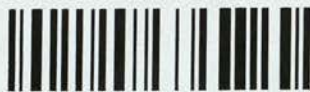
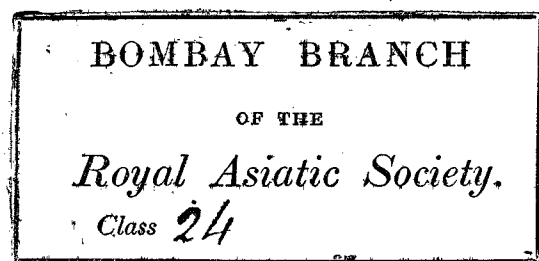


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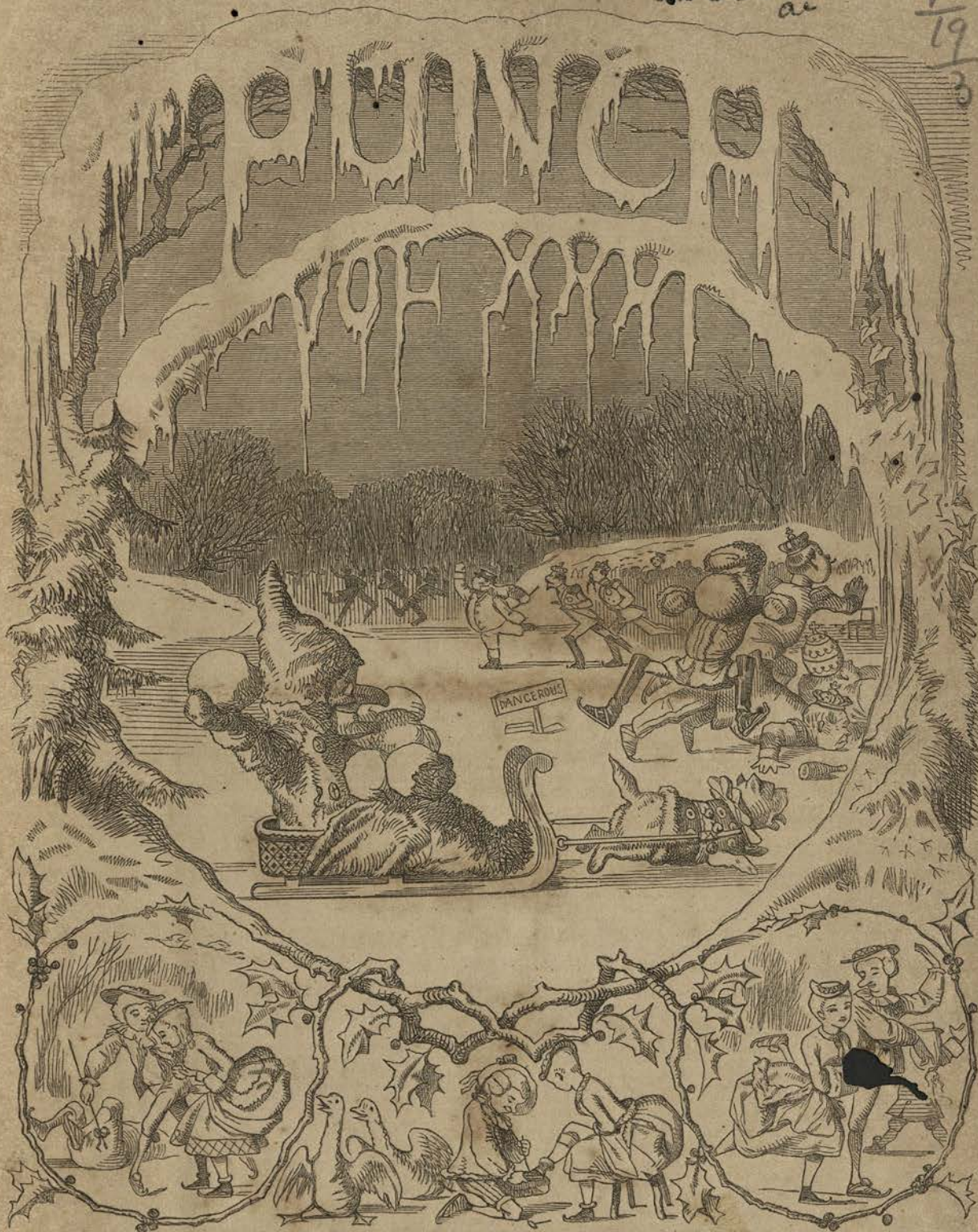
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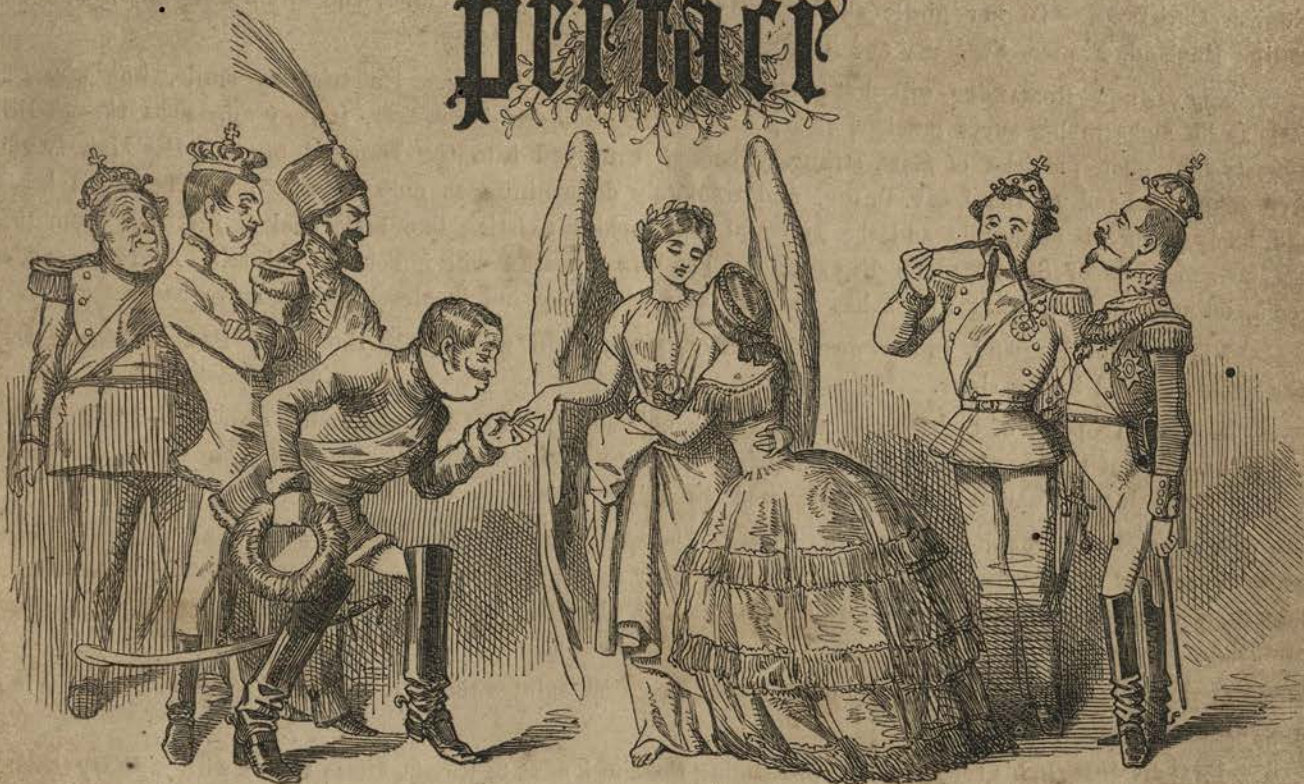
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PERFACE



PEACE—dove-eyed, rose-lipped PEACE—under the mistletoe!

PEACE, in her sweet simplicity, believed that she had taken hands, and given her own hand to the lips of high contracting parties, some time last spring: in Paris spring-time, when the Boulevards are fragrant with violets, and the chesnuts have all but ceased to smoke and crackle. But, somehow, PEACE—being a woman—has ever been the dupe of deep protestations and frothy vows; and so—and so—it has again happened; and a Mighty Emperor, whose crown is almost among the stars, and whose waving sceptre hushes into obsequiousness sixty millions of souls (and a few handfulls over,) has disputed with the LADY PEACE in a higgling, haggling spirit, even as BEN MANASSES, the old clothesman, would higgle and haggle with MARY, the housemaid, in exchange for current coin of a perquisite hare-skin. Not very chivalrous this in a sublime Autocrat, topped with a star-reaching crown, and endowed with a soul-hushing sceptre; but so it is, and it is for mere millions of mortals to take autocrats as they find them, even as the sheep took pastor POLYPHEMUS.

And so, ere the year runs out, PEACE is again and finally to be saluted in Paris; and MR. PUNCH takes the genial opportunity presented by the completion of his THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME, to utter a few words of counsel to the contracting parties again about to press with their lips the hand of PEACE; and most especially to that Party whose tricksiness has made the necessity—a necessity, it may be, a little too readily granted—of the solemnity.

MR. PUNCH has given orders for a certain number of this his THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME to be superbly and significantly bound, and forwarded to LORD COWLEY, the hospitable English Ambassador at the Court of France, that His Excellency may, on the consummation of the ceremony, hand over to the representative of either saluting party, the rewarding tome, in token of the event, and in communion of good faith to be kept and cultivated.

MR. PUNCH foreshadows, with a movement of his pen, the ceremony as, of course, it will be performed.

The LADY PEACE clothed in white, and garlanded with olive, stands under the mistletoe; type of English Christmas. In her girdle she carries the Red-Rose, the Violet, the Citron blossom, and the Tulip—England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey—tied in a silvery string.

ALEXANDER ROMANOFF will first advance to the LADY PEACE. He tries to smile, but winces a little as he looks in her sweet gracious face; and to the thoughtful observer, it may appear as though His Majesty trod upon particles of glass, strangely enough conveyed into the Imperial boots. His Majesty will then take the hand of the LADY PEACE, and resolutely determining to gulp the salute, will bend his head, and, haply biting his nether lip, and the Imperial moustachios twisting like little snakes just new from the egg on some Isle of Serpents, the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS will inflict the salute. And the salute given, let us hope that what PEACE has received as a kiss, may not be developed as a frost-bite.

VICTORIA of England, in her own frank, hearty way, will next salute the LADY PEACE, kissing her like a beloved and loving sister.

LOUIS NAPOLEON of the French, with a face unbending, "like a Dutchman's over a bed of tulips," kisses the hand of the LADY PEACE, and stepping backward places his hand in his pocket, in which is a little hole—as though the smallest of shot had passed through it—made by the war.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, like one of TASSO's paladins, approaches the LADY PEACE, and gracefully manipulating the moustachios that have springed so many hearts, impresses his lips upon the benignant hand; though, it may be seen, with a wish lurking in his eye, that the ceremony had been, for at least another campaign, deferred.

ABDUL-MEDJID, smiling as at his own condescension, salutes the LADY PEACE, looking at her in no way with the looks of a sick man.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, his tongue a little protruding the cheek next to Russia, kisses PEACE with military rigour.

FREDERICK WILLIAM salutes PEACE with a sounding smack; and the Lady might say—but does not—as was said to *Jenny Diver* on a different liquid on a different ceremony—"One can tell by your kiss that your champagne is excellent."

And PEACE being saluted, the Volume of Mr. PUNCH is distributed, and with it hearty wishes to all men of

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



MONDAY.



PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, June 23rd. LORD LYNTHURST moved the second reading of the Bill for admitting the Jew to Parliament. LORD STANHOPE, better known as LORD MAHON, the historian, opposed it, seeing, he said, a great difference between allowing people to administer laws, (as Jew Lord Mayors, Jew Sheriffs, Jew Sheriffs' officers, and Jew churchwardens do), and to frame laws. He was also afraid that if Jews got into Parliament, unrestrained by the oath of abjuration, they would begin to denounce the Christian religion, and to blaspheme its mysteries. This cogent argument seemed to have much weight with the Lords, and after a few more speeches, they decided by 110 to 78—majority 32—that they would

behaved in a manly way, and divided on the real question. We are sorry to say that there are 95 of them. By the way, Mr. Punch, as a friend of HER MAJESTY, protests against the system of sending one sort of message to her on a Tuesday, and then on the Monday and before she can answer it, bawling after her, "Hi! m'm, hi! That wasn't what we meant—this is it." Mr. Punch conceives such conduct to be extremely American. The House adjourned after MR. BOMBA BOWYER had expressed the anger of his royal and priestly clients at the support which England is giving to Sardinia.

Tuesday. The Joint Stock Companies' Bill went through Committee in the Lords, *obstante* SUPERLAPIDE, and then a Bill for knocking a nail through the head of 120 Sleeping Statutes, and fastening down those Siseras for ever, was read a second time. LORD DERBY then played his adroit counter-card against the Jew Bill. The abjuration oath, which shuts out the Jews, contains a declaration against descendants of the Pretender, and is therefore absurd and profane, there being no such people. LORD DERBY brings in a Bill to strike out the reference to these descendants, and having thus purified the oath from absurdity, leaves in the words excluding the Jew. To-night he carried his second reading, and on Friday took the measure through Committee. LORD LYNTHURST described it as a Sham, and LORD CAMPBELL as a Botch. It will probably pass the Lords, and the Commons will strike out the excluding words—and then the Lords will re-insert them, and so on, until the farce is over.

Great fun at the Commons' morning sitting. The Nabob of Surat Bill came on for third reading, and the two heads of the ridiculous double Government of India, HOGG, the Company's Chairman, and SMITH, of the Board of Control, abused one another soundly; PORCUS declaring that he had been deceived, and would never depend again upon anything so "slippery" as Government, who had promised to help the Company to cheat the NABOB, and were afraid to do so; and FABER retorting that the difficulty arose from the "slippery" Court of Directors, and rebuking the other for his habitual arrogance in talking as if he, HOGG, were the Indian Government. When officials fall out, Nabobs get their own, and the third reading of the Bill was carried by a tremendous majority, 213 voting for MEER JAFFIER, and only twenty-eight going into the pigsty. Yet the Commons did not think that one good act in a day was enough—so in the evening they counted out.

not give BARON ROTHSCHILD the chance of flinging a New Testament at the Speaker's head, and delivering a ribald speech in derision of the Twelve Apostles. Where these Lords live and among whom, is one question, and another is, in what estimation do they hold the assembly of Gentlemen who assist them in legislation?

In the Commons, MR. WALPOLE's motion for an address to unsettle Irish Education was of course rescinded, but he and the other Conservative leaders, not liking to be beaten, actually coalesced with the supporters of the counter-motion, which was expressly intended to upset WALPOLE's work. They pretended to see in its terms (which were certainly weak and awkward enough) nothing adverse to their own views. This mockery (vehemently denounced by the *Herald* and *Standard*) did not satisfy the earnest ultra-Protestants, and they

Wednesday. SPOONER defeated an amendment intended to throw out his Anti-Maynooth Bill by 174 to 168—majority 6—and then HENRY HERBERT talked nonsense against time until a quarter to six, to prevent the second reading from being carried that day. Next night, SPOONER declared that he was Victor in the Maynooth fray, but that as such practises were resorted to, he should withdraw his Bill till next session, and he advised the friends of the College to consider some plan for settling the question, for, he swore ("if it should please God to preserve his life") on the first day of next session, he would give them notice of a new Bill. So the poor Catholic students will have food to eat and beds to sleep in until February, 1857, at all events.

Thursday. The Divorce Bill came to the Lords from their Select Committee, and LORD LYNHURST most ably explained its present character. What is proposed is this. A new Tribunal for deciding upon matrimonial causes. That a divorced woman who acquires property shall have it for herself. That she may sue, in actions, as a single woman. That a wife shall be placed somewhat more upon a footing with a husband, as regards the obtaining divorce; that in all cases of a husband's infidelity (accompanied with cruelty), in certain still worse cases, and in those of bigamy, a woman shall be entitled to ask divorce. LORD LYNHURST—ever "a woman's man," but now so in the noblest sense of the word—added, that he had endeavoured to get the Committee to assent to abolish the scandalous and unfair "action for damages," and to substitute prosecution; and he instanced a remarkable case, in which the present system inflicted the most cruel and wicked wrong upon an innocent lady, who was permitted to give no evidence in a cause whose result was to brand her with infamy. But the Committee were not prepared to go so far. They, however, added a little boon, namely, that a wife who has been deserted for two years, instead of four, should be entitled to alimony. LORD LANSDOWNE gave eloquent support to the Bill. The LORD CHANCELLOR, Keeper of the Royal Conscience, defended the refusal to give more equality, on the ground that "unquestionably the public regarded a husband's errors as less criminal than a wife's, that it was not unreasonable to expect a wife to pardon a husband's infidelity, but that the reverse was not to be expected. The cases could not be considered as equal." LORD CAMPBELL supported the Bill. The BISHOP OF OXFORD (*Mr. Punch* does not misrepresent him, for the Church's stalwart friend, the *Standard*, manifests indignant surprise at his Lordship's speech) objected to the proposed increased facility of divorce. He thought it ought to be confined to persons who could pay £2000. "The lower classes did not demand the *privilegia* afforded to the higher and wealthier classes." The BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S thought with DR. WILBERFORCE. LORD CAMPBELL, in reply, cited MR. JUSTICE MAULE'S scorching irony, when a poor man, whose wife had robbed him, and absconded, had sought to provide his children with a mother, and had committed bigamy. JUDGE MAULE'S speech

concentrates so much of the poor man's case, that *Mr. Punch* must quote it. "You have acted wrongly. You ought to have brought an action for criminal conversation; that action would have been tried before one of Her Majesty's judges at the assizes; you would probably have recovered damages; and then you should have instituted a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court for a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*. Having got that divorce, you should have petitioned the House of Lords for a divorce *à vinculo*, and should have appeared by counsel at the bar of their Lordships' house. Then, if the Bill passed, it would have gone down to the House of Commons: the same evidence would possibly be repeated there: and if the Royal assent had been given, after that you might have married again. The whole proceeding would not have cost you more than £1,000." "Ah, my lord," replied the man, "I never was worth more than 1,000 pence in all my life." The judge's answer was, "That is the law, and you must submit to it." The BISHOP OF OXFORD contrived to carry a postponement of the next stage of the Bill, which he means to "amend." Let the Lords protect the Women of England against the Priests.

In the Commons MR. WILSON stated, that at last there is to be a regular Australian Mail. Once more, the Aldermen triumph, and SIR GEORGE GREY withdraws the Bill for reforming the London Corporation! The SOLICITOR-GENERAL procured the second reading of his Bill for taking away Wills and Administrations from the Ecclesiastical Courts, a reform which may possibly be carried. The Cambridge University Reform Bill was passed, and several new tunes will be played on the *Arundines Cumi*.

Friday. The gallant Admiral, SIR AGAMEMNON LYONS (immortalised by *Mr. Punch* in a cartoon which is considered the great glory of the family), took his seat as LORD LYONS, of Christchurch, as may be seen in the initial of this article. He was introduced by LORD BYRON, who whispered a quotation from his own *Don Juan*.

"Although the Prince is all for the land-service,
The Queen likes sailors—NELSON—LYONS—JERVIS."

In the Commons, CLAY threw over his Church Rates Abolition Bill, and the night was occupied in discussing where our National Gallery is to be. The Bill for turning MR. WILKINS'S place into an Hotel has been got rid of, and the question is, whether the pictures shall stay where they are—go to Kensington Gore—or be placed in Kensington Palace? The Court is understood to favour the second plan, but upon this occasion a motion by LORD ELCHO for a commission for further inquiry into the subject was carried by 153 to 145, the Court and the Government being both beaten, despite of support from MR. DISRAELI.

The House turns restive. CONINGSBY harangues,
The Court's defeated, and SIR EASTLAKE hangs.*

* Hangs bad pictures, of course, *Mr. Punch* means.

THE LOVES OF THE BALLET.



to have a full appreciation of his mistress when he is prepared to literally "jump at her;" but she might, perhaps, be as well pleased with his advances if they were not made in a series of leaps that threaten to make at least as much impression on her toes as on her heart, and

which prove, by his springing up and down like an Indian-rubber ball, that his affection is not of a boundless character. If HENRY, in every-day life, were to pay his addresses to MARIA by springing after her like a spread-eagle, there can be no doubt that if MARIA'S friends did not interfere, the police would soon be on the heels of HENRY. It seems, however, that a lover in a ballet may make himself agreeable by means that would place him in Bedlam, were he to practise in the world the same captivating tricks that induce a *première danseuse* to throw herself into his arms, and to abandon one half of her understanding by causing her to place herself on one leg, while resting on him for support, and repaying him with a smile rendered more valuable by the painful nature of the attitude into which she has twisted herself.

Comparative Petticoats.

THE Cardinal at Paris had, at the ceremony of the Imperial Baptism, no less than "Seventeen Breadths in the skirts of his dress." The Holy Father is not content in following the female fashions, but is determined actually to take the lead in petticoats. Surely a lady may be excused indulging in ten, twelve, or fourteen breadths in her dress, when we see a man blow himself out with seventeen? Such an enormous "tuck-in" as the latter does honour to the well-known voracity of the Romish Church, and these seventeen breadths are worthy to rank amongst the foremost of Papal Indulgences. We suppose, every Cardinal is allowed the indulgence of cutting his petticoat according to his cloth?



"THE VERY IDEA OF WORK THIS BEAUTIFUL WEATHER IS REPUGNANT TO MY FEELINGS."

[Extract from our Young Friend * * *'s Letter.]

PARSING A SENTENCE.

We lately suggested the purchase or hire of a MURRAY'S Grammar for the War Office, and we now venture to propose that an additional copy of that popular composition of "the rules for speaking and writing correctly," should be furnished for the use of the Court Newsmen. We are not aware who the individual may be that attends to the Literary Department of the Court, nor do we know whether the Editor of the *London Gazette*, whose intellectual faculties are so successfully devoted to the Lists of Bankrupts, and other interesting matter, is charged also with the additional task of drawing up the *Court Circular*; but, if so, whoever he may be, there is no doubt that a Grammar (if he would read it) would form a valuable addition to his library.

That we are not recommending a superfluous outlay, will be clear to any one who reads the following paragraph from a recent Number of the *Court Circular*:

"At the Drawing-Room on the 20th Instant, LADY HONEYWOOD was presented to the QUEEN upon her marriage, by the DOWAGER LADY HONEYWOOD."

Everybody knows what is really meant by the above lines, but if they were to be interpreted according to strict grammatical rule, they would be understood to announce that the QUEEN was married on the day of the Drawing-Room, that the marriage ceremony had been performed by the DOWAGER LADY HONEYWOOD, and that LADY HONEYWOOD had been presented to HER MAJESTY on the occasion. Surely this, or nothing is the true grammatical sense of the words "LADY HONEYWOOD was presented to the QUEEN upon her (the QUEEN'S) marriage, by the DOWAGER LADY HONEYWOOD." We hope that in the estimates for next year, a vote of two guineas will be taken for the attendance of the Court Newsmen at some evening school for adults, where a plain English education may be obtained.

SWEET SENTIMENT!

BEWARE how you address yourself in anger to any one. An angry word is like a letter put into the post—once dropt, it is impossible to recall it!

A REGULAR SHIFT OF POPERY.

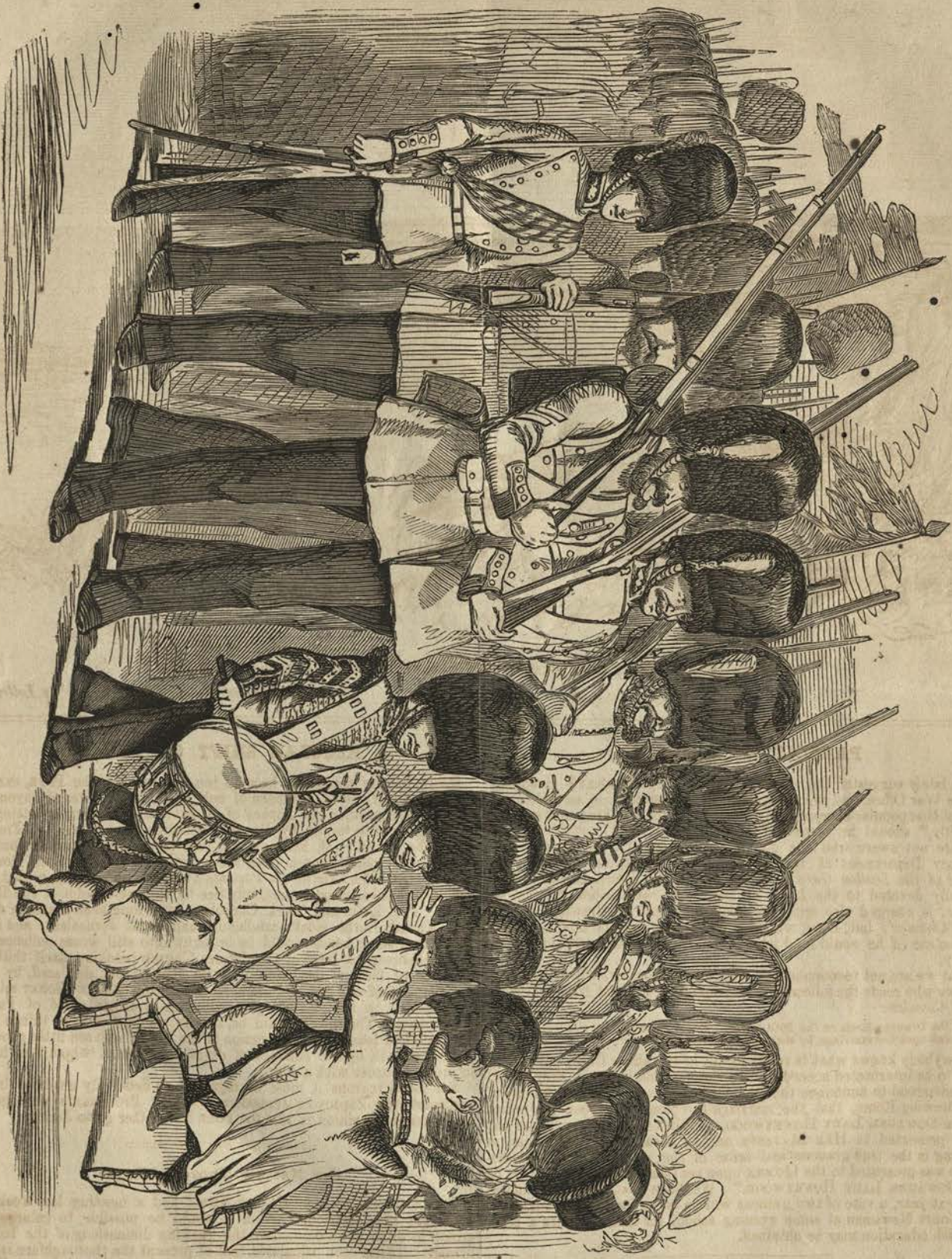
ROME having manifestly become too hot to hold the POPE, except under the refrigerant influence of cold steel, in the form of bayonets, the idea of divesting the Papacy of its secular character, is getting to be seriously entertained by Roman Catholics themselves. A French priest, the ABBÉ J. H. MICHON, has just published a pamphlet on the separation of the temporal from the spiritual authority of the Roman Pontiff, under the title of *La Papauté à Jérusalem*, proposing that his Holiness should transfer the Holy See to the metropolis of the Holy Land. The Latin and Greek Churches have long been breaking each other's heads in the most scandalous manner at Jerusalem; and it is feared that those heads would be brought into still worse collision by the triple-crowned head of the former Church betaking itself thither. The See of GOBAT, also, would be invaded, if not displaced, by the transference of the See of PETER, so called, and BISHOP GOBAT might be disposed to resent that proceeding as a decided case of Papal Aggression. The result would be, on the whole, a state of things not calculated to tend to the conversion of the Turks, who are little enough edified, as it is, by the conduct of devotees, amongst whom they have to preserve order with a whip.

For these reasons it must be regarded as decidedly inadvisable to transport the Papacy to Jerusalem. Among Protestants, we believe, the prevailing opinion is, that the POPE had better go to Jericho.

Our Narrow Thoroughfares.

THE Commissioners of Regent Street had a meeting last week, to take into consideration, whether it would be possible to enlarge the street, in order to accommodate the growing dimensions of the ladies' dresses. It has been calculated that at present the thoroughfare is not wide enough to admit of more than three ladies and an infant walking abreast.

SELF-CONTEMPLATION.—Many persons, when they look at caricatures, little suspect that they are before a looking-glass.



MR. PUNCH WELCOMES THE GUARDS.

THE DRAMA IN, A BAD WAY.



It is a curious fact that the two great attractions of the present season have been a case of Consumption at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre and a case of death from Malaria at the Lyceum. The interesting PICCOLOMINI has been musically coughing at one house, while the gifted RISTORI has been most effectively gasping at the other, and each sufferer has been exhibiting the effects of her malady before a series of the most brilliant and fashionable audiences. We confess that with all our admiration for

PICCOLOMINI'S charming acting in *La Traviata*, we were delighted to see her in full health and spirits in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, where her liveliness and her pathos find full scope without any portion of painful feeling being mixed up with them.

We have heard it whispered that in order to take advantage of the prevailing taste of the public in favour of dramatic disease, a variety of maladies are in preparation at the minor theatres of the Metropolis. A tremendous effect might be produced by an elaborate Influenza in five Acts, at the Princess's, commencing with a cold in the head, which would afford ample opportunity for the display of Mr. CHARLES KEAN'S peculiar abilities. A prodigious sensation could be caused in the third Act by a sneezing fit to soft music, forming a kind of catarrh accompaniment, and winding up with a series of vigorous blows on six trumpets, with a (nasal) organ behind the scenes, which would be a very peculiar feature.

There are many kinds of illness which could be adapted for stage representation without the unpleasantness attaching to the idea of a fatal result, and a good domestic drama might be concocted in which MR. N. T. HICKS would possibly draw all London by a powerful delineation of a hero with a whooping cough. A fine situation might arise between himself and the villain—we don't know who is the regular Victoria villain at the present moment—where, in the midst of a terrific quarrel, the utterance of both might be simultaneously choked, that of the villain with rage, and that of the hero with a fit of whooping cough. In the midst of this the heroine, who might be suffering slightly from nettle-rash—a good opportunity for the introduction [of real nettles]—would add powerfully to the effect by rushing in upon the scene, exclaiming, "Rash man, forbear!" when the villain replying, "Nettle-Rash woman, avaunt!"—and the recollection of her sufferings being revived, a tableau would ensue, on which the curtain would fall, leaving the audience in a state of stupor, from which the cry of "Porter!" would alone rally them.

For one of the Theatres at the East End, where bold and broad effects are in great demand, a Drama founded on, and called *Tooth-Ache*, would admit of the concoction of one of those famous bills which were once in great vogue, and which still possess a charm for the unsophisticated portions of the community. The "characters and incidents" could be set forth at considerable length, and might include the

INCIPIENT DECAY OF THE DEXTER MOLAR!
with the
FRIGHTFUL APPROACH OF THE FORCEPS!!
and
HORRIBLE HOLDING OF THE JAW OF HILDEBRAND!!!

The principal character might be a dentist of mean extraction in love with the daughter of *Hildebrand*, surnamed the martyr, (from his being a martyr to the tooth-ache), and the *dénouement* might consist of the refusal of the dentist to finish an operation he might have been allowed to commence on *Hildebrand's* tooth, until the latter had consented to the marriage of his daughter with the humble but talented practitioner. A scene, in which the low-born lover would hurl defiance at the very teeth of the aristocrat, would be sure to bring down thunders of applause and the struggle between pain and pride, in which *Hildebrand* should

at one moment wish to have it out in one sense, and then in another, would be sure to bring down the gallery, raise up the pit, and moisten the lids of the boxes, or unhinge them in a most extraordinary manner.

A RAILWAY TO ROME.

PATRES CONSCRIPTI; ye who took a boat
And, nicely steering through Messina's Straits,
Went to Philippi; whither BRUTUS was
Cited by JULIUS CÆSAR'S angry ghost.
O venerable crew, especially
Thou, ever memorable Trumpeter,
Thou Hero who didst wear the scarlet coat;
Ye, against whom, of course on your return,
The storm arose, and overset your bark,
Who were all drowned, because ye could not swim
Away; all drowned, except JOHN PERIWIG,
Who, tied unto the curled extremity
Of a dead swine, escaped; immortal Shades
Who now are jolly in the Elysian fields,
Prepare to hear what will your wonder move
Beyond whate'er ye may have heard, or seen,
On that side ev'n of Styx. What do you think?
A Railway is in progress between Rome,
Between the Eternal City, and a place
Which modern jargon doth Frascati call.
Where to locate—as certain people say
Of whom you never dreamt—the Terminus
Is not yet fixed: the choice doth lie between
The Baths of TITUS on the Esquiline
Hill, and the Coliseum at its foot.
This is a Terminus, I rather think,
That never on the steep Tarpeian rock
In your old time was worshipped as a god.
Patres Conscripti, only fancy, now,
The puffing engine, and its warning scream
Heard in the Coliseum; and the cry
Of "Tickets, please!" reiterated near
Where once your populace "*Hoc habet!*" cried.
Can't you contrive to take a boat again,
And cross therein the ferry of the Styx,
To see the Stoker, and the Engineer,
The Road of Iron, and the Iron Horse,
In strange conjunction with the Esquiline?

PUFFING THE SHERIFFS.

At the Election of Sheriffs the other day for London, the claims of one of the candidates were made to rest on the fact of his belonging to "one of the first houses in the City." Now we don't understand the possibility of there being more than one "first," and though we may talk of the "first six" or the "first twenty" there can in fact be only one "first house in the City." Now the "first house in the City" is undoubtedly that occupied by our old friend TANNER of Temple Bar, and therefore if the new Sheriff is a partner in the first house in the City he must have a share in that easy shaving concern, which has long marked the spot where monarchs have to wait the will of the Civic potentate for admission.

Another reason given for the election of a Sheriff was, his alleged determination to spend only one-third of his income, a piece of domestic economy in which the citizens would hardly be expected to feel a very lively interest. It is certainly advisable that the Sheriff should live within his means, for it would be awkward if the Sheriff should fall into the clutches of his own officers, but this calamity may be avoided without resorting to a degree of "nearness," which a pledge to live on a third of one's income would seem to indicate.

THE CADS OF DOCTORS' COMMONS.

WHY are the touters in white aprons who ply at the entrance to Doctors' Commons so importunate? Why will they not take No for an answer, if you decline their eager proffers of guidance? Do they pester and plague everybody who may happen to enter the place which they infest by inquiring where he wants to go on the calculation that he is either an overjoyed legatee or a person about to marry, and in either case incapacitated from finding his own way about by frenzy and distraction of mind? We know a party who merely waiting in that locality for somebody else who had business there, experienced the greatest difficulty in convincing them that he himself had none, whence that party inferred that they thought him so deranged as to have lost his recollection, and to require their assistance in order to regain it.

ANOTHER GROSS OUTRAGE ON AMERICA.



N American Gentleman has been denied admission to the Opera, because he was not dressed in the Opera costume. He was attired in nankeen trousers, a striped waistcoat like a livery servant's, a blue-fogle handkerchief, and had on a pea-green cutaway coat with brass buttons as big as cheese-plates. In vain was it represented to him in the politest manner by Mr. NUGENT, and other gentlemen connected with the Theatre, that the above articles of dress were against the sumptuary laws invariably enforced at that aristocratic establishment; the American gentleman only stormed, and raved, and blustered; and, after many loud repetitions that he was "a free and enlightened citizen of the United States" (everyone present admitting the extreme freedom, but no one allowing him the

smallest ray of enlightenment), he declared that if he came in a smock frock, or even in a bathing costume, they had no right to refuse him admission. These propositions were strongly disputed, and, on the free and enlightened citizen's becoming a nuisance, he was civilly shown the door that leads to the nearest police-station. The American Minister was

present in the Theatre at the time, and, upon being told of the above incident, left in great dudgeon.

Much, as we love nonsense, and fond as we are of caricatures, from which we derive no contemptible income, we do hope and trust that a pair of nankeen trousers will not be waved as a *drapeau de guerre* between America and England. The citizen was not compelled to go to the Opera. If he disliked conforming to the Opera costume, why did he not go up to the gallery? or, better still, he had his remedy in stopping away. We imagine that, if a "Britisher" presented himself at Washington, and insisted upon being introduced to the President in the old Druidical costume, that he would not be exactly allowed to enter.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

Up to the second of our going to press, the American Minister had not packed up his carpet-bag with the intention of leaving England. If he is as sensible as the American papers say he is, he will only grin, and advise his Yankee friend to return at once to America, where, thank the Stars, he will be at liberty to dress as he pleases.

Soapey Sam's Sporting Tour.

THAT eminent and unusually lucky sportsman, SAM WILBERFORCE, met with a little *contretemps* recently, while in search of game on the property of the late BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL. He put up a fine specimen of a *raravis*, the Double Whitecap (*Mitra duplex* of the naturalist), and did his best to bring it down, designing it as a present to his friend, the REV. CHEVENIX FRENCH. But he missed his mark, and the prize ultimately fell to another gun, and is now in the possession of the REV. DR. BARING.

THE MISERIES OF A MOTHER.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA, OF CONDENSED SERIOUS INTEREST.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. HARDLINES, (a stern parent, educated at Westminster School, and retaining a firm belief in the excellence of that seminary).
 MASTER LOVIBOND HARDLINES, (his son, a youth of thirteen, educated on conflicting principles).
 MASTER RAFFLES,
 MASTER CADHUNTER, } (Westminster Scholars of ages from 10 to 14).
 MASTER HARDMOUTH,
 MRS. HARDLINES, (a tender parent, of a timid and serious turn).

ACT I.—A House in Westminster.

TIME—The present day.

SCENE—A Drawing Room, furnished in a style of sober elegance.
MRS. HARDLINES discovered.

Mrs. Hardlines. Five o'clock, and LOVIBOND not yet returned from the school! Oh—how agitated I have felt all day about the dear boy. It is his first launch into this wicked public-school world; he will have no fond Mamma to watch over him there! I do wish I could have induced my husband to have a private tutor in the house for him, or to send him to a select private academy under some exemplary Clergyman, where he could have had strict superintendence and continual care. I suppose he'll be back soon. (A knock.) Oh, how my heart beats at every knock! To be sure, my husband says things are very different at the school from what they were in his day—when Mrs. RAWBONE informs me it was quite common to roast small and weakly boys at the school-room fire, in mere wantonness! I understand, too, that the present head-master doesn't allow fighting—nor boating—that's a great comfort to an anxious mother. But still there are so many things to be agitated about—and dear LOVIBOND has been so carefully brought up, too—! [A great row heard down-stairs, and the door slammed violently.]
 Youthful Voices in the Street. Three cheers for HARDLINES! Hooray, Hooray, Hooray!

Mrs. H. (going to the window). Gracious, what is that noise? A number of boys shouting and throwing up their caps!

Enter MASTER LOVIBOND HARDLINES (his hair in confusion, and his jacket torn down the back).

Mrs. H. (in extreme agitation). My boy! My LOVIBOND! What—what is the matter—Oh—what a state to come home in!

Master L. All right, Ma. It was old BULGER did it—one of the fourth form boys.

Mrs. H. I shall get your Papa to write and complain of him, the moment he comes home. Let me smooth your hair, my child—(MASTER LOVIBOND submits restively to the operation)—and now do tell me, how did the Examination go off?

Master L. All right, Ma; old COCKLES is quite satisfied.

Mrs. H. Old COCKLES!

Master L. That's the second master—all the boys call him "Old COCKLES."

Mrs. H. What shocking recklessness! Nicknaming their master! My dear child, always call your Pastors and Masters by their right names—promise me, LOVIBOND. Besides, nicknaming is such a low habit.

Master L. Very well, Ma. I'm put in the fourth form—that's the lowest in the upper school, you know—under Old BLOKE.

Mrs. H. (reflectively). I didn't know there was a Master of that name.

Master L. No—that's not his regular name.

Mrs. H. Another nickname!

Master L. All the fellows have got nicknames. I said my name was LOVIBOND, and they called me LOVEY, and DUCKY, and I'm to have my name settled on Monday, after I've fought Old BULGER!

Mrs. H. After you've fought Old BULGER! Merciful Powers! Fought! My LOVIBOND!

Master L. He's in the fourth too, and a head taller than me—but he's such a muff.

Mrs. H. A muff!

Master L. Yes—a spooney, you know, Ma.

Mrs. H. Spooney! Oh, what language for a child of mine!

Master L. BULGER said I was a snob; all town-boarders were snobs; and he tore my jacket, and they told me to hit him.

Mrs. H. But you didn't—You remembered my lessons, I'm sure, and submitted meekly.

Master L. Did I, though? I gave him such a rum 'un in the eye—the fellows said it was a rum 'un.

Mrs. L. A rum 'un in the eye! Horrible!
Master L. And we're to fight on Monday.
Mrs. L. To fight. My child going to fight! To be brought back perhaps, a mangled and bleeding object! Oh, I can't bear it. Your Papa shall write and put a stop to it—or I'll insist on your being taken away from the School.

Enter MR. HARDLINES.

Mr. H. Holloa, JANE, what's the matter?
Mrs. H. Here's LOVIBOND come back from school—his first day, GEORGE—in such a state, with his hair all ragged, and his jacket torn!

Mr. H. (cheerfully to his son). What, been in a shindy already!
Master L. (proudly). Yes, Pa, with such a big chap!
Mr. H. Capital!
Master L. And we're to fight on Monday, Pa.
Mr. H. That's right! Mind you keep your hands well up, and hit straight from the shoulder.
Mrs. H. MR. HARDLINES—have you no feeling?
Mr. H. My dear?

Mrs. H. If you have no pity on your unhappy child, do think a little of me—for once. It's not often I appeal to your consideration; if LOVIBOND goes fighting, I shall be very ill, I'm sure I shall—
Mr. H. (mildly). Nonsense, JANE. The boy must be hardened—he wants it sadly. He must throw off with a mill. It was always the rule at Westminster. (To LOVIBOND.) Who's your second?
Mrs. H. Oh! this is too much.
Master L. My substance—Middle LOBB.
Mrs. H. MR. H., I insist on your putting a stop to this horrible business at once! You must write to the Head Master.
Mr. H. Write to the Head Master! Do you mean me to make a fool of myself, JANE? No, no, the boy must fight. (Mrs. H. is about to protest.) The boy shall fight, JANE, so not a word more about it.

[*Mrs. HARDLINES throws up her hands and eyes in mute appeal and sinks on the sofa in silent agony. Act drop.*
(A lapse of one day between this and the 2nd Act.)

ACT II.—Scene as before.

MRS. HARDLINES and MR. HARDLINES.

Mr. H. Better, Jane?
Mrs. H. (awfully). Better! Can you ask it, while I feel that at this moment my LOVIBOND may be bleeding under the blows of his brutal antagonist! Oh, the misery I've endured the last forty-eight hours—none but a mother can understand it!

Mr. H. Depend upon it, JANE, this sort of case-hardening is necessary for a boy; I went through it.
Mrs. H. (bitterly). I can conceive that, by the unfeeling way you have behaved.
Mr. H. (cheerfully). It will give LOVIBOND a character in the school, as the other fellow's a big 'un.
Mrs. H. Oh, how a man can sit there and deliberately weigh the advantages of his son's suffering! Thank Heaven, I have the feelings of a parent. (A knock below.) Hark!—I daren't look out of the window!

Enter MASTER RAFFLES.

Master R. Oh! please, Old EDWARDS said, I had better come up first, for fear you should be frightened.
Mrs. H. (clasping her hands). He's killed! I'm sure he is!
Mr. H. Stuff and nonsense. What is it—Is the fight over?
Master R. It didn't come off—Old BULGER fought shy.
Mrs. H. Oh, thank Heaven! A mother's prayers have been heard!
Master R. He's a regular shirk, is Old BULGER—but it wasn't that I came about.

Mrs. H. Not that! What has happened?
Master R. Well, you see, after the mill went off, we went to cricket in the fields, and HARDLINES was fagging out, and some cads—
Mrs. H. Cads?
Master R. Roughs, street-fellows—
Mrs. H. I don't understand you; but never mind—Go on, for mercy's sake.

Master R. Well, some cads came into the fields, and the fellows sent HARDLINES to turn 'em out, and they shied stones at him, and one of them caught him a clip over the eye, and he bled a good deal, and we've brought him home, but he's all right and jolly again.
[The door opens, and MASTER LOVIBOND is seen with his brow bandaged, and his face covered with blood, supported by MASTER CADHUNTER and MASTER HARDMOUTH.
Mrs. H. (rushing towards the group). My boy! My poor murdered boy!
[Tableau—Scene closes.

(A lapse of two days between this and the 3rd Act.)

ACT III.—The Dining Room.

MASTER LOVIBOND discovered, convalescent, in close confabulation with MASTERS RAFFLES, CADHUNTER, and HARDMOUTH.

Master L. Oh! but I can't get out without Ma's leave, you know.
Master C. What a spoon you are to stand that sort of thing!
Master R. I should like to see my Ma trying to keep me at home!
Master H. I say, HARDLINES, you just stick up to her, and say you won't stand being tied to—

Enter Mrs. H. softly behind.

—her apron-string.
Master C. So just you look here—say you've got a toothache, and ask leave to go to the dentist's, and then come down to SEARLE'S.
Master R. We've got such a jolly four-oar, and we'll go down to AVIS's—that's the Six Bells, you know, at Putney—and have beer.
Master H. And skittles!
Master L. Oh—what fun it would be! Well—I'll try and get out.
[Mrs. HARDLINES appears majestically in the midst of the group.
Mrs. H. Oh, you little abandoned profligates! Going on the water in a boat—Oh, LOVIBOND, LOVIBOND! Deceiving your fond mother—risking your precious life! Oh—if he stays a week longer at this dreadful School—it will be the death of me—I feel it will—Oh—who would be a mother!
[Sinks into a chair, and covers her face. MASTER LOVIBOND hesitates between filial affection and school-boy perverseness; MASTERS CADHUNTER, RAFFLES, and HARDMOUTH indulge in gestures of derision.

QUEEN ANNE IS NOT DEAD!

SOME Irish Papers are seriously contending that QUEEN ANNE after all is not dead. They maintain that there is no one living who saw her die; that the motives of interested persons for keeping her death a secret, are too obvious to require any comment being made upon them; and that the many assertions, so tauntingly heard in familiar discourse, to the effect that "QUEEN ANNE is dead," of themselves imply a doubt that demands some investigation. They demand, therefore, that, in spite of all the historical testimony that is accumulated by mercenary partisans of the present Court upon the subject, there should be a solemn investigation into every detail connected with the rumoured decease. They simply ask that the body of Her Majesty be exhumed, and examined by anyone but DR. TAYLOR; and also that an Inquest, of which the Jury should be composed of none but Irish Peers of the Realm, should sit upon it. In addition to this, they further suggest that a large Reward, something like £50,000, or £500,000, should be offered for the recovery of Her Majesty, so as to induce her to come forward, supposing she be still alive, or to induce others, who may be in the Royal secret, to tell of her whereabouts. These Irish gentlemen wildly hold forth, that nothing short of a national scientific inquiry like the above, will effectually set at rest the old vexata questio, as to whether or not "QUEEN ANNE is dead!"

RHYMES TO KARS.

SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS, of Kars,
 Baronet, is a son of MARS,
 Than whom a better never bore scars.
 With the edge of Ottoman scimitars,
 He smote the Cossacks; and 'gainst the Czar's
 Forces, held out like iron bars.
 Give him a sword, and crosses and stars,
 Hail to the hero, returned from the wars,
 SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS, of Kars.

THE STATE BALLET AT THE TUILERIES.

AMUSEMENT may be furnished to some of our readers by the following statement, from the Paris correspondence of a contemporary:—
 "The Austrian, Prussian, and Bavarian Ministers at the Court of the Tuileries are already dancing about the EMPEROR to plead the cause of KING OTHO."
 Diplomatic balls are not in general essentially different from balls of an ordinary kind; assemblies for the performance of polkas, waltzes, and quadrilles. At the former, as well as the latter, these exhibitions of grace and agility are generally managed by the concurrence of ladies and gentlemen; but the Austrian, Prussian, and Bavarian Ministers, dancing about LOUIS-NAPOLÉON, execute a *pas de trois*, or, if the EMPEROR also dances, a *pas de quatre*, quite peculiar, in being entirely masculine. Dancing about an EMPEROR to plead the cause of a King is a mode of intercession which we did not imagine to be adopted in actual political life, and we should never have expected it to be practised at any Court but that of some potentate in a ballet.



LITTLE DUCKS.

Georgy. "THERE NOW, CLARA—I CALL IT VERY PEEVISH OF YOU. YOU PROMISED ME, IF I LET YOU GO IN FIRST, THAT YOU WOULDN'T BE LONG, AND I DECLARE YOU HAVE BEEN EXACTLY AN HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES." (Pouts.)

BALLOONS OF THE BALL.

LADIES' dresses are generally airy at this time of the year, but those of the present season are particularly so. In Paris—the Head-quarters of Fashion—the Holy See of the modish world—air, atmospheric air, is actually a component part of female attire. A gentleman, evidently a lady's gentleman at any rate, the correspondent of an elegant morning journal, describes himself as having attended at the late Imperial baptismal ball at the Hôtel de Ville. The immense circumference of the skirts thereat exhibited, astounded him; and by his account it appears that the expansion of female drapery has become so excessive as to constitute the wearer a perfect nuisance to herself, and as great a nuisance as it is possible for a creature of loveliness to be to all about her. It renders the exertion of getting into and out of a carriage a difficulty amounting to a perfect trial, and its inconvenience is bitterly complained of by many of the sufferers whom an imperious necessity compels to submit thereto. And yet a heartless punster might perhaps have the barbarity to describe this dreadful inconvenience as an airy nothing, since, in some instances, at least, it is created by the mere force of air. The gentleman above alluded to records a conversation with one of the complainants, whereof the following is an extract:—

"Is it permitted, Madame," said I, "to go a little below the surface, and ask of what material this vast expansion is composed?" "Oh yes! she had a pleasure in exposing it—crinoline sometimes—sometimes a number of—one over the other—and sometimes a *jupon à tubes d'air*."

The air-tubes must be preferable for lightness, both to the crinoline and the number of dashes one over the other; and "light as fairy foot can fall" must be the step of the girl who is buoyed up by this airy under-clothing. A boy, by the way, would perhaps express the opinion that she would bound after the manner of a football well blown up. But, though light, it is questionable whether the *jupon à tubes d'air* has the commendation of coolness. Air is a bad conductor, and when confined, arrests the passage of heat. Much caloric is generated during a quadrille, and its escape would be opposed by the air-tubes.

THE POLICEMAN'S TEAR.

AGAINST the rails he leant,
To take a last fond look,
At the kitchen he was petted in,
And the open-handed cook.
He heard the pretty housemaid read—
"The Guards will soon be here,"
And the Peeler turned his bracelet round,
And wiped away a tear.

He thought on beef and pickles,
On the lobster and the crab,
And other dainties that the Force
So well knows how to grab.
He thought of SUSAN'S sixpences,
Of SARAH'S supper-beer,
And the Peeler turned his bracelet round,
And wiped away a tear.

For the Guards, the Guards are coming—
A week, and we shall find
His nose put not less out of joint
Than our larder, when he'd dined,
Cousins from the Crimea
With his rights will interfere—
No wonder that the Peeler sighed,
And wiped away a tear.

But there is vengeance in his head,
So do not deem him weak—
There's many a soldier will be watched
And brought before the Beak.
And of his rivals he will try
To keep our kitchens clear,
No sharper eye the steps can guard
Than now lets fall the tear.

H. stands for Hum.

MR. H. DRUMMOND came out with some strange paradoxes during the debate on MR. SPOONER'S ludicrous Maynooth Bill. Paradox, indeed, rather than orthodoxy or heterodoxy, would seem to constitute MR. H. DRUMMOND'S faith. What does MR. H. DRUMMOND think that his initial H. is likely to stand for, if he goes on in this way? Does he want to be called HUM DRUMMOND?

If additional lightness were desirable, the *jupon* might be distended with hydrogen instead of atmospheric air; but the substitution might not be unattended with danger. Hydrogen is an inflammable gas, and some mischievous juvenile might be tempted to puncture the puffed garment, with the view of creating merriment by occasioning its collapse. Were any flame in the vicinity, unless the flame were a peculiar flame, an explosion might be the consequence, which, communicated from *jupon* to *jupon*, would cause all the ladies in the room to blow up, one after the other. This is not the way in which young ladies in a ball-room would wish to go off. In wearing their dresses, therefore, with an air, they should not give themselves such airs as hydrogen.

One obvious advantage of the air-petticoat appears to have struck the observer whom we have quoted; and who proceeds:—

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and as my informant was—ty, I ventured to ask if the fair one could blow herself up, and let off the air at discretion for the *bien-être* of those around."

This, it appears, was quite practicable; and it would greatly simplify the question of getting in and out of carriages: though to see a lady blowing herself out in any other manner than that which is usual at a picnic or at supper, might appear somewhat ridiculous. To promote the *bien-être* of those around in letting the air off, a few drops of essence of lavender or violet, or otto of roses, might be introduced into the air tubes previously to filling them, and then the lady would fold herself up as a flower does at evening, exhaling fragrance as its petals close.

If the air employed in clothing Beauty with a balloon were the protoxide of nitrogen, or laughing gas, the hilarity necessarily attendant on its liberation would perhaps be augmented.

In concluding our observations on this delicate subject, we may remark that MR. CARLYLE might, with great propriety, apply the term *Windbag* to the wearer of the *jupon à tubes d'air*; though some perhaps will be of opinion, that a young lady so inflated would be more properly denominated a wind-baggage.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE 30th of June, Monday.—LORD DERBY declined to go on with his jocular bill for omitting all the absurdity from the Oath of Abjuration except the one absurdity which excludes the Jew from Parliament. The East India Company was again exposed. The Directors have been doing the creditable trick of performing a generous action at somebody else's expense—they have been presenting £500 to the inundated French out of the money belonging to the public. But this is a trifle to the Company, which, as LORD ELLENBOROUGH explained, is in the habit of spending

£23,000,000 a-year without any independent audit. It was announced that Mrs. THOMPSON, mother of one of the heroes of Kars, was to be assisted partly by the War Office, and "partly another way." With the public impression of the War Office, it will be thought that whatever the other way may be, it will be the preferable one.

The House of Commons was occupied to-night and the following night with a debate upon the American Enlistment Question. An Irish nobody, named MOORE, who commits abusive speeches to memory, and utters them with some energy, moved a resolution to the effect that Ministers deserved to be censured for their conduct. The discussion was not lively, for no one was the least in earnest. The best speeches were the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S and MR. GLADSTONE'S, and the latter, after cutting the Ministers to pieces, went out and voted for them. The plain English of the case is, that we wanted recruits, and that the Americans and our Government here knew perfectly well that MR. CRAMPTON was to get them if he could. For a long time no notice was taken of the matter; but, as PIERCE'S Government wanted a clap-net, they suddenly pretended to resent what they had been tacitly sanctioning, and we, who no doubt had committed an infraction of American law, had to back out of the fix as well as we could. In strictness, therefore, Government were wrong; but, under the circumstances, it was no case for a vote of censure; and, besides, who was going to endanger a Ministry in July, and with the white-bait dinner actually fixed? So, on division, Ministers had 274 votes, and MOORE 80.

