain, frequently costs twice the value of the hat that it protects from it!

THE DEPTH OF AN ENGLISHMAN'S FOLLY.—A Cossack had fallen into one of the wells that abound in the neighbourhood of Sadlers' Wells. "Oh, help me! help me!" he cried piteously, "I will give two roubles to any one who helps me out of this dilemma." "But how is it to be done?" inquired a fat idiot of an Englishman from the top. "Why, put yourself in the bucket that is up there, and when you are down here we will talk about it." The Englishman did as he was bid, and his superior weight in descending had the effect of pulling up the Cossack, who was in the opposite bucket. "Thank you, my good friend, a thousand times," he exclaimed, when he had safely reached the surface, "wait there, please, until I come back, and pay you the two roubles," and he went away grinning hugely in his sleeve.

HOW AN ENGLISHMAN WAS DONE BY A COSSACK.—An Englishman and a Cossack agreed to pull for a tallow-candle. It was to be held between their teeth, and they were to pull and pull until one side was the conqueror. The candle was firmly fixed, when the Cossack said, "Are you ready?" The stupid Englishman exclaimed, "Ye-e-e-es;" but no sooner was his mouth opened than the crafty Cossack pulled away the candle, so that he had the whole of the luscious morsel to himself.

THE SUMMIT OF BRITISH FOLLY.—Will it be believed, that the English place long spikes of iron, longer than any Cossack's lance, on their steeples, and the tops of their public edifices—and the object of this absurd precaution, it is said, is to prevent any one falling upon the buildings and damaging them?

BRITISH ABSURDITY.—The English noblemen put furs and bearskins round the hammercloths of their carriages. Now, as the coachman sits outside and not inside the hammercloth, this cannot be to protect him from the cold—and we should like to know what can be the benefit of keeping the hammercloth warm? They might as well put muffins on the coach-springs, or wrap hoas round the spokes of the wheels? But it is just like those stupid English!

INCREDIBLE IGNORANCE IN THE BRITISH NAVY!—One of the Lords of the Admiralty (and they are men generally selected for their superior wisdom), finding that his weathercock annoyed him terribly by its creaking noise during the night, gave directions that it should be nailed fast so that it could not move, but that a man should come every Monday and set it right for the ensuing week!

THE ROYAL INTELLECT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM!—We have all heard of the PRINCE OF WALES, who cried, ready to break his heart, because on breaking open his drum he could not find the noise he expected to find inside, but this is as nothing compared to the PRINCE OF PADDINGTON (the QUEEN'S second son), who bought a magpie purposely to test the experiment, whether such birds were in the habit of living seven hundred years! Such is the state of education of the barbarian country that dares to go to war with civilised Russia!

THE NEWGATE BANKERS.

SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, whilst he always had his religion in his mouth, rarely failed to have his hands in other men's pockets. Whilst at liberty, SIR JOHN'S religion was, of course, a counterfeit and a flam. Let us hope that penitence and solitude may turn it into a true thing. There is no such touchstone as stone-walls.

Even now, so greatly are certain City folks startled by what they call the severity of the sentence, they cannot bring themselves to believe that its full chastisement will be inflicted. There is a sort of City mind that cannot realise to itself a live Baronet in convict grey, whatever may be the enormities by which he has fully earned the livery. Thus, we understand, there are bets offered in the City that, under the benign system of ticket-of-leave, SIR JOHN PAUL will be set free in a year or two. Who knows?—we may yet see the ticket-of-leave SIR JOHN an evangelical ticket-porter.

A DARK VIEW IN THE CRIMEA.

AMONG the intelligence lately received from Jamaica, we find that—

"According to QUASHIE, Sebastopol appears to be an uncommon strong man, who for the last year has been committing the most daring acts against the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, and bothering France, England, Turkey, and Sardinia to grab him."

QUASHIE, with a commixture of ideas not extraordinary for a black-amoor, merely confounds the place with the late proprietor: the den of robbers with the head of the gang. Indeed, Sebastopol might be considered as a metaphor for CZAR, just as the name of a place not to be mentioned to ears polite is sometimes used in the complex as synonymous with its sovereign.

One Swallow Don't Make a Paragraph.

A DISCUSSION has run round the country papers as to the truth of a narration to the effect that a fish, recently captured, was found to have swallowed a kitten. Mr. Punch knows a much more wonderful case. Not only did a kitten in his possession recently swallow a fish destined for that great man's breakfast, but his domestic (cousin to a policeman) found means to make him swallow the story.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"For Romans now,
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors."

Julius Cæsar, Act i., Scene 3.

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

By a Tax-Gatherer.

AUTUMN returns, and once again
The barns are fill'd with golden grain,
The wheat and barley heap'd in stacks:
And I get in the Michaelmas Tax.

See, slowly ranging through the stubble,
The sportsman aims his deadly double:
But though with every shot he kill,
'Tis mine a richer bag to fill.

Th' autumnal suns, in field and town,
The face of Nature now do brown:
But browner we defaulters do
Who legal measures force us to.

Inducive now of copious Bass
Is cook'd the goose of Michaelmas;
And when the tax'd don't come to book,
In other sense their goose we cook.

Sweet are the stores now under hive,
The keepers of their bees deprive:
Yet sweeter stores there are for me,
To gather under Schedule D.

The book of Nature now the sport
Of Autumn winds, in leaves gets short:
And wise is he in my belief
Who out of my book takes a leaf.

Russian Recruits.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA calls for a levy of ten recruits out of every thousand of his male subjects. Our House of Commons numbers six hundred and fifty-eight. There are, we think, even more than one in the hundred,—that is six and a half partisans of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who—if they will not carry his arms—at least wear this uniform. Won't they respond to the call of ALEXANDER?

AN APOLOGY FOR BAKER'S BREAD.

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR, "LIVE and let live—that is my motto. It is too hard upon the poor Bakers to keep attacking them so violently as most of the Newspapers do, just merely for putting a little alum in their bread. 'Alum,' as the writer of a letter to the *Times* signed 'ANTIDOTE,' justly observes, 'is a compound formed of sulphuric acid and alumina, between which there is comparatively little chemical affinity; and if taken into the mouth disorganization of the teeth must inevitably follow, because the acid has a greater attraction for the lime of which they are composed than it has for the alumina, or than has the phosphoric acid which unites with the lime to form teeth.'

"Well, Sir, but if sulphuric acid were not introduced into the mouth with every morsel of bread containing alum, that is, perhaps, with almost every morsel of Bakers' bread, of course it would not be in anything like a position to gratify that strong predilection which it has for the lime of teeth. To a proportionate extent I, and the other members of my profession, should be deprived of employment. While I am on this subject, Sir, allow me, through you, to express our obligation to Confectioners at large for the service which they render us in allowing their plum-buns to contain so frequently little pebbles and bits of stone. These things are connected with the plums or currants, and sugar, and could only be removed from them by a careful process of washing and picking, which, happily for us, is not always resorted to. The pebble-stones have no chemical action on the teeth, like the alum; but they exert a mechanical one, which we find nearly as advantageous. They crack the teeth, which are not strong enough to crack them. Chipped and starved thus, the grinders soon decay, ache, have to be drawn, and replaced with our *terro-metallics*. We derive a good deal of business from these stones contained in plum-cakes; but not half so much as we do from the alum which our friends the Bakers put into their bread. I, for my part, bake my own, and remain,

"Your humble Servant,
"A DENTIST."

THE "STITCH OF TIME."—There is no implement for taking up this "Stitch" with the greatest speed like the Needle of the Electric Telegraph.



ECLIPSE OF THE MOON, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1855.

A SAFE RULE.—When a young man confidently tells you that such and such a young lady "has no heart," you may be sure that he has been trying it on, and has failed in making a favourable impression.

LORD JOHN TURNED LECTURER.



SERIES of "Lectures to Young Men," we perceive, is about to be delivered at Exeter Hall by LORD JOHN RUSSELL. We would suggest to his Lordship that there are a great many old men who are quite as much in want of lecturing as the young, and the former require to be taken to task for being too slow, just as the latter need talking to about their fast propensities. A Series of Lectures to Old Men, including all the old generals, old statesmen, and all the rest of the old set by which matters have been so grossly mismanaged, would be exceedingly popular. It is true that the old men in question are rather past the age for profitting by being lectured, and many of them are so obstinate, as well as old, that it would be idle to talk to them. Those, however, who are past the age for

improvement, may have earned their title to retire, and a few lectures on the soporific principle might be addressed to some of our old men, with the view of giving them the luxury of sleep in a most effectual manner. We hope that LORD JOHN RUSSELL's lectures to young men will not have a similar consequence, for these are days in which the young men should have their eyes kept open.

WANTED, A NUISANŒE.

THERE is certainly no accounting for tastes, and we therefore will not attempt to explain the relish for a nuisance which the annexed advertisement indicates. It is copied from the *Weekly Dispatch*, and is headed with the well-known, but we should have thought, not very attractive words:—

THE BELLE-ISLE NUISANCES.

It then goes on to intimate that there is "to be let, for a term of 99 years, without restriction by the Freeholder as to offensive Trades, an isolated Freehold Estate of 180 acres."

We presume the landlord intends to be non-resident on this Estate, which he seems desirous of converting into a region of pestilential vapours. We wish the place were large enough to accommodate all the obnoxious trades in England; but if the advertiser succeeds in carrying away one half of them to his own domain, he will have deserved well of his country.

THIS B'HOY WILL BE THE DEATH OF US!

THE intense respect one feels for the speculations of the American journalists on the subject of European politics cannot be increased, but still, if they would take the smallest pains to inform themselves of the facts of the cases they discuss, it would not injure the value of their speculations. One of the leading New York Papers apprises its readers, that whoever should marry our PRINCESS ROYAL would ascend the English throne as her consort; and a correspondent, asking why the poor PRINCE OF WALES is thus thrust aside, is answered by an apology which complicates the business a little more:—"In the hurry (Americans are always in a hurry) the Editor had written as if the Salique law prevailed in England." The Know-Nothings are making great progress!

A PRESENT TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

PRUSSIA is not generally supposed to be the Land of Freedom; nevertheless its inhabitants do appear to take strange liberties with their Sovereign. The other day, as our readers are aware, when FREDERICK-WILLIAM visited Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, the people exhibited portraits of his Majesty, representing him crowned with *vine-leaves*! Fancy, during a Royal Progress to Osborne or Balmoral, the railway-stations decorated with pictures of PRINCE ALBERT in the ALBERT hat! Well; but still more recently the officers of the Prussian army—men of breeding we should have supposed—actually had the impudence to present the King with a Sword; and what is more, the Crown Prince himself accepted the office of delivering that emblem of courage and honour to his brother. Such a practical sarcasm was perhaps never before perpetrated on any man, not to say monarch.

The only joke of the sort that we ever heard of, approaching it in severity, is that of sending a cake of soap to a slut. It was wise to get the Crown Prince to deliver the satirical testimonial. The offer of the hilt was a moral stab, and an apprehension might well have been entertained that the outraged Sovereign would instantly have repaid the cut at his dignity with a thrust in the stomach, and have plunged the weapon into the viscera of any person less nearly related to him. Yet, surely, the Prince, in doing such a thing, could not have known what he was about; though of the two Royal Brothers we have never understood that this one, at least, is occasionally subject to that sort of ignorance. FREDERICK-WILLIAM himself appears to have had no suspicion of the irony conveyed in the piece of steel. He saw, it seems, the point of the one no better than he could have seen that of the other, and his mental vision may be concluded to have been, on that occasion, as hazy as his bodily eyesight is always. For he is said, indeed, to be as blind, physically, as he is to those considerations to which the chivalry of his kingdom has attempted to give him a hint of his insensibility in a sword. Whether or not the sword was a broadsword, we cannot say, but we are sure that it was infinitely less broad than the hint. The latter was, of course, thrown away, and so we should think was the former too; not at the time of presentation, nor from then till that of bed, but, certainly, as early the next morning as his Majesty awoke, and was informed of the gift which he had accepted the day before.

THEATRICAL.

It is rumoured that young FITZPATRICK, late of the 2nd Life Guards, is about to appear at the Haymarket as *Jublet*. All we shall then want to complete the cast will be one of the best Field-Marshal's as the *Nurse*.

THE CLERICAL ADVERTISER.

HERE is an advertisement which we copy from *John Bull*, but if we did not know from what quarter it came, and that it was a *bona fide* announcement, we should have taken it for a squib let off by some heterodox periodical. Its authors, however, offer, in all gravity:

"To the Clergy and Profession . . . Unique study chairs, particularly adapted to the Clergy, &c.; from the ease and relaxation afforded, the fatigue of long sitting is entirely obviated, and the change of position without exertion instantly obtained."

Certainly, if we did not know better, we should have regarded the above as intended to insinuate against the Clergy an extraordinary love of ease, so intense as to demand a chair that would be easier than any already existing easy chair. It represents that reverend body as particularly subject to a fatigue which is simply that of sitting still, and at the same time it proposes to save them the trouble of making any exertion in varying their sedentary positions. If this is not to impute the height of laziness to the clerical profession, we cannot imagine what that altitude can be.

Of course, instead of reclining in study chairs and amusing themselves—as lolling about in that way would imply—with the perusal of light literature, accompanied probably with cigars, the Clergy are habitually on their legs, visiting the sick and the poor, and hunting up the vicious; so that the advertiser who would wish to get anything out of them by catering to their personal comforts, should offer them, not commodities like easy-chairs, but such articles as stout boots, Indian-rubber goshes, and waterproof over-gowns.

Natural Indignation.

WE perceive that the beasts at the Surrey Zoological Gardens have been offered for Sale by Auction. It seems that some of the husbands of the females who exhibited their infants at the Baby Show there, were naturally anxious to get rid of such partners, and wished them included in the catalogue (the formal sale to be conducted in the old halter fashion), but the four-footed brutes, especially those which had taken the honours of maternity, howled so indignantly against such an association, that the unfortunate husbands' petition was rejected.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS—"

Sprightly little Boy, jumping about, Joquitar. "Oh! Crikey, Criminy! Ain't I happy? Here's the Dentist coming to-morrow, and Pa has promised me sixpence for every tooth that I have pulled out!"



A GEOGRAPHICAL JOKE.

Impertinent Page (late from the dining-room). "I SAY, COOKEY AND SOOSAN, YOU MAKE A PRECIOUS FUSS ABOUT A FLEA,—HOW'D YER LIKE TO BE WHERE THE BLACK SEA SAILORS IS NOW?"

Susan. "WHERE'S THAT, IMPERANCE?"

Page. "WHY, MASTER SAYS IT'S WHERE THE BUG AND THE NIPPER (DNEIPER) MEET IN ONE BED!"
[Sensation and loud cries of "Oh!"]

THE PASS OF THE PRINT-SHOPS.

WHATEVER progress the War may be making now abroad, it is daily more and more stopping progress here at home. The blockades which we have maintained in the Black Sea and the Baltic have, we fancy, been productive to the enemy of but trifling inconvenience, compared to that which we are suffering from those in London. Every print-shop that one passes—or rather that one doesn't—of course has its window full of "Battle-scenes" and "Illustrations of the War," and the crowds who stand to look at them are becoming, to less curious and leisurely pedestrians, what may be correctly called a standing nuisance. By careful notes and calculations we have ascertained that, on an average, we are now precisely sixteen minutes and three-quarters longer walking to our office than we used to be formerly, before the War began: and this serious delay would doubtless be much greater, if we were at all less reckless of our dignity and coat-tails in the crowds we have to crush through.

We must be distinctly understood, however, that in noticing this nuisance, we have not the slightest wish that the police should interfere, nor the remotest notion of suggesting that the shops in question should, for the time being, be asked to keep their shutters up. We would ever be among the last to deprive the British public of the least of its privileges; and although we may suspect that very many of these "authentic sketches from the seat of War" were executed in reality on a camp-stool down at Margate, we have no desire to stop their being publicly exhibited, without any charge except the rush to get a look at them. At the same time, however, as a matter somewhat of importance to the nation, we think it right to state that, while the crowds continue, we shall consider it a duty to our family to have our ribs insured, and shall conceive ourselves injured if we are left to pay the premiums. As it is at present, the Pass of the Print-shops is to us a daily struggle fully equalling in danger the Pass of Thermopylæ.

ARMY FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WINGS hitherto have only pertained to the army collectively, drawn up in battle array; but the individual soldier, if we are rightly informed, will, in the case of a particular regiment, very soon be, if he is not already, in possession of at least something very like those appendages.

We believe it has been determined, by an illustrious Field-Marshal to make a change in the uniform of HER MAJESTY'S Life Guards; which will impart to those gallant fellows an appearance closely resembling that of Cochinchina fowls.

This result will be obtained by the investment of the military man in a very short tunic, which will stick out laterally in a most ridiculous manner at the hips; and, in combination with the thickness of look about the legs occasioned by the jack-boots, especially as the lower extremities of this corps are also very long, will suggest a strong resemblance to that species of poultry.

The *aiguillettes*, also, we are told, are to be removed, by the command of the illustrious Field-Marshal, from all the uniforms, in order to distinguish them from his own, which will retain those ornaments. There is some show of reason for this arrangement, if it has been made; for the *aiguillettes* form the only military distinction that the illustrious Field-Marshal has acquired.

The Field-Marshal has further, we believe, ordained that the officers shall wear their pouches when in full uniform on all occasions, including the nobility and gentry's balls, for which the pouches are not generally considered suitable.

The principal reason for this change is said to be that the Field-Marshal has so willed it.

The Field-Marshal has not changed the Life-Guardsman's uniform to orange tawny. If he has made the other changes, he had better add this to them, and complete the resemblance of these fighting cocks to the fowls of Cochinchina.

Walls have not always Ears.

WE maliciously enjoyed the dilemma of an organ-player the other day. An obvious stranger to the English language, the Italian monster was grinding away opposite a Deaf Asylum, and went on pouring out tune after tune, evidently wondering to himself that he made no impression upon the establishment. Occasionally he would whistle to enhance the discord, but not a window of the obdurate house was opened, not a servant appeared at the door to pay him for "moving on." When we left, he had been there full ten minutes, and he may be there now for what we know.

THE LAMBTON BABIES AGAIN.

MR. PUNCH is happy to learn that he has done some good by calling attention to the frightful peril to which the country was exposed, by its being left possible that an EARL OF DURHAM who did not inherit by aristocratic succession, might some day legislate for the country. An officially authorised person writes to say, that the blue ribbon which the elder twin used to wear, in proof of his primogeniture, has been rejected; and that the babies are now distinguished, the one by "a bracelet with a ruby," the other by a similar ornament "with a topaz." This is better, supposing, first, that the mischief has not been already done; secondly, that the family can remember which jewel belongs to which baby; and, thirdly, that the bracelets are annealed round the children's wrists (like the collar round the neck of *Gurth* in *Ivanhoe*); so that when the infants are washed, the ornament cannot be removed. These things understood, the Constitution and the House of Lords are rather safer; but *Mr. Punch* confesses that, with his devotion to the aristocracy, and his abiding and abounding faith in the mystic influence of primogeniture, he should have preferred the tattoo suggested by himself. However, he has now done his duty, and will merely wish the rightful heir and his brother happy minorities, and joyous coming of ages in 1876, when *Mr. Punch* proposes to offer some further remarks upon the subject, which may by that time be capable of being treated in a varied point of view.

Ingenious Suggestion.

THE alleged difficulty of finding a brace of noblemen who would condescend to be Post-Master-General, and Colonial Secretary, might have been lightened by fusing the two officers into one, and then the Colonies might have a chance of what they say seldom or never happens to them now, namely, the delivery of their letters and newspapers.



A HORRIBLE IDEA.

First Languid Swell. "GOOD GWACIOUS, ALFRED, ARE YOU ILL?"
Second ditto, ditto (gaspng). "ILL! AW! YES! NO! I SHALL BE ALL RIGHT DIRECTLY—BUT—I—CONFESS—THE—SIGHT OF THAT FEMALE'S UMBRELLAW—COMPLETELY—FLAWED ME—MY DEAR CHARLES—CONCEIVE BEING OBLIGED TO CARRY—BUT NO, THE THOUGHT IS—TOO HORRIBLE!" [They shudder, and walk on.]

GORTSCHAKOFF'S ADDRESS TO THE PEACE PARTY.

The following is a copy of the order of the day, dated "Heights of Mackenzie, October 28th," in which PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF specially thanks the Peace Party in England for its active co-operation, and for the great assistance the Russian cause has derived from its zealous advocacy:—

"FRIENDS AND COMPATRIOTS,

"His Imperial Majesty, our Master, has specially charged me to thank you, in his name, and in the name of Russia, for the great services you have rendered his army in England. The Emperor begs me to say, that if you had been Russians you could not have served Russia better. It is his great hope that you will continue to display the same noble zeal in inveighing on all occasions against the Allies, and that you will still courageously persevere in resorting to every kind of chicanery, artifice, sophistry, and special pleading, such as your fertile imaginations cannot well fail to suggest, in order to damp the ardour of the English, and so effectually dishearten and dispirit them, that they will no longer prosecute the War with vigour. Your virtuous indignation, thus worthily employed, is as good as another army added to the Imperial arms. Every manly speech you deliver to frighten your constituents, supplies our exhausted regiments with thousands and thousands of bayonets. The fire of your patriotic eloquence is, I can assure you, most welcome to our enfeebled soldiers. They bid me say, it could not be more refreshing to their lips, not even if it were Raki!

"The Father of our Great Family has also invested me with full powers to say, that he would hail your presence in the Crimea with the liveliest satisfaction, only he is convinced you will do his cause much more good by stopping in England. He bids you, as you love him,

CAVEAT FOR THE CZAR.

CZAR ALEXANDER, thy lamented sire
 Of blessed memory, NICHOLAS, thus spoke,
 When warn'd that his life's lease would soon expire:
 He ask'd, "How long will't be before I choke?"
 He, who, to Pity deaf, bade sword and fire
 Lay the earth waste, and mercilessly broke
 The hearts of millions, gasp'd these words in dread
 Of DEATH—who gently choked him in his bed.

Inheritor of both his throne and crime,
 Disgrace, disaster, and defeat, 'twere well
 For thee, perhaps, although in manhood's prime,
 To muse upon thy father's dying yell.
 Ere thou choke too it may be no long time,
 Slaves overwung, though Russians, will rebel,
 As by severe conscriptions when provoked;
 Then in or out of bed may CZARS be choked.

[A DEADLY LIVELY LOCALITY.

THE Scotch are not remarkable for their liveliness, and we are therefore not surprised that a Scotch Newspaper should amuse its readers by such paragraphs as the following, which is extracted from a recent number of the *Galloway Advertiser*.

"A HEARSE.—On Saturday last, a very neat and full-mounted Hearse, from the establishment of MESSRS. JAMES DOUGLAS & SONS, passed through Stranraer on its way to Glenluce. The Hearse is to be added to the establishment of Mr. M'KENZIE, King's Arms, and will no doubt prove to the inhabitants of the landward portion of Old Luce parish, a useful auxiliary to his present complete arrangements in the posting department."

We should have thought that a Hearse would be literally about the last thing that the inhabitants of any place could have required, and we can only lament, that Old Luce is in such a dismal state, that the funeral arrangements for the interment of the whole population have become a subject of such interest as to call for a congratulatory article in the local Newspaper. It is sometimes said of a very sombre person, that he appears "more dead than alive," and such we presume must be the aspect of that lugubrious Scotch parish, which hails the advent of a Hearse as a desirable addition to the "posting department" of the hotel in the neighbourhood. The word "posting" is suggestive of anything but a funeral pace, and we can only presume that the inhabitants of Old Luce are anxious to compensate for the extreme slowness of their lives by going to their graves in a gallop.

remain where you are. The British Parliament, about to open, expects that every true Russian will be at his whipping-post ready to do his duty.

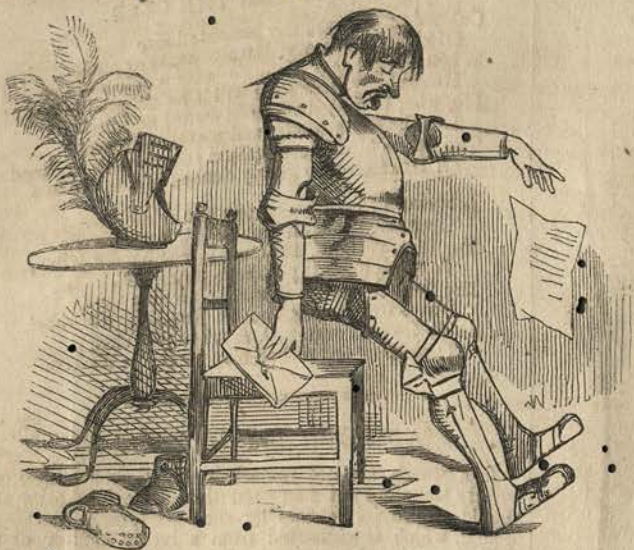
"It is my pleasant mission to transmit to you, in the name of the adored Shepherd of our Mighty Flock, nineteen Golden Orders of the *White Feather*, as well as three hundred diamond crosses of the order of the *Cooked Goose*, instituted just before the fall of Sebastopol. It is the EMPEROR'S wish that they should be distributed amongst the most distinguished advocates of the Muscovite cause, and be worn nearest to their hearts, as a slight *souvenir* of his affectionate love. It will be a joy to his paternal breast to learn that they are thus worn by MESSRS. BRIGHT, GLADSTONE, COBDEN, and others of his beloved children, to whom he owes more than he can ever pay.

"I am likewise specially instructed to command that all accounts for smashed hats, the broad brim of which may perhaps present an awkward handle for Discontent to lay hold of, are to be transmitted once a month to St. Petersburg for payment. The same order comprises broken windows and facial disfigurements of every possible variety. The value of the estimated damage may, if agreeable, be taken out—for it is the fatherly wish of ALEXANDER to show as much favour to his dear friends as possible,—either in caviare, or tallow, or a mixture of both.

"Valiant Warriors of the Peace Society,—the EMPEROR'S eye is upon you, as his heart is with you!

"GORTSCHAKOFF,
 Commander of the Defeated Army in the Crimea, and
 Admiral of the Sunk Fleet at Sebastopol.

"PEOPLE WHO CAN WRITE, BUT WON'T WRITE."—These are by no means the worst sort; much worse are the folks who *will* write, but who nevertheless, *can't*.



HOW THE "MAN IN BRASS" RECEIVED THE INTELLIGENCE THAT HIS SERVICES WOULD BE DISPENSED WITH AT THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, NOV. 9TH, 1855.

ONE CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

LORD ALBEMARLE says, truly no doubt, that the great obstacle to the social improvement of the labouring classes is constituted by their habits of drinking. Of course a Maine Liquor Law, stringently enforced, would oblige them to discontinue these habits, by denying their passion for drink the means of its gratification, and then that passion would in all probability act after the manner of steam generated at high pressure without any safety valve, or indeed any valve whatever. There would be a blow-up of some kind, or the vapour of human nature would ooze out by the vent of perhaps a worse channel of depravity. There were teetotallers before MR. GOUGH; not only FATHER MATTHEW and his disciples, but MAHOMET and the Turks. So, then, it is desirable to invent some other plan of abolishing drunkenness than that of repressing the propensity to it from without. Drunkenness is not a moral disease, but the symptom of one, called, in plain English, unhappiness. The proper treatment consists in curing that, which is impossible, but it can be sufficiently palliated for the purpose in most cases. People get drunk because they are not jolly; if they were jolly they would not get drunk: the object is to make them jolly without drinking.

Many methods of doing this have been suggested, but really the most feasible one lies on the surface: it is that of making them jolly by eating.

The great majority of those who drink too much belong to the class of those who have not enough to eat. There are several reasons why their food is insufficient, want of money among others; but one, if not the least serious cause of that deficiency is, that what they have is not made the most of.

If philanthropists would patronise well-conducted eating-houses for labouring persons throughout the country; cock-shops at which they could obtain the best meals that could be got out of the materials at their command, there can be little doubt that the victuals would powerfully attract them from the drink.

It has been proposed by the Colonel of a regiment in the Third Division in the Crimea, to try the internal remedy of plum-pudding, with a view to counteract the intoxication so unhappily prevalent among our heroes there; and we have no doubt the prescription will be much more effectual than the mere external application of the cat.

A Voice from a Clock.

THE Clock at Somerset House has appealed to the public, through the columns of the *Times*, against the injustice of being made to say one thing with its tongue, and another with its hands; or, in other words, to strike three, while it shows the hour to be twelve on the face of it. It was a good idea of man "to give a tongue to time;" but, if the tongue is false, it is idle to assume the aspect of truth in the face; or, in vulgar phraseology, to exhibit such cheek as to negative any accusation of falsehood.

[CANT IN THE COAL TRADE.]

CHELTHENHAM has long been remarkable for the spirit of Cant by which its atmosphere is pervaded, and indeed, it is almost equally notorious for its sanctity and its salts, its pump-room, and its piety. The assumption of Religion is indeed a matter of business with many of the inhabitants of Cheltenham, which is consequently converted into a hot-bed, or we might venture to say, a forcing-ground of hypocrisy. Piety—we mean of course the pretence to piety—is "the fashion" among some of "the most respectable people" in the place; and as Cant is used for professional purposes, we are not surprised that trade has availed itself of the "serious dodge," in order to invite customers. The following copy of a Circular has been sent to us by one of the inhabitants, who complains that nearly all the tradesmen in the place are infected by the spirit of Cant that is breathed from some clerical mouths over the whole locality.

FAMILY COAL DEPOT.

WILLIAM THOMAS, late Scripture Reader in the district of the REV. J. BROWNE, of Trinity Church, in again presenting his circular before the Nobility, Gentry, and Inhabitants generally of Cheltenham, desires, while acknowledging the goodness of God in prospering his efforts in business during the past year, to express his gratitude to those Ladies, Gentlemen, and other kind Friends, who have favoured him with their support; and begs at the same time to assure them that he will spare no effort to supply the best quality of Coals, at the lowest possible prices, consistent with the principles of honesty and justice.

We confess a participation in the disgust of our Correspondent at Religion being converted into the means of a puff, and employed for the purpose of getting off coals, or any other article.

If it were not that we have more reverence for Religion than those can have who drag it into business advertisements and trade circulars, we might suggest a variety of the most absurd incongruities arising from the union of puffing and piety. We, however, have too high a regard for sacred matters to allow us to imitate the conduct of those who bring the Bible and the Ledger into unseemly contact; and though we might render them supremely ridiculous, we are satisfied to leave them to the contempt and good taste of the public in general. We fear that in Cheltenham there is too much of Cant personified and parsonified to enable us to effect much good in that home for genteel hypocrisy and feeble-minded conventionality; but if our remarks open the eyes of only a few, the result will be so far satisfactory.

PROTESTANTISM AND PLEASURE.

THE *Birmingham Journal* publishes an incoherent discourse, which it ascribes to the REV. THOMAS TYSAN, Catholic priest of Sedgley, on the subject of mixed marriages; that is to say, marriages between Roman Catholics and other people. MR. TYSAN, according to our Birmingham contemporary, concluded his address with the following reflection and dogma:—

"How dreadful it is for those who troth their faith and love to each other, when they leave their door, one going one way, and the other the other way, thinking the one is going to the devil, and the other thinking the other is going to the devil, and so they live on. All Protestants think of is their own gratifications, pleasures, and selfishness; and all that is bad."

MR. TYSAN's reflection is judicious, but his dogma must be doubtful, even to Roman Catholics themselves, at least until FERRETTI shall have stamped it with the seal of infallibility. On reflection, he will himself perceive, that his condemnation of Protestants is rather too sweeping; for, surely, something more than their "own gratifications, pleasures, and selfishness," must have been thought of by the numerous persons of Protestant opinions who, rather than renounce them, have suffered themselves to be burnt alive.

Poem for a Political Primer.

COBDEN is a Muscovite,
Ditto set down MR. BRIGHT,
Ditto GLADSTONE, ditto GRAHAM,
LORD JOHN RUSSELL much the same.

Interesting Fact.

It is understood that poor MR. HAMILTON, whose eloquence was so promptly cut short by HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SOMERSET, the moment the former had uttered one sentence, is now known as "Single-Speech HAMILTON."

A NIGHT WITH CLICQUOT.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Potsdam, Nov. 8, 1855.



KING CLICQUOT asked me to dine with him yesterday, and having no better engagement, I accepted the invitation. I spent a tolerably pleasant evening. We dined *tête-à-tête*, because his Majesty wished, as he often does, to ascertain my opinion on various questions of European policy.

Before dinner the King was what we call in the vernacular rather down in the mouth; he said he had been up the night before. I recommended him a *petit verre*, which he was disinclined to take, but I made him, when he soon became all right; and, the repast having been served, ate and drank, particularly the latter, as heartily as usual. The champagne was first-rate. I state this on his Majesty's au-

thority, for I stuck to Johannisberger; although he partook of both, contrary to my advice not to mix his liquors. On the removal of the cloth, however, he yielded to my suggestion, that the best thing he could now take was whiskey-punch; for which we had the materials in, and I brewed a "jorum" for myself and him.

Having given the King a prime Havana, I lighted my "weed," and his Majesty followed my example. We then chatted together for some time on moral philosophy, metaphysics, the *belles lettres*, table-turning, spirit-rapping, religion, and the other topics of the day, including the Greek Tragedy of *Antigone*; of a difficult passage in one of the choral odes of which, I gave my Royal entertainer the correct translation in German.

From the subject of a Tragedy we soon got, by a natural transition, on the War; respecting which, as his Majesty has often heard me decant concerning the wrongs of poor Old Ireland in terms of fervid eloquence, he naturally supposed me exempt from English prejudices entirely. He therefore unbosomed himself to me on that subject quite confidentially; and, as I have no fear that your columns will ever meet his eye, there is no reason at all why I should not relate you his discourse thereon.

It was pretty late in the evening, and we were both very well primed, although for my part there was nothing the matter with me, when I told the King how cleverly I thought he had managed in steering clear of the Eastern scrape. "Your Majesty," I said, "has displayed the most brilliant management in keeping out of that."

"Shink so?" said CLICQUOT, in answer to my very delicate compliment. I give his Majesty's pronunciation of the English language, which usually becomes peculiar as the evening advances.

"Faith, I do, Sir," I answered; "by Jove! Austria was very near being drawn in once or twice."

"Aus'ra knows wellnuff washsabout," replied the Monarch. "FRANTZ-JOSEPH knows verwell whatsabout. FRANTZ's upsnuiff."

"Yes," I remarked, "but FRITZ put him up to snuff." Hereat the King poked the forefinger of his Royal right hand into my small ribs, and I returned the compliment, by giving him a cordial slap on the back.

"Boseof's knows veywell whatsabout," repeated CLICQUOT.

"Think ALEXANDER knows what he's about?" I asked in my off-hand way.

"No!" answered his Majesty in a monosyllable.

"He seems determined to persevere in the War," I said. "Sebastopol's gone, and Kinburn; sure he's playing a losing game. Why doesn't your Majesty get him to throw it up?"

"Know a trickworth two that," responded the King.

"Why, of course, as long as the blockade lasts, you get all the Russian trade," I observed.

"Yesbesure," was the Royal answer. "But 'tisu't that I looktosmuch—'tishn't that."

"Austria," I remarked, "has no such interest in the War."

"Certainly nosh," assented the King. "But zshash only a temp'ry inst inshwar. Aus't's permaninsht in schwar shame ash mine. Look here, ole'fella! S'pose I p'suade sh' CZAR t' accept sh' terms osh'lies? Wash zshen! Englanfrance and Sardinia 'spose of Turkey."

"Yes, Sir," I said.

"Well, but," resumed CLICQUOT, "wash I want ish for Prussianausra 'spose of Turkey! So we mean to le'm go on till zhey've ezshashed oneanzher, and zhenaknow we shtep in an 'vide sha prize zhey've been fight'n for, like zha whosname in zha fable."

"By the Powers!" I exclaimed, "what a deep old file your Majesty is!"

"I razsher shinkiam," replied his Majesty. "But come I shay, ole'fella—thish all 'tweenourselves."

I assured him that I considered his confidence sacred.

"P'foundshcret!" whispered the King.

"Dead," I returned, in the same tone.

"Nosh a word about sha pig, TIM," said CLICQUOT.

"Divil a bit, FRITZ," said I; "nor about his tail."

His Majesty then called upon me to sing a song, and I gave him *Nora Creina* with so much tenderness and pathos as to cause him to lie with his face upon the table and weep. By the time I had finished, he was buried in the arms of Morpheus, on which, having rung the bell, I had him carried up to bed by a nobleman in attendance, and wished him good-night.

THE STRONGEST OF ALL ALLIES.

ENGLAND, France, and Sardinia, stand united in a great Anti-Cossack league. To this triad of nations we hope very soon to acquire the addition of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. But there is one other nation of which the cordial alliance would be more effective, perhaps, than that of all the rest in the world. That is a nation without a geographical limit; a nation without a place on the earth's surface; a nation partaking little of the earth's crust, but very much of the riches of the earth's interior; a nation interspersed throughout all nations. Need we say that the nation to which we allude is that of the Hebrews.

The CZAR ALEXANDER has issued an ukase for the levy of fresh myriads, to be sacrificed, for the success of his felonious ambition, to MOLOCH. In every thousand Jews the Tyrant has commanded that ten shall be seized upon, and devoted to the slaughter among those wretched victims. These Israelites are to be driven by the knout and the stick to shed their own blood and that of others, in the name and under the tutelage of the Muscovite's Idols of wood and paint, the carved images of his gods SERGIUS, and VLADIMIR, and ALEXANDER NEWSKI.

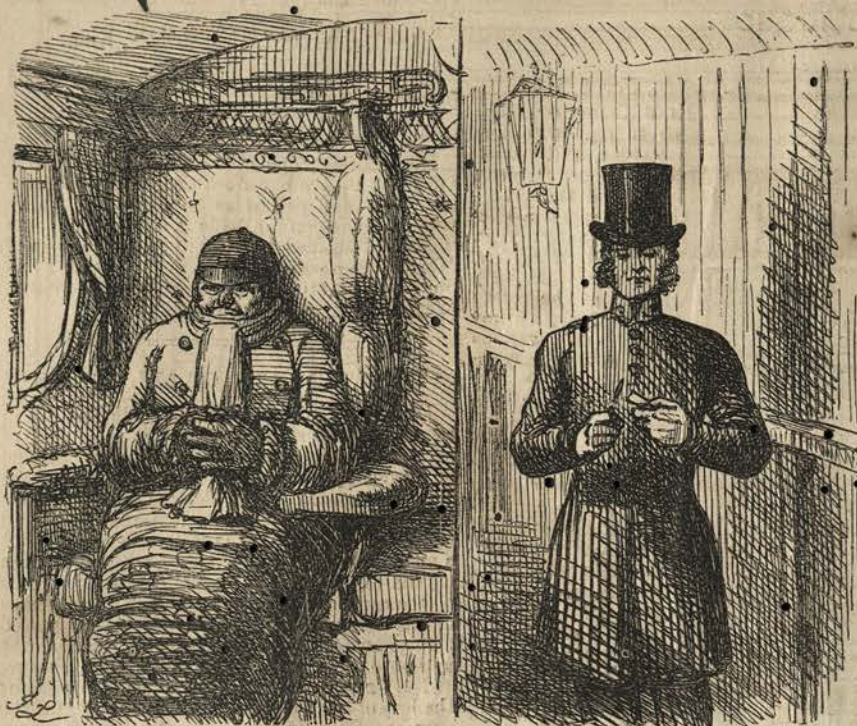
Shall not the Israelites draw the sword for this against the oppressor of their brethren? That is not necessary. Let them only draw their purse-strings close and tight. Let that individual of the Hebrew community who dares to lend the despot a farthing be cut off from the congregation of ISRAEL. To stone him to death will no longer be practicable: but let him be thrust out of the synagogue; and be evermore an unclean beast; an abomination in the sight of his people.

Invitation to the Brave Belgians.

O BELGIANS brave! you ought to be
Against the Cossack our allies,
To France by consanguinity,
To England bound by other ties;
By ties, how strong I cannot say;
But I am sure they're very dear:—
The sundry thousand pounds we pay
Your Sovereign, LEOPOLD, a-year.

THE ROAD TO GLORY.

AMONG the decorations very properly conferred by the French EMPEROR on the troops in the Crimea, is one of a rather dubious character, in the shape of a cross of the Legion of Honour to a corporal of Chasseurs, who had "carried away his companions by his example." Considering that there are always two ways in a field of battle, it would have been as well if the direction in which the Chasseur carried away his companions had been clearly indicated. Though we have little doubt that his movement was forwards on the foe, it is just possible that his enthusiasm might have been of such an awkward sort as to have run away with him.