Tuesday. A blood relation of PAT O'DAISEY and MISTRESS CASEY, need we name LORD DONOUGHMORE, complained of the expense of an Irish Lord's proving his right to vote for the representative peerage. This costs £150, whereas an English peer can take his seat for £5. All things considered, Mr. Punch may congratulate his friend LORD FERMOY (Burke Roche), who, it has just been decided, is not a lawfully constructed peer of Ireland.

Wednesday. The Commons rejected a bill for regulating the hours of labour in the bleaching factories, where it appears "young girls are worked 16, 18, and 20 hours a-day in a temperature varying from 90 to 130 degrees, and from some of the apartments in which, persons are habitually carried out in a fainting state." It was perfectly right, and in accordance with the principles of trade, to reject this bill, because it was shown that had these children been relieved, it would have been impossible to sell the article they produce at the same rate of profit as now. Mr. Punch is much disgusted, and he is sure his Manchester friends will be equally so with MR. WALTER, who made the unphilosophical and unenlightened remark, that "It was alleged that bills of this kind interfered with manufactures; but political economists overlooked the million of children yearly added to our population, by far the most interesting and important of our productions. The Legislature would, in his opinion, grossly neglect its duty if it did not take care that the youth of this country, upon whom its future strength and greatness depended, were so brought up that the development of their mental and bodily powers was not impeded by over-work."

Thursday. The Divorce Bill came on again, and the Bishops, led by DR. WILBERFORCE, exerted themselves to damage it as much as possible, by taking out the clause which proposes to do some little justice to women. But Mr. Punch's appeal to the Lords to protect the women of England against these priests was not made in vain, and the Bishops were signally defeated, the division being 43 to 10.

In the Commons, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL made signals of distress touching his bill for reforming the Doctors' Commons nuisance, declaring that in trying to please everybody he had offended everybody. The rapacity of the ecclesiasticals has been curiously evinced ever since the measure was introduced; every official, including

the touters who hang about St. Paul's Churchyard, and insult you if you say that you don't want a marriage licence, having made a grab at "compensation." In supply, LORD PALMERSTON said that, as the plunder of Sebastopol would give only half-a-crown a-piece to our officers, and sixpence to our men, the Government had liberally determined to keep it all to themselves. The entry of the Guards was alluded to, and it was stated that the route was not settled; but it is understood that SIR RICHARD AIKEY desires to bring the men skulking in by the most private way, as he conceives that the Guards are the QUEEN'S Guards, and that the people have nothing to do with them. The bungling routinier of the Crimea comes out again: SIR RICHARD has evidently learned nothing,—let him learn this:—

"Another of SIR RICHARD'S blundering freaks,
He'll get our Guardsmen christened AIKEY-Sneaks."

Friday. The idea of work this beautiful weather was quite repugnant to Mr. Punch's feelings, so he calmly counted himself out, and drank himself, iced, at Greenwich.



BIRDS AND BURDENS.

WHETHER it is the heat of the weather, or any other influence, we will not pretend to say, but there has certainly been an unusual oddness lately about some of the advertisements. Among others, we have an announcement headed

"First Class Fowls and Eggs from the Same"

which proceeds to talk about all sorts of strange birds, including "Buenos Ayrean ducks," and at last reaches a sort of climax in the words—"Fowls, by BAILY, 2s.; by post, 2s. 1d." How the fowls can be "by BAILY" it is very difficult to understand, unless BAILY is the name of some remarkable bird whose progeny is popular. We are happy to find these fowls so cheap as to be sold for two shillings, though we are a little astonished to hear that they can be sent "by post" for an extra penny.

We know that all kinds of things may be sent through the Post-Office, but the idea of enclosing a fowl in an envelope and thrusting him into a box, after putting a QUEEN'S Head upon him—to say nothing of the processes of stamping, sorting, and all the other arrangements incidental to transmission by post—is, to say the least of it, rather a novel one. It is to be hoped that a letter-carrier is not often burdened with "Fowls by BAILY," or any other member of the feathered tribe; for we can scarcely conceive anything more difficult of delivery. We can understand the sending of "winged words" in the shape of correspondence, but we do not think that Fowls ought to be allowed to creep in under such a category.

Free Libraries v. St. Pancras.

It is instructive to know that the individual, by whose influence the adoption of MR. EWART'S Free Libraries Act was defeated in St. Pancras, was—a sweep. "The schoolmaster is abroad," said BROUGHAM; but the schoolmaster, being abroad, hardly thought to be knocked down by a chimney-sweeper. This is Broom against BROUGHAM with a vengeance!

"PORTER'S PROGRESS OF THE NATION."



THE door of the House of Commons ought to be a very valuable one, considering what it costs to keep up every year. The following sums are what JOHN BULL pays annually to guard the entrance of the Legislature:—

The First Doorkeeper receives . . . £300
The Second Doorkeeper receives . . . 250

The reader will confess that £550 every twelvemonth is a "swingeing" price for a door! The company within ought to be a little more select, when the doorkeepers receive such enormous salaries to protect it. Yet, if they did their work efficiently, no one would begrudge them their

large pay. If they sent back every unworthy member: if they allowed only the pure, the good, the honest, or the clever to enter, we should be the first to suggest that, far from being overpaid, they were shamefully underpaid in proportion to the vast amount of benefit they rendered to the community. But, with their duties thus rigorously carried out, there would soon be little or nothing for them to do. The office would, very quickly, become extinct. St. Stephens' would present the curious spectacle every night of "No House," and two doorkeepers to guard the door of it!

And why two doorkeepers? Is the door such a heavy cumbrous affair, so very difficult to push aside, that it takes two men to throw it open? And yet, when we look at the number of small, weak men who have got into the House, this cannot be. Perhaps one door-keeper attends specially to the Whigs, and the other touches his hat only to the Tories. Or, it may be that the majority claims the undivided attention of Janitor No. 1, whilst Janitor No. 2 (the one with the smaller salary) keeps a watchful eye over the less important movements of the minority. Or, more likely still, one goes to sleep whilst the other watches, and thus they relieve each other in turns.

But the amount of Porter's work does not end here. On looking at the "Civil Service Estimates" (that tremendous Blue Pill which JOHN BULL is obliged to swallow every year) we find the following cheerful items:—

| | |
|------------------------------------------|------|
| Three Messengers, at £300 each | £900 |
| Messenger | 180 |
| Two Messengers at £170 | 340 |
| Messenger | 160 |
| Messenger | 140 |
| Messenger | 130 |
| Messenger | 110 |

You would imagine that was sufficient—but pray have a little patience. There is another charming little item (a "little one thrown in") of

Temporary Messengers £500

You would suppose that it could go no further, but it only shows how inconsiderate some people are. You would not send out a messenger, and not pay his expenses? Shabbiness like that could not be tolerated in an establishment where the doorkeeper receives just one-fourth of the sum granted every year to destitute men of genius. Consequently, there is an additional item, and it could not be more reasonable, considering exercise generally engenders in messengers an inordinate thirst for beer.

Messengers' Journeys £200

You think this is, at last, the finish, but it is only another proof of your parsimony and intolerance. Messengers do not carry letters. They are only the bearers of messages. The distinction is a very large one in a country where there is a Post-Office. But as St. Martin's-le-Grand is not large enough to transmit the business of Parliament, we are furnished with another elegant item in the shape of—

Porters for carrying out Letters for the several departments . . . £500

Thus, for doorkeepers, messengers, and porters, we have the pleasure of paying annually no less a sum total than £3,710! We "guess" that, for a considerably smaller figure than that, the President of the United States gets his little

"Message" carried, and pays himself his own salary into the bargain. But, we are a great country! We pay doorkeepers of the Houses of Parliament more liberally than the great authors whom the world has admitted into the Temple of Fame, and, to messengers who run with the private notes of members, we give greater salaries than any pension we should award to an astronomer who had been surveying all his life the paths of Heaven.

Altogether, we think we can fairly congratulate our readers upon the very bright prospects of "PORTER'S Progress of the Nation."

BLOOD AT THE SEA-SIDE.

We take the subjoined very promising advertisement from the *Times*:—

SEA-SIDE.—Board and Residence.—A gentleman and his wife nearly allied to a titled family, REQUIRE the SOCIETY of one or two LADIES wishing for pure air and sea-bathing. The distance a few hours from town. References given, and terms liberal. State real name by letter to —, care of —.

At first blush this seems to be a very advantageous offer to any two ladies of eternal friendship desirous of purity of air and saltness of water. Nevertheless, gentlemen cannot be too cautious. "Nearly allied to a titled family." This sounds well; and yet, in what degree of consanguinity? It is plain that there is nothing sordid in the advertisement. The gentleman and his wife are too near nobility to think of housing and boarding lodgers. They simply "Require the Society of one or two Ladies." Still, were we "two ladies," we should like to know the exact degree of relationship between our nominal landlord and landlady and the House of Lords. Again, it would surely answer the advertisers' views—allowing that, at the last moment, they could be induced to take payment for board and lodging—did they specify their exact heraldry. However, people who are taken by such an advertisement, full soon know how much such advertisers quarter on the spoons of the establishment.

HEALTH OF THE DRAMA.

DURING the last week, the Drama has not been laid up with any fresh complaint. Its morality has fortunately been spared another attack. We are glad to state that every play-bill has presented, as compared with previous weeks, a clean bill of health. There has not been a single case of consumption—not even of galloping consumption at Astleys. It is also our pleasant duty to record, that the crime of poisoning has for a time ceased, which must be looked upon as a most favourable symptom. There has only been one slight attack of *Malaria* at the Royal Italian Opera, but nothing has resulted from it. The Press, having seen that the drama, which presented some very ugly features, was properly ventilated in time, may be thanked for preventing the evil spreading any further. The other side of the water is equally healthy. At the Victoria as at the Surrey, not a single victim to measles, nor hooping-cough, nor small-pox, nor even the influenza, is on the play-books. Altogether, as far as the health of the Drama is concerned, there has been during the last few days a welcome change for the better, and we hope the improvement will gradually continue until there is no longer any necessity for the drama to encroach again on the province of the hospital.

The Character we English have Abroad.

"Did you ever meet with the *Roving Englishman* on your travels, Count?" inquired a young lady of a celebrated French traveller. "Pardon, Miss (was the Count's reply), it is true I meet every year a large number of your compatriotes, who travel as the English only can travel, but it never was my pleasure to meet what you call *The Roving Englishman*. *Mais en revanche*, Miss, I can tell you I have been fortunate enough to meet more than one time—*The Roving Englishman!*"

SENSELESS PREJUDICE.

In rejecting the Oaths of Abjuration Bill, the House of Lords has at least shown a great want of Commons' Sense.

FEMALE TRAVELLERS.



HE career is opening to female talent wider and wider. Not long ago we had to congratulate two ladies on having obtained diplomas and established themselves in practice as physicians. Subjoined is an advertisement which shows that the fair sex is beginning to occupy a position in the commercial world, and that beauty is taking an important part in business:—

TO LADIES OF ADDRESS AND ENERGY.—CANNASSERS are REQUIRED for the sale on commission of an article in demand. Apply by letter Respectable references to be given in the application.

Too long have young ladies of independent feelings, but in circumstances of an opposite kind, had to choose between going for a governess or for a wife. An engagement as a canvasser

will afford an escape from either species of domestic servitude. As the power of persuasion is a pre-eminent attribute of womankind, there is no function for which women are better qualified than that of canvassing—except, of course, that of nursing. Many a young lady can handle the ribbons, in the sense of driving a gig; though in these railway days, the possession of that accomplishment is not so imperative as it formerly was on the commercial traveller. In every other respect of qualification for that capacity young ladies have much the advantage of men, and are far better adapted to go about soliciting and coaxing people for orders. We may therefore expect that T. G., which initials have hitherto been supposed to stand for Travelling Gent., will henceforth be also understood to mean Travelling Girl, unless it shall become customary to appropriate T. L. as a distinctive cypher, to Travelling Ladies, or Travelling Lasses. Taverns will then, of course, contain a Ladies' Commercial Room, sacred to Commercial Ladies, and whence all other ladies will be excluded. In this apartment a tariff of commercial prices will be insisted on, and a stipulated charge will be made for tea and bread and butter, pastry, lemonade, buns, ices, lobster-salad, eau de Cologne, patchouli, and sal-volatile. The *Times*, and also *Le Follet* will be taken in.

Representative Women.

SOME strongminded women are of opinion that ladies ought to be eligible for seats in Parliament. Against their view has been urged the argument, that if this were the case there would be too much talking. There is too much talking in the House already; but the admission of ladies as Members would not perhaps increase that. On the contrary, it might tend to diminish discussion, by creating additional inducement to pairing off.

NO ANSWER FROM NAPLES!

ENGLAND and France make a communication to the KING OF NAPLES, but, says LORD CLARENDON, his Majesty deigns no reply. How long is this to last? If Bomba is silent, is that any reason that English cannon have lost their tongue?

A Benevolent Coup!

THE sons of LOUIS-PHILIPPE reject the word "benevolence" used by LOUIS-NAPOLÉON in the document that assigns them a share of their confiscated fortune. "They throw benevolence in the EMPEROR'S face," says JACQUES. "Do they, indeed?" says JEAN, "then they can't throw it where it's worse wanted."

AND A VERY STUPID ANSWER, TOO.

"WHERE shall we put our pictures?" in despair The House exclaims, and E(L)CHO answers, "Where?"

A BALD IMPOSSIBILITY.—A man may from hurry, or forgetfulness, or absence of mind, or some strong excitement, make his appearance without his wig, but when did a woman forget her's?

THE CHAFF OF A COMMON LAWYER.

A DOG-FIGHT, a horse-race, a masquerade, a public execution, to persons facetiously and insolently disposed, afford suitable opportunities for insulting each other, or for insulting gentlemen, by that species of personal banter which calls call "chaff." An investigation of a charge of manslaughter before a Magistrate, however, will hardly perhaps be considered by most people to furnish a quite legitimate occasion for such indulgence in low raillery. Among the few who may entertain a different opinion on this point, it appears that we must class MR. CLARKSON, the Old Bailey barrister. This person, in the exercise of his vocation at Bow Street, pending a case of the kind above mentioned, is reported to have combined the cross-examination of DR. ELLIOTSON with certain jocose personalities which may be included under the head of chaff. DR. ELLIOTSON having stated that he had found continuance in a shower-bath for eight minutes and forty seconds very disagreeable, the following remark was—according to the report—addressed to him by funny MR. CLARKSON:—

"But then you did not go in as an excited lunatic, I presume, which makes all the difference. (*A laugh.*)"

We are not told whether or not the learned and funny gentleman gave a peculiar force to his joke by laying an emphasis on the word "excited;" but what follows is calculated to suggest the probability that the witticism did partake of the nature of an *inueno*:—

"By MR. BODKIN. The temperature being much colder in April than in June, must have made the bath much more trying to the deceased, but even at the end of June I found it very dreadful.

"MR. CLARKSON. It was not so agreeable as Mesmerism? (*A laugh.*)"

"DR. ELLIOTSON. By no means. I should like you to try the difference. (*Laughter.*)"

There is an abuse of language known both in law and in manners as impertinence, but it is not always the same thing among lawyers that it is among gentlemen. Impertinence with the former is mere surplussage—words which are beside the question. By the latter impertinence is understood to imply insult also, which legal impertinence does not necessarily imply. MR. CLARKSON, however, ingeniously combined those two kinds of impertinence in "chaffing" DR. ELLIOTSON. Everybody knows that DR. ELLIOTSON has for a long time been engaged in investigating the subject of Mesmerism, and, in common with many other men of science, has arrived at a conviction that its apparent phenomena are real. Now, whether Mesmerism is a fact or a delusion, DR. ELLIOTSON is, at any rate, a learned and skilful physician; and to rally such a man on that subject is, at best, the same kind of jocosity as would be exhibited in poking fun under the same circumstances, that is, in a court of justice and apart from the matter in hand, at FATHER NEWMAN on the subject of miracles. It is also like reminding a glazier of putty, a tailor of goose, or a shoe-maker of wax-ends, as is commonly done by the class of people who supply Old Bailey barristers with clients, and from whom MR. CLARKSON probably learned to talk in that sort of way to DR. ELLIOTSON. It may be to sure be suggested on the other hand, that MR. CLARKSON really believed, and was therefore as an advocate justified in insinuating, that DR. ELLIOTSON was mad on the subject of Mesmerism. His way of thinking perhaps is the gregarious kind of thought which regards belief of any wonder as madness until the wonder comes to be generally believed. He knew that DR. ELLIOTSON had sacrificed many fees to the spirit of research which impelled him to pursue the study of Mesmerism—that he had sacrificed fees to scientific enthusiasm. Very likely the enthusiasm to which fees are sacrificed appears the uttermost lunacy to MR. CLARKSON.

It will have been observed that DR. ELLIOTSON proved himself quite capable, not only of standing chaff, but also of meeting it with a suitable and good-humoured reply. For this ability to give MR. CLARKSON "as good as he brought," as the saying is, DR. ELLIOTSON was no doubt indebted to the large professional experience which has familiarized him with the tone of low as well as of high life, and taught him how, upon occasion, to adapt a repartee to the calibre of the inferior classes.

Charity on its Head.

THE Amateur Pantomime is, it is said, to be repeated at Drury Lane, for the foundation of an Institution to be called "The Acrobats' Home; or Sympathy on Silts." Six months' professional exercise on a square of carpet three feet by two will qualify all claimants.

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

WE learn from Vienna (where the POPE may be called again to act as godfather), that "if a Prince be born, he will, it is said, bear the name of RODOLPHE." Anything for a change. The Austrians have surely had enough of FRANCIS.

A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.—To expect that one-half of the miracles promised by a Quack Pill will ever be performed!



THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.

Jane. "LAWK, JEMIMA! DON'T THEY LOOK BEWTIFUL NOW THEY'VE GOT THEIR LONG COATS?"

CONDOLENCE WITH A PERSON AT COURT.

'Tis a nuisance, my Prince, for you; yes 'tis a bore
That you can't have the Pictures at Kensington Gore.
Ah, the stubborn, perverse, disagreeable crew,
That outvoted the Court, and the Government too!

Hang the dogs!—I had rather not say who they are,
For fear that I might be had up at their bar:
Let them triumph! we know that they're all in disgrace,
Excluded for ever from honour and place.

Never mind, noble Prince, we our crosses have all,
Your great matters if I may compare with our small;
But when you complain of your bad luck, you should,
I would humbly suggest, also think of your good.

Just consider how great is the length of the rope
Which your taste is allowed—how extensive a scope
Your invention enjoys, since you're left to assume
Unrestricted control of the Army costume.

Recollect, with a fiat obeyed as divine,
The uniform, both of the Guards and the Line,
You dictate, unchecked by a mutinous vote
From improving the soldier's cap, trousers, or coat.

The Lords with the Commons in vain may conspire,
To abolish your power upon martial attire;
In spite of the Commons, in spite of the Peers,
Sure as Fate for our forces you'll still hold the shears.

When you fashion the clothes of an army so fine,
At a small disappointment you should not repine;
At not having your way in a matter so light,
As the choice of a National Gallery's site.

Then but think, noble Prince, of the *bâton* you wield;
A Field Marshal's—Hyde Park, I believe, is the field;
So that you'd give direction to WILLIAMS of Kars
In case you were ever to go to the wars.

A Field Marshal, too, knows that though forced to retreat,
A General is not always finally beat;
Better fortune next Session may possibly bring,
And more vigorous pressure accomplish the thing.

Let the whip be with greater severity plied,
And a little more dexterous influence be tried,
And the Public may yet have to travel footsore
For a sight of its pictures, to Kensington Gore.

Palmerston and the Pope.

A CORRESPONDENT in a Dresden paper avers, that the Pope, in defiance of the Cardinals, resolved on having LORD PALMERSTON gibbeted in Roman type; to which end his Holiness determined on printing his Lordship's avowal in the House of Commons, that "the Roman states of the Church were never better ruled than by the government which was formed after the flight of the Pope." There is a slight error here which, on the suggestion of *Mr. Punch*, the Pope will no doubt see corrected. Thus, for "never better ruled," read "never so *well* ruled?" *Mr. Punch* is only sorry that the French didn't leave well alone.

A NEW SAINT.—We understand that, in recognition of the filial duty of MR. BOWYER, as a son of the church, the POPE has promised in due season to put him in the Calendar. MR. BOWYER will be canonised as St. BOSIL.

HEARTRENDING OUTBURST OF GRIEF DURING THE DOG-DAYS ON THE PART OF A FAT APOLECTIC FOOTMAN IN A TALL BELGRAVIAN MANSION.—"If Master and Missus had to run up-stairs every time, I'm blow'd if they'd ring the Bell so precious often!"



H. R. H. F. M. P. A. AT IT AGAIN!

Policeman. "ONLY MOVING THE PICTURES TO KENSINGTON GORE! SUPPOSE YOU LEAVE 'EM WHERE THEY ARE, EH?"

RUDE QUESTIONS TO A WIFE.



ELL US, do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had given your husband cold meat for dinner? Did you not feel ashamed, and angry with yourself, and vow that you would never do so again?—Do you mean to say you have never searched your husband's pockets? Have you not blushed a papal scarlet when you found that they contained only some cigar-ends, a musty glove or two, a few halfpence well *paned* with biscuit crumbs, and, perhaps, an old playbill?—Can you, also, lay your hand upon the tea-caddy, and solemnly declare that you have never, on any rare occasion, opened one of the poor innocent's letters? and have you not been ready to cry with vexation, when you found that your suspicions had been roused by nothing better than

a tailor's piteous application for money?—Do your powers of recollection enable you to give impartially the secret history of every "Sick Headache," that has prevented your coming down to dinner? and, also, is your memory strong enough to describe the various remedies that have been employed before the same, could, or would, be relieved?—Have you never, in a fit of uncontrollable indignation, threatened to go home to your mamma? and can you, without much prejudice, inform us who was to blame in each instance for such provocation?—Have you anything to reproach yourself with regard to that same "mamma?" She is an excellent woman, of course; but was it the best policy, do you think, to have her so incessantly in the house? or, granting that necessity, was it prudent, or kind, do you imagine, to make all the arrangements of the house subservient to her comfort? and to neglect your husband's wants to attend to her whims and fancies? And again, we must put to you the rude question, whether, on second reflection, it would not have been, perhaps, better to have denied her the very free use of that black paint that she delighted in besmearing your husband with every day from head to foot? and we trust you will tell us whether the result of those *noircours* was not to make out your husband (supposing he was already a little bit of a "black sheep") to be a thousand times blacker than there was any humane occasion for?—Have you never purposely mislaid—in other words, hidden—the key of the cellarette, when your husband brought home a few friends to supper?—Have you never, when an invitation has come that your husband was particularly anxious you should accept, equivocated just a little by saying that "you had not a gown to go in?" and was not the object of such equivocation, if we might be allowed to hint such a thing, to put your husband's well known generosity to the test?—Talking of dresses, do you recollect that beautiful *moire antique* that you saved by a beautiful financial *coup de main* out of the pies and puddings? Was it fair to the poor fellow when he is so fond of gooseberry-pudding, and you know he has said over and over again that he could dine off cherry-tart?—Are you quite sure that the cook does not know how to cook tripe? or is it because you think it vulgar—or because you do not like it yourself—that you always refuse to let your husband have some for supper?—Which is the most advisable, do you think, to allow smoking at home, or to drive your husband out of doors to have his cigar elsewhere?—And, when he has come home late and tired, do you think it kind, or generous, to pester him with a long string of questions as to where he has been? and what he has been doing? and whether he is not ashamed of himself? and whether it would not be better for him to spend his money on his family? &c., &c., &c., all of which questions he could answer a thousand times better in the morning? and lastly, we will ask you, supposing you wanted to go to sleep, how would you like it yourself?

(P.S. It is to be hoped that the Wife, who takes upon herself to answer the above questions, will do so without prevarication, or losing her temper. Any excitement in this hot weather is both dangerous and unpleasant.)

ODD FOR JUSTICE.—The name of the Belgian Minister of Justice (he is now in France "arranging the project of law on the press") is NOTHUMB. NOTHUMB, and a Minister of Justice! How does he manage to hold the scales?

CAPTAIN PEN.

OUR readers are requested not to draw any uncharitable inference from the absence of "Our Special Correspondent" from his proper place in the triumphal procession of the Guards. *Mr. Punch* knows that circumstances not at present to be dwelt upon, prevented the appearance of "Our Special Correspondent," upon whom, on his way with the troops to the Park, so many fair hands would have rained roses. However, at the time we write, it has been decided to mark, in as significant a manner as possible, the vital services of "Our Special Correspondent" as the saviour of the remnant of the Crimean Army. To this end, a herald (probably *MR. PLANCHÉ*, as the most accomplished equestrian) will ride upon a piebald horse (piebald, to mark the black and white of letters), the herald wearing a tabard formed of a copy of the *Times*. He will carry a magnificent gold inkstand (the gold from the Ural mountains) in which will be a snow-white swan-quill. In this manner will Captain Sword delight to honour Captain Pen.

GOOD EXERCISE FOR STOUT PERSONS.

A Few years back, there was produced at the Odéon in Paris a comedy called *Un Voyage autour de ma Femme*. We do not think the same enterprising individual would like to undertake the same journey now. As fashion has increased the circumference of a woman to almost that of a *petit Paris*, we fancy our hardy *voyageur* would be tired before he had circumambulated even one half of the outer Boulevards. It would be like walking round the skirts of a crinoline metropolis. Seats should be erected at certain distances, to enable the tired traveller to rest.

POEM, BY AN ACADEMICIAN, ON HEARING THAT THE RAINBOW RUBENS HAD BEEN LOST TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

WHAT'S the cause as SIR C. EASTLAKE
Never seems to set his best leg
Foremost, when he's buying pictures?
Now he's gone and lost that RUBENS,
And there'll be no end of snubbins
For the unfortunate Directors.

P.S. Likewise the Press will make their strictures.

A View of Society from a Police Office.

THE proverb admonishes us that "we should speak of a man as we find him." But if Magistrates spoke of men as they fined them, their conclusion as to mankind would not, we are afraid, be a very flattering one. Their speaking would amount to this unnatural division:—that one half of men were drunkards or thieves, and that the other half were no better, with the further iniquity of beating their wives. We must say that we know many estimable men who do not belong either to one moiety or the other.

BITTER BAD THOUGHTS.

By a Bitter Bad Man.

THE Law ruins men, and Fashion women.
There is a fitness in all things, excepting cheap clothes.
It's a bad plan not to grumble—the wheel isn't oiled till it creaks.
The man who intends getting round his wife must start very early in the morning.
Prosperity shines on different persons much in the same way that the Sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, whilst others it softens like wax.
A miser is but a human version of the turnspit dog that toiled every day to roast meat for other person's eating.
Hail a cab in bad weather, and it may come to your assistance; but hail a friend in your adversity, and see what notice he will take of you.
Life is a Romance which most young ladies would like to begin by reading the third volume first—as it is the one which generally contains the marriage.

A Fashionable Dialogue.

Locality:—A Fashionable Mansion in a Fashionable Street.

Sir William W. (ringing violently). Oh! tell me, JANE, what is that confounded Van waiting at the door for?

Jane. If you please, Sir, it's the Milliner, who has sent it to fetch away her Ladyship's new dress, which isn't quite big enough, Sir.

UNIFORM NEGLECT.

THE day after the apparition of the Yankee at HER MAJESTY'S levee in a black cravat, the English Funds actually declined. A correspondent draws from the fact the following MORAL:—The "ties" of the two nations must be extremely loose, when "cravats" can thus affect the "stocks!"



MR. BOUNCEABLE, WHILST RETURNING FROM WOOLWICH, TAKES ADVANTAGE OF A SLIGHT SHOWER TO IMPROVE THE OCCASION.

"Call this a gale of wind? Ah, the Black Sea's the place for that! and as for rain—you should just see it in the Crimea!"

TRADE REPORT.

THERE has been a great stir in the cloth market during the last week. "The military official" from America, on the pressing advice of Mr. DALLAS, has submitted to be measured for a new pair of pants; the ambassador condescending to observe, by way of mollification, to the citizen, "measures not men." The velvet trade has received a considerable impetus, one stock, at least, having been ordered at a wholesale house; the velvet was Genoese, in compliment to the KING OF SARDINIA. We have further to mark a lively advance in the article of bristles; which we attribute to the circumstance of a new set of blacking-brushes having been ordered at the American Legation, for the use of those Citizens who may vouchsafe to have their free and independent shoe-leather polished before it condescends to tread upon the flooring of St. James's Palace; and further, Russian duck and soap have risen, a dozen of towels and six pounds of best mottled having been ordered by Mr. DALLAS for those of his effeminate fellow-citizens, who may feel disposed to wash their hands before they permit the QUEEN of the Britishers to kiss them.

A Little Moral Essay

To Young Men about to enter on Man's Estate.

THE Threshold of Life is known by there being the number 21 on the door. Knock boldly—hold your head up—and enter, "like a man."

A VULGAR ERROR.—That it is not allowed at a City dinner to send up twice for Turtle Soup!

A CRAVEN'S HORSE.

WE have pig-iron, why not horse-iron? Now we have little doubt that this query was quickening in the large brain of WILLIAM GEORGE CRAVEN, Lieutenant in the First Life Guards, when he determined to drive his horse in a dog-cart against the railway-engine of the South-Western Railway that started from Windsor at 1.50 to Staines; iron beating horseflesh by a minute or two, and so on to Hounslow, the gallant animal and its very high-spirited master being, however, slightly distanced by what our amiable and dulcet-tongued friends, the Yankees, call BEEZEEBUB in harness. Now, the distance from Windsor to Hounslow is thirteen miles, and this distance the horse covered in an hour and an odd minute or so. Iron, somehow, beat mere horse-flesh; LIEUTENANT CRAVEN'S noble steed being scarcely up to the chivalrous notions of his master; for the wretched animal, we are of course understood in an equine sense, on proceeding to the George Inn, was merely equal to its gruel, having no pluck whatever left for corn. About a pint of gruel could the horse swallow, but not a pinch of oats. BELCHER, the groom, however, benevolently "walked the horse about the yard, as it had not got its wind." In an hour's time the faithful groom again put the horse into the dog-cart to return to Windsor. At Bedford, the horse could scarcely stand, "and trembled violently." The groom, however—perhaps the poor fellow wished to emulate the spirit of his master—remained firm, and drove to Egham, where the horse was taken out, and whereupon it broke into a cold sweat; and, to conclude, where, after a few minutes' further trembling, the horse dropt down dead. "Upon being opened, the cavity of the stomach was found to contain two or three quarts of blood."

This accident was duly inquired into at the Staines Petty Sessions, on the prosecution of Mr. FOSTER, a busy-body who, on the part of the Prevention of Cruelty Society, will interfere with the liberty of the subject as sought to be enjoyed by officers and gentlemen desirous of beating, if only by a neck, steam and iron with horse-blood and bone. However, LIEUTENANT CRAVEN was not unsupported. One MR. JENNINGS, for the defence (we presume an attorney), in the serenity of his legal belief declared that it was "an absurd charge. The distance was not more than thirteen miles, and the horse could have done double the distance in the time, which was over an hour." Twice thirteen are twenty-six! Twenty-six miles in an hour and four or five minutes. Sharp driving this. If attorneys set out for Paradise at this speed, we can only say that the pace is a little more fast than sure.

A veterinary surgeon (name not given) thought the horse had died "from apoplexy, but had not opened the head." Who knows? The

disappointed animal may have died from sheer chagrin, from downright vexation of spirit, at its inability to fulfil the desire of its CRAVEN master. Further, the surgeon aforesaid "did not think that keeping up with the railway train from Windsor to Staines, a distance of seven miles, was calculated to injure a horse." Why, of course not. The horses of the sun do a little more than that every day. If APOLLO had been subpoenaed, he could have proved this. Perhaps, however, MR. JENNINGS had never heard of the witness.

The Magistrates deliberated and differed. They gave MR. CRAVEN the benefit of a doubt; a benefit that, we hope, he will be enabled to, make the best of. Doubt is, at times, not a bad poultice. With respect to the groom, however, the Magistrates fined him in the full penalty of £5, with £5 costs; or, in default of payment, to be imprisoned for two months and kept to hard labour. We further learn from the report, that "the decision evidently excited profound surprise." Doubtless, the innocent Arcadians of Staines expected to have BELCHER sentenced to take his place in the shafts of the dog-cart, *vice* the horse deceased, and with LIEUTENANT CRAVEN adjudged to the box, to be run against a railway-engine for an hour and a few minutes, with unlimited gruel at the journey's end, and the heartiest feed (if he could only swallow them) of the gallant Lieutenant's own wild oats.

To conclude, the inexorable MR. FOSTER applied for the costs of MR. CRAVEN'S prosecution (just as boys at Eton are made to pay for their own birch), price £20. The bench granted £10 costs against MR. CRAVEN, "as they thought MR. FOSTER'S application a very reasonable one." Being so very "reasonable," it was, however, cut down to half. But such is the reward of moderation at Staines!

Happily, we live not in heathen times, when the creed of Pythagoras had its believers; otherwise LIEUTENANT CRAVEN might have thought of a future horse, the property of a future attorney, to be groomed by a future groom, and examined by a future veterinary surgeon. As horses go to the dogs, so might men passing into horses go to dog-carts. Only imagine, now, a fine cavalry young gentleman, suffering the law of transmigration of soul, doomed to the shafts of a dog-cart, with an attorney (who does not think twenty-six miles an hour sharp driving), blue-bag and all on the box, whipped and whipped, and driven against a railway-engine, the impatient driver being a little late from his chambers, Red-lion's Inn, to catch the Northern train for the Northern circuit.

But let us be thankful that we live not in heathen days; and let LIEUTENANT CRAVEN pay his groom's fine, and his own quota of expense, and rejoice that he is a Christian!

SANCTIMONY AND FIDDLE-FADDLE.



THAT amusing organ of Calvinism, the *Record*, launched out recently in an article severely denouncing fashionable amusements, especially dancing. In this effusion, evidently conceived in a strong spirit of old Geneva, occurs the following passage:—

“Truly godly persons could no more attend the race-course, the opera, the theatre, or the ball-room, than they could swear, lie, or steal.”

If the individual who penned the above sentence is a truly godly person, of course he never goes to races, operas, plays, or balls. Yet he speaks so specifically in condemnation of dancing, both as practised in ballets and fashionable ball-rooms, as to make it clear that he is familiar with the former style of dancing, and that he thinks at least that he has also seen the latter. But at this rate, surely, he would seem to be not so much a

truly godly person as a truly great humbug.

This writer in the *Record* should not take it for granted that dancing in decent society is the same kind of thing as the dancing that he may have witnessed, and perhaps assisted in, by the payment of one shilling.

When this man says that truly godly persons could no more frequent the race-course, the opera, the theatre, or the ball-room, than they could swear, lie, and steal, may be not, however, deserve credit for some degree of good faith? Is it not possible that such truly godly persons as himself might be quite capable of doing all those seven things?

Stealing, lying, swearing, dancing, play-going, opera-going, and attending races, are the seven deadly sins of the writer in the *Record*.

Music and dancing attended the return of the Prodigal; but we do not read that cursing and swearing might as well have been indulged in on that occasion.

That a man looks ridiculous in dancing may perhaps be said. Man, attitudinising, and cutting capers, with flying coat-tails, may be described as man presenting a somewhat undignified appearance. It may be not unreasonably argued, that dancing might as well be confined to the ornamental sex—that is, to the sex, one of whose chief uses is the adornment of life. But to place dancing on the same footing with stealing and swearing, indicates an idea of dancing which can only have been derived from participation in that amusement on occasions when profane oaths and the picking of pockets were usually its attendant circumstances.

The morals of the fashionable world, this writer also contends, have been depraved by the introduction of sculpture representing the mere human form. But what does he think of ladies' present dresses? Are they not ample enough for him? Barefaced, indeed, and more than half bareheaded, they certainly do leave the wearer; but the rest of their arrangement is such as to render her an object of that cool admiration with which we contemplate a fashionably-draped lay figure. When their flowing skirts are lifted an inch or two out of the mud, they just disclose a pair of boots, which are simply neat and gentleman-like, with “military heels”—to which spurs, probably, will be annexed in good time.

The fact is, that, except as to the head and face, the dress of a fashionable lady accomplishes precisely the same object essentially as that of a nun; it conceals those personal advantages which are too apt to attract notice; it wraps the wearer up, and averts particular attention from her; it acts as a screen, and its various colours are not even so conspicuous as the conventional black and white. The writer in the *Record* is evidently almost as ignorant of fashion as he is of theology, and ought equally to abstain from writing on either subject.

Triumph of Verse.

LET MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER be crowned with poppies! He has written a poem, called *The Opium Trade*. The beautiful effusion is so true to its purpose that, ere reading three verses, *Punch* fell fast asleep!

THE ITALIAN SCOURGE.—Italy, all agree, has the fatal gift of beauty. Most Italian eyes are beautiful, but the dominions of KING BOMBA are particularly famous for lashes.

THE LAMENT OF THE LAMBETH ROSE-BUSH.

Oh, the roses of the Temple they bloom so fresh and fair!
And the lime-trees of the Temple put forth spring shoots so green!
For the steam-boats that, in times gone by, used to pollute the air,
Have been forced to take to anthracite, so smokeless and so clean.

In the Gardens of the Temple the little children ramble
And roll about like kittens, on the sward in gamesome bands,
And never smear their little frocks, in infant romp and gambol,
Nor smut their little faces, nor soil their little hands.

In the chambers of the Temple, the dried-up lawyers even
May from their dusty windows their parchment faces show,
And without a dose of blacks may inhale the breath of Heaven,
And all because LORD PALMERSTON has willed it should be so.

Some day I shouldn't wonder, if to the Court's amazement,
Thanks to oxygen, from carbon superfluous set free,
Some old Q. C.'s tongue, a-dust as the lime was 'neath his casement,
Should blossom into flowers of speech, as blossometh the tree.

But, alas for us poor roses, doomed to death in Lambeth garden,
Alas for flowers, and shrubs, and trees, that round us pine, pine,
The gard'ner can't produce a bloom, worth (he says) a single farden,
To grace the Archbishop's button-hole when he goes out to dine.

When smoke gets into boiling milk, “It's bishopped!” cries the cook-
maid;

While in Lambeth Palace Gardens a harder fate is ours,
For by smoke,—in spite of gard'ner's care, in spite of any book made
By LINDLEY, PAXTON, LOUDON,—we are “Archbishopped” flowers.

The potteries belch about us their chlorines, when they're ‘salting,’
And us children of sweet Flora, send, like their clay, to pot;
And what with making gas, boiling bones, and tallow melting,
A breath of genuine air's a thing that isn't to be got.

The little children round about are scrofulous and sallow;
Their play-ground is the kennel, or the river's banks of mud,
Where in filth and fætor nurtured, like pigs in filth they wallow,
And, sickly human flowers, die, like us, nipped in the bud.

Oh, sure a time is coming when to Lambeth, like the Temple,
The law against smoke nuisance extended we shall see;
And then we Lambeth flowers, by the Temple flowers example,
Once again will bloom and blossom as in days that used to be.

And rosy Lambeth children shall play about our borders,
No longer clothed in sooty black, but once more jolly green;
And the gardener will exult, when by the Archbishop's orders,
At his grace of *Cant's* top button-hole a home-grown bouquet's seen.

Most Tremendous Feat.

MISS KATE COOKE has announced for her forthcoming benefit at Astley's, that she will take a flying leap over a lady in full dress, and clear the entire body without touching a single founce. The distance, measured from skirt to skirt, is calculated to exceed, by two or three yards, that of the longest leap on record. There are wagers to a considerable amount, both in sporting and equestrian circles, that the daring young lady will not be able to accomplish the difficult feat. She has been strongly advised by all her friends to abandon the fool-hardy undertaking, and to jump over sixteen hoops, or half-a-dozen elephants, or a Greenwich hotel-bill, or any other bulky object, instead!

SMOTHERED WITH ORDERS.

LOUIS NAPOLEON's baby has received another Order,—the Order of the Seraphim, bestowed by the KING OF SWEDEN. It is understood that until further notice, no more orders can be admitted. Time must be allowed for baby to grow before there is room upon it for another decoration.

Punch's Illustrations of Shakspeare.

JUDGING from the American correspondence, we certainly agree with *Portia* in the sentiment that

“The quality of *Marcy* is not strained,”

for his style is as thick, muddy, and perturbed as it can be!

PROMOTION BY MERIT.—Her Majesty's Own, PICCOLOMINI to be *Vicandiere* of the Eleventh Regiment vice JENNY LIND retired.



THE QUADRILLE IN HOT WEATHER.

Stout Party (who suffers much from heat, and has in vain attempted to conceal himself).
 "OH, I BELIEVE WE ARE ENGAGED FOR THIS DANCE. I'VE BEEN—THAT IS—I'VE
 —ER!—I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU—A—A—EVERYWHERE—PREW!"

"LET'S HAVE NO WORDS."

MR. WILKINSON put no doubt a very sensible notice on the paper when he proposed that except upon the introduction of a measure to the House, no member do speak for more than half an hour at one time upon the same question, nor upon any occasion for more than one hour! It would indeed be a great thing to cut down the garrulity of the Commons, and to stop the mouths of members by effectually causing them to stut up at a reasonable hour, but we are afraid that this early closing movement is not likely to succeed. There are certain individuals in parliament who will have their say, and who would find a method of eluding any rule, however stringent, that the House might lay down. If there were a standing order against speaking "more than half an hour at one time upon the same question," the loquacious party would take care to talk upon two subjects at once, and thus gain an entire hour, and all kinds of fictions would be resorted to by the M.P. who might be determined to keep his tongue continually going. If speaking uninterruptedly were not permitted beyond a certain limit, he would probably introduce a snatch of singing, and thus claim the privilege of starting again, on the ground that the speaking had only lasted during the time prescribed. The "exception" with which the resolution of MR. WILKINSON commences, would also open the door to such an amount of evasion as would be sufficient to destroy the whole effect of the rule; for "the introduction of a measure" could always be arranged in some way or other, and it is not improbable that a member who had made up his mind to talk away for a whole evening, would fulfil the requirements of the exception as to the "introduction of a measure" by walking into the House with a pint pot in his hand.

The only remedy we can suggest for the garrulity which impedes all the business of the session, is not to permit any legislative slow coach to stop the way, but to have a large room set apart for talking, while all the voting should be done in the House itself. Directly a member began to make a speech, he should be walked gently towards the door by the proper officer, and turned in among the orators, who might be allowed to talk all at once, while the real business of the country could

UNEASY TRAVELLING MADE EASY.

A DRAWING-ROOM at St. James's is very like a railway:—a lady may know when the Train that she travels with starts, but she never can tell at what hour it will reach its destination—much less what accidents the train may encounter on the journey, or whether, indeed, it will ever arrive safe at all. It would not be a bad plan to start an "INSURANCE COMPANY FOR ALL DRAWING-ROOM TRAINS." It might easily be done with a capital of £1,000,000, under the "Limited Liability Act." Tickets, previous to starting, should be issued to ladies at a low rate—say five guineas a-head, which is not much, considering there are frequently ostrich feathers and jewellery in each head. These tickets should guarantee the countesses and duchesses against all loss or injury that their dresses might sustain during the perilous journey. Gentlemen might also be taken in, receiving compensation for any trifling damage that was inflicted on their silk stockings, cocked hats, or shirt-frills. Such an "Insurance Company" would be a great boon to the public (as prospectuses invariably say), filling up a vacuum in many an injured pocket, besides relieving the minds of innumerable dowagers and chaperons, who at present start on the trip with the greatest nervousness and fear of the consequences. We have heard an aged marchioness say, "that she would sooner at any time cross the Channel twice than make the pass of St. James's Palace once!"

Look out, Mr. Crampton!

MR. PEACOCKE would tell LORD PALMERSTON that, "if he contemplated any scheme of reward for MR. CRAMPTON, the attention of the House of Commons would be fixed upon him." By this, let MR. CRAMPTON understand (and, sleeping or waking, never forget the fact) that, should LORD PALMERSTON attempt to make him even governor of Heligoland, or Lord-lieutenant of Herne Bay, MR. PEACOCKE will a tale unfold, and straightway bring down more than a PEACOCKE'S eyes upon him!

A PUBLIC-HOUSE QUESTION.—Of the 111,309 persons who signed petitions against Sunday music, how many of them dipped their pens, really not in ink-stands, but in beer-pots and spirit noggins?

be carried on by the working members. The talkers being thrown together would be reduced to the necessity of talking each other down, and the evil would thus cure itself. We object to the proposal to allow half-hour speeches, which would be quite as bad as those of longer duration, for the session would be swamped just as completely by a succession of droppings from a series of water-spouts, as by the uninterrupted dribbling of one or two pumps. For this reason, we look upon the separate system as the only effective mode of bringing about the silent system in the House of Commons. Talkers cannot get on without listeners, and if all the loquacity of the legislature were to be concentrated in one spot, the nuisance would be brought to an end, for even the most inveterate speech-makers cannot go on without an audience.

Belgium in England.

It is said that KING LEOPOLD visits England expressly to obtain the advice of PRINCE ALBERT relative to the new Project of Law for the Belgian press; a project gently pressed upon his Majesty by LOUIS-NAPOLÉON. PRINCE ALBERT'S fears, expressed last year as a fish-monger, as to the strain put upon constitutional government by the too much freedom of the press is not forgotten. Therefore, at this juncture, old and asote as LEOPOLD may be, ALBERT may nevertheless be able in his confite with the French Emperor, to teach his uncle to suck eggs—even the eggs of an Imperial eagle.

THE PLAYHOUSE KNIGHTHOOD.

If the *Morning Post*, successful in its instructions, should prevail, and MR. CHARLES KEAN, for stage-upholstery, should be made a Knight, it is very clear that he can be no other than a—carpet Knight.

A CURIOSITY OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—It is very curious—*Bradshaw's Guide* is uniformly prosperous, and yet as a publication, it has more "Ups" and "Downs" than any other!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



R. PUNCH, with the frankness which is but one of the thousand virtues combining to form that perfection which he beholds nowhere but in his looking-glass, stated, last week, that the preceding Friday evening had been far too fine for him to waste in London, and that he had gone down to Greenwich. Even there, however, his engagements had not been entirely irrespective of the interests of his readers, for he ascertained, by personal inquiry, that Ministers had fixed Saturday, the 19th, for the whitebait dinner which pre-

cedes prorogation. In his delight at this news he forgot how time passed, or indeed how anything passed except certain decanters; but he has some recollection, late in the evening, of being stumbled against by some Members of Parliament, in white waistcoats, of whom he instantly demanded what had been done in the Houses. Their replies seemed to him to be rather foolish. One said, "Lords pass Divorshbill," another observed "Commons cheat Bishopnewzeal'd out of salary," and a third endeavoured to explain to him what had been done with the Partnership Amendment Bill, but got so inextricably involved in the tangles of a word like "Limdlibility" that Mr. Punch was obliged to wait until the morning, when he found that the Capitalists, who persevered in their hostility to helping men of small means to unite them (though TOM BARING was very angry with PALMERSTON for saying so) had succeeded in damaging the bill. They carried, by a majority of 3, a clause providing that loans made on the principle of the measure, namely, the sharing profits instead of taking fixed interest, should not be recoverable till all other creditors were paid. This is a very crippling insertion, and MR. MUNTZ, who hates the Bill, exultingly declared that it was now worth not one farthing. On the whole, Mr. Punch is glad that he went to Greenwich, where good manners prevailed, and no greedy BARINGS and MUNTZES tried to keep all the loaves and all the fishes.

July 7th, Monday. The Lords, without going to division, coolly threw out the poor NABOB OF SURAT'S Bill. Mr. Punch would observe that his chief reason for thinking that the Bill was just and righteous was that old HOGG, Chairman of the East India Company, flew into such a fury against it, evidence which would generally be sufficient to determine anybody which way to vote. But LORD ELLENBOROUGH, who certainly is no friend to the Company, has examined into the subject, and thinks that the matter was not a case for Parliament:

"And so the Nabob
Will not get a bob."

A pleasing quarrel has broken out between the Attorney-General for Ireland and the Irish Master of the Rolls. Between them, JAMES SADLEIR, brother of the late JOHN SADLEIR, and implicated, it seems, in his frauds, has had warning, and has escaped from justice. The Attorney says in the House, that the "irregular remarks" of the Master gave SADLEIR the hint, and the Master retorts from the Bench, that the Government never intended to catch the man, who had given them political support. A penny-a-liner would here infallibly earn three halfpence by remarking that "as our friend Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, in SHERIDAN'S *Rivals*, the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands." The Tipperary people are furious, for SADLEIR has run away without vacating his seat, and the House seems in no hurry to expel him. The absurd Medical Profession Bill was thrown over, its patron declaring that to get it discussed now was a Task beyond COWPER. The rest of the evening was occupied with the bill, from the Lords, for constituting the new tribunal of Appellate Jurisdiction. Poor BARON WENSLEYDALE came down, and got a petition presented, asking the Commons to alter the bill, so as to leave his rights untouched. Eight lawyers, and SIR JAMES GRAHAM and LORD JOHN RUSSELL did the talking, the former layman pitching severely into the Lords for their ridiculous way of hearing appeals, and also into the bill, which he thought would debase the bench and the bar, and LORD JOHN denouncing the measure as unconstitutional. The second reading was carried, but not by much of a majority—191 to 142, and on its next stage, on the Thursday, after rather an amusing debate (in which MR. RAIKES CURRIE made desperate efforts to emulate the peculiar oratory of MR. HENRY DRUMMOND), the Government was signally defeated, and the bill shelved by 155 to 153. The Appeal to the Lords, therefore, survives in all its costly absurdity.

Tuesday. In the Lords the principal topic was the Scutari monument, which LORD HARRINGTON does not like, and LORD PANMURE does, neither circumstance being of the slightest consequence, as BARON MAROCCHETTI has got the commission to execute, and the enormous price for the job has been voted.

In the Commons the Public Health Bill was rejected by 73 to 61, and a good deal of abuse was lavished upon the Board of Health. Its chief, MR. COWPER, plaintively said that "its only desire was to do some work (laughter) for the benefit of the public." He has had to ask that its life may be continued for a year. The QUEEN has issued a commission for inquiry into the question, what site shall be selected for the new National Gallery. Two questions, one regarding the alleged ill-treatment of certain naval officers, and the other that of certain military officers, were then brought on, with different fates, yet with equal inutility; for the first was rejected by 38 to 31, and the House was counted out upon the second, ROSATI appearing at Her Majesty's Theatre in a splendid new ballet.

Wednesday. The subject of examination for the Civil Service was brought up, and LORD GODERICH stated that at present the examinations caused the rejection of one Candidate in three, and therefore he thought the system could not be pushed farther. He said, fairly enough, that for tide-waiters and letter-carriers, no high literary standard ought to be proposed, but we think that from Under-Secretaries of State a little more should be expected. For instance, LORD SHELBURNE (who has just been raised to office, and to the peerage, because he is the son of the excellent MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE), should not write to his constituents that he is "unable to resist the opportunity of endeavouring," &c. We resist importunities, we forego opportunities, LORD SHELBURNE. The examination question, therefore, is to remain where it was. The Irish Tenant Right Bill was thrown over, having quite answered its purpose, namely, that of providing its promoters with some clap-trap for their constituents.

Thursday. LORD CAMPBELL elicited a sort of promise from the Government that during the recess a bill should be prepared for including strychnine and some other poisons in the law that very sensibly prevents arsenic from being carelessly sold. As such a bill could be drawn in ten minutes, and passed through both Houses before the prorogation, we should like to know why the people are to be left for six months at the mercy of the boys behind the druggists' counters. The bill for improving the Dwellings of the Irish peasantry passed, and a bill was introduced for enabling the BISHOPS OF LONDON and DURHAM to resign, and—for resignation is a Christian virtue which ought to be rewarded—for having provision made for them. Mr. Punch concurs in this arrangement, for it is impossible that either prelate can have saved money. The annual income of DR. BLOMFIELD is £10,000, and he has enjoyed it for twenty-eight years, having previously had four years of Chester with £1,000 a-year, total receipt, £284,000; and the annual income of DR. MALBY is £24,000, and he has enjoyed it for twenty years, having previously had five years of Chichester with £4,000 a-year, total receipt, £500,000, according to the mere regulated diocesan emolument, which the wicked suppose to be marvellously below the real receipts. It is a marvel that the two poor old gentlemen are not obliged to go, like noble COLONEL NEWCOMBE, upon some foundation, wear gowns, and say *Adsum*. At any rate, if they have colds in their episcopal heads when they get their provision, they will say *Adsum* is as *adsum* does.

In the Commons various Innocents were Murdered. The Vaccination Bill, the bill for giving the Burial Act administration to the Board of Health, the bill for reforming Doctors' Commons, and, as aforesaid, the Lords' Appeal Bill, all dying the death. No particular epitaph is needed for them. Perhaps Mr. Punch may say that the people who opposed the Doctors' Commons reform are bold. The terms of compensation proposed to them were abominably lavish, and if such an accident as a Reform Ministry should occur before the bargain is renewed, the whole nuisance will be swept away with about as much compensation as is awarded to a mass of black beetles, when shaken out of the trap into hot water.

Friday. More complaints against the East India Company occupied the Lords, after which LORD LYNDBURST made a spirited appeal on behalf of Poland. LORD CLARENDRON said that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA was such a kind and generous man that the Poles had better trust to

his goodness, and that other nations ought not to interfere. The Chelsea report, about the Crimean blunderers, has gone before the QUEEN, but is not yet ready for the public.

In the Commons, the Hero of Kars took his seat for Calne, amid hearty cheering. A desperate row upon the SADLER question raised on Tuesday, made the evening pass pleasantly enough.



Hint for a Photographer's Tent.



Our Photographer invents a Tent.

A PRINCE OF DIAMONDS!

PRINCE ESTERHAZY proposes to come out in a blaze at the Russian Coronation: his dress is to shine like the firmament with diamonds. We learn that the buttons of the "dollman"—the dollman, it seems, is the jacket hanging over the shoulder; though we should rather translate it man-doll or doll of a man—are all diamonds of the finest Hungary water, and the clasp of the heron-plume alone worth £30,000. We have heard, in very mixed society, various opinions of the uses of an ESTERHAZY so bejewelled. "What a treasure he'd be," said a meek gentleman to her gossip and friend, "what a treasure he'd be if only shared among poor widows and orphans!" "Shouldn't you like, BILL, to toss him an hour in a blanket for the chance of what he'd leave behind him?" "Vell, I declare," said MR. LAZARUS, of Houndsditch, to MR. ABEDNEGO, of the Minorities, both much given to the sudorification of sovereigns; "Vell, if ve only had the shakin on him in a bag, it shoulda't be our fault if arter that, the mother that bored him knowed him."