NOW, WE DO HOPE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN IS NOT GOING TO BE ASKED TO SHOW HIS TICKET; BECAUSE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN HAS JUST PACKED HIMSELF UP QUITE COMFORTABLY, AND HIS TICKET IS IN THE VERY INNERMOST RECESS OF HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET; AND BECAUSE, YOU SEE, THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF OLD GENTLEMAN WHO IS LIKELY TO BE MUCH IRRITATED BY SUCH A REQUEST AT SUCH A TIME.

LINES TO SCANDINAVIA.

O BROTHERS of the North,
Lose not the golden hour!
Now is your time for standing forth
Against the Russian power.
Sardinia took the place
Of honourable pride,
Dare ye not, too, the monster face,
By France and England's side?

That Beast, the Russian Bear,
Is stricken very sore:
Help us to drive him to his lair,
To issue thence no more.
To that end unfurl'd
The banner of the Free,
That he, the Bugbear of the world,
Henceforth may cease to be.

Set on him now, you Swedes;
Ye may reclaim your kin.
Upon the brute whilst yet he bleeds!
Get back from him the Finn.
For all his Baltic prey,
With us if you combine,
Wrest from his weaken'd clutch you may,
And force him to resign.

Rise, by GUSTAVUS, rise!
Rise in your CHARLES's name!
Ye Danes be also our Allies,
And share our glorious aim.
Aloft the Raven fly,
Your flag of old renown,
Hurrah for Scandinavia! cry;
With brutal Russia, Down!

THE PRETENDER TO THE CROWN.—A Lady's Bonnet.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET!—FIGS.



THE following announcement appears in Friday's Gazette. In its original form it occupies nearly two columns of a daily Newspaper, but *Mr. Punch* has ventured to compress all but the names and titles, on which—especially as he hears of most of them for the first time—the *GOTHA Almanac* forbid he should lay a sacrilegious hand.

"Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, on the one part, and His Majesty the King of Prussia, as well in his own name as in that of his Majesty the King of Saxony, his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, his Royal Highness the Duke of Brunswick, his Royal Highness the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau-Cöthen, his Royal Highness the Duke of Anhalt-Bernburg, his Serene Highness the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, his Serene Highness the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, his Serene Highness the Prince of Reuss (elder branch), and his Serene Highness the Prince of Reuss (younger branch), on the other part,"

Have—but stop—let us take a little breath.

Now, then. Have agreed—

No, no. Don't be in a hurry. Great people do not do things *de main en main*. Even their Royal Highnesses Field-Marschals, when they go out shooting, take the gun not from the vulgar hand of the gamekeeper who loads, but from that of the equerry, to whom the gamekeeper hands it. So the above distinguished folks

Have named their respective Plenipotentiaries, viz. :—

"Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Right Hon. George W. Frederick, Earl of Clarendon, Baron Hyde, of Hindon, a peer of the United Kingdom, a member of her Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, her Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and the Right Hon. Edward John, Baron Stanley of Alderley, a peer of the United Kingdom, a member of her Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable

Privy Council, and President of the Committee of Privy Council for Affairs of Trade and Foreign Plantations;

"And his Majesty the King of Prussia, his Privy Councillor and Chamberlain, Albert, Count of Bernstorff, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to her Britannic Majesty, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle, and of the Orders for Civil Merit of the Bavarian Crown, of St. Januarius of the Two Sicilies, and of St. Stanislaus of Russia, Knight Commander of the Order of Christ of Portugal;

Who, after having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon and concluded"—

Now for it.

That the Copyright treaties between England and Germany shall apply to translations of German Books and Plays!

Who dares to say that Royalties, little and big, are not benefactors to mankind?

THE CHELTENHAM CONJURORS.

WE should like to know the wisecrack who drew up the annexed advertisement :—

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The Present War.—It has been determined by several Cheltenham collegians, both old and present, to erect a suitable MONUMENT in memory of their schoolfellows, who have fallen and may fall in the present war. Any old collegian who is willing to aid this object can communicate with the Secretary of the Memorial Committee, the College, Cheltenham.

We respect the feeling which dictates the erection of a monument to those who "have fallen" in the War; but we do not see how those who "may fall" are to be included in the honour, unless the Cheltenham worthies are gifted with the power of prophecy. Perhaps the REVEREND MR. CLOSE, who has written on Spirit-rapping—whether against or in favour of it we are not prepared to say—may be able to enlighten his associates on the possibility, or otherwise, of ascertaining the names of those about to fall, so that their names may appear with those of the already deceased heroes on the suggested monument.

The Way to the Bank.

WE see there is to be a new Omnibus Company formed in London, and certainly an improvement in these vehicles of abuse is sadly needed. If well-conducted—that is to say, if they have good conductors—we hope this new speculation in Omnibuses will turn out as profitably as the recent investment of *Kars* in Asia.



A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MINISTER FOR THE COLONIES.

Scene—Downing Street. LORD PAM and BILL CROWBAR discovered.

Crowbar (the Ticket-of-Leave). "WELL, MY LORD, AS YOU'VE TRIED THE SWELLS FOR THE OFFICE, AND IT'S NO GO, I MAKES BOLD TO HOFFER MYSELF FOR THE PLACE. AND AS A TICKET-OF-LEAVE, I CAN LAY MY 'AND UPON MY 'ART, AND SAY—THERE'S, NOT A MAN KNOWS MORE OF THE COLONIES THAN I DOES."

Lord Pam (considering). "HM!"

OUR GALLANT ALLIES—PROPOSED COMPLIMENTS.



THE *Post* inserted a letter from a butter-hearted correspondent—he signs himself RUSTICUS—who meekly recommends that the name of Waterloo Bridge should be changed in compliment to our gallant and generous brothers in arms, the French.” He further recommends that the new name should be the Bridge of Peace! *Punch* would further recommend that the Bridge should be called *Pons Asiaticus*, with free toll for the whole length of the life (ears included) of RUSTICUS. Our friend may, however, prefer his first suggestion because it enshrines a sentiment, and want of sentiment he declares “in the Anglo-Saxon population of this country is degrading the masses below the least of any other civilised people.” The

Fins and Muscovites, for instance, in purity of politeness and intensity of sentiment beat us hollow—hollow as a mug.

However, we quite agree that we should wipe out all recollections of former victories over the French; that we should destroy all and every institution, sign or symbol that may keep alive the memory of our little tiffs by land and sea. And first let us begin with the House of Lords. A certain EARL NELSON is there, who inherits his peerage and his fortune by the good luck of being descended (we will not say how many steps) from a certain NELSON who won the Nile and the Trafalgar. Let that earldom be wiped out from the peerage; the Earl's fortune confiscated, and his name be changed to JACQUES BONHOMME. And in the like manner—we cannot help it—we must treat the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. We must have that Strathfieldsaye estate back again, the national grants refunded, the title abolished, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON made plain MR. WELLESLEY. SOUTHBY'S *Life of Nelson*, together with every copy of the *Wellington Despatches* must be burnt, say in Leicester Fields. Of course the Wellington Statues, with the statues of NELSON must away to the melting-pot; whilst, as a final act, a law shall be passed making it a high misdemeanour to write or speak of any little squabble that may have unfortunately happened between England and France, later than the dispute at Poitiers or Agincourt. This, for the present, is all that *Mr. Punch* can suggest; but he will very cheerfully give ear to any further proposition for mixing the two countries into one. He yet hopes to see the day, when cabs may pass under the tunnel from Calais to Dover, and from Dover to Calais as thickly and withal as safely as they pass in Fleet Street. France, we doubt it not, will reciprocate the feeling. Indeed, she is so anxious to let bye-gones be bye-gones, that as an opening compliment to Austria, she proposes—the time is not yet fixed—to change the name of the Bridge of Austerlitz to the *Pont de Blucher*.

HORRORS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

OLD ladies with weak nerves should beware of reading any Newspapers except those which are well known to be addressed exclusively to themselves. In the Paris correspondence of a contemporary, which appeals both to youthful and ancient females of the superior classes, there occurs the following statement:—

“MESSRS. MAITLAND, CUTBERT, AND CO., in their circular of Nov. 3, observe, ‘The settlement in the shares of the *Crédit Mobilier* has again been painful, and some executions took place, which caused a further decline in their value.’”

This very cool and cursory manner of mentioning executions would surely very much shock and harrow the feelings of any one of the sensitive and venerable parties above contemplated. What is the nature of this commercial concern, the settlement in the shares of which has been so painful? is a question which cannot but occur to her bewildered mind, taking “painful” in connection with “executions.” Is it a Punishment of Offenders Company, contracting with the French Government to carry out the sentences of the tribunals on criminals? Is it a Joint-Stock Society, which provides stocks, and whipping-posts, and agents to correct culprits at the one, and invest their legs in the other? Does the *Mobilier* send guillotines about the country? These are not pleasant speculations to be suggested, at breakfast time, to the fancies of the grandmothers of refined society.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT FOR MESS TABLES.

THE health of an illustrious FIELD-MARSHAL, and may his Royal Highness be always as ready to remove the grievances of the Army as he is to re-dress the officers and men.

“THE PLAYFUL POLECATS.”

THE fact has escaped the attention alike of PETER CUNNINGHAM and JOHN TIMBS in their books of *London*, that there exists at the present time a club of young fellows (it must be confessed very poor and spiritless imitators of the Mohawks and Bloods of the good old times), calling themselves the Playful Polecats. The object of the society is to illustrate the English character in all public places, in a variety of modes and manners, that whilst they shall impart a playful air of ruffianism to the actors themselves, shall at the same time, fill with the most possible amount of disgust their audience and beholders. The first meeting of “the Playful Polecats” takes place on the first announcement of M. JULLIEN'S Concerts, the wide arena of the promenade affording the ample scope for the wit and repartee of even the smallest Polecat or Polckittin. We are enabled to give a copy of the circular issued to the Members who, in default of personal attendance at the Club-room, might nevertheless be duly instructed in the intentions of the Society in general.

“THE PLAYFUL POLECATS.”

Brother Polecat,—Old JULLIEN sports his baton and his white choker on Monday. You are expected to meet the Playfuls, and no mistake.

The row is to be opened about nine. There is a Frenchwoman going to chaunt, and won't it be jolly to our blessed Allies, just to show 'em what bricks Britons can be,—and so just as the Gallic hen begins to crow,—to get up a fight? Hold your head up—like a true Polecat—and hit low. This will conclude the “first part.”

Part two will be opened with a game of leap-frog, every Polecat being expected in his turn to make a back, and jump.

During the Galop, a Shower of Halfpence, and a grand scramble, to conclude with a fight!

Peas and detonating balls to be scattered and let off as our beloved Allies say of their bread—at discretion.

Three live hedgehogs will be flung up, at the “Zouave's Trumpet Call,” which is expected to make a jolly lark in the way of football, and no mistake.

The Playfuls are desired to pay in their annual guinea to the Polecats' Affliction Fund; namely, to discharge the fines which inexorable Bow Street Beaks levy on the captive Members. As FITZBALL says, “They hates us youth.”

Down with BETHOVEN, and nine times nine for the “Ratcatcher's Daughter!”

RUSSIAN REINFORCEMENTS.

WE should like to see enforced the following enactment:

“THAT all Brutes, convicted of besting their wives, be immediately on their conviction enlisted in a New Regiment; to be called ‘The Wife Smashers,’ or ‘The Woman Bruisers,’ and be sent out of the Kingdom as soon as possible, to fight the Russians.”

There would be only one fear of the above Law being carried out—and the further it was carried out of the country the better—and that is, the inhuman wretches so enlisted might turn out such poltroons, that the mere sight of a Cossack would be sufficient to put them all to flight. It is but fair to infer that a man, who has proved himself a rank coward at home, would be an equal coward in the ranks abroad; and consequently it would be a great risk to entrust the glory of England to such worthless guardians. Besides, such monsters, having thrown off all the attributes of Englishmen, have no right to appear before the enemy in the honourable uniform of Englishmen. We would propose, therefore, that the dastardly regiment, when duly formed in the Crimea, should retain as its distinguishing mark the prison-dress it had so well earned, and further, that it should be allowed every opportunity, and, in fact, given every possible encouragement, to desert over to the Russians. By this arrangement, the ruffianly “Wife-Smashers” would stand the best chance of being severely punished by their own countrymen, and would thus be made to feel on their own persons what it was to be beaten within an inch of their lives. We should be riding the country of a disgrace, and at the same time inflicting on the Russians a great injury. The new Russian corps might, out of compliment to their secret allies, the Austrians, be called “HAYNAU'S OWN!”

The Bears in Covent Garden.

A ROW generally inaugurates the series of M. JULLIEN'S Concerts. The “fast” cubs are very rough, and much too ready for a scramble. M. JULLIEN is like, and unlike, AMPHION. He can bring the bears together, but he cannot control them.

HOW TO ADMINISTER ADVICE.

ADVICE should always be given in the smoothest and most polished medium—as you will see nurses administering medicine to children in a silver spoon.



"I ax yer Pard'n, but yer haven't sich a thing as a Lucifer about yer; have yer, Missus?"

ALICE GRAY (OF WOLVERHAMPTON).

SHE'S all her fancy painted her,
Her tricks you can't divine;
First one and then another
She gets into a line.
She looks like innocence itself—
As open as the day;
But a humbug and a take in,
Is simple ALICE GRAY.

Her artless air has varnish'd o'er
The black with purest white.
Her soft false tongue, prefers a charge,
And juries think her right.
Her artless air is all assumed—
Her victim's sent away,
And the prison crank he's turning,
Through the lies of ALICE GRAY.

I've seen impostors have their run
I've seen them caught at last;
But ALICE GRAY has all outdone—
Each humbug she's surpass'd;
And when her story shall be told,
Truth will be forced to say,
She was the very Queen of quacks,
That artful ALICE GRAY.

The Invasion of Paris.

SUCH has been the enormous number of English who have lately invaded Paris, that a cigar-shop, in the neighbourhood of the Rue de la Paix, fearful of losing all its French custom, has been compelled to display a conspicuous placard in its windows with the following intimation:—
"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS."

RUSSIAN OIL ON THE FIRE!

To RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P.

MY DEAR SIR,

How glad I should be to find you writing or saying something calculated to put a stop to this horrible War! What could have possessed you to write that letter to MR. BAINES, which can have no other tendency than to prolong it? Don't you see that, in trying to discourage the British Public, you simply encourage the CZAR, and rouse, instead of cowering, the spirit of your countrymen? Are you not conscious that, in proclaiming our difficulties, you are doing your utmost to increase both his obstinacy in resisting our demands, and our determination to compel him to yield to them? Those difficulties you invite MR. JOHN BULL to inspect through your microscope, in order to terrify him, don't you? Well they do terrify him; and in the agony of his terror, he will strive desperately to surmount them, well knowing that if he does not surmount them now, he will have much greater difficulties to contend with hereafter. JOHN BULL is afraid to stop the War; endeavour to allay that fear. But you evidently don't know what fear is, rational fear; fear in the British sense of the word. This, my dear Sir, is the fear of being beaten; which prompts those who are affected with it to fight instead of running away.

MR. JOHN BULL is afraid of Russian aggrandizement and domination. MR. RICHARD COBDEN is not. Now, my brave MR. COBDEN, why don't you disabuse timid JOHN of his delusion, if he is deluded, on that point? That, if you could manage it, would be the way to restore peace. Show that Russia had not, for centuries, cherished designs upon Turkey: that Sebastopol, with its fleet and thousands of cannon, and enormous accumulations of shot and shell, was not intended for their execution. Show that the arsenal was not the analogue of a burglar's premises; and its munitions of war the counterparts of jemmies and centrebits. Show that the seizure of the SULTAN'S dominions would not have been followed by the conquest of Europe. Show that the aggression on the Principalities was not the first step towards that conquest. Demonstrate all this, and I, at least, will cry "Stop the War!" as loud as I can squeak. Dread of ultimate subjection to Russia; horror of slavery, Siberia, and the knout, maintains the warlike feeling of the country. Speak or write to this question. But no. You never do. You ignore it almost as quietly as a fact which cannot be denied or disposed of is ignored by a controversial clergyman.

We all hate war, as much as you do. I think we are even more alive to the horrors of war—horrors unspeakable!—for our indignation burns, and yours does not, seemingly, against the human devils and their Prince—who have broken loose, and brought them on the world. Horrors of war, indeed! an additional tax of sixpence would have been

horrible enough to deter us from going to war if we could have helped it.

Did we not, before going to war, exhaust all the means of preserving peace recommended by the very Peace Society? Did we not have recourse to arbitration; was not the award given in our favour: and did not the CZAR refuse to submit to it? What, then; would you have had us to behave as *Dogberry* recommends the watch? If so, perhaps you would wish the dangerous classes, provided they arm themselves, to be left to their own devices by the Police. If SAWNEY BEAN, arch-cateran, cut-throat, cannibal, and so forth, had chosen to fortify his den with certain mudbanks and firearms, you would have been for suffering him and his gang to remain unmolested? Ridiculous to compare the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to SAWNEY BEAN? Yes; as ridiculous as to compare Mont Blanc to Primrose Hill. The worst atrocities practised by SAWNEY BEAN and his crew, thousands of times multiplied have been committed under the auspices of the late and the present CZAR; moreover, SAWNEY did not set up the Cross for a pretence, and perpetrate his abominations in the name of the Orthodox Church.

The Press answerable for keeping up warlike excitement? Why, yes: the Press gives publicity to your letters and speeches: otherwise it merely embodies the national sentiments for the information of your friend, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, and much good may it do him! Your letter to MR. BAINES is very likely to diminish any amount of good which the Press may be capable of doing him. By the way, my dear Sir, is it not rather fortunate for you that we have a free Press? Suppose your letter to the Editor of the *Leeds Mercury* had been addressed to his contemporary of the *Invalide Russe*; only *mutatis mutandis*: that is, Russia's case being England's, England's Russia's, and you a Russian by birth and residence, but an Englishman at heart. Where, in the world, would you be at this moment, my dear Sir; and what appearances would be presented by your bare back? Commending this question to your serious consideration, believe me, my dear Sir, in the cause of peace, your sincere fellow-labourer,
PUNCH.

P.S. Your notion of fat middle-aged men being sent to the Crimea to fight in person, is rather funny; could it be carried out, it would be a famous practical joke: especially for ALEXANDER. I say; what will you take for the cross of the Order of St. VLADIMIR, which, of course, you will have received by this time from your Imperial friend?

FASHION IN LOW LIFE.

It is the custom amongst the superior classes of the New Cut, when an evening party is breaking up, for the person who has the care of the hats and cloaks to cry out: "Now, Gentlemen, if you please, your Tickets-of-Leave."

JUSTICE WAITING TILL CALLED FOR.



UR precautions, as nervous people, to guard against surprise, have not prevented us from being unpleasantly astonished at finding it reported that, in passing sentence upon one of those "brutal assault" cases, which are becoming really a national disgrace to us:—

"MR. JARDINE said, he had not been hitherto called upon to inflict the full punishment authorised by the new act in reference to these brutal assaults upon women, but this was one of the worst cases he had ever heard of. The prisoner must be committed to hard labour for six months."

The "full punishment" which the law has prescribed for these cases is considered generally to be at most a rather homoeopathic dose; and the frequency of their occurrence since it has been given, is a sufficient proof, we think, that it is not severe enough to act as a preventive. But of course its efficacy must be much diminished, when those who should administer it shrink from

fully doing so: and although some cases may demand a milder treatment than others, we will venture to say, that since the passing of the act, there have been few which have not merited the full punishment it inflicts.

Now Bow Street is not the least frequented of police-courts, and we doubt not, has received at least its average proportion of assault-cases, since the law for their prevention has come into force. We are surprised therefore when we hear its magistrate asserting, that he "has not yet been called upon" for the six months' hard labour, which is the sentence he is fully authorised to pass. We are puzzled indeed to know by whom MR. JARDINE expects ever to be "called upon" for punishment. Can he fancy that a criminal, struck perhaps by the disproportion of his punishment to his offence, would spontaneously call upon the sitting magistrate to double it? Or has he been waiting all the time since the passing of the act, to be called upon by somebody with instructions to direct him when fully to administer it? For ourselves, not inclining to either of these suppositions, we are certainly of opinion that justice, like charity, is not good for much if it waits till it is called upon.

Retirement from Parliament.

It is rumoured that, in the event of SIR CHARLES NAPIER being returned for Southwark, SIR JAMES GRAHAM will make an application on the very first day of the re-assembling of the House, to be appointed Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. We hope there is no truth in the above report, as the retirement of SIR JAMES would be lamented by a large class of people, who have been looking forward with the greatest anxiety to the meeting of Parliament, in the hope that it would contribute in no small degree to the amusement one naturally expects at that festive period of the year. The absence of SIR JAMES would make a deep hole in our Christmas amusements.

A Cry from Rathfarnham.

MURDER! The soul-defiling Saxon for his impious Income Tax, has been to that abode of peace, Knocklong, County Limerick, and seized FATHER O'BRIEN'S COW! Think of that, my countrymen! That's more of LORD PALMERSTON'S sacrilege! Think of it, my countrymen, and screech it to the four winds of heaven, and then howl it to the centre of the earth. The sacrilegious Saxon has seized FATHER O'BRIEN'S COW! And this abomination is but a stepping-stone to another; for the Saxon's next impiety will be to lay violent hands upon the POPE'S BULL!

CAHILL.

A TRUTH FOR WINE-DRINKERS.

THE best manure for grapes are stones and flints: and this is most strange, for you would not fancy it possible to get the rich blood of the grape out of a stone, and we all know it is by no means an easy operation to get a bottle of wine out of a Flint!

"DESTRUCTION!"

WE have arrived at the knowledge—certain and minute—of the approaching destruction of three or four distinguished printsellers. Altogether there are about half-a-dozen intellectual tradesmen who make their daily bread (the butter is hardly worth speaking of) by the sale of engravings from the pictures of our own glorious English artists. Now, these gentlemen, reasoning doubtless on the most correct principle that things become the more precious as they become the more scarce, have, for the furtherance of the interests of true art, resolved to lessen the number of printsellers by at least one half. If half-a-dozen Boys are valuable, how much more priceless will be three Boys? If two Moons are a great social advantage, how much more useful, more socially profitable will one Moon be; or even a half-Moon? We have seen how successfully, how admirably this principle has been carried out by the chopping into little bits, plates of "Waterloo Banquets," "Sanctuaries," "Deerstalkers," and so forth,—and, having great faith in the logical powers of all artists soever, we have no doubt that by the contemplated destruction of one half of the number of printsellers at present existing, the value of the fortunate survivors will be, as predicted, incalculably enhanced. Be this as it may, their fate is decided; though, we are happy to state, that the chosen victims will not, like the doomed plates, be first disfigured, "ploughed into deep indelible lines," to be finally "cut in pieces by machinery." No; they will be tenderly put out of the way, being made to retire at once from business and from life by means of painless extinction.

Various R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s are pledged to the good work. The gifted painters of "The Princess and the Pea," "Gumma-Pigs," "The Curl Papers," "Chaos," "The Unheaved Sigh," and "The Ungushed Tear," with other artists, equally distinguished, are mutually bound to this act of enlightened destruction. Cards have already been sent to the unsuspecting victims, to meet the sacrificial artists to a genial banquet at the Goose and Gridiron.

Feeling very warmly for the success of the attempt, Mr. Punch would not have risked the publication of the design that, by the sacrifice of the three men, is to enhance the value of the three print-selling survivors,—had not Mr. Punch been assured that the work of enlightened destruction will have been some hours completed before the appearance of his journal. The mortal banquet will be of the most choice description. Professional singers are engaged, and will execute a dirge and a requiem. Mutes and bearers from BAYNTUM'S will, on the occasion, officiate as waiters.

"NOW, BOYS!"

AMONGST the lives of Celebrated Boys, now being published in a certain Boy's Magazine, we miss the

"LIFE OF JIMMY GRAHAM!—THE DIRTY BOY, who was always in a mess."

It might be made very instructive, and we should like extremely to write it. The moral would, of course, be very impressive: "You must not dabble in dirt, like that naughty boy JIMMY GRAHAM, or else you will certainly get into mischief, and be shunned by all good men." By the bye, since we have got the Boys in hand, we think an *Old Boy's Magazine* would at the present moment be a most profitable speculation. It should be dedicated to the juvenile octogenarians at the War Office, Admiralty, and other Government Offices, and might be filled with Ciceronian essays inculcating the advantages of Old Age, and proving how necessary it was to have the gout before one could take a step in official life. Such a boyish Magazine could not fail to be popular with our Ministers, who are so fond of rewarding aged incapacity, that they will not see merit in a Whig even, unless the Whig has first turned GREY.

Dunup on the Money Market.

"THEY say the Money Market's tight. For the life of me, I cannot see it. After all, what is five, or six, or seven per cent.? Now, if it was fifty per cent., the people might cry out! And yet I have often paid fifty, sixty, and seventy per cent., and have thought nothing of it. I have even given as much as eighty per cent. for my bills, and ten per cent. commission into the bargain, and at times have thought myself extremely lucky to get them done at that rate. On my word, the world's growing mighty particular! Why, if the Bank would only discount my paper at seven per cent., I would not mind taking one half in blacking, and more than that, I would stand a dinner to the Directors all round!"

Lights and Letters.

UNWONTED homage has been paid to literature. *GÖTHE'S Life and Works* is published in the morning, and in the evening all the German ambassadors illuminate! When *Little Dorrit* appears, the English Ambassador in Paris will, with his wonted courtesy to the genius of his countrymen, no doubt, set up at least one rushlight!



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

Ophelia. "There's fennel for you, and columbines."

Hamlet, Act v. Scene 3.

EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

In the Egyptian Hall there has been celebrated a feast of Egyptian Darkness. A MR. EWART having worried the weakness of Parliament to pass an Act which permitted ratepayers of cities and towns to establish therein museums and free libraries, at the cost of an impost of a penny in the pound—(there is penny wisdom for you; as if ratepayers were such geese as to pluck themselves),—the LORD MAYOR attempted to celebrate one of the latter days of his government, by singing a swan-like strain (or rather a swan-hopping strain) in praise of knowledge!

Happily, however, there was a PEACOCK present—PEACOCK, the deputy. Now this PEACOCK is deep in sewers (as testified by the blackness of legs common to the species PEACOCK), and having much experience in sewage duty, of blind puppies, he was of course the better enabled to speak to the real wants of the young men of the city of London. There was no need of books: besides, how could people with the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA on their hands, bother themselves with the educational wants of clerks and shopmen? The interests of sewage were paramount to the cant of knowledge. In a time of war, books may be necessary as paper runs short, for ball-cartridges. Therefore, PEACOCK would have no museum, no reading-room, and, if MINERVA'S own owl had propounded the motion, the bird of wisdom would have stood no chance against the scream of the vigilant PEACOCK with, as is the wont of peacocks, all his eyes about him.

In the Egyptian Hall, PEACOCK was victorious in Egyptian darkness. But what is to be expected of a PEACOCK? "The tenderness of the pith in his wing and tail-feathers," says an old writer, "proceeding out of a quill, not an inch long, and soe thin and tender, that for want of substance and strength they are not so useful as the quill of a crow." Thus, peacocks are not given to writing; and, carrying eyes on their tails, can hardly be expected to look forward. True it is, that QUEEN SHEBA brought peacocks to KING SOLOMON; but we doubt not, only as fine illustrations of the truth of SOLOMON'S sad saying that "all is vanity." Any way, the civic PEACOCK screams and says, "Books is vanity, and I moves the previous question." And the question is carried; and PEACOCK, after the fashion of peacocks, pulleth back his head, and strutteth amazingly.

SALE AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL.

WE have been rather startled by the announcement of the intended Sale by Auction of our old friends the animals, who have for some years formed a feature, or rather a collection of very formidable features, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. We understand that this step has been decided on, in consequence of the superior attraction of the Concerts, for it is felt that not even the lion stands a chance of popularity by the side of such an unrivalled lion as the MONS. JULLIEN.

We do not quite understand how the sale is to be managed, and how the respectable auctioneer, MR. STEVENS, of King Street, Covent Garden, proposes to knock down the elephant. It is all very well to talk of bringing the beasts to the hammer; but we tremble for the hand that attempts to bring the hyæna to the hammer, or to anything else that the brute may not have an inclination for. We shall be anxious to see the catalogue of the various lots, from the eligible elephant, down to the monkeys, who would probably come under the head of Miscellaneous; and the snakes, which would perhaps fall under the denomination of Sundries. The Brahmin bulls will either be sold at so much per head, or perhaps may be taken by the horns, for the convenience of the purchaser.

We shall keep our eye upon the sale, but we shall remain at a respectful distance from the various lots, while they are being handed round: for we should be sorry to get a living boa round our neck; and we should not be surprised, if while the auctioneer is soliciting "an advance upon the tiger," the tiger were to make a sudden and unexpected advance on the audience. It will be rather difficult to show the lots to advantage, and there are some of them that will scarcely be under sufficient restraint to enable the porters to display them during the continuance of the auctioneer's eloquence. It is possible that while he describes a lot of monkeys as "going, going," one or more of the mischievous brutes may be "gone" before he is aware of it.

APROPPOS DE BOTTES.—Italy has often been compared to a Boot—and it is a Boot, we should say, that would almost give its soul, if it could only see the last of Austria.



Youthful Costermonger. "NOW THEN, GUVNER, 'AVE THE LAST ROPE FOR A PENNY?"

MRS. SWANSDOWN'S WORK-TABLE.

A CONVEYANCING LECTURE FOR THE LADIES.

"Steal, foh! the wise do call it convey."—Shakspeare.

CONVEYANCING, Ladies, is the machinery by which such property as houses and land is bought, sold, entailed, or pawned. It is the most splendid invention for beggaring the owners of such property, and enriching lawyers, that ever was conceived. It is better than the Court of Chancery, that delight of mankind. You may think that the subject does not concern you; but indeed it does. Not to speak of young ladies whose fathers are landowners, young ladies whose marriage dowry is frightfully diminished by the tremendous expense of settlements and the making out titles (you shall understand this directly, dears), there is scarcely a lady, whose husband is in moderately prosperous circumstances, who does not suffer by the system. One would like to buy one's wife a little house for a birthday present, or a cottage for her summer trip, or a little piece of land to be planted on baby's birthday, and these things might be done for a reasonable outlay. But not only does the lawyer make the purchase terribly expensive, but the charming system of conveyancing places you in such a condition, that if you happen to want to get your purchase off your hands at any time, the merely showing that you have a right to do so costs you very nearly the whole value of the property. You will very likely ask some lawyer if this is so, and he will tell you that the statement is exaggerated, that some titles are "difficult," but that the system is a very beautiful one. Tell him, dears,—or rather say that Mr. Punch told you to tell him—that he is a humbug, and that the system is a swindle.

Mr. Punch wishes to give you some idea of the real nature of this beautiful system. So, he will not talk of houses or land, for fear of

getting technical (not that you do not grasp the meaning of hard words with a quickness and an accuracy that makes him ashamed of his male pupils); but he will illustrate the way in which the lawyers deal with such matters, by making an ordinary article of lady's use the subject of a conveyancer's treatment.

MRS. SWANSDOWN (*née* MARIA GOOSINGTON) has an old-fashioned Work-table, beautifully painted, and inlaid with silver. It belonged to her grandmother, who received it as a present from the grateful wife of a young officer (a friend of the Pretender's), to whom Granny, then a romantic young FLORA M'IVOR, gave shelter after Culloden. MRS. SWANSDOWN'S pet daughter is married; and her husband, MR. FONDLESQUAW, wants to give his mother-in-law a splendid *Epergne* in exchange for this Work-table, which his wife, from childish association, desires to possess. All parties are agreed, but (we write as if the two articles of property had acquired the dignity of land) the arrangement must be made by deeds, on parchment. The lawyers on each side go to work.

We will begin with MRS. SWANSDOWN'S lawyer, who has to prove to the satisfaction of MR. FONDLESQUAW'S lawyer, that MRS. S. has a good title to the Work-table. He makes out an enormous document of a hundred sheets, facetiously called "Abstract of Title." The charge for this is very high. He has a copy made, and he sends it to MR. GRUBBY, a conveyancing barrister, in Lincoln's Inn, to look it over, and see whether it is fit to be handed over to "the other side." MR. G. has a handsome fee, and looks over the title.

He returns the document in three weeks or a month, with this kind of observations:—

"The title to the Work-table, subject to the following remarks, seems satisfactory.

"You must obtain evidence to prove, that the lady who presented it in 1746 had her husband's permission to do so.

"If she is living, I think her declaration to that effect would do; but, as she was no doubt 20 at the gift, and this is 109 years ago, this would make her 129, and she may therefore be deceased, and her representatives must be sought for.

"The letter presenting the table is dated Amiens, in France. See if you can get any evidence of her having been seen to post the letter. Some old inhabitant may have heard of a letter being posted in 1746.

"I do not think that the Table went through the post; but, as this depends on French law, obtain the opinion of a Parisian advocate on the subject. (Translate this for me, as I only understand Norman French, such as *sur conuzance de droit comme ceo, &c.*)

"If the Table came from France, it ought to have paid duty. Search the Custom House books for 1746, and get a copy of any entry on the subject.

"One of the silver ornaments is stated to have been repaired in 1802. You must get the silversmith's bill for doing this, and show either by receipt or other evidence that it was paid.

"SARAH GOOSINGTON, mother of MRS. SWANSDOWN, had the Table relined, and a small looking-glass inserted in the inside of the cover. Ascertain whether this was done before her husband bolted to Boulogne, or afterwards, as in the latter case creditors might assert a claim to the silk and the glass. Obtain his schedule, as an insolvent, as it may include the silk-mercier's bill.

"There is an outlying work-bag, or rag-bag, fastened below the Table, to which no title is shown, and it would seem that the children used to put their playthings in it, and it may be a question whether tenancy in common was not created. Would MRS. FONDLESQUAW'S brothers and sisters release their rights herein?

"I cannot identify the emery needle-cushion on the left hand with that originally inserted, and I think that search should be made, in case the emery-powder have slipped into the cracks of the wood, and so become incorporated into the freehold. Get evidence as to this, and also as to the sawing out the partition between the cottons and the silks. I do not think that any tenant of the Table was entitled to cut timber.

"The Table in the letter is also termed a 'Housewife's Companion.' This is an outstanding term, but may be considered as merged in modern phraseology.

"GIDEON GRUBBY,
"Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 20th."

There, my dears, is a small portion of the profitable work cut out by lawyer for lawyer, before a single step is taken in the real arrangement. Mr. Punch will show you, in due course, how the business went on.

What will Gough Say?

EVEN the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY has made a slip, and on his own ground too—Exeter Hall. His Lordship, in introducing LORD JOHN RUSSELL to the Christian Young Men, observed that LORD JOHN needed no prefatory explanation, in other words—"good wine needs no bush." The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY to talk of wine and in Exeter Hall! Gracious goodness! what will MR. GOUGH say?

CONSTANTINE'S DREAM.

SCENE—*St. Petersburg. A Private Apartment in the Palace. The EMPEROR ALEXANDER, the EMPRESS, and the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.*

Alex. Sebastopol gone; Kertch and Kinburn too!
Sveaborg in ruins; Bomarsund destroy'd!
Our troops repulsed at Kars, and now again
In battle worsted by OMAR PACHA!
One almost might suppose our cause unjust,
And a just Power to over-rule the world.
What's to be done?

Empress. Peace made.
Const. Pooh! Madam, Pooh!
Excuse me—but the very name of peace
Inflames me with ungovernable rage.
Peace is submission: sooner than submit
Let us take poison all, or cut our throats;
Disaster desperation should inspire;
Ah, Sire, my brother! had I but my way
I know what I would do.

Alex. What wouldst thou do?
Const. No longer let our navy skulk beneath
Yon walls of stone with cannon fortified;
But, on some favouring and foggy night,
Break, or elude, the Anglo-French blockade.

Alex. Unto what end, good brother?
Const. Marry, this;—
Some twenty thousand soldiers to convey,
With whom we would ascend the River Thames,
As once the Dutchmen did: then London burn:
Which could we do, I should not care, although
We perish'd in the ruins.

Empress. How commence?

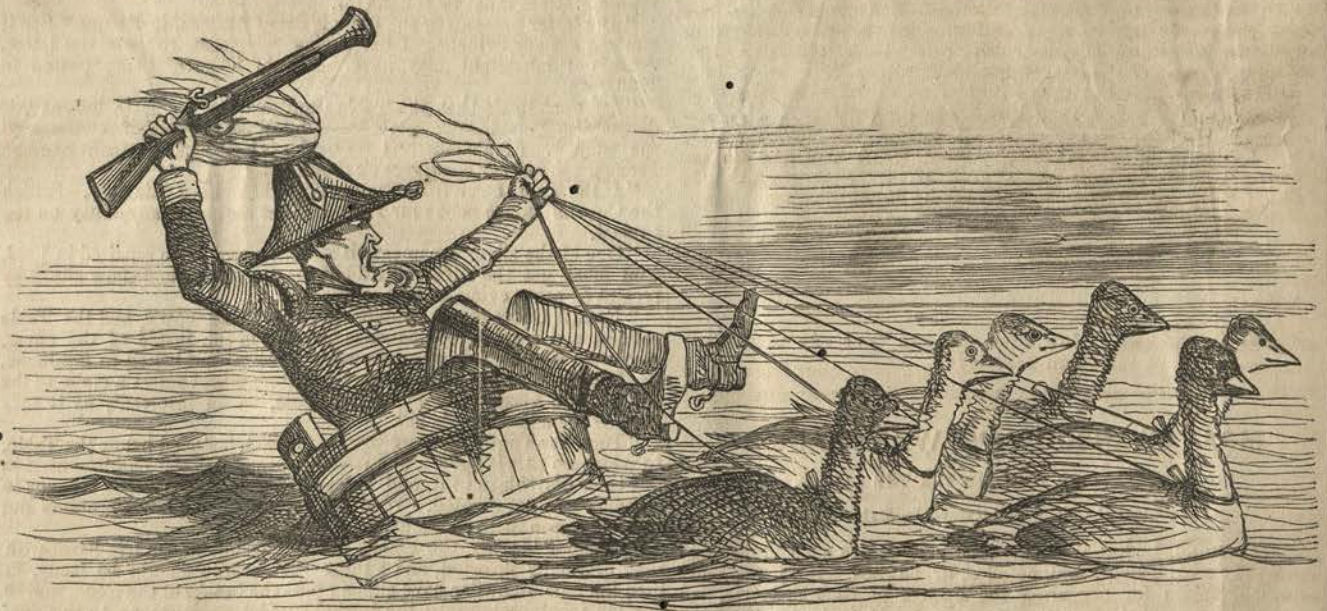
How cause the conflagration to begin?
Would you not first deliver that same Thames
A prey to the devouring element?

Const. Although I might not set the Thames on fire,
I might and would burn the LORD MAYOR alive,
And slowly roast the Aldermen to death,
Chop GOG and MAGOG into little bits,
Slit up the nose of VISCOUNT PALMERSTON,
And by the roots tear out the tongue of *Punch*.
Blow up the Tower, and leave not of St. Paul's
A stone upon a stone, likewise destroy
Westminster Abbey, and the Houses raze
Of Parliament: the National Gallery,
British Museum, and the Post Office.
Buckingham Palace, also, I would knock
About their ears who would not be, I hope,
At Balmoral, or Osborne. Oh! what games,
To wrap Great Britain's capital in flames!

Empress. Oh! CONSTANTINE, how stupidly you talk!
What! risk our fleet and twenty thousand men,
Leaving St. Petersburg without defence?
Don't listen to him, ALEXANDER, dear.

Alex. Brother, your scheme of daring and of dash
The merit has, no doubt—but it is rash.
We fear the enterprise would not succeed,
We think it hazardous—we do, indeed.
Yet London 'twere a glorious thing to burn.
Well, well, the matter in our mind we'll turn.

SCENE closes.



HOW THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE SET OUT TO INVADE ENGLAND.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF NATIVE TALENT.

AMONG the exhibitors at the French Exposition of Industry, twenty-four Englishmen out of two hundred and fifty-four persons, have received the decoration of the Legion of Honour; and the *Times* correspondent at Paris says:—

"Of the 254 seven are to be named officers, having no doubt received the simple cross of Knight previously, and among the English MR. FARADAY has the still higher grade of Commander conferred on him."

We have reason for stating that a Cabinet Council will be immediately convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of forthwith conferring on PROFESSOR FARADAY the Order of the Bath, lest it should seem, that in consequence of the neglect of the British Government to encourage Science, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON has felt himself obliged to take that office on himself. Whilst our rulers are about it, perhaps, they will also knight a few more philosophers—if the philosophers will accept the knighthood.

DEFINITIONS.

BY A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

LOVE. A Subject with poets for a song, and frequently not worth one.

MUSIC. The signal for talking in a drawing-room, during which you hear the words of every one but the person who is singing.

MADMAN. Any one who differs from us.