An Out and Out Trick.

(To be played in an Omnibus.)

If asked to go outside "to oblige a Lady," plead as an excuse that you would, but you dare not, for "you only recovered from the Typhus yesterday," and instantly there will be room for the Lady, as every gentleman present will, all of a sudden, be only too glad to go outside.

"QUIETNERS."

"MEN are but children of a larger growth," says the bard. Children, the truant libertines of garden or orchard, will cram of all fruits within their power of picking; then comes sickness, then physic,—and then, it may be, restored health, and will renewed to cram and be ill again. Men take their fruit fermented, and, being fuddled and fractious, what are they but mischievous, roaring babies, whom for quiet-sake and the repose of the household, it is absolutely necessary to silence and send to bed? If in the case of the bigger baby, the child of five feet eight or ten, the bed is made in a grave, well the sickness is cured past all return, and the child of larger growth is never noisy, never naughty, again.

A paternal Government, no doubt for a wise purpose of its own, to be at some time made manifest to a people at present in darkness, permits the anxious mother to physic, at the peril of her own knowledge, her invalid, or ill-tempered babies. The syrup is sanctified by a stamp, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, with both instinctive hands in his pockets, smiles as the hardy parent uncorks the precious stuff, and pours a full conscientious dose into baby's mouth. Soon the roaring baby holds its peace: its little head, like head of poppy, full of oblivion. In this way mothers, time out of mind, have been allowed by the remunerated state to put their little ones to such vitreous wet-nurses; the *Milk of Lethe*, *Cherub's Cordial*, and such sweet-named nourishers.

And now wives have taken the bigger children in hand, and—the custom, it seems, is common as camomile in Bolton—and physic their husbands. MRS. BETSY M'MULLEN has, no doubt, accidentally "accelerated the death" of her spouse, by pinching him onward with certain doses of tartarised antimony and cream of tartar. It would seem that tipsy husbands abounded in Bolton, and in their hours of liquor they were, if they only knew it, much beholden to their wives, who, purchasing at once their diplomas and their medicine for a penny, are apt to administer the aforesaid antimony to their inebriated halves, even as they give Government anodyne to their restless children.

The conjugal powders are called, in the town of Bolton, "quietners." In the case of poor MR. M'MULLEN they have been proved worthy of their name. These "quietners" are sold at one penny each; commonly, openly, as salts or rhubarb. "I do not remember," deposed MR. J. ROWLAND SIMPSON, druggist, of Bolton, "that men ever purchased them." Husbands are so timid. Wives, however, were constant customers; although they were rarely permitted to carry away a single "quietner" without at the same time carrying with them, if they so needed, the conscientious counsel of MR. SIMPSON, who would warn them "to be careful of it, and to divide each powder into four doses."

It was deposed by a servant that MRS. M'MULLEN—when she thought

her husband the worse or the better for liquor—would give him sundry "pinches" of this white powder. SHAKESPEARE speaks of

"A lover's pinch, that hurts and yet's desired."

It must be otherwise with the pinch conjugal; especially when the Tartarised partner of a bosom pinches tartarised antimony and cream of tartar, with Tartarus ending all. As, however, MRS. M'MULLEN is in bonds, awaiting an inquiry, to be conducted and presided over by robe and horse-hair, we touch our hat, and leave her to the issue.

We have only to suggest to the Government that, henceforth, druggists dealing in poisons—vending the means of mortality in penny packets—should be compelled to put out an external sign of their interior traffic. For instance: as, for the most part, druggists have a bright ruby-coloured lamp over their doors, we would have quartered in the red field a skull and cross-bones proper. This would give fair notice to all purchasers. Even as the gilt bunch of grapes over the publican's door avouches him licensed to sell his penn'orths of oblivion, so would the death's-head mutely declare that cheap poisons were to be had within; moreover, dumbly warning the drunkard of "quietners" and the grave.

Philosophical Reflection on a Cabstand.

BEFORE entering into a cab, numbers of cabmen will surround you and almost fight for the honour of your company; but when you leave it, not a soul takes any notice of you, and you may consider yourself lucky, if the fellow you have been patronising does not turn round and abuse you! And so it is the same with friends. They will flock round you when first you enter into a fortune; but how many are there at your side when once you have gone through it?

LITTLE ANGELS.

THE order of the Seraphim was almost as good an order as could have been bestowed on little LOUIS NAPOLEON. There is only one that would have been more appropriate; the order of the Cherubim: since plenty of other children have been invested with that order in being commonly described as tombstone cherubs.

Medicine and Attendance Bill.

THE Medical Bill is thrown over for the present; and, as it proposed to inflict a registration-fine upon all practitioners, without procuring them any equivalent advantage, we should say that its abandonment is a good job for the profession. The only Medical Bill likely to do the doctors much good is that little Bill which, we trust, they will get settled for them all at Christmas.

LIBERAL EDUCATION.



Now that the "little dears" of domestic life are home for the holidays, the cheap schoolmasters are baiting their books, and throwing out their lines, in the form of advertisements calculated to catch the eyes of poor parents or grasping guardians. We have now almost daily an entire column of the *Times* devoted to the announcements of "Homes for Little Boys," "Colleges for Young Ladies," "Inclusive Terms," "Parental Treatment," and other advantages, at prices ranging from sixteen to sixty guineas per annum. As some of our readers may be looking out for a "good school," and as there may be a few who think no school so good for a child as the "school of adversity," we place before the public a selection,

from which a choice may be made by those who are anxious to get a young idea taught how to shoot, without any very serious expenditure in shot or powder. To those who are anxious to bring up a child cheaply, or rather to cut him down to the very lowest figure, we think we may safely recommend the following:—

EDUCATION.—For £18 per annum, YOUNG GENTLEMEN are BOARDED, Clothed, and Educated. The situation healthy, in the country. This advertisement is worthy the attention of persons in want of a good school. Unexceptional references given.

As we presume the board will be ample, we may be justified in estimating its very lowest cost at 1s. per day, which, for a year of forty weeks (allowing twelve for vacations) will amount to £14; and taking the education at 2s. per week (the price of mere manners at the cheapest seminary with which we are acquainted), and the same sum for washing, we have a residue of £3 6s. 8d. a-year for clothing each young gentleman. There must be something rather diminutive in the wardrobe to be had for this primeval price, and we should say the costume would not be quite as modest as the outlay.

The next advertisement is a curiosity, even among scholastic announcements:—

EDUCATION.—A young lady, having a good voice and taste for music (whether cultivated or not) might be EDUCATED, for half the terms, in a first-class school. Genteel parentage indispensable.

This seems to offer an eligible opportunity to a family having among its members a "regular screamer" of the female sex, and anxious to get rid of the nuisance. Why a young lady with a voice, "cultivated or not," should be accepted at half-price in a first-class school is a marvel to us: nor do we see how "genteel parentage" can mitigate the horrible effect of having a female Stentor in one's family. Aristocracy of birth seems a strange kind of compensation for plebeian lungs, and as far as our own taste is concerned, we should not consider patrician parentage a counterpoise to the voice of a coalheaver.

There is something bold and original in the following, which to that numerous class of pupils who look on books as a bore, and who indeed had rather not look at them at all, will prove a boon of no ordinary nature:—

EDUCATION, chiefly without Books.—A gentleman, whose experience has convinced him that the usual routine pursued in schools is very objectionable to the pupil, guarantees to parents to advance their sons on a system sound and expeditious, at the same time most pleasing and easy. The situation is very healthy.

This idea seems to be taken from the practice of the late—but not by any means lamented—SQUEERS, who repudiated the book system, and proceeded on the sound, expeditious, pleasing, and easy system of setting a boy to spell horse in the best way he could, and sending him to form an acquaintance with his subject by rubbing the animal down; so that a lesson was obtained at the same time in orthography and natural history.

We have not space for other specimens of scholastic advantages at ridiculous rates, but we can assure our readers that the educational columns in the *Times* at this season of the year will well repay perusal. We must not omit to do justice to the simple-mindedness of a certain "principal" of a two-and-twenty guinea concern, who announces that "floricultural grounds are fitted up for the recreation of the pupils." Considering the effect which the "recreation" of exuberant boyhood would probably produce on a "floricultural" arrangement, we cannot help comparing the fitting up of a flower-garden as a playground for boys to the preparation of a china shop for the antics of a mad bull, or the careful collection of a brood of chickens for the express gratification of the Terpsichorean propensities of a dancing donkey.

THE LADIES' ORACLE.—We move as an amendment, that, in consequence of the egregious absurdity of the Ladies' Fashions, *Le Follet* change its name for the future to the more appropriate designation of "*La Folie*," or "*The Female Folly*."

THE PET OF THE BRITISH JURY.

To Trial by Jury Britons owe
The happiness of being free;
'Tis called, because the fact is so,
Palladium of our liberty.
A jury is the wisest plan,
Whenever folks each other sue,
That ever was devised by man
For rendering unto all their due.

A British Jury knows no fear,
No favour does it e'er display
To Rank and Wealth, to Prince or Peer,
Who try twelve upright souls to sway:
Impartial both to rich and poor,
To neither class disposed to bend,
The British Jury, evermore,
Is found the British Tradesman's friend.

When for his bill—however large—
An action he's compelled to bring,
If British Jurors dock his charge,
Oh, how extremely rare a thing!
From an expensive minor's sire,
Or an indebted lady's mate,
Of any sum he may require
How seldom will they aught abate!

Should any aged trifler break
His infant daughter's tender heart
By breach of promise—don't they make
The toothless old deceiver smart!
The Juryman and Father feels
The Tradesman's and the Father's pain,
The British Tradesman ne'er appeals
To British Jurymen in vain.

The other day a case occurred
Whereof the justice all must own,
The *Times* contained a tale absurd
How that a tailor—name unknown—
An army clothier's agent, not
Denoted even by a dash,
Had out in the Crimea got
Scored by the Provost Marshal's lash.

Although this story was a myth,
To common vision very dim,
There was a certain tailor SMITH,
And his friends fixed it upon him;
An action 'gainst the *Times* he brought
Upon these solid serious grounds,
A British Jury gave him nought
Less than just full four hundred pounds.

Nine injured British Tailors, they
Did, sure, in that one Tradesman see,
And so condemned the *Times* to pay
For damage done to three times three;
Then sing, Nine tailors make a man,
And in a box there were twelve geese:
So of four hundred pounds we can
Make forty-four pounds odd a-piece.

Little Facts worth Knowing.

When a man has a very red face, it never, by any chance, arises from drink.

He who arrives late at a dinner-party, after the company is seated down to table, generally escapes from the bother of carving.

Old ideas, like old clothes, put carefully away, come out again after a time almost as good as new.

The first bottle is always "too dry," or "too strong," or "too thin," or else it "wants age," or "body," or "keeping," and it is only right that there should be something wanting in the first bottle, or else there never would be any improvement in the second.

Talk Scotch to a beggar, and he will soon leave you.

Always accept a seat in the carriage of the lady who has eaten no dinner, for the chances are that, as she has touched nothing since luncheon, there is a good supper waiting for her at home.

THE SECRET OF OLD AGE.—To buy an annuity when you are very ill, and you are sure to outlive the patience of all those who have an interest in your death.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Master of the House. "OH, FRED, MY BOY—WHEN DINNER IS READY, YOU TAKE MRS. FURBELOW DOWN STAIRS!"

OLD FRIENDS WITH OLDER FACES.

It may be rather ungracious to abuse the bridge that sometimes carries us over, but our patience has been sorely tried by the rickety old pile of masonry and carpenters' work that traverses the Thames at Westminster. An inspection of the works in progress has introduced us to two individuals, whose countenances we thought we recognised. One was regularly ploughed up with the furrows of age, while the face of the other was not by any means out of those indentures which seemed to show an apprenticeship to life and its sorrows. The couple were calmly and deliberately assisting each other to do nothing, and we felt sure we were looking upon a pair of old familiar faces, which were identified with some old familiar foolery. They turned on the gas of memory into the dark corners of our mind, in which we keep stowed away the shadows of the past. We at once recognised the forms before us as those of the "man and boy," who will go down to immortality in connection with the Nelson column. We speedily perceived the cause of the unsatisfactory amount of progress in the works we were gazing at, and we can form some conception of when they will be finished by stating the question thus—as the Man and the Boy were to the Nelson's Column, so are the Boy and the Man to the new bridge at Westminster.

A Sweet Sentiment.

THERE are refined kinds of sentiment as there are of sugar; Man, for instance, takes his in the lump—hard, though easily melted with a tear; but with a woman, it is always moist.

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS.

GALLANTLY they marched, in the dank grey dawn of morning,
Of that sullen, sad March morning—'tis two years now and more—
Our Guardsmen, summoned suddenly, with scanty word of warning,
From the pleasures and parade of peace to savage work of war.

What thoughts were theirs while passing scenes of pastime, haunts of
leisure,
Under closely-shuttered windows, through thoroughfares all dumb,
With that stern, solid tread of theirs, to the soul-stirring measure,
Where the screaming of the fife weds the rolling of the drum.

There were high-born there and low-born, stripling subalterns, yet tender,
To Park and Club and Opera, bidding a long adieu,
Exchanging *fete* and ball-room, mirth, music, grace, and splendour,
For the trenches and the tent, trumpet-call and drum-tattoo.

There were privates, lower pleasures and humbler joys forswearing,
Chat in canteen and beershop, social glass and merry song,
Or home sorrows and home sunshine, more prized because so sparing,
And all the dearer now they're left—none knoweth for how long!

'Twas so long since those proud colours had served for higher uses,
Than to grace the Palace pageant, or the Birthday Park review,
And many feared lest pleasures of the town and their abuses,
Had made those arms less stalwart, had left those hearts less true.

The summer went: the autumn came: with eager ears we listened
To the tidings that flowed frequent from the far-off scene of fight;
How many voices trembled, how womanly eyes glistened,
As we read, at last, how the gallant Guards cleared Alma's gun-
crowned height!

Then winter came: in grief we learnt how they lay in their strong leaguer,
At war with mightier opposites than stubborn Russian foes,
How to plague and frost and famine, hunger-bitten, naked, meagre,
They were giving lives, ungladdened by the glory of their close.

All remember how from grief and from rage at that sad story,
The heart of England leapt into triumph once again;
As we read the tale of Inkermann, the bulletin of glory,
Of the field that those brave bearskins held so stoutly, one to ten!

Still following their fortunes, we heard of murd'rous sallies
Fronted and foiled, night after night, in the trenches, hand to hand,
'Till through the realm of England, from the cottage to the palace,
All bent in prayer for those stout hearts that so the trenches manned.

And then came rumour of repulse; but who of us believed it?
Too well we felt that, come what might, our soldiers must be true;
And when the great town sunk in flames, with calmness we received it,
As but an end we looked for—not their triumph, but their due.

At length our Guards come back to us: our streets to grace their entry,
Fill with such festive gladness, as our dull streets seldom show,
From the QUEEN, set at her balcony, through window-clustered gentry,
To the workers thickly lining the footways, row on row.

They are coming! to those old sweet tunes that quicken hardest natures,
"Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home" marching merrily along;
Weather-stained coats and war-worn arms, and battle-bronzed features,
Catching glances, changing greetings with friends amidst the throng.

Hark! the Drums, that beat at Alma, so loud and so unquav'ring—
See! the flags that waved, shot-tattered against Inkermann's grey sky—
The eyes, that looked death in the face, month after month, unquav'ring,
The feet that moved but forward—that only paused to die!

How many a humble heart in those close-packed crowds is swelling,
As rank on rank moves by them, but *his* face is wanting there!
What a knell that music sends into many a stately dwelling,
Recalling loved and lost ones, who this triumph may not share!

For few among the thousands, who saw that March-dawn peeping,
Lift in this July sunshine their firelocks laurel-crowned;
Under Scutari's dark cypresses a quiet sleep they're sleeping,
Or on Crimean hill-sides, swell a nameless grassy mound.

So common joys of high and low, no less than common sorrows,
All London's mighty multitude to kindly concord sway,
Till grief takes calm from gladness, joy from woe a chastening borrows,
And all hearts own a solemn mood, that fits this solemn day.

God bless the gallant bearskins! Still in her time of danger,
May England reckon sons as true, as these her sons have been,
So from hand-grasp of the spoiler, and from foot-print of the stranger,
Still shall her hearths be sacred, and guarded still her QUEEN!



REJECTION OF THE APPELLATE JURISDICTION BILL
BY THE COMMONS.

DOG-DAY ADVERTISEMENTS.



THE advertisements in the papers continue to savour of the season, as will be found from the following:—

THE LADY OF A PHYSICIAN, who has for years made the cure of Stammering the object of his attention, will RECEIVE into her house one or two LITTLE GIRLS of the upper classes, where they will enjoy the care and comforts of a home. Should the parents wish a lady to accompany them, she could be also accommodated with board and lodging. For address, apply—

A physician who has for years made stammering his study may be all natural enough, but why his lady should be seized with a desire to receive little girls of the Upper Classes is a puzzle we will not attempt to grapple with. We must presume there is a supposed affinity between stammering and aristocracy, and that every little girl of the upper class has a hesitation in her speech, which renders her eligible for introduction into a family whose head has devoted his life to the cure of stuttering. The "drawl" used to be looked on as a characteristic of nobility, and an individual who brought out his words by slow instalments was formerly regarded as the pink of fashion; but we never heard that stammering was accepted as a sign of noble birth, or admitted as a passport into the best society. We are, however, learning something every day, and even the dog-days are not without their lesson.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON FOR EVERYBODY.

At a meeting of the Early Closing Association—which is a society for protracting the close of human life by procuring the early closure of shops—on Friday last, the establishment of a Saturday half-holiday was strongly advocated, especially by LORD STANLEY, who never rises to speak without talking very much like a rising statesman. Anybody who doubts that the adoption of a half holiday on Saturdays would be as advantageous to the employer as to the employed, should read what LORD STANLEY had to say on that behalf. Though averse to doing things in general by halves, we think the Saturday half-holiday a thing entirely desirable, notwithstanding that, by superficial buffoons, it may perhaps be represented as a half measure. The early payment of wages is necessary to the attainment of this desirable object; but workmen must be paid sooner or later, and as the half-holiday will be beneficial to the masters on the whole, they might as well pay the men sooner.

A LADY'S LETTER WITH NO POSTSCRIPT.

It is hard to find our admiration thrown away. We admired the indignation, for we thought it simply noble, of the PRINCESS CLEMENTINE, when we heard that Her Royal Highness had cast back in the imperial teeth of LOUIS NAPOLEON the offered sum of something like £8,000 per annum from her property, confiscated with that of her brothers' by the imperial will; now Her Royal Highness is too thrifty—too like her well-beloved father—to do anything of the sort. She "asked for justice: she demands it still." That is, she requires all her property; but, in the meantime, she does not refuse to take the present offer, by way of instalment. The lady has plenty of ready indignation, but for that reason does not refuse ready money. Were such her intention she would doubtless have written a postscript. Now there is *no* postscript: and, as a gentleman LOUIS NAPOLEON will of course send the 500,000*f. rente*.

Bargains.

"MAN (says DR. ADAM SMITH) is an animal who bargains;" and, judging from the number of "Fearful Failures" and shops that are always "Selling Off under Prime Cost," we should say that both man and woman carried their love of Bargains often to a most ruinous extent.

THE LAW OF STORMS.

THE man, who, when there is a domestic storm, steps in between man and wife, is as bad as he who, when it's raining violently, walks between two dripping umbrellas, for he gets protected neither by the one nor the other, but on the contrary catches it from both sides.

A HERO CANED.

CANES continue to be poured in upon BROOKS, who in the glowing words of certain of the donors "put the senator from Massachusetts where he should be;" knocking MR. SUMNER down with a precision worthy of the best footpad in the worst times. For our part, we think BROOKS cannot be too much caned. Nevertheless, with a modesty certainly unknown to *Blueskin*, he receives every new cane with a new effusion of modesty. He knocked down an unarmed man by stealth, and blushes, and well he may, to find it fame. Thus, he says to the men of Charleston, "I accept the Palmetto cane as an evidence of the generosity of my friends in Charleston, and not for any merit of my own." *Jack Sheppard* might have envied such diffidence. We have heard that when all the canes are duly presented to the hero of the bludgeon, it is intended to solicit BROOKS to sit for his full-length, when he will be painted grasping all the sticks, even as CHATTERTON, the marvellous boy, paints death—

"Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist!"

We have further heard that, to vary the offering of sticks, a testimonial *garrotte*, manufactured from the iron of a nigger's chain, beautifully polished, and preciously mounted, will also be presented to MR. BROOKS. The testimonial will be in every way worthy of the man; worthy of the act that has so endeared him to the heroes of the South.

FASHIONS IN PARIS.

OUR Paris Correspondent writes to inform us that the fashions this year in that gay capital are distinguished by three different characteristics:—1st, The amount of paint; 2, the extreme smallness of the bonnet; and 3rd, the extreme largeness of the dress. The paint is laid on the face; an English clown, he says, could not well lay it on thicker. The background is a French white, and this is touched up with little dabs of rose, black, blue, brown, and other colours, according to the various positions they have physiognomically to occupy. He states that, out of compliment to these fair painters, a new serial is on the eve of publication, to be called, as a female companion to a work that had a great success a few years back, *Les Françaises peintes par elles-mêmes*. The bonnet gets smaller and smaller as the dress looms bigger and bigger. Our Correspondent imagines that the diminutive size of the one is influenced by the growing expansion of the other and it is his firm belief that by the time the bonnet has dwindled down to the tiny dimensions of a lady's watch, the dress will have swollen out to the bulky capaciousness of one of EDGINGTON'S tents. The former will be almost invisible, whilst the latter will be highly serviceable to mothers in a thunderstorm, as not less than a good round dozen of children will be able to take shelter under it.

QUESTIONS FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER says that the "system of competitive literary examination" is "wholly unsuited" to the subordinate class of civil servants employed "in the Customs, the Coast, the Excise, and the Post Office." However, one would think that a public servant employed in the Customs, if he is really to be a civil one, ought to know something of Manners and Customs, especially of manners. Tide-waiters might be required to get up the theory of tides; Excisemen to have hydrostatics and chemistry at their fingers' ends; and letter-carriers to possess an extensive knowledge of letters—if the cram system, which education at present principally consists in, is calculated to develop practical talent, and may not be with accuracy compared to pumping carbonic acid gas into bottles of soda-water.

A question intimately connected with the foregoing is, whether, in the existing state of things, it is not desirable that every common informer should at least be imbued with common information?

How to make Home Healthy.

THE air of the seaside is above all things good for ventilating London and all metropolitan homes. Many a house, that, from various breezes and innumerable domestic storms, had grown close and oppressive to the persons living in it, has become pure, healthy, and sweet again from having a good draught of sea-air blown through it! Every household should regularly once a-year take its troubles down to the seaside, and plunge them boldly, as if they were a big bundle of rubbish, into the Sea; and then, with lightened consciences, and clean hands, the family returns to town, the better prepared to grapple with the troubles of another year.—*The Family Doctor*.

A GAME THAT DOESN'T PAY.—Unhappy the husband whose wife plays at cards!—for in all such cases it is the woman who invariably pockets the winnings, and the poor husband who generally has to pay for the losses.



Enthusiastic Amateur. "You are not a votary of the Art, I presume?"

Bus Driver. "Beg your pard'n, Sir."

Enthusiastic Amateur. "I suppose you don't care for Music?"

Bus Driver. "Well, I ought to, Sir. I drew Signior Lerblarshe's private broughm for a matter o' two year wen he just come over to this country."

A WARNING TAKEN JUST IN TIME.

It will probably have been forgotten—and the reader is therefore reminded—that not long ago, soon after the commission of a murder by a madman, *Mr. Punch* called the attention of all parties concerned, that is of everybody, to the advisableness of shutting up every person showing decided symptoms of insanity. *Mr. Punch* supposed the case of an unfortunate man—say a barrister—taking it into his head that a benevolent and wealthy lady had encouraged his addresses, and, under that delusion, persisting in persecuting her with them. This individual was supposed by *Mr. Punch* to be continually figuring in police-courts by reason of his behaviour towards that young lady, and of other frantic conduct. *Mr. Punch* pointed out that, though this person might be considered by some sages to be only mad north-north-west, it was quite possible that his madness might shift to south-south-east; that were he, at the time then being, to destroy anybody's life, he would, if tried for murder, be acquitted on the ground of insanity; in short, that such a lunatic, like every lunatic, was a dangerous lunatic, and ought not to be suffered to go about.

Not the slightest notice was taken, at the time, of the warning suggested by *Mr. Punch*.

But, according to a police-report, published on Friday last,

"At the Bow Street Police Office RICHARD DUNN, the person who has contrived for many years to maintain a public notoriety by the systematic persecution of ladies of wealth or family distinction (of whom MISS BURDETT COURTIS has been the principal victim hitherto), was brought before MR. HENRY yesterday afternoon, upon the authority of an order previously issued by his worship, directing an inquiry into the defendant's state of mind."

MR. DUNN had been writing more letters to ladies. Fortunately the ladies in question were the DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE and the PRINCESS MARY. The letters were handed over to the Commissioners of Police, who communicated with the HOME SECRETARY, and the result was the appearance of MR. DUNN at Bow Street as a lunatic at large, and an order by MR. HENRY that he should be placed under restraint.

How far that order was justified will perhaps appear from the following statement made, amongst others, by MR. DUNN to DR. SUTHERLAND:—

"That he had written to LORD PALMERSTON to complain that he could not walk the streets without being watched, and that if his annoyance were not put a stop to, he would put a case of pistols in his pocket, and shoot the first person he met who was watching him."

Thus it will be seen that the mind of MR. DUNN, the barrister, had veered very considerably from north-north-west; had got at least as far as south-east, and might soon have arrived at south-south-east, as in the parallel case supposed by *Mr. Punch*. Another time, when *Mr. Punch* takes the trouble, and goes out of his way to give Society a serious warning, he hopes it will be taken at once, so that a truth apparent to him from insight and study may not have to be taught to others by sad experience.

OFFICIAL ARITHMETIC.

We should like to know the sort of arithmetical examination that was submitted to by the official who prepared the return on which the following paragraph is founded.

"COUNTY COURTS.—A return, moved for by Mr. WILSON, M.P., shows that the estimated charge upon the public funds to be entailed by the County Courts Bill, now before Parliament, amounts to £170,000, of which £17,000 will be paid out of the Consolidated fund, and £140,000 out of parliamentary grants."

According to this precious document, it appears that the sum of £170,000 when divided into two unequal portions, amounts to £217,000, and accordingly the latter sum is required to pay the former. It is true that the public pocket is happily well stocked, but nevertheless we see no good reason why it should be subjected to the process of paying some £47,000 more than the sum that has to be provided for. We should have thought that the blunder in the return was rather too palpable to be allowed to pass; but having once gone forth it will no doubt have to be referred back through the Circumlocution and other offices before it can be rectified. It might appear to ordinary eyes that the error is as manifest as if one and one were declared to make a total of three; but official eyes have evidently failed to perceive that into 170,000 the larger figure 217,000 will not go, and that accordingly the payment of the lesser sum by the larger is a financial operation of a rather costly character.

TOO MUCH LIGHT.



THE KING OF PRUSSIA has had a narrow escape; and, we rejoice to find it, although in great peril, passed through the danger without a scratch. His Majesty, as a monarch, and, of course, the father of his people, has always legislated as though he feared the evil that must arise from too much light.

"Children fear the dark," says LANDOR, "men fear the light;" and they have good reason for their dread, as the late accident at Potsdam may significantly illustrate. In a certain villa there is a door opening on to a garden; which door consists of one pane of glass, the present of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. This glass is without flaw or air-bubble—one entire and perfect sheet of crystal, from the Russian manufactory. The KING OF PRUSSIA, mistaking the glass for the open door, walked into it, smashing it to pieces; but, happily, in no way damaging the Royal person. Now,

had the glass been flawed, or specked, or bubble-spotted, the very defect would have warned His Majesty of his whereabouts. But there no warning flaw—no conservative speck—and the transmitted light was perfect and unbroken, and—what might have been a national calamity, ensued. Is it not wise, then, in a paternal government to guard and protect its tender, short-sighted little ones from the danger of too much light?

A Cheat of a Proverb.

We beg to state that the proverb "Lightly come, lightly go," does not apply to the gout, nor to one's mother-in-law, nor to the rheumatism, nor to freckles, nor to a light sovereign; for all these plagues come lightly enough, and yet there is the greatest difficulty sometimes in getting them to go.

NO MORE GREY HAIR!—Ask every person who tells you "how grey you're getting!" to pull out a grey hair, and you'll soon have none left.

DEFENCE OF THE KING OF NAPLES.—The cells of KING BOMBA'S dungeons may, by BOMBA'S apologists, be said to be paved with good intentions.

THE OPERA BOX.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA, FROM A BRITISH LEGEND.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.
 THE FIELD MARSHAL.
 THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
 JOHANNA, (a Wandering Minstrel).
 Courtiers, Pages, Footmen, Statesmen, Ladies, and Musicians.

SCENE—An Apartment in the Palace. A Concert just concluded.

The Queen. Thou hast sung well, JOHANNA, and thy voice,
 Albeit not the perfect instrument
 That whilom hath made resonant these halls,
 Where LIND sent music mended from her tongue,
 Hath ample power. Thy style, although Teutonic,
 Lacks neither breadth nor force (to the FIELD MARSHAL), Is't not so,
 Sir?

The Field Marshal. 'Tis highly good, 'tis satisfying, bon.

Johanna. The proudest moment of a minstrel's life
 Is when she wins such praise—and yet a prouder—

The Field Marshal. Regard your grammars, mine young vocalist,
 Comparative upon superlative!
 Eh? Bah!

Johanna. 'Twas my excitement, gracious Sir,
 Made me forget myself.

The Field Marshal. Never do that.
 I never do.

The Queen (smiling). The error is forgiven.
 Now, tell us of this prouder moment still.

Johanna. If I might dare! O Madam, would that you
 And that right royal soldier by your side,
 And she, thrice gracious daughter of your House,
 Could hear me sing that aria on the stage.

Indeed, indeed, great Madam, torn away
 From its appropriate place, its best effect

Is gone. O, would you hear the Opera, M'm?

The Princess. Mamma, I wish we could.

The Field Marshal. Impossible!

Johanna. Is aught impossible to royalty?

The Field Marshal. You sing, I think, at the old Opera House?

Johanna (with intention). Her Majesty's.

The Field Marshal. I would it were not so.

But, as it is so, so it is no go.

Johanna. The tiny words—they crush a mighty hope!

The Queen. Reasons there be, JOHANNA, which have weight
 To hinder your petition. That you may not
 Deem this a form of words, we (not compelled)

Will tell you that we love not operas

Where vice, in sentimental garb arrayed,

Sobs out its soul in physical disease.

Johanna. My honoured Madam, shall your servant suffer
 Because another's opera gives offence.

My character is from the page of SHAKESPEARE—

The Field Marshal. Who was not for an age, but for all time.

But there be other crows which might be picked,

But that their plumage is a thought too dark.
 For mention here.

Johanna. I apprehend you, Sir,
 And might I dare companion your remark
 With a reply as dark, I'd only say
 That from the presence of Anointed Virtue,
 Any slight, sillily protruded folly
 Must sink away, abashed.

The Field Marshal. Adroitly put;
 Now drop the subject, lady, if you please.

Johanna. Rather behold me drop upon my knees. [Falls on her knees.

O Sovereign Lady, for the sake of Art,
 For my poor sake, her votary, whose renown
 In Germany awaits your crowning verdict—
 By all the memories of those long, long trials,
 When the two managers were striving for me,
 And by their squabble kept me from the boards—
 By my dear Father's keen anxiety—

The Field Marshal (smiles). Nay, girl, his cares have ceased. Dost
 not receive
 Thy salary?

Johanna. By punctual LUMLEY paid
 Up to the moment, yes, most gracious Prince.

The Field Marshal. Then is thy father happy. Wrote he not,
 "England is valued only for her money?"

Johanna. He meant not that—at least he's changed his mind—
 Forget the foolish phrase, O QUEEN, O Prince,
 O lovely Lily of the House of Brunswick.

Do take a box and see my *Romeo*.
The Queen. It grieves me to deny an artist's wish
 Earnestly, yet becomingly, set forth;

But thou must take No for an answer, child.

Johanna. Yes were a sweeter word on royal lips.

The Queen. We well appreciate yon director's zeal,
 He hath fought manfully, and, once again,
 Opened the noblest theatre we have

For Music and the Dance. Our town's his debtor,
 And in that he doth service to our town;

We deem him one to whom we should do honour,
 And gladly would, but for some certain causes.

Johanna (aside). Then I must play the card which I engaged
 Only to use when all things else should fail. [Takes out a letter.

Deign to peruse this scroll, Anointed Lady.

The Field Marshal. Allow me (takes it). Ha! a hand we know,

Though something shaky.

The Queen. Prussia's, as it seems!

The Field Marshal. Seems, Madam, nay it is.

[The PRINCESS manifests some ladylike interest—

Rise, rise, JOHANNA!

The Queen. Forgive me, Madam, if I disobey you
 Until that letter's read.

The Field Marshal (reads). "Prussia sends health
 "To England, as this leaves me at this present,
 "Thanks be to Providence. His royal sister
 "(Sister I mean, in Kingship, Heaven forbid
 "You should be old enough to be the other)
 "Will much oblige if you will go and see
 "MISS WAGNER, whom he thinks a Protestant,
 "No, I mean prodigy, of excellence.
 "Pray do, and so no more from yours sincerely,
 "Receive the assurance of his high esteem,
 "And with best compliments to ALBERT.
 "CLICQUOT."

The Queen. The good old man!

The Princess. Mamma, 'tis not for me
 To give opinions, but—

The Queen (smiling). If yours were asked,
 'Twould be that we should tell this child to rise.

The Princess (smiling). Indeed, Mamma, it would.

The Queen. Then up, JOHANNA,
 Your prayer is granted.

Johanna (rises). How to thank you, Madam?

The Queen. By singing, child, next Saturday, your best.
 Nay, we won't say that if you give us reason,
 We shan't retain Our Box for LUMLEY's season.

Johanna (sings). O what Rapture, O what Joy!
 Pleasure's gold without alloy,
 Let no cloud of grief destroy
 Ecstasy like this—
 Every earthly sorrow healing,
 Every heart attuned to feeling,
 All my senses gently sealing
 In oblivion (bis).

(Curtain falls.)



OMNIBUSIANA (FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW).

*Irritable Old Gentleman (giving Conductor a tremendous poke in the ribs). "HOLLO THERE! STOP! WHAT THE D * * * CONFOUND YOU, DIDN'T I TELL YOU STOP AT ACACIA VILLA?"*

Extremely Civil Conductor. "DEAR ME, SO YOU DID, SIR,—I BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, SIR, BUT I REALLY QUITE FORGOT IT."

Irritable Old Gentleman. "D-D-D-DON'T BEG MY PARDON, YOU IMPUDENT SCOUNDREL!—IF YOU GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR BAD LANGUAGE, I'LL HAVE YOU UP AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN."

PIOUS PUFFERY.

WE have from time to time called the attention of the public to the system of pious puffery which has been brought into existence by the demand for religious excitement, and which has been extensively employed for the purpose of advertising popular preachers, or pious periodicals. In what may be called low religious neighbourhoods, the plan of bill-sticking has been very generally adopted with the view of obtaining notoriety for certain names, and the walls appear to be divided between the theatres and the chapels, the pet parsons and the popular comedians. In one particular neighbourhood the broadsides proclaiming the attractions of the conventicle are so blended with those inviting audiences to the playhouse, that it is really difficult at first sight to distinguish one from the other; and a glance is likely to create in our minds a confusion as to whether the REV. C. SPURGEON is to be seen "every night at half-price," or whether it is MR. WRIGHT or the REV. SOMETHING BINNEY that appears "during the week" in "A Bottle of Smoke at the Adelphi." We are strong advocates for the "Religion of Everyday Life," in its legitimate sense, but we object very much to the introduction of religious phraseology—which is a very different thing from religion itself—on all occasions, and at all times, and in all places.

We fancy that we have rather subdued the speculators who must have disturbed the tranquil humility of DR. CUMMING'S mind by puffing him, in order to sell his books—for there is rather less of that offensive sort of thing than there used to be, but there is a class of preachers over the water who are being advertised to an extent that would bring a blush into the countenance of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, or any other of those celebrities to whom columns have been raised on the advertising sheet of every Newspaper. Now MR. SPURGEON is becoming as familiar to the readers of posting bills on the Surrey side of the Thames, as "TOM BARRY" the ex-down at Astley's formerly used to be, and BINNEY in three sermons seems to be taking the place once occupied by DUCROW on five horses on the dead walls of the Metropolis. Our gallant old favourite, N. T. HICKS, is

literally driven from our mural annals by the Reverend Stars whose names figure, in type of all sizes and of every degree of blackness, on the hoardings and empty houses in the neighbourhood of the Victoria. We ought to feel no doubt that the notice we have taken of this subject will be extremely gratifying to the pious individuals who are being so pertinaciously placarded and puffed; for as they are continually denouncing pride and all the mundane failings, they should naturally be extremely averse to any course that is only calculated to engender a vanity which it is their peculiar province to protest against.

"BRADSHAW A MYSTERY."

"MR. PUNCH,

"AMONG the millions who read and profit by you, the railway-traveller ought to be especially thankful. Your exposition of *Bradshaw* was at once humane and masterly. Nevertheless, you omitted to do justice to a great social lesson at present illustrated in *Bradshaw for July, 1856*. Take care of the pence, says the pocket proverb, and the pounds will take care of themselves. In like manner I would counsel the student of *Bradshaw*; take care of the minutes, and he may find the hours all right. The exceeding worth of ten minutes was emphatically taught me on Sunday July 6.

"My destination, *Mr. Punch*, was Folkstone. What said *Bradshaw*? I quote that print.—"July 6, Leave London 8h. 10m. a.m." I particularly request you to mark the "10m." As a traveller, *Mr. Punch*, I am always before my time. I am not one of the people who take a running leap from the pier to the packet when the paddles are turning; I do not vault into a railway-carriage with the whistle screaming departure. No, Sir! a clear, clean ten minutes at least, I always allow for calm and needful preparation. I never, Sir, was too late in my life but once; and that was when my wife only had to put her bonnet on; an operation that has certainly increased in difficulty as the bonnet itself has diminished in quantity. When our wives have no bonnet at all to put on—and they are fast coming to it, skirts now swallowing everything; indeed, so much so, that one's better half has become at least four times one's double—when they have no bonnet whatever, the time to put it on will be until the end of time itself.

"However, to return to "*Sunday, July 6, Leave London 8h. 10m. a.m.*" I took my seat at some four minutes to eight. Very good. Before my time, as usual. The four minutes passed; the whistle screamed, and the clock struck eight as we flew to Folkstone, arriving at that ancient borough in two hours and ten minutes; it must be owned, a most satisfactory transit from the Thames to the sad sea waves.

"Now, Sir, had I, with many a hopeful traveller arrived at one, two, or three minutes past eight, believing in *Bradshaw's* 8h. 10m., I had been left behind. *Bradshaw*, who ought to be infallible—for consider the trust that credulous mortals put in that podgiest and smallest of quartos—*Bradshaw* said 8h. 10m. when the railway bill at the station printed 8h. Simply eight hours, with not a single supplemental minute.

"Well, Sir, what moral does this present to the traveller (especially when consulting *Bradshaw*) if not that of 'take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves?'

"I remain, *Mr. Punch*,

"CARPET BAG."

Little Facts not Generally Known.

THE man, who continually changes his lodging, evades the Inoculation Tax.

THE Reagle, whose palm is occasionally crossed with a shilling, experiences a great difficulty sometimes, when he has jury-sommonses to serve, in finding your address.

When you are at the treadmill, the side nearest the wall is the easiest.

Crossing-sweepers' brooms last double the time, since ladies' dresses have been so long.

The School-master, who flogs the boy, feels it a great deal more than the boy he is flogging; at least the School-master always says so.

Compliments are only prismatic bubbles, blown with the aid of "soft soap."

Women dread a Wit as they do a gun, they are always afraid lest it should go, and injure some one.

When a lazy man says "I'll do it at my leisure," you may take it for granted, he'll never do it at all.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ULY 14. *Monday.*
Both Houses vouchsafed attention to Foreign Affairs. LORD LYNDBURST and LORD JOHN RUSSELL wished to know whether we were going to have any Italian irons in the fire now lighting. The former disclaimed the slightest belief in the honest intentions of Austria, and denounced BOMBA with honourable indignation. To him replied CLARENDON in certain general phrases, which announced non-interference, but which meant that we must be guided by circumstances.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL spoke up for Sardinia, and for a declaration to Austria that she should no longer interfere in Italy. PALMERSTON could but answer as the Foreign Minister had done: he expressed hopes that though BOMBA had returned an impertinent reply to the remonstrances of England, he might listen to lectures from Russia and Austria; and PAM added, that Sardinia would be assisted by England and France against any unprovoked attack. DISRAELI professed his inability to comprehend the intentions of Government, but believed that they intended to do nothing. MR. BOWYER, speaking for his constituent the POPE, stated that CARDINAL ANTONELLI had declared to the French and Austrian Governments that he should soon be able to manage without foreign armies, and BOWYER abused the Sardinian Government, and especially CAVOUR, for allowing attacks to be made on the Church. The crisis, of course, is most interesting. It is the declared fear of the Manchester School that Sardinia will be encouraged to get herself into the approaching fray, and then that LORD PALMERSTON means to engage England in the battle for Italian liberty. *Mr. Punch* wishes he could think his friend the Bottleholder half so much in earnest.

The Lords did some damage to the Scotch Education Bill, (afterwards passed) by striking out the clause abolishing the religious test for Schoolmasters. The Commons did still more damage to the Partnership Bill, by inserting a clause making it necessary publicly to advertise loans made to a trader. The hatred of the great capitalists to the small ones has been triumphant; they carried this proposal, which destroys the whole object of the measure, by 108 to 102, and the Government threw up a now useless bill. MR. LOWE, however, stated that the existing law was not generally understood, and that all loans to a trader did not necessarily create a partnership. The bill for the abolition of Gretna Green went through another stage. Why has not the blacksmith clamoured for compensation? If the Black beetles of Doctors' Commons can claim it, surely the priest of Hymen may.

Tuesday. The appointment of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to the head of the Army, in place of LORD HARDINGE resigned, occasioned some complimentary tributes to the latter, of whom *Mr. Punch* has always said that he was all bravery and kindness, except (when exposed to Court influences, and then he could neither snub great people nor stand up for the interests of the Army. May many years of happiness and honour await the gallant old hero of the Peninsula, Waterloo, and the Suttlej. The Bishops' Bill then came on for second reading, and an edifying debate ensued. LORD REDESDALE opposed it, remarking severely upon Bishops who promised to resign if provision were made for them, a bargain which he unhesitatingly characterised as Simony. The BISHOP OF EXETER opposed it, because he considered that a Bishop could not surrender his charge except to an Archbishop, who had conferred it. LORD DERBY opposed it, as violating Church principles, and the Conservative leader contrasted the conduct of the soldier, HARDINGE, who at once resigned his office, on feeling that he was unfit for it, with that of the priests, BLOMFIELD and MALBY, who would not resign until they had bargained for allowances. SOAPY SAM took the same view. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY supported the Bill, and stated that the BISHOP OF LONDON would have been a much richer man had he not been profusely charitable. The second reading was carried by 47 to 35.

In the Commons, the First Lord of the Admiralty explained the new Government plan for providing better Naval defences for the country. He proposes to enlarge and improve the Coast Guard, from which we shall be able on emergency to draw from 5000 to 7000 of the best class of men, who will be trained to the duties of the QUEEN'S service. The plan met the approbation of the House, including that of *Mr. Punch*. LORD PALMERSTON proposed that a holiday should be taken on Wednesday, that the House might go to Aldershot at the public expense, and see the QUEEN review the troops. He also explained that the Public was to

pay for lunch for the Members, and he only regretted that their wives could not very well be taken down also. Really this is rather too strong. Of course we do not grudge a Member the price of a couple of return tickets to the Camp, or a sandwich and bitter beer for himself, or some cold fowl and Madeira for LADY MARIA, but the system of holidays whenever anything is going on is growing upon the House. The Derby, Spithead, Aldershot, the Guards, the Fireworks, all offered an excuse for neglecting duty. However, the arrangement was made, and carried out, and FREDERICK PEEL says that the bill will not exceed £260. The Irish row about JAMES SADLER came on again, and the Attorney-General for Ireland showed that he himself was not to blame for letting that delinquent escape, but the impression that his great political friends do not regret that escape, is not exactly obliterated. MR. OLIVEIRA made another laudable but ineffectual attempt to get us cheap foreign wines, and *Mr. Punch* would like to hear the sentiments of MR. VILLIERS, upon MR. OLIVEIRA'S propositions.

Wednesday. LORD PALMERSTON, the new Knight of the Garter, was, according to the *Globe*, beheld about the middle of the day on horseback, at Aldershot, leading a procession of ten omnibuses, crammed with Lords and Commons, clamorous for lunch and the spectacle—*panem et Circenses*. Decidedly *Mr. Punch* thinks that the whole party ought to have been utterly ashamed of themselves, especially the PREMIER and the Commons, who, instead of hurrying off, like a lot of nurserymaids, to stare at the soldiers, should have stayed in town, and discussed the Divorce Bill, which PALMERSTON threw over on Thursday on account of "the lateness of the Session."

Thursday. The Lords had another fight upon the Bishops' Retirement Bill, against which the BISHOP OF EXETER has protested very feebly, and the BISHOP OF BANGOR very vigorously, as will be seen in another of *Mr. Punch's* pages. LORD CAMPBELL applied to the BISHOP OF OXFORD the word "*Brute*," and declared that the Bill was not simoniacal. LORD SHAPTESBURY advised its being passed lest the Public, seeing that dioceses could be left in charge of inefficient bishops, should draw the conclusion that bishops were useless articles. The CHANCELLOR states, and *Mr. Punch* is only too happy to give world-wide publicity to the fact, that the BISHOP OF LONDON bestows in charity £15,000 a-year. The Bill passed through Committee.

In the Commons, on the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill, MR. HENRY BERKELEY made a Ballot demonstration, which came to nothing, but in the course of his speech he introduced, by wholesale, charges of corruption against various places, whose representatives rose and contradicted him. MR. TITE stood up for Bath, and MR. HERBERT INGRAM defended Boston, against which borough a person calling himself "COLONEL" SLEIGH, who has somewhat suddenly ceased to be acceptable at a Pall-Mall Club of officers and gentlemen, brought a charge of which SIR GEORGE GREY significantly said "It might be true."

Friday. LORD LUCAN has found out that the Chelsea Board has let him down easy, so he is in a violent hurry for the report, and abuses MR. VILLIERS for delay. The Lords could not help laughing, and CAMPBELL mildly rebuked the blundering Cavalryman. On the Scotch Schools Bill, LORD BREADALBANE came out with such a good bit of English sense, as threw poot LORD DUNGANNON into hysterics. "He hoped," said the Marquis, "that if the clergy should persist in depriving the people of education, by their differences on nice religious questions, Parliament would pass some measure by which the interference of the clergy of any religious denomination in the education of the people would be rendered impossible." LORD BREADALBANE deserves better than to be a Lord Chamberlain.

In the Commons it was announced that the Dulwich College Bill is to be abandoned, so the Poor Players have another opportunity of asking to share in the Rich Player's bequest. LORD PALMERSTON, on some questions being asked, waxed wroth, and haughtily told the House that he would not be catechised, that the advisers of the Crown were responsible for their acts, but would not take the Commons into counsel about every small matter. The salary of the new Minister of Education was fixed at £2000 and the Civil Service Robbery and Oppression Bill was withdrawn. Finally, the Leases of Settled Estates Bill (better known as TOMMY WILSON'S Bill) came on,

and MR. HADFIELD for once did good service by moving the insertion of the well-known clause for saving Hampstead Heath from the bricklayers. Some lawyers followed their instinct and took the unjust side, but in vain, and *Mr. Punch* burst into an old Oxford ditty when he heard the result of the division: 84 to 42.

"Tingle, tingle, tingle, went the Speaker's bell at nine,
Dinner called many members home,
But none of 'em ran
Till they'd smashed the plan
Of the fierce and artful TOM."



THE BRITISH PUBLIC IN THE PIG-MARKET.

WHAT an inveterate propensity have nearly all companies, as well as individuals, whose business it is to accommodate the public, to accommodate the public instead of accommodating it, and that by subjecting it to inconvenience of the most offensive character! What brutal inattention is recorded in the following paragraph—the conclusion of an account of the late Review at Woolwich, in the *Times*:—

"The railway arrangements on this occasion were execrable. Nothing could be worse. The trains travelled at a snail's pace, and the exit from the station at Woolwich, through which many hundreds of people had to pass, was a very small door, which, being only half opened, afforded an aperture about a foot wide. Great was the dissatisfaction of the vast crowd, which, to the ruin of their clothes and the no small injury of their ribs, had to squeeze their way through this narrow passage; but the officer's reply to all remonstrances was, that if the door were fully opened, no one man could collect the tickets. That is very possible, but surely the obvious remedy was to have employed two collectors."

There is something in such usage of the public as this which is literally beastly. To pen them up in a drove, and let them squeeze their way out through a small aperture one at a time, was to treat them exactly like pigs or sheep; creatures about which the only concern was to count them off, with the mere view of making market of them by the cheapest method. It is not the particular railway in question that is alone chargeable with this disgusting incivility, which, moreover, is not peculiar to railways. The same blackguardly spirit is observable in the rude and inconvenient arrangements for admission, and for what is called accommodation, which disgrace most of our theatres and other places of entertainment. What is remarkable is, that the miserable savings effected by the sordid economy which is at the bottom of the churlish and hoggish contempt of public comfort, displayed by managers and such like people, amount to a profit as beggarly as the feeling which suggests that niggardly, mean, barbarous, and insolent neglect. Whereas the opposite style of conduct—an attentive and hospitable policy—is highly profitable: the handsome line pays handsomely. But who can expect anything but discomfort and brutality at a railway-station or a pit-entrance, when coarse discourtesy impedes and embarrasses the access to the Court itself, and peers and peeresses, with their clothes torn off their backs, despoiled of their stars, and divested of their garters, are let in, so many at a time, through bars and gates, like cattle, to the presence of the SOVEREIGN?

STRAYED, AN ELEPHANT.—Last week, an Elephant strayed from the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. The wanderer was last seen near the premises of a lady's Ginoline. If the gentleman can put her hand upon the animal, so that it may be restored to the Secretary, she will be thankfully rewarded.

WHY THE CRAVENS LOST THEIR SUPPER.

WHEN people advertise their proceedings, it is reasonable to suppose that they do so in order to attract notice and to get themselves talked about, and a benevolent disposition will endeavour, as far as is consistent with propriety, to promote the wishes of persons thus putting themselves forward. *Mr. Punch* recently observed in the papers an "Advertisement," stating that at the entertainment given by the MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER to the QUEEN, some people called CRAVEN, were absent. There were three or four of them, *Mr. Punch* forgets exactly how many, males and females, who it seems did not go, and the fact was deemed of so much importance that it was notified in the daily journals.

Now the MARQUESS gave a splendid party, and its profuse hospitalities are still talked about. The CRAVENS no doubt lost a good thing. But why was the fact advertised to the world? Who are the CRAVENS, that the world should be called upon to take notice that on a particular evening they did not get a dance and some supper? If there is a party in Great Coram Street, or Finsbury Circus, and MRS. BOBBLES, MR. FREDERICK BOBBLES, and MISS MALVINA BOBBLES are prevented from attending, because the younger children have the measles, or MALVINA'S godfather is laid up with the mumps, the distressing circumstance is not set forth in print for the discomposure of mankind. And what, to mankind in general, are the CRAVENS more than the BOBBLESSES? If the CRAVENS lost a pleasant party, LORD WESTMINSTER saved their suppers, and the affair, thus balanced, might have been silently left to take its place in the infinite chain of causation.

But *Mr. Punch* does not like lightly to accuse people of impertinently intruding themselves on the world, and he would gladly find some reason why we were bothered about the CRAVENS, and their missing the party at LORD WESTMINSTER'S. Now it just occurs to *Mr. Punch* that the name of a person called CRAVEN came up the other day in connection with a case of abominable cruelty to a poor horse. Next, unless *Mr. Punch* mistakes, LORD WESTMINSTER is, much to his credit, at the head of the humane Society which deals with such cases, and which succeeded in inflicting a punishment (trumpery, indeed, except for the exposure) in this CRAVEN case. Now, if the CRAVEN of the horse case be one of the CRAVENS who did not go to the party, the matter is more comprehensible. Is it possible that a very illustrious LADY indeed had read in *Her Punch*, and elsewhere, something about that case? Is it conceivable that Her ideas upon the subject were signified to Her intended hostess? Is it imaginable that an intimation was conveyed to CRAVEN of the horse-case that his presence was not essential to the success of the *fête*? That his relations took sulk, and stayed away too? That this produced the announcement in the papers?

If so, although the exact wisdom of calling attention to a case which sheds no particular lustre over the name of CRAVEN, may be questionable, there was a reason for the announcement, and the CRAVENS are removed from the category that would comprise the BOBBLESSES, did they advertise that they were absent from the Great Coram Street party. And this important inference *Mr. Punch* (who would assuredly not have adverted to the subject but for the challenge given by the advertisement) is happy to make manifest, for the delectation of a universe, trembling with eagerness to know everything that is done by the CRAVENS.

CONCEIVABLE COLLISIONS.

COULD the POPE get at MAZZINI, or MAZZINI at the POPE,
What would be the Patriot's prospect—what would be the Pontiff's hope?
COULD KING BOMBA catch LORD LYNDBURST, or his lordship BOMBA reach,
How do you think they would behave themselves towards the other, each?
HAD young HAPSBURG hold of KOSSUTH, or had KOSSUTH hold of him,
Would not either's chance of comfort, probably, be rather slim?
IF the CZAR were to catch SCHAMYL, or if SCHAMYL caught the CZAR,
Would not either use the other in a way from pleasant far?
IF NAPOLEON could catch HENRY, how would HENRY BOURBON fare?
Or if HENRY caught NAPOLEON, him would BOURBON HENRY spare?
IF KING CLICQUOT *Punch* could seize, what doom would *Mr. Punch* await?
Or if *Punch* could nab KING CLICQUOT, what would be KING CLICQUOT'S fate?

ONE FOR A BORE.

WHAT made them smash the Appeals Bill? Must *Punch* tell it?
Natural distaste for aught that's called A. PELLATT.

MORE SERVANT-GALISM.