DOCTOR. One who kills us to-day to prevent us dying to-morrow.

CARD. What a tradesman gives when he wants your custom, and a gentleman when he wants your life.

YOUTH. Anything under a wig.

MY DEAR, MY LOVE. The commencement of a quarrel between man and wife.

HEARTS. Little red things, that men and women play with for money.
BREAD and CHEESE. The pretence with a rich man for accumulating a fortune—and which is about the last thing you ever see at his table.

THE JULLIEN ERA.



THE JULLIEN Era is always a most important one in the annals of Metropolitan amusement, and there is as much excitement in London at the approach of the musical MONS. as there is at Eton on the advent of the Montem. It is an idle dream to talk of heaping Pelion upon Ossa, and hoisting both upon Olympus, but it is an annual achievement to pile up a series of summits (the tops of their profession) on a sort of Alpine orchestra, and to crown the whole with the MONS. JULLIEN. For the present season we must look at him in the light of JULLIEN the Apostate, for he has renounced his old temple at Drury Lane, and set

up his shrine at the Covent Garden Opera. The change is in every respect for the better, and as Drury Lane, in consequence of a prior engagement, cannot go to the MONS., it is quite right of the MONS. to go to the Italian Opera.

We were happy to find that our MONS.—the Monarch of Music—unlike the Monarch of Mountains, is not yet crowned with a diadem of snow, for his luxurious locks retain all their ancient resemblance to the jet of the most brilliant blacking. His hair has, in fact, all the dark and dazzling polish of other DAYS and MARTINS, and it is delightful to witness the freshness and vivacity with which he still wields the *baton*. We have, however, a crow to pick with the MONS.:

Blood, Bluster, and Blue-fire was once given as the title and type of a certain drama. What name shall be given to M. JULLIEN's last performance? He has brought out a Quadrille, the theme whereof is the "Fall of Sebastopol," and the music whereof, to which we are to dance, and smirk, and flirt, is intended to represent the various noises heard during the final struggle. We are unaware whether it is yet published for the pianoforte, but in due course the young ladies will no doubt have it, with a splendidly fiery frontispiece, representing Sebastopol in red flames, and in the foreground some adorable officers (with wasp-like waists) raising the standards of the Allies. For Art-pictorial and Art-musical are sisters.

Looking at the programme with a practical eye, and a recollection of divers First Sets, and the duty to be done therein, we seem to see a little difficulty in the way of any eight or sixteen couples who may call out for "The Sebastopol." One of the subjects is "Dialogue of the Chiefs during the passing the banks of the beautiful Tchernaya." This might possibly be adapted to the dialogue of the partners during the performance of the beautiful *pas seul*. "The cavalry gradually disappears," may be a hint to a gentleman to hope that a lady's hoarseness is going off. But after the business begins in earnest, and the themes, so appropriate to a ball-room or theatre (where is scarcely an individual who has not mourned relative or friend lost in the fray now set to the fiddles) are being fairly worked out—when the French "rush with the rapidity of an eagle," and the "gallant English fall by hundreds, and die like heroes"—we do not see how the setting, and turning, and ladies' chain illustrate the subject. Nor, though "the roar of the cannon, the whistling of the bullets, the cries of the fugitives, and the ships blown into the air," may, according to M. JULLIEN's charming phraseology, "form an Awful Fête," (does he mean a pun?) it does not seem exactly a *fête dansante*. Then, too, in the finale, "a soldier mortally wounded, is borne up a hill and prays," &c., at length "dying happy;" a subject, which must, one would think, be treated in slow time; and a little out of place in the galop at the end of the Quadrille; nor should we care to hear "Now, then, Mortally Wounded, all round."

Such a theme for a Quadrille must surely have been selected in deference to the gents who acted as jackals to the swell-mob on the opening night of M. JULLIEN's Concerts. English society has not yet learned to like its Quadrille music mixed up with blood, and groans, and tears, and must condemn the bad taste that found in the terrible incidents of a siege the materials for an Awful Fête.

Nothing can be more perfect than the manner in which JULLIEN keeps his excellent orchestra together, but there are many imperfections in the way in which he—or rather his servants—get his audience together; for there is a want of harmony between the seats in the

theatre and the plan in the box-office. Having taken your places for a large party, who are all placed together according to the plan in the booking-office, you may find yourselves all scattered when you get into the house; and thus, some of the tenderest ties in life—those of husband and wife, or father and child—are, for one evening at least, most cruelly severed. The MONS., in spite of his exaltation, is always ready to stoop to meet the wishes of the public; and a nod of his head will probably be sufficient to remedy the evil we have pointed out to him.

HOMILIES AND HOAXES.



HERE used to be a great deal said about "wolves in sheep's clothing"—the wolf of that species meaning a bad style of clergyman. We do not hear so much of these wolves now: there are one or two to be met with here and there; for instance on certain County Benches; but it may be hoped that this breed of wolves will soon become as extinct in these dominions as the fourfooted. If, however, clerical wolves are scarce, there is no great lack, apparently, of another sort of ecclesiastical animals. Witness the following advertisement, extracted from the *Times*:—

AD CLERUM. NEW LITURGICAL ISSUE

By the Author and Editor of "The Churchman's Sunday Evenings at Home," "The Devout Churchman," "Sermons for Sundays and Holy Days," &c. The REV. ALEXANDER WATSON, A.M., having been often applied to by his brethren in connection with the subject of the present advertisement, now invites attention to a proposal for the circulation of a limited number of a course of manuscript sermons adapted to the Divinely ordered system of the Church's Ritual; viz., a set for one year of manuscript sermons setting forth the

faith and practice of the Christian man in exact accordance with the Divinely appointed order of the Church's Annual Cycle.

Here we pause; for at this point the existence of those other animals than wolves among the clergy becomes manifest. It is evident that there are a great many donkeys in holy orders; donkeys so stupid and so lazy as to be either unable or unwilling even to write their own sermons. MR. WATSON has "been often applied to by his brethren in connection with the subject" of having that work done for them. He displays some humility, to be sure, in owning them his brethren—in fraternising with such a long-eared kind of parsons. But let him now proceed—the issue of his cut-and-dried spiritual provender is

"To be continued annually, until each portion of the Liturgical Services for each Sunday and Holy Day shall have been illustrated and their united scope enforced. The advertiser is ready to issue the first number of the above series in time for the ensuing Advent Sunday, with sermons for the Saint's day which fixes the date of Advent Sunday, if he receives the names of a sufficient number of subscribers to protect him from loss before November 23rd, 1855. Terms for the first series, seven guineas per annum, paid in advance, or the Sunday sermons may be had separately, price five guineas; and those for Holy Days, price three guineas. Only a limited number of copies of each series will be put in circulation, due regard being had to the number issued in any one neighbourhood; and where desired the strictest secrecy will be observed. The sermons will be sent post free in packets of a season, or a month, as the case may be. Subscribers' names, with particulars of remittance, to be forwarded," &c., &c.

What business has a jackass, who is *such* an ass that he cannot compose his own sermons, in the pulpit? The only assignable excuse for his occupancy of that position is, that he is gifted with a peculiarly impressive bray, a persuasive and solemn hee-haw: inasmuch that the truths worded by the wisdom of other men "fall mended from his tongue." Be it so; but let the donkey stand there professedly for what he is, to bray, simply, in an edifying manner: to read the Rev. MR. WATSON, or the Rev. *Mr. Punch*, as condescending Noblemen and Gentlemen sometimes read SHAKESPEARE at Mechanics' Institutes. It is a swindle on the part of a preacher to palm off somebody else's sermon as his own; and besides being an ass, as aforesaid, the utterer of such a discourse is the utterer of spiritual forged notes; a reverend impostor, an ordained cheat, and a consecrated humbug.

Of course MR. WATSON has as much right to sell sermons as *Mr. Punch* has to sell jokes. But what if *Mr. Punch* were to publish a series of manuscript comedies, for the express purpose of enabling dunces to palm themselves off on society as wits? Would not *Mr. Punch*, the layman, incur rather general contempt? How much more contempt would the Rev. *Mr. Punch* incur by publishing sermons for the analogous purpose of abetting asses in the personation of divines.

Of course the object of the publication of these sermons in manuscript is to cause them to be mistaken for the preacher's own compositions: to make believed the thing which is not. Therefore "due regard will be had to the number issued in any one neighbourhood." Of course; to preclude the possibility of the delivery of one of these "crib" compositions being occasionally interrupted by a cry of "Halloa!—we heard that in t'other church this morning." No doubt, "the strictest secrecy will be observed." The Party will keep dark about the Plant. A very pretty system this, certainly, for preaching the Truth.



PRUDENT RESOLVE.

Little Party. "GO AND WALK IN HYDE PARK? OH, AH!—I DESSAY!—AND GET FELTED FOR A HANSTOCRAT?—NO THANK 'E—NOT IF I KNOW IT."

COMPANION TO THE LATCH-KEY.

If anybody happens to be returning to his abode late at night, or early in the morning, in or about London, what course is he to pursue? That of going straight home, if possible, appears to be the obvious answer to this question. There are two other courses, however, open to the belated individual. One of these is that of taking a cab, and the other is that of carrying a revolver. If the former is not adopted, the latter should be; for the unarmed nocturnal pedestrian in this metropolis runs a very considerable risk of becoming the subject of a garotte robbery. A cab will protect him from the footpad, but it will not protect him from the cabman; and as the price of a revolver would be soon made up by the saving of extortionate cab-hire, whilst the weapon would remain to be shown and used if necessary, therefore it would come cheaper than the vehicle in the end. If the aid of the Police could be depended upon at call, there would be no necessity for either, but under existing circumstances one or the other is indispensable. For the reason just stated, we prefer the revolver, and pending the amelioration of police arrangements, recommend it as a constant companion to the latch-key.

MILITARY REVIEW.

F. M. PRINCE ALBERT passed in review, on Thursday last, the PRINCE OF WALES'S Infantry, in the back nursery of Buckingham Palace. The force, which was drawn out in battle array one deep on the slate of His Royal Highness, consisted of half a squadron of wooden cavalry (the "Spotted Reds"), and a full battalion of tin infantry (the "Painted Flats"). The latter excited great interest, as they had only the day before been rescued from a fierce fire, in the midst of which they must have perished to a man, by the Royal nurse discovering them just in time in the thick of the coal-scuttle. The troops were put through their several evolutions by His Royal Highness, assisted in the most playful manner by his little brothers and sisters, and were afterwards complimented by F. M. the Prince upon their neat and soldier-like appearance.

At the termination of the review, fresh colours were presented to a veteran Sergeant, who had become quite pale in the face from falling accidentally into the water-jug.

THE UNCIVIL CIVIL SERVICE.

It is a subject of very general remark, that it is difficult to find a subordinate in the Civil Service who has got a civil tongue in his head. The Post-office authorities have hit upon a happy expedient at the Money Order Office in Charing Cross, where written directions are placed in front of the bars, behind which the bears are to be heard growling out their indistinct replies to any question that may be addressed to them. We recommend every one who applies for a money-order at Charing Cross to read the written directions, if he wishes to avoid the surliness and snappishness to which he will probably be exposed, if he ventures to ask one of the Civil servants a civil question. We strongly recommend the adoption of the same system at other Government offices; for there is undoubtedly much more politeness in printer's ink—notwithstanding its black looks—than is generally to be met with from the lips of official underlings. Perhaps their pay may be unreasonably low, but we are quite sure that the public would not object to the "two-pence more," which, according to the old anecdote, is the normal price at which instruction in manners may be acquired.

STOPPAGE OF THE TIMES.

We read in the ecstatic *Post* that—

"At a meeting of the Oxford Union Debating Society, held on Monday night, the subject under consideration was, 'That the *Times* has deserved well of this country.' To this an amendment was proposed, 'That the *Times* exercises a pernicious influence, and is unworthy of our sympathies,' which was carried by a majority of 6—the numbers being 28 to 22."

In consequence of this important decision, we are requested to state, that the proprietors of the *Times* will continue that journal so long only as is necessary to keep faith with subscribers who have paid in advance. It will then be discontinued, in obedience to the fiat of the above 28 Oxford lads, and its connection (somewhat a large one) will be divided, it is supposed, between the *Morning Herald* and the *Poultry Chronicle*.

THE RE-"PUBLIC" OF LETTERS.



If we are to believe its own statements, there is no journal so well informed on all Ministerial matters, as our contemporary the *Morning Advertiser*, who so foamingly and characteristically represents the "head" of the great beer interest. It is, perhaps, natural that a mixed Government like the present one, should adopt as its representative in the press, a journal with which half-and-half is closely identified. The *Morning Advertiser*, accordingly, professes to make itself the organ—the great beer-barrel organ—of all the movements and intentions of the Ministry. We can fully under-

stand the plausibility of the assumption by which the literary embodiment of the tap asserts its acquaintance with everything that is on the tap-is. We do not know whether the writers of the *Morning Advertiser* are admitted to the society of the Premier; but, if anyone could draw him out, or draw him off, it would, probably, be some one cognisant of the bar-practice of the publicans.

THE TWO MOST FORMIDABLE THREATS IN THE WORLD.

1. "I'll write to the *Times*."
2. "I'll send that to *Punch*."

FRESH FROM THE PUMP.—MR. J. B. MUFF, the celebrated Water-drinker and Lecturer, when he talks of his children, always alludes to them, in the most affecting manner, as his dear little "tacetotal pledges of affection."



THE NEW GAME OF FOLLOW MY LEADER.

“PLEASE, GENERAL, MAY ME AND THESE OTHER CHAPS HAVE LEAVE TO GO HOME ON URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.”

ETIQUETTE FOR THEATRICAL CRITICS.



THE great success of the various little books for teaching good manners to everybody, and the great quantity of good manners which are prevalent in consequence of the study of those works, have induced Mr. Punch to put together a few hints for the use of theatrical critics, in order that the rising generation of writers of that class may not be behind their age. He has based these hints upon very careful examination of the dramatic and musical notices by the most distinguished critics of the day, and he can assure the young gentlemen who are training for the judicial function (in so far as such a trifle as sitting in judgment may be held to require training) that they will be perfectly safe in following accredited models.

In noticing an opera, or other musical work, never say that the noise was unbearable: say that the composer displayed his ability of developing to the full all the resources of the orchestra.

If an actor is an abominable stick, do not use so coarse an expression: say that he rendered the part intellectually, rather than theatrically.

When an author produces a dull, stupid play, full of prosy talk instead of action: say that the literary element somewhat predominated over the dramatic.

When an actor rants like a maniac: say that he avails himself of his singular physical advantages, with a determination that shows he has formed, and can adhere to, a definite idea of the traditions of melodrama.

When an author writes the baldest of balderdash, without a poetical phrase or a pointed repartee, and merely works up to hack "situations:" say that if somewhat conventional, the structure of the drama shows that the writer has much experience, and has studied the exigencies of the stage.

If an actor takes a part for which he is physically unfitted, and of which he makes an atrocious mull: say that he exerted himself creditably, but would, perhaps, not have been less welcome to the audience, in a character more akin to his ordinary personations.

When a new production or revival is all gilt gingerbread and upholstery: say that the splendour of the spectacle left you little time for the ungracious consideration that, had the drama been stronger, the whole affair would have been faultless.

When, on the other hand, it is got up in a skimping, beggarly manner, with no attention either to effect or to accuracy: say that the manager relied, and not in vain, upon the intrinsic merits, or long established popularity of the drama itself, and appealed to the intellect rather than to the eye.

When a theatre is chock full of "double orders," whose bearers are sent to clap and stamp from the rise of the curtain to its fall: say that the favourable verdict of a first night is sometimes qualified, subsequently; but that there could be no doubt of the enthusiasm manifested throughout the whole performance.

If, again, the theatre is half empty, and the piece falls flat: say that no factitious excitement had been sought to be created, and that the silent attention with which the drama was received, must have been eminently gratifying to the author, and to actors who desire to be really appreciated rather than blindly applauded.

If an author has stolen a French piece bodily, and merely upset it out of good French into bad English: say that his object was to set before the London public a faithful transcript of what is enchanting the playgoers of Paris.

If, *au contraire*, (as he would write) he "adapts" it, that is to say, he changes M. DUPONT into MR. SMITH, COQUELICOT into SAM SNOGES, and the Bal Mabille into Cremorne: say that the felicitous mode in which he has transplanted scene and characters almost entitles him to the honours of originality.

And, in a word, contrive, by avoiding all straightforward expression of opinion, to escape the one great crime, the "giving offence." So shall actors, authors, composers, and managers "nod to you and do you courtesies," and so shall you be declared "an exceedingly fair and liberal critic."

Spiteful Parody made by Edwin at Intervals during the Quarter of an Hour between his being told that Angelina would be down in a Minute, and his getting her over the Door-step.

This thought's eternal in a husband's breast,—
Wives never are, but always to be, drest.

A VOICE FROM THE VAN.

THE final Old Bailey defence has been made;
The final Old Bailey fee has been paid;
On the final gaol-bird sentence has past,
And the Old Bailey session is over at last.
The Pentonville Van at Newgate stair,
Has received its freight of felon fare,
And rolls on its way through London's roar,
With a blue on the box, and a blue at the door.

In each of three cells of that Pentonville Van,
Is sitting a highly respectable man,
All snug and smooth, and one of the three
With an unctuous mask of piety—
And each as he jolts on his narrow shelf,
Is communing nervously thus with himself:

"Here's business and gentility, and Christian humility!
STRAHAN, PAUL, and BATES, whose awful fates have shock'd respectability.

Whose decent gig, so trim and trig, now lies a wreck most scaley,
From having met a sad upset at the bar of the Old Bailey.
Down in the dirt, with serious hurt to its inmates, hath sunk low,
Beneath the thaw of equal Law the ancient house of SNOW!

"What little bird will tell us, shall we go in black and yellows?
Wear prison slops and prison crops, like our felonious fellows?
Be forced to swallow 'skilly,' and warm ourselves when chilly
With a turn at the crank, or the treadmill, willy-nilly.
Must our friends,—humiliating!—if they call, call through a grating,
Accompanied *obligato* by Policeman X in waiting.
In short, will our gentility and late respectability,
Procure for us attention and something like civility;
Or will justices and Home Office, cow'd by the Press that flout us,
Put us upon the level of the wretches round about us?"

Then to BATES, the man of business, said STRAHAN the man of pleasure,
"In Pentonville, nor crank nor wheel, employs the prisoners' leisure.
Each in his cell, the convicts dwell and find their sole enjoyment
In weaving, cobbling, tailoring, or other mean employment.
These vulgar ways of killing time may suit what's call'd the masses,
But they ne'er were meant for convicts of the superior classes.
No craft is ours to cheat the hours, yet as men of business training,
The whole day long in laziness we can't think of remaining.
You know who will find mischief still for idle hands to do;
So say, my friend, how you intend, to get the twelve hours through."

Then to STRAHAN, the man of pleasure, said BATES the man of business:
"I can't say that, on that head, I feel the least uneasiness.
Making a mat or coat or hat, true I don't know the way to,
But there is one kind of industry that I am quite *au fait* to.
Familiar with every form of extensive cash transaction,
In keeping of the prison-books I shall sure give satisfaction."

But pious PAUL a groan let fall, like a wheezy pair of bellows,
As that babe of grace reproved his brace of carnal-minded fellows.
"A heathen Turk might talk of work in our sad situation,—
I'll spend my days in prayer and praise, and pious meditation:
I'll ask to be flogg'd privately, as out of use the lash is;
For a suit of sackcloth I'll apply, and a skuttle full of ashes.
The storm that breaks the stubborn oak still spares the pliant sapling;
And now-a-days there's nothing pays like gammoning the chaplin.
It's very queer if, e'er a year is out, my deep repentance
Haven't purchased from the Home Office remission of my sentence;
In Pentonville I really feel none but sinners long need lodge, my friends;
So, if you can, adopt my plan, and come the pious dodge, my friends."

LORD JOHN AT CONFESSION.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has been lecturing the young men at Exeter Hall on the subject of "the Obstacles to Moral and Political Progress." He attributed many of the "obstacles" in question to the conduct of governments, and as he has been for a considerable portion of his life a member of a government, his lecture must be regarded as a confession of his own obstructiveness. There was something of satire in the observation of the HON. and REV. MONTAGUE VILLIERS, that "every act of LORD JOHN RUSSELL's life had been of service to his country." We presume that his repeated acts of resignation are included in the serviceable doings of the Noble Ex-Premier, and Ex-Secretary of State for every department.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH.—The poor unfortunate Mouse, that was found nibbling at DR. CAHILL's manuscript, died of poison the next day!



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Maria. "Put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate."

Twelfth Night, Act iv., Scene 2.

JONATHAN A PEACE-MAKER.

It is avouched in the *New York Herald*, that an ambassador from Russia will soon arrive at Washington to ask "the United States to mediate between Russia and the Allies." We are afraid that this mediation would be very like playing train-oil on a house on fire. Again, JONATHAN cares not to interfere for the mere unprofitable love of peace-making; being very much of the philosophic mind of the poet, as rendered years ago by CARLYLE:

"This is neither my bread, nor my cake,
Why mix myself with other folks charges;
The fish all swim at peace in the lake,
And take no heed of the boats and the barges."

Now UNCLE SAM is much of this opinion. His own johnny-cakes are preferred to cabinet-puddings; and his own bread to any other loaf,—his chief care to have it very thickly buttered.

Fit Locality.

WE beg to congratulate LORD JOHN RUSSELL upon the selection of the platform from which he delivered his Lecture upon the "Obstacles which have retarded Moral and Political Liberty." The zeal that Exeter Hall has always shown in advocating and advancing every kind of liberty, moral and political as well as religious, is so well known, that a better locality could not possibly have been selected for the purpose. If there is a building in London that has, throughout the whole of its long tolerant career, been less of an obstacle in the way particularised, we should say it was decidedly Exeter Hall. It is quite a Temple of Liberty, and LORD JOHN is in every sense worthy to be its Prophet!

THE LORDLING'S LECTURE MANIA.

AN interesting Lecture was delivered yesterday at the Pumpwater Young Men's Mutual Instruction Society by LORD FITZ-MOUNTBANK, on the subject of Entomology.

The noble lord prefaced his observations on the subject-matter of his discourse by the expression of his sense of inadequacy to the task which he had undertaken. The term Entomology was derived from the Greek, and meant "talk about insects." It might be said that insects were small things; but it was no small thing to talk about them. Insects, from the remotest times, had attracted the attention of philosophers. ARISTOTLE had penned some valuable observations on them which were unfortunately lost. There were good grounds also for believing that PLINY THE ELDER had written much that was highly important on the subject of insects. Insects were well known to the Egyptians; the beetle was an insect, and the Egyptians worshipped beetles. To worship a black beetle was ridiculous; but was it not quite as absurd to worship Mammon? Those who lived in glass-houses should not throw stones, although it was to be admitted that the Crystal Palace at Sydenham was a marvellous edifice. The web of the spider was a wonderful contrivance, and its meshes were, to the contemplative mind, suggestive of the arts of diplomacy. No one could look at an ant's nest without having suggested to him the idea of an industrious community, and a community not only industrious but sober. Now let them compare the ant with the fly. The fly was always getting into liquor, and the consequence, a premature termination of his career. The blue-bottle was a warning; the bee an example. The early bird picked up the worm. The tardy locomotion of the snail and the slug might remind them of the old coaches, though they might also, perhaps, be suggestive of Parliamentary trains, and possibly of Parliamentary proceedings. A species of caterpillar produced silk, in the state of raw material, and, so far, resembling a leg of mutton as delivered by the butcher. The earwig was an insect to which might be applied the proverb current respecting dogs—"give a dog an ill-name and hang him." The earwig did not, as the vulgar belief was, crawl through people's ears into their brains. This, if he might be pardoned the observation, was a maggot. The chirp of the cricket on the hearth had been described as singularly pleasing, and he dared say it was, but, in the position which it was his lot to occupy, that music was seldom heard. No station, however, could exempt any man from the attacks of insects, the names of which it were best to pass over in silence; yet

thus much he would say, that he hoped our enemies the Russians, besides the infestations to which they were habituated, would, each of them, at the conclusion of the stupendous contest in which they are engaged with us, find himself with what is popularly termed "a flea in his ear." The Noble Lord, on resuming his seat, was loudly cheered.

SONG OF THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

Mid prisons and colonies though we may roam,
Ven you've served out your time, vy! there's no place like home.
The patter of pals makes a jollity there,
Vich seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! Home! &c.

An exile from home, freedom dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my Pentonville quarters again.
The gaol birds who come at the Governor's call,
Give me them with that ticket-o'-leave dearer than all.
Home! Home! &c.

A Villanous Name.

In the French news of one of the daily journals, lately, we were astonished by reading that—

"THE EMPEROR yesterday received at the Palace of St. Cloud, COUNT VILAIN THE FOURTEENTH, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs."

VILAIN THE FOURTEENTH!—fourteen VILAINS—a long line of VILAINS, truly; illustrious perhaps for their actions; but certainly of rather ill name. A VILAIN, however, should be a good ambassador, according to the time-honoured definition of one—"a man sent abroad to lie for the good of the state."

FINE NAP FOR NAPIER.

CERTAIN working hatters have presented a gold-bound Admiral's hat of the very finest nap to SIR CHARLES NAPIER! It is said CHARLEY is determined to present the hat at full cock in the face of SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

A FEW OF THE OBSTACLES

WHICH HAVE RETARDED MORAL AND POLITICAL LIBERTY.



THE following obstacles were shamefully omitted by LORD JOHN in his Lecture at Exeter Hall:—

There is the great obstacle in the non-production of Reform—an obstacle which is always thrown in the way by LORD JOHN himself. Political Progress is thus perpetually retarded by the Honourable Lord promising to remove the obstacle "Next year." And we all know that "Next year" is the political interpretation of what promise-breakers call "To-morrow."

Another obstacle is the favouritism that leads to the nomination of imbecile Lords as our Ministers—a Peerage being apparently the very best Title a man can show for office.

Again, there is leaving the reins of power in the hands of a few Whig and Tory families—it being long a favourite delusion that the Constitution would not be safe unless a GREY, or a RUSSELL, or a DERBY was driving it.

Another obstacle, just as mischievous in its effects, is the appointment of old women as our Commanders and Admirals,

who, poor fellows, are prevented by the infirmity of gout from standing up even in the defence of their country.

Not less disastrous in its results is the obstacle of confiding the honour of England at foreign courts to the care of gambling boys and fiddle-playing noblemen, who lessen the

prestige of our country by the mummeries they are guilty of abroad.

There are other little obstacles, that LORD JOHN might cursorily have touched upon, such as the nepotism that prevails in the distribution of all Government favours. Our mock Field-Marshal, who have never smelt powder, except at a royal salute—class-legislation—unequal representation—and the practice of petty tyrannies, such as your Sunday Beer Bills, and the observance of bitter Sabbaths. There are, also, the Whig and Tory parties, who have always been squabbling for power, instead of contending for the welfare of their country.

To the above might be added the absurd obstacle of long speeches; but to have touched ever so slightly upon the latter, LORD JOHN would inevitably have made his speech three times as long, and we do not think that such a beginning would have promised much to mitigate the evil.

THE SOMERSET HOUSE CLOCK AGAIN.

We understand there is some intention, among the parties interested, to bring this Clock under the Winding-up Act. At present the hands are out of employ, and the works are at a standstill. It is believed that when the case of the Clock is thoroughly looked into, the balance will be found to be on the wrong side. We really cannot help thinking, that very little indulgence can be claimed for the Clock, which has been allowed to take its own time; and though it is true that the meeting of the hands at twelve led to a strike, there is a great deal that is wrong on the face of it. No books have been kept, and there is nothing to show but a series of minutes, which have always been rather irregular.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Clairvoyant.)

EVER anxious to maintain our position as the leading journal of literature (as of everything else), we have succeeded lately in completing an arrangement, which we consider will be very highly calculated to support our supremacy. With our usual utter regardlessness of expense, where the interests of the public (and our own) are at stake, we have secured the services of an eminent Clairvoyant, whose assistance, we anticipate, will enable us, from time to time, to see into the middle of the literary next week. We shall thus have the power of forestalling the announcements of the Grub Street *gobemouches*, and of dealing a death-blow to those puffs of the publishers, by which the public first gets wind of new forthcoming works.

That our intelligence will always be most thoroughly exclusive may be inferred, we fancy, from the sample we intend at once to furnish: for we think we may with confidence assure our readers, that of the books we are now privileged to promise them, not a single one has yet been even thought of by the writer. In authorship, however, as well as in conveyancing, it is a matter of extreme importance now-a-days to make a good title; for it has been ascertained that a large class of readers may be caught by one as readily as a plebeian millionaire. It will, therefore, be as clear as Thames' water (which we take to be the current synonym for mud at present) that, when a work has gained a share of popularity, its writer thinks it policy to follow up the hit: and a titular plagiarist becomes as sure a *sequitur* as is the nightmare to a supper off pork-chops.

We imagine, then, the public will have little cause for wonder, if the pen which lately furnished us with *Notes on Noses* should be nibbed afresh for writing us some *Letters upon Lips*; nor, we apprehend, will *The Tulip and the Drone* be found deserving of less notice than *The Lily and the Bee*. In connection also with this latter insect we are reminded, by a natural transition of ideas, that *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla* might be followed very aptly by *A Pot of Pickles from Snow Hill*.

We cannot promise much addition just at present to our illustrated literature: but it would not much astonish us if the hand which lately painted those *Purple Tints from Paris* should depict in like manner a few *Yellow Fogs from London*, a description of which, to be at all a truthful one, could not well be too highly coloured. Neither should we be surprised if the *Fidgets of Miss Fussington* were found as entertaining

as the lately published *Provocations of Madame Palissy*; while, as a statistical work, the *Lexicon of Lemons* might appropriately follow the *Dictionary of Dates*.

With the exception of the birth of MR. MACAULAY'S twin volumes, our historical novel readers have just now not much to look for. Those, however, who take pleasure in narratives of suffering may expect to find one soon in the *Confessions of a Bishop*, in which, it is believed, the writer will reveal a few of the privations he has suffered since the time of his promotion from the ranks of the working clergy. This record of episcopal experience will have a second title of *Smoothing it in the Lawn*, in antithesis to the widely known *Roughing it in the Bush*.

AN UNPARDONABLE OMISSION.



R. GLADSTONE, in his Lecture on the "Colonies," said, that of the topics called forth on this subject, he might

"Mention the discovery of gold in Australia—the laws that govern and regulate emigration—the history of negro slavery, and the means by which it had been brought to an end—the treatment of the aboriginal tribes in the various settlements of this great empire—and to name but one more, the transportation of criminals to our distant possessions."

We think MR. GLADSTONE might have mentioned still one more topic; and, considering that it was the thought evidently uppermost in his mind, it is surprising to us how the talented lecturer so carefully omitted all allusion to it. The topic we refer to is, "THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. GLADSTONE AS MINISTER FOR THE COLONIES." He might have divided it into three heads:—the past, the present, and the future. MR. GLADSTONE has been Colonial Minister; and, curiously enough at the very time of the Lecture, England was without a Colonial Minister! So, without disparagement to the vacancy, MR. GLADSTONE might have fitted the three heads of his discourse in such an inferential manner, as to allow them to fall gracefully on to the shoulders of himself. The purport of his long speech would not have been in the least impaired, whilst it would have gained considerably in self-laudation and Gladstonian candour.



No. 999 GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT, OFF QUEENSTOWN—
VISITORS ON BOARD.

Party (in cheering tone, calculated to impart confidence to the weaker sex). "FOLLOW ME, FOLLOW ME—THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, I ASSURE YOU. WOA—WO—WO—MY MAN—STEADY, MARE—WO! (Sotto voce) I'M DEUCED GLAD IT'S THEIR HEADS INSTEAD OF THEIR HEELS—WO!"

THE "SPREAD" OF VEGETARIANISM.



OUR old friends, the Vegetarians, have been enjoying a tremendous feed of "green meat" at Birmingham. We have no objection to the consumption of any amount of herbage by these graminivorous enthusiasts; but we must protest against their toasting the QUEEN in iced water; a proceeding which is calculated to throw an almost death-like chill into every loyal bosom. Iced water at this time of year is, of itself, sufficient to break sociality into shivers; but all the springs of feeling appear to be congealed, when we hear of the health of our SOVEREIGN having been drunk in this uncomfortable beverage. Putting aside the disloyalty of the very freezing politeness exhibited towards HER MAJESTY, there were some points of interest about the Vegetarian Banquet. Among the stars of the evening were "four gentlemen, whose united ages amounted to 263 years, 178 of which had been spent in advocating Vegetarian principles." It is difficult to understand the arithmetic, by whose rules 178 years can have been consumed by any number of living individuals. According to such a mode of calculation, half-a-dozen pickpockets, committed for three months, might argue that, when they had "served" their fourteen days each, their period of three months' imprisonment would be completed.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable feature of the whole affair was the presence of a Vegetarian Alderman, who declared that for forty years he had lived upon cabbage-leaves, onions, arrowroot, stuffing herbs, and other garden produce. We must confess that we regard

LONDON ON WHEELS.

EARLY in the new year we are promised a total reform of the present omnibus system. The omnibuses themselves will, it is said, be turned inside out; and the omnibus drivers and conductors will become so refined and courteous that even the wives of their bosoms will hardly know them. We are to owe all this to the benign and enterprising example of our gallant Allies. As in Paris, all the London omnibuses will form only one company; and, a preliminary fourpence being paid, an extra penny will take the enlightened traveller by any other omnibus to any other point. The imaginative and vivacious author of *Helionde*, or book of the Sun, especially remarks upon those in the planet Sol, whom, on "this dull spot named earth" we call "cabmen, cads, conductors, and omnibus-drivers." In the Sun they are all of them the very pink of courtesy; the only fare demanded of their passengers "some charming little aphorism." Now this—says MR. SIDNEY WHITING—this

"Is the only guerdon our CHESTERFIELD expects, and in return he utters some exquisite line of poetry, and with mutual good wishes and amicable gestures you separate, satisfied and charmed with each other. Cabbie drives off delighted with the urbanity of his 'fare,' and 'fare' enters his domicile, only regretting his short acquaintance with 'cabbie.'"

This is certainly an improvement upon the material fourpence, with the recurring pennies; but all in good time. We may yet see all the same aphoristic brightness and poetic beauty at the Elephant and Castle as in *Helionde*. Thus, some day, a City attorney taking his two miles' worth out of a cabman may, on descending, button his pocket, wink his eye at cabby, and quote this "charming little aphorism" from *The Castle of Indolence*:

"A shilling savèd is a shilling got."

Whilst the cabman, having all THOMSON by heart, may remove his glazed hat, make a bow, and with a knowing smile add the following line—

"True to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he."

Politeness has been called the small change of morals; and this change, like the five-franc gold pieces, will be at once small and precious. We wonder, under this hoped-for system, what cabby will allow his master? "You cannot feed turkeys so," says *Hamlet*, talking of the "promise-crammed." But then cab-proprietors are not turkeys, but mostly cormorants.

with a mixture of surprise and admiration the man who, while holding an office essentially identified with the consumption of almost every living thing that is calculated to form a *plât*, should have reached a green old age in the quiet enjoyment of his apples, oranges, nuts, and pears,—or other kindred esculents. We do not wish to disturb the Vegetarians in their ruminant propensities, and if we cannot sympathise with them in their abstinence from animal food, we will not grudge them their indulgence in the delicacies of the kitchen garden. As it is the fashion in these days to popularise principles by lectures and vocal entertainments, we would suggest to the Vegetarians the propriety of engaging some favourite performer or singer to visit the Literary Institutions of the country with a sort of Monopolylogue, called

A BUNCH OF GREENS, OR A NIGHT WITH A MARKET GARDENER.

Such an entertainment, with gastronomic illustrations, in the course of which the performer might cook and consume a variety of herbage, would perhaps give an impulse to the Vegetarian movement, or at least bring it so palpably before the public that an opinion could be formed of its advantages or otherwise.

Official Intelligence.

WE know an Old Woman (you will find his name in the Peerage), who, upon being solicited to join the present Ministry, humm'd and ha'd, and played with his smelling-bottle, and at last mustered courage enough to say "If you please, Sir, I don't know—but if you will allow me, Sir, I'll go and ask Mamma."

AN OLD SONG WITH A NEW IMPROVEMENT.—With so many military officers from the Crimea, returned on private urgent business, we propose that "See the Conqu'ring Hero Comes" be changed to "See the Conqu'ring Hero Goes."

A PETRIFIED COMEDY.



Our readers have beheld certain curiosities of Derbyshire petrification. They have seen a periwig turned into the most delicate stone-work, with every hair that was, perfect; but still every hair stone. They may have seen what was once a hedgehog with every prickle a petrified thorn.

Well, we last week were present at the exhibition

of a petrified comedy, called, when alive, the *Provoked Husband*. Very curious, indeed,—that is, for the first five minutes—was it to behold the process of petrification that had entered into every hair, every skin-pore, of the *Provoked Husband* once in the flesh, and once so animated. We believe that if Howe, who appeared as the petrification,—the exhibition took place at the Haymarket—had been gently tapped with the back of a knife, he would have tinkled.

Lady Townley, too, was a still more surprising specimen of the process. What a fine, gay, dazzling lady she was—as we read—in the time of DAVID GARRICK, Esq. How her hoop would seem to “cast a girle round about the earth,” making subject all it encompassed! And now has that lustrous ladyship no more life than so much pumice-stone. It was a burning existence; and now the *virtuoso* may take and crumble it between his fingers.

We are assured that these specimens absolutely talked; that they formed audible words. We have moderately quick ears—especially for their length—but we did not detect any sounds. We grant that we saw mouths open and shut, and from them proceed a stream of what seemed air; but we thought this was only the petrifying process continued. As we know that the petrification of wigs and lace is by a process by which the stone in minutest particles is gradually absorbed by curls and threads, so did we think his lordship was becoming more petrified as her ladyship opened her mouth at him, and *vice versa*. We still believe this to be the fact.

Such, however, was the influence of the *Provoked Husband* upon the humblest person accessory to it, that the call-boy—we are told, a remarkably impressionable lad—was found, when the curtain dropped, a piece of soft stone from head to heel. In the graphic words of the housekeeper to the theatre, “you might have scraped the child like a Bath brick.”

Really, if these things are continued, the police *must* interfere.

LITTLE LECTURES FOR LORD JOHN.

We beg to offer to LORD JOHN the following subjects for future lectures:—

“The Obstacles which retard the progress of an Omnibus from Kew Bridge to the Bank.

“The Difficulties which lie in the way of a Husband, when he goes out shopping with his Wife.

“The Dangers which, from day to day, beset the progress of a leg of mutton—hot, cold, and hashed—in a Margate lodging-house.

“The Objections which are sure to be raised, if a married man proposes to smoke a cigar in the drawing-room.

“The Moral Impossibilities, which always prevent a man coming home in rational time, whenever he’s been dining at the Club.

“The Insurmountable Obstacles, which invariably retard the removal of a squalling Baby from his Father’s bed-room to some other room at the top of the house, where his cries cannot be heard.”

Small Talk of the Army.

AMONG the marvels of the MONS. JULIEN’S Monster Military Quadrille is a passage descriptive of a “Dialogue of the Chiefs,” introducing “solos, duets, and quatuors for four cornets.” We do not exactly see how “four cornets,” though they may be made to speak by the skill of the performers, can possibly represent the dialogue of the chiefs of the army. A cornet is altogether an inferior officer, and it is not likely that a “general commanding in chief” would select the cornet as a mouth-piece. A movement in A Major would, we think, have been somewhat more appropriate.

THE CZAR’S IDOL-TRICKS.

OUR contemporaries’ advices from St. Petersburg state, that the CZAR ALEXANDER is making efforts against the Allies, which may, with literal truth, be described as superhuman. Not only has he ordered a tremendous conscription of his subjects, but he has also pressed into his service every available Saint in his dominions. Besides the miraculous image of St. SERGIUS, he took, the other day, to his faithful army, a picture of the same holy personage, probably no less miraculous, for which the EMPRESS had worked a splendid case in gold and silver *crochet*. To one regiment alone he has presented three thousand crosses, for which also he was indebted to the devotion of his Imperial spouse, who had brought them from her pilgrimage to the hermitage of St. SERGIUS. That Saint appears to have had the same passion for accumulating crosses as some eccentric individuals have for collecting canes and snuff-boxes. His hermitage was evidently quite a *dépôt* for those objects of Russian worship; but the EMPRESS must have pretty nearly cleared off the whole stock.

In addition to the above particulars, we are enabled to state the following, which show that ALEXANDER, rather than yield, is resolved to use up his last Saint and his last Image.