SERVANT-GALISM has lately reached a new phase, and visiting cards are now printed for the use of the "Young Ladies" who condescend to "accept office" as cooks, nurses, and housemaids in our domestic establishments. We have heard an instance in which a servant going into a new place, has left cards with all the small tradesmen she may deign to call upon,

and we have no doubt the Marine Store Dealer would be among the first to receive, and to acknowledge, the compliment. We only hope that if the fellow has the audacity to return the call at any respectable house, he will at once be given into the custody of the police, which will be the best mode of introducing him to his proper "station."

BISHOPS.

In the debate on the Bill for giving needful rest (with £6,000 a-year and Fulham Palace) to the BISHOP OF LONDON, the EARL OF SHAPTESBURY dwelt on the lamentable ignorance of "many classes of the community," who for the most part believed that Bishops "had nothing whatever to do, that their incomes were too large, and that their numbers might well be diminished." We fear there do exist many such heathenish unbelievers in the full efficacy of Bishops. Nevertheless, his Lordship may take comfort from the conviction that, on the other hand, such heretics are at least equalled in number by the truly devout, whose faith it is to believe that Bishops have at least everything in this world to do, that they are not paid a twentieth part enough; and that for the amelioration of every human calamity there is but one great specific,—namely, the multiplication of Bishops!

Complete Quietude.

THE "quietness" produced by the antimonial powders sold under that denomination by certain chemists at Bolton appears to be of the kind mentioned in the hatchment motto "*In Celo Quies.*"

PLEASURE EXCURSIONS FOR PARLIAMENT.

THAT all work and no play makes JACK a dull boy, is a maxim which applies as well to a public body as to a private person: at any rate it is applied by LORD PALMERSTON to the Houses of Parliament. Every now and then the noble PREMIER gives the Legislature a holiday. A little while ago he took it to the Naval Review at Spithead, and now he has just indulged it in an excursion to see a corresponding Military exhibition at Aldershot, treating it on both occasions at the public expense. This is good policy, not only with a view to retention of office, but also for the purpose of getting Parliament to do its work cheerfully and with alacrity. After a holiday, legislators may be expected to set to with redoubled ardour and diligence at their appointed tasks.

We trust that the noble Lord will carry out the experiment which he has commenced with such signal success, and that the newspapers will soon, very frequently contain paragraphs of the following kind:—

"Yesterday being Coronation Day, the Houses of Lords and Commons were taken by the Government for a day's pleasure and recreation to Hampton Court. Noble lords and honourable gentlemen were conveyed in vans gaily decorated with flags and flowers, and accompanied by bands of music which played 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' the 'Ratcatcher's Daughter,' and other appropriate airs. The merry party alighted in Bushy Park, where an awning was spread, under which both Houses assembled, and each Member received a piece of plum-cake and a glass of wine. After having partaken of this refreshment, Parliament adjourned to Hampton Court, and spent several hours in inspecting the pictures so fraught with historical recollections, and in admiring the gold fish and other interesting objects abounding in that picturesque locality. Among these, the miz-maze, or labyrinth, attracted particular attention, as being pleasantly suggestive of the intricacies of debate. Having examined every object in the Palace and grounds worthy of attention, the delighted holiday-makers returned to the Park, where, under the before-mentioned awning, a substantial meal was provided for them, consisting of good old English fare, roast beef and plum-pudding, which, a benediction having been previously pronounced by the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, soon disappeared. At the conclusion of the repast 'Non Nobis' was sung by professionals in attendance, and was followed by the National Anthem; all hands joining in the chorus. In the evening the merry legislators returned to Town, highly gratified by the day's treat which they had experienced. They were taken back by the same conveyances as those in which they had been brought down, and, during the whole of their journey, evinced their exhilaration by cheering and singing songs. We understand that it is in contemplation to celebrate the anniversary of HER MAJESTY'S Coronation regularly, in future, by a Parliamentary excursion to some attractive place of resort in the vicinity of London. The necessary expenses of the trip will be defrayed by a generous nation, which will be only too glad to afford its hard-worked legislators the means of enjoying that relaxation necessary no less to the cheerful than the effective performance of their duties."

The PREMIER, the other day, regretted that it was not in the power of the Government to take the ladies of Members to Aldershot. In future, perhaps, this drawback on the Parliamentary holiday will be

obviated, and the ears of the pedestrian on the towing-path of the Thames will often be saluted by the notes of harp and violin proceeding from a steamer ascending the River, with Members of Parliament on board, and their wives and daughters, taken up to Eel-pie Island or Thames Ditton for a holiday.

A SORRY SAINT.

In a letter to the *Record* the following accusation is brought against somebody by a nameless noodle or an anonymous hypocrite.

"Great rejoicings were felt that the chair at a very important meeting on behalf of the Church Missionary Society was occupied by a very distinguished individual. In a few days after, to my deep sorrow, I heard, as the last piece of information respecting him, that he had gone to Town, and been seen at the Opera."

This fellow describes himself as "One who is jealous for our Evangelical Societies," and his jealousy apparently causes him to think, or pretend that he thinks, the Church Missionary Society's reputation injured by the circumstance that a meeting of that association had been presided over by a very distinguished individual who had subsequently been seen at the Opera. It must be very "painful"—to condescend to the use of a sanctified vulgarism—very "painful" to this victim of the evangelical green-eyed monster, to consider—as he must—that the most distinguished individual in the kingdom, or, more accurately speaking, the queenom, has oftentimes been seen at the Opera, the National Anthem having been usually sung on those occasions. For that very distinguished individual is, not, indeed, the chairman of the Church Missionary Society, but, with all respect be it spoken, the chairwoman or president of the Church itself. This consideration must exceedingly deepen his already deep sorrow, and in that deep create a lower deep, if the sorrow of this sorry fellow is unaffected sorrow, instead of being, as we rather think it is, affected sorrow, and, in one word, sham.

HOMOEOPATHIC GLOBULES. (THIRD DOSE.)

ONCE a humbug, always a humbug.
Of all patients, the medical patient is the greatest coward.
It's all very well to say "Physician, heal thyself," but no Physician likes doing it.
Those cases pay the best in which there's nothing the matter with the patient.
One "Malade Imaginaire" to a Doctor is an income—two a brougham—six a fortune.
The highest skill of a Doctor is in putting his patients on bread and water without their knowing it; making the bread into pills, and colouring the water so as to make them believe it is medicine.
Ils, pills, and bills are members of the same family, that often meet at the same bedside.
The patient may do without the physician, but the physician cannot do without the patient.

Lake and His Sword.

THE folks of Ramsgate have presented COLONEL LAKE, one of the heroes of Kars, with a sword: we are happy to announce the fact. Perhaps the gallant officer may now be permitted, with that sword in hand, to cut his way through routine, or whatever obstacle it may be, between his merits and the Palace.



Impudent Boy. "I say, BILL! COME AND SEE THE CONJURING—HERE'S THIS HERE GAL A GOIN' TO SQUEEZE HERSELF INTO THAT THERE BROOM!"

GOOD NEWS FOR THE ARMY.

GALLANT CAMBRIDGE becoming COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,
To the mind of the soldier how great a relief!
For the Duke is expected no nonsense to stand,
And let nobody over his shoulders command.

The defenders of Britain a strong hope express
That no tricks will, henceforward, be played with their dress.
Yes, the heroes who, save in advance, never run,
Trust no more to be rigged out like figures of fun.

Light Dragoons' polka-jackets, they now fear not, will
Be Vandyked at the hem, or adorned with a frill.
What a comfort to both light and heavy Dragoons,
Not to dread being drest in the garb of buffoons!

No more danger of bells and a pair of long ears
To their caps being fixed for our bold Grenadiers.
Of a cavalry, skirted like tall turkey-cocks,
Or an infantry marching in little boys' frocks.

A more soldierly taste will on uniforms tell,
The connection is close of the taste with the smell.
Now the perfume of powder to CAMBRIDGE is known:
He'll thank those who don't know it to let him alone.

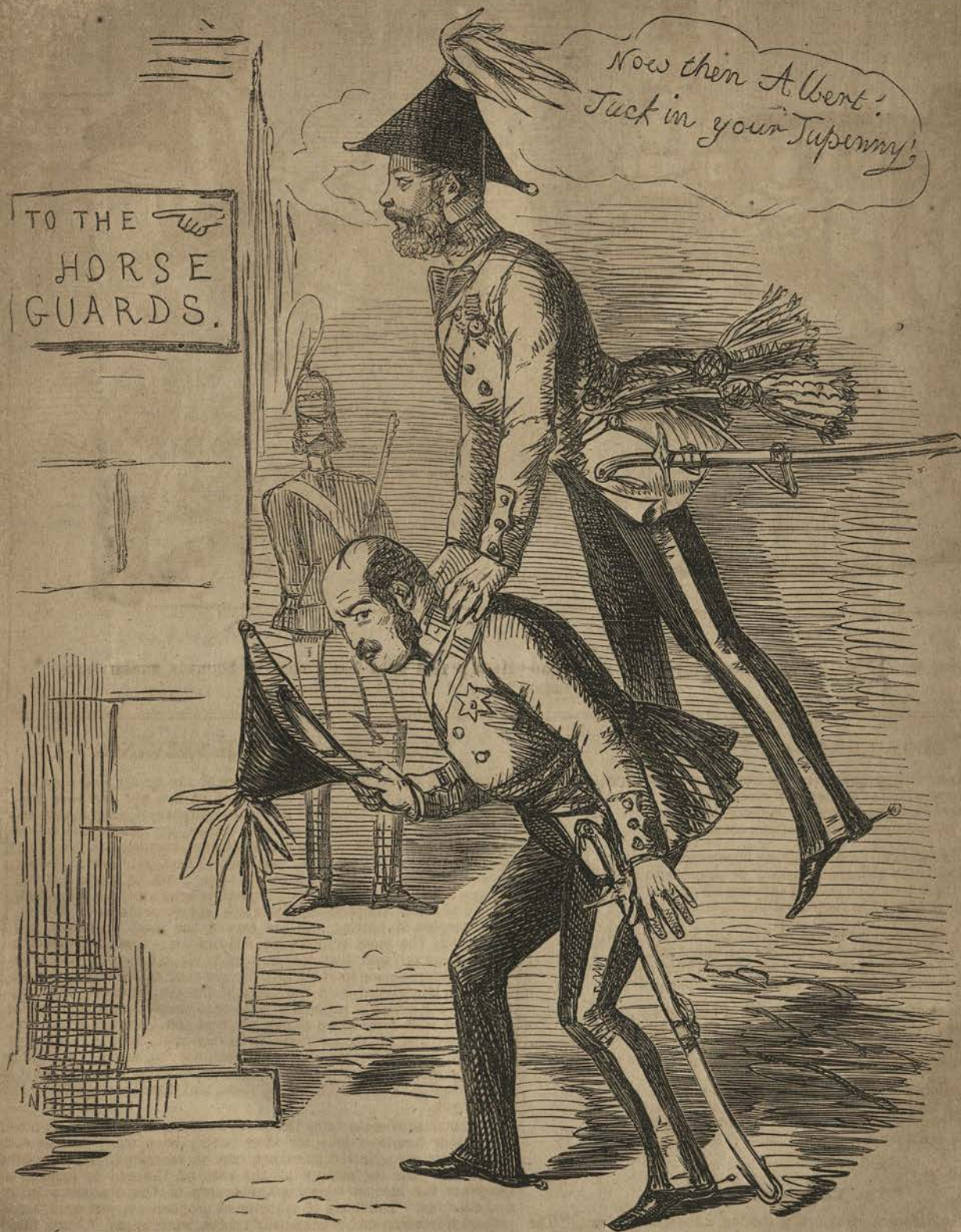
"The Labouring Classes."

At the Chelmsford Agricultural gathering, a toast was given, "The Labouring Classes." Why was not the toast replied to? Surely there must have been present two or three samples of the human commodity. Perhaps, however, they were forgotten except in the cups of the merry-makers. If so, no doubt the error will be amended at the next meeting. When pigs are made such objects of attentive interest, it is rather hard that no place should be devoted to a single specimen of CHAWBACON himself.

INCIVILITY TO CIVIL SERVANTS.

EVERYBODY knows that the Civil Service of the country has been for some time complaining that it is deprived of five per cent.—or one-twentieth of its income—for the pretended purpose of paying a superannuation allowance, which very few get in any shape, and which nobody can get from the money that is stopped, inasmuch as the whole amount is swamped for general purposes. The Civil Service, feeling that it had a grievance, has been for some years trying to get the grievance redressed, and it is now proposed to send away the grumblers, with one of those tremendous fleas which Governments seem to keep for the purpose of putting into the ears of the most reasonable, and consequently the most troublesome malcontents. The Civil Servants are civilly enough told, that they are quite right in saying they have been improperly made to contribute five per cent. of their income, and they are to be relieved from the payment for the future, by the easy process of not giving it to them to pay—or in simple language, they are threatened with a reduction of five per cent. on their salaries. This mode of settling the matter seems to be very much as though a person who had been systematically robbing another for some time were to say to the victim, "It is very true I have been taking from you what is your own, but in future I'll call it mine, and then you can't say I'm robbing you."

The conclusion come to by the select committee savours very much of a rather heartless joke, for after having been many months considering how an admitted grievance can be redressed, the committee proposes a plan for cutting at the root of the evil by lopping off altogether the income which is the source of the obnoxious superannuation tax. The mode of adjustment proposed, is just as if a man accused of treading on his neighbour's corns, were to say, "Very true, I had no right to tread carelessly on your corns, but I'll just cut off your foot, and then you'll have no corns to tread upon." Such is the principle involved in the recommendation of the committee, which amounts merely to this: "The Civil Servants complain justly of having to pay five per cent., and therefore the five per cent. had better be taken from them, so that when they have not got it to pay, they cannot complain of paying it."



THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

AN UNRECORDED EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF ART.



THE chronology of the year would not be perfect unless every little event were recorded in *Punch*; we think, therefore, it is our bounden duty to register for the benefit of posterity a most important fact which has hitherto not been hailed with its proper share of popularity. We allude to the artistic decease of the Octagon Room in the Royal Academy. It had previously undergone cleaning from the hands of some of the old washerwomen who operated so efficiently on the *chefs d'œuvres* of the National Gallery, and the natural consequence is that it has been rubbed clean out of existence! The darkness remains, but the pictures have been removed. Without the show of the colours and the glitter of the gold frames, it is curious to notice how very black the walls are. The darkness of

the place is now to its fullest advantage alike seen, heard, and felt. It looks like a remnant of the dark ages, or a sable reminiscence of the Vernon Gallery. The obscurity would do honour to a coal-cellar, and the light is so effectually excluded that it would answer the purpose of a photographic "*chambre noire*" most admirably. It is not used for any exhibition requirements, but the Secretary, we are informed, makes it his hiding-place.

THE SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL MILITIA.

To HENRY, LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

MY LORD BISHOP,

ALLOW me to take the liberty of suggesting one argument against the BISHOPS OF LONDON and DURHAM Retirement Bill, which does not appear to have occurred to your Lordship, as you have not mentioned it in your protest against that measure.

What—supposing the bill to have passed, and the Bishops to have safely resigned—what if the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or whoever their appointed paymasters may be, should, by direction of Government, coolly turn round upon them, and deduct four-fifths of the little allowances which they have bargained for as a retiring pension, under pretence of stoppages on this account and that? What if, moreover, those official defaulters should defer the payment of the remaining fifth to some future and indefinite period, and should require the Bishops to doff their mitres, and strip off their aprons and lawn sleeves, without supplying them with common hats and suits of black to withdraw in?

Is not the case above supposed pretty closely paralleled by the treatment of the Tipperary Militia?—the principal difference being that the case of the Militiamen was a case of only 70s. promised, and payment refused, except to the amount of 14s., to be paid somewhen.

The Militiamen declined to divest themselves of their uniforms, or lay down their arms. So far from disarming themselves, they fired on the regular troops; but on whom are the Bishops to fire in case they are swindled and cheated,—and why should they not be cheated and swindled as well as the Militia?

Government, indeed, may think—if we break our promise to the BISHOPS OF LONDON and DURHAM, we shall not be very likely to get other Bishops to follow their example. But Militiamen are practically as necessary as Bishops, and faith ought to be kept with the former as honestly as with the latter, unless Ministers think that to bamboozle the Militia is the way to get that force recruited on future occasions. That, to be sure, seems to be what they do think; otherwise why do they reward Militia regiments that volunteered to go to the Ionian Islands by letting them stay there for want of the means of transport? The principle of this conduct appears to be based on the sentiment, that the Militia are now done with, and may go to the deuce. But the Militia, although disbanded, may be wanted again; but the services of a Bishop who has once resigned will never again be required. Therefore the temptation to cheat the Bishop is much greater than the inducement to defraud the Militiaman, to say nothing of the very much higher degree in which the *ecceznage* of the Bishop would be lucrative.

Although you have unsuccessfully opposed the measure in question, I hope that your Lordship will succeed in insuring the performance of the engagement which has been contracted with the Bishops; and that, while your hand is in, you will also obtain a similar measure of justice for the Militiamen.

In that consolatory assurance, I beg to subscribe myself your Lordship's most obedient servant,

PUNCH.

P.S. If the Bishops really get paid, they will be lucky. They will obtain rewards that have not often before been conferred upon retiring merit.



THE SLOW GROWTH OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

In England, the growth of buildings, like that of its institutions, is exceedingly slow, if sure. Years are taken over a building that on the Continent would be run up in almost as many months. A celebrated German Statistician has sent us the following incredible particulars:—

| | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|---------------------|-----------|
| To erect a Simple Column | It takes in England | 12 years. |
| Ditto, with Lions, everything complete | " | 24 " |
| To Build a Common Bridge | " | 15 " |
| Ditto a Suspension Bridge | " | 25 " |
| Ditto Houses of Parliament | A Trifle under | 100 " |

With statues, the same authority proceeds to say, they have a curious plan. They erect the pedestal first, and then leave it in one of their most public places to be ready for the statue of some celebrated man, when they have caught one. Thus, in Trafalgar Square, they have a pedestal that has been waiting for years. It is supposed to be for the COMING MAN, but apparently he is in no hurry to make his appearance.

Forgetfulness Extraordinary.

In what state of mind could the gentleman have been who wrote the following sentences in the *Morning Herald*?

"The Tamworth Baronet betrayed both causes. He fell—he deservedly fell, and he died of a broken heart."

SIR ROBERT PEEL fell, being thrown from his horse, and died (alas!) of the injuries which he sustained by the act of that brute. How much Lethe had the writer in the *Herald* had when he penned the foregoing specimen of total oblivion?

AN ERROR IN TWO PLACES.

Look round our Government offices, and you will find that the system of distribution is as follows:—Too much ability is demanded for the small places, and for the large places generally too little.



THE WERRY FIRST THING AS EVER I DOES WHEN I GOES TO THE CHRISTIAL PALIS, IS TO GIT A CHEER!
[Observation of Old Lady, July 17th, 1856, as ever was.]

"GIVE THE WORLD ASSURANCE OF A MAN."

MR. PUNCH has observed that there have lately been several instances in which Life Assurance Offices have resisted the claims of the policy-holders. He is not about to enter into the details of any of these cases, in most of which the resistance has been ineffectual, and the law has made the offices stick to their bargains. Neither is he going to reproduce LORD CHIEF JUSTICE CAMPBELL'S just but very severe remarks upon the greediness of some of the new offices to obtain business, which afterwards burns their fingers. *Caveat Confirmator*. But considering that any man whose income dies with him, and whose family does not, is guilty of something very like crime if he neglects to make assurance-provision for those he leaves behind him, *Mr. Punch* is disposed to be proportionately disgusted with any institution, which, through carelessness, avarice, or clumsiness, brings the assurance system into any kind of discredit.

He will waive the graver part of the question, the greediness to get business, and will venture to offer a few impertinent remarks upon the carelessness or clumsiness of the people, who, in spite of the tremendous and elaborate investigation they affect to perform, contrive to get let in, and have to come to a Court of Law for relief, which *Mr. Punch* hopes it will continue to be the rule to refuse, and the exception to grant.

Mr. Punch's reverence for the business powers of so-called men of business is not abject. The "practical men," who smile compassionately at schemers and visionaries, are the men who perpetually make the most frightful smashes and blunders. No attorney, for instance, can keep, or comprehend accounts, and a stock-jobber, the supposed incarnation of shrewdness, is the most credulous *gobemouche* in London. But these assurance people have a system which, one would think, might secure safety, and prevent a man's later—latest—life from being troubled with terrors lest his helpless family may be involved in a struggle for the pittance he has toiled and saved, for years, to ensure them.

The inquisition into your own health, habits, and history, which is the first step in an assurance transaction, is exceedingly minute. You answer, in writing, as to everything which can bear on the subject. Then you give a reference to a doctor, who is privately examined as to all that he knows about you; and thirdly, the friend of your soul, with whom the goblet you sip, is cross-examined to know whether you only sip it, or drain it, and in what company, and at what hours; and in some cases, a second friend of your soul is demanded, nay, both of these are occasionally required to give references to respectable DAMONS and responsible PYTHIASES of their own. Next, you are visited by, or visit, the Office's own medical man, who feels your pulse, and tests your chest, and catechises you out of your own deposition, in order to catch you, if you have been inaccurate, and he sends you before a Board, who repeat

the scrutiny. And finally, after all these precautions, you are accepted or rejected. He must be a preternatural knave who can slip through the meshes of this net, unless somebody who holds it be a preternatural donkey.

Mr. Punch has no objection to the most scrutinising inquiries being made before a policy is granted; on the contrary, the more minute the investigation, the better. And since the twenty-five or thirty questions by which it is sought to discover the physiology of yourself and that of your father, mother, grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers, and sisters, is insufficient, he begs to frame a few more, conceived in the same spirit, which he would add to the "particulars required." Only he would insist, that when everything has been asked, and everything tested, the record should be closed, and the bargain, if made, should be irrevocable. For instance—

31. Did your great grandmother ever complain of having been frightened to death?
32. Are you in the habit of reading MR. ALISON'S Histories, or the *Morning Advertiser*, or any other publications tending to lengthen life?
33. Do you cross the street carefully, and have you ever been run over by PICKFORD'S vans, and how often?
34. Have you an admission to the Zoological Gardens, and if so, do you habitually go close to the dens of the *carnivora*, or get into the serpents' cages?
35. Is your wife a strong-minded woman?
36. Do you know any Americans, and is there any chance of your getting into political or other arguments with the owner of a revolver?
37. Are you a polite man, who does not mind running out of a hot Opera house to get up a carriage on a wet night?
38. Did you ever sit out an Elizabethan drama of modern construction, and how many years ago, and who attended you, medically, afterwards?
39. Do you run after fancy preachers, and do they make you cry?
40. What was the general state of your ancestors' health, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries?
41. Was any member of your family ever swallowed up by an earthquake?
42. When you go to Gravesend, is it by boat or rail; and in the former case, do you always hold fast by a rope?
43. Do you always take care not to tread on orange-peel in the street?
44. Have you ever been afflicted with Irishmen, or any other epidemic?
45. Who cuts your hair?

Now, let the offices add these, and any number of similar questions, to their string of inquiries. And let them examine your friends on oath, and your doctor as the Americans cross-examine a nigger witness, namely, by putting him in a corner and kicking his shins until he answers categorically. And let them have half a dozen Boards, or even one medical officer whose head is not made of board, and let the very utmost be done to obtain information. But, as aforesaid, a bargain should be a bargain—not, of course, that one rogue may make a prize, but the ninety-nine honest men who save, perhaps screw, through years of weary toil, to secure homes for the loved ones when their natural protector shall be at rest, may not be disturbed by a doubt whether their cherished work has been carelessly or clumsily done, and whether a corporation—"that which has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be"—otherwise disposed of,—may not take advantage of its own blunders.

Mr. Punch is justly proud of his patent-leather boots, but were he a Jurymen on a trial when an office disputed a policy, he would eat those boots before giving the Defendants a verdict.

QUEER, QUESTIONABLE QUERIES?

- ARE Brewers' horses principally Brood mares?
What becomes of all the "Bits" of a woman's mind?
Is "Death's Door" opened with a skeleton key?
How is it that so many men, who are extremely amiable in private, make themselves, the moment they emerge into public life, so supremely ridiculous?
When a lawyer composes his mind, does he do it in 6-8 time?
Would you say that a lady was "dressed loud," who was covered all over with bugles?
Shouldn't the LORD CHANCELLOR marry well, since he has the pick of all the Wards in Chancery?
Is there any truth in the report that the Arabs who live in the Desert have sandy hair? and is it also true that those who live by the Red Sea have carrots?
In selling a Newfoundland Dog do you know whether it is valued according to what it will fetch, or what it will bring?

The Wish of a Veteran.

"DASH it, Sir!" cried a poor old Major, on hearing the amount of the retiring allowances of the BISHOPS OF LONDON and DURHAM, "I wish I were an officer on half-pay in the Church Militant."

PERAMBULATORS AND PEDESTRIANS,
OR MR. CROSSWIG'S ANNOYANCE.



WHAT a lot of nasty little ugly babies in the streets,
Being wheeled about in those confounded little chairs one meets!
I mean those Perambulators, pushed by stupid, careless, blind,
Lazy, dawdling, idle, addle-headed servant girls behind.

Little screaming chits of creatures, little wryfaced roaring brats,
With their little absurd bows and feathers in their silly hats,
Foolish little coats and jackets, flimsy little fancy frocks,
Chubby faces, turned-up noses, and preposterous curly locks!

Slommaking untidy slatterns, moonstruck idiotic sluts,
Gazing, open-mouthed, upon the Grenadier who yonder struts,
Staring at the linen-draper's shops, or into vacant air,
Looking every way, except the way you're going with your chair!

Howling loud your goblin charge is, all the while for rage or fright,
If you've two they cuff each other, pinch, and kick, and scratch and bite;
And, whilst you go blundering on, with zig zag course and wandering wits,
Probably your blessed babes are struggling in convulsive fits.

Not perceiving any object which is right before your nose,
Bolt ahead you drive your carriage on unhappy people's toes,
Crushing corns and bunions, so that those who watch your heedless path,
Will observe it marked by victims dancing mad with pain and wrath.

I myself, Sir, I was looking at some prints the other day,
Standing quite, I do assure you, out of everybody's way;
Bang against my outer ankle a Perambulator drove:
Sir, it hurt me like old Harry; grazed the skin off, Sir, by Jove!

She—the trull—the wench who did it—there was she, a goggle-eyed,
Gape-mouthed hoyden, staring one way this, and one the other side,
Not a word to ask my pardon, not a word, Sir, uttered she,
On she went, and took no notice, as I limped and writhed, of me.

Had she, while she was about it, pushed the babes between my legs,
Bringing down my weight upon them as upon a nest of eggs,
Warning would to foolish mothers by their fate have been supplied,
And in those Perambulators wretched infants would not ride.

LUXURIOUS BISHOPS.

THERE seems to be very considerable difficulty in un-making a Bishop, and indeed nothing short of an Act of Parliament can pull a prelate out of the see that he has once got into. We rather admire the conscientious feeling which has induced a brace of Bishops to retire when they feel they are no longer able to discharge their duties; but it is to be regretted that their episcopal life has habituated them to so much luxury, that nothing less than £5,000 or £6,000 a-year will be sufficient to provide for the necessities to which their old age will be liable; and what must be the rate of living of a Bishop in full swing may be calculated by considering that it requires £6,000 a-year to provide for the evening of his days, when he is naturally disposed to quietude.

THE BOY JONES AGAIN.

THE Boy JONES—like his brother sailor, the buoy at the Nore, he is never to be thought of as a man—has turned up again; and, we hear confidentially from the special reporter of the *Morning Buz*, that he causes the most lively uneasiness to LORD PALMERSTON, lest he should gain access to the palace, and supersede him in the good graces of his Royal Mistress. It is averred that JONES is of German descent; and this report would appear to be borne out by the instinctive facility he seems to possess of intruding himself into all things and all places. It is said that DOCTOR PRETORIUS is so much alarmed at the probable intrusion of JONES, that he every night sleeps with a gun loaded with drop-shot at his bed-side. GUSTAV WAAGEN has been heard to inquire of two or three distinguished members of the Athenæum as to the artistic tastes of JONES, who, in GUSTAV'S opinion, may prove even a more ugly customer than WILLIAM CONYNGHAM. For our part, we believe that, however snubbed by fortune, JONES is destined to a fixed prosperity. We believe the boy was changed at nurse; and that a minute inspection of one of his arms, or both, would reveal the mark of one or two patrician strawberries,—strengthening the proof of this event. Anyway, JONES may be profitably disposed of, in a manner rewardful of his own genius, and highly beneficial to Europe.

JONES, in his function of cabin-boy, has lately visited Greece. Lately, off Athens, he had leave to go ashore; when, we learn, he had not been long on dry land, before he was apprehended in KING OTHO'S palace. Now as, in all probability, KING OTHO may soon be required, for the good of Greece, to quit the throne of Greece, why should not the Boy JONES be elevated to it? JONES THE FIRST would at least be as majestic, would at least make as respectable a father of the Greek people as the first OTHO, whose better part of Royalty is that better half, his wife. All the instincts of JONES smack of Royalty. Is it not his boast that, adventuring into the nursery of English Royalty, it was his high privilege to hear a Royal baby cry? Our voice is—"Vive JONES THE FIRST, KING OF GREECE!" His elevation may be quietly managed, and at almost no expense; the only necessary cost will be for the enlargement of the crown; for what suits the pippin of OTHO can hardly fit "that globe of thought, that palace of the soul," surmounting the shoulders of JONES.

THE HANGING REPORT.—"PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL."



Y Lords' Committee have made their hangman's report; and, after much pondering, recommend—that, henceforth, criminals shall be privately hanged. Much public scandal will be prevented by this private and confidential way of killing: a mode to be adopted at the same time that the debates of their Lordships are heard with closed doors, all reporters attempting to make their way into the House being given into custody for quick conveyance to the Tower. Entering pretty fully into the details of the new plan of execution, their Lordships recommend that the outside world should be warned of the approaching tragedy by a black flag hoisted above the prison. We have heard that their Lordships recommended this display in earnest compliment to the BISHOP OF

OXFORD, under whose pastoral care the Committee was appointed. The black flag must always recall to a grateful generation the memory of the black apron. For ourselves, we think a Bishop better employed in the vineyard of his MASTER, than in the ropeyard of the Judges.

A MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

GIVEN:—A Lady's head, as the centre of her Dress.
To Find:—The Circumference of it.

HUMAN ENLIGHTENMENT.—The great lights of one age are the links of the next.



THE FOUR-IN-HAND MANIA.

Heavy Driver (to Swell who has just started a Team). "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT HEARING AS YOU HAD STARTED FOUR 'OSSES, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT A YOUNG MAN AS COULD BRING YOUR COACH UP TO THE DOOR AS IT 'AD OUGHT TO BE!"

PROTEST BY THE BISHOP OF BANGOR.

THE protest of the BISHOP OF EXETER against the Bill for enabling the BISHOPS OF LONDON and DURHAM to retire, and for permitting the Country to pension them, was published on Thursday. We have been requested to give publicity to a similar protest, made by another Right Reverend Prelate, which was inserted in the Lords' Journals on the following day.

"DISSENTIENT."

"1. Because the BISHOP OF BANGOR considers that a Bishop who is able to give receipts for his income is perfectly competent to discharge his episcopal duties, and I think you are a pack of schismatic dissenting apostates if you attempt to disturb the peace of the Church.

"2. Because the BISHOP OF BANGOR is perfectly well aware, and in fact suspects, that all the fellows who pretend to demand more efficient services from the other Bishops, merely aim at the ruin of the Church of England, and if I had my way I would put you in the stocks.

"3. Because the BISHOP OF BANGOR thinks that the retiring pensions ought to be equal to the income, and I am disgusted with your profane and fraudulent attempt to defraud and plunder those who minister at the altar.

"4. Because the BISHOP OF BANGOR regards you all as firebrands, who ought to go in penance through London with a fool's cap on your heads, and birch rods elsewhere, and I hope you will have grace to be ashamed of your wickedness.

"CHRISTOPHER BANGOR."

A Musical Compliment.

A celebrated Musical Critic, who doesn't often pay compliments, speaking of the great difficulties of the Violin says, "What with most players is only 'Science in Fun,' becomes 'Sport in ERNST.'"

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE SYSTEM.

THE last Ticket of this kind has been taken out by MR. JAMES SADLEIR, who has fled, it is rumoured, to Sweden. We beg to state, however, that it was a Ticket-of-French-Leave.

NEW CUT THEATRICALS.

THE last juvenile performance for the present holidays (school reopening on the 24th) took place on Wednesday night, in the spacious and well-furnished front nursery of MR. and MRS. JENKINS, whose children, assisted by some young friends and schoolfellows, had got up the *Miller and his Men*, followed by an act from *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*.

The theatre had been a present to MASTER WILLIAM JENKINS, from a kind uncle; the characters had been cut out and painted by MASTER HENRY JENKINS, and MASTER WALTER SPARROW; the scenery was coloured by MISS CATHERINE JENKINS. The costumes of the characters and the decorations of the stage throughout the whole performance were in the most exquisite taste; and in fitting the first piece, written for a larger stage, to the resources of a child's theatre, great ingenuity was shown. The interior of the mill, with which it concluded, was executed by MASTER CHARLES COWDEROY, who obtained the first drawing prize at DR. SMACKER'S classical, commercial, and mathematical academy, this half.

The children read the characters very nicely, minding their stops, and sounding their aitches, and there was very little quarrelling behind the blankets which had been stuck up to separate the performers from the stage. We do not wish to excite vanity by praising one more than another, for they were all very good, and in amusing themselves tried to amuse their friends. If we are asked, why we have written an article upon the subject, we reply that we really do not know, for the entertainments were those of a strictly private party, and we rather suspect that we do it chiefly out of a good-natured desire to gratify the performers and their friends, who like to see themselves complimented in print. In the same spirit let us add honourable mention of MR. JENKINS, the head of the family, who not only opened his beautiful nursery for the amusement of a numerous body of guests, but in the most hospitable manner provided for the entertainment of all who witnessed the performance.

A COUNTRY THAT OWES US A GREAT DEAL.

IT is said that MR. JAMES SADLEIR has escaped to Sweden. That country has become the refuge of all tainted persons, who are either afraid, or ashamed, to remain in England. It is in a fair (or rather unfair) way to prove itself the Botany Bay of our Bankruptcy Courts. All our social convicts transport themselves there. It has taken, *vis-à-vis* to our country, the unsavoury place of Boulogne, since grown respectable. The promotion should be duly recorded, for the satisfaction of all commercial criminals, in the *Gazette*. The slave who lands on English soil, is from that moment free. The fraudulent bankrupt, once safe on Swedish ground, is in somewhat a similar position, for he enjoys instant freedom—from arrest. Let him be ever so black, no one can touch him. He can snap his fingers at his creditors, and sing to the tune of the thousands that he has swindled them out of, "*Noli me Tangere*." We doubt if the future crops of Swedish turnips will be much improved by this new system of English owing? In the meantime, since Sweden takes a peculiar pleasure in making itself the sanctuary of the very worst classes in Europe, we think a satisfactory answer can be given at last to the tiring, stale question of "What shall we do with our convicts?" The answer we triumphantly make is, "Transport them to Sweden." As it is the open home of our bankrupts and swindlers, it would not object probably, for a small consideration, to become the abode also of our convicts.

Apology for Ex-Episcopal Incomes.

A BISHOP ought to be well paid for the performance of his duties. Now, one of the principal duties of a Bishop is, when necessary, to set an example of resignation.

ADVICE TO OFFICIALS WHO WILL TALK.—Persons in office cannot watch too carefully over their words. Better for a Minister to do twenty foolish things than say one foolish one!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



At the meeting of the Lords on Monday afternoon (July 21), LORD LYNCHURST took an opportunity of expressing his exceeding regret (that was the polite word he used) that so many bills had been lost or abandoned. The LORD CHANCELLOR said that he shared in the regret, but urged that "very many useful measures" had been passed. *Mr. Punch* never breaks his promises, and having engaged, at the opening of the Session, to compare its results with the promises, which Ministers then induced HER MAJESTY to make, will take his own opportunity of illustrating CRANWORTH'S ideas of number and of utility. As usual, another instance of the East India

Company's unscrupulous treatment of the natives was afforded, the RAJAH OF COORG being the victim this time. The ill-treatment of the Irish Militia, whom Government, now that the War is over, can afford to wrong—and does, was next adverted to, but of course LORD PANMURE "had received no information" as to the special grievance brought forward. Then the question of our relations with the Brazils was raised by LORD MALMESBURY. In this matter *Mr. Punch* has the satisfaction of informing the Ministers that their conduct obtains his approbation. The Brazilians, no doubt, want slaves for field labour, for those articles of commerce have been largely killed off, lately, by cholera and the yellow fever. But, in defiance of all rules of political economy, England has set herself against a certain branch of trade, namely, the slave-trade, and if the Brazilian Government cannot or will not suppress the traffic, JOHN BULL is unenlightened or Quixotic enough to be ready and willing to pay for ships and guns to do it. We have found it necessary to hint this fact to Brazil, in consequence of the increase of the trade, and the Brazilian legislature bawls out that we are bullying a weak nation. But weakness is not to be an excuse for wrong. If a man sees a lubberly boy sneaking from his duty, and remonstrances failing, gives that lubber a refresher with a horsewhip, the man is not, therefore, a bully. We ruined our finest colonies, and threw away twenty millions of money to be able to raise clean hands against "the domestic institution," as the Americans call it, and shall certainly raise hands with something in them, other than money, if necessary.

Next, we had confirmation of the fact, that Russia has already begun to cheat the other parties to the treaty of Paris. LORD CLARENDON stated that the fortresses which she had to surrender, and which were to have been given up uninjured, had been dismantled; and he thought, good creature, that this was a most "unusual" proceeding, but he hoped that "nothing further" would occur to disturb the goodwill between the countries. As consolation, we are to have a Russian Ambassador here, COUNT KREPOWITCH.

The Commissioners for consolidating our Statute Law report that it may be reduced from 15,000 acts to 300, and from 40 volumes to 4. *Mr. Punch* trusts that for consistency's sake, when this hydraulic packing is performed, the number of lawyers will be similarly reduced.

The Bishops' Retirement (and Pensions) Bill was read a third time by 26 to 15, and passed, the DUKE OF SOMERSET declaring that the bargain deserved a still stronger name than Simony. Assuredly, no unhappy Parson, tempted or driven to a corrupt negotiation about a presentation, can ever be punished again.

"A sin in crape is twice a sin in lawn."

In the Commons, MR. VILLIERS lashed LORD LUCAN for his cavalry officer impertinence about the Chelsea investigation, and said that LUCAN, if reported accurately, had been guilty of an "unmitigated untruth." MR. MURROUGH discharged his mission in the House by making a ridiculous exhibition of himself in reference to the German Legion, and mouthed out some Victoria Theatre trash about Britons bleeding under the dirks of German hirelings, who corrupted the morals of our virtuous soldiery. Anything for a laugh this hot weather. MR. VERNON SMITH, with unusual discretion, selected an evening of Indian temperature for his Indian Budget. Only about 30 Members stayed to perspire under his speech, which occupies nearly six columns of the papers. The principal fact disclosed is, that in MR. SMITH'S opinion, the Company has not mismanaged India so much as could have been anticipated, for the deficit in the coming year's revenue will only be £1,152,109, so exact is the mis-Government in calculating the result of its future blunders. Had MR. MANTALINI been in the House he would have said "the nine pound be demd."

Tuesday. LUCAN gave himself more airs, and LORD PANMURE rebuked him severely, significantly advising him to avoid such language as provoked a reply. *Mr. Punch* may as well mention here that the Chelsea Report has been produced, a book nearly as thick as the heads of the parties accused by the Crimean Report. His fiery glance, however, scorched up the hay in a second, and found the needle, the point of which is that the aristocratic officers appointed to whitewash LUCAN and the rest of the awkward squad, have of course, done it; and he need hardly add that the precious result (though it will justify any amount of triumphant cackle at the old cocksfiers' Clubs) will not in the slightest degree disturb the opinion of the country as to the helplessness and blundering of the Crimean "Bot-toms with the Asses' Heads."

In the Commons, the Bill for improving the County Courts, charging the cost of justice upon the country, and not upon the suitors (a right principle) passed, and the appointment of a Minister of Education was carried by 77 to 35, 112 Members only caring to be present on such a discussion. MR. HEYWOOD brought in a motion for a Commission to re-edit the English Bible, but withdrew it after a brief speech, in opposition, from SIR GEORGE GREY. It is a fair question for consideration, whether it is or is not desirable to disturb the time-honoured and nobly English text of our authorised version, (whose manly and touching style the Roman Catholics declare to be one of our towers of strength, and which has been so invaluable in preserving a standard of language among us) for the sake of correcting many errors, some of admitted gravity, which mar its excellence. MR. WILKINSON then vainly attempted to carry a resolution for shortening the speeches in Parliament. MR. FOX'S suggestion that the leaders should speak first and, by exhausting the subject, prevent donkeys from exhausting the House, was not had. SIR J. FITZGERALD took a good time, when the streets of Madrid are red with the slaughter on the barricades, to press the claims of the creditors of Spain, and then came the case of GENERAL BEATSON, who organised Irregular troops in the late War, troops whose irregularities were so grave as to cause his being superseded. He felt aggrieved, and perhaps was rather indiscreet in showing his wrath. The War-Office stated itself to be waiting for information, but by a curious coincidence, within twenty-four hours, a Government letter was written, exonerating the bold BEATSON from all charges.

Wednesday. LORD PALMERSTON brought in the Bishops' Bill on the preceding night, but the House would not let him press it, and the debate was taken this day. Parties were split. SIR W. HEATHCOTE, MR. HENLEY, and MR. NAPIER, Conservatives, opposed it, MR. WALPOLE, Conservative, supported it. SIR J. GRAHAM and MR. GLADSTONE, Peelites, opposed it, while MR. CARDWELL, Peelite, supported it. Some of the Radicals opposed and others advocated it, and the conflict of parties ended in Ministers getting a very respectable majority in its favour, the second reading being carried by 151 to 72.

Thursday. The Lords did nothing particular, beyond insisting on adhering to their objectionable and priest-prompted alterations in the Scotch Schools Bill, which, being ruined, was withdrawn next day in the Commons, where the alterations had been rejected.

In the Commons there was another fight on going into Committee on the Bishops' Bill, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL and MR. GLADSTONE pelted one another with excessively bad Latin, to the great instruction of the country gentlemen, and the Manchester and railway members. MR. HADFIELD abused the bishops generally, and declared that they were not fit to hold a candle to certain dissenting preachers whom he named; but the House apparently had not taken the odd advice given in the love-letter of a faithless sea-captain, which was read, alas, in a breach of promise case the same day, "I very much wish you will take to liking Dissenters." The Bill went through committee after several divisions, and passed on Friday. MR. ROEBUCK moved for the expulsion of JAMES SADLEIR from the House; but the process was wisely deferred until after the recess. SADLEIR is doubtless a knave, but the fewer precedents for expelling Members without legal proof of guilt, the better.

Friday. LORD WENSLEYDALE, whose original coronet has been so cruelly kicked about both Houses during the session, took his seat with a bran new one, of the kind called Hereditary. LORD ST. VINCENT, father of the lady

who married the late DICE SOMBRE, caused certain Chancery proceedings to be read at considerable length for the sake of assailing LORD COMBERMERE, who has been opposed to him throughout the litigation in the SOMBRE case. When *Mr. Punch* has said that the first-named nobleman is ninety years old, the only reason for not speaking of this demonstration, and of the whole miserable history, with the strongest expression of disgust and contempt, has been assigned. The Lords struck out of the Leases Bill the anti-TOMMY WILSON clause inserted by the Commons.

A very young officer, aged 24, and named BOYLE, whom the EARL OF CORK AND ORRERY (another BOYLE) returns for Frome, took his seat. And official notice was given of the fact that MR. EDWARD STRUTT, a very worthy man, who, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster a short time ago, displayed the faculty of going to sleep in the House upon all occasions, and at the shortest notice, is transferred to finish his nap in the Lords, as BARON BELPER. Having been a cotton manufacturer, he will know where to buy his night-caps. MR. LAYARD, home from the East, expressed his, *Mr. Punch's*, and the country's supreme contempt for the Chelsea Hospital salve for curing the reputations of LUCAN, CARDIGAN, and Company. And then came an exhibition from which some entertainment had been expected. MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, in imitation of an old custom of his friend LORD LYNTHURST, had undertaken to review the Session, and as there has seldom been such an opportunity for that kind of sarcasm in which BEN used to excel, a tolerable, but not a large audience assembled in the hopes of a piquant speech. Even LORD LYNTHURST himself came

down, to see the parody on himself, as RISTORI did to see ROBSON. But BEN was an utter failure. Nobody expected large views, or good taste, or common justice, and so far nobody was disappointed. But everybody expected a rallying, slashing, stinging Philippic, with a sprinkling of anecdote, epigram, and nickname, and instead of this, BENJAMIN gave the House two hours of a prosaic recapitulation of the disasters of the Session—a far better summary has been given in every London journal. Of course, LORD PALMERSTON had it all his own way in reply, and, to do our Bottleholder justice, his style of treatment is always lively and effective. He could not disprove the assertion that Government had utterly failed in its duty to the legislature, but he attributed the absence of legislation to the melancholy fact that he could not make laws, despotically, as the constitution permits Parliament to consider, delay, and reject them. This is a deplorable truth, and perhaps LORD PALMERSTON is meditating a *coup d'état* next week, in imitation of certain French and Spanish friends of his. As, in such a case, *Mr. Punch* will be his first victim, that gentleman seizes this opportunity of declaring that the conduct of LORD PALMERSTON throughout the Session has been eminently unconstitutional. Measures of importance, brought in by Government, are measures by which a Government should stand—or fall, and a Minister who sacrifices nearly all his bills, involving principles, yet retains office, commits a political fraud. There! and now up with your guns, my Lord, and batter 85, Fleet Street, as soon as you like.

Saturday. Both Houses met, in order to get routine work done in time for the Prorogation.

DESPAIR OF HUMAN NATURE.



for, like the composition of certain poets, the Bournous is a fashion in itself—a "thing for all time."

MR. POPE alludes to a certain insect in human form, as "that thing of silk." Such a thing, we suppose, is the *Bournous à la Bédouin*; and if so, such things are its "originators" also, by their own account; for they state that "this beautiful article of attire is now identified with" themselves—"the proprietors of the Sponsalia." Their own idea of their personal identity appears to be a happy one, and we are tempted to regard them as an assortment of silks in a Co's shape. What other living entities imaginable could describe the "Sponsalia" shop as "opposite to * * * Chapel," with such profound insensibility of the oppositeness of the sacred edifice to the shop—alive only to the congruity between the "Sponsalia" and the fashionable chapel?

On the face of the above advertisement it appears that the Bournous is a sort of cloak; but it would also seem that it is a cloak of a curious kind. The garment is termed an appendage. To a gentleman, a coat-tail is the only appendage, properly so called, in the way of dress; that we can think of. How are ladies to wear the appendage called *Bournous à la Bédouin*?

The Bournous is to be "a fashion in itself—a thing for all time;" the rage for ever; like the composition of certain poets—SHAKESPEARE and some others! It is dreadful to read such stuff as this; for, mind, it is not nonsense meant as such. It is serious puffery, addressed, not to the illiterate multitude, but to the "haute volés," and to think that amongst the superior classes there is any considerable number of persons upon whom it can produce any other effect than that of nausea, is a reflection calculated to create a deplorable misgiving as to the essential nature and destiny of our common kind.

THAT every human being is a rational and accountable creature, endowed with an immortal soul, is a truism, which, however, some men and some things in this world almost tempt one to doubt. Among those men are advertising haberdashers, and among those things advertisements, such as this one:—

"COMING EVENTS.—The practical correctness of the public press was never, perhaps, more remarkable than in their prophetic declaration that the graceful Bournous would entirely supersede, among the *haute volés*, every other description of cloak for evening dress, the promenade, or the opera. This beautiful article of attire is now identified with its originators, the proprietors of the 'Sponsalia' (opposite to * * * Chapel), and is appropriately designated, as a *specialité*, the '*Bournous à la Bédouin*.' Every lady should possess one of these charming appendages,

THE SEE!

THE See, the See, the wealthy See!
I can't resign it gratis free;
Within the mark—within fair bounds—
I think I may say six thousand pounds—
That is little enough—but one's heart's in the
skies—
Therefore one can't be worldly wise.

I'm in the See, I'm in the See,
I am where I may ever be.
Suppose I do not choose to go,
What do you say then; yes or no?
Of the whole of the income I stand possessed,
And I can't be turned out of my Mother's
nest,
For a Mother the Church has been to me,
And I was born for her fattest See.

I love my See, my wealthy See,
I scorn the idea of Simony;
But I must take care what I'm about,
Six thousand a-year and I'll turn out.
My offer you had better take,
And you will, if you are wide awake,
For Death, whenever he comes to me,
Can alone compel me to quit my See.

EXTREME SCARCITY.

WITHIN all our experience we do not recollect such an extreme scarcity of Extraordinary Gooseberries as in this present year. However, as Parliament has just put up its shutters, there is still hope before Christmas of a few ripening to their usual full-blown Falstaffian dimensions. The fact is, the Penny-a-liner has had his eye so fixed on M.P.'s, that he has had no time to hunt for Gooseberries. The greenness of the one pursuit interferes with the greenness of the other. But now, the field of vegetable discovery is fairly open to him. As Parliament closes, his hunting-season begins. What Grouse is to the Member, the Gooseberry is to the Penny-a-liner.

Proverbial Philosophy.

A NEW novel has been published under the title of an old saying—*Never too Late to Mend*. This time-honoured maxim is to be received with a qualification. It may hold good of our spiritual being, but, unfortunately, it does not apply to the sole of our boot.



PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

(Continued.)

"MR. FROISSART JONES, grateful to *Mr. Punch* for his enlightened patronage, prefers confiding the rest of his Examination Papers to *Mr. Punch's* care, to running the risk of their being purloined or suppressed by sending them direct to the Commissioners.

"*Rhododendron Lodge, July 26.*"

"*Paris vaut bien une messe.*" was the high-minded reply of WILLIAM RUFUS to his parasitical courtiers, who sought to persuade the monarch that the waters of Herne Bay would recede from the beach at the royal bidding.

DR. ISAAC WATTS, the discoverer of the propelling power of steam, and author of *Pamela*, *The Busy Bee*, and the *Rehearsal*, was hanged for a forgery committed on SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. MADAME DE QUEROUAILLES, Duchess of Portsmouth, to whom the reverend delinquent officiated as almoner, vainly interceded with EDWARD THE SIXTH for the criminal's pardon. The aged monarch was inexorable. When his fate was certain and there was no hope left, the satirical nonconformist revenged himself by scrawling these lines on the wall of his prison:

"Here lies our mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
He never did a wise one."

GEORGE THE SECOND, enraged at the obstinate resistance of the low-born burghers of Calais, swore, on capturing the town, to put the whole of the inhabitants to the sword, but FAIR ROSAMOND obtained their pardon by claiming it as her only boon for sucking the poison out of the wound inflicted on the infuriated monarch by BERTRAND DE GOURDON. This incident is forcibly described in BEN JONSON'S tragedy of *Twelfth Night*.

WAT TYLER, Lord Mayor of London, is renowned in history for slaying JACK CADE at the fight of Tewkesbury. QUEEN ELIZABETH, to evince her gratitude, conferred on him the following honourable augmentation of his arms. On a saltire *vert*, engrailed *or*, two mullets *wavy*, surmounted by a chevron *proper*, bearing in its beak a garter with the device "*Primus in Indis.*"

ALEXANDER THE GREAT bore his defeat at Platæa with the magnanimity of a hero, but when he saw his old friend and fellow-soldier, BRUTUS, pursuing him with a drawn sword, he dropped his own weapon, bared his breast to the murderer, and with a look and accent of bitter but pathetic reproach, addressed the traitor in the sorrowful words "*Carpe diem.*" and fell pierced with wounds at the foot of POMPEY'S statue.

When GEORGE THE THIRD heard of the acquittal of the Seven Bishops, he sent for JUDGE JEFFREYS, and asked him in a voice of thunder how he dared let the insolent prelates escape. "Sire," answered the benevolent and high-minded LORD CHANCELLOR, "If your Majesty will but—" "If me no ifs, Sir Knave," shouted the tyrant. "By St. Paul, I will not dine till I see thy fool's head lopped from thy shoulders." A block was in the garden of the Palace, the

pious judge was obliged to lay down his head, and with one blow from a cook's cleaver, it was severed from his body. To avoid the recurrence of such arbitrary acts, the undaunted Commons of England passed the Law of Mortmain, which has since acted as a salutary check on abuses of Kingly power.

When FREDERICK THE GREAT was on his death-bed, the whole kingdom resounded with the sob of his sorrowing subjects. To the last he spoke words of counsel and comfort to his weeping courtiers. Some of his last sayings are well worthy of record. "When I am dead (he told his son, PRINCE EUGENE,) "you will find the name of Calais engraven on my heart." Then to the PRINCESS AMELIA he said, "Child, when they have cut off my head, they will want to make thee Queen; but thou must never take the Crown while thy brothers, CHARLES and JAMES, are alive." To WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, who was nearly beside himself with grief, he gave his jewelled George, whispering at the same time, "Remember;" and finally, he desired that his stepson, the EARL OF WARWICK, should be sent for, "that he might see how a Christian could die."

SAMUEL JOHNSON, the great Lexicographer and author of HOME'S *Douglas*, was a gallant soldier as well as a kindly critic. In the Bridge-water Gallery there is a spirited portrait of him by HOLBEIN, dressed in the Highland garb, with his drawn pibroch in his hand leading on the clan M'CHATTAN to the decisive charge at Camperdown.

Perhaps the neatest and wittiest repartee ever spoken was contained in the reply given by an old feudal Baron who had refused to follow EDWARD THE FIFTH in one of his expeditions against France. "By'r Lady, Sir Knight (swore the King) thou shalt either go or hang."—"And by'r Lady, Sir King, (retorted the witty warrior) I will neither go nor hang."

It may be a not uninteresting study for some of our young Candidates to turn into French or Latin verse the following canzonet by FITZBALL.

THE CHILD OF SONG.

When sky-blue doves roam forth at night
To seek unhallowed prey,
Thro' COROMANDEL'S groves so white
With adamantine spray;

When CLEOPATRA'S sea-green teeth
Disclose a deed of woe,
And DR. JOHNSON wears a wreath
Of cypress and the sloe;

When PONDICHERY turns his gaze
(Hesperian youth!) to high Parnassus;
And LINDLEY MURRAY, crowned with bays,
Rides pick-a-back on two jackasses;

Then, fond deceiver, let thy swain
Twine oyster-shells in thy dim tresses,
And die without one pang of pain,
Smothered in beds of water-cresses;

And shed one tear upon his grave,
And sighing say to all beholders,
"Here lies a youth both coy and brave,
Who loved cod's head and eke its shoulders."

And let his corpse to earth be borne
By MR. MUNTZ, DESCARTES, and DANTE,
SCHILLER, LONGFELLOW, LORD CREMORNE,
WASHINGTON IRVING and FAVANTI.

HOMŒOPATHIC GLOBULES. (FOURTH DOSE.)

ANNUITANTS live the longest. No doubt OLD FARR had an annuity?
The Monthly Nurse's motto is:—*Mais et Toi.*
Wine "Doctored" is only medicine in disguise.
The Health, that is preserved in a medicine bottle, generally turns out "pickles."
The right, by which a Physician claims the guinea instead of a sovereign, is probably a "prescriptive" right?
Unhappy house, where the Doctor is hand-and-glove with the knocker!
That Physician dies an old man, who lives upon his remedies and yet takes none.
A Title to an honourable physician is "the guinea-stamp" to his reputation.
A Doctor knows the human body as a cabman knows a town—he is well acquainted with all the great thoroughfares and small turnings, he is intimate with all the principal edifices, but he cannot tell you what is going on inside any one of them.

The Soot and the Pictures.

THE only argument for removing the National Gallery to Kensington, is the necessity of taking the pictures out of the smoke; which would be a very good argument if there were not plenty of smoke at Kensington Gore. Would not the better plan be to let the pictures remain where they are, and, by enforcing the consumption of smoke, take the smoke away from the pictures?



HORRIBLE QUESTION AFTER A GREENWICH DINNER.

Foot-Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, COOK TOLD ME TO ASK YOU WHAT FISH YOU'D LIKE TO-DAY?"

THE CLERK'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old Clerk,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose eyes are gone, his hands too weak to work,
Give him a fair allowance and no more.

No silver-spoon my infant mouth enclosed,
No titled mother hung above my cot,
No lordly godfather his name imposed,
No interest at head-quarters smoothed my lot.

Within yon pile for fifty years I sat,
From ten till four the clerky pen to ply,
While luckier subs passed o'er my grizzled pate,
And filled the berths, denied to such as I.

Year after year, out of my pittance small
They made deductions that I ill could spare;
Upon the plea that when old age should fall,
I might thereby claim a subsistence bare.

The Treasury hard masters seemed to be,
And to the House with hopeful hearts we came,
Deeming with kindlier eye our case 'twould see,
And lend more liberal hearing to our claim.

Vain hope, alas!—the measure you propose
But serves to make our hard lot harder still;
Leave us untouched: we'll bear our present woes,
But save us from the Civil Service Bill.

Less sore the Treasury's hard measures press
Than the stern mercies Parliament extends.
To JOHN BULL's self we'll go in the recess,
And next year's Bill for this shall make amends.

A "Slow Coach" of Legislation.

AFTER a Lecture at Stroud, or somewhere, by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, on "A Few of the Obstacles which retard the progress" of something or other, there was a great confusion and stoppage at the doors on account of the number of vehicles. A mad wag availed himself of a slight pause in the prevailing noise, and shrieked out lustily, to the great amusement of the struggling audience:—"LORD JOHN's Perambulator stops the way!"

YE GHOSTS OF THE INNOCENTS. (A BALLAD OF BLACKWALL.)

"Now busk ye, busk ye, my ministeres,
For oh, but the white-bait's fine;
And the loaves and fishes ye love so well,
Are spread for you to dine.

"It's hot, hot, is the Commons' House,
And it's slow, slow, is the Lords';
And it's time, I weat, we had something to eat,
More solid than our words.

"What Bills we might, we have made all right;
What Bills we might not, are sped;
We must drink 'good luck' to the living,
And 'good rest' to the dead."

Oh, a gamesome Lord is LORD PALMERSTON,
On the steamer, amongst his feres;
Like a boy out of school, a playing the fool,
With his seely ministeres.

He cracked his joke for the nuisance of smoke,
"Think of smoke put down by me!"
He shot his quip at the big, big ship—
"It's like my ministrie.

"For a part may go down, and the passengers
drown,
But the other parts will swim!
Say, is it not so, BETHELL, COWPER, and LOWE?"
And, I trow, but they looked grim!

So with joke and jeer, at Blackwall Pier,
They have landed, one and all;
And with appetites rare to their dainty fare,
The Ministeres they fall.

And first they ate of the brown fish,
And syne they ate of the white,
And the Punch did flow, and the cool Clicquot,
And the *Cil de Perdrix* so bright.

Till even FRED PEEL from head to heel,
Felt his red-tape girths grow slack,
And with mirth demure he hugged PANMURE,
And clapped COCKBURN on the back.

The board it was cleared, dessert appeared,
The waiters were bade to go;
Of the thing that passed, when the doors were
fast,
I speak but what I know.

"Now a health, a health, my ministeres,
To the Session that is o'er:
Ye'll pledge me a cup to WHITESIDE;
Ye'll pledge me a cup to MOORE!

"What ails ye, LORD STANLEY of Alderley?
Why blench ye, my jovial LOWE?
Why look ye so pale, SIR BENJAMIN?
And COWPER, why shake ye so?"

"Now nay, now nay, my LORD PALMERSTON,
SIR RICHARD BETHELL he said:
"I trow 'twere best to hold your jest:
'Tis ill-jeesting with the dead.

"Look over your shoulders, every one,
And see wha's standing there!"
Then every guest, beheld aghast,
A grim thing at his chair.

There was never a guest but had his ghost,
His ghost, and some had three:
And by PALMERSTON'S chair was gathered
there
Of ghosts a companie!

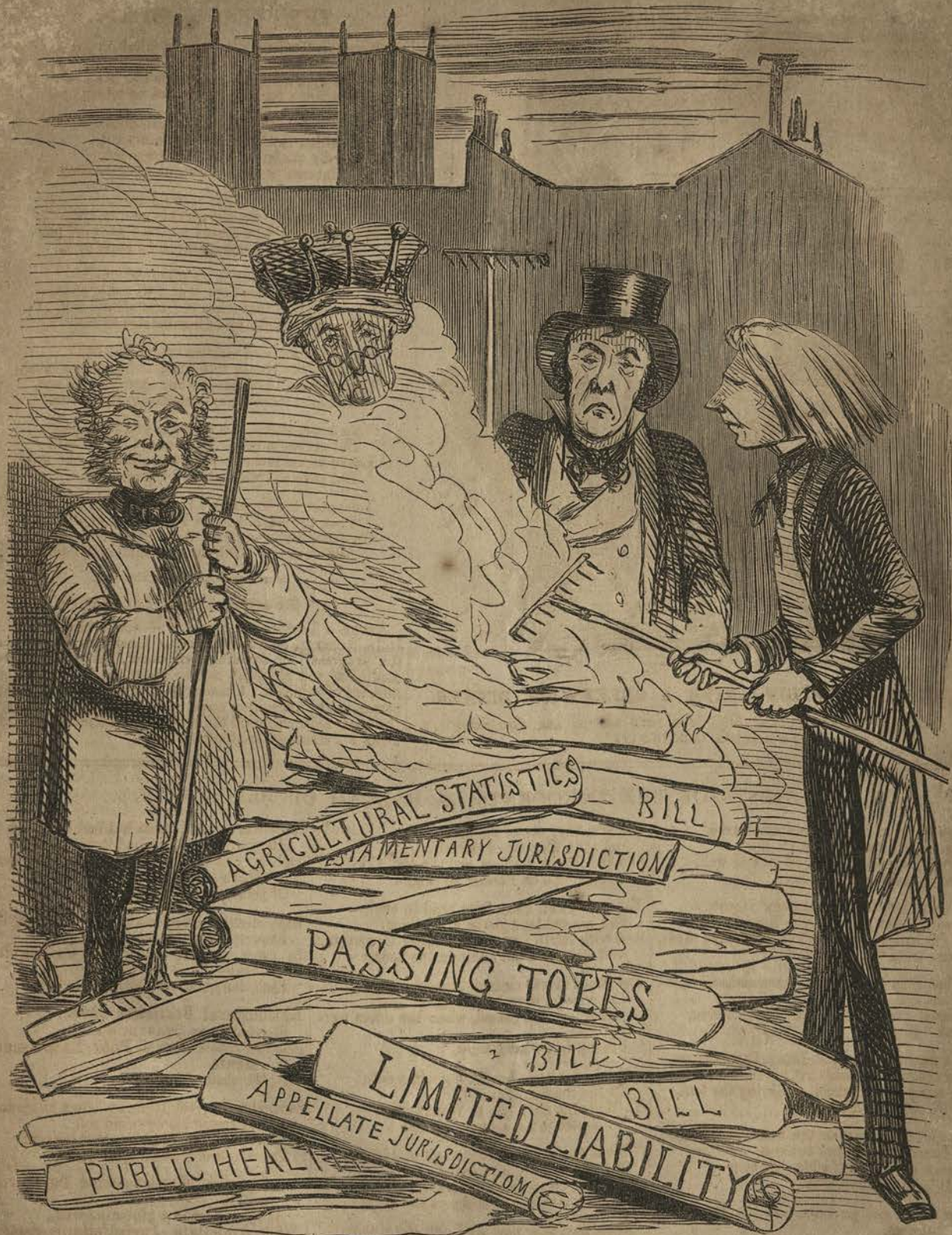
Each bleeding sore from a ghastly wound,
And gaping with blue lips chill;
In paper shrouds wide, with the red tape
tied—
Each, the ghost of a little bill!

Agricultural Statistics' ghost
Stood at LORD STANLEY'S knee;
And two ghosts of small Poor Law Amend-
ments
By the chair of BOUVERIE.

Straight to his feet ROBERT LOWE he sprang,
And fearsome his eyes did roll,
For ever, he said, in his brain there rang
The sound of a Passing Toll!

And the ghost of a slaughtered Partnership
Bill,
At his ear made a gibbering wail;
While Appellate Jurisdiction's ghost,
Like a NEMESIS hovering pale,
On BETHELL'S back, gave a grisly crack,
In the form of LORD WENSLEYDALE!

Testamentary Jurisdiction's ghost
Y-clad in a Proctor's gown,
Betwixt the ATTORNEY-GENERAL
And SOLICITOR sat him down.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

(A Great Liberty taken with Mr. Millais' celebrated Picture of that Name.)

The Public Health Bill's ghost, all white,
Sat on COWPER's back astride,
And Dr. JENNER's outraged sprite
Shook a lancet at his side!

And the guests were still, as small voices
shrill
To a wailing chorus grew,
"Look each on the ghost of the Bill he lost,
And under the table threw!"

"How dare ye sit, ye ministeres,
And eat of the white, white, bait?"

How dare ye dine, and drink of the wine,
For thinking of our fate?

"We innocents, that into life
Each in his office nurst;
Oh, happy those, who died in long-clothes,
Whose last reading was their first!
Who ne'er lived to be racked, and hewed and
hacked,
In the Commons' House accurst!

"May our blood rise up on your hustings,
As it embues your souls:

Even as it lies upon your heads,
May it weigh upon your polls."

Like a warning knell their voices fell:
They vanished: the guests sat still:
Silently PALMERSTON rang the bell,
Silently paid the bill.

Silently from the room they passed,
Silently home were borne;
And sadder, if not wiser men,
They rose the morrow morn!

THE FRENCH DRAMATISTS AT SEA.



By the aid of English authors, we are all in a state of tolerable familiarity with the Modern School of French Drama, which begins with a prologue half as long and quite as important as the piece itself; but there is now a rage for two prologues instead of one, and the last novelty at the Porte St. Martin, called *Le Fils de la Nuit*, is a drama in five acts, preceded by a couple of introductions. When a piece requires no less than two preliminary explanations before there is any chance of its being understood, the probability is, that the drama itself will be doubly mysterious, and the *Fils de la Nuit* is as dark as its title indicates. This obscure production is rendered still more ambiguous by a double claim to the authorship on the part of

two gentlemen, one of whom is said to have stolen the idea of the other; but as the other seems to have had no ideas of his own to steal, the question of theft remains dubious.

Everybody at Paris will, however, go to see the piece, because it contains a *tableau* of a Ship at Sea—regularly tossed about on a set of canvas waves, in true Adelphi style, a piece of theatrical navigation with which English audiences have long been familiar.

The French have, however, been taken by storm, for a storm on the stage is to them a novel effect, though we are accustomed to the tremendous conflict of sheet iron, the peas, the crash, and all the other theatrical elements. We are not afraid of the importation of the ship in full sail, for we have already had that done as well as it can be done in the *Flying Dutchman*; but we look with alarm on the system of double prologues, which may have the effect of rendering doubly tiresome the tedious importations from Paris, which our stage and our audiences may be said to groan under.

A Queer Young Person.

A LADY'S-MAID has hitherto been considered of the feminine gender; but the following advertisement affords a specimen of one who appears to be neuter:—

AS LADY'S-MAID, A Young Person who understands all its branches, and is used to travelling.

If it is the Lady's-maid, what are its branches? Surely they must resemble the limbs of a tree.

THE TWO INVALIDS IN "PETER'S BOAT."

It is not true, and we have no patience with those who spread such foolish reports, that the BISHOPS OF LONDON and DURHAM are retiring, simply because they are See-Sick!

QUESTIONABLE HEROES.

If LORD CARDIGAN is a Hero, then we have a right to ask a question about an equally celebrated Tailor, who was not flogged in the Crimea. We wish respectfully to know: "If SMITH IS A HERO?"

A PEN AND INK PARLIAMENT.

DURING the Dog Days, most people are lazy dogs. Everybody is yawning in the face of everybody else. The very clergyman yawns in his pulpit, and his congregation yawn more than usually. All subjects lose their interest except money, and even upon that conversation flags.

The House of Commons, in particular, sinks into a state of most disgusting apathy. It drops measures of the gravest importance as an old gentleman, nodding after dinner, lets fall his Review. The destruction of these highly desirable and almost necessary bills, we playfully and good-naturedly denominate the Massacre of the Innocents—as if it were something funny.

The House ought to get its business over before the Dog Days. It does not, for want of time. This want of time is occasioned by waste of time in debate, which is not merely prolix and redundant, but unnecessary. Oral debate is really altogether unnecessary. We all know that no one Member is ever convinced by the speech of another. He has made his mind up beforehand on the question, whatever it may be, and the speech has no effect on him. It is meant for the Newspapers and the country. Then why go through the tedious formality of reciting it? Would not the simple publication of it answer its whole purpose? We propose that the bore of Parliamentary speaking should be abated; and that debates should, for the future, be conducted in writing. Thus a great saving of time would be effected. No debate could occupy more than two nights. On the first night every member could write what he had to say on the question before the House. On the next night the Members could answer each other. This arrangement would be attended with the obvious advantage that all the Members could be writing at the same time; whereas it is impossible for a number of people to talk at once, so as to be understood: although that impossibility is not perceived by all disputants.

The House, according to the plan proposed, would meet merely for the purpose of voting, and of creating opportunities for asking questions of Government, and receiving Ministerial statements. Members would thus still be enabled to indulge in talk, and quite talk enough.

To carry out this suggestion, nothing more would be necessary than to establish a Parliamentary gazette, for the publication of the debates, to be sold cheap. The Newspapers would thus no longer be under the necessity of publishing the dreary columns of prose, inconsequence, stupidity, twaddle, and humbug, which constitute so much of the reported utterance of our Collective Wisdom.

The Decimal System.

THE Tailors, almost to a fraction, are against the Decimal System. They contend that, if anything is decimalised, they will be thought of less than they are even now. They are afraid that instead of its requiring nine tailors, as at present, to make a man, ten, under the new method of counting, will probably be required to make up the manly complement. They intend, therefore, uniting themselves into a body, or rather a series of bodies, and opposing the title of an encroachment on their sartorial rights.

Stray Shot.

THERE is no adhesive label like a nickname!
Waiting for dead men's shoes is, in most measures, a bootless affair!
Ladies generally shop in couples. When a Lady has any money to spend, she dearly loves taking a friend with her to see her spend it!
The number of poor poets is, if anything, greater than the number of poets who are poor!
Bad words, like bad shillings, are often brought home to the person who has uttered them!
Life, we are told, is a journey—and to see the way in which some people eat, you would imagine they were taking in provisions to last them the whole length of the journey!

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—It is expected that the Mammoth ship at Blackwall will be christened this year. It is now decided that, since it is the biggest Screw in the world, its name is to be that of—"The Marquis of Westminster."



First Artist (who has looked in as he was passing). "How are you? I say, Stuyton, have you heard what your 'Cavalier in a Coal-Hole' went for at Jobinson's yesterday?"

Second Artist. "No; how much, my dear fellow; how much?"

First Artist. "Why, very nearly a Pound, I heard!"

Omnes (delighted). "Hurrah!"

PUNCH'S
HANDBOOKS
FOR TRAVELLERS.

HANDBOOK OF TRAVEL TALK OUT-SIDE Omnibuses and Inside Railway Carriages. 1s. 6d.

THE ART OF TRAVELLING THROUGH THE DEBATES, with a Short and Easy Plan for getting through them in the quickest possible space of time, 5s.

HANDBOOK FOR THE CHANCERY COURT, with a List of the Expenses incurred in penetrating into the Interior, and Directions for Finding your Way Out again. 2s. 6d.

HANDBOOK FOR SEBASTOPOL, with an outline of its beautiful Panorama by BURFORD, and a slight notice of the "Parlez-Vous," and other Wild Tribes of Leicester Square. 1s.

HANDBOOK FOR THE PRIVATE BOXES OF DRURY LANE, so that the Traveller shall not lose himself underneath the stage, or in any of the numerous lobbies and corridors leading thereto. With a Key, 1s.

HANDBOOK FOR THE HERMITAGES OF ENGLAND, with Notices and Nativities of the different Hermits of Cremorne, Vauxhall, Tivoli, and Rosherville. 1s. 6d.

HANDBOOK FOR ROME, for the use of Puseyites, and Excitable Young Ladies, and weak-minded Old Women, who, fond of theatrical show, are anxious to go there. 1s.

HANDBOOK FOR THE LOWTHER ARCADE, with valuable Hints for effecting a Rapid Passage through the same. 1s.

HANDBOOK FOR THE HEART OF A POOR-LAW GUARDIAN, with Geological specimens. 5s.

HANDBOOK OF TRAVEL ROUND A LADY IN FULL DRESS, with a Large Folding Map, showing the utmost limit of patience and circinoline to which the Circumference, as recently enlarged, at present extends. 6s.

HANDBOOK FOR BATH, COVENTRY, JERICO, and other outlandish places, where disagreeable persons, that one is anxious to get expeditiously out of the way, are generally sent to. 4s. 6d.

MR. PUNCH, 25, Fleet Street.

A MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

In these days it is not often that one hears of a gentleman making any accusation against another on the faith of an anonymous letter; and indeed the waste-paper basket is usually the immediate destination of such a dastardly document. We, however, have an exception to the general rule in the conduct of SIR JAMES GRAHAM, who, on no better authority than an anonymous letter, made a statement against somebody or other, which statement was shown by MR. WILSON, the Secretary to the Treasury, to involve a simple impossibility. During the experience of SIR JAMES GRAHAM at the Post Office, he surely had an opportunity of ascertaining the true value of letters, and especially those of the anonymous sort, with the contents of which he may occasionally have become familiar. It is true that when the worthy Baronet was at the head of the Post Office, the department was said to have contributed occasionally to the political information of the Government; but it is not surprising that some serious mistakes should have been made, if anonymous communications were ever relied upon. We were glad to perceive that the anonymous authority cited by SIR JAMES GRAHAM was immediately demolished; for we feel it to be a general principle, that any one who writes a letter to which he dares not put his name will have nothing worth attention to communicate.

A Fine Opening for a Nice Young Swindler.

A JUVENILE spendthrift, who had spent all his money, and more than that, had covered himself with bills and dishonour, upon being asked what he should do, coolly made answer, "I have but two remedies left open to me—either to go to Sweden, or else get into Parliament."

AN ADMIRALTY AMENITY.—BERNAL OSBORNE says, "It's my belief that FRED. PEEL would have invented Red Tape, supposing there had been none in the world, previous to his taking office."

A BENEVOLENT EMPEROR.

WHEN we hear of a professional philanthropist, we sometimes wonder if he always pays his washerwoman. It is not needful for the philanthropist, like the physician, to walk hospitals for his diploma; for it is wonderful, if he will only try it, how very good a man may be, and how very few people may know it. We begin to lose hope of ALEXANDER of Russia, now English statesmen begin to praise him for his benevolence. Do we not bear a brain? Must we not remember how NICHOLAS, of imperishable memory, had a twenty years' character for moderation; and, upon such character, must we not recollect how greatly he imposed upon the mild temperament of the EARL of ABERDEEN, to come blazing out, like a brigand in a new suit before all Europe?

LORD LYNDBURST—may the fates continue to spin his web finely and evenly as his own eloquence!—made a forlorn hope speech in favour of Poland. What of Sarmatia? How was the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS affected towards a bruised, a bleeding victim; galled with Russian iron, scourged with Russian cords?

Well, the EARL OF CLARENDON would say this for the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—he was a most benevolent man. He had expressed himself with considerable kindness; indeed, even with interest, towards Poland. Had he not told the Poles to put away all "delusions?" They were in chains, and they were not to think to dance, to cut capers in them. Thus, we may leave Poland to the benevolence of the son, as she was left to the moderation of the father. Never were people so moderately outraged or so beneficently plundered!

THE CHARACTER OF THE SESSION.

The farewell speech of PALMERSTON was not reported. On taking leave of his friends, and a large number of Members, he said, as he darted smilingly out of the House,—“Gentlemen, to our next merry meeting.”

A ZEAL NOT ACCORDING TO KNOWLEDGE.



THE *Morning Star* (in some respects not a bad pennyworth, though, at present, a little fidgety and snobbish) is as bitter upon all military subjects as its Manchester and American proprietors can desire. No policeman can be more sarcastic against the soldiery, when he has caught a Life-Guardsman making love to the cook. But perhaps it would be as well if the *Star* would

become in some slight degree master of its theme. Just now, as may be inferred from the following extract, it has confused notions touching the weapons of war. Speaking of the Aldershot affray, the *Star* says:—

"The Germans made not the least attempt to desist from hostilities, but, on the contrary, seemed to show every disposition to carry on the deadly warfare. The cavalry then charged the men by the point of the bayonets, and an orderly galloping up between the belligerent parties, succeeded in scattering them."

The pious writer, who is aware, we see, that cavalry are "mounted" troops, should ask himself—no, because then he will probably get a silly answer—but one of his housemaids, who is sure to be "up" in soldiering, how a mounted cavalry man can charge with a bayonet. Not of course that such ignorance injures his brilliant logic, or interferes with his playfulness, as witness his account of the Aldershot review:—

"The weather was gloomy and unfavourable, but that [only gave the warriors an opportunity, we should suppose, of contending against the elements."

Never mind, go on. "Twinkle, twinkle, little *Star*." By the way, when will the *Stars*, *Morning* and *Evening*, add the *Stripes* to their *insignia*, in honour of their friend and slavery's, MR. BUCHANAN?

A NEW SCHOOL OF THE DRAMA.

OUR new system of examination for public employment has lately been adopted in France—not with reference to places under Government, but in the disposal of theatrical engagements of the lower grade, and a smart competition has just been concluded at the Théâtre Lyrique for two or three vacant situations in the choruses. Beyond the mere trial of the voice, the examination must involve a series of rather odd experiments with daggers and drinking-cups, and the candidates would probably be called upon to show how they can quaff theatrical tow, commit a dramatic murder, carry a property banner, and assume a look of happiness peculiar to a contented and loyal peasantry. We often wonder how an aspirant to supernumerary honours pursues his studies at home, and how he practises allegiance, fealty, rebellion, and all the other various attributes which constitute the character of a professional chorus-singer. As the *employés* of the French Government have in fact little else to do but to join in a sort of official chorus, and repeat exactly what is set down for them, there is, after all, a sort of analogy between examinations for the subordinate places in a theatre, and for situations under Government.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Yorkshire Stingoes have been billeted on the publicans of the County.

THE Cheshire Cheeses have relieved the Gloucester.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT has signified his intention of inspecting the Norfolk Dumpings.

THE Kentish Hops are in fine condition, and equal to any Duty.

THE Essex Calves will proceed to the Camp at Aldershot, occupying the ground vacated by the Hampshire Hogs.

SALISBURY Plain has been selected as the site of the Review, with which HER MAJESTY intends to honour the Wiltshire Moonrakers.

A WONDER AT WALTHAMSTOW.

AN interesting experiment on public credulity was tried the other day on the British Public, by means of the following letter, which a wag, signing himself W. CLAYTON, addressed to the *Times*.

"Sir,—A curious specimen in natural history has for the last month kept the neighbourhood of Walthamstow and Leyton, in the greatest wonder and excitement. In a pond adjoining the Lea Bridge Road, on the premises of Mr. F. BARCLAY, where some hundreds of people have visited, has been heard, quacking similar to that of a duck.

"On Saturday evening a gentleman seeing something ripple across the water, he struck it with a large stick, after which nothing further was heard. MR. A. FORDHAM, who was present at the time, visited the pond at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, and, on clearing aside some of the weeds, found, nearly dead, a fine specimen of the ornithoryncus, or duck-billed platypus, which is now in the possession of Mr. W. MORRIS, naturalist, Leyton."

We were not aware that the duck-billed platypus resembled a duck in quacking as well as in having a bill, and cannot help considering the statement to that effect, as giving the whole of the above narrative an air of quackery. A duck-billed platypus is a creature not likely to be allowed to escape from a menagerie, and still less likely to have dropped from the clouds. We are therefore inclined to regard the duck-like animal in question as that sort of duck which is generally understood by the term *canard*; a species of duck which is believed in by nobody except a goose.

Hideous News.

THE *Calcutta Englishman* is determined to frighten us out of our senses. It says,

"At Sreecond some 4,000 or 5,000 Santhals have collected for a re-adjustment of their Jummabs, and the Amlah, to the detriment of all other business, are busy writing out new pottahs."

In utter terror and despair, we ask, what is to be done? What can we get, what shall we send, what can we do? What's a jumma, what are amlahs, what are pottahs? Would the hanging MR. VERNON SMITH be any use as a preliminary measure? Do the people want fire engines, or subscriptions, or tracts? Let us know what to do—it is a shame to send such messages without a hint of their meaning.

HELPLESS PUSEYITE JOKE.

Why buy Nutmegs on the 25th July?
Because it's the day of St. JAMES the Grater.

MITRES FULL OF MONEY.

IT is really quite shocking to read the abuse of the Established Church and its Apostolic Ministry in which the low democratic journals are accustomed to indulge. What a mercenary spirit is insinuated as actuating the clergy in the following painful paragraph extracted from the *Morning Post*:—

"Let the experiment be tried. Let a Bishopric be offered to one of the best scholars, theologians, and parish priests of the day—find a picked candidate, and give him the chance of a mitre, with £3,500 and residence now, and £5,000 after a few years, with a pension of £1,500 when past work—will he refuse it? or will he work the less faithfully because of the diminished pay?"

Will he refuse it? Of course he will. He will say that the money is a great deal too much, the number of nearly starving curates at present existing, that is, contriving to exist, in the Church being considered. There is not one of our best scholars, theologians, and parish priests, who would accept a bishopric with a remuneration so extravagant attached to it—who would not wave off the proffered mitre with the determination and disgust of a teetotaler declining a brandy-bottle.

One of the Benefits of Journalism.

IN addition to the innumerable other valuable blessings conferred by a civilised Press, we may ask how would that large and untractable race of testy, restless, frumpish, surly old gentlemen, who have nothing to do, be able to get through the day without the aid of the Newspaper? It is the only occupation they have—it is the solitary thing that keeps them quiet—it is the one talisman that prevents them from grumbling perpetually, morning, noon, and evening.

Advice Gratis.

PERQUISITES are the retaliation for small wages. The woman who shaves for an intellect, only betrays another proof of the extreme lowliness of her understanding.

The best plain cook is a Policeman's wife, for she will prevent other Policemen from coming into the house.

When you pay a visit, and there is a smell of fried onions steaming in the hall, you may be sure there is no one at home.

Do not confide in the young—new wood splits. Put no faith in the old—an old pump leaks.

TRUTH ON THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.—"The child, they say, is father to the man," and I'm never so forcibly reminded of this," says a philosophising stock-jobber, "as when I see a little boy flying a kite."



"Whoever dares this boot displace,
Must meet *BOMBASTES* face to face."

A BLOW FOR THE BARONS OF ENGLAND.

WE wonder the Peerage has not taken alarm at the introduction of a Bill for the abolition of the office of Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer. The pretext for sweeping away the Barony by act of Parliament is simply that there was nothing for the Baron to do except to make a ridiculous speech once a-year on introducing the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs to the Judges at Westminster. This is really a dangerous precedent; for if every Baron may be got rid of and utterly done away with, if he is only heard of when he makes a ridiculous speech, there are several members of the Peerage who might be swept away in the most summary manner. We are really astonished that the Lords have not protested against the measure in question; for there is something so sacred in the mere name of aristocracy, that even the Barony of NATHAN ought not to be lightly touched, at least in the opinion of those who consider that no title can be abolished without putting the Constitution in jeopardy.

The Recorder deserves to be thanked in the name of common sense for recommending that the introduction of the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs should be effected by some shorter method than "a ridiculous speech," and his proposal to do the business by a short "aside" to the usher of the Court is certainly preferable to the old plan, which put the world in possession of the biography of every tradesman who had attained to shrieval dignity in the Metropolis. Nobody cares to know that the new Sheriff besides being a tailor or cutler, as the case may be, is also an architect and builder; by virtue of his having been the architect of his own fortunes.

These tiresome anecdotes of the private life of a new Sheriff will henceforth be whispered into the ears of the ushers in Westminster Hall, who may, if they please, retail the memoirs over their evening beer at the Cheekers, for the enlightenment of the parlour company. Nails are no longer to be counted, nor are sticks to be chopped, and MR. WORTLEY has certainly hit the right nail on the head by proposing to do away with the former process, while in throwing the hatchet away he has got rid of a most ridiculous fiction.

EFFECTUAL DESTRUCTION OF WEEDS:—Marrying a weed.

A LUCID LETTER.



PROVIDENCE has blessed you with health, strength, and abilities; instead of which you go and steal geese off a common. This famous address of the good old English gentleman and magistrate to the culprit whom he was sending to prison has long been considered to stand without a parallel; but a match to it will perhaps be considered to be presented in the following letter, addressed to the Editor of the *Morning Post*.

"Sir,—Observing Mr. T. DUXCOMBE to have given notice that he should ask whether an order had been sent for the liberation of WILLIAM COMSTIVE, RICHARD ADDY, &c. &c., convicted of high treason at York in 1820, as I (assisted by a tenant of SIR JOHN KAYE'S, and one of LORD WHARFCLIFFE'S) captured these two pensioners, together with another man, on the high road, and thirty-six years having passed, I think it well it should be known that

WILLIAM COMSTIVE, with a *serjeant's pension* from the 29th Regiment, had been drilling the rebels of Barnsley some little time, and had marched five hundred of them the night previous, armed with pikes, &c., to Grange Moor, expecting to meet there all the disaffected of the West Riding, who had arranged to attack Huddersfield, occupied by five companies of the 85th Regiment and the late COLONEL SIBTHORP'S troop of the 4th Dragoon Guards, under the direction of COLONEL DE BATHE.

"Carlton Lodge, Pontefract, July 22.

"CHARLES WOOD."

Let us endeavour to analyse this wonderful piece of composition. The writer states that he thinks it well that certain circumstances

should be known. Those circumstances are, that a certain person, being in the receipt of a military pension, had been drilling certain rebels during a little time, and had, on the night before he drilled them, marched a given number of them, armed with sundry weapons, to a stated place, in the expectation of there meeting all the disaffected inhabitants of a district named, who had concerted an attack on a specified town which was occupied by so many companies of such a regiment, together with a late gallant officer's troop, belonging to another regiment; the whole of these forces being under the command of another gallant officer. The historian of these circumstances has reasons for his opinion that it is well they should be known. These reasons are; firstly, his having observed that an honourable Member had given notice of a question relative to the liberation of the persons convicted of the crime above described; secondly, that he, with the assistance of two other men, respectively the tenants of a nobleman and a gentleman, apprehended, on the high road, the man in the receipt of the serjeant's pension, another pensioner, and one man more; thirdly, that thirty-six years have elapsed since the occurrence of these events. How such reasons account for such an opinion, will not, perhaps, be quite so clear to the majority of people as appears to be supposed by the resident of Carlton Lodge; which, from his style, one would infer to be a porter's lodge, or the abode of a gamekeeper.

We shall pursue this subject no further, for the attempt to elucidate incoherence, and to explain rigmorale has cost us a headache.

A Case of Influenza.

A DISAGREEABLE sensation in the nose is a prevalent complaint at present. It is occasioned by an advertisement of a very pleasant look with a very unpleasant title, which makes everybody snuffle in trying to pronounce it—Lake Ngami.

NEW SERVANTS.

"I'm sure the SMELLFUNGUSES change their servants very often."
"Why, what makes you think so?" "Because I've noticed that their servants invariably answer the bell the first time."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



An ignominious Session was brought to an ignominious end on Tuesday, July the Twentieth. HER MAJESTY, who opened Parliament, felt, in common with her subjects, far too much disgusted with its proceedings, to close it, and had retired to the Isle of Wight. The Houses had met on the previous Saturday, but the only thing done that is worth recording was, that the Commons compelled the Lords to give way, and to re-insert, in the Hampstead Heath Bill, the clause for discomfiting SIR TOMMY WILSON. On the Monday neither House met, but at two on Tuesday, a

good many ladies and other spectators having assembled in the House of Lords, five Commissioners, looking as much like five Guys as possible, took their seats before the throne, and the Royal Assent was given to a great lot of Bills, chiefly measures of no general interest.

LORD CHANCELLOR CRANWORTH then advanced, and was about to read some ridiculous paper, when LORD CHANCELLOR PUNCH politely shoved him out of the way, and, bowing blandly to his delighted audience, read as follows, in a loud and distinct tone of voice:—

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“We are commanded by HER MAJESTY to relieve her subjects from the annoyance of further Parliamentary exhibitions for some months to come.

“When HER MAJESTY met you in Parliament at the opening of the Session, we were at War. You certainly voted away other people's money in unhesitating style for carrying on that War, and in doing so, you gave satisfaction to the nation.

“A Peace was patched up, and a treaty was signed by which HER MAJESTY's subjects gained nothing at all, and out of the engagements of which Russia is already skulking.

“We are squabbling with America, but to fight her, unless compelled to do so, would be absurd, and if we can protract negotiation, and if COLONEL FREMONT, the only decent candidate for the Presidentship, should be elected in November, HER MAJESTY may not have to announce to you in February, that we have captured New York or lost Liverpool.

“HER MAJESTY regrets to inform you that the bad and foolish woman on the throne of Spain has lent herself to a sanguinary plot for crushing freedom, which has succeeded, and HER MAJESTY's august ally, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, is concentrating troops, and preparing fleets, and will probably have annexed Spain to France before HER MAJESTY has the pleasure of seeing you again.

“HER MAJESTY's Ministers have been exceedingly well snubbed by KING BOMBA, and LORD PALMERSTON has every hope that the development of events in Italy will shortly justify the placing that country under the dominion of the KING OF SARDINIA, as HER MAJESTY's Viceroy.

“It is not improbable that HER MAJESTY will have to blow Brazil to blazes for the benefit of the Blacks.

“Foreign affairs being upon this highly satisfactory footing, HER MAJESTY turns to subjects of domestic legislation.

“Not one of the measures which were recommended to you in the Speech from the Throne, in January, have you been good enough to pass, with the exception of an Act for assimilating mercantile law in England and Scotland, and a Joint-Stock Companies Bill. When HER MAJESTY adds that you have passed a bill for improving the Coast Guard, and the Country Police, and have somewhat improved the University of Cambridge, the QUEEN has summed up the results of 88 days in this House, and 106 in the Commons.

“HER MAJESTY would like to know what you have been and done with the Partnership Bill, with the Local Frauds on Shipping Bill, with the Church-rates Bill, with the Church Discipline Bill, with the Education Bill for England, with the Education Bill for Scotland, with the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, with the Divorce Bill, with the Public Health Bill, with the Agricultural Statistics Bill, with the London Corporation Reform Bill, with the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, with the Civil Service Superannuation Bill, with the Jew Bill, with the Wife's Sister Bill, and with the Vaccination Bill.

“GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

“HER MAJESTY's opinion, and that of HER MAJESTY's subjects, is that out of the 170 of you who have taken prominent part in the debates, nine-tenths ought to have followed the example of the 273 who have not spoken a word during the Session.

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“HER MAJESTY's Ministers ought to be ashamed of themselves for having utterly failed in their duty. HER MAJESTY's Opposition ought to be ashamed of themselves for not having compelled them to do it, and both ought to be ashamed of the utterly unconstitutional precedent set in the retention of office by a Cabinet without principles or power.

“This sort of thing will not do again. Deposit that hint in the bowls of your respective pipes, and fumigate it.

“You may go.”

Parliament then dispersed, and Mr. Punch, with a pleasure which it would be too much trouble, this hot weather, to describe, put the stopper, once more, into the crystal phial containing his

Essence of Parliament.



FACTS OF DOMESTIC INTEREST.

We are sufficiently tormented, as it is, with rates and taxes; though few, except housekeepers, know what rates and taxes are. The disinclination to acquire this knowledge must strongly tend to make every reflecting young man afraid to marry and settle; and the fear of entering into the domestic state may, in some cases, be heightened by the perusal of the following official paragraph:—

“The marriage rate, which was low, is now slightly above the average rate; the birth rate is high, and the death rate is low, so that the state of the population, in the light of these returns, is favourable.”

However, the affectionate but thinking youth, desirous of the position, but dreading the responsibilities, of a husband and a father, must not be superfluously alarmed by the above statement. Married persons, as such, are not rated to the parish higher than anybody else, and not so high as some other people. There is no rate to pay on births beyond the tax involved in the hire and maintenance of nurses dry or wet, those necessary nuisances. The pecuniary death rate, over and above burial fees, consists simply in the monstrous exaction on the part of undertakers, to which the wise and the few are compelled to submit by the tyranny of custom, imposed by the melancholy ostentation and irrational sentiment of the foolish and the many.

The paragraph in question, which is copied from the Quarterly Return of the Registrar-General, simply means to say that marriages are a little on the increase—in the face of the Income-tax, and in spite of the high price of provisions; and that, whereas the necessity for cradles is great, there is only a moderate demand for coffins.]

Advice Gratis. (SECOND BATCH.)

Don't blunt your razor to open another man's oysters.
Keep your wit as a buckler to defend yourself, and not as a sword to wound others.
Persons who wash at home should take care to keep the kitchen-door shut.

JOCKEYS FOR THE LADY'S PLATE.



fashionable wives! One footman, to stand behind a lady's chair, has been generally considered as constituting sufficient attendance for the lady; but now it seems that she cannot dine, in correct style, without having three servants, and those servants jockeys, at her elbow! For that must surely be the situation indicated by the "front of the arm with a bow,"—a periphrasis quite conceivable on the part of the writer, who was doubtless a foreigner, and put "front of the arm" for "back of the arm," by mistake. It can hardly be understood that the jockeys are drawn up on horseback; although there certainly appear to be no limits to fashionable extravagance, and the inconvenience imposed by fashion. Nor can we conceive that professional jockeys are intended, since those who are hand and glove with gentlemen, would hardly condescend to wait behind ladies.

We conclude that the jockeys are mere Johnnies, attired in the cap, jacket, leathers, and light tops, so much more suitable to the season, and so much less ridiculous in themselves, than the powder, the shoulderknot, the flaring coat, the flaming waistcoat, and the glowing plush which have hitherto embellished and encumbered JOHN THOMAS. The only particular, besides dress, in which these jockeys would at all resemble the others, would be that of running for a plate;

We find our elegant contemporary *Le Follet* describing a dinner dress, and concluding its details—too complicated for the comprehension of the masculine mind, and therefore for quotation—with the following item:—

"Sleeves with three jockeys, each drawn up in front of the arm with a bow."

What an alarming feature in the "Fashions for August" to gentlemen who are blest with

men who are blest with

but in order to start for the plate of soup, or fish, or meat, no conditions as to weight would be necessary, since the jockeys would not have to be prepared for the saddle—the only saddle they would ever have to go into being a saddle of mutton. Indeed, such jockeys as these would never entertain the idea of wasting any flesh but that consumed in the servants' hall; and no earthly consideration would probably induce one of them to go voluntarily into training.

SONG OF THE CIVIL SERVANTS.

Air—"The Chough and Crow."

THE Chancellor to roost hath gone,
To dream of £ s. d.;
In vain may Civil Servants groan
O'er cruel charity.

If "Peter's robbed—so Paul be paid,"
What hath the *Times* to say?
Your cause by LEWIS is betrayed,
And who shall answer "Nay?"

Can logic prove twice four are ten,
Make right a reasoned wrong?
Uprouse ye then—each grasp his pen,
And be your elbows strong.

Tell them who share official fat,
Who'd rob you of your lean,
JOHN BULL's determined to know what
His Civil Servants mean.

Ask them who thus play fast and loose,
Let LEWIS tell us true,
If sauce designed to "cook your goose,"
Would suit their "gander" too?

BISHOPS AND CURATES.

WHEREFORE should our respected contemporary, the *Times*, give circulation to the complaints of "Aqueish Curates" and such invalids? Were they consigned to a Palace of Pleasure, they would grumble that the Palace was not Paradise. Why cannot such people leave poor DOCTOR BLOMFIELD alone, calm and meditative in his Fulham hermitage? We have it on the authority of the BISHOP OF OXFORD—a man who no doubt loathes lucre as the root of evil—that the BISHOP OF LONDON had all his life shown "an almost heroic indifference of money." With £22,000 a-year, CHARLES JAMES BLOMFIELD despised his income; taking his yearly thousands even as a martyr would take his stripes. Well, the worthy man has consented to grub on—the phrase is homely, but so are the aspirations of the Fulham anchorite—upon six thousand a-year clear of Palace rent; and straightway every bean and bacon-fed curate has a fling at the incarnate humility.

A curate—"an Aqueish curate"—wishes to know of the *Times*, if curates in general "may look forward for some provision when age and disease have incapacitated them from further labours?" There is disaffection, insolence in the very question. This curate for twenty years folded the sheep of two curacies. "They were separated by a hedge-row," and the pastor was "exposed to the pestilential atmosphere of Essex Marshes." And the curate sums up the case of bishop and curate as below:—

"To a bishop who has had his labours sweetened by all that life can give of comfort, luxury, and highest dignity,—a palace and £6000 per annum.

"To a curate who, for 30 years, shall have done his devoir before God and man, till broken with miasmatic fever, or voiceless from excess of oral exertion, he is obliged to confess his inability to be any longer faithful in his calling,—the workhouse."

And is it not well that it should be so? A curate on £100 a-year, and suaking with a marsh ague, shaking, and praying, and teaching the waille, is still a lively representative of the ancient Christian; is still a living extract from the New Testament. Now a bishop, with £22,000 per annum, and if shaking, shaking with the fat of the land, is, as far as our reading goes, not to be found in the volume to which we have reverently alluded. The blue nose and white face of an aqueish curate may, possibly, look better even to the angels than the purple and fine linen of episcopos. Again, the retired bishop has six thousand a-year and his palace; the curate his nothing and his workhouse; but this nothing, this very workhouse, bring out in time the elements of Christianity, humility, patience, resignation. It is necessary that these contrasts should be. For let us only for a minute consider the matter: what would become of Christianity if only vindicated by the wealth and luxury of bishops—what, indeed, were it not illustrated and preached by the poverty and the suffering of curates?

A QUESTION FOR THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"You would oblige me greatly, Sir, by informing me, if you can, what are those more salubrious spots than Hastings, Brighton, the Isle of Wight, &c., alluded to by the REGISTRAR-GENERAL. The victim of indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, giddiness, singing in the ears, deafness, constantly recurring nausea, chronic rheumatism, frequent gout, and occasional erysipelas,—I have resorted to them all in the ineffectual pursuit of health. At most of them, indeed, I have obtained occasional relief from my sufferings, but that only by submission to a sort of privation which I consider to be the opprobrium of the Faculty. My appetite has seldom been impaired—on the contrary, it has generally been, by the majority of my medical attendants, pronounced excessive. A mitigation of my afflictions has occasionally been purchased by a painful renunciation of the delights of the table. But what system of medicine is it, and what sort of a place is it whereby and whereat health can only be restored on these hard conditions? Tell me, dear *Mr. Punch*, which are those favoured localities still more beneficial, still more bracing, than those which the Registrar-General has enumerated. Tell me, if you can, only where one of those happy regions is situated; tell me where, Sir, tell me where: and thither will I fly, that, without abjuring butter, without renouncing sauce and gravy, without resigning my bottled stout and ale, without sacrificing my bottle of port, but being enabled to enjoy my soup and fish, my joint, my little subsidiary delicacies, my dessert, and my glass of wine, in addition to my nice breakfast and relishing bit of lunch, in short to eat and drink whatever I please, I may pass a tranquil and contented existence delivered from those ills which flesh is heir to, or which, if doctors tell the truth, the unpleasant truth, are acquired principally by excess and errors in diet, and, owing to the poverty of the resources of medical science, are as yet irremediable except by retrenchment and abstinence. Tell me but this, *Punch*, and I shall daily quaff a delicious draught to your health as sincerely and regularly as I now drain a bitter one for my own. I shall then, dear *Punch*, be your ever-grateful as well as your humble servant,

"Bonchurch, August, 1856.

"CHANGE OF AIR."

One Consolation!

It is so far fortunate that the gentlemen's fashions do not keep pace with the ladies'. Or else, by this time, their hats would have dwindled down to the size of a charity boy's muffin-cap, and their trousers would have swollen out to about double the size of those of a Turk's and Dutchman's stitched together!

THE WEATHER.



HE heat last week was so intense that MADAME TUSSAUD'S Collection narrowly escaped being dissolved as well as Parliament. Several of the greatest celebrities have had bags of ice applied to their temples to prevent them melting away. PRINCE ALBERT in his hot Coronation robes, falling over his beautiful tight-fitting costume of a Field Marshal, suffers from the heat fearfully—so much so that, to avoid a national calamity, it has been found expedient to stand him upright, with each leg in an ice-pail. The KING OF NAPLES, during the last ten days, has lost full eleven pounds of the best Italian wax, and this is looked upon as the greatest wonder of all, as it was thought no thing in the world would have melted him. A tear, also, which was seen trickling down the cheeks of the BISHOP OF EXETER, has caused an immense deal of excitement. His Reverend Grace has since been provided with a pocket-handkerchief.

A GENUINE PORTION OF THE ROYAL SPEECH.

It is commonly supposed that Speeches from the Throne are always entirely the composition of the QUEEN'S Ministers. We are enabled to state that this supposition is not quite correct. The first paragraph of the Speech, read by the LORD CHANCELLOR, at the Prorogation of Parliament last week, is couched in the terms ensuing:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,
"We are commanded by HER MAJESTY to release you from further attendance in Parliament, and at the same time to express to you her warm acknowledgments for the zeal and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the discharge of your public duties during the Session?"

We may safely say that this paragraph was not dictated by the PREMIER, but proposed, if not dictated, to that noble Lord. It was read to him in a certain silvery tone of voice, accompanied by a gracious smile. LORD PALMERSTON, having considered it for a moment, replied with suppressed emotion, of a risible nature, that he humbly thought it admirable.

It is a pity that the remainder of the Speech was not conceived in the same happy vein, and that, consistently with warmly acknowledging the zeal and assiduity of Parliament in general terms, the QUEEN had not been allowed to congratulate the Legislature, in detail, on the results of its earnest industry, as exhibited in the enactment of sundry important measures, which it was called upon to settle. For instance, the Royal Lady might have thanked her Lords and Commons for that Divorce Bill, so long and so grievously desiderated for the relief and deliverance of so many of her poor unhappy lieges; for the abatement of a gross imposition effected by that urgently called for Local Dues on Shipping Act; and for the just boon, at length accorded to small capitalists, in the Act for Partnership Amendment. HER MAJESTY might also have expressed her vast delight at the satisfactory solution arrived at by her faithful Lords and Commons, between them, of the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill. We have no hesitation in expressing our belief, that if our gracious SOVEREIGN had been the author of the whole Speech, the sequel of it would have been consistent with the beginning.

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY WITH A VENGEANCE.

A WRITER in the *Westminster Review* proposes to treat offending Ministers like ordinary criminals, and to hurry off a Secretary of State to the station-house in the custody of a policeman, if the said Secretary, in his ministerial capacity, should have done anything that would be injurious to the commonwealth. If such a suggestion should be acted on, the life of a Cabinet Minister would be passed in being dragged backwards and forwards between Downing Street and the Westminster Police Court, varied by occasional interviews with MR. SOLOMONS, or one of the other learned gentlemen to whom prisoners are in the habit of entrusting their defences. We should be having the public business brought to a stand-still by the absence of one or more of the Members, in consequence of their being under remand on some criminal charge; and we should have the PREMIER asking the House to consent to the postponement of the Budget in consequence of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER being obliged to give twenty-four hours' notice of bail before he could be released from custody.

Though we are strongly in favour of ministerial responsibility, we are not prepared to consent to the plans recommended by the *Westminster Review*, for if every flaming patriot who thinks he can govern the country better for nothing than it is now done by a costly administration, could give a Minister in charge for neglect of duty, the Members of the Cabinet would be continually in the hands of the policeman. We should like to know what punishment it is proposed to inflict on Ministers of State; whether they are to be fined or imprisoned, with or without hard labour, and whether a neglect of the common weal is to be expiated on a common wheel at Brixton.

THE BEAUTY AND THE BLACK MAN.

(A Genteel Version of a Popular Song.)

In London Town, on the Western side,
Lived a Daughter of Rank—years back, man;
Her lilywhite hand she a Swell denied,
And sold it to a Black Man.
Though the Swell Cove pleased her sight,
And her heart was inclined that way, man,
Yet she thought by day, and she dreamt by night,
More of Blacky's great wealth and display,
man.

The Swell was a soldier, and wore ALBERT'S hat;
Still of dressing he had the knack, man;
Correct as to gloves, and boots, and all that;
Which was not the case with the Black Man.
At his shape in the glass he gazed with pride,
Attired in the neatest array, man;
And he looked as he marched with a graceful stride,
A hero so gallant and gay, man.

The Black Man was some five-feet high,
A little, narrow-backed man;
She liked him more than the Swell—for why?
He was twice—five hundred million times—as rich, was the Black Man.
His face was like a deep mourner's clothes,
More like the night than the day, man;
His eyes they sparkled as much as his nose,
And his mind wasn't brighter they say, man.

The handsome Swell did not despair,
He was a tip-top crack man;
Said he, I know—I am quite aware—
I am not so rich as the Black Man;
But white for black no love can feel,
Such a girl to sell is a shame, man;
I think I'm rather more genteel
Than the Blackamoor what's-his-name, man?

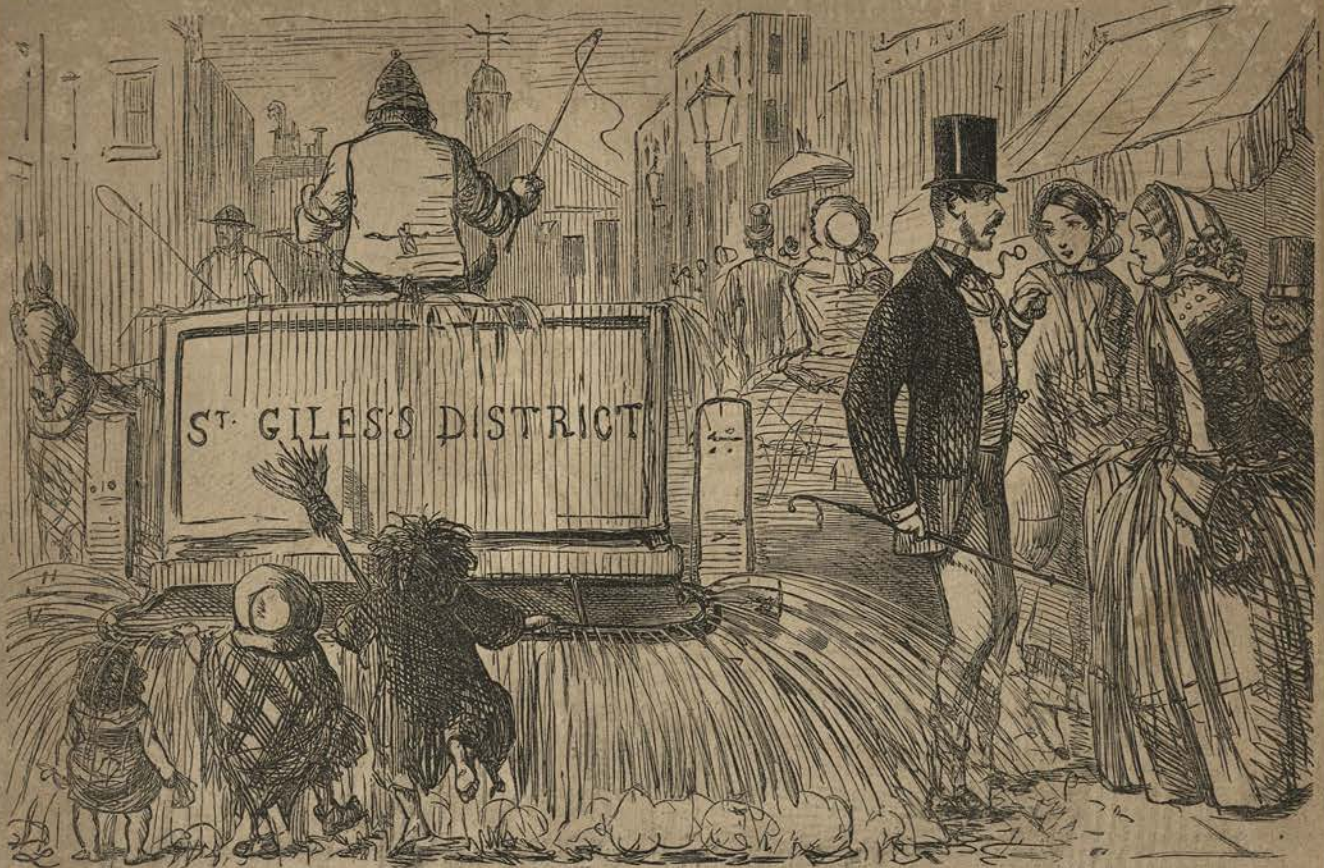
Says she, My parents approve the match,
Because the cash you lack, man;
I can't refuse so splendid a catch,
Though I go to church with a black man.
Says he, Scratch that catch out of your head;
By his weight in gold don't weigh man;
You'll find it better a Swell to wed,
And say the Blackamoor Nay, man.

Said she, If truly my mind I tell,
To lose you my feelings may rack, man,
But really there is such means, my Swell,
Belonging to that Black Man;
You can't think how my heart you pain,
When you draw it another way, man.
Says the Swell, Not so bad as the thought of the stain
On the brow of that half-baked black clay man.

Talk of a person—he's sure to come;
The drawing-room door here flew back, man,
And there stood the Native, an object rum,
And the Swell looked blue at the Black Man.
Says the Black, That lady likes you, I see,
Very well; and so she may, man,
But I think she'll be rather inclined to wed me,
As I offer the better pay, man.