The EMPEROR has issued an ukase to the Metropolitan Archbishop, commanding him, carefully to examine all the holy images, and see if any of them have had their noses put out of joint by the recent reverses of the defenders of their divinity; if so, every nose to be duly mended. The document likewise ordains, that the holy wires and springs of all the images that go by miraculous clockwork, shall be repaired, if out of order: and that every saint that moves shall be regularly wound up. The clergy are also invited to avail themselves of the powers of galvanism, for the greater glory of the saints; so that by those means their images may be rendered illustrious and refulgent in the dark.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, in further application of the resources of modern science in aid of the Orthodox faith, has sent orders to America for the construction of a St. VLADIMIR, to act by steam. If St. VLADIMIR does not answer, the EMPEROR intends to try St. ALEXANDER NEWSKI, and should St. ALEXANDER deceive his expectations, he will fall back on St. SERGIUS.

In that event, however, the idea of a steam Saint will be relinquished for a notion which is, perhaps, happier. Emboldened by the example of his father of pious memory, who marked his cannon-balls (as was discovered at Alma) with the sign of the Cross, this devout son of a religious sire has employed Professor JACOBI, to invent a submarine apparatus modelled in the form of St. SERGIUS, of colossal proportions, for the purpose of blowing up the whole of the Allied Baltic Fleet, and to be denominated a Celestial Machine.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH KNIGHTHOOD.

THE reasons for making an English Knight are often so utterly unreasonable that we do not wonder at the “honour” being frequently declined by those to whom it is offered. They manage these things better in France, notwithstanding the fact that the Legion of Honour was getting a little into discredit, by being so indiscriminately augmented that many of the members could boast of no name beyond the fact that their name was legion. A batch of Knights has, however, been made very judiciously by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, who has conferred such honour as he is able to bestow, on a number of names already distinguished by their connection with art and science. We look in vain for the MOONS and the MUGGERIDGES in this very satisfactory list, which somewhat puts to shame the catalogue of our own very miscellaneous knighthood. Such names as FARADAY, FAIRBAIRN, STEPHENSON, and BRUNEL, are names of which we and the French Legion of Honour may be equally proud; and we cannot help feeling that even our old electrotyping friend, ELKINGTON, though he receives his Knighthood as the alleged reward of gilt, has contributed most materially to the progress of *vertu*.

Heroic Resolution.

We read the subjoined in the *Sunderland Times*:—

“The directors of the Northumberland and Durham District Bank have, we understand, ordered all the *employés* who adorned their faces with a moustache to shave or resign.”

And—to the honour of Englishmen, we are happy to record the fact—the heroic young fellows have returned this defying answer—“We will *not* shave; we will *dye* first!”

PETER’S PENCE IN AUSTRIA.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, by his late Concordat with the POPE, has presented to his Holiness sixty pence: or, at least, with the English equivalent to a Crown.



Second Swell. "Ah! Yes!—uncomfortable, no doubt—wet, decidedly. It's always the way with those 'would-be' smart men; they will sacrifice everything for the sake of appearance."

THE PRESENT LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

THERE was a LASS OF RICHMOND HILL,
As nearly all folks know,
The praises of her charms would fill
A thickish folio;
No maid e'er saw so fair a face
But in the looking-glass;
That Hill will never, in her place,
See such another Lass.

Another Lass, who is not such,
The Hill of Richmond sees:
She dwelleth in a house not much
O'ershadow'd by the trees.
But from her windows since they shut
To some extent the view,
Down are those elm-trees to be cut
In number not a few.

And who are they, to please this Lass,
That mean those trees to fell?
Some Beadles of the better class,
Whose names I need not tell.
The Parish vestrymen select;
The men for tasteless jobs.
And what but such can you expect
From such a set of snobs?

These self-same snobs, some years gone by,
These noble elms did lop,
Rearing their grand heads then so high,
Which crested that hill-top;
Now at their roots their axe they've laid
To gratify the will
Of this old Lass—or Wife—or Maid,
This LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

WISEACRES AND FOOLS.

The following passage is quoted by the writer of *Notes and Sketches* in the *Morning Post* from some other sage:—

"If the present rage for prostituting literature to the most casual purposes of temporary amusement continues, we shall expect that as we have sliced up our novels into shilling numbers, and boiled down our BLACKSTONES and our NEIGHBORS into fiabfy hebdomadal drivel, we shall in process of time have a comic Prayer-book and a Bible in monthly parts, with illustrations by PHIZ."

When shall we hear the last of the Comic Bible and Prayer-book? The original idea of those two publications was a very nice mild pleasantry, of which the expense had to be defrayed by some unwise fool, who had stupidly attempted to expose something venerable to ridicule. But why do the platitudinarian censors of literature keep circulating this joke in their little sphere, after the manner of Mr. POPE's pigs in the satire? Well, perhaps, the racy morsel is rather too strong for their mental digestion. They do not quite discern that there is some little difference between themselves and their views on the one hand, and the Bible and Prayer-book on the other; and that, to exhibit the former in a ludicrous point of view, is not exactly the same thing as to profane the latter.

If, in a wordy and windy essay, you were to tell these gentlemen, for the millionth time, of the littleness of ambition, the vanity of earthly glory, and the mutability of human affairs, they would gravely assent to every word you said. But illustrate the littleness, expose the vanity, show the mutability forth in its actual pettiness, and then they will exclaim, that the next thing you will do, will be to write a Comic Bible and Prayer-book.

All grave quacks, solemn impostors, and serious humbugs, instinctively hate burlesque. They feel that they are the buffoon's natural quarry. Hence their continual iteration of the idea of a Comic Prayer-book and Bible, about to be published by their contemporary tomfools.

The fact probably is, that the didactic dunces who sneer at second, third, fourth, fifth-hand, about Comic Bibles and Prayer-books, are simply disgusted with the circumstance, that their own platitudes are not so marketable as other people's zanyisms. They have tales to tell "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" and they are aggrieved by finding that monthly and weekly serials are preferred by the public to their own serious bosh. There is, perhaps, not one of them who would not give six inches of each of his ears to make a successful pun.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—When two persons begin "talking Shop," it is high time to put up the shutters.

THE PAINTER'S MEDAL.

MR. PUNCH has nothing to say here about the judgment which has been displayed in the award of the French medals to the English artists. No doubt SIR EDWIN LANDSEER (whom *Mr. Punch* abundantly honours and admires, all hereinafter said notwithstanding) received the great medal, because animal painting is considered in France to be the grandest department of Art, and his being an old friend of the EMPEROR's, and a favourite of the EMPEROR's gracious Ally, in no way influenced the selection. It was simply this view of Art that subordinated the painters of the *Light of the World*, *Jerusalem*, *The Rescue*, *The Poet's Evening Walk*, *Don Quixote*, and the *Last Sleep of Argyll*, to the painter of PRINCE ALBERT's hat and gloves, and the QUEEN's lovely cockatoo. Let all that pass.

But *Mr. Punch* must take leave to put it on record, that he humbly protests against this calling together the first artists of the day—men who have already made their mark, and had their position settled by the world—to stand in a row, and be judged, comparatively, like schoolboys in a class: That MASTER THORBURN is to take up MASTER FRITH, and MASTER ROBERTS is to take up MASTER HUNT, and MASTER LANDSEER is to go up to the top, and MASTER GIBSON is to stand out of the class altogether: This style of treating eminent men, *Mr. Punch* considers utterly unworthy.

He could quite understand the propriety of the presentation of a medal to every artist, in graceful recognition of his kindness in aiding to form the wonderful collection just closed. But that a great artist should receive a medal in token that the verdict of the world is confirmed by that of the judges in Paris, and that other great artists should not receive it, or should be placed in a second, third, fourth, or fifth class, implies a rehearing of claims to reputation, and such rehearing is decidedly intolerable.

It is well that literary art was out of this affair. It would have been a worthy sight to have seen our authors sending in their best works, by invitation. Imagine MACAULAY, HALLAM, ALISON, TENNYSON, ROGERS, BROWNING, DICKENS, THACKERAY, LYTTON, CARLYLE, LANDOR, *Punch* himself—selecting their choicest works and transmitting them for judgment. And then imagine the judges deciding that *Mr. Punch* was inferior to MR. CARLYLE, or MR. MACAULAY to MR. ALISON, and that the great gold medal should be given to Mr. JESSE (who nevertheless deserves better things than medals), because he has written *Anecdotes of Animals*, and has lived—at Windsor.

This part of the French Exhibition business is the only blemish upon its general merit; and *Mr. Punch* mentions it, agreeing with the EMPEROR himself, that in some cases "Silence is an Error."

MRS. SWANSDOWN'S WORK-TABLE.

A CONVEYANCING LECTURE FOR THE LADIES.

"Steal, foh! the wise do call it convey."—Shakespeare.



O, my dears, you saw what a friendly barrister had done for his patron the attorney at the outset of this little business. You may be quite sure that the latter did not neglect any of the hints for making costs. An articulated clerk was despatched to Amiens, at great cost, to procure evidence as to the posting the letter, and also to Paris, to inquire into the point of French law raised by MR. GIDEON GRUBBY, while the other investigations suggested by that gentleman were pursued in England. The Abstract of Title (you remember that this means the history of the way in which the silver-inlaid Work-table came into MRS. SWANSDOWN'S possession) was greatly ex-

tended, and then, a fresh copy of it was sent to MR. FONDLESQUAW'S lawyer.

This gentleman's business, my dears, was to examine, far more critically, the rights of the lady who was to part with the Table to his client. GRUBBY'S duty was only to turn out a "colourable" story, and if there were any holes in it, to cover them up, and trust to their being undetected. But the other thief—conveyancer I mean—was to find out all these holes, and as many more as he could. If it had so happened that MR. FONDLESQUAW had repented of his bargain, and wanted to be off it, his solicitor's duty would have been to find out, or pretend that MRS. SWANSDOWN'S title was so bad that he could not advise his client to "complete." Most likely this course would have enabled him to be quit of his agreement; but if MRS. SWANSDOWN'S lawyer persisted, they could go to the Court of Chancery, where, after a long delay, and a frightful expense, they would get a "reference to the Master," as he is called, and in about four years, this gentleman, if in good temper after a holiday in Switzerland or Italy, would give his report on the facts, and then they could go back to the Court again, and some day or other a decision would be pronounced. But as MR. FONDLESQUAW did not want to be off, this exercise of professional skill was not needed. All, dears, that his attorney, and that attorney's conveyancer, MR. DE KAVIL, had to do was to raise as many objections as possible, in order to make more costs.

And very well MR. DE KAVIL did it, at the price—his very handsome fee. The Abstract was sent to him, that he might "advise on the title," that is, say whether MRS. SWANSDOWN could show that she had a right to sell the Table. He sent back the document to his employer with the following "opinion" written at the end of it:—

"Subject to the grave question to which I shall presently advert, and to the requisitions hereinafter made, I think this title may be safely accepted.

"The question is, whether the Work-table belongs to MRS. SWANSDOWN at all, or to HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA?"

"The officer, whose wife is stated to have given it to MRS. SWANSDOWN'S ancestress, was a traitor in arms against KING GEORGE THE SECOND. I need not refer to authorities to show, that British subjects who fight against the Royal troops are rebels, or that their property becomes forfeit to the Crown. Unless it can be proved that the officer's pardon was duly granted, the Work-table ought in strictness to be sent to COLONEL PHIPPS.

"I think, however, that the Crown might be inclined to relinquish its rights, and that if it appear that no pardon was issued, a short Act of Parliament might be procured, next Session (at MRS. SWANSDOWN'S expense), doing away with the treason and confirming the Work-table. This is commonly done. (See 3 *Barr. & Adol.*, 291; 7 *Bosh & Benkenum*, 839, and other cases.)

"This Act would complete the title. But if it be shown that the pardon was duly granted, the Crown is disposed of, and I proceed to other points of considerable, though unequal importance.

"On the silver inscription place, the donor is called 'LETTIA.' In the letter the signature is 'Your ever affectionate and grateful LETTY. Evidence must be procured to show the identity of the two names. The lady's marriage certificate, giving the name 'LETTIA,' and any letters from her husband in which he uses the apparently playful name 'LETTY,' might throw a light upon this.

"I am not clear that any good consideration was given for the Table, and therefore the gift was void. The letter speaks of 'shelter and protection,' but if we recollect that this was afforded to the KING'S enemy, it will be seen, that this is an immoral consideration. The descendant's of the officer might therefore lay claim to the Table, and if the purchase is to be completed they must be sought out, and deeds of renunciation procured from them.

"These deeds I think the Court of Chancery would compel them to sign, because in the letter their ancestress says, 'I hope my darling friend will need no further assurance of our gratitude; but if she does, I and mine will ever testify to it.' This I take to be clearly 'a Covenant for Further Assurance.'

"As such a gift is revocable in the life-time of the giver, evidence must be procured that the lady is deceased, if such be the case. I assume that if she is now alive, she is about 130 or 140 years of age, and would probably join in the present arrangement. The husband seems to have been some years older, and would therefore be about 150. Is he still living, and will he join?

"Some time in the reign of GEORGE THE SECOND, there were four small knobs at the corners of the Table. One of these is gone. When was it alienated, and by what authority?

"As the letter was written before the Stamp Act was passed, I think that the Post-office mark may be held sufficient stamp, but unfortunately the date hereon is obliterated, and the defect is not cured by the writer, who dates '1st January, '46.' This might be 1546, 1646, or 1846 for anything we know. You must ask for evidence on this point. There is no water-mark in the paper, and if there were, the fraudulent practices of paper-makers, in using untruthful dates, deprive such testimony of value.

"The same document says 'For your dear husband's trouble in getting this to you, make him the prettiest of courtesies, and give him the sweetest of,' &c. As this may be held to constitute him Tenant by the Courtesy, we must have proof of his demise.

"MRS. SWANSDOWN being an only child, her inheriting the Table from her mother was in due course. But her mother was one of seventeen children of the original donee, and we must have evidence as to the reason why she was selected to possess it, and also that the other sixteen acquiesced. From an expression in a note of one of these, on page 91, that 'MADGE, as yowsual gits hawl mother as to give,' the writer evinces discontent, and her descendants may even now set up a claim. It will be safest that the representatives of the sixteen children should all join—on the average of increase and deaths there will not be more than a hundred and ninety persons to be sought out and satisfied.

"The donor says 'Such of my family as survive have come over here much discontented.' These must be held as Cross Remainders Over, but as the abrupt termination of the sentence amounts to Discontinuance, the regular searches must be made in the Register Office of Middlesex, the Scotch Nonconformist's Library, the Moribund College of Madagascar, the Harleian Miscellany, and the Index Expurgatorius, especially as the donor's husband was a Catholic.

"Subject to these remarks, and about seventy or eighty demands I have made in the margin, I see no present objection to MRS. SWANSDOWN'S title to the Silver-inlaid Work-table.

"EUSTACE DE KAVIL,
"Inner Temple."

These objections, my dears, were sent by MR. FONDLESQUAW'S lawyer to MRS. SWANSDOWN'S, and now you see the business is really going on as fast as professional custom permits. Ask any lawyer whether we are not proceeding regularly.

Clothed with Authority.

We find from the *Civil Service Gazette*, that the Clerks in the Custom House at Hull have adopted, of their own accord, a neat uniform. Of course, if these gentlemen like to go into livery, there can be no objection to such a proceeding; but we do not quite concur with our contemporary in recommending the Civil Service generally to adopt a similar plan. The only uniform we are prepared to recommend to the adoption of the Government Clerks is uniform politeness, of which some of them are very much in need.

A Real Honey-Bee.

A LADY last week sent to every police-box for the poor a cheque for £50. The donor is only known as "LADY C. B." But what a Honey-B! The very best possible Honey-B! for does not the B. impart the sweets of charity when most wanted—in a time of winter? May the best of flowers never fail such a B!



LAST REFUGE OF A BANISHED SMOKER.

First Juvenile Swell. "JUMP IN, OLD FELLAH!"

Second ditto. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

First ditto. "OH! NOWHERE! I'VE ONLY HIRED HIM TO HAVE SOMEWHERE TO SMOKE!"

GUY FAWKES' DAY IN VIENNA.



meant to represent the SAINT, in a chair, in derision of the ceremony of so bearing the successor of St. PETER on the shoulders of the faithful; as St. PETER himself, of course, used to be borne: whilst those Anglican urchins were thus insulting the HOLY FATHER, what a spectacle of duty and submission to his spiritual Papa was presented by the juvenile EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA! By a Concordat concluded with

LENTY of our truly liberal contemporaries deprecated GUY FAWKES and the squibs and crackers of the Fifth of this November as "offensive to the feelings of our Catholic fellow-subjects." Yes; how bigoted, how prejudiced it was of the heretical British boys to commemorate such a day in such a manner; to mark, with demonstrations of contemptuous odium, the anniversary of the failure of unfortunate Saints in the great attempt to regenerate England! See what a different picture was exhibited by Austria on the late Festival of St. GUY, INCENDIARY and MARTYR! Here, whilst the graceless English lads were carrying about a scarecrow,

the blessed POPE on that sacred and ever memorable festival of St. GUY FAWKES, FRANCIS-JOSEPH generously resigned to POPE PIUS THE NINTH the virtual sovereignty of the Austrian dominions. This was no lip-service; no hypocritical kissing of the cross embroidered on what heretics may denominate the SCARLET LADY'S white satin slippers. No: the act of pious humility consisted in the *bona fide* surrender of the supreme Imperial authority to the sovereign PONTIFF.

At the time when fireworks were fizzing and bonfires were blazing in abjuration and contempt of the POPE'S authority and jurisdiction in these dominions, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA solemnly ratified the establishment of the POPE'S Church in Austria with all its rights and privileges. Among these rights and privileges are expressly enumerated the censorship of the press, and the right to have heretics punished. The EMPEROR engages to be subservient to their enforcement; and with a modesty unparalleled in the world's history, his Majesty has nearly limited his own functions to that subserviency.

The Bishops are to superintend the education of youth in all public and private schools, with the power to forbid any teaching in any study which they may consider contrary to that of the Papal Church—they being expressly invested with the right to pronounce on that subject. Where would the pernicious teaching of GALILEO and NEWTON be now, if that authority had universally and always been enjoyed by the Roman prelates which was formally conceded to them by FRANCIS-JOSEPH of Austria, on last GUY FAWKES' Day?

The EMPEROR resigns to the POPE all control over the national church: the Bishops are to have complete authority over the Clergy, subject only to the POPE: his Holiness complete and irresponsible authority over the Bishops.



THE HOODED SNAKE FASCINATING THAT SILLY BIRD, THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE.

That is the way to show a sincere belief in the vicarious deity of the POPE. That we might now have had a QUEEN MARY THE SECOND doing, if GUY FAWKES had been as successful in 1604 as CARDINAL VIALE PRELA was on the Fifth of November, 1855.

Was not the agitation into which this country was thrown by the so-called Papal aggression five years ago as ridiculous as the profound COBDEN and the judicious BRIGHT maintain it to have been? Was not the outcry against the paternal attempt of the POPE to establish an *imperium in imperio* here, a senseless clamour: a vulgar howl, "offensive to the feelings of our Catholic fellow-subjects?" But oh! who are our Catholic fellow-subjects? The sovereignty of the Sovereign Pontiff is not yet established in this realm. QUEEN VICTORIA is still the Sovereign thereof; not PIUS THE NINTH: she has not yielded up her authority to him as the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA did his on the last anniversary of GUY FAWKES.

Ah! It was a great mercy—the preservation of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA's life from the assassin's dagger. But as the stroke did not prove fatal—may there not be some reason why believers in the POPE should believe it to have been a happy blow? The blow took effect on the occiput—effect extending to the brain: the proximate effect, we think, of stunning at the time. Do we not see the increasing effect of that blow on the head, in the illustrious sufferer's happy surrender of his own dignity and of the liberties of his subjects to the POPE?

THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE.

MAGNA Charta's a wonderful charter;
Habeas Corpus a glorious thing;
For our great Bill of Rights, as a martyr
Mr. Punch would be happy to swing.
For King, Lords, and Commons, as stoppers
On each other, a long life he craves;
Britannia he loves on our coppers,
And trusts she may long rule the waves.
But while sure that JOHN BULL, of his neighbours
In Europe, is far in advance;
There are things, which, spite of JOHN's labours,
Somehow seem better managed in France.

JOHN BULL offers incense to BUMBLE,
Till his vestries are turn'd into mobs;
Till his town-legislation's a jumble,
Fruitful only in rates, jars, and jobs.
Not a nuisance JOHN hints at removing,
But the vested rights sound their alarms;
Not a fever-pest JOHN's for improving,
But Bumbledom's straight up in arms.
If JOHN wouldn't think it to absurd to
Condescend towards Paris a glance;
Town Improvement's one thing I refer'd to,
Which they manage much better in France.

Foreign Railways excite JOHN's derision,
Check'd and cow'd by the Government's power;
JOHN enjoys unrestrain'd competition,
Spins along sixty miles in the hour:
Till with pace, as with loans and debentures,
He finds he's been rather too rash,
And both travellers' and shareholders' ventures
Too often result in a smash.
If aught beyond JOHN BULL's own pale weighs
With JOHN, Punch would break on his trance,
With a hint that JOHN's pet hobby—Railways—
Has been managed much better in France.

JOHN boasts of his comforts—of taking
What JOHN calls "his ease in his inn"—
Through the day in hot coffee-room baking,
Through the night with hot feathers tuck'd in.
"Chops and steaks," "steaks and chops," for his eating,
British Port and Cape Sherry to swill—
Then comes taxing the bill, and brow-beating
The harpies "not charged in the bill."
Mr. Punch doesn't wish by comparison
JOHN's travelling regrets to enhance;
But your London hotel 'gainst your Paris one—
They manage things better in France.

JOHN BULL's every town is a centre
Of inventions most useful to man;
But, alas! for JOHN's greatest inventor,
Unless he can patent his plan!

JOHN's titles, and ribands, and garters
Are for rank, or for wealth, or for war,
His great ones of science are martyrs,
Who have still worn the cross, not the star—
At JOHN's court art and science are zeroes,
Or if counted, 'tis favour or chance;
As for homage to peace and its herpes,
They manage things better in France.

JOHN flatters himself never nation
Than his has more practical been—
It was hoped in his war-preparation
This practical power would be seen.
Let his army to death's door, last winter,
Within six miles of plenty, was brought;
And what Russ shot, shell, sabre, and splinter
Could not do, JOHN's own hand all but wrought.
Yes—though JOHN, like the Doges, in marriage
Has taken great Ocean's expanse,—
Let him own, after last year's miscarriage,
They manage things better in France.

JOHN's instincts, however civilian,
Tell him tools for their work should be made;
For JOHN's army last year, thirty million
The old boy ungrudgingly paid.
It has chiefs, to whom dotage is no bar—
A staff still at school in its work—
Rank and file, whose advance, drunk or sober,
Pride of wealth and of birth join to burke.
From his fool's dream if JOHN would awaken,
Let him look over sea—not askance—
And he'll find, unless Punch be mistaken,
That they manage things better in France.

A NICE MAN FOR A SMALL (PEACE) PARTY.



EXETER, a lecturer named FRY, whom, from his want of influence, we may be excused for calling Small Fry, has been, it seems, recommending the formation of a regiment of Newspaper Editors, to take part in the War, whose prosecution they so vigorously insist upon. This proposition sounds well enough; but if everybody were to leave his own business to go and do somebody else's business, the neglect which is the usual fate of what is called "everybody's business," would soon be realised. The same principle recommended in one instance would apply to all others; and, if everybody was liable

to be, what our friend FRY would call, "taken at his word," it would be impossible to advocate the doing of anything, without being prepared to go and do it oneself at the first bidding. We do not know, what may be the ordinary occupation of this particular FRY; or whether he lectures because he has nothing better to do, which would be equivalent to his having nothing to do of any description whatever; but we are quite sure, if he were to want his dinner cooked, or his coat mended, or his shirt washed, or his boots patched, or any other domestic operation performed, he would think it very hard to be told to go and do it himself, because he happened to say, he thought it ought to be done effectually. We shall now quit the subject, and apologise to our readers for having occupied so much time over the subject; for the largest Fry is never worth roasting.

A Literary Blow-up.

WHEN we read the account of the "Explosion of three Magazines," we thought it just possible that there might have been a blow-up among some of our monthly periodicals. We, however, soon discovered our mistake, and indeed it is obvious that the Magazines which are most liable to destruction are those which do not go off, and which are safe as far as any chance of explosion is concerned, for they have neither the fire of genius, nor a spark of talent about them.

AN IM-PROPOSITION.—Is it reasonable to expect, that a great demonstration of force in the Bug would make the enemy flee?

MILITARY PROMOTION.—Directly a man joins the Army, his views of life take a proportionate rise with the heels of his boots.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,—"

Othello, Act iv., Scene 2.

A CALL ON SWEDISH FRIENDS.

Who stole Finland; what thief, say,
Took your Baltic Isles away?
Shall he now disgorge his prey?
Swedes! the choice is yours to weigh.

Cronstadt, now a Russian den,
Sveaborg, too, your own again!
Sweden once more glorious then!
Only think of that, my men!

Lie no longer in a trance;
On the Enemy advance,
With Sardinia, us, and France.
Now or never is your chance!

Of the double snake whose fold
Is around half Europe roll'd,
Bruised the Southern Head behold!
Smite the other, Northmen, bold!

Just the work you're fittest for,
Sons of Odin and of Thor;
Bring your hammer to the War:
And to atoms knock the CZAR.

Then of strife no more may we,
Save in mimic combat, see;
Thus, all Europe ever be
One Valhalla of the Free.

Two Thoughts of a Contemplative
Policeman.

IMPUDENCE may put on a bold front, but
the falseness is mostly apparent. The strings
of the "Dickey" will peep out!

Long preparation raises expectation; as when
a gentleman takes out his purse, a beggar natu-
rally expects something handsome.

REFORM YOUR REFORMATORIES.

PHILANTHROPISTS are asking in all directions, "What is to be done with juvenile delinquency?" Common sense would reply, that it is better to prevent juveniles from becoming delinquent than to wait for the development of childish innocence into infantine roguery, before it is considered ripe for the action of the philanthropist. Reformatory schools are all very well, but formatory schools would be much better; for the first have to undo as well as do, while the second would only have the latter and comparatively easier work to execute. Unhappily, the philanthropists generally decline to deal with juveniles in a wholesome state; but, like moral epicures, they wish humanity to have a "gamey" flavour, and in fact to have become "high" and rather corrupt, before they will have anything to do with it. We have known instances in which juvenile humanity has been rejected as unfit for philanthropic food, on the ground that it has not been kept sufficiently long in that larder of iniquity, the gaol; that "safe" for what may be termed our criminal provender.

The moralists who will not interfere to prevent a disease, but are active in trying to effect a cure, are like those doctors of more than doubtful honesty, who stand by and see a patient falling into a sickness which might perhaps be kept off, except for the wish of the medical man to obtain the credit—and the profit—of restoring an invalid to salubrity. The old maxim, that "Prevention is better than cure" is not only the best, but it is the only sound principle to act upon with reference to that part of the juvenile population from which the ranks of crime are now recruited. Philanthropists may talk by the hour, and print pamphlets by the pound, but a nut-shell—a walnut-shell at all events—will contain the whole gist of the question. Compulsory education, and parental responsibility duly enforced, will cure the monster evil. Perhaps, by way of a graceful fringe to the position—a sort of ornament to the plain truth—the fanciful philosopher might suggest the hanging of nearly all the Marine Store-dealers in all the great towns of England, but with our objection to capital punishments, and our faith in our own prescription, we should be disposed to regard this act of justice on the Marine Store-dealers as a piece of surplusage.

The Two Manchester Peacemen.

BRIGHT. A long way off from COBDEN.
COBDEN. Far from being BRIGHT.

AN OPERATIC BLOW-OUT.

It seems, from sundry advertisements, that there is an Italian Opera progressing, we hope successfully, at the Royal Soho Theatre. This little dramatic snuggery has often been compared to a Band-box; and the Manager seems resolved that the capacity of the Band-box shall be tested by the introduction of a Band, on a scale of some pretensions: for we perceive that an engagement has been entered into with MONS. PROSPERE, whose name will reach the portals of posterity (not on the Trumpet of Fame), but through the tubes of a monster opicleide. We confess we are rather startled by the announcement in question; for, if all the arrangements are upon the same tremendous scale; if PROSPERE, on the monster opicleide is to be seconded by BOTTESINI on the gigantic double-bass; and CHIPP on the very grossest of gross cases; the effect in the limited *salle* of the Lilliputian Soho in Dean Street will be literally stunning. We admire boldness in every undertaking; and we must admit that the attempt to perform Grand Opera, in a space a very few yards square, is entitled to every encouragement. It is all very well to snub the affair, and talk about a storm in a tea-cup; but we must remember that the storm is always respectable, though the tea-cup may be insignificant. We therefore wish every success to this stupendous speculation in the Soho snuggery; and we hope that the engagement of MONS. PROSPERE may be the source of much prosperity.

The World upon Wheels.

"MR. PUNCH, It's all gammon. There's to be no mounseers aloud to take the 'bus bred out of Englishman's mouth. 'Busses are to be as they run. Jest as dirty, jest as shambling; with none of your foreign jemerack of kumfut, or any sich stuff. All cercane? Hooray for the flees!"

"*Elfant and Kastl.*"

"Your'n, THE BRITTON CHIRPER."

Thinks I to Myself, Thinks I.

THE other day I asked myself this somewhat curious question:—If I should happen to see a very ugly individual at a public meeting—in the pit of a theatre, or in any other conspicuous position—should I be justified in taking him in my arms, and removing him from the place he occupied? Certainly, said I to myself; for I should be carrying out a great object.

HOW TO GET AN ADVERTISEMENT.



to the soldiers, write to the Editor, and offer to have the parcels tied up with your Inconceivable and Unsnappable Cord, whose durability, &c., &c., will prevent any chance of loss. These courses will naturally suggest themselves to the tradesmanlike mind,—and the great point is not to forget to add your name and address in full. A letter in the *Times*, which that journal good-naturedly inserts for nothing, is read by everybody, and is better than fifty pounds' worth of regular advertisements.

Another good plan *Mr. Punch* would notice, as it may be useful to literary men and publishers, of a certain grade, to know it. You are the proprietor of some obscure paper, which at its price would be cheap, if it were good for anything. You engage ANYBODY to write a story therein, and he, with a wise forethought and concern for your interests, gives his story the same name as that borne by the work of SOMEBODY. Let us suppose that he takes *Night and Morning*, or the *Cricketer on the Hearth*. The rubbish proceeds to its close without attracting any particular notice, and then ANYBODY begins a new story. This you advertise, perhaps, as *My Eye and my Elbow*, by the Author of *Night and Morning*. The SOME-

HERE are several neat and successful ways in which you may obtain an advertisement without paying for it. One good plan is to watch the legitimate correspondence of a leading journal, and when anybody has put forth a wise or benevolent proposition, immediately to tack yourself and your shop on to it. For instance, if a lady offers to send linen to the Crimea, write to the *Times* next day, and say that you deeply admire her benevolence, and shall be happy to mark all the shirts with your Indelible Marking Ink, the properties of which are so, &c., &c., that the marks will defy weather, washing, and dishonest nurses. Or, if a gentleman undertakes to forward books

BODY who wrote the latter story puts four lines into the paper, disclaiming connection with *My Eye and my Elbow*. Now is your chance—you, or your ANYBODY—for you, must send this letter to the *Times*.

"SIR,—I am very sorry that SIR B. L., BART. (or MR. D., or as the case may be) should have thought it necessary to disavow the authorship of anything in my paper, the *Penny Buffer*, a paper which whether from its &c., its &c., or its &c., may boldly challenge competition with any paper in the world, and whose circulation is &c., &c.

A most masterly and noble story, which has attracted the attention of everybody, did appear in the *Penny Buffer*, under the title of *Night and Morning*. I was not aware that SIR B. L. had written anything under the same title. But the selection of it by the author of *My Eye and my Elbow* was his own doing, not mine.

"I can only say, that the author of *Night and Morning* and *My Eye and my Elbow* is a most admirable and popular writer, who is already favourably known by those splendid fictions, the *Haughty Peer and Honest Pauper*, the *Daughter of the Workhouse*, the *Gory Locks*, the *Spectre Sausage*, the *Mysteries of Billingsgate*, the *Dagger of Blood*, the *Skeleton in the Family*, and many other first-rate works, all of which may be procured, at my publishing office, in penny numbers, and each with a coloured frontispiece.

"Hoping this 'explanation' will be satisfactory,

"I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

"TIMOTHY CLUTCH,
(Publisher of the *Penny Buffer*.)"

"13 and 14, Plugg-hole Street."

Now, you know, if you send that to the Newspaper, with a few lines about the Editor's "sense of justice," and the "injury an uncontradicted paragraph may do a person in business," you will get that royal puff into enormous notice and circulation. You might send *Mr. Punch* something handsome for giving you the hint, though the idea is not his own. But all is fair in trade.

THE NEW ALIEN BILL.

We have the authority of the *Morning Tizer* for the alarming fact, that at this very hour a new Alien Bill is in course of preparation, if not already prepared; in obedience to the wishes of a certain foreign potentate. Are we to be surprised, if the *Tizer* should indignantly ask the country, if this is a time when Englishmen should sit quietly by their fireside, seeing that through the fireside of the foreigner, a tyrannical minister may have a poke at their own bars? We cannot and we will not be surprised if, in the most candid tone of patriotism, the *Tizer* calls upon all true Britons to be up and doing!

We are requested not to name the undoubted authority, to which we owe a few of the disclosures as to the clauses in the new Bill; a Bill that, if suffered to pass will, of course, make England a mere appanage of France. The boot of the tyrant has already marked its heel in Jersey—another step takes Guernsey; a hop and another step brings him triumphant at every Englishman's fireside. And this, we doubt not, is what the *Morning Tizer* must, sooner or later, sonorously predict. However, we give a few of the atrocities of the contemplated Bill.

Under a secret treaty, the French Emperor is to have the right of veto on the appointment of every police magistrate.

Further; at least a thousand Frenchmen may be enrolled among the new police, in order that all French aliens may have upon them the watchful eye of old acquaintance.

Further; it is to be lawful—on reasonable suspicion of the Gallic policeman—to knock up any alien at any hour of the night, and to compel him to give an account of his whereabouts and his doings during the past day. Refusal to do this will submit the alien to immediate deportation to the police office.

Further; no child of an alien is to be christened unless in the presence of a policeman; to the intent that no inflammatory name, such as BRUTUS, CATO, KOSSUTH, MAZZINI, be given to the alien baby aforesaid.

Further; that on the third request of the French Emperor any alien may be shipped and passed on board a French vessel in mid-channel.

Further; that as LOUIS NAPOLEON is already a citizen of London, he be elected LORD MAYOR for the year ensuing, with the power of appointing his own deputy.

It is hoped by the drawers of the Bill, that these few concessions in favour of order will draw England and France together in still tighter and tighter bonds of amity. *Vivat Regina! Vive l'Empereur!*

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE following paragraph, which appeared a few evenings ago in the *Globe*, must have startled everybody who has had his eyes open to what has been passing during the last four weeks:—

"MR. LABOUCHERE transacted business yesterday at the Colonial Office."

One would have thought that the Colonial Office had been altogether given up as a place of business, for it has certainly been little used for business purposes during the last two years. The office itself must have been astonished at the novelty of its own position when MR. LABOUCHERE appeared to transact business within its hitherto deserted walls.

Napier's Low "Associates."

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, M.P. for Southwark—(GRAHAM's delighted!)—said in his thanksgiving speech, that "an order of distinction should be extended to the common soldier; who might be called for instance, when worthy, an 'Associate of the Bath.'" When FITZELAMINGO, of the Guards, heard this,—he declared "the idea was monstrous. To admit such low fellows to the Bath, would make it the very dirtiest water."

THE SILENT HIGHWAY.—The Thames is generally called "The Silent Highway," and we suppose it is called "silent" on the strength of the well-known fact, that "Silence always gives a-scent."



DID YOU EVER!

Friend. "WELL, SPRAT, MY BOY—AND HOW DO YOU GET ON, NOW YOU'RE MARRIED?"

Sprat. "H'M! PRETTY BOBBISH—BUT THERE'S ONE THING MAKES IT DOOCED UNCOMFORT-
ABLE SOMETIMES—ENTRE NOUS—MRS. S. IS SO CONFOUNDEDLY JEALOUS OF ME!"

THE END OF YANKEE DOODLE.

By PRESIDENT PIERCE.

My lease, but not my love, of power
Is near its termination;
I'll seize on this auspicious hour,
To work its prolongation.
JULIUS CÆSAR play'd his game,
And so obtain'd dominion,
That FRANKLIN PIERCE may do the same
Is my confirm'd opinion.

Now a considerable some
The Irish party musters,
And also, if I beat the drum,
There's all the Filibusters.
A war with England would elate
Their bosoms, and no wonder;
'Twould gratify ferocious hate,
And raise the hope of plunder.

I've one uncommonly sharp tool,
A help amused to blushing,
Our ardent people to befool,
His name is CALLEB CUSHING.
The mob I'll get him to excite,
By balderdash and patter,
With expectation of a fight
On this recruiting matter.

I'll plunge the country in a mess
By means of that delusion;
Then take advantage of distress,
Disaster, and confusion,
DICTATOR of the States to get,
In time of need, appointed;
And then a crown IMPERIAL set
Upon my head anointed.

NURSERY TRUISM.—Too many Nurses spoil
the Broth of a Boy!

FURTHER DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

We had hoped better things for the legitimate Drama at Drury Lane than the doings promised, or we should rather say threatened, in the following advertisement:—

"On Monday next, Nov. 26, will appear (for the first time in Europe) MADAME LABARÈRE with a Troupe of Lions, Lionesses, Tigers, Bears, Dogs, &c. (in a cage). After going through various performances, they will sit down to dinner with MADAME LABARÈRE and feed from her mouth. The Dog will feed the Lionesses, &c. Besides going through the usual performances of putting her head in the Lion's mouth, &c., MADAME LABARÈRE will fire a pistol, at which the animals will all crouch at her feet. These wonderful animals have created the greatest surprise and enthusiastic approbation wherever they have been seen."

We should have thought MR. C. MATTHEWS and his *Twenty Minutes with a Tiger* would have rendered quite unnecessary the introduction of MADAME LABARÈRE and the brutal guests with whom she sits down to dinner. The age for exhibitions of this kind had, we flattered ourselves, been brought to a close, with the days when people wished to see the unfortunate enthusiast, who insisted on descending like a cannon-ball from a balloon, in a basket attached to an umbrella, which he hoped would break his fall; and, when the enlightened British public who had flocked to see a man hang himself by the neck at Vauxhall, applauded him for ten minutes after he had been dead, without their being aware of the fatal termination of the disgusting exhibition. It is true we have had men suspended by the heel to balloons in the air; but, as we have lately seen an account of the insolvency of one of these flighty gentlemen, we came to the conclusion, that the profession of throwing oneself out of a car, at an altitude of some thousand feet in the air, was not adapted to the present taste of the public. We regret, therefore, the apparently retrograde step that has been taken by the Managers of Drury Lane, in inviting the public to a feast so far removed from a feast of reason, as to include beasts for its guests, while the hostess rams her head down the throat of the Lion, her principal visitor.

Punch Prophecies a Picture.

THEY write from Paris, that "the apartment destined for the future offspring of the EMPRESS is already prepared. It is close to the EMPEROR'S cabinet." Here will be a subject for our historical painter—"*Louis-Napoleon III. directing France with his head, and rocking the hope of France with his foot!*" *Les extrêmes se touchent!*

EGOTISM.

LORD JOHN has had a fresh batch of cards printed after the style of some of his literary contemporaries, who are fond of detailing on their pasteboards the grand works on which they modestly pin their fame. Thus, on our Viennese Plenipotentiary's card, we now read, surrounded with beautiful flourishes, as follows:

Lord John Russell,

Author of "The Obstacles which have retarded
Moral and Political Progress."

"HEAVEN BLESS THE DUKE OF ARGYLE!"

It seems the DUKE OF ARGYLE is to be the Postmaster-General. This is the first time that in England the name of ARGYLE has been brought in close connection with the *Post*, though in Scotland, we believe, some such institution has long flourished under the ducal auspices, having for generations past been most efficacious in bringing all hands up to the scratch. Let us hope one of the good effects of the Duke's appointment will be, to cure the postmen of the terrible itch they have for opening our letters. In our opinion, the most effectual cure, and the one that would produce the least irritation, would be to increase their miserable salaries, which at present are scarcely sufficient, with the tremendous amount of walking they have, to keep body and soul together, of their boots, much less their persons. Let the new Postmaster-General do this, and many a poor, fagged, worn-out fellow will fervently exclaim, as he rushes to the Post, "Heaven Bless the DUKE OF ARGYLE!"

A BIT TO BOTHER BROTHERTON.—Would a Vegetarian, who was taken to the Station-house on account of the greens, or the cauliflower, having got into his head, be necessarily locked up all night in the Green-yard?