The Swell, at first was mortified,
Soon, however, his courage came back, man;
The Fair One through his glass he eyed,
And also examined the Black Man;
He stared, and smiled, and raised his chin,
Says she—Oh! leave me—away, man!
And, clutching his prize with a horrid grin,
The Black said, This is my prey, man!

EPISCOPAL ERRATUM.—For "Simony," as applied to the Bishops' pensions, read "See-money."



Swell (log.) "IN FACT, I'M QUITE USED UP—AND IF I DON'T VERY SOON GET TO SOME WATERING PLACE, I SHALL BE A—A—"

[Cortman pulls string—Grand display of the whole system of Fountains.]

NURSING THE LITTLE BILLS.

WHERE the sad sea-wave doth roar and
rave,

With a long and low-drawn moan,
Round weed-clad rock, and tide-worn cave,
There walketh PALMERSTONE.

No rest, e'en here, from toil severe,
The statesman's leisure fills—
Not for his ease he seeks the breeze,
The briny freshness of the seas—
He's here to tend his bills!

"He's here to tend his bills—and I,
For what else am I here?"

Methinks I hear each Briton cry,
Who walketh Brighton pier—
"The bills so long—the charges strong,
Week after week brought in,
At lodging-house, or at hotel,
Which items raise and extras swell,
To such a sight of tin!"

"Be still, my injured country-man;
Thy bills, I know, are long:
I know they fleece thee where they can—
The ocean's harpy throng!
Each weekly bill, with sudden chill,
Upon the purse may fall,
But weaker bills hath PALMERSTONE,
Than e'er at Brighton or Boulogne
Did visitor appal.

"Wherefore," I ask, "this daily task?
Sad man, what sin is thine!—
While others lounge and yawn and bask
By the health-giving brine—

Why toilest thou, with furrowed brow,
Dragging this dreary load,
This feeble rout, while, all about,
More healthy children romp and shout,
And in glad mirth explode?"

"Stranger," replied that man sad-eyed,
That seedy Minister—
"These pallid babes, with red tape tied
Each in his go-cart here,
Are Bills, I ween, that should have been
Ere this passed into Law,
But which to save from early grave
I was, alas, compelled to crave
Permission to withdraw.

A dreary lot is mine, I wot,
With such a sickly crew,
And oft I feel that I am not
The man such work to do.
But place is place, and power is power,
And Bills must be brought in,
And when a good one can't be had,
Oae must be satisfied with bad,
Credit to try and win!

The helpless little ones you see—
Heaven help 'em—are not mine:
Their parents left them here with me,
While they're off to the Rhine,
To Italy—the Highland hills—
Wisbaden,—Lord knows where—
And I must stay and make their bills
Fit, when next Session London fills,
As measures to appear!"

SOME ODD FISH TO FRY.

AMONG the Companies that the Act for Limited Liability has been the means of introducing to the public, is a London Fishing and Fish Manure Company. The prospectus includes the names of some respectable persons, who of course know what they are about, but we must confess that we have been rather puzzled as to where a London Fishing Company is to carry on its operations, and what are the Fish which are likely to be caught in this Metropolis. There are some persons who hold that "all is fish which comes to their net," and if the promoters of the Company in question take the same view, the supply of materials for London Fishing operations will be quite exuberant. There are always a number of flat fish floating about town who might be useful to a company in want of shareholders; but we presume that those are not the kind of fish that the promoters of the concern alluded to will desire. A handsome capital is to be provided, but nothing is yet said as to how the money is to be laid out; and we would suggest therefore a heavy investment in sprats, which may be used for the purpose of catching herrings, while a small sum might be devoted to the purchase of a tub to be thrown to a whale, should such a fish turn up in the course of the proceedings of the London Company.



MR. BULL AND HIS VALET.

THE FASHIONS FOR AUGUST. (BY ROSA MATILDA.)

Oh how shall we sing of the Fashions
For August, when dogs have their day?
They are off, in their summer excursions,
All those who o'er Fashion hold sway.
They are climbing the mighty Swiss mountains,
They are pacing the ocean's wild shore,
Quaffing Baden's or Kreutznach's salt fountains,
Where the *couleur en vogue's* "rouge et noir."

No more in hot Paris I'll linger,
On the desolate Boulevards astray;
Of the rules of *La mode* a glad singer,
To the sea and the mountains away!
Let me fly, like the emigrant swallow,
Who chases the sun round the globe,
Like a Will-o'-the-wisp, or *Feu Follet*,
To throw lights upon mantle and robe.

L'Amazone de Ville now à la mode is,
On the mountain and glacier serene;
With *basquilles à la Hussarde*, the boddice
Joins the skirt of silk-broidered nankeen.
With *brandebourgs* matching the *galons*
On the edge of the *basques*, *faîtes en queue*;
To which, for the rude Alpine salons,
Add a cambric embroidered *fichu*.

Gold buttons, the better the bigger,
On the cuffs à la *Chevalière*;
A cravat with broad *nœuds is de rigueur*,
And a hat of Swiss straw crowns the hair.
By the Ocean's tremendous expanse,
White quilting *poignoirs* are worn still,
Or robes *en mille raves, à La France*,
With *basquines* of embroidered *coutil*.

For *negligés de bain*, you will find,
Robes de chambre with velvet *revers*,
That form a round collar behind,
With ends crossed in front, are the wear.
While for promenade *en jardin* or park,
Nought the charming *nansook* can excel,
And *en chapeaux*, we're bound to remark,
The sweet *jaconet caplino Estelle*.

The *mantilet écharpe*, of white *tulle*,
For walks in the bright summer morn,
With one flounce excessively full,
And a narrow silk fringe, is much worn.
And still in our *toilettes de bal*,
Light materials are used for the skirt,
Pink and white *variatanes*, most of all,
With low body and long-pointed *berthe*.

While plain-coloured muslins this year
Are the rage for a *demi-toilette*,
Rice-straw bonnets in favour appear,
With *bouquets* of pink daisies set.
On the one side a *nœud* of white *blonde*,
On the other a bunch of wild rose,
Round the crown *en cache-peigne, à la ronde*,
A clematis wreath should repose.

Fruit is still much *en vogue* for *coiffures*;
We have seen one with *barbes* of black lace,
—(The effect was excessively pure)—
Leaves of velvet *cerise* next the face.
Above was a bunch of wood strawberry,
Below was a sprig of wild plum,
Mixed with which ran aspray of the haw-berry,—
'Twas a thing to strike milliners dumb!

And soon if this fashion keeps growing,
We may look for *coiffures en légume*,
On *capotes* see the *haricot* blowing,
Or the graceful *asperge* with its plume.
Covent Garden, our belles, so unstable,
Will seek, not the *marchande de modes*,
And greens quit their place on our table,
In our wardrobe to take their abode!

BOMBA AND HIS PAPA.

A PRETTY LITTLE STORY FOR PRETTY LITTLE STATESMEN.



LITTLE BOMBA lived at Naples, but his PAPA lived at Rome. BOMBA went to see his PAPA, and his PAPA came to meet BOMBA. When BOMBA saw his PAPA, he knelt down to him as if he had been going to say his prayers, and gave him a kiss. But he did not kiss his PAPA upon the cheeks; he kissed his PAPA upon the toe. Then BOMBA's PAPA told BOMBA to get up, and made BOMBA sit

down on a stool, and said, Well my son, BOMBA, how do you do, and how are you getting on?

BOMBA said, I am pretty well, I thank you, PAPA, but I am not getting on quite so nicely as I could wish. What is the matter, BOMBA, my son? his PAPA said. Oh! PAPA, said BOMBA, I am afraid there are some naughty boys who want to take my little crown away, and are trying to shake my little throne. That is very naughty of them, said his PAPA; but who are they? Oh! said BOMBA, I do not know who they are, quite, but I think I have caught some. What have you done with them, said his PAPA. Shut them up in the cellar, said BOMBA (this was only BOMBA's fun) in the damp and cold and dirt, along with the toads and frogs, and efts, and spiders, and earwigs, and black beetles. Here is a little whip that I have them beaten with; here is a little chain that I cause them to be chained together with all day and all night.

You must mind that little BOMBA was only joking when he told his PAPA all these dreadful things.

It is very right, said BOMBA's PAPA, to punish boys who are naughty. Yes, PAPA, said BOMBA, but what do you think? That FRANCE and that ENGLAND are so unkind, they tell me I must not punish my naughty boys. Do not mind them, my dear, said BOMBA's PAPA, I will speak to FRANCE and tell him to leave you alone, or else I will give him no more hard-bake. ENGLAND is a very bad boy, and does not mind what I say; but he will mind what FRANCE says. Now look here, BOMBA. See what pretty playthings I have brought you. And BOMBA's PAPA gave BOMBA ever so many little men and women, made out of wood, and ivory, and wax, all gilt and painted, so very pretty, and such a lot of funny little bones! Oh! dear PAPA, said BOMBA, to give me such a lot of sweet little toys to play with. Oh! what jolly bones, Oh, what plummy little men and women. I will stick them all round my hat like KING LOUIS, the French king that MR. KEAN plays in London. Oh! PAPA, I must kiss you for them. Then BOMBA gave his PAPA one more nice kiss upon his toe; and his PAPA put out his thumb

and two fingers, and poked BOMBA in the side, and patted him upon the head, and then BOMBA said good bye to his PAPA, and his PAPA went back to Rome, and BOMBA went back again to Naples with his whip, and his chain, and his bones, and his little men and women.

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM AMERICA.

BARNUM is busy getting up a "Baby and Perambulator Show." He expects the Perambulators will be a great draw, as they will have the effect of keeping the Babies exceedingly select. He says that persons will be able to tell, from the crying alone, that they are children of *Haut Ton*.

A Lady made a great sensation in the Broadway the other day by starting a new fashion in bonnets. Instead of wearing her bonnet on the back of her head—where no one could see it—a gorgeous Johnny carried it behind her on a crimson velvet cushion. The result was, that every one could perceive she had a bonnet, and the lady herself had not the bother of carrying it. The effect was considered extremely light and airy.

A large dairyman, upon being asked what he thought of the Falls of Niagara, said enthusiastically, "It only wanted a couple of cows to be made into the finest milk-walk in the world!"

A female physician in Philadelphia advertises that it is "her particular *spécialité* to cure all affections of the heart."

A *coiffeur* at New Orleans writes on his cards: "Mermaids' hair dressed on the shortest notice, and a large assortment of false tails for comets always on view in the show-room."

The heat was so unusually hot on the 13th instant, that it actually melted a slaveowner's heart to that extent that, without knowing what he was doing, he gave freedom to all his slaves.

The Fashion.

WE have it on the infallible authority of JENKINS that it is no longer correct to say, "the height of the fashion." When ladies wish to convey the idea that any one of their acquaintance is at all *bien mise*, they affirm that "she was dressed in the full *breadth* of the fashion;" only perhaps it would be more exact to put it in the plural, as a lady's dress certainly takes now-a-days a great deal more than one "breadth." However, the alteration in the term is a decided improvement that, like the dress itself, is now quite "as broad as it is long."

Thoughts that are Rather Cool.

Success is the great Absolution of Snobs.
Critics are the Brokers of the Literary Exchange.
It is sweet sometimes to abuse one's relations—but bitter to hear them abused by others.
There are bores in the best families—the oldest houses have their leaden spouts.
The man who is wedded to money has a Shrew for a wife.
Wit does not shine with grossness. Like an ill-made candle, the light is soon extinguished in its own grease.
Fate must trouble itself about a number of foolish people, for no sooner does a fool get into troubles of his own making, than he puts it all down to Fate!

NEW OPERATIC TERM.

THE rage for seeing M^{LE}. PICCOLOMINI is recorded in the annals of Her Majesty's Theatre as "THE PICCOLOMANIA."



AU REVOIR, PICCOLOMINI.

PUNCH TO PALMERSTON.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS—"TOTAL £1,200."

MY DEAR LORD,

I WRITE this to you from a haycock, where I have gathered myself up for an hour or two. Your Parliament being prorogued, (this hot weather, if nothing else, ought to have dissolved it,) I trust this will find you in the honeysuckle bower of your recess; and your heart expanding with the influence of the time and place, to say nothing of the sweet consciousness of duty done; Russia magnificently rebuked and mulcted of powder and shot expense; naughty noblemen doomed to eat their Chelsea bun in a corner; valour and merit in lowly places garlanded and exalted; and, indeed, all matters so harmoniously ended, that the sounds of the distant shepherd's pipe winding to you through the honeysuckle bower aforesaid, are only consonant and according with the mysterious music of the state.

My dear Lord, I have purposely delayed until the present balmy hour, the performance of what I have nevertheless felt a dear and tender duty towards yourself, and, allow me to add, *Punch*. I have thought it best to await the ministration of Black Rod in his most welcome spiriting, ere I addressed you on the best distribution of the annual £1,200 voted by a grateful and high-minded country in recognition of the claims of what are sonorously denominated, science, literature, and art.

My Lord, it cannot be denied that we are a poor people. We are crushed by debt, crippled by taxes, beaten in the foreign markets by foreigners; beside which, never was gun at Woolwich so overcharged and so tried as the British Constitution (a fact that FIELD MARSHAL ALBERT has affectingly touched upon before the softened Fishmongers), that, nevertheless, up to the present time has not burst, but may probably be found serviceable for another year or two. Well, with these difficulties to face, the country nevertheless makes a heroic effort, and succeeds in paying a new £1,200 per annum to science, literature, and art. The fishes are not very big, neither are the loaves very large; but the straitened circumstances of the country are to be considered, and science, literature, and art ought to be ashamed of themselves if not grateful. Will your lordship, however, with your constitutional good humour, deign to explain to *Punch* the peculiar services rendered to science, literature, and art by many of the recipients of the little fishes and rolls "between the 20th day of June, 1855, and the 20th day of June, 1856?" To begin:—

"March 4, 1856, MRS. PAULINE DU PLAT, (widow of the late BRIGADIER-GENERAL DU PLAT, Royal Engineers,) £100, in consideration of the distinguished services of her husband, and the straitened circumstances in which she is placed by his decease."

All honour to the BRIGADIER-GENERAL'S memory, and all tranquillity to his widow; but why should the estimable lady be made by

your lordship to forage, to the loss of science, literature, and art? Again:

"PSYCHE ROSE ELIZABETH HOSTE, (daughter of the late ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM HOSTE,) £50, in consideration of the naval services of her father, and her own destitute and infirm condition."

Is there not Greenwich chest? Are there not the salaries of the Lords of the Admiralty? Rob the one or deduct from the other, and the £50 per annum for Miss HOSTE (all-deserving, no doubt) cannot be so unfairly levied as upon science, literature, and art, that, in this case, have nothing to do with the quarter-deck or the cockpit. NELSON was, it is true, a great author; there is no line in our language more immortal than "England expects," &c., but even NELSON'S literature has been unrewarded in his child and grandchildren.

"March 4, FRANCIS PETIT SMITH, £200, in consideration of his great, and for a long period, gratuitous exertions connected with the introduction of the screw-propeller into HER MAJESTY'S service."

As I have said, my lord, we are a very poor country; otherwise for the inexpressible, the invaluable services rendered by MR. SMITH to HER MAJESTY'S service (how triumphantly his genius walked the wave at Portsmouth review!) you would doubtless have come to Parliament and asked for an exclusive grant for that propulsive man; but no, England is staggering with her difficulties, and the "screw" is put upon science, literature, and art!

"March 4, JANE, EMILY SARAH, and LOUISA CATHCART, the three eldest daughters of the late LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CATHCART, pensions of £100 a year each, in consideration of the distinguished services of their father, and his death on the field of battle when in command of a division of HER MAJESTY'S forces."

"Cathcart's Hill" will remain a green place in the memory of Englishmen, perennially green as English sward; but why, my lord, should you blot it with pensions due to the ink-bottle? Surely it is to do no honour to the gallant spirit that yielded itself "on the field of battle" to divert the means that might solace the scholarly, the learned spirit fighting against death in a garret.

"March 4, MRS. MARIA LONG (widow of the late FREDERICK BECKFORD LONG, Inspector-General of Prisons in Ireland,) an additional pension of £50 a year, in consideration of the services of her husband, in consequence of whose death, from illness contracted in the execution of his duty, she has been left, with a large family, in circumstances of great distress."

There is some fitness in this grant. Science, literature, and art have often been in prison, may again be there; hence there may be a grim propriety in rewarding from such a fund the memory of BECKFORD LONG. Again, the grant may be taken as an unconscious acknowledgement of the humanity of the Bristol gaoler, who helped and buried SAVAGE.

I will not, this hot weather, weary your lordship by specifying every case, but will sum up the account as I find it divided:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------|
| To Science, Literature, and Art | £275 |
| To sundries | 925 |
| | £1200 |
| Deduct sundries | 925 |
| | £275 |
| Due to Science, Literature, and Art | 925 |
| Total Civil List | £1200 |

It was hoped that the venerable JOSEPH GUY, the man of many books, the evergreen *Spelling-Book* among the number, might have had a modicum—say an odd £50—to keep his fireside warm for the few years he may need it. But let scholarship shiver under grey hairs! The cockpit and the trench have dearer claims on the annual bounty nationally voted for science, literature, and art. Poor JOSEPH GUY is now a little too old to enlist; otherwise, in 1900, he might yet have a pension for "distinguished services in the field," and further in consideration of "his destitute and infirm condition."

However, matters might have been worse. A poor £1000 a-year has been voted by Parliament to WILLIAMS, the hero of Kars. Had it been thrice as much, no man would have grudged a farthing of it. Nevertheless, I feel that science, literature, and art have had a great escape. It is, indeed, lucky for them that your lordship did not make the £1000 £12,000, and give it in a lump to SIR FENWICK, to spare the trouble of distribution.

Acknowledging, for science, literature, and art, your lordship's equisiderate goodness, I remain (in the haycock)

Yours, PUNCH.

A Hopeless Irish Member.

PERHAPS there was never any Parliamentary gentleman whose hopes of place were so completely blighted as those of JAMES SADLEIR. The Government has disavowed the intention of granting MR. SADLEIR the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. Perhaps Government fears that, in the exercise of even that Stewardship, MR. SADLEIR might prove an Unjust Steward.

BLOW HIGH BLOW LOWE.



Now that Parliament no longer occupies the attention of the public, or more properly speaking the columns of the newspapers, there is a prospect for those gentlemen who devote themselves so energetically to observing the weather, and who will now obtain that notice which their lucubrations fail to attract during the permanence of more exciting topics. The indefatigable E. J. Lowe, who continually measures the "depth of wet,"—perhaps by standing up to his ankles in water—and who enlightens us constantly as to the "forge of the descent"—as exemplified in its effects on his own private umbrella, or some public weathercock, will, for the next few months, be a valuable correspondent of the *Times*,—which may one

day, in the dearth of other topics during the recess, take MR. LOWE'S communications as the subject of a dashing, or bearing in mind the "depth of wet," we ought perhaps to say a splashing leader. The domestic habits of MR. LOWE must be such as to render him a perfect martyr in the cause of science; for he always tells us "the greatest cold in night," which he can only have discovered by sleeping out of doors; and as he enlightens us as to the "minimum temperature on the grass," it is probable that he selects some meadow for his couch, as literally "a field" for his observations. One of his most recent reports announces "copious dew," to which we fear we ought to add "abundant rheumatism." We should really be very sorry to give even our greatest enemy his "dew" in the style in which MR. LOWE is in the habit of accepting it.

THE BISHOP'S WISH.

(After BLOOMFIELD.)

Be mine a modest pension clear
Of just six thousand pounds a-year;
And to complete my humble lot,
Give Fulham Palace for my cot.
Let me enjoy a quiet life,
Away from controversial strife;
My daily meal should ne'er disturb
My tranquil mind! for meat or herb,
Or fish or fowl, I ne'er would look,
But leave it to my foreign cook.
My drink—I ask no better sort,
A bin of six-and-twenty port;
With now and then, to warm my veins,
Some Burgundy or brisk Champagnes.
Of cash I need no large amount,
But at a Bank a good account,
On which—(my tradesmen not to vex)—
To draw from time to time my cheques.
My simple wishes thus supplied,
I into privacy will glide:
My Bishop's mitre I'll resign,
And calm contentment shall be mine,
If they will only give me clear
For life—six thousand pounds a-year.

Ignorance of Indian Affairs.

The late hot weather has drawn attention to a subject to which the British people have been hitherto inclined to pay too little—the state of our Indian empire. The accuracy and distinctness of general information respecting the affairs of India may be judged of from the circumstance that an opinion has been almost universally expressed that the only comfortable class of the Indian population are the Hill Coolies.

MORAL DEALERS IN MARINE STORES.

At a time when roguery is so rampant as it now is in the mercantile world, the commencement of a moral movement in any class of commercial men must be hailed with hope; and those, who will be sorry to hear that another Bank Manager has just been committed on a charge of embezzlement, will, on the other hand, rejoice in being informed of the failure of an accusation of being unlawfully possessed of certain property, preferred against a marine store dealer. The case—which related to a quantity of copper, brass drillings, and a pewter pot—was adjudicated on by MR. COMBE, who decided that the suspicion of copper (to use the phraseology of thieves), &c., was groundless. An additionally-cheering circumstance transpired on this occasion, when, according to the police-report,

"MR. LEWIS, of Ely Place, attended on behalf of the prisoner, from the Marine Store Dealers' Mutual Improvement Society."

That the room for improvement among marine store dealers is considerable will probably be the general opinion—although some doubt may exist as to the extent to which the object in view is likely to be promoted by mutual association. Marine stores may be cleared of some rust by mutual friction, but it is questionable whether a corresponding process is calculated materially to brighten the characters of those who deal in them. Can these vendors of old iron possibly intend the word "Improvement" in irony? Should it not be translated "Protection?" Is not their Society an association for mutual defence constituted on the principle of a union of fences?

If the mutual improvement of the marine store dealers is really the object of this society of theirs, it is to be hoped that the kindred class of rag and bone merchants are admissible to the privilege of its respectable membership. These varieties of the British merchant are presumed to derive their distinctive titles of rag and bone from the circumstance of their being open to the purchase of perfectly sound linen, and making no bones whatever of buying any goods which may be offered them at a sufficiently low price. Their affinity to the marine store dealers is strongly suggested by the pictures exhibited outside of many of their shops, of a sailor grinning from ear to ear, and displaying a purse, supposed to contain the proceeds of a transaction with the establishment. The goods which this nautical individual may be conceived to have been disposing of are what in every sense of the phrase may be termed marine-stores. The tar is often represented in company with an individual of the land service,

who appears to have been getting rid of property little less marine—that is to say, of his kit. These pictorial suggestions are usually rendered still more unmistakable by the addition of poetry, printed in large letters, announcing that good prices are given to all comers, for all manner of commodities; and informing cooks, especially, of the marketable value of dripping and kitchen stuff within.

The amelioration of this style of art and literature may be anticipated, if the object of the Marine Store Dealers' Mutual Improvement Society, the Rag and Bone Merchants inclusive, is really to improve their common style of business, and not merely to cultivate the craft by means of which it may continue to be carried on as heretofore with increased impunity.

SPANISH CHESNUTS.

LORD PALMERSTON says that LOUIS NAPOLEON will not interfere in Spain. He will look on, but nothing more; being instructed by the past. Once upon a time there was a tiger-monkey who longed for some Spanish chesnuts—(the original Fable may be found in LA FONTAINE, but our story is with a difference)—chesnuts roasting in the embers. Tiger-monkey I., even with a long sword tried to rake the chesnut from the fire, but somehow burnt his fingers: then Tiger-monkey II., a very deep ape, indeed, took a fancy to a cheanut; and thought he could whip at the chesnut with a wedding-ring; but never was monkey so terribly burnt. But we have now, says LORD PALMERSTON, a most sagacious monkey, who, however temptingly the chesnut may look and smell, will not risk the tip of his little finger for it.

The Session of 1856.

THERE was once a Parliament—(we do not live in such times now!)—in which there were few or no lawyers; and the profession in revenge stigmatised the senate as the "unlearned" Parliament. Henceforth, seeing the number of Bills drop in the past Session, the Parliament of 1856 may be known as the "abandoned" Parliament.

THE FULLNESS OF FOLLY.

"READING makes a full man," says BACON; and "Fashion makes a full woman," says *Punch*; for certainly a woman, as she is dressed according to the present fashion, could not well be made much fuller.



PHOTOGRAPHIC HUT AT ALDERSHOTT.

Disgust of a gallant Crimean Hero on seeing a "negative proof" of himself.

THE TONGUE OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. WILKINSON, ere the House broke up, made a laudable attempt to reduce the length of all future speeches; but, as generally happens with good intentions, nothing came of it. The honourable Member proposed that no future talker should be permitted to make a speech of more than an hour long. Now, supposing that every member resolved upon having his hour's worth of tongue—the hour to be in no way abridged by coughing, scraping of boots, crowing of cocks, or other parliamentary utterances—would not the evil, as at present lamented, be feightfully increased? Whereas, as the mitigated calamity now exists, the man who speaks more than an hour does no more than borrow (and the loan is so tacitly granted) of the man who never speaks at all. How many a worthy gentleman who, on his first taking his seat, is resolved to shake even Woolwich arsenal, and fulmine over Price's Candle Works, says nothing; but remains, like the snake symbolic of eternity, with the tale he had to unfold still in his mouth!

Nevertheless, we should like shorter speeches even from those who are eloquent; and as an amendment on MR. WILKINSON'S motion propose that, on the reassembling of Parliament, it be made a rule of the House that no member should be allowed to address MR. SPEAKER if not standing upon one leg: MR. SPEAKER to keep his eye upon that leg, to the effect that any attempt to change the leg, or to place the other leg momentarily upon the floor, should be conclusive speech. Changing his leg, the orator should be held to have put his foot in the question, and be forthwith ordered to sit down. Members of the Government might be distinguished by standing on the right leg,—the Opposition on the left. It is plain that if a man's subject be not full and strong enough to supply him with sufficient vigour to stand upon one leg until the subject be exhausted, the matter is not worth listening to, and the sooner the speaker sits down the better for himself and the House that does not attend to him. With our proposition adopted by the Commons, of course no member with a wooden leg would be eligible;—not that we are aware of the present existence of any living M.P.'s with wood in their legs, but quite the reverse.

THE SOLDIERS' DINNER.



OR the dinner about to be given to the Crimean soldiers, several distinguished persons have volunteered their services.

LORD LUCAN will receive the gallant fellows on horseback; the horse being the identical quadruped that lived upon horses' tails under his Lordship's command during the ever-glorious winter of 1854.

LORD CARDIGAN will keep the ground in the very coat in which he charged at Balaklava; the coat being warranted by the Chelsea Commissioners as good as new.

GENERAL AIREY and COLONEL GORDON (with knapsacks on their backs), commemorative of the *no* knapsacks of 1854, will officiate as stewards. They will be further known by rosettes of red tape to be worn, *vice* Crimean medals.

Gross Misrepresentation.

THE worthy Common Councilman who the other day proposed the resolution of the Court, calling upon our excellent LORD MAYOR SALOMONS to present to the Corporation the portrait of himself so conspicuous in the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy, complains of being grievously misrepresented. He never spoke of the picture as "a great work of art." He knows better. What he *did* call it was "a large work of Hart."

IN Russia, when a Cossack is at all extravagant, they say, "he's eating his candle at both ends."

PUNCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

No. I.—THE NINEVEH COURT.



COURT ought to be removed from the Crystal Palace. Under the flimsy pretext of illustrating the history and manners of an ancient people, MR. LAYARD, MR. FERGUSSON, and their accomplices, have contrived to insert into the building an elaborate squib upon our glorious constitu-

tion, and several other of our glories and social advantages.

The account of the Ninnyvites which MR. LAYARD gives in his Handbook, is artfully framed to insinuate what it might be imprudent to express more openly. He goes into their history, and says that their first King was PULL. This is a treasonable hint that sovereignty had the pull over them, as it has had, traitors would allege, over other people besides Ninnyvites. Their public records are upon slabs engraved with the arrow-headed character, evidently implying that public men were capable of drawing the long bow. He asserts that their priests gave themselves extraordinary airs, and used to disguise themselves in fancy costumes, and, on the strength of these, exact an obedience to which their superior virtues did not entitle them. He says that their people of high rank dressed themselves effeminately, wore gold and precious stones, dyed and curled their hair, and even put on wigs, as if persons of real distinction would stoop to such pettiness, and he hints that their ladies were nasty enough to paint themselves. He represents their magis-



trates as influenced by base considerations, and on the external wall facing the transept actually shows a Beak taking a sop. In fact, setting aside the malicious intent of the satire, the libels upon the defunct Assyrians are quite enough to rouse the Nineveh Lion.

Could we lose sight of this much to be deprecated design on the part of the contrivers of the Nineveh Court, we admit that there is a good deal to see in it. The Court is not a complete restoration—which is well, for the complete Restoration of a Court, as we saw in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, is not always desirable. But to the height of about seventeen feet from the ground it has been copied from existing remains; and as the majority of the visitors to the Crystal Palace are (we are informed by the courteous officials) less than seventeen feet in height, there is little danger of the people being misled by anything that may come under their eyes.

To M. BOTTA, the French Consul at Mosul, MR. LAYARD was much indebted for assistance in discovering the Nineveh ruins; but this gentleman was not successful at first, because he was living at Khorsabad, which was of course a bad place for the purpose. However, MR. LAYARD went down the Tigris on the 8th of November, 1845, after breakfast, and on a raft formed of inflated skins. The party, having blown out their skins well, reached the ruins in a few hours, and must have been greatly gratified at the prospect, inasmuch as no remains of building, not even "a trace of masonry," were visible. We do not quite understand this complaint of a want of any trace of Masonry. The brotherhood of Freemasons seldom haunt places where there is no "refreshment" to be got after "labour." The amiable COWPER wished for "a Lodge in some vast wilderness," but we never heard a single P. M. or even a humble J. D. echo the wish. Did MR. LAYARD expect to find the Royal Nimroud Lodge, Brother BOSHOKU, W. M., and a select band with aprons and gridirons, waiting for him? These effeminate lamentations are unworthy of a hardy traveller.

When he arrived, nobody seems to have been up, except the Tigris, which, MR. LAYARD poetically says, had deserted its ancient bed; and from the statement that the public edifices of Assyria were made of clay, mixed with "chopped straw," the Tigris, in flowing over them, seems to have imitated the late MRS. MARGERY DAW, who not only sold her bed, but took to lying in the latter article. The traveller lost

little time, and being skilful at giving a good dig (he retains the accomplishment) soon made his way into the mound, and found a wall, panelled with inscribed slabs. This was not the first visit of the Member for Nineveh to his constituents, but his canvass had, on his previous journey in 1840, been objected to by the Turks, who, in fact, would not let him put up a tent at all. His researches were soon rewarded, and ere long he dug out the Great Head.



This apparition frightened the Arabs awfully, and with no great courtesy towards their religious teachers, they declared it to be either one of their prophets or an evil spirit. Clearly the Arabs must consider their vaticinators to be no better than our racing prophets; in other words—subterranean untruth-tellers. However, the head turned out to be an emblematic figure, like one that had been found in Khorsabad; but as the body was that of a lion instead of that of a bull, there was some difference in the tails and details.

Digging away—playing spades like trumps—the excavators, in a few months, found five-and-twenty halls, each a splendid haul where all was fish that came to the net. Here they discovered all kinds of secrets. Like a mob of Oriental Boys JONES, they broke into every part of the Palace—which it seems the place was—and they ransacked unceremoniously. The real articles discovered were sent off to the British Museum, and copies of them, much cleaner and brighter and better than the originals, are in this Court. KING NIMROUD'S crown and sceptre had disappeared, but they found his spectacles, toothbrush, and umbrella, and many things belonging to his Queens, especially a perambulator, in which the maids-of-honour used to wheel about the little PRINCE OF NINEVEH. If these things are not discovered on the walls of the Court, it will be because the spectator does not look in the place where they are.

The Member for Nineveh again visited his constituents in 1849, and reversed the ordinary proceedings in such cases. He got a great deal out of them. He obtained plates, the real Babylon willow pattern, bowls, whether for rolling or for making the head go round he does not explain, cauldrons, thrones, enamelled bricks, vases, and other elegancies, and when his Arab workmen asked—having packed these articles of *vertu*, "Vare to?" he nobly replied, "To the British Museum."

MR. LAYARD also found a deity partly human, partly fish, which some think meant Justice, for no other reason, apparently, than its scales. It wears the turban usual on these figures, and is in fact made up of turban and turbot. But his great feat was finding the tomb of SARDANAPALUS. The dreadful row this ill-used and entombed monarch made on perceiving that the intruder was an Englishman, who knew the Princess's Theatre, frightened MR. LAYARD almost as much as the Great Head had done the Arabs. The volley of abuse which SARDANAPALUS showered upon MR. CHARLES KEAN, and insisted on MR. LAYARD'S conveying to that gentleman, was perfectly shocking, and showed that the deceased monarch was a true King of the Turvey-drop dynasty. Still the indefatigable excavator went on digging, and found so many palaces, that this memorial of them might be called the Palace Court, if such a name would not terrify every one from entering. In the Palace of SNATCHACRAB, as the late REV. SYDNEY SMITH calls the monarch who came down like a wolf on the fold, seventy-one halls were discovered, all covered with inscriptions, which the somewhat egotistic king had written in praise of himself. The lengths he went may be judged from the fact, that nearly two miles of bas-reliefs were uncovered. The



effect of the scene was most solemn, says MR. LAYARD, which is not surprising, considering that SNATCHACRAB'S self-adulatory lies must have been awful. He also found the "pretended tomb of JONAH," but implies that this was very like a whale. The diggings are still going on, and it may be well to mention, that there is an Assyrian Excavation Fund, supported by subscriptions and donations, for the prosecution of these most interesting researches, which if *Mr. Punch* treats, for his present purpose, in a light spirit, it is because *his* readers are sensible people, who know that hearty sympathy and a hearty laugh are quite compatible. To show that he can be quite grave, when necessary, he

hereby requests everybody who visits the Nineveh Court, and has a sovereign to spare, to send it to 85, Fleet Street, whence it shall be forwarded to the above admirable Fund. He flatters himself that he has now taken the levity out of the reader.

One of the sculptures discovered is called, the Egyptian Hercules driving out the Evil Spirit, and it is not MR. LAYARD'S fault if it rather more strikingly resembles an incensed cook snatching up fire-irons to expel a remonstrating tom-cat.

And now that people know where MR. LAYARD and MR. FERGUSSON obtained the materials for building this Court, *Mr. Punch* will walk round it, and, in his usual affable manner, will indicate its points of interest. The brightness of the colours will first strike the eye. This is all right, so none of your half-instructed prigs need remark, confidentially, to the ladies on their arm, "No warrant, you are aware, for all this gaudy display." Both paint and gilding are found on the original monuments, but as gilding, to the full



extent of those originals, would have been a tremendous business, the yellow has been substituted, in order to save, as MR. ROBSON used to say, "no end of yellow boys." The Assyrians used colours conventionally, that is, the same colours were always employed for a certain class of objects. The penny-a-liners of our day do the same thing with epithets. If a child is run over, he is always a remarkably fine little boy, whereas the man who beats his wife is as always a thick-set tullen ruffian. The magistrate is always worthy, the prisoner is always impudent, the swindler is always fashionably attired, and the complaining lady is always prepossessing. So that the Ninnyvites are not extinct.

GETTING TO THE TOP OF THE TREE.

AMONG the exhibitions of the London season has been a rather neglected affair in the shape of a tree, which, to use a conventional phrase, has been "making its bow" for some time past to the British public. The tree boasts as many feet in height as there are days in the year; but by some singular mode of packing its trunk, it appears to stand sufficiently low to admit of its having entered the building in which it is exhibited. As the tree does not soar conspicuously above the tops of the surrounding houses, none of which can be one hundred feet high, we must presume that the lofty specimen of vegetation to which we allude has adopted a stooping position. We have not heard of the class to which the tree belongs, but if it comes from America it may be something in the nature of a lie-Barnum. We are quite sure that a very wonderful tree might be produced by taking a few leaves out of the book of that distinguished showman, whose pedigree, should it ever become an object of interest, would we have no doubt display a genealogical tree comprising puffery in all its branches.

Uncle Sam's Telegraph.

FROM a statement in the *New York Times*, it appears that the project of uniting England and America by means of the electric telegraph has commenced in good earnest. We must not enter on a premature calculation of chickens—but should this line of telegraph be completed, we shall expect all manner of extraordinary communications by means thereof. We trust that these may all prove true; or at any rate, that the telegraph may lie securely in its ocean-bed.

"Who's your Hatter?"

THIS capital question may be most satisfactorily answered by the promoted ARCHBISHOP OF AGRAM, upon whose head the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has just placed the cardinal's hat sent to the holy man from Rome. "Who's your Hatter, AGRAM?" And AGRAM might, could, or should answer, "FRANCIS HAPSBERG, who ought never to have been anything above a hatter."

THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA ON HORSEBACK.



I have heard every body for some time complaining that the legitimate drama has gone to the dogs; but we are happy to find that SHAKSPEARE at all events has only gone to the horses, for we find *Richard the Third* in full play at Astley's. We have not yet

seen," but the battle of Bosworth, according to recent accounts from "the seat of war," in the dress boxes, is being fought in a style which does equal credit to the head and feet, the heart and the lungs of the principal performers. *White Surrey* is represented by a highly-trained animal, who throws himself into the heat of the action with an energy worthy of the Surrey side of the water, and by his picturesque poses, his intelligent snorts, and judicious bye-play, he seems almost to justify the apparently extravagant offer of his master to exchange his kingdom for such an animal. We hope the experiment of SHAKSPEARE on horseback will prove sufficiently successful to induce the enterprising manager to make further experiments in the same direction. Perhaps other zoological accessories besides the horse may be introduced, to give effect to the productions of our too much neglected dramatists, and the dog, "the friend of man," might be found capable of enchainning the interest of our perishing five-act tragedies and comedies.

The student of SHAKSPEARE will not need to be reminded of other plays with zoological features which might be brought out with prominence; and the breaking up of the zoological department of the Surrey Gardens must have thrown so many noble animals out of employ, that there could be no difficulty in getting up a strong company of brutes, that would be found quite equal to any demand on their energies.

MEETING OF GERMAN NATURALISTS.

THIS annual gathering takes place this year at Vienna on the 16th, ending on the 22nd of September. Among the questions to be practically decided, will be the following:

Whether an Austrian cannot retain the use of all his faculties as at present permitted by the state, in an exhausted receiver?

Whether "the brain of Germany" is not one part beer, and three parts smoke?

Whether TOBY, the learned pig, was descended in a right line from a boar of Westphaly?

Whether at the "feast of reason" the Austrian eagle would not be a very poor spread?

Whether DOCTOR PRETORIUS, as a philosopher and teacher, prepares to rise with his left leg or his right? If with his left, how may the sinister action affect the English *habeas corpus*; if with the right, how the British Constitution, so lately "on its trial?"

Whether—inasmuch as a lobster changes colour by the action of caloric, whether, on the like principle, a boiled cardinal would not become black?

Whether, if the POPE'S eye underwent the operation of *strabismus*, whether such an event would affect the legs of mutton in Catholic sheep?

Whether, and how long, since introduced into England, has the Hanoverian rat become naturalised game?

Whether the goose of BARON STULTZ did not lay golden eggs?

Whether the red deer of Scotland have not been fed upon live Highlanders, their wives and little ones?

The Tax-Gatherer's Knock.

MR. LAYARD truly enough complains that Englishmen care nothing for foreign politics until they are awakened to interest by the tax-gatherer's knock. We may thank the sea for this. We are lulled to dozing by the sound of the waves. Our fireside gods are, indeed, compounded of salt; and, however we may paint and trick out the tutelary protectress of the tight little Island, BRITANNIA herself bears the closest saline affinity to the wife of LOT.

THE POSITION OF ITALY.—Italy must soon rise—and for rising the Boot is only waiting for the Spur of opportunity.

THE "RECORD" CANTING AT RANDOM.

We doubt very much whether we can any longer conscientiously call the *Record* our serious contemporary. That doubt is suggested by the following passage occurring in one of its leading articles:—

"We are taught to expect the blessing of God on the conduct of our affairs, when we act in accordance with the divine will; and it almost seems as if LORD PALMERSTON acquired new strength from the moment when he agreed to put down the Sunday bands. The attempt to make Government responsible for the loss of Kars was defeated by a great majority, and the subsequent attempt to censure LORD CLARENDON on account of the American dispute was defeated by a majority still more overwhelming."

We can conceive a person devoid of all veracity and conscience, writing in a great hurry to a set of imbecile fanatics, perpetrating such stuff and nonsense as the above, but we cannot well conceive any other person guilty thereof. The writer suggests that Providence rewarded LORD PALMERSTON for having "agreed to put down the Sunday bands," with two majorities in the House of Commons. Either LORD PALMERSTON's Government was, or was not, responsible for the loss of Kars; either LORD CLARENDON was, or was not, censurable on the account of the American dispute. If a just Providence regulates parliamentary affairs, LORD PALMERSTON and his Government, including LORD CLARENDON, would have been condemned or acquitted by Parliament according simply to their deserts of condemnation or acquittal. The *Record*, however, actually represents Providence as having, perhaps, biased the judgment of Parliament on the cases in question irrespectively of the merits of those cases, but respectively of the conduct of the party chiefly concerned in them with regard to quite another affair. It represents Providence as capable of supporting a minister in the spirit of a political partisan. It intimates that because LORD PALMERSTON sided with the Sabbatarians, Providence took the part of LORD PALMERSTON, no matter whether LORD PALMERSTON was in the right or in the wrong. Can the *Record* seriously believe that because some fanatics would not hesitate to vote black white for the predominance of their persuasion, a vote so unscrupulous could possibly be dictated from Heaven?

Suppose LORD PALMERSTON had been defeated on the Kars question; suppose the decision of the House on the American business had gone against LORD CLARENDON; and suppose that the suppression of the Sunday bands was an act of piety on the part of the Premier. Would the *Record* have been surprised at not seeing the pious action receive a temporal reward: at the two noble Lords undergoing tribulation? But what is the use of reasoning on first principles with a journalist who, having to write on serious subjects, treats them with the levity and thoughtlessness evinced in the foregoing extract? So little did he think or care what he was writing about, that in surmising LORD PALMERSTON to have received divine support in Parliament for having consented to the discontinuance of the Sunday bands, he positively blinked the fact of the noble Lord's accompanying declaration that his own private conviction of the harmlessness of Sunday music remained unaltered.

WINGED WORDS.

THE world abounds in strange birds of nearly every description, but we have heard of nothing to equal the *rare aves* described in the annexed advertisement:—

PET BIRDS.—To be SOLD, TWO beautiful and very rare BIRDS— one speaks French and English. They are exceedingly tame, and cannot be matched in Europe. Address —.

We presume that this "eligible opportunity" is offered especially to "families going abroad," who may be unacquainted with the French language, and who may find the bird alluded to above a serviceable adjunct to their travelling party in the character of an interpreter. Talking birds have long ceased to be regarded as impossible entities, but a bird with pretensions to the rank of a linguist is still looked on as a phenomenon. We think the name of the Professor who instructed the bird should have been inserted in the advertisement as a sort of material—or immaterial—guarantee, and if a specimen of the bird's French before and after six lessons could have been set forth, the whole would have had an air of thorough consistency.

Thought on the Closing of the Royal Academy Exhibition.

A REFLECTIVE publican, struck with the very numerous pictures of some merit, but not much, which adorned the walls of the Royal Academy this year, remarked that it was a pity so large a number of respectable painters should "die and make no sign."

A MUTUAL WANT.—"Month after month," says the *Art Journal*, "nay, year after year goes by and finds the NELSON monument still incomplete." NELSON wants his lions. In the late war, how the lions wanted NELSON!

THE INCONVENIENCE OF GLORY.

"My dear fellow, *Punch*,

"I wish you would speak to the young ladies, and, indeed, the old ones too. What I am going to say may seem ungallant; but, really, they worry me nearly to death. Talk of ball practice!—I think perhaps I know what that is: but the polka beats it, especially during such weather as we have lately had—worse than being under the hottest fire. One is let in to dance with all of them, and the consequent fatigue makes a fellow almost wish himself in the trenches. I have often been in the jaws of death, but never felt myself in such imminent danger of being eaten up as I was the other night, when all the females present gathered round me, and absolutely devoured me with their eyes. They follow one in the street; and, by Jove, I think I shall try Rowland's Kalydor to clear my bronzed complexion; and wear my medal in my waistcoat pocket, that they may not know what I am, namely, your obedient servant, half killed with kindness, and expecting to be very soon smothered with affectionate attention."

"United Service Club, August, 1856.

"A CRIMEAN HERO."



THE OLD EPISCOPAL STORY.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Times*, headed "WILLS," commences with the following specification:—

"The will of the Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL was sworn under £140,000."

The bishop's will was very properly placed at the head of the list which includes fourteen others, where of the nearest in point of figures to that of the prelate falls short of it by £35,000. The bishop is first of the opulent testators—the rest are nowhere comparatively. See what it is to have run a good race. Here is an example of departed worth for you. To have died worth not much less than £140,000, the bishop must have had a saving faith, whatever CARDINAL WISEMAN may say to the contrary. What is more, he must have acted conscientiously up to it. Some bitter dissenters will probably compare the wealth of the defunct prelate with apostolical poverty. The comparison will be not only odious, but old. It occurs to the common mind every time that a bishop's circumstances are mentioned. Why keep repeating it? It has no effect; it never will have any effect. The inconsistency at which it points is a truism. We all know that; since we all know that we all ignore that, and when we are told of that we very properly yawn. Bishops will go on to the end of the chapter, no matter what the chapter says, and it is quite right that they should go on, preaching self-denial and accumulating wealth, universally respected in good society. Don't talk of humbug. It has been said before, over, and over, and over again. It isn't humbug. The wills of SS. PETER and PAUL might have been safely sworn under £140,000; at least if swearing was customary in the Primitive Church; and if a bishop of the British religion has accumulated £140,000, is not the fact in strict accordance with his (last Will and) Testament?

The New Bishop.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN, it is said, will be the new BISHOP OF LONDON. There is a wicked couplet, a pair of Neapolitan scorpions in rhyme that says:—

"If the devil has a son,
Surely he's LORD PALMERSTON!"

We do not believe in the paternity of the individual named; and we further have to congratulate his Lordship that, unlike his Wickedness, he has not "looked over Lincoln."



THE HUSBAND AS HE OUGHT TO BE, AND

Angelina. "WELL, LOVE—HOW DO YOU THINK I LOOK? DO YOU LIKE THE DRESS?"
 Edwin. "I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY CHARMING.—I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK BETTER!"

A GOOD BIRTH FOR A PENNY-A-LINER.

The ingenuity of the penny-a-liners is beginning to be brought into full play by the dearth of interesting facts, and the paragraph-mongers are accordingly running riot in the realms of fancy. It was formerly the custom to rear gigantic cabbages and plant enormous gooseberries in the columns of the press; but the public has become sick of gooseberries, and cannot be brought to swallow a cabbage, however respectable the paper in which it may be wrapped, or however piquant the sauce—or the words—in which it may be administered. Some



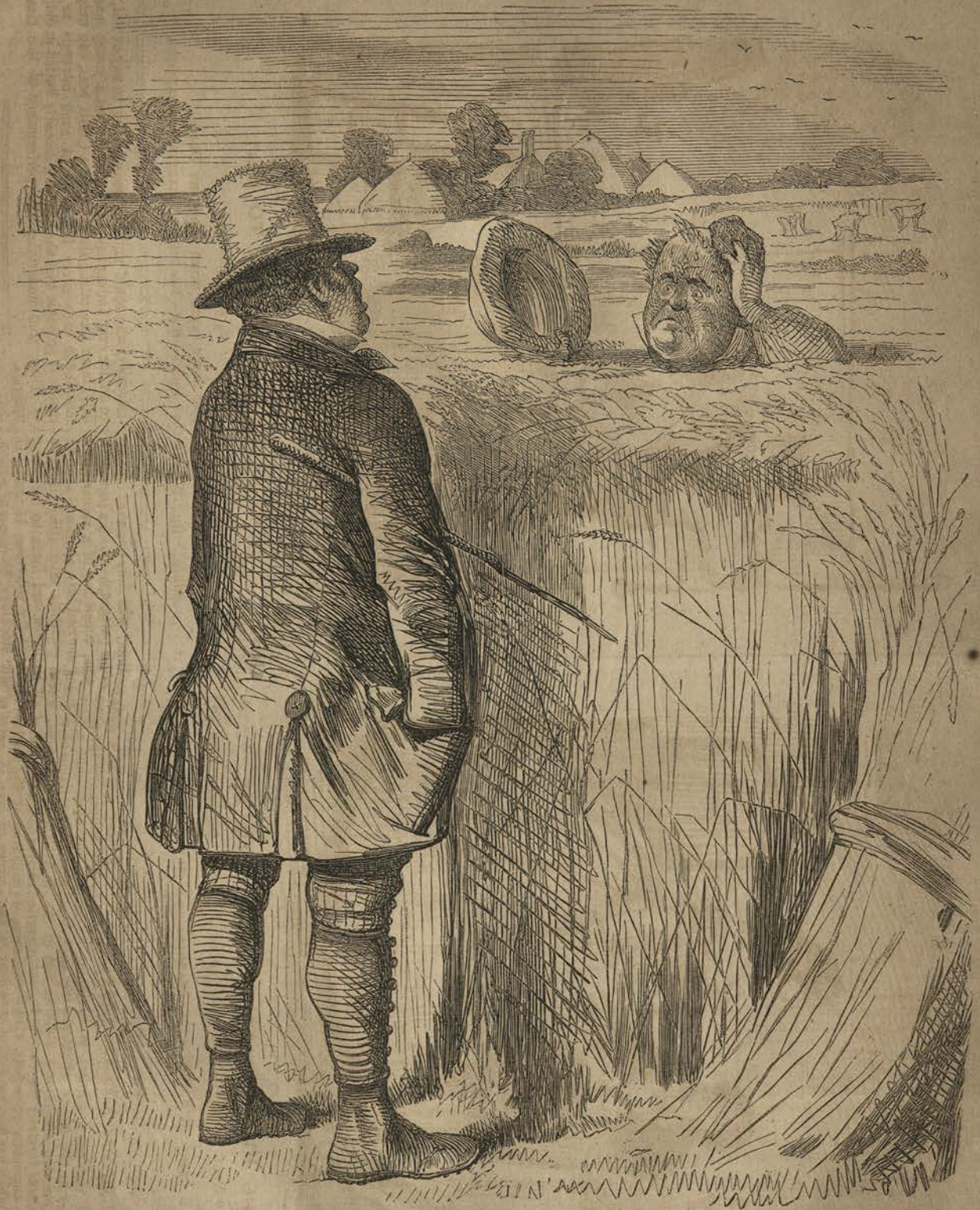
AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

(Isn't it so, my Dears?)
 Angelina. "WELL, E.—YOU DON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT MY DRESS?"
 Edwin. "EH? WHAT? OH! UGH!—H.M.—BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL!"

very lucky dog of a penny-a-liner, who fully deserves his ten-pence-halfpenny—the price of his paragraph—for his ingenuity, has hit upon quite a new idea, consisting of a rather sentimental description of a young married lady, alone and sea-sick in a Calais steam-boat, whose evidently interesting situation excites the sympathy of all on board, and leads to her being delivered at the Custom-House of "3 pelerines, 15 scarfs, 17 pieces of lace, 12 pairs of silk stockings, 38 pieces of cotton, 6 reticules, and 48 Lyons handkerchiefs." We regret that the impossibility of working this idea more than once will prevent its being a source of permanent income to the penny-a-line

fraternity, who could multiply gooseberries to any extent, and go on for ever finding colossal cabbages; but a young married lady, in an interesting situation, on a Calais boat, can only be introduced once every few years, at such intervals as will render it probable that she has been decently buried in oblivion by 'Time, who undertakes the performance of this class of funerals.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER IN RUSSIA.—SIR CHARLEY has gone to take—lodgings in St. Petersburg. We do not know whether he will do this by boarding.



THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

“WELL, NEIGHBOUR, WE’VE HAD PEACE; AND NOW THERE IS EVERY PROSPECT OF PLENTY.
MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLE.”

HEROES TO THE HARVEST!

MILITIAMAN, young hero, made a soldier of a clown,
Thy bayonet thou hast yielded up, and put thy firelock down;
Yet still there is a weapon which thy country bids thee wield,
A blade, too, which thy good right-hand may brandish in the field.

The field, not such as Alma's, nor as Inkermann's indeed;
The field, except by accident, where heroes never bleed;
The heroes lose but little blood, but greatly they perspire;
Because it is hot work for them—though not exposed to fire.

The field it is where CERES smiles, not where BELLONA frowns,
Far it extends on many plains, and wide on many downs;
There are the hosts, Militiaman, which thou art low to lay,
Brave hosts—how still they stand for thee!—they will not run away.

The corn-field is thy present field, outspread so broad and dense,
With corn whose colour golden is, and quantity immense;
Militiaman, the sickle is the blade which thou must wield;
Go in, then, gallant son of MARS, and reap that glorious field.

For action thou 'lt equip thyself as lightly as may be,
'Twere well to doff thy tunic, that thine arm may sweep more free;
Where thy cartouche-box was before, thy beer-keg will be slung,
That is behind—well never mind—take heed unto the bung.

Go to the field where guano calls, transmuted into wheat,
Invincible Militiaman—who never will be beat,
Whether at an invading foe your duty is to dash,
Or 'tis the harvest only that you're called upon to thrash.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON AT RAMSGATE.

“MR. PUNCH,

“Ramsgate, August 6.

“I AM not aware whether you are in the useful habit of inserting in your widely-spread, and in fact world-wide pages (you must insert *this* after *that*), neatly-written accounts of physical phenomena that, at this time of the year, when Parliament has broken up, always abound; as if M.P.'s carried 'em out of town with them. But an extraordinary occurrence took place at this delightful resort only yesterday, worthy of registration in your universal columns.

“Yesterday, at low tide, when the sands were visited by some of Ramsgate's most distinguished patrons,—there were present LORD LATHLEGS and family, the DOWAGER LADY SHOVELBOARD, SIR MAXIMILIAN MOUSE, and others of the ‘fine porcelain of human clay,’ as I believe a poet calls our aristocracy—the sky that had been as bright as sapphires, and the air that was as close as ever it was in Fops' Alley, became suddenly luridly dark, and the wind arose with a snapping and a howling as though all the lap-dogs of Belgravia had been suddenly trod upon.

“Before the distinguished persons could seek refuge from what seemed to threaten a violence of the elements, the wind went over the sands, cutting and scratching, and before you could count half-a-dozen, there, on the sands as though written with the iron pen of a giant, were the alarming letters—

£. S. D.!

“LORD LATHLEGS, as if shot to his stumps, fell upon his knees; LADY SHOVELBOARD fainted; SIR MAXIMILIAN MOUSE fled, squeaking; and, indeed, all the fashionable world—myself excepted—was thrown into a state of consternation unparalleled in the memory of the oldest bather.

“Of course, *Mr. Punch*, there were many explanations hazarded as to the object, purpose, and meaning of the awful three letters; letters that bind and unbind the world; but an interpretation of the phenomenon has been put forth by the REVEREND DOCTOR CUMMING, who is down here for the benefit of salt in his sermons, that has been very generally accepted, especially by the shopkeepers.

“DOCTOR CUMMING, in an antiquarian opening, gives the origin of the three letters, showing them to be synonymous with Hebrew roots (and therefore still much cultivated by the ROTHSCHILDS and others of the Jewish preference), although subsequently adopted by the Romans; and brought from Rome by ST. AUGUSTINE, who planted them at Canterbury (it is well known, says the Doctor, that the Saint was landed on the back of a Dolphin at Herne Bay; the site of his embarkation being occupied by the Dolphin Hotel) on his early arrival in that city. Hence, £ s. d. have been roots of peculiar savouriness to the Church, no Bishop's garden being considered complete without them.

“Now, it is known, says the Doctor, that sinners in fashionable life continually leave London, leaving their bills unpaid; and these ominous letters, these soul-startling £ s. d., have been traced upon the sand to

strike the consciences of out-of-town debtors; to open their hearts and, whether they will or no, to unbutton their pockets.

“I remain, *Mr. Punch*, yours truly,

“PEGWELL.”

“P.S. I understand that certain persons, whom I will not name, have ordered hour-glasses filled with £ s. d. sand to take back to town with them. Let us hope that such sand, as it runs, will in future seasons warn them, ere they shall come from London, to come down with the dust.”

ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE BRITISH CENSORSHIP.

BRITISH juries are beginning to assert themselves. A London jury mulcted the *Times* the other day in the sum of £400 for having stated, by mistake, which it subsequently rectified, that a tailor's agent had been flogged. An Edinburgh jury has outdone the London one by conscientiously and religiously returning a verdict of damages to just the same amount against the *Scotsman* newspaper for a libel on the political character of the celebrated MR. DUNCAN M'LAREN. This is as it should be—as some of our contemporaries say—quite as it should be in every possible way.

MR. DUNCAN M'LAREN is celebrated for sanctity. He is the pious enemy of Maynooth. He is the zealous and devout upholder of the Scottish Public-House Act. The political as well as the private character of such a man is sacred. His words are the words of holiness and wisdom, which the wicked must not be allowed to gainsay. Suppose he makes electioneering remarks, for instance, at the expense of somebody else. Those remarks must be revered. The wicked *Scotsman* did not revere certain remarks of that nature which proceeded from the mouth of M'LAREN. That profane journal described those venerable observations as venomous and malignant. Twelve righteous men, twelve douce, canny citizens of Edinburgh, avenged the blasphemy by a fine of £400. That's the way to put down wicked papers that withstand the Sundayite saints.

MOREOVER, MR. DUNCAN M'LAREN has, we believe, been Provost of the Scotch metropolis. Perhaps he is a North-British Tradesman. Perhaps the jury were North British Tradesmen too. Perhaps, also, they were fellow-saints—saints of the same unction—with the quondam arch-bailie: a jury of sworn saints who will not care although the profane may term them a pack of Sabbatarian SAWNIES.

IN HER MAJESTY'S dominions there exists no regular censorship of the Press. But what matter? Have we not British juries who answer the purpose of Censors as well as the very Pope's Congregation of the Index? The height which overlooks Edinburgh is not Vesuvius; but a power, if not a potentate, controlling, with a strong hand, the audacity of the press, exists as well in Auld Reekie as in volcanically fumigated Naples. An Edinburgh jury and its foreman effect the suppression of political opinion no less completely than BOMBA and his police; and the two capitals are as happy in the equal enjoyment of this advantage, as they are in that of the common blessing of sulphur.

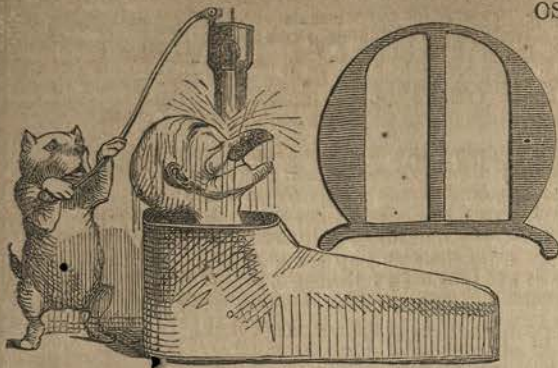
JUSTICE IN JEOPARDY.

THE Reporters have lately been calling attention, again, for the fifth or sixth time, to the tottering and tumble-down condition of the Hammersmith Police Court. Everybody who has seen it wonders that the attic does not suddenly descend into the first floor, in which justice is administered—an event that would be inevitably followed by the further descent of the Temple of Themis itself into the kitchen below, or its fall forwards into the ditch opposite. It is a marvel how the law of the land can be administered as ably as it is in a Court which the law of gravitation is likely any day to bring to the ground, without much preliminary notice. Justice ought to be easy of access; but how can it be said that justice at Hammersmith is obtained without difficulty, when it can only be got at by climbing up a sort of ladder, which the reporters have pronounced to be dangerous? It seems a bit of a farce to make orders at the Hammersmith Police Court for the demolition of dangerous buildings, when everybody feels that one of the first orders of the Court should be one for its own removal to some more appropriate building.

It is wonderful that the scales of Justice can be so steadily held, and that right should be dealt out with such a very even hand, in a structure that shakes at every heavy step, and on a Bench that seems to totter whenever a suitor with tolerably thick shoes approaches it. We are quite satisfied that the stupid shabbiness, wherever it exists, which prevents the erection of a new and fit building, will meet with no sympathy among the public, who, with all their desire for judicious economy, have every wish that those who administer public justice should have every appurtenance fitting to their dignity and to the important duties they have to execute.

BRIEFLESS THEORY.—'Tis Practice makes the Barrister perfect.

PEBBLES BY THE SEA-SIDE.



A portrait of the REV. TERTULLIAN TONGS has appeared at the library, worked by a few young lady enthusiasts in Berlin wool. The portrait represents the reverend gentleman in a transition state, passing from Low Church to Tractarianism. The illusion is perfect; although the malignity of criticism (for there are vipers, even in Buffslippers) has affected to detect an obliquity of vision in the right eye. But so it is with the vulgar and the scoffing. Thus is the True Light slandered as a Squint.

We have had a narrow escape. Buffslippers was, for a time, threatened with a calamity that would have put us in mourning for the rest of the season. The estimable and philanthropic MRS. BACKGAMMON, who has done so much for this saline Paradise, met with an alarming incident. The wind had been unusually high, and Mrs. B., imprudently venturing upon the West Cliff, was carried off her legs, and borne over the expanse of ocean. She was fortunately beheld, ere it was too late, by one of the Preventive on the look-out, and a boat sent to her rescue. With the greatest presence of mind, Mrs. B. threw out ballast, and the *crinoline*—(for the matter has been too serious to affect false secrecy, it was *crinoline*)—subsiding, she made a beautiful descent. She was brought ashore in the boat, and I need not add that everybody in Buffslippers was on the beach to welcome her.

Our theatre—the first brick was only laid in April—opens on Monday, with a new opera, by a native composer; the author of the *Sea-Anemone Waltz* and the *Oyster Polka*. Report speaks highly of the new work. It is called *The Shoplifter of Sensibility*; and abounds with effects. A finale in which the heroine subsides to typhus has created a great sensation. The receipts of the night will be devoted to the funds of the Magdalen.

Buffslippers, August 12.

OST satisfactorily does our rising watering-place continue to flourish. Rank and beauty crowd one upon the other. Hence, a great impetus was given to our recent donkey races; the first prize being carried by *Sir Balaam, Strings-of-my-Heart* coming in second by a lovely neck.

Considerable excitement was yesterday occasioned by the appearance of Mr. SM—T—H, of Lyon's Inn, who, at the end of our new and symmetrical pier (built of heart-of-oak), fished for white salmon with red tape; the fish bit freely, and were landed by his clerk in a blue-bag.

THE MEMBERS' HOLIDAY.

Now the Session's toil is o'er,
And the Members are away,
Some unto a foreign shore,
Gone to spend their holiday.
Some are in pursuit of grouse,
On the breezy Northern moors;
All the Honourable House
Is at present out of doors.

Save, in some sequestered nook,
Here and there a plodding man,
Getting up a great Blue Book,
'Tis a wonder how he can
With such dull and dreary stuff
Cram the pockets of his brain.
Very likely he's a muff,
And his labour all in vain.

Some at Athenæums prate;
'Tis a practice not unwise,
For employment in debate
Keeps their tongues in exercise.
These at County Meetings prose,
Those at Public dinners bore,
Whilst their hearers mostly doze,
Many overheard to snore.

I the Member chiefly praise
Who devotes his time to sport,
And ensuing thirst allays,
Not without a little Port.
Fine old Port doth very much
Goodness in small bulk condense;
Let each Member's talk be such,
Short and sweet and full of sense.

Members in one point, I own,
With good Port in speech may vie,
In one point, and one alone,
Choice old Port is rather dry.
An amendment I will move
On the Session which is past;
May the one ensuing prove
Much more fruity than the last.

PECULIARITIES OF FOREIGN PRINCES.

THAT wonderful invention the Submarine Electric Telegraph was employed the other day to communicate these important particulars:—

"PRINCE ADALBERT, of BAVARIA, arrived in France this morning. He travels under the name of COUNT ANDRECHS."

Why is it that Foreign Princes always travel under an *alias* with the title of Count? If there is a good reason for this custom on the part of Foreign Princes, why do not British Princes adopt a similar custom? Thus, if our PRINCE OF WALES should ever cross the water, "some foreign country for to see," the Submarine Electric Telegraph might send us, for example, the message following:—

"PRINCE ALBERT EDWARD, OF WALES, has arrived in Paris. His Royal Highness travels under the name of LORD BATEMAN."

When SHAKESPEARE said that all the world was a stage, he was pretty nearly right. The whole world does seem to be a stage, except the United Kingdom and the United States. At any rate, Foreign Princes appear to go about on the Continent precisely after the manner of their representatives on the stage; and when we hear or read of one of them travelling, like an operatic hero, under the title of Count, our imagination depicts him in a braided velvet tunic, a pelerine collar, a broad hat with feathers in it, and green morocco boots with gold tassels.

HOMŒOPATHIC GLOBULES. (FIFTH DOSE.)

A HEADACHE is one of the pains and penalties of over-indulgence.

There is just as much intemperance in drinking physic as drinking anything else. It is a great pity there is no Maine-Liquor-Law for medicine!
The first time a Quack feels your pulse may be an accident, but the second should be a repulse.
No man ruins his health without bringing the consequences down upon himself. Like Samson, he destroys the temple, and buries himself in the ruins.
When a Doctor cannot make you worse, he hands you over to another.

THE COST OF THE AFFECTIONS.—Never, perhaps, are children dearer to their parents than when, as at present, the price of bread and meat is excessive.

A LITTLE DUMB BEAUTY.

It is not often that the advertising columns of even the most fashionable of our contemporaries contain so exquisite a little gem as the subjoined:—

A LADY'S PET, one of the handsomest in London, a Female of the Skye Terrier breed; colour a snow white, with blue spots. She has a beautiful silky coat, is perfect in shape, with an exquisite head, young, and very cleanly.

Really this "Female" individual of the breed Skye Terrier would seem to be quite a lady-like little dog—with her beautiful silky coat of snowy whiteness, variegated by spots of blue. One would think she might almost accompany her mistress to an evening party, but for the circumstance that her coat could not be taken off, and consigned along with the burnous, or what's-its-name, of the latter to the care of the attendants. Blue, by the way, is a colour as pretty as it is remarkable for the coat of the canine species to be tinged withal; and we should like to know the chemistry of the blue spots of this singularly spotted dog. We now begin to think that we understand what our sporting contemporary means by "Toy Dogs," and suppose this is one of them. The proposed "Pet" of a lady we suspect to be, to a certain extent, a creation of the canine fancy, and so far to resemble the celebrated *Alice Gray*, as to be partly what fancy has painted her. Ornament, however, to her sex and species as she may be, she is not quite perfect. She is capable of improvement. Let canine fancy complete its work and render her altogether a Skye Blue Terrier.

A Lodger's Affection.

A WITNESS on a trial last week before LORD CAMPBELL, said of a gentlewoman, "I never expressed any affection for her in particular, except as a landlady." Will any lodger, first-floor or back-parlour, define the sort of affection due, and how and when to be liquidated?

WE'VE SCOTCHED THE SNAKE, NOT KILLED.—The Russians have occupied the Isle of Serpents. It is to be feared that this proceeding of theirs evinces an unsubdued inclination to sting.

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.



OUR readers may remember an indictment at this summer's Bedford Assizes, of a certain SUSANNAH BARRETT, for manslaughter of one of her daughters—a wretched child of eighteen. It is painful to recall attention to the hideous details of fiendish cruelty and helpless submission which marked the case—the fourteen hours' daily slavery at the lace

pillow, the three wretched children of this she-devil—with starvation, cold, blows, and bestial indignities, till one of the poor sufferers fainted at the work, and her cramped fingers refused to fix the pins,—yet even then, the dying child was driven back to its task, without food or fire, with blows and curses, till one night the other poor sufferers heard their sister sing a hymn and utter a prayer—"Lord Jesus, let me do my work next week!"—and then they heard no more. The sufferer was past suffering. We must surely all remember with what natural horror and righteous wrath we read the sickening story—even the hardest of us.

At Bodmin, this same summer Assizes, was tried another case of brutal inhumanity—not shown, however, towards an unoffending child, but on unresisting animals; one SIMON KNIVER had indulged his cowardly and cruel nature in mutilating sheep. He was detected in the act, tried, and found guilty.

Well—we will not measure human life against ovine. But no one will quarrel with us, surely, if we estimate them alike.

Let us see how the law, impersonated in one of our most august, and one of our most learned, judges, dealt with these two cases.

SUSANNAH BARRETT, the modern BROWNRIGG—worse than BROWNRIGG in this, that BARRETT tortured to death her own flesh and blood, while BROWNRIGG practised on her parish apprentices—was sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

SIMON KNIVER—the sheep mutilator—was sentenced to transportation for fifteen years.

MR. BARON MARTIN, in passing this sentence, remarked that "to torture such an inoffensive animal as a sheep was beyond human conception." We do not find recorded what MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE said in sentencing SUSANNAH BARRETT.

Now, we do not complain that fifteen years' transportation was awarded to SIMON KNIVER. But, if the KNIVER—appropriately so called—merited this punishment, what sentence would have fitted the blacker guilt, the more devilish brutality, of SUSANNAH BARRETT? How are we to understand the four years' penal servitude of SUSANNAH measured against the fifteen years' transportation of SIMON? Is the mutilation of thirty sheep by a shepherd more than the slow starvation, with every addition of fiendish malignity, of three children by a mother?

We would recommend MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE and MR. BARON MARTIN to confer together after the long vacation, and settle the point between them, for the quieting of their own consciences.

"No Objection."

CERTAIN Englishmen, moved by a belief that even soldiers who do not carry epaulettes can bear a dinner, have benevolently resolved to give a banquet to "the Guards on their return from the Crimea," and the advertisement that tells the country the fact, also adds the following sustaining intelligence:—

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has no objection to this demonstration."

We should hope not. For the name of CAMBRIDGE is as inseparably associated with a dinner as the name of Table-cloth.

THE BENEFIT OF TRAVEL.

THE YOUNG KING OF PORTUGAL has just given testimony of the exceeding benefit done to him by his visit to England. He has determined that Portugal shall forthwith begin to pay her debts.

THE EUPHRATES LINE.

Oh where will the century pause in its daring?
What region's past reach of the screw and the sail?
What sea is too wide for our wires overbearing?
What mountains too high for our levelling rail?
From the Banks of Newfoundland we pay out the cable
That's to bind North America fast to our shore,
And, thanks to O'SHAUGHNESSY, India is able
To change thoughts in an hour from Madras to Lahore.

And now the steam-giant, our New World forsaking,
Having bound Europe's ends,—north and south, east and west,—
His terrible track through the Old World is making,
Where the grey Past's dead ashes she holds in her breast.
By NIMROUD's huge mound soon the ring of steam-whistles
Will startle the stork on his desolate stand,
And the throb of the engine will shake the dry thistles
That wave their grey beards on Kouyunjik's parch'd strand.

By the arrow-head rows of the records of Babel,
The arrow-head flight of expresses will fly,
And RAWLINSON, LAYARD, and LOFTUS be able
To drop in to decipher or dig, by-the-by;
Instead of the trucks with their freight of horn'd cattle,
To Smithfield consign'd along each British rail,
Weekly cargoes of huge winged bulls down will rattle
For the British Museum, from Bus'rah to sail.

No secrets the hoar East shall keep in her bosom;
Her riddles we'll soon have got out of the Sphinx.
What chance will she have, poor old soul, but to lose 'em,
When confronted by BIRCH, BOTTA, NORRIS, or HINCKS?
Old Cheops will stare from the top of his pyramis,
To see navvies cutting his mummy-pits through,
While from Nineveh's ruins the ghost of SEMIRAMIS
On a new red-brick station looks awfully blue!

But vain all our speeding on main or through mountain,
Our bridging the ocean, our binding the land,
Our drinking the gold's inexhaustible fountain,
That springs in Australia to each delving hand.
Vain, vain, all our moiling and driving and toiling,
Our working and winning, gold nuggets, gold sands,
Unless reverence and love join to wipe off the soiling
Of toil from our hearts, and of gain from our hands.

CONFORMITY WITH THE CONCORDAT.

AMONG the momentous events which are now constantly happening on the Continent, the undermentioned august ceremony was to have been performed, and we suppose was performed, the other day, at Vienna:—

"To-morrow the clergy will be again in their glory, as his Majesty will publicly place on the head of the ARCHBISHOP OF AGRAM the cardinal's hat which has been sent him from Rome."

If this act—supposing it to have been enacted—was not a regular piece of flunkeyism, we know not what flunkeyism is: and we ought to know, reading the *Court Circular*, as we do, every day, and being conversant, as we are, with genteel British society. Here the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA is represented, by the *Times* correspondent, as proposing to perform the function of a valet for the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF AGRAM; and in all probability actually did that ecclesiastic the menial service of putting on his hat for him. We wonder if he helped his EMINENCE on with his red stockings also, and those slippers to match, which, as may be seen at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, are worn by a Cardinal as well as by a Clown.

Hard Work.

THE sufferings of this fagging world are but little known. What some people endure day after day, almost surpasses belief. For instance, it was only last week that we became acquainted with the great hardships of a Boulogne existence. It was one o'clock in the afternoon—the packet had just come in—the back of the last passenger had disappeared inside the Custom-House, when we heard a spooney, pale, emaciated Swell deliver himself of a sigh, and exclaim, as he strolled away with other Swells, "Well, thank Heaven, the day's work is over! I shall now go home and sleep. Who's game?"

PRINCE NAPOLEON ON HIS TRAVELS.—His Royal Highness has been to Iceland, and whilst there visited the Geyser boiling springs. This fact is the more remarkable, as it was generally understood that the gentleman left France solely to avoid the hot water of the Tuileries.

ARCADIAN SUMMER DRESS.



AN interesting spectacle has been presented, during the late hot weather, by those uncommonly fine fellows, the Porters of the Burlington Arcade. All day long they have remained on duty, wearing their thick winter-coats buttoned up to the chin. Now, the Burlington Arcade is not far distant from the Royal Institution, and a lesson learned in that Temple of Science has no doubt received an application in the adjoining Emporium. The master whose livery is worn by the Arcade porters, has heard it stated, at the institution, in some lecture, that woollen cloth is a non-conducting substance in relation to heat. He has learned that such cloth keeps the body warm in winter by preventing the escape of internal heat. Accordingly, he has concluded that the same cloth must, conversely, keep the body cool in summer, by opposing an obstacle to the ingress of heat from without. It is necessary to mention this, because the remarkable and, as regards the season, the very exceptional clothing of the Burlington Arcade Porters has been ascribed to another cause, namely, to a motive of economy on the part of their employer. Another reason why the theory of their costume ought to be made known is, that the public will be instructed by the knowledge thereof in a matter essential to health and comfort. On the principle which has been observed in dressing those men, the attire most suitable to the temperature of the dog-days would be the Crimean winter-clothing; and the apparel of the Esquimaux would really constitute the most reasonable fashions for the tropics.

FINE EYES FOR FOOLISH GIRLS.

THIS periodical is not read by vain and silly individuals of the softer sex; but it has a no small number of readers who take some interest in individuals of that sex and that sort. Let such of our readers as are interested in such individuals warn them of the mischief and injury which they may perhaps be induced to inflict on themselves, by the following advertisement put forth by certain cosmetic-venders:—

A BRILLIANT EYE.—*BELLA-DONNA* produces a **BRILLIANT EYE.**—The ladies of Asia hold it in high repute for its quality to give brilliancy, vivacity, and the power of fascination to the eye. Price 2s. 6d.

Oh yes! *Atropa Belladonna*—deadly nightshade—produces a very brilliant eye. It enlarges the pupil greatly, and occasions a charming look of excitement and animation. Smear a little of the extract of belladonna around the eye merely, and this highly desirable result will speedily follow. But it is well just to know the reason why: namely, that the iris, the coloured part of the eye, a flat ring, with a hole in it looking like a black spot, which is called the pupil, is paralysed by the belladonna, and therefore gapes. The paralysis, to be sure, is but temporary; and any young lady who wishes to enjoy the pleasure of making her eyes look pretty for a short time, may dilate her pupils with belladonna once in the way or so with apparent impunity. Since, however, Nature never made the human iris to have tricks of this kind played with it, it is probable that the habitual performance of them would be resented by her: and Nature generally shows her resentment of tricks practised on the bodily frame by punishing them with disease in the part trifled with. How long a fool might go on tampering with her iris by means of deadly nightshade without impairing her sight, we are not prepared to say; let any young lady who is foolish enough try, for the benefit of science. But the female eye is in general sufficiently brilliant, vivacious, and fascinating, if not too much so, without recourse to belladonna: and if any stupid girl thinks her eyes are not bright enough, she had better cultivate her intellect to make them brighter.

The Pope Afloat.

WE are told that His Holiness "has just authorised the establishment of a joint stock company, under the general title of Pontifical Steam Navigation Company." It is reported that MR. BOWYER has been offered the first choice of a place as stoker. Further, in token of Papal gratitude, one of the vessels will be christened the *Dizzy*.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT!!!

A LADY of Fashion incautiously walked up the Lowther Arcade last Tuesday afternoon. She quite forgot at the time that she was in full dress, and the consequences of her thoughtlessness have been most deplorable. As the sails of her elegant but bilky costume flapped on either side of her, some object of *vertu* was swept remorselessly into oblivion. The Arcade in a few minutes presented a fearful wreck. The passage from one end to the other was strewn with sawdust and bear's-grease, rendered doubly dangerous by innumerable bits of glass. The extent of the damage may be estimated from the simple fact that it required not less than five carts to remove the broken fragments.

The following is the bill, which was presented, in all its horrible particulars, to her the following day:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|----|----|
| 25 Noah's Arks—not one animal saved | 12 | 10 | 6 |
| 133 China Cows, all destroyed, at 1s. 1 ¹ / ₄ each | 7 | 6 | 3 |
| 33 Prickly Porcelain Sheep | 0 | 15 | 6 |
| 240 Pots of Pomatum, at 6d. per pot | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| 57 Bottles of Hair Oil | 2 | 5 | 6 |
| 19 Bottles of genuine Eau de Cologne (FARINA'S) | 0 | 9 | 6 |
| 10 Children's Drums | 1 | 2 | 6 |
| 5 Speaking Dolls, every one of whom has been bereft of speech | 6 | 1 | 6 |
| 3 Pots of Blacking | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| 117 Fly-Catchers | 2 | 1 | 6 |
| 41 Panes of broken glass | 3 | 5 | 0 |
| 22 Fire-grate Ornaments, perfectly soiled | 0 | 19 | 0 |
| 72 Baa-lambs, the wool quite pulled off their backs | 3 | 19 | 6 |
| 35 Musical Bow-wows, the bark of each literally peeled off | 2 | 7 | 6 |
| 1095 Cups and Saucers, Soap Dishes, Powder Boxes, Wine-glasses, Tumblers (Bohemian and Brummagem), Inkstands, Vases, Fish-globes, and Lamp Shades | 35 | 6 | 11 |
| 9 Dolls' Houses, elegantly furnished, and all the furniture, pots and pans, broken to smithereens | 10 | 7 | 6 |
| 7 Dolls' Four-Post Bedsteads, with dolls in bed at the time | 5 | 8 | 6 |
| 3873 Various other articles, far too numerous to mention, including Velvet Chimney Sweeps, Squirrel Nut-crackers, Swiss Châlets, Jenny Lind's Birthplaces, Stone-peaches, Wax-grapes, China Cheesecakes, Porcelain Candle-ends, Monk & Nun Extinguishers, Glass Save-alls, Albert Night-lights, Burns' Cottages, Musical Snuff-boxes, besides 133 Bellows, Accordions, Concertinas, and India-rubber Balls, in all of which the leather was found either pricked or cut—the entire amount having been estimated by the Editor of the <i>Economist</i> at | 273 | 18 | 8 |
| Total | £374 | 7 | 1 |

The Lady's unfortunate husband (who is only a struggling clerk on a rising salary, living in a second-floor in Gower Street) has been out of the way ever since. It is feared that he is raving mad in a lunatic asylum—or else locked up in a sponging-house for the above amount.



"A Dream at Sea."

AS we lay not long ago tossing, or being tossed, on a bed of sickness in a Boulogne boat, we went off into a state of semi-somnolency, in the course of which we began thinking of all sorts of things, among which RISTORI and the Italian and French drama came uppermost, and a voice appeared to ring in our ears, exclaiming "*Maria Stuarda!*" and "*Don Seiser de Basin!*" when suddenly the tones of MARIO seemed to murmur out plaintively, "*Bella Seccame!*"

THE WEATHER.—So intense has been the heat in London that on the 6th instant it absolutely threatened to liquidate the Duke of York himself on the top of his Column! An electric message was sent to several creditors, but we have not heard the result.

TO POLITICAL COBBLERS.—Italy has been compared to a boot. It is a boot that stands grievously in want of mending.

PUNCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

No. II.—THE NINEVEH COURT (CONTINUED).



LET us approach the *façade*, or exterior, *sans façon*. It is formed by winged human-headed bulls, and gigantic human figures. The proverbial generosity of an artist's nature is shown in the fact, that to all the former he has given five legs. The Ninnyvite Quinquipeds are very imposing creatures. Observe the elegant tassel at the tips of their tails, likewise their pleasing countenances and unexceptionable wings. They are supposed to be allegories, and if their designers

could not point a moral, they could certainly adorn a tail. The human figures (as MR. LAYARD is polite enough to call them) represent Hercules strangling a Lion; but again the domestic idea intrudes, and we are irresistibly reminded of a peccant puss, about to undergo a mild whipping.

We now enter the Central Hall. The Ninnyvites, although they adorned their buildings with colossal forms, made the entrances very contemptible, a peculiarity in which they have been imitated. The forms of our Constitution are very imposing; but the mean ways by which people get into the place where those forms are chiefly observed, need no other comment than election blue-books. A tree is painted in the ceiling, in utter defiance of the M'CHOAKUMCHILDS of Nineveh, who thought that there should be no imagination in the Art that means making images, and as doubtless there never was a tree in a ceiling, except a roof-tree, such a delineation is opposed to fact. Here the prigs before alluded to have a capital opportunity for emitting a bit of Marlborough House cram. There is also a winged Globe in the same place, and this is more capable of defence, as that excellent evening paper is supported by "mighty pens," as the oratorio justly remarks.

The columns are copied from Persepolis and Susa, for no columns were found in Nineveh. But MR. WILLIAM HAZLIT assures us that Persepolis itself was built out of the spoils of Thebes, so here is a clear case of a double thievery of columns, reminding one of the weekly newspapers, which steal their columns from the daily papers, and then complain of the piracy of the penny prints. Susa is a pretty name, like SUSAN, (derived from the same word,) and means Lilies; but the swindle alluded to makes us think of MISS EDGEWORTH'S "great Job-lilies," which were connected with the very imprudent marriage of the barber, when the people danced till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their shoes.

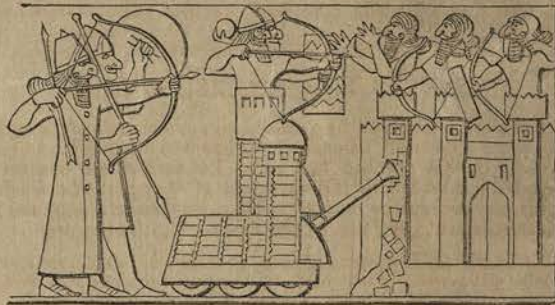


All visitors looking round this hall have casts in their eyes, and these casts have been taken from sculptures in the northwest palace at Nimroud. They will repay a much closer examination than most loungers condescend to bestow upon them. The ordinary amount of comment vouchsafed to these marvellous reproductions is, MR. PUNCH regrets to say, rather compendious than critical. He cannot regard such observations as "What Guys!"—"Haven't they got Jew noses?"—"There's a rum bird, BILL!"—"See that chap tumbling off the wall?"—"The feller in the cart is like our SAM!"—in which the humbler class of spectators chiefly display their acumen, as at all exhaustive of the subject, any more than the refined observations of their betters, who remark, "Dear me, how elaborate—did you ever see such a bonnet as that which just passed?"—"Nineveh, is it—O yes—it throws great light on sacred history—here, HENRY, make haste,

don't let us meet those tiresome BICKERSTAFFS."—"MR. LAYARD—ah, to be sure, a very rising man—there's LORD PALMERSTON—do go and say a word for that poor stupid young BLADDERWICK, his mother bores me to death to get you to ask for something for him."

Having given this hint, MR. PUNCH expects that it will be taken, and merely proceeds to say that the manners and customs, both in peace and war, religious ceremonies, royal costume and pursuits, and other characteristics of the most ancient empire of the world, may be studied with perfect ease upon these marvellous walls. Ages before a wandering metallurgist, called HAMILCON, first brought England into notice, by condescending to come here for tin (a good many foreigners between HAMILCON and MISS JOANNA WAGNER have honoured our shores for the same purpose,) these paintings were executed, and if Art in England makes no better signs of vitality than it has done hitherto, it is far from impossible that ages after revolted Australia has successfully invaded Britain, and made a converted Kangaroo the President of the Anglican Republic, the descendants of the invaders may respectfully admire these Nimroud marbles, and wonder that their forefathers left nothing of equal endurance. MR. PUNCH is open to fight anybody who says that in the above extraordinary passage he has not over-trumped MR. MACAULAY and his celebrated ruins of London Bridge.

The Inner Chamber is ornamented with casts from sculptures at Nimroud, all celebrating the exploits of the same King, and who reigned about 1000 years before the Christian Era, a date supposed to be familiar to most persons except MR. DISRAELI, who, in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, does not make it clear that he knows where to fix it. In one bas-relief the King is sticking a bull—and does not stoop to the base relief of having a guard to protect him from his victim, as some German sovereigns do. He does his work like a man. Also observe that the five legs given to the bulls outside are balanced by only two legs being given to the horses inside. The King may also be seen drinking, after his victory, and musicians are playing, but they do not seem to have been playing polkas while he was killing his game from a safe distance. Elsewhere he hunts a lion. The lion has a claw or hook at the tip of his tail, to enable him to scratch himself in those hot climates. There is also a siege, in which a battering ram is used instead of a battering train, and ancient science has the advantage over modern, for the place is really being taken, north side and south side too.



Other military exploits are represented, and also the King's triumphant return, on which, instead of bouquets, the heads of his vanquished enemies are being strewn in his path—let us hope "property heads," just as some theatrical managers humbug the public by a shower of "property bouquets" to an artist whom it is desirable to puff. We afterwards get a glimpse of domestic life, in four compartments of simultaneous action, *Jonathan Bradford* style—only that the killing is going on upon the ground floor, instead of upstairs, as in MR. FITZBALL'S improving drama. And, finally, there is a grand tableau of a stormed city, in which everybody is shooting, scalding, stabbing, slashing, and smashing everybody, with the profoundest contempt for the laws of philanthropy and perspective. It is pleasing to reflect that after about 3000 years of progress, (including ever so many new religions, printing, railways, Bible societies, electric telegraphs, and *Punch*,) the most enlightened nations of the world have just been but making materials for another picture of exactly the same kind.

This reflection will make any reader of ordinary feelings so melancholy, that he will be glad to come away from the Nineveh to the STAPLES COURT, and implore the aid of Ceres and Xeres, in the form of a crust and a glass of sherry.

Public Baths at Dover.

ADVENTUROUS navigators who have visited the Polynesian Archipelago, relate with wonder how the natives of that cluster of islands came swimming, in a perfectly natural state, about the British vessels. The bathing arrangements at Dover, we understand, are such as to render a voyage to Polynesia quite unnecessary, for anybody fond of studying the manners and customs of uncivilised people, and desirous of witnessing that particular spectacle.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

Master Butterfly, Mr. TOWLEY'S famous short-horn bull, to which the first prize was awarded at the Chelmsford meeting, and who has been bought for the sum of 1,200 guineas, by an Australian gentleman, was shipped a few days ago for Melbourne by the *Copenhagen*.—*Daily Paper*.

I'd be a Butterfly, bought for a power
Of Gold from Australia, a short-horn complete,
Shelter'd in homestead from sun and from shower,
Fatten'd on oat-cake and mangold so sweet.
Think of the glory obtained by my breeder—
Of the medal at Chelmsford so gloriously won—
Think of the credit borne off by my feeder,
For the fat, layer by layer, my broad ribs laid upon!

In a fast clipper they've taken my passage,
And a cabin on deck they've constructed for me,
Padded and matted to ease ocean's tossage,
Pitched and caulked close 'gainst the wash of the sea.
While roots of the choicest, and hay of the sweetest,
Are stored upon board for my use on the way,
A best LIPSCOMBE'S filter ensures the completest
Regard to my water-supply, day by day.

As for the passenger-bipeds—poor devils,
Herring-like packed in the dark hold below!
Think of sea-sickness, and all of its evils—
Hatches all down—when it comes on to blow!
My sweet hay, my good water, and cabin so cool,
Compare with their berths, junk, and Thames from the tank!
Surely all must perceive how a fine short-horn bull
And an emigrant labourer differ in rank!



A BITTER, BITING FROST.

JOHN FROST, aged 72, has been graciously permitted to return to Newport: the same FROST, who led certain Chartists where they were rarely peppered; and for whom the scaffold was in a very active state of preparation. JOHN FROST has found some of his former disciples; and found them, if possible, with longer ears than he left them; for they listened to his rant against the Government with delighted braying; and further to prove themselves as nearly as possible allied to donkeys, they dragged the vehicle of JOHN FROST along the streets of Newport. We fear that the ingratitude, the insolence of the pardoned felon may tend to have a bad effect. When Mercy has removed the bands of a prisoner, it is rather hard that, in return for the tenderness, Mercy should immediately have her fingers Frost-bitten.

The Art of Conversation.

YOUR Creditor never loses sight of the real subject-in-hand of his discourse. He never wanders or loses himself in foolish digressions. More than this, he never forgets. Months may have elapsed since his last interview with you, but his memory is so remarkably good that he is sure to take up the conversation again at the very exact point where he left it off.

A DRAMATIC BOARD OF HEALTH.

A COMMISSION was appointed some time ago in Paris to inquire into the merits of the plays produced during the year, and adjudge prizes to those pieces which should be found most conspicuous for their morality. We really pity the members of this dramatic board of health, who have had to wade through all the filth which accumulates in the various moral cesspools—under the name of theatres—in the course of a year. How the work could possibly be undertaken by any but a company of professional scavengers is a marvel, but we are none the less ready to give credit to the gentlemen who have not shrunk from encountering the vapours of the most pestilential moral atmosphere of the present day. The result unhappily is just what might have been expected, for M. SAINT-BEUVE has been charged to draw up the report of the commission, announcing the lamentable fact, that not one of the dramatic works submitted to its examination is worthy of a prize. As the condition was that the pieces found to be more moral than the rest were to be indicated, and as not one is fit to be mentioned, we can only conclude that not a single production of the French dramatists during the last year has any morality whatever in its composition. No wonder that our own stage is vitiated when there is nothing but poison in the source from which it is supplied.

We knew the Parisian theatres were in a very unhealthy condition, but we did think it possible that here and there a stream of pure sentiment might have been found running like a little current of disinfecting fluid through the great dramatic sewers, and we cordially congratulate the French government on its having commenced the task of probing the depth of the filth which has long sent forth its vapours to spread infection over the whole of French society. The French government having boldly looked into the Augean stable, and become acquainted with the amount of the contents, may be expected to proceed to the Herculean task of not only removing what has already been deposited, but effectually guarding against the future accumulation of such foul and offensive matter.

JENKINS IN AN APRON.

A POMPOUS Odd Fellow, writing to the *Times* to complain of what appears to have been a somewhat exaggerated account of a disturbance by his fraternity at the Crystal Palace, says that wine was "drank," and that the Odd Fellows are "the *élite* of the working-classes." We should strongly advise him to mind his English, and leave his French alone, one word being about as stupid a blunder as the other. The working men of England, who are worthy as well as odd fellows, are just the men to put such a pump under another, for labelling them with a bit of silver-fork snobbery, the *élite* of the working-classes! Is JENKINS an Odd Fellow? Did the writer go on to say that after their *biere*, the guests had a little *thé dansante al fresco*, and *enfin*, each returned *chez lui*, enchanted with the *fête à la fourchette*? No doubt, in conversation, the genteel creature would mince out an admission that some of the *élite* might have been a little Elected, but that was a mere Baggertell, everything being quite *Commilfoie*. The man signs himself something in connection with "Manchester Unity," but his letter savours much more of Cockney Spoonnity. If the orator whose harangue was stopped by the musicians upon the occasion in question talked in such style, we do not wonder that the band struck up in self-defence. *Mr. Punch* and the working-men of England are too old and too good friends and allies for him to suffer snobbery to play tricks with them, or their good name. JENKINS shall have no share in their junketings. The true steel shall not be genteelly electrotyped.

The Exile at Home.

AUGUSTE VACQUERIE has published a little book, in which he makes known to the world all that VICTOR HUGO and his family do at home. We earnestly wish all repose, all tranquillity to VICTOR, that the world may continue to benefit by his inspirations! "We all work," says AUGUSTE; and then he tells us how CHARLES HUGO paints, and how MILE. HUGO plays "upon the piano some melody she has just found." And then—"MADAME HUGO is writing her husband's life. Nobody could have written it as she will write it." How these pleasant revelations distinctively mark the French and the English fireside! The Englishman's home is his castle; the Frenchman makes his home a house of glass.

Four Thoughts for a Penny.

CONVERSATION is a Republic that perishes the moment any one sets himself up as a Dictator.
Pedants who proscribe pleasantries are like cripples who decry dancing.
Children talk of what they are doing—young people of what they will do—and the old of what they have done.
Our habits are at first the slaves of our desires, and at last their tyrants—like an old servant, who begins by obeying us in all things, and ends by domineering over us.



DRESS AND THE LADY.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

A PARISIAN company is advertising to carry people to London and back for ten pounds: to keep them for a week, and indulge them with a round of our Metropolitan gaieties. This treat is to include a visit to the *Théâtre de sa Majesté*, but as that agreeable establishment happens to be at this moment closed, the visit will be rather a *triste* affair, even supposing admission can be procured, which is more than dubious. Perhaps a compromise may be effected by taking the party of pleasure-seekers to another place of amusement, which may claim the title of Her Majesty's Theatre, as it rejoices in the name of the Victoria. We dare say our French visitors would find plenty of excitement in the dramas of the New Cut, and would go away delighted with *le célèbre HICKS* and *la séduisante VINCENT*. Another attraction is the promise of a dinner at the Crystal Palace, which is said to be worth the whole of the ten pounds required for the entire trip; but we very much doubt whether, even if the culinary resources of the place could produce a dinner worth ten pounds, the tourists would be allowed to partake of it. Some years ago, *le fameux dîner de Greenwich* was the grand feature of these trips; but we are afraid that our Parisian friends did not go away with a very favourable idea of the luxury; for second-rate fish at a third-rate house is not acceptable even to an *habitué* of a cheap French restaurant.

A PEARL NOT WORTH STRINGING.

THERE is a corpulent old lady frisking about the stage of one of the Parisian theatres, and who is described in one of those little paragraphs which constitute the puff column of the *Entr'acte*, as the Pearl of Andalusia. We do not at all object to the admission of the lady into the family of jewels to which she is said to belong, but we fancy there must be some little mistake as to the degree of her relationship. If the paragraph-writer, instead of designating her as the Pearl of Andalusia, had conferred on her the more venerable title of the Mother-of-Pearl, we should have been perfectly satisfied.

A Victim of the Weather.

JONES, who is a plebeian and extremely fat, was asked why he went into the army. "Why, you see," answered the apoplectic hero, "the weather was so plaguy hot, that I couldn't get cool anywhere—so I thought I would buy a commission, and try what effect 'the cold shade of the aristocracy' would have upon me!"

THE CONFESSION OF A FOND MOTHER.—Over-indulgence, like too much sugar, only spoils what it was meant to sweeten.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S RETURN.

Most blessed things come silently, and silently depart;
Noiseless steals spring-time on the year, and comfort on the heart;
And still, and light, and gentle, like a dew, the rain must be,
To quicken seed in furrow and blossom upon tree.

Nile has his foaming rapids, fashes from mountain snows;
But where his stream breeds fruitfulness, serene and calm it flows;
And when he over-brims, to cheer his banks on either side,
You scarce can mark, so gradual, the swelling of his tide.

The wings of angels make no stir, as they ply their works of love;
But by the balm they shed around, we know them that they move.
God spake not in the thunder, nor the mighty rushing blast;
His utterance was in the still small voice, that came at last.

So she, our sweet Saint FLORENCE, modest, and still, and calm,
With no parade of martyr's cross, no pomp of martyr's palm,
To the place of plague and famine, foulness, and wounds and pain,
Went out upon her gracious toil, and so returns again.

No shouting crowds about her path, no multitudes' hot breath,
To feed with wind of vanity the doubtful fires of faith;
Her paths by hands official all unsmoothed, her aims decried
By the Levites, who, when need was, passed on the other side.

When titles, pensions, orders, with random hand are showered,
'Tis well that, save with blessings, she still should walk undowered.
What title like her own sweet name, with the music all its own?
What order like the halo by her good deeds round her thrown?

Like her own bird—all voiceless while the daylight songsters trill,
Sweet singer in the darkness when all songs else are still—
She on that night of suffering that chilled other hearts to stone,
Came with soft step and gentle speech, yet wise and firm of tone.

Think of the prayers for her, that to the praying heart came back,
In rain of blessings, seeming still to spring upon her track:
The comfort of her graciousness to those whose road to death
Was dark and doubtful, till she showed the light of love and faith.

Then leave her to the quiet she has chosen: she demands
No greeting from our brazen throats and vulgar clapping hands.
Leave her to the still comfort the saints know that have striven.
What are our earthly honours? Her honours are in heaven.

A PENAL SENTENCE.

"SMALL crimes deserve death," said DRACO, "and I have no further punishment for great ones." So he put everybody to death. The Americans feel the same inconvenience. United States law has just acquitted MR. HERBERT, the legislator who killed the waiter for not bringing breakfast, and our cousins are puzzled to know what, if you kill a monster for delaying your breakfast, you are to do to a miscreant who is late with your dinner. We fear we cannot help them—unless, to be sure, we suggest that they should elect such a wretch to their Senate. Under existing circumstances, that seems the worst punishment that can be inflicted upon a civilised being.

A Literary Caper.

A WRITER in the *Times* describes himself as "One who has served in the Cape." We think our contemporary should exact from its correspondents more definite signatures than the one in question, which might be adopted with equal propriety by either a policeman or a beadle, both of whom could claim the credit of having "served in the cape." The description is either too wide or too narrow; for if the writer wishes to be guessed at, he has selected too comprehensive a signature, while if his object is to remain concealed, he should not have adopted a cape by way of a cloak.

Swords turned to Reaping-Hooks.

SIR MORTON PETO wisely suggests that in the present lack of harvest hands, the soldiers stationed in rural districts be permitted "to earn wages by helping to get in the corn." Soldiers in the social state have been ill-humouredly compared to poppies among the wheat. In the present emergency the poppies would do excellent service.

THE ART OF BORING.—No greater nuisance exists than the man who is continually "poking his fun at you." He pokes and pokes, until he regularly bores you through and through.



A HORRID BOY.

Frank. "OH, I SAY, EMILY! AIN'T THE SEA-SIDE JOLLY?"

Emily (who is reading *The Corsair to Kate*). "I DO NOT KNOW, FRANK, WHAT YOU MEAN BY JOLLY.—IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL!—IT IS VERY LOVELY!"

Frank. "HAH! AND DON'T IT MAKE YOU ALWAYS READY FOR YOUR GRUB, NEITHER?" [Exit Young Ladies, very properly disgusted.]

POLICE REPORT EXTRAORDINARY.

WHAT is to be thought of the following statement in the account of a police case which has appeared in a contemporary? The defendant therein alluded to is a MR. FREDERICK WARD, reported to have been summoned before MR. CORRIE, at Clerkenwell, by GEORGE MATHW ANDREWS, a cabman, for refusing to pay him more than 2s. fare, when he ought to have paid him 3s., and to have been ordered by the Magistrate to pay the 1s. more, 2s. costs, and 3s. for the day's work of the plaintiff. Whereupon, according to the report,

"The defendant asked for a summons for abusive language, which was at once granted, against the complainant. The offence proved was, that he said that 2s. was not enough for a 3s. fare.

"MR. CORRIE fined the Cabman 2s., which was at once paid, the Cabman at the time saying it was not justice."

Comment on the foregoing quotation is simply impossible. We do not know whether it is true or not, and therefore we cannot say which of two certain persons ought to be turned out of Clerkenwell Police Office. If the Magistrate ought not, the Reporter ought.

Russian Theatricals.

WE hear that terms have been offered by the Manager of the Moscow Theatre to SIR CHARLES NAPIER, to appear for a few nights only as a real English sailor in a nautical drama. *The Battle of the Baltic, as it Wasn't*, has been written by a Russian dramatist; but up to the last advices, we know not whether SIR CHARLES has finally accepted the part. Much, we hear, will depend upon SIR JAMES GRAHAM, who, it is rumoured, intends to visit Moscow. Should he do so, SIR CHARLES will immediately close with the Manager, on the understanding that he is to have a cutlass-combat with the ex-first lord of the Admiralty.

AN OLD-MAIDISM.—Love is blind, and Hymen is the oculist that generally manages to open its eyes.

DREADFUL ACCOUNT OF THE HARVEST.

FROM all parts of the country, we continue to hear the most alarming accounts of the condition of the harvest. In many places the wheat has absolutely been carried. There is no place in which it does not promise bountifully: and the expected result is a harvest of surpassing abundance! If this be truly so, what is to become of us? For, as prices keep up, as bread is dear, and meat still dearer, the greater the produce,—we shall absolutely have famine prices in proportion to the blessings of plenty. Surely a water-spout or two, with some terrific hail-stones, and at least a partial blight upon all outstanding crops, would promise a little relief for the poor, who, as plenty seems to rule a rise in price, will be crushed with abundance.

We have heard a demoniacal remedy for these high prices; which, be it understood, we are the last to recommend. Still, it has been suggested that a fall might follow, if a few cornfactors were sewn up in their own sacks to make their way out with their own teeth; and that if two or three millers were set upon the wings of their own mills, we might hope for a fall.

The Return of the Nightingale.

MISS NIGHTINGALE has returned to her home. It is reported that her arrival was preceded just one hour by the appearance of two milk-white doves. If a swarm of bees find out an Emperor at Plombières, surely it may be taken as a truth, that a pair of doves have preceded a Nightingale to Derbyshire.

HINT TO BELGRAVIA GOING OUT OF TOWN.

You should settle your accounts in London before you think of settling at the seaside. It is true that the Parthians paid off their scores by taking flight, but the British nobleman should rather turn his back upon any such sharp practice as that.



SIR CHARLES NAPIER AT ST. PETERSBURG.

“DOES NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?”



EVERY LADY HER OWN PERAMBULATOR.

A PLAN PROPOSED TO RENDER THE PRESENT STIFF AND IMMENSE DRESS USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL (?)

HOW CHARLOTTE "KEPT UP HER FRENCH."

"I suppose, Mr. TWIDDLEJOHN, we're not to be buried alive, this summer, like the last?"

This supposition was hazarded at the breakfast-table of Dottangoone Villa, Peckham Rise, in the summer of 1855.

"The QUEEN, there can be no doubt of it, goes to France; but, of course, we're like nobody else—we are still to be buried alive."

MR. TWIDDLEJOHN looked up from his egg, and observed, with the most aggravating coolness, enough to blister a saint if Mrs. TWIDDLEJOHN had been in the Calendar, "Make your choice, my dear; first, you are not to be buried alive; and then, there's no help for it; you're to be interred quick. Do decide, Mrs. TWIDDLEJOHN."

"Decide, indeed! As if anybody was ever allowed to have a voice in this house! I'm sure we might as well be out of the world; and everybody says so."

"I believe, my dear, you went to Margate, last season?" said Mr. TWIDDLEJOHN, very mildly.

"What's Margate? Margate's not France. One might as well have been at Gravesend! Everybody else goes to France; but then, we're like nobody; that is, you make us like nobody. And the house wants painting; and, of course, we're to stop and be poisoned. And a month or two in Paris would finish CHARLOTTE quite."

"Finish CHARLOTTE!" asked Mr. TWIDDLEJOHN; and he brought both feet down upon the hearth-rug, and steadied himself in his chair, inviting and preparing himself for an explanation.

"What I mean is this, and you know it as well as I do. How is CHARLOTTE to keep up her French at Peckham? She would have, they say, a beautiful accent; but then, that's how you bury your children alive."

"MARTHA!" exclaimed TWIDDLEJOHN, and his bald head coloured, and he was about to strike the table with his clenched fist, when, dove-eyed Patience caught his arm in its descent, and he laid his opened hand gently down, and mildly coughed, and serenely said—"Very well, my dear, we'll go to France. Yes, this season we'll go to Boulogne."

"Boulogne is not Paris, Mr. TWIDDLEJOHN. However, so that CHARLOTTE keeps up her French—"

Mr. TWIDDLEJOHN departed for the City, and returned to dinner with that enlargement of the commercial heart that is apt to ensue when the commercial mind, having purchased for a rise, has obtained it. After dinner, the day and the hour were named for departure from Peckham to the hospitable shores of Boulogne. CHARLOTTE—the eldest daughter of three; CHARLOTTE, who had just tripped over the threshold of twenty-one, and with the motion had entered upon the uncontrolled enjoyment of fifty pounds per annum left by a godfather—CHARLOTTE was flushed with hope and happiness; Boulogne was such

a sweet place; and she would so comfort her mother by keeping up her eldest daughter's French.

The TWIDDLEJOHNS arrived at Boulogne after a brisk passage, of which we shall not attempt to give the stewardship. Apartments in the most fashionable quarter of the city—the reader will know by his pocket where that is—were duly entered by the TWIDDLEJOHNS. How vivacious was the place! How very unlike Peckham! TWIDDLEJOHN, conforming to the elegant prejudices of the locality, had altogether as saline a look as any Triton. With no thought of the Gresham Grasshopper, he would daily dally with his shrimps. With real admiration of the troops of our faithful ally, TWIDDLEJOHN would throw open all the windows as the dear gallant fellows—as CHARLOTTE had been heard to call them—marched by. Once, indeed, TWIDDLEJOHN, in the act of shaving, looked out from the casement, and with lathered face, and razor in hand, nodded and beat time to the music, as those little loves—*ces petits amours*, as CHARLOTTE said, keeping up her French—the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, brass blowing and parchment rolling, went harmoniously stepping on.

In a few days the TWIDDLEJOHNS had become the gayest creatures of the gay element of Boulogne. Mrs. TWIDDLEJOHN had ceased to reproach her husband with an organised endeavour to bury herself and the children alive. Indeed, so hopeful was she of renewal of life, that she purchased a brown straw-hat of most matronly circumference—a hat that conveyed but one painful regret to the overshadowed observers, namely, that Mrs. TWIDDLEJOHN, as though holding a check-string upon the development of her own beauty, would, to the beholder, cut her face in half—not but what there was left enough of it for any temperate spectator. TWIDDLEJOHN himself was so naturalised for the time, that he had been known to play at dominoes at the Café Vermont with a French corporal. Could the house of CHILD'S have looked in, TWIDDLEJOHN had surely been requested to withdraw his account.

On the second Sunday—Peckham congregations little knew it!—the TWIDDLEJOHNS assisted at military divine service, as performed by His Majesty's soldiers in the Honvault camp. The ceremony was very imposing; and TWIDDLEJOHN explained away the doubt arising to himself why it was music from operas should make a part of divine service. Perhaps, he satisfied himself with the thought, that the music of *Der Freischütz*, with the casting of the bullets in the Wolf's Glen, had a military application; and France was a military country.

So passed the time; and with every day it was manifest CHARLOTTE went keeping up, and still keeping up her French. "When CHARLOTTE likes," said the proud mother, "nobody would know her from a Parisian."

"How do you know that?" said TWIDDLEJOHN.

"Why COLONEL BEAUBEAU says so."

"COLONEL BOBO!" cried TWIDDLEJOHN.

"Not a Colonel, yet," said CHARLOTTE; "but he will be; everybody is in his turn in the French army; it isn't as with us. In France, you know, every drummer carries a field-marshal in his kit;" and CHARLOTTE spoke with animation; as though, indeed she knew the fact.

"That must be bad upon a long march," observed Mr. TWIDDLEJOHN; and his old gravity returned to his face. Indeed, he looked as he was wont to look under his own walnut-tree at Peckham. "Mrs. TWIDDLEJOHN, we've been here a month on Thursday: well, on Friday we'll go home."

"That's impossible, papa," said CHARLOTTE, very vivaciously: "*Tout à fait*; on Friday is the ball—I should say *bal paré*—at the *Etablissement*."

"I think we've had balls enough," said the father.

"By no means," interposed Mrs. TWIDDLEJOHN; "otherwise how could CHARLOTTE have kept up her French? And CAPTAIN BEAUBEAU—"

"Not a Captain, quite, mamma," said CHARLOTTE, blushing.

"Is he a full corporal?" cried Mr. TWIDDLEJOHN. "But what is it to us; whether he's a corporal, or a drummer that has to carry a field-marshal, or—"

At this moment, MONSIEUR ROGER, an avocat and friend of the gallant BEAUBEAU, was announced. He begged a private interview of MONSIEUR TWIDDLEJOHN. The Peckham merchant would meet any man. The ladies retired. Mr. TWIDDLEJOHN lifted his chair six inches from the floor, bringing the chair with emphasis down again. He then waved with his right hand to M. ROGER, and then, as the avocat and friend of BEAUBEAU the future field-marshal seated himself, Mr. TWIDDLEJOHN gave his visitor an instructive look of defiance.