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"And smiled to see him mangle—"

Henry V., Act ii., Scene 4.

LAW AT THE ANTIPODES.

AUSTRALIA teems with illustrations of the curse of gold, but perhaps one of the most melancholy results of the abundance of the "precious" metal is a list of between three and four hundred causes standing for trial before the Supreme Court of Victoria. Gold has evidently introduced the demon of discord into the Colony, and a large portion of the population would seem to be avaciously holding back what another portion of the population would appear to be intent on grasping. This happy state of things, which can profit none but the lawyers, may be an indication of the wealth, but certainly not of the health, of the place, and when we find the inhabitants of Melbourne consuming themselves and each other by litigation, we cannot help thinking, that this sort of commercial cannibalism is worse than anything we have yet heard of the manners and customs of the Aborigines.

"Young Poets," and "an Old Reviewer."

A Book is advertised—*The Young Poet's Assistant*. And the assistance consists in a few hints given (otherwise sold) on the composition of poetry. This, too—"By an old Reviewer," of whom another Old Reviewer says—his "experience will be invaluable to the young poet—it kindles hope and breathes encouragement." That is, it first gives a light to the poetic fuel, and then uses the bellows. So far so good; but if the Young Poet, by such encouragement be tempted to publish, who can doubt, encouraged by the Old Reviewer, that he will burn his fingers? Who is the Old Reviewer; and is his photograph to be had at Scotland Yard?

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The floating froth of public praise blown lightly by each random gust,
Settles on trophies, bright for days, to lapse in centuries of rust.

The public heart, that will be fed, but has no art its food to choose,
Grasps what comes readiest, staves for bread, rather than fast, will not refuse.

Hence hero-worship's hungry haste takes meanest idols, tawdriest shrines,
Where CARDIGAN struts, plumed and laced, or HUDSON in brass lacquer shines.

Yet when on top of common breaths a truly glorious name is flung,
Scorn not because so many wreaths before unworthiest shrines are hung.

The people, howe'er wild or weak, have noble instincts still to guide:
Oft find false gods, when true they seek; but true, once found, have ne'er denied.

And now, for all that's ill-bestow'd or rash in popular applause,
Deep and true England's heart has glow'd in this great woman's holy cause.

Her cause, who—when misrule had brought plague, famine, nakedness, despair
Upon our host, when men distraught, aghast, went groping here and there.

When all that wounds have ghastliest, worst, all sickness has most fierce and foul,
Lay heap'd pell-mell unfed, a-thirst, to groan and rave, and curse and howl.

When England, mad with piteous wrath, but not less impotent to save,
Saw her great army take its path, slowly, to an inglorious grave—

Stept calm and humble to the front, a young and saintly volunteer,
And—as those maiden martyrs wont, whose name the Church doth still revere,

Who in the arena for their faith did rage of ravening beast confront—
She, face to face with pain and death, bore bravely a worse battle's brunt

Than any soldier of all there who on their bloody pallets cast,
Too thick for speech, but not for care, could kiss her shadow as she past.

Upon the darkness of the night how often, gliding late and lone,
Her little lamp, hope's beacon-light, to eyes with no hope else has shone!
Nor stood she single—that true heart attracted kindred hearts, a band,
That with her chose the better part—young—gentle—ladies of the land:
Who through those miles of wretchedness wrought with her both by night and day;

And blessing, bred of gentleness, went with them ever on their way,
Falling like balm on passion wrung from festering wound or fever-pain,
Checking the foul word on the tongue, calming the fierce thought in the brain;

Till all about those crowded wards a gradual gracious change befall,
Some holy influence bringing guards of Heaven, where, till they came, was Hell.

And with that gentleness such strength, wisdom, and force of will were blent,
That chafed authority at length, obey'd her rule and was content.

So she and they, her sisters true, blessing, and blest, gave loving care,
Till Order out of Chaos grew, and Hope was kindled from Despair.

For service such as this, what need? What trophy can the people raise
That shall not fall below the need? What tongue or pen shall reach her praise?

MANNERS—WITHAM AND WITHOUT 'EM.

WHAT a very rude man that MR. WITHAM, the Magistrate is! Sitting in the seat of the scornful SERJEANT ADAMS has evidently corrupted his good manners. A jurymen, the other day, applied to be released from duty, on the ground that he had urgent private affairs to attend to. And what responded the unkind WITHAM? "Certainly not—that's the excuse made by the Crimean officers who don't want to fight." Really, MR. WITHAM, considering the high rank and aristocratic connections of the parties you refer to, this is not the way to speak. "Who don't want to fight." For shame, Sir. Had a set of private soldiers hurried away from their regiments, in the middle of battle, you might have used such an expression; but it is not the thing to say when gentlemen find it expedient to withdraw from the scene of conflict. Besides, you should have abstained from giving your judicial confirmation to the opinion which common people have formed upon the subject.

THE GENUINE ITALIAN IMAGE-MAN.

(A HINT TO THE CZAR.)



UR wonder is, that the POPE does not publish a pastoral, improving the occasion afforded him, by the very ill-luck which both the late and the present EMPERORS OF RUSSIA have had with their crosses and images, considered in the light of warlike appliances; the whole of that ecclesiastical ammunition of theirs having proved quite unserviceable: the crosses good for nothing, even against Turkish crescents; and ST. VLADIMIR, ST. NICHOLAS, ST. ALEXANDER NEVSKI, and ST. SERGIUS, utterly unavailing to avert defeat at Alma and Inkermann, to protect Bomarsund, Eupatoria, Sveaborg, Kertch, or Kinburn, or avert the fall of Sebastopol. Surely, his Holiness might plausibly argue, there must be some mistake about these saints and crosses.

Our friend Pius might then proceed to point out the mistake, by showing that the crosses were Greek crosses instead of Latin; and the saints either Greek saints, and therefore schismatical; pseudo, or sham saints, or else Latin saints; and, consequently, not saints who could possibly think of supporting the

soldiers of the Greek or schismatical Church. Having demonstrated these great truths, the Holy Father might proceed to invite the CZAR'S attention to that establishment, whereat only the right crosses and genuine images are to be procured.

"Come," the Pontiff might exclaim, "come, my son, where the wonderful statues of true saints really wink, and are seen in reality to nod their sacred heads. Come where their venerable wooden noses distil drops of absolutely undeniable blood. Come where the Bambino

is constantly performing innumerable and stupendous marvels. Come, ALEXANDER, to Rome, to the Holy Chair, which perfidiously never approached, and from which humbug has always kept at a distance. Come, imitating the generous example of thy noble Imperial brother, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA; let there be a Concordat between us; and yield thou the supremacy of Petersburg to the successor of PETER. Then will we supply thee with crosses that will insure conquest, and images warranted to gain thee miraculous victories."

EXTRACTS FOR GENERAL VON GERLACH'S DIARY.

Potsdam, Monday Morning.—His Majesty late this morning (and last night also) ate for breakfast part of a red-herring. Had no recollection of having said, after supper, that he would stand no more of his nephew's nonsense, and of having drunk "Success to the Allies." Seems also to have forgotten his resolution to send BUNSEN to England again. His views this morning evidently pacific.

Monday Evening.—The King still depressed at dinner-time, but had regained his spirits after his first bottle of champagne. Became decidedly warlike in the course of the evening; said that he was determined Prussia should take her proper position in Europe; said that there was nobody he respected more than NAPOLEON THE THIRD; called VICTOR EMMANUEL a hero; declared that he had the feelings of a father for HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY; and ordered his band in attendance to play "God Save the Queen."

Tuesday Morning.—His Majesty with a bad headache, sighing continually, calling the CZAR "Poor ALEXANDER;" and recommending me and NIEBUHR to pray fervently for peace.

Beadledom.

THERE is something of the Beadle in every man, that bursts out with all the consequence of brass-tipped authority the moment a staff is put into his hands.

"TO BE, OR NOT TO BE,"—(A BARONET?)

"THAT is the question"—

THE Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR is, in every way, justified in asking, not only himself in particular, but the Ministry in general. We know that when it pleased HER MAJESTY to cause it to be made known to the lustrous and expansive MOON, that, in consequence of the light vouchsafed him by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, he, the LORD MAYOR, would be re-created, that is, would be made a baronet,—it was also made known to all Aldermen who had still to pass the chair, that such an incident was not to be misinterpreted into a precedent. The line was to be drawn at MOON.

We earnestly trust that this determination will be re-considered. THE KING OF SARDINIA banquets in the City. Even DEPUTY PEACOCK does not scream at that. Well, the King having feasted with LORD SALOMONS, shall his departure leave behind no remaining lustre? Shall his Majesty not have his baronet? We think this rather hard. There is, however, a precedent for taking little heed of kings. At the Congress of Erfurt, the EMPERORS OF FRANCE and RUSSIA, on their arrival at the theatre, were each saluted with three rolls of the drums: mere kings had only two. We are told that the officer, deceived by the outside splendour of the King of Wurtemberg's carriage, was about to order the triple salute; on which the officer in command cried out—"Silence! it's only a King!"

Therefore, should the precedent we have alluded to be rigorously held, the LORD MAYOR, denied his baronetcy, must console himself with the thought that his royal guest was "only a king." Perhaps, however, his lordship is open to a composition. Will he take a knightship?

A GENTLEMAN writes in one of the papers, deploring the destruction of an invaluable old MS. of the Bible, which, by a menial's blunder, was sold to a Pyrotechnician. *Punch* is sorry to say, that servants are not the only people who turn Bibles into fireworks. What shall be said of Calvinists—what of Redeptorist Fathers?

RUSSIAN PRIZES.

THREE suspicious-looking craft have been taken lately cruising about the Pacific. They were sailing under English colours, but there is no doubt, from their having Russian papers on board, that they belonged to the Russian service. Their names respectively were *John Bright*, *Richard Cobden*, and *William Gladstone*. When brought into dock, they were severely examined, and plenty of evidence secured in the shape of speeches, &c., to prove their close relationship with the Court of St. Petersburg. The tendency of all these documents manifested but too clearly a strong antipathy to the policy of England, whilst, at the same time, they advocated the warmest interest in favour of the tactics pursued by the barbarian Colossus of the North. Other proofs established beyond a doubt their Russian origin and sympathies, and accordingly they have all been condemned as Russian Prizes. It is not expected, however, that they will fetch much, as not one of the craft has anything of value on board.

A Hint for Jullien.

THE great *maestro* has given us, with all the grand emotions of the subject most musically rendered, *The Sebastopol Waltz*: why does he not, as a moral warning, produce *The Gen's Galop*? It might begin with a silver opening indicative of the spoon stirring the gin-and-water, ending with a few powerful bars descriptive of a lock-up for the night in the station-house.

"Fragile!"

THE Public Hall of Taunton, lately devoted to the meetings of the Mormonites, is closed for want of Mormons. However, the building may still be labelled "fragile," inasmuch as it has been taken by a glass and china-dealer for business purposes. It is impossible that his glass can be more brittle than the "weaker vessels;" that his mugs can be more cracked than the elders.

EUROPE, SPEAK OUT!

"Silence is an error."—LOUIS NAPOLEON.

SILENCE is an error, mischievous and weak,
Peoples! when the crisis demands that you should speak.
Silence is an error, fatal as absurd,
Now that if peace you would command, you need but give the word.

Silence is an error, when your will exprest,
Boasting ALEXANDER's purpose would arrest,
And of PETER, CATHERINE, and NICHOLAS, the track
Prevent him from advancing on, to make you all Cossack.

Silence is an error, when, if you spoke out,
Russia to her own back would have to keep her knout.
Silence is an error, unless 'tis your intent
To bend your necks to Russia's yoke; for silence gives consent.

Silence is an error, when the Mascovite
Menaces the age with eclipse and dreary night.
Silence is an error, when you have power to say
Barbarian hordes shall not again extinguish Europe's day.

Silence is an error; speech can do no harm,
Were your judgment adverse, the Allies it might disarm,
On their side pronounced, would compel the War to cease:
So silence is an error, if your wishes are for peace.



WORTHY OF THE ATTENTION OF PLURALISTS.

In the *Times* of the 30th ult., was the subjoined appeal, by way of advertisement:—

A CLERGYMAN, nearly 20 years in orders, is close upon starvation or the workhouse. £20 would save him; will no one offer it? MS. sermons of his own for sale; one lent for a stamp—Rev. J. R. H., Post-office, Brighton.

This must be a case of imposition. Is it likely that the BISHOP OF FLESHBOTS, for instance, would be deaf to such a cry? No; he has no doubt sought out "J. R. H." has weighed him, and found him wanting. Again, the loan of a sermon for a penny is suspicious. Sermons in stones have become a proverb; but who ever heard of sermons in coppers?

The School for Street Boys.

THERE is a great want, it seems, of Reformatory Institutions for Juvenile Offenders. Perhaps this want might be advantageously supplied by a slight improvement of existing institutions for the correction of old rogues; namely, those marine varieties of "quod" which are commonly called hulks. The hulk in its earlier stage would perhaps supply a convenient asylum for delinquents of early years. In a word, why cannot untaught urchins be sent to a boarding-school on board a man-of-war, and there trained up to be honest tars, instead of thieves and vagabonds?

DEATH BY DROWNING.—It is but too true—Austria has flung herself into the Hel Sea! The suicidal act is generally attributed to Insanity.

THE FLOWERS OF THE TEMPLE.

THE Templars have been again radiant and vigorous in their show of chrysanthemums in the Temple Garden. These floral glories have become a delightful fact; and very humanising, very pleasing in its influence. The coal-bargemen of the Thames pause on the oar to contemplate the flowers of law, and the Captain of the *Bride*, cries "Ease her!" that he may drop gently by the Garden, bright and gaudy with the floral triumph. However, it must not be supposed that this annual chrysanthemum show meets with favour from all the benchers: by no means; there are among them men who, with a due reverence for the severity of law, have been known to express an opinion, that the annual display of flowers is only an exhibition of great legal weakness. Think of the awful THURDIE with a rose-bud in his button-hole! Imagine the great LORD ELDON (and that, too, in the Court of Chancery) having anything to do with heart's-ease!

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the Temple chrysanthemums carry away the prize of admiration at least from all other chrysanthemums soever. We resolved to take the trouble of practically inquiring into the cause of this. We therefore put on an over-coat with two very large pockets—and (what will not Mr. *Punch* do in the cause of truth and science and the readers of his journal price 3d.?) making our way to the Temple Gardens, we, from time to time, looking closely into the retiring merits of some individual flower—(they are all christened)—some "*Blackstone splendens*," some "*Coke simplex*," some "*Eldon dubitans*," some "*Talford benevolens*," some "*Bacon duplex*,"—furtively filled both pockets with the garden mould, in order to analyse its component parts. As usual, we found that all the success was a question of soil. The chrysanthemums were magnificent because of the excellence of the loam and compost in which they were planted.

On a careful analysis, Mr. *Punch* found the soil to contain one part of horse-hair; three of parchment; one of silk and two of stuff. As rags are necessary for the cultivation of hops, so it appears are legal silk and stuff most beneficial to the chrysanthemum. To these there were four parts of scrapings from the scrapers of the Inns of Court; and thirteen parts of fine bone-dust—making, no doubt, a beautiful "top-dressing"—ground from departed suitors in the Court of Chancery. How, then, can we wonder at the magnificence of the Templars' chrysanthemums, looking at the cost of the soil that nourishes and develops them?

"THE HOUSE OF ELMORE."

WE see a Book advertised under the above title. As we are not visitors of the ELMORES, we are anxious to know what kind of a House they have. Is it a private, or a public House? Is it a House in the City, or a Greek House, or a Manchester House? Is it a House in the hardware, or the dry, or the soft goods line? or does it deal in coals, pickles, periodicals, greengrocery, baby-jumpers or perambulators? Is it a safe House, or a cheap and dirty House? Is it respectable, or merely a shabby-genteel House that gives dismal evening parties, where you can get nothing but Marsala and ham-sandwiches? As yet, we only know that the House is to be Sold in Three Vols, and as we have no particular affection for the name of ELMORE, and know nothing about his House, excepting that the valuation modestly put upon it is £1 11s. 6d., we are not very likely to become tenants or visitors of his. The agents for selling the House (whether it consists merely of one story, or several stories, we are not told) are MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT; but we believe any one can become a day-tenant upon the payment of a penny a volume to any circulating library. Upon those terms, we may look in upon ELMORE some foggy afternoon, and run through his House.

Decision in Irish Lunacy.

IN the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, JUDGE CRAMPTON, with the concurrence of JUDGES PERRIN and MOORE, ruled, in the case of BEAMISH *versus* BEAMISH, that a Clergyman might legally marry himself. Therefore it would seem that a Clergyman, in Ireland at least, is a man beside a woman, unless the judges who pronounced the decision were men beside themselves.

Spain's Offering to Rome.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has sent two pictures by MURILLO to the POPE—one of them *The Prodigal Son*. It ought to have been altered to *The Prodigal Daughter*; the personification of Spain, and the Lady who never pays her debts, especially to heretical England. Such a picture would have been doubly dear to the Papal burnkey of Austria.

EXETER CHANGE ARCADE.—Return of admission for the six days ending December the First; Number admitted, including tenants, 9; Corresponding week last year, 7.



NO CONSEQUENCE.

"I SAY, JACK! WHO'S THAT COME TO GRIEF IN THE DITCH?"

"ONLY THE PARSON!"

"OH, LEAVE HIM THERE, THEN! HE WON'T BE WANTED UNTIL NEXT SUNDAY!"

TORY TREATY AND TRAITORS.

OUR odd friends the "Conservative Statesmen," (who are not busily intriguing in concert with MESSRS. GLADSTONE AND BRIGHT, O dear no, are very active in their peace-preaching just now. They want to upset LORD PALMERSTON at any price, and high prices and consequent privations appear to these patriots a capital leverage. So, they are promulgating a rumour, that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has offered terms of peace, that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has approved them, and that LORD PALMERSTON rejects them, in order to prolong the War for the sake of prolonging his own popularity as a vigorous War-Minister. Most people set down this rumour as a deliberate falsehood, invented by greedy and unscrupulous factionists; but to regard it in this light is to do the Opposition an injustice. There is some truth in it. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has privately signified to MR. DISRAELI, that he should like to make peace upon certain terms, and these be they:—

1. That the Allies should withdraw from Russia.
2. That they should formally restore all they have taken, thereby confirming the Russian title to it, for the future.
3. That they should pay Russia for whatever damage they have caused her.
4. That a treaty should place everything as it stood before the War.
5. That Russia should promise to give Europe no further cause for uneasiness.
6. That a Conservative Ministry should take office here, which Ministry should include LORD MALMESBURY, as a "material guarantee" that whatever amount of "grovelling" might be required of England by Russia, Austria, or any other despotic power, would cheerfully be performed, as during his Lordship's former tenure of office.
7. That the alliance with France should be relaxed, and broken off as soon as possible.

These are the principal "terms" offered by [Russia, and to these the Conservative intriguers see no objection; and there is no doubt that if they took office, the spirit, if not the very letter, of such terms

would be the key to the Conservative policy. But they have not yet been submitted to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, nor to LORD PALMERSTON, and *Mr. Punch* lays them before those distinguished persons, not with any great idea that the proposals will be accepted, but to vindicate an industrious Opposition from the suspicion (natural enough, certainly) of having put into circulation a mere falsehood.

EAT NO SUGAR!

It being an understood thing, that the high price of sugar was caused by three or four avaricious speculators, who went into the sugar-market and bought all they could find, we hope these greedy mercenarics who were so anxious to sack the saccharine, will be allowed to keep full possession of their bargain. Let everybody abstain from sugar as much as he can, so that those who rapaciously forestalled the sweets, may now have some of the bitters. Let the holders of sugar find that the article, which was supposed to be "a very nice thing," has become a drug in the market. Let infancy be taught to abstain from the tempting lollipop; let old maids practise patriotism over their cups—we mean of course their tea-cups—by drinking their favourite beverage *without sugar*. Already the sugar abstinence movement is taking effect, and the sordid speculators are obliged to submit to a reduction of their unhallowed profits. Let those who can't afford white, refuse to adopt brown, and thus set the principle of "snowing brown when you can't snow white" at defiance. Bread is a necessary, but sugar is not; so let all who wish to give a lesson to avarice, renounce sweet-stuff of every kind, eschew pastry of all sorts, and allow all the sugar to remain in the docks, without being transferred to the domestic basin.

The Russians at Cross Purposes.

THE CZAR ALEXANDER has presented his troops with some thousands of crosses. To those crosses we hope the arms of the Allies will add a considerable number of reverses.



THE BEAR AND RAGGED STAFF.

AN EXCOMMUNICATED KING IN FRANCE.

THE KING OF SARDINIA suffers the blight of the POPE's excommunication. His Holiness has breathed the red plague upon that forlorn creature, VICTOR EMMANUEL. Wheresoever his Majesty walks or sits, there walks or sits in shadow, the Evil One lacqueting him unto the end—and such an end! VICTOR EMMANUEL has laid his profane hand upon the monasteries of Piedmont, having no more mercy of the pious things that harboured there than vigorous housewives in summer-time have of the winter tenants of their bedsteads. In his ruthless extermination, VICTOR EMMANUEL would not have spared even the chosen flea of St. FRANCIS; the saint, as it is well known to all pious students of his affecting life, in his humility, claiming brotherhood with the smallest things that hop or crawl. Nevertheless, so hard had the heart of VICTOR EMMANUEL become, that even the sacred garment of a St. FRANCIS would have failed in the sacredness of its asylum to the things that are commonly harboured and comforted in a monk's gown. For the evil of excommunication was and is upon VICTOR EMMANUEL; and like the KING OF ISRAEL, he had become foolish under the visitation—foolish and frantic. He knew not what he did; but that was no reason he should not be all the more scolded for his ignorance.

Well, VICTOR resolves to visit heretical England—the only place fitted for him, on his downward way, thanks His Holiness the POPE. He must, however, pass through France, pious France; France with a fresh fragrance, as of lilies and violets upon her from the fresh oaths of bishops; newly-sworn to new fidelity to their Catholic Master, the true son and servant of the POPE, NAPOLEON THE THIRD of Iron Presence.

VICTOR is an excommunicated man. All that approaches him is cursed by the destroying breath of the Church! Fire only can purify whatever has touched him. He stands alone, made solitary by the perdition that is hung around him. Let him die to-morrow, and—with the POPE's holy will working—VICTOR EMMANUEL must even cumber the earth; for no consecrated dust may cover him. Nevertheless, this curse-crowned King—this King robed with the maledictions of the POPE—comes to France, and French Cardinals and Bishops, with the wisdom of serpents and the innocence of doves, forget the moral sores of the tainted backslider. Though a LAZARUS of Sin, he is to France fresh as the Shepherd DAVID. Is not this beautiful? Does not the Christian heart melt like ambergris at the thought of this charity, stirring and active—(there can be no doubt of the fact, for is it not written in the *Moniteur*?)—and yearning with affectionate forgetfulness towards the chosen, the honoured guest of the Most Catholic and no less Most Resolute NAPOLEON THE THIRD? These good Churchmen behold not the excommunicated of the POPE; they only look upon the King whom the EMPEROR delights to honour.

Therefore is it, that the wise Imperial heart resolves to do a special grace to these honey-hearted sons of the Church; and therefore NAPOLEON THE RESOLUTE determines to receive anew their plighted oaths to him and his state, even in the presence of VICTOR EMMANUEL the Excommunicate. But the Cardinals and the Bishops behold not the leper of Rome. No: they smile upon a hirsute Christian; one with hair that might have honoured SAMSON ere he laid his head in the lap of DELILAH Heresy. And Cardinals and Bishops swear again; take another oath, with a new relish, even as though the new oath of fidelity was a new mouthful of wine. Two Bishops were seen to smack their lips at it.

More than this. So wholly had the thoughts of the direful condition of VICTOR EMMANUEL passed from the ecclesiastical mind, that the POPE's Nuncio—yea, the Nuncio of the POPE; of that POPE whose destroying breath had passed over the sacrilegious VICTOR, making, from head to heel, blotches of his whole body—the POPE's Nuncio, with a face bright as the face of any painted Saint in any cathedral window,—introduced to that right royal, hirsute and debonnaire sovereign, all the ambassadors of all the kings; even as it is ever the blithe duty of the POPE's Nuncio to do. Yea, even the ambassador, the chosen one of FRANCIS-JOSEPH, the chosen one of PIO NONO, by the servant of the POPE was brought face to face with the excommunicated Sardinian; and Nuncio, and Ambassador, and Potentate Excommunicate all smiled accordingly.

And so healing is the will of NAPOLEON THE RESOLUTE that, albeit certain Cardinals and Bishops—(and the weather for sunny France was not bright)—had certain symptoms of severest colds; nevertheless, so healing is the Imperial will, not even an ecclesiastical cough was heard. The BISHOP or — put down, with all a Churchman's will, a nascent sneeze. And in this manner VICTOR EMMANUEL the Excommunicated of the POPE was received in Paris by Cardinals and Bishops, the dutiful sons of Rome.

Imperial Footmarks.

ALEXANDER, on his accession to the throne of Russia, declared that he would tread in the footsteps of PETER, of CATHERINE, and of NICHOLAS. He has done so very nicely—with such precision as not in the least to disturb the impressions of the cloven hoof.

TOLERATION FOR THE BIBLE-BURNERS.

In a *Natural History of Enthusiasm* might be described a tribe of fanatics,—Class, Popish; Order Monastic. It appears that some maniacs of this species have been burning Bibles at Kingstown in Ireland; and we are sorry to find, that certain monks, accused of that profanation, are in course of being prosecuted for it. Prosecute such fellows for committing an act calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, if you like—but not for the theological crime of burning Bibles. The Bible, surely, will vindicate itself. Leave them to burn the Bible, if they please, and their own fingers. Let them burn the Bible; and do you get it read; their use of the book will second yours.

A sincere Protestant would think it a very impious act to burn the Douay, or Roman Catholic version of the Scriptures. He believes it to contain mistranslations—which is all the Papists allege against the authorised translation. Nay, more,—he believes it to contain interpolations, additions, and ridiculous fables. But he knows that the remainder of it consists of genuine text, and he would shudder at the idea of burning that with the rest of it. That Papists should exhibit themselves as burning Truth, because of its presumed admixture with a little error, is an advantage to Protestantism.

The "Redemptorist Fathers," as they call themselves, are the parties charged with Bible-burning. It is but fair to say, that one of them, a MR. DE BUGGENOMS—this ridiculous name is no coinage of ours, reader—denies the impeachment—so does FATHER M'EVROY; but whilst contradicting the fact, he justifies the thing. He would do it himself, he says, with the help of a pair of tongs to seize the Bible.

These "Redemptorists" are said to have burnt the Bible, together with some immoral works. If this is so, it is a very strong argument against prosecuting them. Burning the Bible in the company of bad books is such a very edifying imitation of a certain deed done by the Jewish Priests *imperante Tiberio*, when TIBERIUS was Emperor of Rome—and PONTIUS PILATE procurator of Judea.

Don't prosecute them. Give them rope enough, and leave them to punish themselves. Let them burn a pile of Bibles, if they dare; only be thankful that they cannot have a Protestant in the centre of it chained to a stake. Be content, in the meanwhile, to burn GUY FAWKES in effigy, which, if "offensive to the feelings of our Catholic fellow-subjects," is nevertheless no insult to Christianity. Allow the friars to fry what they like—taking only good care that they shall not fry us.

SONNET TO THE CZAR.

THINK, ALEXANDER, what a sea of blood
Thy father, of mankind the curse, and thou,
Since first he slipp'd the dogs of war, till now,
Have caused the bosom of this earth to flood,
Turning the happy fields to hideous mud.
Unmerciful destroyer! Ponder how
Many a keel fit deepest waves to plough
In that red gulf before the gale might scud.
Think also of the bitter depth of tears
Which NICHOLAS and thou have made to flow;
And then consider, in that mournful brine
If ye could not, all, over head and ears
Be soured: if those collective drops of woe
Would not suffice to drown thee, wretch, and thine?

MORMONITE ECONOMY.

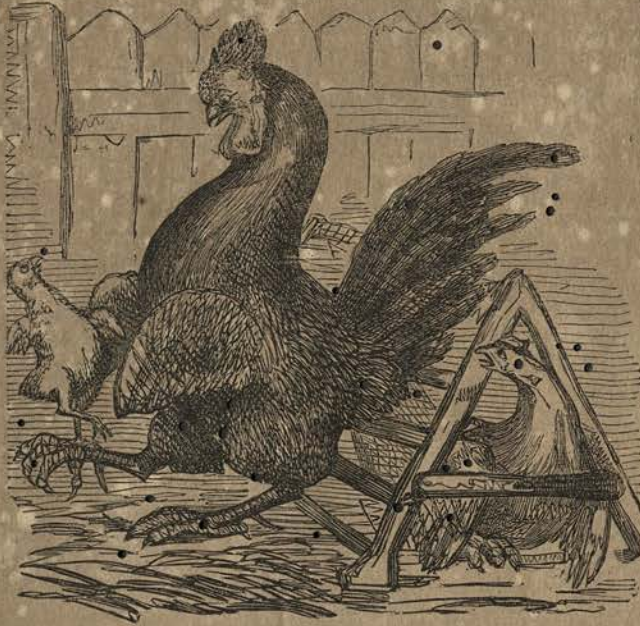
A WRITER in the *New York Herald*, in giving an account of the Mormons, says:—

"The ladies of Utah have adopted a new costume, which seems to be gradually increasing in favour. It consists of a loose fitting dress, resembling in cut a man's sack coat, being buttoned in front, and reaching a few inches below the knees, a pair of pantalets adorning the ankles, and a Legion hat set jauntily upon the head—being in fact a modification of the Bloomer Costume. The ladies are thus relieved of a superabundant load of petticoats, and their husbands are freed from paying for more than two-thirds the usual quantity of dry goods—a no small item of expense in this country."

Pausing for one moment to call on the editor of *Le Follet* to shudder at the horrid idea of describing barèges, muslins, moire antique, &c., as "dry goods," let us observe, that this curtailment of petticoats, skirts, and flounces, must really be a very convenient thing for Mormonite husbands. In monogamous London the disbursement on account of those same "dry goods" is heavy enough; but if the same flowing garments were fashionable in the vicinity of the Salt Lake as those that are in vogue on the banks of the Thames, how awfully expensive would conjugal happiness be in polygamous Utah.

THE TIARA ENLARGED.—The triple crown has become a fourfold diadem, in virtue of the Concordat concluded between the POPE and Austria.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.



PIECE of theatrical information is always welcome. *Mr. Punch* is happy to be able to announce, that the spirited Manager of the Royal Ragbag Theatre has, with his accustomed energy and liberality, entrusted the first number of *Little Dorrit* to one of our most facile dramatists, for immediate adaptation to the stage, and that it will be brought out as soon as the scenic effects, for which the Ragbag is unrivalled, can be adequately prepared. The "Dioramic View of Marseilles," the "Foundling Chapel," (with real organ) and "Little Dorrit's Home," will be among the most remarkable scenes. We must not forestall the labours of a Manager who caters so well for the public

gratification; but we may be permitted to mention, that an admirable conclusion has already been constructed by the accomplished dramatist, and that the real secret of *TATYCORAM*'s history, is developed in the most startling way. The whole force of the company will be thrown into the cast, and the author's original idea be presented in a piece at once faithful and dramatic. With such Managers there is yet hope for the British Drama.

THE LAST NEW CLUB.

It has long been the practice for people to associate themselves into clubs for all sorts of purposes, and hence we have Political Clubs, Goose Clubs (they are not always the same thing), Debating Clubs, Coal and Coke Clubs, with a variety of other denominations of clubs of a more or less useful character. Some of the population of Cricklade have, it appears, collected themselves into a Sparrow Club, the utility of which it is difficult to conceive, unless it is to practise the art of hopping the twig, that those very odd birds of a feather are in the habit of flocking together. We fear, however, from a paragraph in the *Wills Independent*, that the aim of the club is not altogether harmless, but that it aims at the unfortunate sparrows themselves; for one of the members is stated to have produced at the last meeting nearly four thousand dead sparrows, of which he had been the executioner. For this valiant feat he obtained ten shillings, in addition to such other reward as his conscience may have bestowed upon him. If the Sparrow Club prospers, and its members obtain prizes by the slaughter of some thousands of harmless birds, we shall not be surprised at the establishment of a Fly and Blue-bottle Club, on the same humane and high-spirited principle. The sport in the regular fly-season would be something quite overwhelming, and it might require the services of a professional actuary to count the carcasses of the flies brought in as trophies, if the members should exhibit the same energy for slaughter as the sparrow-butcherers of Cricklade have recently exhibited.

PRUSSIA'S "IMPOSING ATTITUDE OF NEUTRALITY."—Prussia's right hand reposing on a Corkscrew!

THE AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION FOR 1859.

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH has resolved, that there shall be an Austrian Exhibition in 1859. The EMPEROR is right to name so long a day. After the astounding exhibition he has just made of himself, the world can afford to wait. What do we say,—the world? The world is to have nothing to do with the show. The world is desired to keep its distance. The Exhibition is to comprise only the products and manufactures of Austria, Hungary, and her Italian Slave-States. This is quite right; otherwise *Mr. Punch* had, at the first blush of the thing, resolved to take a certain space for the exhibition of his own volumes—books from which the thoughtful Austrian might, haply, have learned a still finer appreciation of the abounding beauties of the Austrian Constitution as therein pictorially, and at times poetically, illustrated. As, however, *Mr. Punch* is not to be permitted to exhibit the marvels of his own genius, he will nevertheless not refuse the service of his advice as to certain of the articles to be shown to an instructed generation—articles of Austrian, and Austro-Italian produce and manufacture. We give a few: namely—

Specimen of the stone of the Spielberg, in which the wicked SILVIO PELLICO was immured; also specimen strips of lead from the Piombi of Venice.

Various specimens of Austrian hemp, as worked into ropes in 1848 for the rebels of Hungary.

Specimens of oak grown throughout the whole empire; more particularly of the sort of oak used for scaffolds,—

"The tree of Austria's the gibbet-oak."

Specimens of the paper of Austria in the letter written by COUNT BETHLEN, in which he narrates how COUNT LEININGEN in his dungeon prophetically warned HAYNAU "not to venture on a visit to England, for the people would stone him."

Specimens of the precious gems of Austria, comprising among others the bracelet of rubies worn by the ARCH-DUCHESS SOPHIA (mother of "Austria's hope") on the anniversary of Arad. The rubies set in so many roses as were the number of heads of the Hungarians who fell there: "a bracelet she delights to wear!"

Cast of FRANCIS-JOSEPH'S conscience, taken in Roman Cement.

Specimen of—but no; *Mr. Punch* thinks that, at least for the present, he has suggested sufficient.

A POST-OFFICE PUPIL.—Yesterday, MR. ROWLAND HILL gave his first lesson to MASTER ARGYLL in his Letters.

ABUSE OF BRITISH HOSPITALITY.

CAN it be endured that the organ of a set of Aliens should presume to hold the following language concerning HER MAJESTY'S illustrious ally, VICTOR EMMANUEL?

"With all loyalty towards our Gracious SOVEREIGN, be it permitted us to say, that if our Sardinian ally could be well and effectually humbled without extending the horrors of war over Western Europe, and without inflicting misery and bloodshed on his innocent subjects, few things would be more pleasing, as few things would be more richly deserved."

Ah! there is no doubt that we must have an Alien Act passed, and fellows who dare to express wishes for the humiliation of one of the QUEEN'S allies in time of War, bundled out of the country neck and crop. "With all loyalty to our Gracious SOVEREIGN," forsooth, these worthies pretend to combine that traitorous wish—traitorous in regard to QUEEN VICTORIA. All their loyalty may seem to be a very little all—but it must be considered, that the real sovereign of these foreigners is PIUS THE NINTH, Pope of Rome. The paper whence the above passage is taken is one of the organs of the papal residents in England, called the *Catholic Standard*. It is said to be the official organ of CARDINAL WISEMAN; which we hope is not true; if it is, we can only say that what is sauce for *L'Homme* should be sauce for the *Catholic Standard*, and that Aliens who are tarred with the same brush, ought also to be indiscriminately feathered.

English Masquerades.

It must be confessed, that the English are not clever at Masquerades. "The fact is, (says Old Whyte Choaker of Exeter Hall), the wild recklessness, the furious abandon, the dishevelled riotousness of your continental carnivals cannot be transplanted into an English soil. The national character, Sir, is against it. Thank Heaven, a French masquerade in England is quite a Moral Impossibility!"

Look out Below!

An article on the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes assures us, that "the houses of the poor fall under several heads." We are sorry to hear of any house tumbling about the ears of the inhabitants, but it is gratifying at least to know, that "the houses of the poor fall under (instead of over) several heads," which might otherwise be placed in considerable jeopardy.

MRS. SWANSDOWN'S WORK-TABLE.

A CONVEYANCING LECTURE FOR THE LADIES.

"Steal, for! the wise do call it convey."—Shakspeare.



POSSIBLY now, you understand the process. One lawyer makes as many costs as he can in showing that his client has a right to sell, and then another lawyer, to make more costs, picks the other man's work to pieces. Mr. GRUBBY has "advised" that the title to the Work-table was good, and Mr. DE KAVIL has found a great number of holes in that title. You may imagine what sort of bills are being run up. Recollect my darlings, that the prevalence of this system is the real reason why your papas and husbands cannot afford to buy you nice little houses,

or cottages, or gardens, which had we a rational system, a *Code Punch*, you might as easily have as a pony carriage, or a trip to Italy. I do not want to give you too many illustrations of the beautiful system of swindle, by means of which lawyers thrive and land is an article kept out of the market, but I must just show you another step or two in the history of the Work-table.

Will you be kind enough to look back to our last lecture? You will see that it comprises Mr. DE KAVIL's objections to the title. These objections were laid before Mr. GRUBBY, that he might answer them. And he did so in this way.

"With all deference to the opinion of the eminent counsel who has perused this abstract, I retain my opinion of the perfect goodness of the title. The question, whether the Work-table does not belong to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, as forfeited by the presumed treason of the Jacobite officer, may be thus disposed of. The rebellion (see SMOLLETT, PINNOCK's *Catechism*, GOLDSMITH, HAYDN's *Dates*, the *Stream of Time*, the *Penny History of England*, &c.) took place in 1745. We are now in 1855. A simple arithmetical process will show that the distance between the two dates is 110 years. By the statute of *Nullem Tempus*, which seems to have escaped the learned counsel's memory, the time for forfeiture is limited to 60 years. Now, we have had quiet enjoyment for 109 years, and we do not mean to let in the SOVEREIGN.

"As regards the difference between the signatures 'LETTY' and 'LETTIA,' I admit that the difficulty is considerable. Reasoning by analogy, it is as fair to presume that a lady named 'LETTIA' should, in the permitted licence of playfulness and affection, be called 'LETTY,' as that another, who has been christened 'MARGARET,' should be called 'MADGE,' 'MEG,' or even 'MEGGUMS;' that 'ALICE' should be termed 'LAE,' or 'MARY CATHERINE' abbreviated and condensed into 'POL-KITT.' But more stringent proof may perhaps be reasonably demanded, and we will obtain a commission to send and examine witnesses, in several of the counties of England where old-fashioned names are most likely to linger, as to the use of the word 'LETTY.' Affidavits shall also be obtained from old inhabitants who may have known similar abbreviations.

"Deeds of renunciation shall be procured from the descendants of the Jacobite officer. These number about one hundred and twelve. One is a lunatic, and therefore we shall be obliged to issue a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* against him, and get up evidence of his lunacy, but this will not be very difficult, for we are instructed that he is frequently detected in reading the *Morning Advertiser*. We believe that the hundred and eleven will sign; but if not, a friendly Chancery suit will be the shortest way to induce them to do so.

"The lady and her husband are so far from being alive, that they have been dead for seventy years. A certificate of the burial of the former shall be obtained, but he went to America, and died there shortly after the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. I think at this distance of time his death may be assumed, as few men of active lives survive over 150 years. But, if insisted on, we will send over to America for evidence.

"Of the missing knob we can give no account, except a tradition in the family, that one day a nursemaid rushed up-stairs to her mistress (Mrs. SWANSDOWN's mother) and exclaiming, 'O, Mum, Mum, Mum, Miss have been and swallerd it,' immediately fell into a large sponging bath full of water. On investigation the (then) little girl protested that she had swallowed nothing. It is thought that the article referred

to as 'it' was the knob in question, and that its being silver had tempted the cupidity of the girl, who had recourse to this ingenious method of diverting suspicion. Mrs. SWANSDOWN will have no objection to let the knob be replaced by some respectable silversmith.

"As regards the date of the letter, '46, I think it is not likely that a lady shown to be alive and young in 1746, would have written a sportive letter in 1646, or in 1846, but evidence as to the date of the rebellion shall be furnished.

"The reason why Mrs. SWANSDOWN's mother received the gift, instead of any of her sixteen brothers and sisters, is stated in a document, of which a copy is herewith sent. It was given her for being the only one of the lot who would take black draught, jalap, or castor-oil, without being previously whipped, and having her nose held during the administration of the medicament. The family apothecary, now of a great age, but in perfect retention of his faculties, is willing to depose to this fact, which he well remembers. We will endeavour, however, to obtain the hundred and ninety signatures, and give a covenant or guarantee against claim by any who decline to join.

"The searches in the various registers shall be made, but Mr. DE KAVIL is in error in supposing the donor's husband to have been a Catholic. He had no particular religion, beyond that of an officer, until he went to America, where he became a Quaker, and preached non-resistance, to the great disgust of GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"GIDEON GRUBBY,
"Lincoln's Inn."

This being sent back to Mr. DE KAVIL, he made a variety of counter-replies, and at last it was thought best that the two learned gentlemen should meet and talk over the business. For this purpose, what is called a Consultation was arranged, at which the two counsel and the two attorneys attended, and you also shall attend, my dears, if you like.

A GLUT OF NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

THE visit of the KING OF SARDINIA to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has necessitated the addition of another national anthem to the repertoire of all the French orchestras. If the alliance against Russia should become general, it will be impossible in the country of any of the Allies to get up a concert the programme of which will consist of anything but National Anthems. Already the MONS. JULIEN is compelled to devote nearly one-fourth of his orchestral performances to *God Save the Queen*, *Rule Britannia*, and *Partant pour la Syrie*, which are usually played twice each, at least, in every evening, and these are about to be added to by the introduction of the Sardinian, with possibly also the Turkish National Anthem. Of course we can have no objection to these compliments being paid to our Allies, but we merely point out the fact, that if Sweden joins with us (as we are told it will), if Austria should become our ally (as we hope it will not), and if Prussia should be permitted to associate with us (as we don't think it ought), there will be no less than eight National Airs or Anthems to be performed and *encored* at every concert in London. This will give a tremendous total of sixteen pieces of a patriotic or complimentary nature to be gone through, irrespective of any other addition that may be made to the programme. We must therefore suggest, that if all the contemplated alliances should take place, we must be satisfied to give up all other music, and content ourselves with concerts consisting entirely of National Anthems.

THE THREE B'S.

Catechism by an Irish Occupant with a conscientious Objection to the Payment of Rent.

- Q. What is Ballot?
- A. Something wanted to protect a tenant against bad Landlords.
- Q. What is Billet?
- A. Something whose abolition would protect Landlords against bad tenants.
- Q. What is Bullet?
- A. Something that effects both objects.—Hand me down the blunderbuss.

Crowns for Artists.

A FEW days ago LEYS, the Belgian artist, who has exhibited at Paris, was nationally rewarded. The government was represented at the ceremony, and on the head of the painter was placed a crown of gold. In England the government rewards Art with—that is, *not* with—so much as half-a-crown in silver.

NOTICE TO LUNATICS.

"A COMMISSIONERSHIP of Lunacy is vacant."—*Morning Paper*.
No Dramatist need apply.—*Punch*.



HOW ADJUTANT STUMPY SERVES OUT CAPTAIN LONGSHANKS, WHO IS ALWAYS CHAFFING HIM AT MESS.

Adj. Stumpy. "Have the goodness, Captain Longshanks, to step shorter, Sir! You're throwing all the Men out. Pray, Sir, be kind enough to step shorter!"

STARVED-OUT PROFESSORS.

A CRY is being very properly raised against the shabby treatment of the Professors of the Scotch Universities, who find some difficulty in reconciling the inconveniences of "bread at famine prices" with the unpleasant fact of professorships at starvation salaries. Learning may be better than house or land, but it ought to be equivalent at least to bread and cheese, which does not seem to be the case in Scotland, where those who are engaged in providing food for the mind can hardly obtain sustenance for the body. A list of the salaries paid in the Scotch Universities has just been published, and we find that in Edinburgh many of the professors have no more than thirty pounds per annum. The Professor of Divinity gets this paltry sum, which is certainly inadequate to the support of any but the diviner portion of his being, while the Hebrew Professor, who receives the same stipend, must look with envy on the more profitable calling of the old clothesman, or indeed, on any other Judaic enterprise.

Humanity and Moral Philosophy are also paid for at the same beggarly rate, though we admit that the Professed Humanitarians and Moral Philosophers have sometimes dodges of their own, which are frequently turned to temporary account; for we have known philanthropists and moralists whose names have been better known in the Courts of Law than in the Schools, and are more often in the mouths of the bailiffs than on the lips of the truth-seeker. We do not however believe that the ill-paid Scotch Professors have any such doubtful resource as the dodges to which we allude, and their condition is altogether one that demands amendment.

YOUTH MISSING, ever since 1845, the YOUTH of an Elderly Gentleman, who is no longer so young as he used to be, and who would give any sum of money to have his youth back again. The Youth, when last seen, had a fresh colour, an elegant figure, an elastic tread, and a light laugh. His eye was bright, and his hair perfectly black. All his teeth were in the finest preservation. In brief, he was the admiration of the fair sex, and the envy of his own. Whoever will give such information of this beloved and deeply-lamented YOUTH, as will lead to an instantaneous recovery, will be most handsomely rewarded. Apply to LORD PORPOUS VASE Eco, Methusalem Club, Pall Mall.

THE HEROES OF THE CITY.

THE public may not be generally aware, that the military resources of the City are not limited to her Artillery; but that there is a body—a very extensive body as far as corpulency is concerned—called the Court of Lieutenancy of the City of London. This extensive—we use the word in reference rather to fat than to numbers; this extensive force consists chiefly of a body (a very pinguid body) of tradesmen, who wear a military uniform, and are chiefly to be found on duty at a Mansion House dinner, where the sword is converted into a knife, and where the fork may be said to change places with the scabbard. These civic warriors are generally foremost where anything like war to the knife is going on; and they have frequently assisted at the taking of a great deal more than has been good for them. We perceive that the troop has been called together by the LORD MAYOR, that the Members may have an opportunity of expressing their feelings on the occasion of the Visit of the KING OF SARDINIA. Unless they are all going to talk to His Majesty, we do not see how they can express their feelings otherwise than by a stare; and, as the Monarch will be sufficiently stared at by thousands of others, we think the Deputy-Lieutenants had better be left to mind their shops or other business; for, if called out, they will give no satisfaction.

The Idol Trade.

A NUMBER of little images in brass of JOHN BRIGHT, COBDEN, GLADSTONE, and other Russian Saints, have been manufactured in thousands and tens of thousands at Birmingham, for the purpose of being forwarded to St. Petersburg. It is the intention of the EMPEROR, after they have been duly blest by his priests, to distribute them to his valiant soldiers as the highest possible reward of merit. More than this, they will be glowingly held up to them as infallible talismans against the attacks of the English. The breast of the Russian soldier, that treasures the image of such a patriot as JOHN BRIGHT, must be invulnerable! The Cossack, who on the battle-field feels he has COBDEN or GLADSTONE by his side to defend him, is sure, by the mere force of inspiration, to perform prodigies of valour!



THE LATEST ROMISH MIRACLE.

EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE OF THE AUSTRIAN SPLIT CROW, CAUSED BY THE RECENT CONCORDAT.

PROSPECTUS OF MR. PUNCH'S RUSSIAN VOCABULARY.

DR. MAX MÜLLER has published an interesting little work *On the Languages of the Seat of War*. M. SAUERWEIN announces his *Turkish Pocket Dictionary* for the use of officers. Mr. Punch begs to put forward a prospectus of his *Russian Vocabulary* for the use of the world in general, and the subjects, victims, and dupes of Russia in particular.

The work will be published in parts, each part to appear at the close of a year's campaign, so as to keep pace with the rapid changes in the meaning of Russian words, according to the progress of events. The work will be in the largest possible size for the accommodation of the Russian words, which are known to be extremely big, especially in the number published for the first campaign.

As the War proceeds, the size of the numbers will be reduced, with the gradual reduction in the bigness of the Russian words.

Words, for which the Russian language has no exact representatives, but which yet cannot be spared in a Vocabulary intended for the use of Non-Russian populations, such as "truth," "faith," "honour," "friendship," will be represented by the periphrases used for the expression of these ideas in the Chancelleries of the Russian diplomatic service. Mr. Punch regrets to say, that these periphrases will be found most unsatisfactory, but they are the only ones which pass current in Russia, and it is essential to be familiar with them, if we would estimate the meaning, and, above all, if we should have to encounter the acuteness of Russian diplomats.

The Russian words have been extracted from works of official authority, such as the general orders and bulletins of her Commanders, the proclamations of the CZAR, the official portions of the *Invalide Russe*, the *Northern Bee*, *Le Nord*, *L'Assemblée Nationale*, and other Russian Journals.

The following examples will convey an idea of the style in which the work will be executed:—

"Victory."—When used of a Russian army, any achievement which results in anything that can be exhibited, as a flag, a cannon, a musket. *E. g.*: "The Victory of Sinope," the "Victory of Hango."

(*Official Proclamations, passim*.) The word is never used of a foreign army. Instead of it the following periphrases may be employed:—"Stubborn resistance," "movement in advance," "reconnaissance," "deplorable blunder," "incomprehensible delusion." (*Bulletins: Gortschakoff, Osten Sacken, Liprandi.*)

"Movement of Concentration."—When used of a Russian garrison, Evacuation of a town under the assault of the Enemy. (*Nord, Invalide Russe.*) When used of an army in the field, The being driven off the ground. *E. g.*: "The movement of concentration of Sebastopol." "The movement of concentration of the Alma." (*Idem.*)

"Successful Sortie."—When used of a Russian force, the coming out of a large force, and their being driven back by a small force of the Enemy. *E. g.*: "The successful sortie of the 5th of November." (*Russian Correspondence in Der Wanderer.*)

"Repulse."—Never used of Russian troops. When used of a hostile force—the return of troops to quarters, whether after a victory, a reconnaissance, or a foraging expedition. *E. g.*: "The repulse of GENERAL D'ALLENVILLE from Sak." (*Northern Bee.*)

"Guarantee."—"Anything taken, with no intention of returning it." *E. g.*: "For this Finland shall be held as guarantee." (*Proclamation of the Czar Alexander the First to the Finnish nation, 1809.*)

"Protection."—Taking possession of a country by an armed force, garrisoning its towns, appropriating its revenues, and displacing its authorities. *E. g.*: "Georgia was then under the Protection of Russia." (*History of Russia for the use of Schools.*)

"Decrepit Nationality."—Any nationality too weak to resist Russia. *E. g.*: "The decrepit nationality of the Crim Tartars." (*Correspondence of Catherine the Great.*)

"Destiny."—When used of Russia—the determination to get all that can be got. *E. g.*: "I have faith in the destiny of my nation." (*Will of Peter the Great.*)

"Sick Man."—Applied to any potentate whose dominions Russia seeks to appropriate. (*Sir Hamilton Seymour's notes of Conversation with the Emperor Alexander.*)

"Enthusiasm."—When used of recruits—Handcuffs, and fear of the Knout. *E. g.*: "The children of the soil flock to the Army with enthusiasm." (*The Czar's address to the Army.*)

"Sedition."—Any statement by a Russian of facts offensive to authority. (*Archives of the Police of St. Petersburg, passim.*)

"Allies"—Tools; persons to be cajoled first into weakness, then bullied into resistance, and finally absorbed. (*History of Europe.*)

"Negotiations."—Any pretext for talking in order to gain time. *E. g.*: "The CZAR has never shown himself averse to negotiation." (*NESSELRÖDE'S Circular to Russian Diplomatic Agents.*)

"Offerings."—"Supplies, seals, or money, taken for the use of the Army." *E. g.*: "The offerings of the landholders continue to pour in." (*The Northern Bee, L'Invalide Russe, Kreuz-Zeitung, Le Nord, L'Assemblée Nationale, and other Russian Official Newspapers published at Brussels, Berlin, Paris, and St. Petersburg.*)

A KEY TO THE ANTI-MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

We lately noticed an order of the Directors of the Newcastle Bank to all their moustached clerks, to "shave or resign." The following extract from the Assize intelligence of the Northern Circuit will throw some light on the matter:—

"(Before MR. BARON MARTIN.)

"THE QUEEN v. ROBERT MARTINSON, THE YOUNGER.

"The prisoner, a good-looking and fashionably-attired young man, wearing moustaches, was indicted for having, on the 19th of July, 1855, he then being Clerk to WILLIAM BERNARD OGDEN, the public officer of the Northumberland and Durham District Banking Company, feloniously embezzled £4,264, received by him on account of his said master.

"The prisoner pleaded 'Guilty.'"

We do not exactly see the force of the reasoning; but there can be no doubt that the Directors have come to the conclusion, that the moustaches have done it all. The new regulation proves that the Directors are now particular to a hair in the selection of their clerks.

The Right Step in the Right Place.

ONE of the movements in MONS. JULIEN'S *Sebastopol Quadrille*, is supposed (by the author of the playbill, who must evidently be a man of great imaginative talent) to be descriptive of the movement of the Russian army across their floating-bridge on the night after the assault. Not having much Terpsichorean ingenuity, we are somewhat at a loss to know how this description can be realised in dancing; unless, as we have overheard a wag suggest, it be done by a sort of *chassez across-eh?*

THE CAREER OF A DEPUTATION.—It is courteously received—it is assured that its case shall meet with every consideration—it is politely bowed out—and then you never hear anything more of it.



"Ring rich? Vy, that von, in course.—T'other's only for the Flunkies."

TWO POETS IN A PULPIT.

MR. PUNCH seems to have given some kind of umbrage to a couple of excitable Yorkshire auctioneers. They reside at Stokesley, and take the opportunity of being selected to sell five young cows, three fat ewes, some pig-troughs, and other trifles, to burst into the following lyric appeal to the world.

"We are two faithful Auctioneers;
With mirth we use the hammer,
Some of our Puffs they do seem queer,
And make that old Punch stammer!"

Mr. Punch hastens to assure the poets in question, that he entertains towards them the most friendly feeling; that he never heard of them, or of Stokesley, until he received the above notification, and that though they modestly admit the queerness of their puffs, he never stammered at them in all his life. He fears that he has been made a victim to the exigencies of verse, and that when "hammer" imperatively called for a corresponding rhyme, the poet forgot—which was odd for auctioneers—that there was such a word as "hammer." However, he repeats the assurance of his friendliest feelings, and hopes that on the day of sale the pulpit did justice to the pig-troughs.

A QUESTIONABLE FASHION.

THAT sweetly pretty periodical, *Le Follet*, in announcing the "Fashions for December," states that

"Braces also continue in great favour."

"Braces also." What besides Braces? The answer is obvious to the masculine mind, and surely cannot be dubious to the feminine; for the least logical of ladies even must be alive to the inference from Braces. Of course it must be presumed that Braces are fashionable amongst wives exclusively, for the rest of the fair sex cannot be very intelligibly in a position to wear the Braces. From the prevalence of this female fashion of Braces, it would seem, that the Rights of Woman have obtained a rather wide recognition; unless indeed we have been speculating on the delusive basis of a typographical error, and, for "Braces," ought to have read "Bracelets."

A REALLY GOOD OPENING.

SOMEBODY once offered to anybody an almost fabulous sum for the invention of a new excitement; and perhaps, in the overcrowded state of our Metropolitan streets, that individual may be said to deserve well of his fellow-citizens who invents a new thoroughfare. The discovery has been made, and the public may now pass from the Strand to the Suspension Bridge without being jostled by dealers in shrimps, requested to purchase a live lobster, or dragged in head and shoulders to buy a cod; for all this fishy fussy perambulation is prevented by the opening of the Hall of Hungerford. This measure has effected, in a small way, for this part of the world, what the cutting through of the Isthmus of Suez is expected to accomplish for its own locality.

In addition to its advantages as a short cut, the Hall of Hungerford presents to the intelligent mind a variety of food far more tempting than the fish at the stalls, the penny ices round the corner, or the large low-priced pies at the "genteel dining-room" which nestles near the base of the building. Hungerford Hall is full of information, where those who run may read, while those who walk may peruse more leisurely a mass of announcements, where every want is offered to be supplied, and every longing satisfied. The walls are in fact covered with advertisements, presenting a large mass of broadside literature, such as could not be found within the walls of any other building in the universe. If you want to insure your life, or buy a bed, take a bottle of soda-water or a pinch of snuff, purchase a rick-cloth or a wig, a pair of shoes, an estate, an organ, or a pound of grapes, you will find at Hungerford Hall the particulars as to where any or all of these articles in perfection are attainable. To the gentleman of bad address or no address at all, the opportunity is afforded of having his correspondence directed to him at the high-sounding and central Hall of Hungerford. No longer is it necessary to rent a door-plate as in the olden time, or trust to the reluctant and sometimes oblivious green-grocer to "take in all letters;" for now, by a small payment, anybody may give Hungerford Hall as his address, and be sure of getting every communication that is intended for him. Apart from its commercial uses, we recommend the lover of architectural proportions, or disproportions, to pay a visit to Hungerford Hall, which might take its place by the side of Westminster Hall—if it were not half a mile distant.

A GREAT LADY-TRAVELLER.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER has been twice round the Globe, but we think we know a far greater traveller than she is. There is Mrs. ADA ROBINSON, of Kentish Town, who has just succeeded for the third time in making a tour round the Promenade Concerts of JULLIEN'S! She started from the Pit-entrance, in the centre of the house, threaded the narrow passages that skirt each side of the Proscenium, doubled the orchestra (the latter, as all travellers know, a most difficult bit of navigation), paid an exploring visit to the reading-room, took in provisions (a cup of coffee, and a bishop's thumb) at the refreshment stall, and arrived in safety at the point she started from, after an absence of less than three hours! She speaks of the wild tribes she encountered in her journey as being extremely savage, rude, and uncivilised to the last degree of what, in barbarian circles, is called "Gentishness;" and congratulates herself upon having arrived at her journey's end without any loss or serious damage. The population, she states, is excessively thick—so dense at times, that it was almost impossible to proceed. The natives are frightfully wild, and indulge occasionally in certain vulgar games—one of which called "forming a ring," seemed to be highly popular. It is her astonishment, considering the rough way in which she was treated, and the dangers to which she was every now and then exposed, how she escaped without an accident. This journey is very peculiar, as we never recollect hearing of an instance of a lady, who had ever made the tour of JULLIEN'S Concerts before. To have accomplished it not less than three times is indeed a daring feat of courage and perseverance that places the name of Mrs. ADA ROBINSON amongst the foremost of our female travellers!

A White Lie.

THERE is no truth in the report that his MAJESTY SOULOUQUE, EMPEROR OF HAYTI, has entered into negotiations for a Concordat with the POPE, and has insisted that as a basis of agreement, his HOLINESS shall engage himself, at the next vacancy to create a black Cardinal. We are authorised in stating, that SOULOUQUE will consent to no such arrangement, because his sable MAJESTY himself is too deep a black.

THE POETRY OF MODERN GREASE.



THE Temple of the Muses has often been desecrated by all sorts of impertinent intruders, from poet laureates to the pet of some obscure periodical issuing from a mart of Law, Literature, Theology, Field Sports, or anything that would pay, in the purlieus of the Temple; but we do not know that a marine store-dealer had ever, until now, presumed to lay his dry rubbish on Apollo's shrine.

We sometimes wish that the Literary Dustman had been a real instead of an imaginary character, that he might have gone regularly round to the various booksellers and writers who permit an accumulation of offensive matter to remain on their premises. Under

the act which provides for the clearing away of obnoxious deposits, some of the first publishing houses in London might be ordered to remove the objectionable trash that now encumbers their shelves.

We are, however, merging a particular case in the general question, and we will therefore proceed at once to quote a few verses which might appropriately figure in the *Rogue's Album*, or *The Domestic Servant's Manual of the Art of Robbing a Master*. At a prosaic intimation, that "2d. to 3d. per lb. is given for kitchen-stuff, and 4d. for good dripping" the poet of the grease-pot thus proceeds:—

TO THE COOK.

"Yes, Cooks, I wish a word with you. Pray all your Dripping save,
I weigh like gold, and as for Price, most liberally behave!"

Weigh it yourselves, if you prefer, I only court a trial
Of my Honesty, which you will find is quite beyond denial.

This stanza would have better expressed its meaning if it had run thus—

Yes, Cooks, I wish a word with you. Your Masters' dripping steal.
And till you bring it out to me, your grease-pot well conceal;
You're safe with me: for stealing it you needn't fear a trial;
When ask'd if you have sold it, I'm prepared with a denial.

This is followed by a poetical appeal to

THE HOUSEMAID.

"Housemaids, treasure up your rags, I White or Coloured buy,
My Price is Good, my Weights are Just, let those who doubt it try.
You know from rags they paper make, which Housemaids find so handy,
When writing letters to their loves to meet them spruce and dandy.
The Candle-ends I purchase too, Bottles and Broken Glass,
For a store of these a Purse I'll fill for any pretty lass!"

which may be thus interpreted—

Housemaids, lay hands on everything—towels or linen bags,
Or table-cloths, or anything—I'll buy them all as rags,
For rags, you know, make paper, on which it is your plan
When you've got leave to go to Church, to write to your young man,
And bid him meet you. Recollect, my thriving trade extends
To wax or tallow—anything—for all the "candle-ends."

As a wind-up, the poet thus apostrophises—

THE FOOTMAN.

"Sprightly Footman, list, oh list: pray ever careful be,
Of all the little odds and ends, that come by right to thee!
The Candle-ends of Wax or Sperm, Old Clothes too, 't is true,
Old Livy Buttons and other things I purchase in my line.
Give me a trial—and Presto; you quickly will behold
My mode of changing such like things to bright and sparkling gold."

Good Footman, you've a famous chance—there's all your Master's clothes.
Come sell to me; he'll never know how all his wardrobe goes.

The candle-ends will disappear—I give a famous price.—
If Missus asks what's gone with 'em, say, "It must be the mice."

Give me a trial—but I won't suggest awkward impressions—
I mean a trial at my shop, not at Old Bailey Sessions.

VERDICT ON THE PAPAL SUICIDE OF AUSTRIA.—Felo de (Holy) Sec.

THE MORNING POST'S LIBEL ON THE PRINCE CONSORT.

We have at times had occasion to express sentiments in some degree differing from those which have been attributed to illustrious personages of various nations. But upon no occasion, we trust, have we sought to render Royalty contemptible. That work we leave to its friends the flunkies, and it will be seen from the following passage, taken from the *Morning Post's* account of the progress of the KING OF SARDINIA through the Westminster Road, on the day of his arrival, that they address themselves to it with no ordinary skill. The readers of the *Morning Post* are not as a body the wisest people in the world, and what must be the result of their being induced to believe that the PRINCE ALBERT, an educated man, a scholar, and a gentleman of taste, could think or talk such penny-a-liner's balderdash, as it "appeared" to the *Post* that he was inflicting on his Wife's Ally?

"His ROYAL HIGHNESS appeared to be explaining that these were the men (MAUDSLAY'S), the skilled artisans of England, to whose industry and art were due the works which, of old, were ascribed to giants; that these men bridged the seas and spanned the earth with iron girdles; that by them were those chariots forged which speed our friends on their way faster than the wind; by them were those bolts forged which hurled a fiery destruction on our enemies."

There is the libel, and as truth cannot be pleaded in justification,—first, because the PRINCE could not have talked such ineffable trash, and, secondly, because, if he had, the writer for the *Post* could know nothing about it, we have enclosed the paragraph to SIR ALEXANDER JAMES EDWARD COCKBURN, M.P., HER MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

PETER THE GREAT AND ST. PETER.—The Pope, like the Emperor Alexander, has had his grand levy, for what is the Concordat but a levy of the Austrians en mass?

MR. PUNCH'S GENERAL ORDER.

Urgent Private Affairs.

Head Quarters.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH has observed with equal surprise and concern the extraordinary number of applications from officers of all ranks and arms of the service, to return home on "urgent private affairs."

F. M. PUNCH has one and the same answer for all such applications. He cannot grant leave of absence to officers for urgent private affairs; while the following most urgent private affairs require the presence of officers in camp, viz:—

- Hutting the privates.
- Keeping up the discipline of the privates.
- Keeping down drunkenness among the privates.
- Promoting rational amusement among the privates.
- Sharing the hardships of the privates, and
- Setting a good example to the privates generally.

All these appear to F. M. PUNCH to be the most urgent "private" affairs that can be conceived under existing circumstances.

An Extraordinary Mistake.

IN the account of the opening of the Prussian Chambers by KING CLICQUOT the reporter writes—

"The KING entered the saloon in full General's uniform, and carrying his helmet in his hand."

This is a palpable blunder. It was not a helmet, but a wine-cooler. This fact is established by the subsequent incident; for the reporter in due time tells us, that "the KING put it on his head!"



THE ORIGINAL ROUND HAT.

Old Lady. (Jog.) "WHAT CAN THEY SEE TO LAUGH AT; NASTY RUDE PEOPLE? IT'S A VERY SENSIBLE HAT—ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DON'T LIKE A STRONG LIGHT."

THE DISSATISFIED INDEPENDENTS.

POOR MR. SERJEANT SHEE, despondent at the humiliated condition of the hungry Irish Brigade, has been writing a letter to one of the Hibernian papers, setting out his conviction, that in the next session, the only chance for the Band to make itself felt—that is, to get its members into places under Government—is to adopt "a determined course of *dissatisfied independence*; not only in regard to important questions, but in every-day matters." By being generally disagreeable, the Irish members, according to the great patriot SHEE, may compel LORD PALMERSTON to fling them sops to keep them quiet.

We understand that on the Serjeant's suggestion, the Dissatisfied Independents are having rehearsals, in order to be ready for the opening of Parliament. A correspondent in Dublin informs us that they go through the whole business of an evening's debate, and get up a row upon each of the "Every-day matters" as it arises. He sends us a list of some of the manifestations of "dissatisfaction."

When the Spaker takes the cheer, he is to be bully-ragged for letting an English, Scotch, or Welsh member catch his eye before an Irish one.

When he shouts out the name of an Irish member, he is to be abused for not spaking in a more deferential tone.

When any member spakes of the "English" army in the Crimea, or of "British" arrums, he is to be assaulted by six Irish spakers in succession.

No bill is to be allowed to be introjuiced that does not in some way refer to Oireland—or if it be permitted to be brought in, Irish clauses are to be added. For instance, to an India bill, a provision is to be appended, that the next Governor-General shall be an Irishman, and to any measure of taxation, a proviso that it shall not apply to poor Oireland.

The House and the Spaker are to be made to understand, that when an Irish member wants to spake all others give way.

All Irish petitions are to have precedence of English ones, and are to be read at full length by the chap in the small wig.

If any member cries "question" while an Irish member is spaking, the Brigade pledges itself to move his impachment.

One Government night in each week is to be given up to the exclusive discussion of Irish questions, and if MR. HAYTER ever permits a "no-house" upon such a night, he is to be exterminated.

In counting the House, the Spaker is to reckon every Irish member as two; he being worth any two of his malignant oppressors.

In the case of a row between Irish members, no English or Scotch ones are to presume to interfere, but the spalpeens are to wait in respectful silence until the gentlemen are plazed to be done.

It is for the Irish members to settle what time the House shall rise, and no one is to take the liberty of going away until the desire of the Brigade has been signified.

It is to be made a standing order, that MR. HENRY DRUMMOND is not to make any profane fun of a Roman Catholic saint, praste, relic, or miracle, and on the least allusion of that kind, he is to be committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arrums.

With the aid of these, and similar improvements upon the present system, MR. SERJEANT SHEE and his friends hope soon to diminish the causes for their Dissatisfaction, by procuring a market for some of the Independence, which, like tradesmen anxious to sell, they now puff so lustily. The worst of it all is, that parties are so evenly balanced in the House, that such a set of gentlemen, after such an avowal, may command their price.

MORE LAURELS FOR PRUSSIA.

LIEUTENANT GENESTE has published the official account of the Hango massacre; it seems that the murders were committed in due form, and by the most regular butchers. The men were not slaughtered under the sanctity of a flag of truce by a raw, rash, undisciplined troop of marauders; but killed in all due form, and in the coldest blood by "one of the best Russian regiments, the Grenadiers of FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, as they are called, the KING OF PRUSSIA being their Colonel." It is expected that the flag of truce will be sent as a trophy—a trophy of "a dignified neutrality"—to the King-Colonel; and further, that the Grenadiers, which his Prussian Majesty delights to command, will henceforth carry, emblazoned on their regimental flag, the word—"Hango."



RUSSIA.

AUSTRIA.

FAIRBAIRN.

WHAT IS THE PRICE OF PEACE?

Austria. "PLEASE TO TELL ME THE PRICE OF A PEACE?"

Palmer. "WE HAVEN'T THE ARTICLE ON HAND AT PRESENT!"



“Cattle Show, Sir? I’ll take you all the way there for a Penny.”

THE OMNIBUS COMMITTEE.

It is not generally known that, with a resolution to meet and overcome the opposition threatened by our gallant Allies to the British Omnibus, the proprietors of these native vehicles have resolved to—yes, to make an omnibus really comfortable. With this intent, a committee has been sitting for the last week at the Shillibeer Arms; and, although the press—as the press—was excluded, *Mr. Punch* was, of course, invited to send a guinea-and-a-half-a-liner (the rise of the half-guinea dates from the late advance of provisions) to the Shillibeer. Our faithful retainer, like “the bee with honey’d thigh,” duly rendered himself at 85, Fleet-street, laden with evidence anxiously sought by the committee, and readily supplied by all conditions of people. It is observable that the female evidence greatly preponderates; an omnibus evidently being considered by them a woman’s question. It is, however, impossible for *Mr. Punch* to do more than to cull, with a very light and careful hand, certain samples from the evidence adduced.

MR. JOHN POLLEWHISTLE examined.

Rides daily from Paddington to Old Jewry. Believes that babies-in-arms are the great blight of ’busses. Would have no child under seven ride, the register to be first shown to the conductor. Has a strong objection, in a crowded ’bus, to have his shirt-collar smeared by the dear infant next him with a raspberry tart. With respect to luggage—that is, female luggage—would not permit any woman passenger to bring luggage into a ’bus of more than twelve cubic inches. Yes; he had given his attention to umbrellas. He would have an umbrella-stand at the door of the ’bus. Wouldn’t be hard upon parasols; though could not, for the life of him, see the use of ’em.

MRS. MARY QUILTER examined.

Often rode in a ’bus. Was generally set down near SWAN-AND-EDGAR’S. Thought that it was not always pleasant to be flung into people’s laps; sometimes less so than others, and sometimes quite the reverse. The conductors would say “all right” before a lady was in her place. Thought that if a rope, something like a bell-rope, was hung up along the roof, it would be a great assistance, especially when the conductors would say “all right.” With respect to luggage, did not think four band-boxes and a small child with a drum and a hoop too much for the mother of a family. Thought that a magistrate ought to be able to fine anybody, if a single man, who refused to ride outside in the rain to oblige a lady.

MISS ARABELLA PERKINS examined.

Seldom rode in an omnibus, but had done so on dividend days to the Bank; since that most wicked and shocking double Income-Tax to support the War, undertaken as she understood to support the infidel Turks, who sew up poor women in sacks and—certainly, yes; she would keep to the question of the omnibus. Well, she had been brought to

ride in the thing, but only since the Income-Tax,—never before; and all she hoped was, that all of us might live to see the end of the War—but for her part—very well; yes, she would keep to the omnibus. What had she to propose—what to object to? Well, then, she wished to speak upon the omnibus straw. Why not put down a Brussels carpet, and in a season of such inclemency as the present, why not have bottles of hot water? People might get their death, and what would the omnibus care? Yes; she was coming to the straw as fast as she could. Had a great objection at all times to the straw in the ’bus; when it was old it was dirty and damp; and when it was new, it was sharp and tickled. Thought the whole difficulty might be met by a strip of Brussels.

MR. JABEZ MOGSBY examined.

Sorry to say, had given much of his time to omnibuses. Thought for a rope under the roof should be substituted a stout brass bar; for from the gentlewomen he’d seen ride in ’busses, believed that no rope would long bear ’em. And this brought him to what he had specially to say. Providence hadn’t made us all alike—and, therefore, he looked upon it as little less than presumption to say, that a ’bus should carry twelve inside. The law was arbitrary and un-English. What’s twelve? Twelve Tom Thumbs—twelve Daniel Lamberts! He would, therefore, have arms—arms to all the seats: when every man, woman, and child, whatever they might be, would sit upon their own merits.

MISS ARABELLA MITTENS examined.

She occasionally rode in ’busses. Had given some attention to the last improvement under *Mr. FITZROY’S* Act: she alluded to the light now burnt in the interior of the ’bus. Thought altogether it worked well. Had ridden in a Paris ’bus or two: she should think so. She thought, then, if a small mirror was put up at the end of the English ’bus, it would help to give a cheerful appearance to the interior generally. When the ’bus was full the looking-glass might be positively useful, especially in an uncertain climate, with the blacks that would fly so. When nobody at all was in the ’bus—as had sometimes happened to herself—why, a looking-glass was always company?

MR. JOLLIDOGS examined.

Used to use ’busses, but had given ’em up. Why should he be made miserable? Every ’bus was placarded with puffs of burying-grounds; might as well ride in a hearse. Didn’t see why the ’bus driver shouldn’t have a hat-band, and the horses feathers in their heads. Had had his dinner spoilt more than once by the bills about the Neckandropolis Burying Grounds all over the ’bus. Didn’t object to advertisements in ’busses on a principle, for this was a commercial country—thought there was no harm in “Six Shirts for 30s.,” if they were worth anything—but thought it too bad to be always given the blues by the Neckandropolis.

Mr. Punch concludes his extracts with this; regretting that he has no room for the very valuable testimony of the REVEREND MR. SPIKE-NARD, on the impropriety of religious controversies in ’busses generally. The Reverend gentleman had been compelled to discontinue the use of the Knightsbridge ’busses since the shameful persecution of St. Barnabus and St. Mary’s. Thought that a line of ’busses—*The Lamb and Flag* line—if comfortably hassocked and glazed with painted windows, would meet with great encouragement in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge and Belgravia.

No report has yet been made; but *Mr. Punch* has a lively hope that certain points of the evidence will have a telling effect upon the mind of the Committee. A fixed cubic measurement is certainly desirable; neither is the roof-rope or bar suggested by *Mrs. QUILTER* unworthy of attention. Even *Mr. Punch* himself has found the omnibus straw unpleasant; and therefore wholly agrees in the objections so graphically rendered by *Miss PERKINS*; and believes, with her, that there is something in hot water and carpets of Brussels texture. Surely, too, there is good sense in the proposition of *Mr. MOGSBY*. The adoption of arms in the ’bus would so define every place for every passenger; whilst the measure so admirably harmonises with our habits and feelings as a domestic people. With respect to the mirror suggested by *Miss MITTENS*, we think we must leave that an open question. Possibly, some of the Committee will take the opinion of their own wives upon the matter. As to the Neckandropolis advertisements, we do not think that an omnibus should in any way suggest a charnel-house; though, alike with *Mr. JOLLIDOGS*, we do not object to the commercial genius of our country clinging to the roof of a ’bus like a bat to the roof of a church.

In all seriousness, we trust that the English Committee will lose no time in setting the English ’bus in order; otherwise, they may rest assured that our faithful Allies will take the very needful work out of their hands.

Serenade for Sir Charles Napier.

A PARTY of Southwark Electors, on Tuesday evening, assembled under the window of SIR CHARLES NAPIER’S residence, and celebrated the honourable and gallant officer’s election for Southwark, by singing the appropriate song of the “*Return of the Admiral*.”



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"O Austria! thou dost shame that bloody spoil;
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs."

King John, Act iii., Scene 1.

DETERMINED SUICIDES IN THE ARCHDIOCESS OF WESTMINSTER.

THE well-known papal advocate, MR. GEORGE BOWYER, in a letter of reply to DR. CUMMING, published in the *Times*, makes the following admission:—

"I will only add that DR. CUMMING will find a parallel to the 16th article of the Concordat, which so much alarms him, in statute 1st ELIZABETH, c. 2, which forbids any thing said or done in derogation of the *Book of Common Prayer*."

Just so. The statute 1st ELIZABETH, c. 2, inflicted penalties on the priests who should refuse to read the Prayer-book in their churches. The first offence on the part of the recusant priest was punished by the forfeiture of a year's revenue of his benefice, and six months' imprisonment. The second, by loss of all ecclesiastical property and imprisonment for life. For speaking in derogation of the Prayer-book, or for satirising or burlesquing the Reformed Church, the penalty was a fine of one hundred marks for the first offence, four hundred ditto for the second ditto (£1000 of our present money); for the third, forfeiture of all goods and chattels, and perpetual imprisonment. Everybody was bound to attend the church service under divers penalties, or on pain of imprisonment. Prelates and other church dignitaries were empowered to inflict these punishments. Does not COBBETT in his *Legacy to Parsons*, pp. 35, 36, chronicle these atrocities? And to these same Elizabethan atrocities of 1558, now obsolete, if not repealed, the Concordat of PIUS THE NINTH, A.D. 1855, according to MR. BOWYER, affords a parallel. Austrian Protestants are to be subjected to the same persecution now, as that which English Papists were to incur then. Must not Fancy, allegorising Fact, depict MR. BOWYER as an unbappy pig, swimming up stream, and inflicting the injury which that animal inflicts, under those circumstances, on his own throat?

What will CARDINAL WISEMAN say to this rash act of MR. BOWYER'S?

A COMMENTATOR ON COLONEL HAWKER.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT appears to be rather fond of lecturing to young men; it is a labour of love to him seemingly, and one which he performs to admiration. Now, in the *Court Circular*, *passim*, it will be read that

"PRINCE ALBERT went out Shooting."

Shooting is an amusement to which young men are naturally partial; many of them, if they had little else to do, would do little else. But how many lamentable accidents from fire-arms are daily recorded in the Newspapers! A few observations from the PRINCE, when he has the opportunity, on loading, priming, &c., with which operations his ROYAL HIGHNESS must of necessity be familiar, as also on the proper method of carrying the gun, so that no fellow-sportsman should ever find himself looking down the muzzle, might prove the means of preventing many untimely deaths, if not of saving some valuable lives.

The lives, also, of numerous yellow-hammers and green-finches, sacrificed by juvenile metropolitan and inexperienced fowlers for snipes and partridges, might be saved through the judicious admonitions of the PRINCE. And, whilst he was about it, PRINCE ALBERT might do good service by communicating the results of his experience in fox-hunting to ambitious but awkward riders.

SCIENCE UNDER SEVERAL HEADS.

EVERYBODY who is curious as to the very odd things that ladies take into their heads, or on to their heads, should go to the Polytechnic Institution; where—amidst the hundred other attractions—is being delivered a lecture on *Ladies' Head-Dresses, from the Time of William the Conqueror*. When we look at some of the massive structures that have been raised upon the female head from time to time, we wonder whether the object has been to make up for the want of furniture within, by a tremendous pile of external ornament. It must, however, be admitted, that those ladies who have stood erect under the ponderous arrangements with which fashion has occasionally encumbered their brows, could not have been very weak-headed.

A CONSUMING TRUTH.—Men never begrudge the money they spend on dinners nor women on pastry.

Something, perhaps, to the same effect as what he himself said the other day, about this same Concordat, from his pulpit; to wit:—

"The document in question came first to this country from the correspondent of a Newspaper, who showed in the remarks with which he accompanied it, that he did not know the meaning of the words used in it. It was drawn up in the peculiar language of Catholic ecclesiastical diplomacy—that was to say, the words used in it had a different meaning from that of ordinary Latin, in which it was written, and it required a person versed in ecclesiastical Latin and in the principles of the Canon Law to understand it and interpret its meaning and signification."

Thus, by the statement of CARDINAL WISEMAN, ecclesiastical Latin is not plain Latin, and, in like manner, MR. BOWYER'S English may not be plain English. We are to conclude, that neither MR. BOWYER nor the POPE say what they mean. To characterise this peculiarity of expression, the dictionary of DR. JOHNSON supplies a pithy term, consisting of one syllable in three letters, whereby, also the Doctor, in common conversation, was accustomed to designate that peculiar liberty taken with language.

So then, it seems, the POPE, and CARDINAL WISEMAN are misunderstood, by reason of being supposed to mean what they say; and peradventure, the same misfortune may have befallen MR. BOWYER. But why cannot they, preaching or penning documents which will appear *in partibus infidelium*, vouchsafe to accommodate their style to the idiom of the natives, and say what they mean? When CARDINAL WISEMAN talked of governing Middlesex and the adjoining counties, he ought not to have been surprised at being taken at his word. A few foot-notes, even so monosyllabic as "Bosh," or "Fudge," subjoined to the tremendous passages in his pastoral, would have forestalled alarm. So of the POPE. If his Holiness would only notify, that everything in his Allocutions apparently savouring of intolerance was mere papal rhodomontade—all the POPE'S eye—much unnecessary excitement would be obviated. The Holy Father should advertise us that those thundering Allocutions of his are, in so far, addressed ostensibly to the Secret Consistory; but, in reality, to BUNCOMBE.

The Cardinal declaims horribly about the eruptions of certain

Protestant volcanoes, in the fires of which a plain impartial reader might infer, from the furious language of his Eminence, that sundry Roman Catholic martyrs had been burnt alive. But why blow up those burning mountains needlessly by inflated bombast? Why does he bellow like a mad bull to enunciate sentiments which he would express with accuracy by roaring as gently as any sucking-dove?

If we are to believe CARDINAL WISEMAN'S explanations—but who knows in what sense he is to understand them?—a new etymology must be assigned to the word *Romance*, which it will be reasonable to consider derived from Rome, regarded as the Papal See.

In short, the peculiarities of Roman Catholic ecclesiastical diplomacy and eloquence, by the Cardinal's argument and by his example, are exhibited as so many instances of bold hyperbole, flights of the arrows of an inordinately long bow, very far overshooting the mark of veracity.

Now, then, does not CARDINAL WISEMAN appear to swim up stream at the same rate, in a similar form, and to the same deplorable purpose, with MR. BOWYER? His Eminence will not complain of the implied analogy when, in venturing to suggest it, we respectfully remonstrate with him for casting his pearls of exaggeration before us poor literal swine.

THE KING WHO HAS LOST HIS LOVING-CUP.



CERTAIN ignoble sovereign, who shall be nameless, by this time has probably seen reason to regret the mean and shuffling policy which he has pursued with respect to the contest between Russia and the Western Powers. Afraid even to speak out, and declare which side he believes to be in the wrong, he must be sensible of being a conspicuous object of that feeling with which mankind in general regard a person equally destitute of moral courage and moral sense. He must have at least discovered that his "silence" has been an "error;" must have found out the mistake of having basely held his tongue. How sadly vexed with himself for the paltry and unprincipled conduct which he has pursued, if not ashamed of himself also, will he be, when he comes to read the account of the reception experienced by the gallant KING OF SARDINIA on his visit to the City! It cannot but occur to him, that if he likewise had acted as an honourable man

and a constitutional King, he might also, if he had chosen, have taken his turn to ride, the hero of a triumphal procession, to Guildhall—saluted by the acclamations of a free and generous British Public. He must think with what transport he would have beheld in every shop-window along his line of progress, and not only in that of 85, Fleet Street, a portrait of himself, crowned with vine-leaves and sprigs of myrtle. But in deploring what he will see that he has lost by his pusillanimousness, he will probably be affected by nothing more bitterly than by the following passage in a contemporary's account of the banquet wherewith the LORD MAYOR regaled VICTOR EMMANUEL:—

"The age and quality of the wines used on this occasion was much vaunted. A sherry, said to be 80 years old, and a bottle of which placed before the King was known to have been in the Victory at the Battle of Trafalgar; champagne of 1834; hock from the Steinberg cabinet; and a wine which HORACE celebrates were among the *bonnevouches* supplied to the Royal table."

Just let the nameless, but not, we trust, shameless, monarch fancy that! Only let him think of the octogenarian sherry! But, above all, of the champagne of 1834—without doubt it was some of his favourite widow's! Let him imagine how copiously he might have quaffed the Steinberg, and how he might have imbibed the classical Falernian and quoted HORACE, in any quantity!

His Majesty will sorrowfully discern that he has missed a good thing—has, to use a vulgar, but perhaps not inappropriate expression, missed his tip, in missing the above-named liquors. His only consolation can be, that if he had stood forward, and behaved honestly and firmly in the first instance, it is very probable that there would have been no war—no Guildhall feasts for loyal monarchs—no effusion of Amontillado, Clicquot, Steinberg, or Falernian, in honour of them; and—no effusion of blood.

SWEET SENTIMENT.—The best Disinfecting Fluid. The Milk of Human Kindness.

JOHN BULL TO JONATHAN.

It strikes me, brother JONATHAN, we both have cause for blushing; You for being one moment nose-led by MISTER CALLEB CUSHING, I for e'er allowing CONSUL, MUSQUITO KING, or CRAMPTON, To have tamper'd with your laws, or your soft corns to have stamp'd on.

We're trading-men; we're working-men; we're customers; we're brothers;

Though we overlook'd the fact in the days of our grandmothers; Heavily we paid for it, in debt and in disaster: While you got wounds and raws for which Time scarce has yet found plaister.

I've been turning up our history, how our Third GEORGE'S crown's end

Was nearly brought about by unlucky MR. TOWNSHEND, When by his resolutions he afflic'd our right of taxing you; Or, in other words, of taking your money without axing you.

We imposed—you resisted imposition. I'd have done The self-same thing, if my name had been JONATHAN, not JOHN; You met us both by land and sea—lick'd us both on one and t'other; In short I fail'd in my attempt to whop my little brother.

Again, in eight or twelve, the right of search caused mystic huffs, And mutual rows, that drove us a second time, to fisticuffs. There was the usual amount of being thrash'd, and thrashing done; Your (heavier metal'd) ships took ours; we (more shame for us!) burnt Washington.

When these unlucky tussles grew—the first as well as second—Kings and Lords were all-in-all with us; the people was not reckon'd. To maintain that for a colony leading-strings aren't always seasonable, Or that Trade could e'er be free, was held Utopian, if not treasonable.

When that first war broke out, GEORGE THE THIRD was on the throne; The second found the Regent there—blind sire and bloated son. The first had his LORD NORTH; the second, for our woe, Had his LIVERPOOL and SIDMOUTH and CASTLEREAGH and Co.

Free Trade was not; Free Press was not; free speech, free thought were bann'd;

No wires electric girt the earth, no steam the ocean spann'd. The nations sat apart, or only met as foes; While kings and courts and cabinets hounded them on to blows.

All this is changed; link'd hand and heart—link'd pocket, too, to pocket. When JONATHAN goes bankrupt, JOHN may think about his docket. The nations speak: If President or Premier storms or truckles, The nation's hands are free, to come down on either's knuckles.

Then, JONATHAN, you keep an eye on CUSHING, PIERCE, and MARCEY, And I'll take care my Cabinet plays no pranks and isn't sarey; And that all alarm of quarrel between you and me may cease, We'll bind over both our Governments to keep the (nations') peace.

Very Brave—when not Exposed.

THE conversation was running the other evening upon the Russians being by universal consent "the best soldiers in the world behind fortifications," when young BUMPTIOUS, who is, perhaps, the greatest coward living (out of Belgium), exclaimed, "Well, do you know, I think I should be extremely brave if I were behind a good thick wall, where there was no chance of being hit, and with a jolly bomb-proof casemate behind, where one could run into in the event of any danger. I do believe I should distinguish myself by some wonderful act of bravery, if I could only convince myself there was not the slightest occasion to be alarmed!"

Unfounded Report.

It is reported that MR. STERNDALE BENNETT has been appointed Director of the Philharmonic. We do not believe a word of it, and simply for this reason,—because MR. BENNETT, clever as he is, unfortunately is an Englishman. If he were an Italian, like SIGNOR COSTA; or a German, like HERR WAGNER; or even, a third-rate Frenchman, with no higher recommendation than MONSIEUR ADOLPHE ADAM, there might be some chance for him: but, as MR. BENNETT happens to be only a plain English "MR.," it is simply an insult to our knowledge of the world to ask us to swallow such a highly ridiculous report!

COMFORT FOR THE CRIMEA.—Contributions are requested for a Soda-Water Fund, intended to afford some alleviation of the distressing headache, which, it is said, is so very general a complaint among our Crimean heroes of a morning!



A SERIOUS COMPLAINT.

Col. "NO SIR! YOU CAN'T HAVE FOUR IN YOUR HUT!—WHIST, INDEED!"
 Lieut. "VERY HARD! THEN, WE MUST PLAY DUMMY!"

A SOCIETY OF DOUBTFUL FRIENDS.

To JOHN BRIGHT.

FRIEND BRIGHT,

THOU art an eminent member of the Society of Friends, whereof, I believe, sundry other eminent members are also eminent corn-dealers. I suppose thou art intimate with a sufficient number of those other eminent friends of thine to answer me a question which I would fain ask of thee.

I wish to know of thee, whether the present high price of corn has not been occasioned by the wilful contrivance of thine eminent friends the corn-dealers, with the view of engendering among the people an impatience of the present War with Russia?

That thou and the rest of the Friends constituting thy Society are opposed to the War, I do not wonder. In being so, you are only consistent with your creed. But thou dost not seek, or at least thou seemest in a very small measure, to dissuade us from prosecuting the War on religious grounds. Thou dost not so much denounce perseverance in the War as dangerous to our souls as thou representest it to us as perilous to our pockets. I surmise that thou expressest the feelings of thy Society, and, if thou dost, it seemeth to me very probable that they would be naturally glad to do anything in their power to cause the pressure of the War to be felt by the country.

Moreover, I perceive that thou, and others of thy way of thinking, do not content yourselves with deprecating our endeavours against the Russians. Ye also show an evident bias towards, and leaning in favour of, those same Russians; wherefore men cannot but shrewdly suspect that ye are, for reasons best known to yourselves, interested in their behalf.

When, therefore, thou next makest a speech or writest a public letter, take, I beseech thee, the opportunity of replying to that little question which I have above propounded to thee.

If thou dost not give a satisfactory reply to it, I think that the crowds that are beginning to cry out against the dearness of bread, and who are persuaded that the high price thereof is the fault of somebody, will ask the question for themselves of thine eminent corn-dealing friends in a manner and terms less bland and smooth than those wherewith it is suggested to thee by thy friend,
PUNCH.

A POOR HUSBAND ON BONNETS.

"THE expense of a new Bonnet does not stop with the purchase. I only wish it did. The worst is, when your wife has got a new Bonnet, she must go to this place and that place for the purpose of showing it. The new Bonnet of itself is but a small matter, but it is the constant exhibition of it afterwards that inflicts the injury on a husband's pocket. I should like there to be some simple cheap remedy for the evil, and I wonder that ladies, when they wish their friends and all the world to know that they have recently come into the possession of a new *chapeau*, do not, instead of publishing the fact on their persons, resort to the far easier and cheaper plan of advertising it in the Newspapers—somewhat in the following style:—

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, that I have, within the last two days, purchased a new Bonnet, which is the prettiest little duck of a thing that was ever seen. It was bought of MADAME CLARA NOUVEAUTE, de Paris, and cost £4 15s., if it cost a farthing; as the receipt that I have at home in my desk can testify. I may as well state that it is a love of a drawn bonnet, or, in other words, a little *capote d'hiver*. The crown, which is of the richest plum-coloured satin, is crossed and crossed (like the bars you see on the jam tarts) with tiny *boudeaux* of velvet (the very best Genoa), of a warm damson colour. Round the edges run small plumes of feathers of a nice jelly nuance, and inside are puffs of white blonde (French), that look for all the world like a cluster of snowballs in danger of being melted by the warmth of the colours above. The ribbons are *chocolate au lait*. To sum up, the bonnet falls off the head, reclining languishingly on the shoulders, as though it were too weak, poor thing, to hold itself up, and was going off in a kind of fashionable swoon. In one word, it is so light, so pretty, so ravissant, and such a perfect dear, that EUGENIE herself could not help being jealous, if she were to see it. However, I shall wear it next Sunday in church, so that all my friends will have a charming opportunity of judging of the effect, which is as delightful as it is *distingue*.

(Signed) MRS. WORLDEX MUNDANE, No. 1, Vanity Fair.

"Occasionally, when the fair correspondents were afraid to trust themselves to their powers of description, engravings might accompany the advertisements, whilst coloured portraits could be given, not only of the bonnets, but of the lovely wearers themselves, in the *Follets*, *Petits Couriers*, and other soft-minded Magazines that devote their paint-brushes every month to the illustration of the Fashions. I am sure my plan would be the saving to husbands of a deal of expense, time, and annoyance."

A FLY IN AMBER.

THE gentleman who has sent *Mr. Punch* the following letter is respectfully informed, that it is the only contribution with which *Mr. Punch* will trouble him to enrich the columns of this immortal work.

"Sir,—I beg to submit for your Inspection the Enclosed, and beg further to Add I shall be happy to write in *Punch* if you see fit to except of my Services. I believe I have a good Imagination (tho' a bad pen). But there is one thing against me, namely, Inability to carry a Piece out well; but I have no doubt but with Assistance, I sho^d be able to Succeed. If you see fit to except of my Services, I shall be able to Send to 85 a variety of subjects.†

"To The Editor 'Punch.'
 * Very neat.
 † Send any of HER MAJESTY'S, who possess threepence.
 "I am, sir,
 "Your obed^t Serv^t."
 [No! *Mr. Punch* will not add the signature. Whendid he betray a correspondent?]
 † Evidently a British dramatist.

A Heavy Blow for the Light Bonnet.

AMONG the latest Parisian novelties in dress is an article called a Caspiato, or Folding Bonnet; which, we are told, will go into a box measuring two inches. The only difficulty we see about folding a fashionable bonnet is, that there is really nothing to fold; and, therefore, to wrap up a bonnet for the purpose of diminishing its bulk, is very like doubling up a fourpenny-bit, in order to reduce its size, or making two bites at a cherry. Perhaps, however, the Folding Bonnet is "the commencement of the end" of the fashion, which has been so long dominant; for, when we are able to recognise the bonnet in folds, we shall know it in-creases.

LITERARY.—Perhaps, of all publications, the *Abolition of the Corn Laws*, upon which MR. CORBEN'S name is stamped as one of the illustrious authors, was the most popular *Cereal* work ever given to the public.

ALEXANDER WITHOUT HIS FEAST.—There will be no Turkey for the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA this Christmas.



MR. PUNCH AT HOME.

THE ENEMY AT BERLIN.

To the Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR SALOMONS.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,

YOUR Government—the Municipal Government of the City of London—is the envy of surrounding nations. The respect which they entertain for it is immense. They consider the LORD MAYOR to be the greatest institution in the world. If any of them ever again try a new Constitution, I am convinced that it will be modelled on that of the Corporation of London. A Common Council of citizens; a number of Aldermen eligible to the Mayoralty in turn, a Chief Magistrate or LORD MAYOR to be elected out of these annually, when his turn comes, but liable to be passed over if unfit for his dignity, and to hold office for twelve months only, which will give them a sufficiently frequent opportunity of gratifying their love of political change without actual revolution and bloodshed—I am quite sure that this is the system to suit the prevalent complaint of the European peoples.

Now, my Lord, read this:—

"Yesterday the house of MENDELSSOHN here opened a subscription for a new Russian Five-per-Cent. Loan at 86, with but little success."

The above is an electro-telegraphic communication despatched to the *Times* from Berlin. Your Lordship knows that the MENDELSSOHNs are members of the same community as that to which you are yourself an ornament. I need not say, if they have taken this Russian loan, that they are a disgrace to it. You are well aware that the CZAR has ordered a conscription of the Jews, and is driving them to fight, by the stick and the knout, under the auspices of wooden and painted idols, for the purposes of his own pride, rapacity, and aggrandisement, under the pretence of fighting for Christianity. Every shekel, every sixpence, subscribed to this loan is a contribution towards driving Hebrews as sheep to the slaughter; a means of causing RACHEL to weep for her children. If the MENDELSSOHNs have been guilty of this atrocity, have their brethren no power to make them repent it? If they have done this thing, are they not dogs? I beg pardon of that faithful animal the dog—and have you no tin-kettles which you can, among you, contrive to tie to these dogs' tails? Can you not combine to avenge on their villanous heads this sacrifice of their kindred to the Golden Calf and to Moloch? And with the influence which you, as LORD MAYOR of London, must possess among the Israelites, is it not

in your power to set the movement against these rascals, which I suggest, on foot?

The Electric-Telegraph sometimes tells fibs, but if it shall have proved veracious in this instance, I respectfully invoke the indignation and the power of your Lordship against a firm who, in that case, are the accomplices of the great Russian felon,—and you are well aware, as a magistrate, that the accessory is as bad as the principal. If they have done this wickedness, my Lord, stir up your people, I say, against these traitors, these abettors of robbery and murder, these greatest unhanged blackguards in Christendom, Heathendom, or Jewry.

Monarch of the City, I have the honour to be
Your faithful Subject,

85, Fleet Street, Dec. 5616—1855.

PUNCH.

WHAT GENTLEMEN OUGHT TO DO.

ADVERTISERS seem to have very odd notions of the duties and obligations of gentlemen. We have been told of all sorts of things that "every gentleman ought" to do, or to buy, or to suffer, and we are convinced that if we were to endeavour to construct a guide to gentlemanly conduct from the advertising columns of the papers, we should find that unless a man is either bruising his oats, having his hair dyed, purchasing a dressing-case, dining at a particularly cheap eating-house, or purchasing a real head of false hair, he can be no gentleman. Sometimes we are told that "No gentleman should be without" some peculiar kind of tooth-brush, or shirt, or shaving soap, and we are led to draw the inference that our social rank is regulated by the contents of our carpet-bag, or the fittings of our washhand-stand.

One of the latest and most extraordinary rules for the conduct of a gentleman that was ever promulgated, is a sort of moral law, laid down in an advertisement, that "gentlemen should see their linen dressed with the starch" sold at a particular establishment. How they are to "see their linen dressed," unless they attend at the residence of their washerwomen, is a question we cannot solve. Nor do we understand how they can be sure of the employment of the right sort of starch unless they either purchase it themselves, or go with the laundress when she lays in her stock for washing day.

At an extensive Laundry, police regulations would be necessary to prevent confusion during the ceremony of the starching of every gentleman's linen in the gentleman's presence; for as it is a moral obligation on his part to see it done, there must be no compromise of principle, no doing the thing by proxy, no appointment of a deputy, but a *bonâ fide* conscientious supervision of the starching process by the owner of every separate article. In the height of the London season the doors of the West End *blanchisseuses* would be besieged by the noble and the gentle, all jostling each other for priority of admittance; and it would be necessary to make such arrangements as would prevent too great a rush, by setting aside one morning for Shirt Fronts, and appointing—after the custom of the Court—a day now and then as "a Collar Day." We confess that after weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the plan, we have come to the conclusion, that the advertiser is wrong, and that gentlemen should not see their linen dressed with starch from his establishment.

LULLABY BY A SOLDIER'S NURSE.

BE quiet, PRINCE ALBERT,—though valiant a knight,
Thou must not, thou canst not, be suffer'd to fight;
The warfare, the wounds, the destruction we see,
They cannot be braved, good PRINCE CONSORT, by thee.

Be quiet, PRINCE ALBERT—the time will not come
When thy bones may be broken by round shot or bomb;
Be quiet, PRINCE ALBERT, be quiet, do, pray,
And don't get of Army Reform in the way.

The Hall of Science.

It is intended to give a dinner to SIR B. HALL, to celebrate the passing of the Act for the local management of the Metropolis. We are quite ready to admit that the honourable Member has earned a dinner by what he has already done; but we confidently expect that he will yet do much more, and that he will prove himself still the B. HALL, though far from the End all of his career of usefulness.

NEWDEGATE AND SPOONER ON THE WAR.

THESE Conservative Gentlemen have spoken out at Rugby for the War like trumpets—yea, like silver trumpets. What alchemy there is in a good cause, that can transmute ordinary tin horns into the preciousness of melodious metal!

MRS. SWANSDOWN'S WORK-TABLE.

A CONVEYANCING LECTURE FOR THE LADIES.

"Steal, foh! the wise convey it call."—Shakespeare.



THE Consultation was to be held, as I told you, my dears, between the two conveyancing gentlemen, each attended by his attorney, in order that the points in dispute might be discussed *vis à voce*. And it would have been held earlier, and you would therefore have heard of it last week, but the assizes are now on. MR. DE KAVIL was retained to go down on one of the Circuits to give his assistance in turning some ladies out of their paternal estate, because their

great-grandfather, one GIZZARD, spelt his name with one "z" in the deed that settled the property. However, as soon as he came back, (*Punch* is happy to say, defeated—for evidence was brought to show that, in 1750, many great men, the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, among others, spelt the word that way; which was a great triumph for law, logic, and justice,) the Consultation was arranged. MR. DE KAVIL happens to be the senior counsel, so the meeting was held at his chambers.

Now, both he and MR. GRUBBY, besides being eminent lawyers, are highly-educated men, who see a good deal of the world, and the attorneys, also, are not disreputable grubs, with tumbled shirt-fronts and grimy nails, but gentlemanly men, with private houses in Pancrasia. So that the party was pleasant enough, and what made it more pleasant was, that all four gentlemen were being largely paid for enjoying it.

When MR. GRUBBY and MRS. SWANSDOWN'S solicitor (somebody said, my dears, that there was the same difference between an attorney and a solicitor as between an alligator and a crocodile; but solicitor is the coveted phrase, except in the Ministry, where the ATTORNEY-GENERAL is higher than the SOLICITOR-GENERAL) arrived at MR. DE KAVIL'S chambers, they found MR. FONDLESQUAW'S solicitor waiting, and beguiling the time by telling the conveyancer's pupils (a hundred guineas each paid, my loves, for leave to copy such rubbish out of an old manuscript book) a capital story about LOLA MONTES. Amid their roars, the three entered MR. DE KAVIL'S elegant room, charmingly furnished, hung round with pictures, and very slightly scented with a first-rate cigar. He received them with great cordiality, and they all sat down at a round table, and the solicitors took out the papers.

"Didn't I see you at JENNY LIND'S concert, DE KAVIL?" said MR. GRUBBY.

"Yes, I was there. For myself, I don't much care about the 'Creation,' but my girls wanted to hear her—they were too young, you know, for her last opera season."

"Pleased, of course?"

"Oh, ecstasies. I have heard nothing but scraps of HAYDN ever since, and I was obliged, at last, to exert my parental voice, and insist upon their reverting to MENDELSSOHN."

"You might take tickets for 'Elijah,' and so please both parties."

"Thank you. I'll trouble you, if you meet them, not to put such things into their heads. All very well for you millionaire bachelors to be buying guinea tickets, we *pauvres conscripti* can't afford it."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" All four gentlemen laughed pleasantly, as well-to-do men always laugh, when professing poverty. Then they had some more talk about the Exeter Hall Concerts, and the extortion practised by those who had bought up the tickets, to sell them at extravagant sums. DE KAVIL, who is a Tory, taunted GRUBBY with this illustration of Free Trade; and GRUBBY, who is a Liberal, declared that it was not Free Trade, but the policy of a Protectionist Farmer, who kept up his corn in hope of starvation prices. This naturally led to politics, and the question of peace or war, and LORD PALMERSTON'S chances in Parliament next session. MR. GRUBBY thought that it was useless for the Opposition to try to make a Ministry, they were such incapables. MR. DE KAVIL admitted that they had some helpless creatures among them, such as LORD MALMESBURY, and others; but that they could make nearly as good a show as the present set. MR. GRUBBY allowed that, except in PAM, and CLAREN-

DON, and PANMURE, there was not much brains in the Cabinet; but then they were put in to make war, and for nothing else. This brought on the position of the armies in the Crimea, and MR. DE KAVIL fetched some beautiful maps which he had just bought, and which they all examined with great interest, and the others made memoranda of the place where they were to be obtained. [No: you don't get the puff, gentlemen, any of you. *Punch*.]

Suddenly, it occurred to MR. DE KAVIL that the party had met on business, and taking up one of the Abstracts of Title, he said:—

"By the way, GRUBBY, about these points in your Work-table title. I can't see my way to that knob that the servant girl swallowed. I can swallow a good deal, too." [*Much laughter*.]

"Let's see," said MR. GRUBBY. "I forget. Would you find the place for me, MR. BUSTER?" This was MRS SWANSDOWN'S attorney.

"Certainly," said MR. BUSTER. "It was not the girl, you know, that swallowed it. She ran up-stairs, declaring that the child had done so."

"Oh, ah, right," said MR. DE KAVIL. And this reminded him of a family anecdote of his own, and how a servant had imposed upon MRS. DE KAVIL, when a young wife, with a tale of cats coming down the chimney and eating raspberry tarts and pickles. And, of course, MR. GRUBBY had a tale against his laundress (who has not?) and how she accounted for the coals going so fast, alleging that the rats eat them. And, equally of course, both solicitors had stories of servants whom they had had to prosecute, and especially of one who always revenged herself for a scolding by going into the children's bed-room and frightening them with a ghost. Some sensible things were said, too, about the difficulty of dealing with servants, whom one wished to treat well, but who usually took advantage of kindness, and then it was urged, that the servant had too little fair play, that there ought to be training schools for her, and that she should "enter the service" through an Addiscombe of her own, just like any other servant of the public. This again introduced the educational question generally, to which GRUBBY had given much attention, and they discussed several plans, but all agreed that compulsory education, and the refusal of civil privileges to a parent who broke the social compact, and neglected to have his children taught, would do much for the coming generation. And really this was such very useful talk, my dears, that although it lasted until the counsel had other appointments, and the discussion of business was postponed, MRS. SWANSDOWN and MR. FONDLESQUAW could hardly grudge the twenty guineas or so, that, one way and another, the Consultation cost them.

A WITCH AND HER RABBIT.

A LANCASHIRE Witch has written to *Mr. Punch* to request that a little satirical idea of hers may be embodied in a drawing, and she is good enough to select the artist whom she wishes employed. That gentleman happens to be rather busy, so perhaps *Mr. Punch*'s readers will be good enough to execute the drawing for themselves, which they can do by drawing upon their imaginations, with the aid of the following ample assistance afforded by the Witch. "Two gentlemen have been out on a rainy day to shoot rabbits, accompanied, at a short distance, by two ladies. They (the gentlemen, *Mr. Punch* supposes) had, however, but poor sport; and the ladies, taking compassion on their ill-luck, ordered a dead rabbit to be taken out of the larder, and placed in a tempting posture for a shot. The deluded gentleman who is taking aim at the rabbit must be rather tall, slender, light complexioned, calm, pleasant features (Witch, Witch), and dressed in a walking-coat and white neck-tie (rather scanty costume for a rainy day) and his name is JAMES. His companion must be rather taller, very dark complexioned, with a black neck-tie, and his name is WILLIAM. A man dressed in plain clothes must be running to undeceive them. Two ladies with hats on, one lady tall, the other rather short ("rather"—this is *Mr. Punch*'s correspondent) are laughing most heartily." *Mr. Punch* really does not see how any artist's efforts could bring this scene more distinctly before the reader's eye. As *Cleopatra* had the red herring put upon *Antony*'s fishing-hook by a diver, so was the dead rabbit from the larder set before the guns of WILLIAM and JAMES. And as *Cleopatra* and *Charman* laughed, so laughed the hatted ladies, tall and "rather" short. An artist might find it embarrassing to depict all the various stages of the history in one sketch, but here all is told, and *Mr. Punch* assures his fair friend and Witch, that her requisition is nothing compared to the "suggestions" of some of his correspondents. The other day, he was requested to show "a railway tram a long way off, containing portraits of all the Ministers, and another train coming up behind it, but at present out of sight, containing MR. DISRAELI, LORD DERBY, and MR. COBDEN." He hopes her rabbit is done to her satisfaction; for, as the late MR. HAYLEY says,

"Thus the kind *Punch*, the Air one's snail to gain,
Has, from her clear description, deck'd the sign."

P.S. He has heard that Yorkshire rabbits are very good.

A NEW IDEA OF HAPPINESS.

WE all know that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." We recollect the fabulous illustration of, that which is sport to one being possibly death to others; but we have been taught for the first time within these few days, that drunkenness may be a source of domestic felicity. There is certainly no accounting for tastes; and, perhaps, the taste indicated in the following announcement, is one of the most unaccountable that anybody was ever known to manifest:—

A FAMILY residing in the country will be happy to TAKE CHARGE of a LADY or GENTLEMAN addicted to INTEMPERANCE. Apply H.M., &c.

The "Family" here alluded to must really be a strangely regulated family, when it publicly proclaims that, the addition of a drunken lady or gentleman to its circle will constitute its happiness. We cannot conceive the possibility of any wholesome pleasure being derived from seeing a fellow-creature reeling about one's house, in a state of intoxication which is usually regarded as disgusting, but which is evidently conducive to the happiness of this family, which is so eager to obtain a drunkard as an inmate.

We should really like to know the sort of happiness the "Family" can expect to derive from "the charge of a lady or gentleman addicted to intemperance." Does the "Family" wish for the excitement consequent on the companionship of one who gets habitually "roaring drunk;" or will the "Family" be satisfied with the calmer pleasure of contemplating a human being, in a state known among the police as "drunk and incapable."

Is the drunken inmate expected to be always drunk, as his or her part of the bargain which the family is prepared to enter into with a view to its happiness? If the family is never happy without the charge of a drunkard, we recommend that every male member of the family should join the Police Force, and thus duty and pleasure would be combined; for taking a drunkard in charge, would be imposed as an obligation, instead of having to be advertised for as a privilege.



"Talk of our 'Roughs;' what do you say to a Russian ditto?"

Query for an Archdeacon.

THE intramural churchyard's reeking pale
Breathes health around it—says a Reverend Party.
But, though the spot may keep a Parson HAL*,
Can people who inhale its fumes be hearty?

NOTICE.—If the Young Ladies at No. 10, do not within four-and-twenty hours from the publication of this Notice Remove their Piano from the wall it now stands against, the old bachelor at No. 8, will have an extra-sized Brass Knocker fixed on his side of the partition, and will engage a retired postman to perform a regular accompaniment to their music.

"URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS."

BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, three gallant fellows
As ever held HER MAJESTY'S commission,
Through perils vast and various as *Othello's*,
Served the campaign out, each with his division:
Contentedly eat ration beefs and muttons,
Contentedly drank ration rums-and-waters,
Darn'd their own socks, and sew'd on their own buttons,
And fried in summer, froze in winter quarters.

Each at home might be something of a dandy,
Swell at "the Rag," or Ladies'-man in garrison;
But, by Crimean needs and knocks made handy,
Each had outgrown his old self past comparison.
Besmired with summer's suus and winter's drenches,
Their smooth and shaven cheeks now bronzed and bushy 'uns,
At Alma, Inkermann, and in the trenches,
Bearded themselves, they bearded the Russians.

Each of the three had fairly earn'd his winter rest,
(Provided Duty was not too emergent,)
But only ROBINSON, at home, had interest,
So his "private affairs" alone were "urgent."
The friends of BROWN and JONES made vain objections,
They had affairs as urgent quite as ROBINSON'S;
But urgency with youths of good connections,
Is none with your mere cotton-twist-and-bobbin's sons.

BROWN and JONES stay'd; while ROBINSON more lucky,
For Malta by the earliest steamer started,
To grudge their friend's luck, BROWN and JONES too plucky,
Wish'd him "no end of luck," as he departed.
To home and Christmas fare, and fostering beauty,
He went, while BROWN and JONES screw'd up their patience,
To bare hut-life, and dreary routine-duty,
Dog-hunts, vint-un, short pipes, rum-punch and rations.

Last night on CAPTAIN ROBINSON I stumbled,
In clover, after a Belgravian dinner;
How BROWN and JONES had sigh'd—I don't say "grumbled"—
To see their comrade, then,—the happy sinner!
There the young hero sat, amidst a bevy
Of fair Belgravians, cluster'd three deep round him:
While his war-medall'd highness held his levee,
There was no chance for us black-coats, confound him!

Not the least chance for us, smooth, smug, civilians,
Against his sun-brown'd cheek, and beard so martial;
Swells, poets, aered men, and men of millions,
Had such been there, had met with snub impartial.
Those girls had ears and eyes but for the Captain,
For him the rogues put on their daintiest graces;
His tales of breach and field their hearts were rapt in,
As round him paled and flush'd their pretty faces.

And once I thought to go up straight, and shame him,
Comrades, and camp and hardship for forsaking.
But then I felt I couldn't fairly blame him,
For the immense sensation he was making.
Under Crimean huts, snow, sludge and dirt in,
BROWN and JONES grudged not ROBINSON'S enjoyment,
And ROBINSON wish'd BROWN and JONES, I'm certain,
Could be employ'd in just his own employment.

'Tis easy for us, in our fireside leisures
Of our young soldiers to be barshest judges.
Angry, if, fighting o'er, they seek home-pleasures,—
Pleasures which no less lucky comrade grudges.
To happy ROBINSON let us be lenient,
Nor sneer his Christmas mirth to melancholy;
But rather let us wish it were convenient
That every BROWN and JONES could be as jolly.

A RATIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

CEREMONIES have their use. To view the procession of Life comfortably and to advantage, it is necessary to stand upon some Form.

THE FAST MAN'S CREED.—Our young men adopt as their motto, "The Race is to the Swift;" only to suit their peculiar rapidity of living, they alter it to "The Race is to the Fast."

AN indignant Poulterer vehemently denounces MR. CANTELO'S egg-hatching machine, as "A piece of most detestable *chickeneerie*."



SMALL BY DEGREES, AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.

Shopman. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT THE LADY LEFT HER PARASOLE ON THE COUNTER!"
Swell. "HAW! YA—AS—NO! THAT IS, IT'S MY UMBRELLAW. THANKS! BY JOVE! HAW!"

THE TOY OF THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S CHILD.

Translated from the original German of an Illustrious Personage, by PROFESSOR PUNCH, of Fleet Street.

It is the Royal Castle—a castle high and strong,
 The Walk by which you may approach is more than three miles long;
 The Railroad's much your better way, the Staines and Datchet one,
 For then you're at the Castle gate before your day's half gone.

'Tis the Field-Marshal's daughter—of daughters he hath four—
 In childish mirth she wanders near her father's armoury door,
 And peeping in, her sweet blue eyes are lighted with a glow
 To see his implements of war that make so fair a show.

In a more splendid Uniform no soldier e'er hath sat,—
 More curious forms were ne'er combined than make that wondrous Hat,
 And there is that he never yet has fail'd to draw, at beck—
 A sword? There is a sword, no doubt, but she beholds a Cheque.

And on a crimson cushion lies a polish'd ivory stick,
 Some two feet long, in velvet clad, with rich embroidery thick:
 A Bâton, such as Kings bestow when the red fight is done,
 And heroes take the guerdon for a kingdom saved or won.

"Oh, pretty plaything," cries the child, "I'll walk thee off with me,
 My Dolly will be very glad the lovely thing to see."
 So in her dainty pinafore she gently wrapp'd the prize,
 And to the nursery tripp'd away with gladness in her eyes.

She hastes with joyous steps and swift (we know what children are),
 And pass'd her father's study, and the door it was ajar,
 There sat the bold Field-Marshal, at a costly BROADWOOD'S Grand,
 And with a skilful touch he play'd "The German's Vaterland."

She caught his eye, and caught his smile—he cried, "Come hither, Miss;
 Passing papa's own door, and never stopping for a kiss?"

"O father, dearest father, what a plaything I have found;
 Our Christmas tree won't hold one half so lovely, I'll be bound."

The Marshal laugh'd, and touch'd the keys, and play'd a minor mild,
 Then, turning to the little one, he ask'd the happy child,
 "What hast thou found that mak'st thy heart so overflow with glee,
 Thou really look'st as pleased as *Punch*; come, open, let us see."

She oped her pinafore, and look'd quite slyly, you may deem,
 And started from his outstretch'd hand, with a merry little scream;
 But when she placed before his sight the new-found pretty toy,
 She clasp'd her hands, and cried aloud, and danced for very joy.

But the Marshal look'd quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
 "What hast thou brought me here, my girl? This is no toy," he said:
 "Go, take it to my room again, and put it down below,
 The Bâton is no plaything, child, how could you think it so?"

"It forms no mean addition to one's prizes, little fay,
 To the Consort's rank, and Colonel's, and their very splendid pay;
 It sets one's name where WELLINGTON'S, and NEY'S, and BLUCHER'S are,
 The Bâton is no plaything, child; no, Mars forefend it were!"

A Phenomenon in the City.

"As proud as a Peacock" may henceforth cease to be quoted as a truthful saying, and "as modest as a Peacock" may, for the future, be used in its place. We have come to this conclusion, after reading the proceedings the other day at the Court of Common Council, when Deputy PEACOCK, who will by some persons be regarded as a strange bird, resigned a post of honour, or to speak figuratively, voluntarily shed his tail. Declining to accept the office of Member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Deputy PEACOCK proposed the election of MR. T. H. HALL, and that gentleman was accordingly invested with PEACOCK'S feathers, of which we hope the new wearer will have reason to be proud.



MORE NOBLE CONDUCT OF H. R. H. F. M. P. A.

He Wishes to be Placed on the same Footing as his more Fortunate Brethren in the Line!

AN APPEAL FROM SMALL TYPE TO CAPITAL.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY MONEY? is a question propounded daily in the advertisements by a financial author, who professes to solve it for those whomsoever it may perplex. We have not read this gentleman's book, but we presume it is intended for the instruction of those who have not too much money, want to make the most of it by the safest investment, and do not know how. Perhaps he has not thought it necessary to afford an answer to his question for that not very small class of persons who have more money than they know what to do with. For the class is not small. Look on all sides of you; see how many people are throwing money away: all these belong to it. Fancy, for instance, a thousand fellows in one night, or more, paying half-a-guinea for the privilege of dancing under a glare of gas, in an unwholesome atmosphere, tawdry disguises, and disgraceful company. Fancy people, in greater numbers collectively, dancing about, in better company, for the greater part, perhaps, here and there, at this and that distinguished mansion, in the midst of hundreds, nay thousands of pounds' worth of drapery, and crystalline or metallic trinkets. Fancy people still more numerous, shooting their money in the form of liquid and solid superfluities; that is to say, rubbish; into their own stomachs: the very worst imaginable places they could possibly choose for shooting rubbish in. Fancy people more than sufficiently numerous, and most highly select, so overburdened with money as to have, not only one sixpence, but forty, fifty, or sixty thousand times that sum to hazard on the comparative speed of a quadruped. The existing state of society verifies all these fancies, and more, apparently as absurd, and presents so many instances of people who are so wealthy that they know not what to do with their money. Rather, however, than throw it away, they might at least do one thing, presently to be mentioned.

Consider what armies of unnecessarily embroidered, illuminated, variegated footmen are kept by the sumptuous and festive classes. If all these domestics were to be put into reasonable breeches, and otherwise attired at the same rate, how many poor unable-bodied persons might be maintained on the difference of expense?

By retrenchment in plush, merely, it is very probable that the number of necessitous and helpless people, whom it would be possible to support, would considerably exceed Twenty-Four.

Now that is the number of superannuated worthy persons, useful in their time, whom it is the present object of the PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES FUND, to accommodate. Their design is near completion; the houses have been built, in a pleasant and healthy place at Wood Green, Hornsey, and arrangements are making to elect inmates in May; but to complete these, by enclosing and laying out the ground, there is need of £250.

The workmen in the printing business have contributed a considerable portion of the £4000 which has been laid out in getting thus far with their Almshouses, and surely they have a right to expect that the patrons and friends of the Press will help them out with the remainder needful.

The friends of the Press are every constitutional person who can read; its patrons everybody who is able to patronise anything; and though the Press occupies a proud position, it will be seen on reference to the PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSE FUND Subscription List, that the Fund is not so proud but that it will be thankful to receive the smallest contribution.

THE AUTHORS OF WAR AND THEIR WORKS.

THE crippled heroes at Chatham have received no small consolation for the loss of their limbs: that is, as much as the QUEEN herself could afford them. HER MAJESTY visited the sick and wounded in the military hospital of that place lately. Among the gallant sufferers, says the *Times*' reporter—

"Another special object of Royal sympathy was ROBERT CLINTON, 88th Regiment, only nineteen years old, who lost both eyes in the attack on the Quarry Pits. After being engaged an hour, a ball entered one eye, passed under the bridge of the nose, and out at the other eye, entirely depriving him of sight."

Thus does War tear out human eyes—yet monsters, who involve mankind in this misery, die with their own eyeballs glaring whole in their sockets!

Read on:—

"The case of THOMAS DONOGHAN, 14th Regiment, twenty years old, was also pointed out. While sharp-shooting in the trenches he received a ball through the upper lip, which, after carrying away all the teeth on one side of the upper jaw, broke the lower one so completely as to be wedged into the fracture. It had to be pulled out by forceps."

Here is another small fraction of the vast sum of human agony and wretchedness meant by War. But brutes that are the wilful cause of such an atrocity expire with their fangs entire in their unbroken jaws.

Bear with one more horror:—

"Another most extraordinary case was that of WILLIAM CLARKE, of the 88th Regiment, who, while engaged in the trenches on the 9th of July, was wounded by a

ball which entered the right side of the nose, passed completely through the palate of the mouth, fracturing both upper and lower jaw, and finally passed out at the back of his neck."

No retributive bullet, however, smashed the nose and mouth of the tyrant who set balls flying by thousands and tens of thousands. The wretch departed this life grinning with all his teeth.

He departed this life—and what then? Well: that is for the demons to consider who initiate these horrors in the holiest name, with psalms in their mouths, crosses in their gripe, and tongues in their cheeks.

But we are not to use such language as this in talking about Princes. It is "bad taste." They are "august personages," and "it is wrong of us to speak evil of our enemies." Yes, you canting noodles; but it is not wrong to express loathing and detestation of the enemies of our common race. It is not wrong to execrate the memory of GREENACRE; there is one sufficient reason why it is not: there are, perhaps, a million of reasons as strong, many of them stronger, for execrating the memory of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, and for doing all that poor pen and ink can do to rouse the wrath of mankind against the fellow who has succeeded him, and whose avowed intention is to act out his father's crime. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Yes, indeed. Add no epitaph to the roses on NERO's tomb; record nothing of JUDAS ISCARIOT except that he was an Apostle! Nay. Think of the torn-out eyes, the shattered jaws, for which the world is indebted to your "august personages." Bah! Pursue such curses of the earth as wild beasts while living: hang them up for scarecrows when dead.

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FEASTS.



THE electors of Southwark are continuing to give dinners to SIR CHARLES NAFFER. This is all very well. They consider him an ill-used old boy (though a little unruly), and are resolved to make all amends to him. As Christmas approaches, we expect to have at least a hundred bullocks roasted in his honour throughout the borough of Southwark, with some fifty pair of blankets, duly embroidered by the wives and daughters of the constituency, duly presented to him. Every feast is only another bit of training of the old sailor, that he may go in, and do fight with SIR JAMES GRAHAM; at present, from sheer apprehension, it is said, reduced to a gruel diet at Netherby. We only hope that SIR CHARLES will not make too much preparation; will not allow himself to be over-trained. Let SIR CHARLES bear in memory the story of a Dutchman, who, resolving to jump over a ditch, took so long a run, that when he arrived at the brink, he was fairly out of breath, and was thereupon compelled to sit himself down, the jump unjumped! We therefore hope that, with all this preparatory feasting and promising, SIR CHARLES will take good heed to husband his wind.

A LEARNED FLY.

WE have read somewhere of a saint, who had trained a favourite fly with so much success, that the insect performed with perfect accuracy the functions of a book-marker. This sagacious creature, it is alleged, was in the habit of attending on its master during his studies, for the purpose of following him in their track, and pulling up at any point where the eye of the Priest left the page it had been resting on. We should have thought that there might have been danger of the insect's falling asleep on his post, in consequence of the dulness of the work, or being prevented from proceeding by the state of the roads, for those of learning are sometimes remarkably heavy.

We doubt whether the practice of using a fly as a book-marker will ever become general; but if it should prevail to any extent, the following Literary Police Regulations might be found convenient.

Every Fly to pull up with his head towards the next paragraph. No Fly will be permitted to leave the line until he is ready to proceed to another line, where he is to remain till ordered off in the regular manner.

Every Fly found blocking up any passage, will be liable to be removed immediately.

No Fly to stand across any column, or at the entrance of any Royal road to learning on any pretence whatever.

DEAR JULIUS.—You say your love will surmount all obstacles. Meet me then, adored one, on Christmas Day, on the summit of Mont Blanc.—CELESTINA.



A CAUTION DURING THE APPROACHING FESTIVE SEASON
TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO WEAR SHARP-POINTED MOUSTACHES.

Pretty Cousin. "WHAT A TIRE SOME GREAT AWKWARD BOY YOU ARE!—JUST SEE HOW YOU HAVE SCRATCHED MY CHIN!"

[*Young Gentleman apologises amply.*]

THE * * * * * TO HIS ROYAL MISTRESS.

WHEN Princely lips to Queenly hearts
Their claims resolve to tell
In a petition which imparts
A half command as well,
You may perchance at such request
To give some weight incline,
To days gone by, when 'twas confess'd,
We stood above the Line.

When vulgar valour takes by right
The rank we Guardsmen prize,
And those who go abroad to fight
To home distinctions rise:
When hearts that wear a dozen clasps,
With highest rank may shine,
At such a moment—I but ask,
You'll treat us like the Line.

• • • • • A REAL BLESSING TO EVERYBODY.

THE Lawyers are making a great effort to turn Saturday into a half-holiday for themselves, and we are sure that everybody will second such a very salutary movement. If the Lawyers can be got to abstain from work for only half a day in the week, an immense amount of mischief must necessarily be prevented. There is something quite refreshing in the notion that one-twelfth of the time devoted to the horrors of law may be henceforth rescued from their present frightful use, and that the Lawyers may, for six hours in the week, be engaged in some humanising occupations. We shall hail the establishment of a half-holiday for Lawyers as one of the greatest boons that can be conferred on society.

That the proposition should have come from themselves is more than we should have anticipated, though in the present philanthropic age we might have expected some friend of the human race to have suggested that the Lawyers should be made to cease from their professional pursuits at least once a-week for the good of the public in general. We greet the step on the part of the Lawyers as a good omen; for when conscience is once awakened, there is no knowing the extent of its beneficial influence.

THE MANCHESTER PHILOSOPHY.—Ask any philosopher of the BRIGHT school, and he will tell you the "Thread of Life" is—Cotton!

THE ORDER OF THE CHIMNEY-POT.

WE have recently been enlightened as to the existence of an officer of the Royal Household whose name we never recollect to have stumbled over in the pages of the *Court Calendar*, or in the columns of the *Court Circular*. We, however, have much satisfaction in presenting to the world, and dragging from the bushel under which his light has hitherto been hidden, no less a personage than WILSON, THE ROYAL SWEEP, who we are told was "active" the other day in putting out (or fancying he was putting out), a fire that had broken out (or was believed to have broken out) in Windsor Castle. We trust that in all future editions of Royal Red, Blue, or other similar official books, the name of WILSON, THE ROYAL SWEEP will be assigned its proper place in the list of the Royal Household. The office may be humble, but it is undoubtedly very useful, and quite as honourable as those which were formerly held, and ostentatiously heralded as PURVEYOR OF ASSES' MILK TO THE KING, and BUG DESTROYER TO THE ROYAL FAMILY. We confess to some little astonishment that in these days there should exist such a post as that of Royal Sweep; for we should have rather expected the functionary in question to have been distinguished as Royal Ramoneur; but perhaps the patent process is not permitted to one who has not yet arrived at the dignity of a patent office. If the Royal Sweep is ambitious, there may be personal reasons for his continuing to adhere to the old school of high art with reference to chimneys, but we would warn him by the fate of the many historical personages who, especially in the neighbourhood of a Court, have lost their lives by climbing. Some inconvenience may arise from the prominence into which WILSON has been brought, for now that the Court Newsman has officially recognised the "Royal Sweep," we shall be having claims made by the Royal Dustman, who no doubt thinks himself far above the common dust, the Royal Coalheaver, and a variety of other officials of a similar class, demanding the courtesy of a line in the list of the Royal Household.

A CHARTERHOUSE CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.

WE understand that the VERY REVEREND ARCHDEACON HALE is about to give a great treat to the boys of the Charterhouse at Christmas. He will sing, or rather execute, a church chant, to be called in some manner after MR. ROBSON'S *Humours of a Country Fair*, the *Humours of Five Pluralities*. It is our present opinion, that nothing can surpass the marvellous flexibility of feature, the extraordinary variety of intonation of the Olympic actor; nevertheless, much is to be expected of the powers of face of a churchman who, at one time, can represent five characters. Again, although the actor has doubtless a deservedly high salary, still, the several pickings amounting to between £4,000 and £5,000 per annum, must impart to the voice of the churchman a volume of silveriness to be despaired of by the richest comedian—out of a pulpit.

Cumming and Going.

WE perceive that the well-puffed publications of DR. CUMMING, who has modestly fixed the year 1866, we understand, for the termination of the world, are issued by SHAW, who ought to spell his name PSHAW whenever he appends it to a work of DR. CUMMING. By the way, we should like to know, whether the DOCTOR practises what he preaches; and has made all his arrangements as to property or otherwise, with a view to the short duration he assigns to the world we live in. We trust that if he has a house to sell, he would not think of asking more than nine years' purchase for the freehold.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—An energetic young Baronet, who, according to the *Post*, is very shortly to be married, is of all public speakers, the lustiest advocate for the continuance of war!

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.—THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA being made to eat his own words.

OUR OWN RAILWAY IN TROUBLE.



UR poor little Kensington Railway has got itself into a sad hobble in a simple endeavour to move a few coals, which came into collision with a goods train on the Great Western. The fact is, that a Railway, like an individual, can never be idle without getting into mischief; and as there is no work for the poor little line, it has been playing tricks with one of its engines, which ran on the ground of one of its gigantic neighbours. It is really high time that our poor little Railway should either have some useful occupation found for it, or be at once abolished; for it seems hopeless to get up any traffic between the desolate Scrubs of Wormwood, and

the almost equally wild district of Warwick Square. These two localities seem to maintain a stubborn isolation, notwithstanding their geographical propinquity, and it appears to be as impossible to cultivate a friendly communication by rail between Wormwood Scrubs and Warwick Square as to get oil and vinegar to coalesce. We do not mean to depreciate the capabilities of the poor little line, if it were extended to some points within the pale of civilisation and beyond the palings of the Square, which enjoys a sad celebrity in the midst of its solemn seclusion.

The only proposition that is now made, is to carry the unhappy Railway by a bridge across the Great Western, which seems to be only a new mode of "throwing it over;" a fate which it has in other ways frequently experienced. The real remedy for the misfortunes of the line, is to give it something to do beyond the mere child's play to which it has hitherto been limited; for, a Railway which starts at one end from nothing, and comes to nothing at the other end, can only have one terminus—and that is, Failure. Even the market gardening operations, which once occupied the painful leisure of the officials, appear to have come to a stand; for the rails are no longer fringed with a border of radishes; and the sleepers no longer sleep in the midst of cabbage-beds. Why not extend the concern, so as to make it available, as it might be, for very valuable traffic; but at present it serves no other purpose, than to cause everyone who has anything to do with it—(though it supplies no communication)—to be continually troubled with a line.

THE CONTAMINATION OF IRON.

It would seem as if the stable was not the only Temple of Dishonesty. At one time, roguery and horses apparently ran together. No sooner did a man have anything to do with a horse, than from that moment he was either making for the Old Bailey, or else starting boldly on the Road to Ruin. But lately it would appear as if the four-footed monopoly of robbery had become forfeited in favour of railways. Is there anything immoral in the touch of iron? Is there a rust in the metal that a person's character acquires the moment he comes in contact with it? And yet we could enumerate the reputations of certain Railway Kings and other potentates, that have become exceedingly rusty from the habit of fingering too freely railway iron! We suppose the contamination only follows in the proper order of things, for as railways have superseded horses, it was but natural that the roguery of the one should in time supplant the roguery that formerly was so closely connected with the other. And as a steam-engine goes much faster than a racer, it was only to be expected that railways, in the race of dishonesty, would certainly run considerably a-head of horses. Iron has become lately such a suspicious article of commerce, that it ought decidedly to exclaim to any respectable man who is morally anxious to keep his fingers clean, "*Noli me Tangere!*"

Russian Beeswing.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has presented to the Editor of the *Northern Bee* a snuff-box set in diamonds. We presume this compliment to the *Bee* is a recognition of the value which the EMPEROR sets on Buzz. We do not recollect having ever heard, until lately, of the *Northern Bee*; but we may be sure that if any Literary Bee is suffered to "live and breathe and have its Bee-ing" in Russia, the Bee in question must be a very humble one. It would be certain death to the *Bee* if it dealt in any other than honeyed words, or dared to turn at all waxy.

AN INVOCATION FROM THE ARMY.

To an Illustrious Field-Marshal.

By the service thou hast seen;
By each hour that thou hast been
Under fire in trench or field,
By that sword which thou dost wield
First in breach or upon wall;
By thy daring actions all;
By thy charges and attacks;
By thy halts and bivouacs;
By the nights which thou hast spent
In the cold and dreary tent;
By the hard and scanty fare
Thou hast often had to share;
By the country thou hast saved;
By the nations thou hast braved;
By the Minié bolts of lead,
Which have whistled past thy head;
By the countless cannon-shot,
Round, grape, canister, red-hot,
Near thee which have plough'd the ground;
By the bombs that have burst round;
By the rockets that have dropp'd
Right before thy feet—and popp'd;
By each sabre, bayonet, lance,
Which thy breastplate hath made glance;
By each gallant charger, slain
Under thee upon the plain;
By the mines which thou art on,
Oft hast been when they were sprung;
By thine honourable scars;
By thy wounds in all thy wars;
By thy cut, and by thy thrust,
Which have caused to bite the dust
Many a hero, and to fall
Heads of legions—by them all;
By the hazards thou hast run;
By the battles thou hast won;
By great armies forced to flee;
By great cities ta'en by thee;
By all thy strategic feats,
Bold advances, wise retreats;
By thy sieges and campaigns;
By thy captured ordnance-trains,
By thy booty and thy spoil;
By thy length of warlike toil;
By thy boots, thy spurs, thy belt,
By the powder thou hast smelt,
By the hat, frock, all the clothes
Which to thee the soldier owes,—
Rest thee, ALBERT, rest thee now,
With thy laurels on thy brow;
Rest thee, warrior, let the fame
Thou hast earn'd suffice thy name;
Rest, and, as a man of peace,
Meddling with our Army cease;
Martial business leave alone,
Be content to mind thine own.

ALICE GRAY.

This interesting young lady is, every day, strengthening her claims upon the admiration and the sympathy of a most moral and most thinking British public. Scraps of her handwriting, we are told, are anxiously sought for; and locks of her hair will, no doubt, command eager buyers. A young gentleman, who has just entered upon a fortune of £15,000 per annum, is said only to await the liberation of the fair captive from gaol, to offer her his heart and hand and income. The young lady is, it is averred, duly aware of the happiness that awaits her; but with a sense, we should rather say with an under-current, of honour that has glided through her life, she is first determined to fulfil a theatrical engagement, into which, on her final commitment for trial, she entered with a London manager. MR. FITZBLUNDERBUSS is, at the present hour, engaged on the drama.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

Petruchio. "Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come let me have a bigger."

Katharina. "I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time—"

Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. Scene 3.

UNFORTUNATE MR. BARBER.

It has been said of actors, that "when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful;" and it may be also said of the lawyers, that when they do make up their minds to a piece of purity, their puritanism is quite marvellous. The case of MR. W. H. BARBER is a case in point; for though pardoned by the Crown for an offence he is believed to have never committed, he was for many years refused pardon by all the law courts, for the sin of having been suspected of that of which the Royal pardon virtually pronounced him innocent.

We have the fullest sympathy for every effort that can be made to purge the legal profession of its corruptions, but we cannot approve the persevering refusal to re-admit MR. BARBER into its ranks, so long as those ranks are infested by some of the most obnoxious miscreants that ever contributed to render an occupation odious. Poor MR. BARBER seems to have been made the scape-goat for all the villainy which the profession of the law is said to contain; and while no steps are taken to remove from the roll those who are notorious for their mal-practices, an obstinate determination was evinced to keep off the roll a man against whom charges had been made, which the Government had negatived by restoring him to freedom. His case, however, furnished a very convenient text upon which purity might be preached, and his wounds were kept open as a sort of issue, instead of dealing directly with the numerous sore places and corruptions which the professional body is burdened with. The Court of Queen's Bench has at length done a sort of tardy justice, which from the lateness of its arrival is worthy of the Court of Chancery in its old days of slothfulness.

The Judges "could no longer withhold the permission for his taking his former position as a certificated attorney of that Court," and after several years of prohibition from his professional pursuits, he is allowed to resume his practice, if he can obtain any, in a ground now occupied more thickly than ever by active competitors. Of course compensation is out of the question; and MR. BARBER having already been once transported for life and freely pardoned, after undergoing a

portion of a sentence for a crime of which he is virtually declared innocent, must console himself as well as he can under the reflection, that he has been improperly debarred from practice if he is now properly admitted. Perhaps, however, it will be thought that MR. BARBER hardly needs commiseration under his unmerited sufferings, on the ground referred to in the old case of the eels, who, we find in the books, were "used to it."

HOW THE NIGHTINGALE WAS NOT CAUGHT.

A TRAP was set for the Swedish Nightingale; a twig was limed; a pinch of salt was held between thumb and finger for sure yet tender caption of the bird; that, being caught, was to be coaxed to sing for a certain purpose, the coaxers getting much praise of worldly worth or not, as it may be, for skill of bird-catching. The Nightingale was to sing for a Nightingale! that was the appointed, settled lesson for the melodious bird. Somehow it happened that our Nightingale would not thus be beguiled or constrained. So she first perched at Exeter Hall; and there divinely sang, singing as near "at Heaven's gate" as may be permitted to mortal utterance. Well, this being done, who doubts that the Nightingale of Sweden will, in due time, sing in affection and reverence of sister NIGHTINGALE of England: melody of sound doing homage to melody of soul? Are we to forget a certain Nightingale wing somewhere in the region of Brompton, under whose cover the hectic tint of consumption may be deepened into the ruddiness of assured health? Are we to forget the thousand and thousand Nightingale notes, scattered in Sweden, in England, in the United States, in Germany,—to cheer and solace the sick, the weak, and world-weary? Therefore, we know that at her own good time, and of her own free emotion, the Nightingale will warble for the Nightingale.

A JOKE OFF HAND.—Why do the police damage a watch if they find it in the hands of a thief? Because they always stop it.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world."

Henry IV. Part 2, Induction.

NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR PRUSSIA.

LONG live our jovial FRITZ,
On Prussia's throne who sits,
Under the CZAR.
Nightly uproarious,
Jolly and glorious,
It is notorious,
Near and afar.
Oh! those abhor'd Allies,
His master's enemies;
Seeking their fall.
He shapes his politics,
And plays his cunning tricks,
To put them in a fix,
And do them all.
If a blockade's in store
For Fatherland's poor shore;
If our FRITZ bring
On us the Lion's claws,
We shall have precious cause,
To shout with all our jaws,
Bless our VICE-KING!

Munificent Donations.

MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT sent to the Russian prisoners at Lewes a tremendous hamper, containing among other delicacies, 30 gallons of the best train-oil, 10 ditto of superior Colza, 114lb. of Suet (purchased at the Baker Street Cattle Show), and 580lb. (best long foers) of tallow-candles. In the course of Christmas-Day, each man had distributed to him a couple of candles, and an illumination-glass of Colza oil. Before going to bed the poor fellows sang the Russian hymn (*Cavijare dy CZAR*), and drank the health of their benefactors in a bumper of the exciting liquid that had been so generously sent them.

Homage at any Price.

THE pertinacity with which our gallant countrymen remain at their posts—even when all hope of success is over—has been strikingly exemplified in the case of the brave GENERAL WILLIAMS and his companions-in-arms; who, after staying in Kars as long as they could, are now in Karscerated.

FIVE MINUTES WITH THE ADVERTISERS.



HEY must have big Churches in Southampton! This remark is forced from Mr. Punch by the following advertisement, which a person of the name of Brooks has put into one of the Southampton papers:

IN H— BUILDINGS, MR. CHARLES BROOKS has one of the very best Houses FOR SALE, with a large pew in the centre aisle of All Saints' Church containing twelve good rooms, closet, and all suitable offices. A good garden and roomy summer-house, substantial, and in good order. The price required will be very moderate.

The last intimation is a pleasing proof that virtue and moderation still dwell in Southampton, though banished from most other places. For a pew with twelve rooms, a closet, and offices, many people would have asked a good deal of money. We do not quite understand whether the garden is also attached to the pew, but if so it must be the celebrated Roman Catholic one, the *Garden of the Soul*. If all the pews are so extensive, we should think that a speaking-trumpet must be carried up into the pulpit, together with the sermon and white pocket-handkerchief.

The next Advertiser, to whose announcement Mr. Punch's attention has been called, states in another local paper that she

"Desires a Situation as Housemaid in a pious or private family. The latter will be preferred. Address, M. J., &c."

Why our Housemaid prefers privacy to piety she will perhaps explain to the mistress to whom she applies. She has evidently never read *Pietas Privata*.

A third Advertiser is from the other side of the kingdom, and we

sincerely congratulate her upon the good condition in which she find herself.

LADY'S HORSE WANTED.—Any one having a well-trained LADY'S HORSE or MARE, not less than six years old, and up to 12 stone weight, may hear of a Customer by writing to —, Great Yarmouth.

Twelve stone, for a lady, is not bad, and imports that our fair friend has lived upon something besides her native herrings.

Finally, comes an announcement in the *Times*, which for general muddle beats anything we have seen—even a leader in the *Advertiser*.

A GENTLEMAN wishes to RECOMMEND a highly respectable TRADESMAN'S WIFE to the care of one or two children, where great care will be taken of them and trust, in a healthy neighbourhood, and no connection with any other children. No family of their own. Address, &c.

Who, what, when, where, which, why, whence, wherefore? Why does the gentleman interfere with the respectable tradesman's family? Why does he recommend the man's wife to the care of one or two children? Are children proper persons to take charge of her? Then, on the other hand, why is great care to be taken of them? "And trust." What trust? what's trust? What does he mean? "No connection with any other children." What precocious children these one or two are!—first, they take charge of a full-grown woman, and then they disavow connection with any other children. Finally, there is "no family of their own." Whose own? The children's? The intrusive gentleman's? Certainly, this is a wonderful composition. It does read like a scrap from one of the *Advertiser's* inconceivable spasms of patriotism, in which the writer is in such a fury with despots and the like, that he cannot stop to see on whose heads his thundering adjectives fall, but smashes everybody with a truly awful recklessness of relatives and antecedents. But it is not remarkable that one Advertiser should resemble another.

Living Contradictions.

MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT belong to the past rather than to the present; for though they advocate peace, in public opinion they are numbered, as MR. WRIGHT would say, amongst "the parties that war."

MORE BRIGHT IDEAS.



CONSISTENT advocate of peace with Russia is MR. BRIGHT. For he observed in his speech the other day at the Marsden Mechanics' Institution:

"What a wonderful thing is one of these penny Newspapers! It is as well written and as good in tone and morals, as one of the old and costly papers we have been accustomed to see. A steamer comes in from the United States, a great ship from Australia, a mail from India and China, despatches and correspondence from that unhappy region where four Christian

nations are engaged in mutual slaughter, messages by telegraph from all the great capitals of Europe; all the tidings from all quarters of the Globe are gathered into that wonderful sheet, which, for one penny, is placed before you every day."

The gentleman, who praises that wonderful sheet, naturally also sympathises with Russia. Wonderful, indeed, are the contents of MR. BRIGHT'S penny sheet. They would be more wonderful still, if the vendor of that sheet to MR. BRIGHT had paid for them all. Perhaps he has, though. Make that reservation. Perhaps he maintains his own correspondent at New York, Geelong, Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Canton, before Sebastopol, at Constantinople, in Paris, and every other capital in Europe, not excluding St. Petersburg, if he is a "friend" of MR. BRIGHT'S. Perhaps his foreign correspondence is all original. But, if otherwise, his news are simply priggish; and the patron of his paper is no better than a receiver of stolen goods. If MR. BRIGHT approves of this man's style of business, he cannot but approve likewise of Russian policy; nor ought it to surprise anybody to learn that he is accustomed to buy his silk pocket-handkerchiefs in the cheapest market, wherever that may be, which has succeeded Field Lane.

MR. BRIGHT in the same speech, moreover, exhibited himself as a consistent professor of the doctrine of non-resistance at large. Against the national hostility to Russia, he contented himself with preferring the gentle plea, that Russia is not so barbarous as we generally suppose. He based this argument on two notable facts. These facts were, that Russia had at one extremity of the empire a library containing a great many books; and, at the other, a city containing an immense quantity of corn. MR. BRIGHT ignored, as usual, the real cause of the anti-Muscovite feeling of the people; namely, their conviction that the Russian attempt on Turkey was the first move towards the intended subjugation of Europe. He did not dispute that point; he only disputed the assertion, that the Russians were barbarians; and was satisfied to leave unprejudiced minds to draw the conclusion, that the Russian yoke was not so hard as it was supposed to be; and that, to take the chance of having to wear it, was preferable to fighting, in order to keep it off.

It is very true that MR. BRIGHT predicts that—

"By-and-by we shall find out that CARDINAL WISEMAN, the French Invasion and the Russian Emperor may be classed in the same list of imaginary perils."

MR. BRIGHT should speak for himself and his minority. They may laugh at the idea of foreign supremacy; for they would submit to it with smiles. Concordats and invasions are not imaginary eventualities; witness Austria and Turkey; though we may, perhaps, find them imaginary perils, if we persist in not being advised by MR. BRIGHT.

A Frozen-Out Clock.

WE have seen with some surprise, but without much sympathy, an announcement that the clock of St. Paul's had been stopped by the excessive cold. We have no doubt that the case of the clock will occupy the immediate attention of the City authorities; and, as the cold has had the effect of stopping the hands, we should not be surprised if the Corporation should order that the hands be forthwith provided with a pair of gloves. If a muff would answer the purpose, perhaps the want might be supplied by a Common Councilman.

ANOTHER PAINFUL CASE OF DISTRESS.—The Parliamentary Reporters of the morning papers have petitioned the Editor, "to be put on the same footing as the Penny-a-Line."

MRS. SWANSDOWN'S WORK-TABLE.

A CONVEYANCING LECTURE FOR THE LADIES.

"Steal, fo! the wise convey it call."—Shakespeare.

AND now, my dears, we approach the conclusion of our little illustration of the system which defrauds you all of so much happiness and comfort. I told you what a pleasant Consultation was held by the four lawyers, and how agreeably they got on. Two or three other meetings, of the same kind, took place, and the counsel talked over some of the points they had raised on the papers, and left others for future discussion. In the meantime MRS. SWANSDOWN'S solicitor, MR. BUSTER, was not idle, and the costs he was incurring in fulfilling the demands of the lawyers on the other side were highly pleasing to him to contemplate, when he made up his "attendance book," as a lawyer's waste-book is called, or when he was walking home from church with MRS. BUSTER, after an excellent discourse at St. Pancras upon the worthlessness of earthly treasures.

Now, as you may like to know the way in which MR. BUSTER'S earthly treasures were accumulated, I will show you a page or so from the bill against MRS. SWANSDOWN, which was regularly made up, every week, by a clerk kept for the purpose of attending to such matters. I will take out a leaf at random, there are already eighty or ninety pages of the same kind. Any one is a good specimen.

	£	s.	d.
December 1 to 5. The purchaser having agreed to waive a commission into the country to inquire whether "LETTRY" was ever used as abbreviation for LETTIA, and having offered to be satisfied with the result of private researches, journey to various counties on such investigation, five days at three guineas	15	15	0
Confidential Clerk, at two ditto	12	12	0
Railway expenses	10	6	4
Attending at an old farmhouse in Shropshire where the people had been settled many years, and asking the question, when the inmates informed me that they had never had a "LETTRY," but that they had had a "BERRY"	0	13	4
Making note of this, and copy to keep	0	10	0
Paid farmer's boy for opening gate and frightening away a hostile cow	0	0	6
Attending a parish clerk in Worcestershire, asking for similar information, when he said, he thought there was a "LETTRY" in the register	0	6	8
Searching same from 1602 to 1855, but without effect	2	2	0
Beer to the parish clerk	0	0	12
Having heard that there was a "LETTRY" settled in Buckinghamshire, journey thither, and attending her, when she said her name was "ESTHER," which was shortened to "BERRY," and likewise set a dog upon us	0	13	4
Attending neighbour to borrow poker to wop dog	0	6	8
Paid for hire of poker	0	0	6
Paid repairing seat of clerk's trousers, which had been lacerated by the animal	0	0	8
Having received a message from the postmaster of the district, telling us to come to him, attending accordingly, when he said, he had no "letter" for us. Explaining to him that he had misunderstood our errand, and that he was a fool	0	6	8
Journey into Hampshire, and attending several girls' schools, to ask if there were any "LETTRIES" there, and being informed by one of the girls that I should find some at a neighbouring market-gardener's, attending him, when he said "Yes, he had plenty of lettuce"	0	6	8
Attending, advising whether this would do, when I considered that it would not do for evidence, but would do excellently for salad, and eating same accordingly	0	6	8
Attending a ladies' school at Brighton, and asking whether any of the young ladies were acquainted with the word "LETTRY," when one of them stated that it was the second figure in a quadrille	0	13	4
A Quadrille having been of French extraction, and the Work-table having also come from France, writing to the purchaser's advisers, to know if this secondary evidence would satisfy them, when they replied, that it would not	0	5	0
Copy evidence I had collected, to lay before MR. GRUBBY	0	13	4
Attending, advising thereon, when he was of opinion that the question could not be considered as set at rest, and recommended further exertion	0	6	8
Paid his fee and clerk	1	3	6
Copy of his opinion, for use	0	3	4
Drawing advertisement for the second column of the Times; that, if anybody called "LETTRY" would communicate with me, I should be much obliged; and, copy, and attending to, insert	0	13	4
Paid insertion	1	1	0
Having received 82 answers, wishing to know what I would "stand" for the information, writing 82 answers, telling the mercenary creatures that they ought to be ashamed of themselves for their cupidity	20	10	0

This, my loves, is a specimen of the earthly treasures which MR. BUSTER found in MRS. SWANSDOWN'S Work-table, and which every "conveyancer" finds, in a greater or less degree, in every piece of ground, or house, or cottage which he has to buy or sell for a client. You can understand, dears, how it is that counsel make money, and bribe constituencies, and get into Parliament, and how solicitors drive broughams and drink champagne. If you have any doubt as to what I am telling you, or any suspicion that I am exaggerating, ask any country gentleman, with whom you may be spending your Christmas, whether his lawyers' bills for the year are unlike the above. He will find nothing to laugh at in the extract from MR. BUSTER'S account.

But I am sorry to tell you, that MR. BUSTER'S accumulation of earthly treasures—to say nothing of the smaller heap which the other three lawyers were making out of this Work-table job—was suddenly cut short by an accident. This accident, also, was the law's doing,

and therefore the lawyers had no right to complain. By a recent Act, a convicted thief or other ruffian, if he can impose upon a gaol-chaplain and the other prison authorities (which is exceedingly easy), and can make them believe he means to amend, receives a Ticket-of-Leave, and is again let loose upon society. There are hundreds of these men at liberty, and in consequence, London is, just now, rather less safe than it was in the days of HENRY THE EIGHTH. Well, while MR. BUSTER was arranging for "further exertions," three of these Ticket-of-Leave gentlemen entered MRS. SWANSDOWN'S house, with a false key, one night, while the family were at the theatre. One man descended into the kitchen and scolded the servants into silence by means of a loaded bludgeon and an empty pistol, and the others stripped the house. The silver-mounted Work-table was too large to carry away; but they smashed it to pieces with a hammer, and stripped off all its ornaments, which, with a watch or two, some plate, miniatures, and other trifles, they removed to the house of another gentleman, of the Hebrew persuasion who, though the Jews generally disclaim proselytism, speedily "converted" the plunder, with the aid of a melting-pot. The police might have interposed, but were enjoying Christmas hospitality in a kitchen, four doors from MRS. SWANSDOWN'S.

Here, of course, the negotiations ended, as MR. FONDLESQUAW was not going to give his mother-in-law the *épergne* for nothing; and both parties had to pay their lawyers' bills and dismiss the subject from their minds. If you, my dears, will do me the favour to observe the motto with which I have adorned these lectures, you will note that SHAKESPEARE saw little difference between a conveyancer and a thief, and, perhaps, the SWANSDOWN and FONDLESQUAW families make less distinction than they should do between the Lawyers and the Ticket-of-Leavers, who among them dealt with

Mrs. Swansdown's Work-table.

THE BRITISH MERCHANT PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE was a British Merchant in the jolly times of old,
As some of us, in our young days, by grandfathers were told;
He was a man of ample means and corresponding mould,
Who thrived by what he wisely bought and profitably sold.

A spacious beaver hat he had, and powder'd was his hair,
Blue, with brass buttons, was the coat which he was wont to wear;
Encased in a buff waistcoat was his corporation fair,
A chain and seals hung from his fob; his watch he carried there.

A frill'd shirt, ruffles at his wrists, and buckles in his shoes
He wore, and shorts, which calves display'd as solid as his views;
He never ventured more than he was well prepared to lose,
And therefore all who dealt with him were certain of their dues.

He look'd upon his counting-house with pleasure and with pride,
And used to live above it in the precincts of Cheapside;
There Father Thames bore wealth to him and riches on his tide,
'Twas there the British Merchant lived, and when his time came, died.

But now his modern counterfeit is living like a lord,
In some suburban mansion, and a style he can't afford;
But, being a director of some Company or Board,
By means of speculation he replenishes his hoard.

His business is to make things pleasant, cook accounts, and play
With other people's money and his sacred trust betray,
Until the bubble bursts at length—there comes a crash one day,
And then he's not forthcoming: for the knave has run away.

If caught, he gets some barrister to undertake his brief,
Who probably will get him off, like many another thief;
And if he should be convicted, although he comes to grief,
The people he has ruin'd still remain without relief.

Oh! for the British Merchant of the former times, that could
Command, in case of exigence, whatever sum he would,
His name was held in such esteem; so high his credit stood,
And nobody required his bond—his word was thought as good.

Oh! for the British Merchant that was wont to slap his chest,
And jingle pockets full of gold he honestly possess'd,
Whilst sentiments of probity and virtue he express'd;
Where is that British Merchant now? The Law replies *Non est!*

And how should things be otherwise when noble Lords we see,
That scorn the honest trader, will, as thick as thieves can be,
Hob-nob with wealthy Railway Kings, though rogues of base degree,
And when their bankers come to break, 'tis no surprise to me.

WANT OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—LORD LUCAN has received another Cavalry appointment.

MAN AND BEAST.

A SOCIETY has lately sprung—or, we should rather say, tumbled—into existence at Paris, whose object is the accomplishment of what may be called the "disgusting feat" of eating horse-flesh. These individuals style themselves the "Hippophagic Association;" and the grand purpose of their lives seems to be, the getting down their throats as large a quantity of dead horses as possible. If these animals—we mean the Society, not their food—are allowed to follow up their horrible plan, and satiate their appalling appetites, the question may arise,— "Where are we to get our cat's-meat?" Supposing the Society to consist of one hundred Members, and each Member were to moderate his hunger so as to eat only one horse per month, we get the frightful total of six thousand horses annually withdrawn from the stock of the regular dog's-meat man. It is true that many persons who frequent the cheap restaurants in Paris, and, perhaps, even the lower order of London pie-shops, may be acting on hippophagic principles without being aware of it; but, that any human being can calmly sit down to a dinner of dead horse, is really inconceivable. If there is a body of epicures who have carried gluttony to such a morbid pitch that they cannot eat wholesome animal food, such as satisfies the rest of the human race, we would direct their attention to a less valuable beast than the horse; and we recommend them to that more congenial animal the ass, which would be very likely to agree with them. It may be said that the arrangement savours somewhat of cannibalism; but, if it should even be the death of them, it would only make a still further diminution in the number of donkeys.



SEASONABLE GOOD-HUMOUR.

A CUTLER, who has the reputation of being rather a sharp blade in his business, has stuck up in his shop-window—which is not a six-penny fare from Oxford Street—the following announcement:

FEET OF AGILITY

Measured and Fitted to a Nicety.

We must not forget to mention, that just above the inscription is suspended a pair of Skates.

Destitution of Brown Bess in Russia.

PERCUSSION locks are by no means universal in the Army of the "first Military Power in Europe;" hence has arisen, on the part of the Russian troops, a great demand, which it proves difficult to meet, for flints. Surely, if the heart of the CZAR is with his soldiers, the deficiency might, in some measure, be supplied out of that.



Shoe Black (who is doing a little "gratis" for a friend). "Well, afore I'd misdemean a feller creature like him, blow'd if I wouldn't a most go and do—ay, hanythink."

Sweeper. "Oh! ah! it's all very well for you, as has a good Business; but a poor Cove like me, doesn't know vot shifts he may be druv to."

HEAD-QUARTERS OF BULLY BOTTOM.



GENTLEMAN named BERINGTON has invented a new knapsack, the recommendation of which consists in its being comfortably adjusted to the soldier's back, instead of, like the old one, hampering his movements and impeding his respiration. In reference to this invention, the *Times* says:

"An overwhelming weight of testimony in favour of BERINGTON's plan, coming not only from the soldiers themselves, but from army surgeons, eminent medical authorities, and experienced officers, has hitherto failed to secure its adoption at the Horse Guards."

We have been calling "Head Quarters" the "Horse Guards," quite long enough. It is high time that the Authorities of those Guards exchanged the name of that noble animal for the designation of another quadruped, to which they correspond, in nature and quality, a great deal more closely than they do to it. Henceforth, unless they show somewhat like reason to the contrary, they had better be denominated the Ass Guards.

A New Kind of Head Dress.

Mistress. JANE, are you sure it was MRS. SMITHERS who called? Come, tell me now, how was she dressed?

Jane. Why, if you please, Mum, she was a-going to the Theayter, or a Ball, and she had on her 'ead a great big Turbot, Mum, and there was a Whale over that, Mum.

HABITS OF GREAT MEN.

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR stops all his watches and clocks on a Sunday.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Esq., generally sharpens his razor on a Joe Miller.

MR. BRIGHT sleeps in a cotton nightcap. His socks, shirts, and sheets are likewise all of cotton. He carries his passion for cotton to such an excess, that, when he goes to an evening party, he will wear none but Berlin gloves.

MR. FREDERICK PEEL insists upon his tailor always measuring him with red tape.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM, when he receives a letter, cannot help peeping into it first.

MR. GLADSTONE cannot eat a prawn without endeavouring to divide it into three heads.

LORD JOHN talks of his children sometimes as Schedule A, B, C, &c.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA is waiting to see what turn events in Europe take, before he ventures to decide for one side or the other. Austria is also waiting to see which way the European cat jumps.

CARDINAL WISEMAN is waiting for the happy day when England—thanks to the Puseyites—will sign a Concordat with the Pope.

MR. COBDEN is waiting for the sheet of paper, by means of which he intends showing the way in which Russia should be crumpled up.

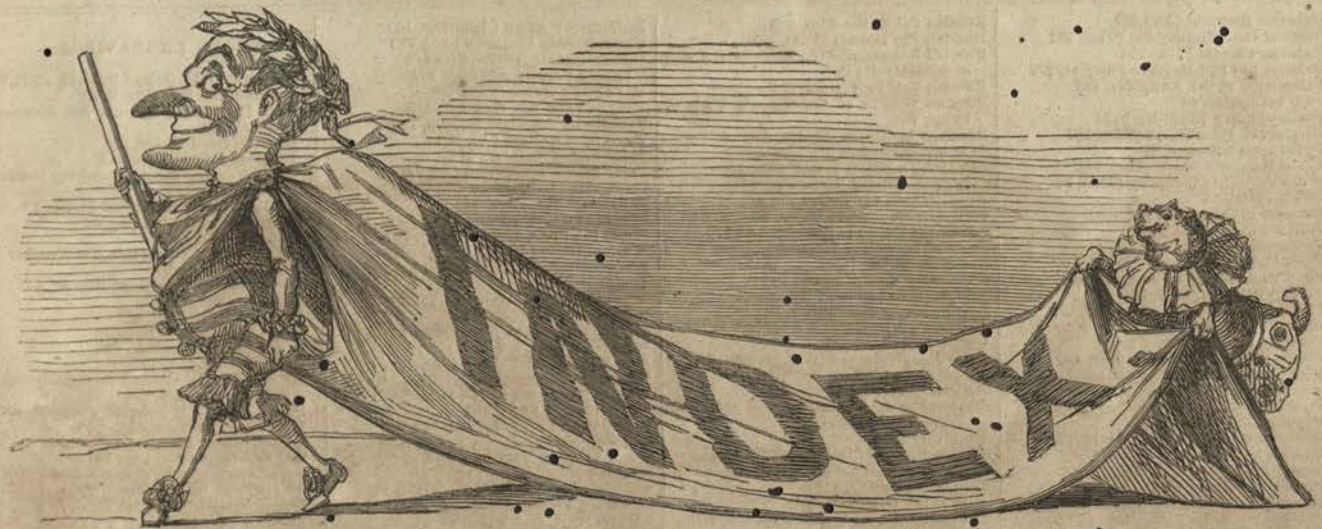
England is waiting for the "Coming Man."

LORD JOHN is waiting for a new place.

A SENTIMENT FOR THE CENTRAL BOARD.—May all parochial heart-burnings subside; and may there be an end to all anger—except D'IFF—ANGER (junior).



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