M. ROGER, avocat, told the story of his errand in his best broken English. His friend BEAUBEAU had danced four times at the *établissement* at least with that angel, CHARLOTTE. He was ordered upon foreign service; but he was a man of honour, and he was resolved to marry CHARLOTTE ere he might fill a soldier's grave!—

Mr. TWIDDLEJOHN jumped, perspiring, to his feet. M. ROGER, avocat, with the most polite self-will would not be interrupted.

—His friend was but a sous-lieutenant—

"What was that? A sous-lieutenant! Fellow not worth a penny!"—

—But his friend was a man of honour. In France *la carrière était ouverte aux talens!* His friend would doubtless die a field-marshal; perhaps, a duke: in the meantime he must marry adorable CHARLOTTE. Six young ladies—all *belles Anglaises*—had given their hands at the last ball to *les officiers Français*.—

"What was that to him? His daughter should never marry—"

MADemoiselle CHARLOTTE, in the full confidence of love—she had danced four times with the brave BEAUBEAU—had informed him that she was just of age; and further, that she possessed a yearly income of some twelve hundred and fifty francs, bequeathed by her sainted godfather—

"And what of that?"—

That, said M. BEAUBEAU, was even a little beyond the sum required by the paternal French Government of any young lady desirous of investing her affections in the person of a French officer. In the service, no money, no matrimony. Now BEAUBEAU, sous-lieutenant, was a man of honour!



MR. TWIDDLEJOHN was in a passion—a frenzy. But what availed paternal emotions? CHARLOTTE had danced four times at the *Etablissement des Bains* with a sous-lieutenant of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*; CHARLOTTE was of age; CHARLOTTE had upwards of twelve hundred francs per annum, and in a little week CHARLOTTE *née* TWIDDLEJOHN was MADAME BEAUBEAU.

MADAME BEAUBEAU is not allowed to have quite a Parisian accent. Yet, as the mother of two lovely boys—they have, to the amazement and annoyance of grandfather TWIDDLEJOHN, been christened CASTOR *et* POLLUX—as the wife of a sous-lieutenant, and with little more than twelve hundred francs a-year in her own right, it is really wonderful how CHARLOTTE keeps up her French!

POLITICAL BALLOONING.

THE history of the French war-loans show the Emperor's skill in raising the wind for political purposes, but it is new to us to find the balloon used as the vehicle of a political manifesto. We soldier English would probably prefer our political alliances being made public anywhere rather than *in nubibus*. But Frenchmen are more airy than we are; and, probably, they may have thought, when M. GODARD contracted with the Municipal Council of Paris, on the occasion of the Imperial fête in 1854, to carry up in his balloon four ladies, representing France, England, Germany, and Turkey, that such a quadruple alliance could nowhere be so appropriately exhibited as "in the clouds." Unluckily, just as the nationalities were about to enter the car, a ministerial order was transmitted to M. GODARD, directing him to leave Germany behind. Perhaps Britannia had objected to make the ascent in such company. Perhaps the double-headed eagle had herself remonstrated at Potsdam and Vienna, against Austria and Prussia soaring to the skies otherwise than on her back, or even taking any flight whatever in such revolutionary and heterodox society. Perhaps Turkey felt doubtful how far she and the eagles were likely to agree in the car. At all events—whatever the reason—Germany was thrown over by authority, and compounded for the dangerous honour of an alliance "*en l'air*" by "a dignified neutrality" on *terra firma*.

Just as M. GODARD was about to start with his diminished freight, a violent south-wester began to blow over the field of Mars, and M. GODARD found—as more dignified persons may have found since—that the houri who did duty for Turkey was decidedly in the way—that the Ottoman Porte was by no means the best port in a storm—and that our Mohammedan ally had better be left behind to avoid the disagreeable necessity of throwing her over. Of

course the outraged nationality of Islam remonstrated, through the Turkish Ambassador. The allies, he said, were bound to stand or fall with Turkey, and M. GODARD and France and England ought to have risked their necks rather than give such a setting down to their Turkish sister. The Municipality of Paris took the same view, and refused to pay M. GODARD, as having not only violated his contract, but risked the peace of Europe. In vain the aeronaut protested that diplomatic complications were nothing to him, and that all he feared was the chance of entangling his valve-ropes. The civil tribunal refused to recognise M. GODARD as a diplomatic personage, and adjudged the Municipal Council to pay him his full claim, deducting a hundred francs for the costume of Germany, who didn't go up, but who has, on the contrary, been going down ever since.

ISLE OF SERPENTS.

FRANCE and England, hang not o'er us,
Leave us here alone a while;
Fortune may perhaps restore us
This convenient little Isle.
Will you, to evacuate it,
If we linger, us compel?
All concession, how we hate it!
Isle of Serpents, fare thee well!

Let us stay a little longer
Where we are, and wish to be;
By and by we may be stronger,
If we'll go then you shall see.
Must we, too, from Kars remove us?
Here and there we fain would dwell.
Ah! it seems that you don't love us.
Isle of Serpents, fare thee well!

NEW YORK SHOOTING MARKET.

SENATOR HERBERT, the representative from California, who shot a waiter in an hotel at New York, has been triumphantly acquitted! In the great account of life, what's a waiter or two, more or less? It may be remembered that the senator demanded breakfast at an unusually early hour. Waiter responded that even a senator from California must wait a little: senator punched waiter's head; the menial struck out, and hit again. This was too much for blood, representative of California! Senator HERBERT drew out his revolver. Click! The waiter lay a corpse! Verdict, Senator HERBERT, "not guilty."

Nevertheless, the incident has created some degree of excitement; and it is said that a shooting tariff will next session pass the House of Representatives. Opinion differs as to the rates. We give the scale most generally advocated:—For the shooting of a landlord, 1000 dollars; a waiter, 250; boots, 100. An allowance made, if the whole three are shot by the same party. In all cases, niggers to be killed at half-price.

Advice Gratis. (THIRD BATCH.)

RESPECT grey hair, especially your own.
Lock up the piano, when you are going out of Town.
Estimate a man according to his worth, and not according to what he is worth to you.
Bills are chickens that always come home to roost.
The waistcoat with a farthing in the pocket commands a high price from a Jew.
To be candid—speak of the present as though they were absent; to be charitable—speak of the absent as though they were present.

A MAN OF REFINEMENT.

WE know a gentleman so extremely refined that he is obliged to leave the room if, when he is dining with a person who has red hair, there happen to be carrots on the table!!!

THEATRICAL MOVEMENTS.



HARLES KEAN, on the closing of the Princess's, leaves for Kidderminster. It is whispered in his private circle, that his object is personally to superintend the manufacture of a new carpet of woodland pattern, for the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The report that **MR. KEAN** would also visit Whitney is, at least, premature. As *Macbeth* is not named for an early revival, "the blanket of the dark" to be made at Whitney for the illustration of the immortal text, is not yet begun. "The air-drawn dagger" has also been countermanded at Sheffield.

MR. BUCKSTONE leaves (with a carpet-bag) on Saturday evening for either Richmond or Gravesend, but returns on Monday in time to act.

MR. WEBSTER, on the conclusion of the present season, will, it is supposed, put up at the Bricklayers' Arms, with a view to superintend the building of the new Adelphi.

MR. ROBSON leaves on a round of visits. **BARON ROTHSCHILD** receives him for a week as the *Yellow Dwarf*. **LORD DERBY**, in token of his private admiration of the Jews, entertains the distinguished actor as *Shylock*.

BRITISH JURIES' AMENDMENT ACT.

Most people are aware of the nature of the security provided, by the abundant wisdom of our ancestors, for the sufficient wisdom of the **LORD MAYOR OF LONDON**. Some, however, may require to be informed that it consists in obliging the **LORD MAYOR Elect**, as the condition of being entitled to seat himself in his Chair, to count certain hobnails, and to chop a given number of sticks. The consequence, or at least the sequence, of this precaution for insuring the rationality of Lord Mayors is, that our Civic Monarch enjoys a celebrity which is not merely European, but also Asiatic, African, American, and Australian. Our lively neighbours and allies, in particular, regard him with the most distinguished consideration, his customary appellation among them being "*Le Grand Lord Maire*."

Seeing that this provision for the intellectual ability of Lord Mayors has worked so remarkably well in their case, it is intended to extend it to the case of other persons who are called upon to exercise judicial functions much more important than those of a mere Magistrate; they having often not only to decide questions concerning property to a large amount, but also to adjudicate on matters of life and death. The British Jurymen has been lately distinguishing himself by the most ridiculous deficiency in common sense and ideas of justice, that anybody out of the Asylum for Idiots can be conceived to labour under. Twelve British Jurymen, whose duty it was to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of certain persons charged with murder, have concurred in a verdict worthy of twelve jackasses capable of articulating. Twelve other British Jurymen have exhibited an ignorance of the constitutional law of libel only less disgraceful than that of the judge, with whose advice their decision accorded. It is felt that this kind of thing must not go on. Wrong and ruin will be inflicted right and left; innocent persons will be hanged, and miscreants will be turned loose on society, if British Juries continue to be generally devoid of common sense. A bill is therefore in preparation, and will, if possible, be introduced at an early period next session, necessitating every individual summoned to serve on a British Jury, to chop sticks and count hobnails after the manner of the **LORD MAYOR**. All those who prove unable to perform the said tasks, will be sent to an institution for persons of "defective intellect."

ANGLING INTELLIGENCE.—The rumour that the **EMPEROR OF RUSSIA** has invited **MR. JOHN BRIGHT**, on his return from salmon-fishing in the Highlands, to angle for sturgeon in the Neva, is, we believe, premature.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE.

(NOT)

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, ESQ.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE,
Which is so proud,
She never will get boozy,
Has crossed the seas,
And, if you please,
Will serve out **LORD DALHOUSIE**.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE,
She cries so loud
For justice, like a Q. C.,
And claims her right,
And wants to fight
THE MARQUIS OF DALHOUSIE.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE
Has been and vowed
She'll spare no treasures, you see,
To get our **QUEEN**
To stand between
Herself and **LORD DALHOUSIE**.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE
Has brought a crowd
That shares her strange halluci-
Nation that she
Shall shortly be
Avenged on **LORD DALHOUSIE**.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE
May spend her Rowd-
Y, careless and *sans souci*,
But she'll be done,
Likewise her son,
Dethroned by **LORD DALHOUSIE**.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE
(Like **MR. FROWDE**,
NEWMAN, or **DOCTOR PUSEY**),
Is "not too wise,"
When she defies
His Lordship of Dalhousie.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE
She is dark-browed,
With eyes like my own **LUCY**,
Her eyes may flash,
But will not smash
THE STUBBORN LORD DALHOUSIE.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE
Is disendowed
Of regions rich and juicy,
Their milk and honey,
(I mean their money)
Squeezed out by **LORD DALHOUSIE**.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE
Shall save her gowd,
And this she'd do, *me duce*,
She'd give a lunch
To me, and *Punch*,
And ask my **LORD DALHOUSIE**.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE,
Which is so proud,
Would find her lot *adouci*,
To hear the wit
That we'd emit,
Me, *Punch*, and **LORD DALHOUSIE**.

ANTI-CENSORSHIP LEAGUE.

We feel no compunction in quoting the venerable declaration, "When bad men combine, good men should unite." Our reason for this hardihood lies in the circumstance, that a meeting of gentlemen was convened at the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh, on Friday last, "for the purpose of expressing practical sympathy with the *Scotsman* newspaper, in regard to the verdict of £400 damages obtained against it for defamation at the instance of **MR. DUNCAN M'LAREN**." The Chairman, **SIR WILLIAM GIBSON CRAIG**, formerly M.P. for Edinburgh, made some sensible remarks; concluding as follows:—

"The words founded on had been used in the heat of an excited contest, and amid great provocation, and if it was in future to be held that such conduct of such public men was not open to such comments, there was an end to all freedom of political discussion in Scotland. It would be impossible to express contempt at political apostasy, disgust at abandonment of principles, or indignation at any coalition, however disreputable, without the danger of being brought before such a jury. He trusted that by the exhibition of practical sympathy they should now make they would convert the defeat of the *Scotsman* into a triumph, not only for that paper, but the liberty of the press throughout the country."

To these sensible words succeeded conformable action:

"Resolutions were moved protesting against the verdict, and originating subscriptions to pay the damages and expenses of the action. The subscription list was headed by **SIR WILLIAM** and **MR. ADAM BLACK**, M.P., each contributing £20; **MR. CHARLES M'LAREN**, ex-editor, giving £100. The damages and costs will, it is understood, amount to about £1,000; nearly £400 of which have been already collected."

This is the way to defeat the designs of twelve jurymen combining to crush a newspaper, which, in contending for liberty, offends their fanaticism, ridicules the cant wherein they delight, and exposes the hypocrisy which they love.

The Church Trial Summed Up.

SUMNER gives benison
Unto **GEORGE DENISON**,
Who with Rome's follies his fancy too far tickles,
He's to think himself sober
'Twi'x't this and October,
And then come and show that he's studied the Articles.

HOW WITS JUMP IN FRANCE.—A Frenchman will tell you that *l'Esprit court les Rues* in France; and, judging from the specimens that we occasionally see in their vaudevilles, we should say that a great deal of the *Esprit* ran in the gutters.



PRIVATE DRESS REHEARSAL

Of Mr. Toms, who prefers the *Kilt*, as the National Costume of the Gael; but, being informed that, as a "Dunhè-wassel," or Gent, he ought to wear the "Trews," he adopts both.

LINES BY A SCOTCHMAN

(On reading that an Act of the Australian Legislature against the Growth of Thistles received the Royal Assent on the 19th of March).

WHAT this? Forbid the growth o' Thistles,
Auld Scotia's cherished symbol-flower—
The hair upon ma head it bristles,
At sic an awfu' waste o' power!

'Tis idle wark, as time will show,
To root the bonny plant frae ground;
For Nature still gars Thistles grow
Where canny Scots are to be found.

What soil so puir but it can keep
A Thistle green among its stanes?
What land so bare a Scotsman deep
Canna pick something aff its banes?

As weel keep bees frae honey-pots,
Keep cats frae cream, or bairns frae tarts,
As Thistles and their brither Scots
Frae lands whaur goud is found i' quartz.

THE DIRTY THEATRE.

THE stage is, henceforth, to be watered with rose-water. The *Times* "gives fair warning" that it will impale all importers of foul French wares upon its iron pen, even as cockbafers are impaled—there they shall buzz and die. Great has been the consternation in the translation market. *FILCHERLY*, who goes twice a-year to Paris for "effects," has been suddenly stopped, and ponders the unpacking of his carpet-bag. The *Corsican Brothers* contemplate, it is said, an immediate sale of their properties; and a white satin cloud that for so many nights carried *Marguerite* to heaven, has been presented to a distinguished critic, who, in the form of a waistcoat, will turn the "silver lining" of that cloud upon evening parties. In fact, the *Corsican Brothers*, it is said, have henceforth determined to wash their hands of all that sort of thing. We believe it will take an alarming quantity even of the best Windsor Castle soap to wash them perfectly clean.

THE REV. MR. MOB.

THE town of West Hartlepool has lately been enlivened with an extraordinary series of performances, arising from a row between the REV. MR. BURGESS, the incumbent of a church lately erected there, and MR. JACKSON, the gentleman who built the church. We know nothing of the grounds of quarrel in the case; but when we read that MR. JACKSON, unable to oust MR. BURGESS by other means, proposed to build up the doors of the church—that bricks and mortar were actually carted down to the church for the purpose—that MR. BURGESS nevertheless declared he'd stay where he was, and appealed to the mob to assist him in resisting this new form of intra-mural interment—that the mob took him at his word, filled the sacred edifice, burlesqued the church services, preached comic discourses from the pulpit, smacked short pipes on the communion table (all the while, it would seem, being MR. BURGESS's mob, and not MR. JACKSON's)—we know enough to conclude that the reverend gentleman is bringing a great scandal on the Church, and that, be MR. JACKSON never so much in the wrong, MR. BURGESS had better pocket his wrongs and leave the place, than stay to be the motive of such desecration, and the source of such unseemly strife.

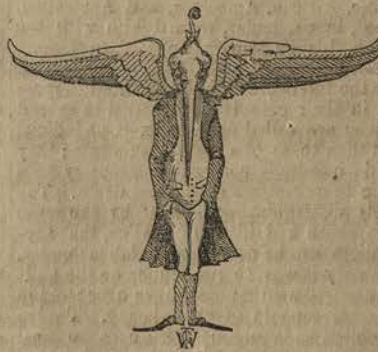
We trust the reverend gentleman is not ambitious of encroaching on the domain of Billingsgate, and of creating a "BURGESS's Church Sauce" to rival the fish-sauce hitherto known in connection with his patronymic.

How Women Veil the Truth.

WHEN a woman says of another woman "she has a good figure," you may be sure that she is freckled, or that she squints, or that she is marked with the small-pox. But if she simply says, "she is a good soul," you may be morally certain that she is both ugly and ill-made.

A HOUSEHOLD TRUTH.—A mother-in-law in an establishment is a rare good servant, but a precious bad mistress.

THE APEX OF GLORY IN FRANCE.



THE French scientific world has been in a state of what—to coin a word—we can only describe as cock-a-whoopishness, at the discovery somewhere or other, of a "fossil ape," which has given rise to a great variety of very learned articles in several of the Parisian journals. A writer in the *Constitutionnel*, after devoting a full column to the ape in all its branches, goes off into a burst of enthusiasm for the honour of his country, and concludes by stating that all the fossil apes in the world if added together

would amount to half-a-dozen. "Of these," exclaims the French patriot, "Greece possesses one, England has two, while France *toujours privilégiée* enjoys the advantage of three." We must admit that if the possession of monkeys—fossil or otherwise—is really a privilege, France is especially favoured, and the scientific world of Paris must find perpetual reason to rejoice.

When VOLTAIRE described his countrymen as combining the ape and the tiger in their disposition, he was thought to have been guilty of a sarcasm; but it seems that the French scientific world is prepared to accept one half at least of the comparison as a compliment to the national character. We should not have been so uncourteous as to have attributed monkeyism or apishness to our neighbours and allies, but since the quality is claimed as a privilege of the French by their own *savans*, we are much too polite to dispute the point with such very learned authorities.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN FOR A STATUE TO MISS NIGHTINGALE.

HAPSBURG *vice* CALCRAFT.

HANGING, with which, not long ago, the public appeared to have got nearly disgusted, seems of late to have in some measure recovered its popularity, or rather its place in the affections of the educated and governing classes. It is true that CELESTINA SOMNER escaped the gallows, but did not the Home Secretary hang MARTHA BROWN? and if the former's crime was one of the most cruel murders on record, was not the offence of the latter mere manslaughter committed under the extenuating circumstances of extreme provocation? From one extreme the Government will of course run into the other, and the executioner, in that his office is no sinecure, will differ even more widely than he now does from the Cathedral Canon. The increasing employment of the gallows will probably prove a stimulus to the attainment of excellence in the Executioner's department of High Art: and then, as a necessary consequence, we shall have foreign ability invited to compete with British talent. Application will naturally be made to Germany; but, we would suggest, chiefly to that particular portion of Fatherland called Austria.

A letter has been written to a Genoese paper by GENERAL GARIBALDI, stating that poor CICERUACCHIO, the popular orator of the modern Romans, and his two sons, boys under age, together with four other persons, one of them a chaplain, have been barbarously shot, in cold blood, at Contarina, near the mouth of the Po, by Austrian soldiers commanded by an officer of the Imperial family. Since, even if CICERUACCHIO had rendered himself liable to be shot, HIS HOLINESS THE POPE was the only person legally qualified to shoot him, this abominable act on the part of the Austrians was an officious exercise of the office of the finisher of papal law. It shows them to be born with a natural turn for that officer's vocation.

Besides, was not the reign of the present EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA inaugurated by hangings? It is remarkable, in connection with this circumstance, that the officer in command of the Austrian soldiers who put to death CICERUACCHIO, his children, and the other persons whom they had no right to meddle with, was a member of the Imperial family. No doubt they all hang together.

If, therefore, foreign professors of the halter are to be encouraged, like so many other foreign artists, to afford this country the advantage of their ingenuity in their own peculiar line, let application be made, in the first instance, to the Austrian Government for the required assistance. The *status* of the hangman will be improved by the importation of Austrian competitors; for the office is evidently one of honour in the dominions of FRANCIS JOSEPH, and any other dominions occupied by his gallant troops, who volunteer its performance, and are, doubtless, as handy with the rope as they are with the rifle. Perhaps His Majesty will send us that distinguished member of his family who commanded the gallant party, all volunteers perhaps, that executed those above-mentioned subjects of the POPE on account of his Holiness. We shall doubtless receive with all the honours due to his exalted rank and elevating pursuit, that amateur Imperial assistant of Under-Sheriffs, and shall unanimously agree in nominating him ARCH-JACK-KETCH.

THE EX-QUEEN OF OUDE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WHAT means that shouting of the crowd?
The people cheer the QUEEN OF OUDE,
The British people always cheer
All sovereigns who come over here.

Why cheer the people OUDE'S EX-QUEEN?
She hates, like poison, to be seen,
In privacy she fain would dwell
Within the Royal York Hotel.

Secluded close from all their sights,
She keeps her Court at MR. WHITE'S.
She occupies his house entire,
Can it be that which they admire?

Her followers one hundred count,
And six; she pays the large amount
Of twice six guineas, by the day,
In MR. WHITE'S hotel to stay.

Unto Southampton's Town she came,
Preceded by the goddess Fame,
Who with her swift wings did outstrip,
By many a league, the EX-QUEEN'S ship.

On board that vessel, Fame averred,
She ne'er had from her cabin stirred,
And whilst upon the ocean wave,
Did never once her person lave.

Perhaps 'twas doubtful how Fame knew
All this: the story passed for true,
If true, then must the QUEEN OF OUDE,
To be a wonder, be allowed.

And therefore do the people cheer,
Too soon believing what they hear?
I do not know—I cannot say—
The people's cry is still Hooray!

Government Conscience Money.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER presents his compliments to "A POOR YOUNG LADY," and begs to return her the sum of £3 6s. 8d., being the amount of Income Tax wrongfully deducted from the sum of £50, her sole means of subsistence, derived from investment in the Three per Cent. Consols.

CRIMEAN CHRISTIAN NAMES.



IN the arrival of the glorious news of the battle of Alma in this country, a contemporary suggested that the venue of the British victory might appropriately suggest a name for the daughters of Britain. We are informed by a Registrar of Births, that this suggestion has been considerably improved upon by divers persons, who have christened children not Alma only, but likewise Inkermann. To what extent this idea has been carried out we do not know, but are quite prepared to hear of infants to whom their godfathers and godmothers have given the names of Balaclava and Kertsch. Some children have perhaps been called Scutari, and we can imagine, indeed, that all the localities

in, or connected with, the Crimea which have been the scenes of any transaction redounding to British credit, may have been resorted to for the purpose of deriving from them denominations for British babies. It is not quite so likely that in very many instances a child has been called Redan.

Alma, indeed, is a pretty, and a truly proper female name in itself; and there is only one objection to it; an objection to which all the other Crimean names, considered as girls' names, are equally open. Some thirty years hence, if not sooner, they will be suggestive of a certain date, which, for reasons best known to themselves, as we will gallantly say, almost all ladies thirty years old, and not a few under thirty, do not wish to be known.

There is nothing to be said against Inkermann, applied to a boy, who is expected to live to be a man; but of course nobody in England or Scotland would think of Inkermann as a name for a woman.

"OUR LADY OF BOULOGNE."

"Boulogne-sur-Mer, August 25.

"We have had a very pretty show performed here in honour of Our Lady of Boulogne. The dresses and decorations were so appropriate to the occasion that, as one of the last French novelties, I should not be much surprised if it was translated to the Theatrical Furniture Warehouse in Oxford Street. Our Lady of Boulogne is, of course, the especial patroness of this vivacious bathing-place; and is duly venerated by the pious townspeople who, doubtless, owe to her intercession the annual glut of English visitors that, thick as herrings on the Scottish coast, come hither to be caught and made the most of. Our Lady of Boulogne, represented by a miraculous statue, was once upon a time brought hither in a boat; and at the present hour exercises her benign influence on the boats of the South-Eastern Company, filling them with guileless and gullible English. This is all very well; and, as an Englishman, with a proper reverence for trade in all its branches, I do not object to Our Lady—I mean their Lady's—daily miracles as manifested in that interesting event; the landing of wave-tossed passengers on the port, to the satisfaction and even to the merriment of their blithe predecessors, all of whom look and laugh as though sea-sickness was a dream and the steward a myth. Our Lady of Boulogne, I am willing to believe, fills Boulogne; and the natives have at least gratitude on their side when they reverence her Ladyship accordingly.

"I hope I am tolerably tolerant. I certainly do not think the priests I meet hereabouts are invariably the outward types of human devotion. They do not all seem to have refined themselves to spirit; but now and then show a considerable amount of human clay, or dirt, or mud in their faces, smacking of the dust of Adam very much after the Fall. Many of them breathe that peculiar odour of sanctity best apprehended by the most delicate nostril. I say, I hope I am tolerant; and therefore do not, like young SPOONBILL, call these sable persons black-beetles, never meeting one of them without giving a certain scraping action of the foot, as though the poor beetle was never trodden upon but to the inhuman delight of the destroyer. I say I am tolerant, and can therefore keep my temper when I am desired to observe that a certain biped in black is to be considered as a faithful fingerpost to heaven; however, looking at the thing, my feelings may run a little counter to the piety of the general prejudice.

"Thus, at the show of Our Lady of Boulogne, I contemplated clouds of white muslin, in which were young women, women no longer young, with not a few of the sex in black and grey who never had been young. I observed with becoming serenity, one stalwart English female bearing a banner, very proud, indeed, of her burden. And still keeping my temper, I saw a lad robed to personify HIM who disputed with the Elders; and calmly wondered what the boy would for all future time think of himself as the highway representative of the Light of the World.

"I did not sneer at the relics borne on the shoulders of young lady-pupils, bearded and taught at the fullest and highest, at so many pounds per annum, at so many of the schools of this abiding-place of scholarship; I saw without flinching "the heart of gold, containing the band of the ancient miraculous statue" of Our Lady of Boulogne aforesaid: I saw the entire statue of the Lady in her boat, and was tranquil under the infliction; but when I saw a banner on which, in plain English, OUR LADY OF BOULOGNE IS SUPPLICATED TO PRAY FOR THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND, I confess it, I felt the appeal to be as untimed as unnecessary.

"For I should like to see or even to hear of the Englishman, woman, or child, who—landing here—has not been in some way converted by, doubtless, Our Lady of Boulogne working in the pious and responsive breasts of tradesmen, lodging-house keepers, marketwomen, fishwomen, and all and sundry others? Why the better half of Boulogne has been built by such conversion! BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON converted into hard cash, turned into so much ready money, are hoarded in Napoleons, or invested in houses and lands. The conversion of Englishmen stares in the countenance of the grocer, and looks comely in the face of the washerwoman, politely known as *blanchisseuse*. The one-eyed old Pomona who under the shadow of St. NICHOLAS, sells me a peach for eight sous—a peach that I could buy better for two-pence in dear, historic Covent-Garden, still redolent of cabbage-stumps and Fox and Liberty—that half-extinguished matron has for thirty years and upwards so largely enjoyed the conversion of England, in the metallic conversion of England's sons and daughters, that she might, if she would, make offering to Our Lady of Boulogne, of an average crop of golden golden pippins in a wheelbarrow of virgin silver.

"What need, then, of other conversion? I therefore calmly, humbly, but withal earnestly, solicit *Mgr. l'Evêque d'Arras, de Boulogne, et de St. Omer*, that in any future ceremony acted under the patronage of His Lady of Boulogne, the Conversion of England should be permitted to proceed after the old customary manner, Her Ladyship merely dealing with the pocket, and renouncing as hopeless, or, as in fact, unworthy of her attention, the heart and head of heretical Albion.

"I remain, *Mr. Punch*, your obedient reader,

"MARTIN CHALKCLIFF."

GENTLE SATIRES.

If you ask a lady to walk out with you, she first looks at your dress, and then thinks of her own.

If a woman holds her tongue, it is only from fear she cannot "hold her own."

Notice, when you have accompanied your wife to buy a lot of things at her favourite shop, what ostentatious care she takes of your interest in seeing that you get "the right change."

How much more difficult it is to get a woman out on a wet Sunday than on a wet week day. Can the shut shops have anything to do with this?

The oddest mnemonic curiosity is, that a woman, who never knows her own age, knows to half an hour that of all her female friends.

A woman may laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

Women will never be punctual. They scorn the "charms" that hang to a watch-chain.

Comparison of Speed.

| The ordinary rate of speed is: | Per Hour. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Of an Irish M.P., with a Bailiff at his heels | 12 miles. |
| Of a Teapot, at an Old Maid's <i>Soirée</i> | 15 " " |
| Of a Bottle, at a Teetotaler's Closed Meeting | 19 " " |
| Of a Scandal, going the circuit of a small country town | 33 " " |
| Of Mr. WHITESIDE'S Tongue, in the first hour | 40 " " |
| Of Ditto, in the fifth hour | 45 " " |

MUTUAL CONCESSION.

THE Italian Reformers are very properly called upon to repudiate the dreadful theory of the stiletto. By all means let them—but should not the Absolutists first repudiate the dreadful theory—and practice—of suborning false witness by the whip?

A DROP IN THE EYE.

It has been, with some truth, observed by a moral writer, that drunkenness is a crying sin. It does not, however, always happen that the party affected by liquor is affected to tears.

FIVE MINUTES' EARNEST ADVICE

TO

FEMALE DRIVERS AND CONDUCTORS OF PERAMBULATORS.

It is not in the least necessary to look where you are driving to. If there is a balloon up above, amuse yourself by staring at it; if there is a burst pipe in an area down below, feast your eyes on the interesting spectacle; if there is a Punch and Judy show by the side of you, fix your gaze steadily on its dramatic incidents, and go on wheeling all the time. The Perambulator will move almost of its own accord, and all you have to do is to push it uninterruptedly forward.

If you are on the edge of a piece of water, or skirting the banks of a river, never mind letting go your hold of the carriage. It may run down the steep declivity, and be carried by its own weight into the water, and the children may fall out of it, and be drowned;—but what of that? It is an accident, and though your regrets may not be able to repair the calamity, still it cannot in any way be attributed to your carelessness in guiding the Perambulator.

If you meet with another Nurse similarly engaged, join Perambulators with her, and then trundle gaily along, side by side, in the middle of the pathway. Three Perambulators, however, are better than two, and four have a decided advantage over three. The great object is to send the pedestrians into the gutter—so that, if you can block up the entire pavement, so much the better. Chat familiarly with your companions, and let your thoughts, as well as your eyes, be fixed anywhere but on the children.

If your drive should be on a great height, or the top of a cliff, be sure you go as near the edge of it as possible, for then a stone, or a stick, or a tuft of grass, or any small obstruction, may throw the Perambulator off its equilibrium, and send the children flying over the precipice.

The same advice applies to all piers, jetties, bridges, planks, high embankments, and pathways that are above the level of the road. A slight fall, or a little shaking, may frighten the children and break the carriage, but you cannot be expected to have your eyes everywhere at once; and if you are looking at the time at a killing soldier, or a most taking policeman, it stands to reason you cannot see where the Perambulator is going to.

In sauntering through the streets of a town, it is not necessary to see if any cellar-doors or traps are left open; for if you exercised any ordinary degree of vigilance, there would be no chance of an accident occurring, and you might as well be carrying the infant in your arms at once.

Wheel the carriage always straight-ahead. If any old gentleman has his toes run over, he is to blame and not you, for he ought to have seen you, and why didn't he get out of the way?

Keep up the same speed in a crowded thoroughfare as in a quiet one. Do not slacken your pace when you are passing picture-shops, and dash on, heedless of any impediment there may be in your way, if you see a herd of cattle driving down the street. In getting over a crossing, rush recklessly forward, and don't wait to see if any cats or omnibuses are coming on either side.

Flirt, laugh, converse with all gay companions you meet, and enter freely into the nonsense of any admiring defender of your country (be he dressed in red or blue), who in his fervour comes up to talk to you. Should you be invited in anywhere to partake of any refreshment, do not mind leaving your Perambulator at the door to shift as it can for itself.

Lastly, always look behind rather than before you, and think of yourself a great deal more than of the little dears entrusted to your charge. Should they be accidentally spilt on the ground, the least you can do is to pick them up again. Above all, if any serious accident should occur, never mind about leaving the Perambulator and its frail contents in the street behind you; but run home instantly, as quick as your legs can carry you, and tell your mistress of it. You need have no fear of any one running away with the children, and as the Perambulator most probably will be broken all to sticks, no one will think of touching that; consequently, both will be safe till your return.

Small Shot.

THE ducked Lawyer dreads the pump.

A Doctor feels the pulse each time, to let his patient see with what minute care he is keeping watch.

The Trumpet of Fame is often mute for the want of a good trumpeter to blow it for one.

DRESSING IN AMERICA.

A YOUNG lady writes from Newport, an American watering-place, that "We have to dress about nine times a-day here." Young ladies at Newport with their nine dresses must be like nine-pins; no sooner set up than down again.

SONG OF THE HARVEST.

'Tis a wonderful thing at this time o' the year,
That there's hardly a place where to go vor good beer;
The most of the ales as the publicans sells
Tastes just like the yaaprns o' brewers' men smells.

Pale ale, to be sure, you may git now and then,
But what is sitch stuff unto labourun men?
And 'tis all very well Lunnunporter and stout,
Which, if you can't git 'um, why you goos without.

'Tis a strornary vact, when you comes for to think,
In this here hot saison, this taint in our drink,
Of perwision of Natur' we oftentimes hear,
The contrary whereof is experienced in beer.

I told this to one o' that are Band o' Hope,
Whose ways I renounces as much as the PORE;
He answered, "I'll tell 'ee the rason, old chap—
Natur' means for to keep thee away from thy tap."

"Well, neighbour," I says, "if that's Natur's design,
How is it as Natur' don't damidge Port wine?
How is it a don't spile rum, brandy, and gin,
Refreshments which you calls as much or moor zin?"

This shut up his mouth, as you would, I suppose,
By puttun a pot o' beer under his nose;
But how much discourse can a feller pursue,
That drinks nothun but water, and tea, and sky-blue?

The truth o' the case is, as Whatsisname said,
There's a many more matters up there, over head,
As we never dreams of, and also down here,
And one on 'um is this disorder o' beer.

No doubt but we can't understand all we zee,
But the moral of most things is open to we,
According to which, if you lights on good beer,
You'd better stick to 't at this time o' the year.



Advice to Wealthy Vicars.

HOW TO OBTAIN A THREE YEARS' HOLIDAY.—Habitually get drunk, or swear, and disregard the remonstrances of your neighbours, until you get cited in the Ecclesiastical Court and suspended for three years, which will save you all professional labour, and only oblige you to keep a curate. You will be able to get one for £100 a-year at most, and he will have to do all your duty, whilst you will be secured from all censure for neglecting it, which would not be the case if you merely kept a curate at once without getting yourself suspended.

LONG SPEECHES.—MR. WILKINSON says that when our great parliamentary orators rave for hours about their love of country, they mean their love of talking.



MR. WIGGINS HAS A FINE OPPORTUNITY OF DISPLAYING HIS POLITENESS AND ACTIVITY.

BOMBA BOUNCING.

KING BOMBA, in his note of reply to the notes of France and England, advising him to discontinue his emulation of TIBERIUS, which he declares that he intends to persevere in, and dares France and England to hinder him if they can; KING BOMBA THE CRUEL quotes Scripture for his purpose, as SHAKSPEARE tells us that such another as BOMBA can. His merciless Majesty dares to quote the precept which forbids men to do to others that which they would not have done to themselves; and asks how LORD PALMERSTON would like to be interfered with in his government of this country, which, to render the inhuman BOURBON'S question pertinent, LORD PALMERSTON should rule by the instrumentality of police-spies and the bastinado. But BOMBA does not do as he would not be done by. Of course not. BOMBA would no doubt like to be chained to the POPE, and kept in conjunction with his HOLINESS night and day. BOMBA—thus rendered an artificial Siamese twin—would like to be immured in a damp dungeon, full of filth, abominable vermin, and more abominable miscreants. BOMBA would like to eat substantial dirt with his bread, and swallow real filth, perhaps, with his drink. It may be that he will have to eat some quantity of dirt in a metaphorical way, by-and-by.

KING BOMBA also accuses the revolutionary Central Committee of Italy of having put a price upon his head. He states the sum at 100,000 ducats. That is too much.

State of the Wine Market.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ravages of the *oidium* in Portugal, and the consequent probability of an extensive failure of the vintage, the prices of Port wine rise little, if at all, above the average. The very slight alteration in the state of the market may be accounted for by the expectation of an abundant crop of sloe and elderberries.

Logwood is looking up, and an unusual briskness has been evinced by catechu.

THE THREE GREAT EBAS OF MAN'S EXISTENCE.—Cupid! Cupidity!! Stupidity!!!—A Strong-minded Woman.

TRENCHERMAN FROM THE TRENCHES.

EVERYBODY believed that the Lions had departed from the Surrey Gardens, once zoological, now euphonious. The noble animals were supposed to have gone never to return. Never again, men thought, would they wag their mighty tails to the admiration of multitudes, never with their roarings astonish the weak minds of the little boys. The feeding hour of the carnivora was imagined to have fled for ever. Nevertheless, the Surrey Gardens were destined to afford, once more at least, an exhibition of Lions beyond all comparison the finest Lions in the world. Some individuals are accustomed to enlarge on the achievements of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, some to extol the deeds of PERICLES. Others usually expatiate on CONON'S exploits; very many applaud the acts of LYSANDER, and not a few delight in eulogising the character of ALCIBIADES. But of all those heroic personages, whose names are historical, there is not one who, in respect of that gallantry for which they were distinguished above their contemporaries, if in any other respect whatever, can bear a moment's comparison with that miracle of physical development and undaunted courage, the admiration of surrounding Europe abroad, and of the fairest portion of humanity at home—the British Soldier.

Our readers will by this time have divined that the Lions to whom we allude in the foregoing remarks are those Crimean Lions, who, by their performances in the presence of delighted crowds, on the Roast Beef of Old England, on Monday last, presented the British Public with so splendid a substitute for the Carnivora that used to dine for its daily diversion at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

Iron Trade Circular.

THE Iron Trade has never evinced its metallic character so strongly as in its neglect of the indigent relatives of HENRY COBT, the man to whose inventions so much of their opulence is owing. If the chiefs of the Trade fail to do something for those poor people, they will not merely prove themselves to be thoroughly iron-hearted, but we shall understand, in a new sense, what kind of pigs are meant by pigs of iron.



HOW TO TREAT THAT BULLY BOMBA.

KNOWLEDGE OF COMMON SAINTS.



We observe with much pleasure that a little book has been published at a little price, under the title of the *Life and Times of St. Pancras*. A popular Hagiology is really very much wanted. Most people are deplorably ignorant on the subject of our parochial and street-saints. Their names are as familiar in our mouths as potatoes, but few of us know any more about them than about the Man in the Moon. The comparison is made advisedly. We talk of the Man in the Moon; but without any definite idea of the Man; indeed with not much of any serious belief in the Man's existence. In a very similar manner we speak of St. MARY-LE-STRAND, St. MARTIN-LE-GRAND, and St. CLEMENT DANES. Who was St. MARY-LE-STRAND, and was she the same St. MARY as St. MARY AXE, or somebody else?

Was St. MARTIN-LE-GRAND identical with the St. MARTIN whose name is associated with the Fields now occupied by the Nelson Column, and the ginger-beer Fountains, and King George the Fourth apparently riding his horse to water? Was St. CLEMENT a Danish saint, or, as his name would imply, "more an antique Roman than a Dane." What was the history of St. LAWRENCE POUNTNEY? Was he an Alderman who came to be canonized; or was he the St. LAWRENCE who is said to have been broiled. There is a Metropolitan parish called St. MARGARET MOSES. Was this lady a converted Jewess, and is she included in the ancestry of MESSRS. E. MOSES and SON. Another St. MARGARET who presides over another London parish rejoices in the surname of PATTENS. MRS. GAMP, for all her aversion to Popery, might adore this saint; but how did MARGARET acquire the appellation of PATTENS? Perhaps it was a *sobriquet*, applied to MARGARET in consequence of her having, in the course of her earthly pilgrimage, been much in the habit of wearing those defensive but comical supplements to shoes. Among the saintly qualities of St. MILDRED POULTRY was there any peculiar fondness for fowls, and was she the saint to whose beneficence we owe the origin of the genuine Dorking breed? Everybody has at least heard of St. BRIDE, Fleet Street. BRIDE is said to be the diminutive of BRIDGET; but we are not obliged to believe this, which is possibly a Popish invention intended to destroy any idea which BRIDE might suggest of the saintly life having been other than one of celibacy. According to the Census Returns, St. ANDREW by the WARDROBE has been united with St. ANNE, Blackfriars. This is as it should be. Nay, we further find that St. JOHN ZACHARY has been united with St. ANNE and St. AGNES. This is as it should not be—unless St. JOHN ZACHARY is to be accepted for a Mormon saint.

There is one saint among the saints of London whose name is a very extraordinary, if not an unaccountable one. That is St. BENNET SHEREHOG. SIR WALTER SCOTT mentions one of CROMWELL's saints, denominated GRACE-BE-HERE HUMGUDGEON; and one can understand how a saint might acquire such an "addition" as GRACE-BE-HERE; yet it is not easy to conceive the means by which a holy man could have got to be called SHEREHOG. Our ancestors, in whose time saints were made, were little particular about orthography, and the name of SHEREHOG may have been conferred on St. BENNET by reason of the rather remarkable act on his part of performing the operation of shearing on an inhabitant of the sty. We know that a personage the exact reverse of a saint is credited by common rumour with the extreme absurdity of having shorn a pig, and is also said to have originated the adage of "Great cry and little wool" on that memorable occasion; but the Author of Evil appears to have been confounded with St. BENNET SHEREHOG: unless, indeed, SHEREHOG, in old English, signifies mere hog; and then the question will be whether the sainted BENNET was like many other saints, a regular pig, or whether St. BENNET SHEREHOG, also like some, if not many other saints, was a myth, and, in point of fact, altogether gammon.

TO PERSONS WITH A NATURAL TALENT FOR SILENCE.—Persons who don't talk often get the credit of thinking, and there are others who get a bad reputation for never thinking at all because they will talk.

THE GOOD CRITICAL TIME COMING.

THIS YEAR.

ANOTHER happy illustration was last night afforded of the value of studying the drama of our French neighbours with a view to the enrichment of our own stage. An adaptation of a sparkling vaudeville, produced in June last at the Palais Royal by M.M. DESSOBULES, ATCHOIX, and BOULLABASSE, and there entitled *Comment Vous Portez-Vous?* was brought out at this agreeable theatre last night under the cleverly-rendered title of *How Are You?* The plot, which would be considered simple in England, but which is laid out with so much artistic skill and stage dexterity as to assume dramatic proportions, turns upon a visit paid by Mr. Brown, (MR. BUFFINS) and Mrs. Brown, (MRS. PLUMPLY) to their friend Mr. Jones, (MR. JAMES MIDGE) whom they had supposed to be unwell, to inquire after his health. The detail is worked out with an elaboration of which an English dramatist has little idea. The mistake as to the number of Jones's house, the ringing the servants' bell instead of the visitors', the "not-at-home?" until the page discovers the friendship of the parties, the surprised welcome accorded by Jones to his friend and his pretty wife (for whom Jones seems to have a little gallant regard) the conversation of the day, and the hope that they shall soon see one another again, are all developed with the polish and neatness characteristic of high comedy. Need we say that the acting was worthy of the subject? The good-natured, John-Bull bluntness of Mr. BUFFINS contrasted well with the refined aristocratic bearing, and occasional lisp of Mr. MIDGE, while feminine fascination found a fitting representative in Mrs. PLUMPLY, whose fringed parasol left nothing to be desired. The curtain descended amid loud applause, which was redoubled when BUFFINS spoke a smart tag, expressing his hope that in answer to *How Are You?* he might say, "All the better for seeing you," for many a night to come—a hope very likely to be realised.

NEXT YEAR.

ANOTHER translation from the French was brought out last night, managers being unable, we suppose, to find a native writer who can be trusted with the stage for three-quarters of an hour. The original is one of those Palais Royal mixtures of vice and flimsiness that find so much acceptance among half-bred English people. It was called *Comment Vous Portez-Vous?* and, as usual, it took three Frenchmen to write one act. The translator mis-translates a polite inquiry into the gentish slang of *How Are You?* The whole plot consists in a good-natured foolish husband, with a flirting wife, calling on a dandy Treasury clerk to know whether he is ill, as they have not seen him for some time. The husband calls in good faith, but the wife—the piece could not otherwise be French—comes to exchange a few coquetish glances, to give the Lothario a flower, and to have her fingers pressed by the scamp. The dialogue is made up of everyday trash, and certainly the details of a not very respectable morning call are given accurately enough, and if one went to the theatre to learn how to ring at a door, how to avoid knocking over the umbrella-stand, and how to chatter about RUSTON, the Surrey Gardens, and the Crystal Palace fountains, the lesson in life and morals would have been complete, had it been decently acted. But MR. BUFFINS, the husband, is a buffoon, and was lost in a gentleman's clothes; he seemed always looking round for a baby or a French clock to sit down upon. MR. MIDGE's "swell" is utterly unlike the real folly, and his affectations were those of a shopman smartened up for the Sabbath; while Mrs. PLUMPLY, though she spoke the words sensibly, destroyed the intended immorality by the absurdity of a fat woman of fifty-two (we have her baptismal certificate) coquetting like a girl. The vulgar and impertinent "tag" ought to be cut out at once. The manager had filled the house with paper, and of course the *claque* made a riot of applause when the curtain fell; but such trash can scarcely be endured many nights by un-hired auditors.

SONG FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE,

AS IT IS TO BE SUNG BY SIR G. C. L.—W.—S.

SING of Civil Service,
With your finger in your eye,
Five and twenty years of work
And eating "humble pie;"
When the pie is eaten,
It's gristle and its lean,
Nothing but the dish is left
For Servants of the QUEEN!

THE WORLD'S VERDICT.—In all delicate cases where blame is due, you will generally find the following law acted upon:—the poor man is accused, the rich man is excused.

A SINGLE POINT OF VIEW.

A PRODIGIOUS deal has been said and written for and against marriage—for and against celibacy—and the question has not yet been solved. *Punch* is too careful to lay hands on so thorny a subject; but this much he does not mind saying:—that it is always open to the bachelor to try marriage as soon as he has discovered the error of his ways, but it is not quite so easy for the married man to turn bachelor.



CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

(Continued.)

"MR. FROISSART JONES begs to forward to *Mr. Punch* another set of papers for the use of Candidates for the Civil Service.

Rhododendron Academy, August 18, 1856."

WE all know the story of KING ALFRED burning the cakes in the Neatherd's cottage when that Monarch was hiding from the victorious soldiers of CROMWELL, who were scouring the western counties in search of the Royal Fugitive; but few of us perhaps remember the noble words of the same Sovereign on hearing of the destruction of the Spanish Armada, "How is it possible that they, possessed of such magnificence at home, can envy me a poor cottage in Britain!"

The didactic sayings of the Seven Sages of Greece are often quoted as containing the very quintessence of wisdom. But few of us could readily tell the names of those philosophers without a reference to LEMPIÈRE or PINNOCK. They were—HANNIBAL, ERASMUS, PERICLES, CHAUCER, MELANTHON, SAPHO, and VESPASIAN. The last-named of these worthies wrote a beautiful little lyric, entitled *We are Seven*, immortalising the glorious brotherhood to which he belonged. WORDSWORTH impudently plagiarised this touching poem, for which he is held up to undying scorn in those cauterising lines in GOLD-SMITH'S *Dunciad*, commencing

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

The Bard of Rydal Mount retorted in a scurrilous lampoon, which, however, DR. JOHNSON persuaded him not to publish. "Sir," said he, "when a pickpocket is cudgelled for his roguery, he rubs his shoulders, and holds his tongue. Sir, he is not such a blockhead as to justify his larceny to the jeering multitude who witnessed his detection."

RICHARD THE THIRD always steadily refused to pardon the Rye House Conspirators. In vain did LORD ELDON and SIR JOHN SUCKLING urge the policy of forgiveness in the then excited state of the public mind. "No," answered the venerable monarch, "I am ready, if need be, to go back to Hanover, but I will never violate the oath which I took at my Coronation."

"If we gaze at a mountain, and observe how high it is, and then look upon a dwarf, and contemplate his smallness of stature, we shall soon cease to complain of such minor evils as poverty and taxes."—*Mrs. Hannah More.*

"In summer weather all the 'Catch 'em Alive Oh's!' in the world will not prevent flies from settling on your sugar. Is it likely that in the summer time of your prosperity you will be able to rid yourself of greedy parasites!"—*Sir William Jones.*

"As soon as it was known that the death-warrant of STRAFFORD had been signed by the false friend and faithless monarch, a stranger in London might have supposed that a great victory had been gained by our arms, that a new Armada had been scattered to the winds, or the chivalry of France crushed at another Cressy. But the Tudors and Plantagenets had ceased to reign, and the glory of foreign conquest was little prized by the weak House of STUART. The City now rejoiced because the mighty had fallen, and the heathen were delivered into their hands; because a treacherous king had been compelled to do justice on one of his godless satraps. The bells rang from the towers of the Churches, which the terrified parsons abandoned to the mob; the train bands paraded the streets from St. Mary's, Wolnoth, to the Mall, at Chelsea; the aldermen in their robes of office called in state to congratulate the LORD MAYOR; and even the guards at the Tower threw up their bearskins and huzzaed for the tyrant's downfall. Nor were the rejoicings confined to the Metropolis; bonfires blazed on the heights of Snowdon, and were reflected in the unrippled waters of Windermere. In the murky mines of Cornwall the news which had been brought down with incredible speed by the Sheriff of the County, SIR HUGH TREVANION, were read to the swarthy artificers by the light of SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S safety lamp. In Chelmsford, Carlisle, and Dorchester bands of music paraded the streets playing the inspiring air of 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' and at Shepton Mallet the Corporation ordered the shops to be closed, and voted £5 for a bear-baiting to celebrate the glorious event. Edinburgh made little demonstration of feeling, but the wild joy of Dublin burst forth in songs of triumph. But for the pulse of the whole nation to have beaten thus strongly, its head must have been sound and its heart true and healthy. The head and heart of England were then, as they must ever be, at Woburn, where the self-denying patriots of the House of RUSSELL sternly rejoiced that the destinies of Britain were about to be confided to that family, which rejecting the old-world tradition of loyalty to the Crown, and repudiating all democratic sympathy for the people, is alone fitted to guide the nation on its path to greatness."—*History of England by a Privy Councillor.*

"If men's generosity were apportioned to their means, honest DICK CARELESS, the little Irish barrister in the Temple would be a greater screw than a Marquis in Westminster."—*Goldsmith's Essays.*

"We have forsooth so few follies and superstitions of our own, that we stint not to laugh bravely and scornfully enow at the credulity of the antients. Thus when the Delphian oracle told the monarch of Epirus

"Aio te Æacida Romanos vincere posse."

we marvel how a soldier and a leader of men could be gulled by so witless a juggle. Yet do our modern teachers tell us few things which we may not in like manner read in two ways—the one sweet, the other bitter; so that whether we come to weal or suffer wo, these oracular gentry be never in the wrong."—*Michel Montaigne (Florio's Translation).*

THE CARDIGAN TESTIMONIAL.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN is to be presented with a sword by his Yorkshire tenants. Why should there not be a contribution of various pieces of armour from various towns? As we have been so often desired to consider the EARL OF CARDIGAN as the only hero of the War—he has himself told the story of the charge, or at least some of it, over a whole forest of mahogany—why should he not be put in a complete suit of mail as the type and embodiment of English valour in the late struggle? Indeed, why should not Sheffield arm him cap-à-pié, seeing that Sheffield has already contributed to the hero such admirable "wittles?"

Discount made Easy.

THERE is a certain popular song, whereof the title is "*Have Faith in one Another.*" The spirit of this ballad appears to have actuated certain persons who have started a "General Credit Company," described as limited. The operation of the law for limiting liability would, some people have feared, through abuse of the liberty which it confers, eventuate in a panic. The establishment of a General Credit Company betokens a spirit of general confidence, which we hope will be justified.

CONSISTENCY.

MR. THOMAS BARING declined playing a rubber the other evening, because he said, "Whist was only another version of the Law of Partnership with limited liability, and he had moral scruples against joining any Society formed upon such principles."

THE SEA-SIDE SERPENT.



He has arrived!—

It was doubtful on what part of the coast he would this season spread his fascinations; even as the fisherman spreads his nets.

Even as the spider weaves its web out of his own abdominal region, so does he weave his gossamer meshes out of his own head.

It was thought he might this season descend upon Margate. It was wagered that, this year, he would try Scarborough. Many were tempted to back him for Hastings. A few thought Broadstairs would be his lair. Three fluttering hearts at Eastbourne fluttered—but in vain!

No. He has arrived in health, and with the organic remains of all his spirits on the coast of France!

The White, Blue, and Red, became whiter, bluer, redder as he tripped up the ladder—as if it had been JACOB'S—that landed him from the boat to the port. The white, blue, and red assembled on that port—the lily skin, the violet veins, the cherry lips were, we say, whiter, bluer, redder, as his elastic but manly foot musically touched the Gallic shore, and he gazed a moment around him with that *Veni, Vidi, Vici* air, descended from “the hook-nosed fellow of Rome.”

Even as the mother fowl chucks to her chicks, and opens her wings at the sight of the sparrow-hawk, even so did matrons call to MARY, and JANE, and ANGELINA; and so did their crimolines seem to expand as though to offer refuge to their little ones!

He passed onward; and blessed the boarding-house—thought simple, unsuspecting fair ones—that shall take him in!—

For there will be the laughter of a light heart; there will be the promise of the orange-flower. (*Mem.* With the sea-serpent “under it.”) Many smoking-caps will be embroidered; sundry pairs of slippers will be worked, for love is given to extremes!

But Beware of the Sea-side Serpent. He can make himself small enough to glide through the smallest of key-holes; but he boasts—and in confidence laughs a hollow laugh—that not forty feminine power shall ever draw him through a wedding-ring.

It is due, however, to the authorities of the town of X—to say, that he is constantly followed by a Humane Society man, who, to the young and unwary, never fail to point him out as—“dangerous.”

Small Shot.

SAY what you will, a marriage by advertisement must, after all, be the union of two “corresponding” minds.

Life is but a Wolverton station, where we stop only for a few minutes. Before we have scarcely had time to enjoy a single thing, the bell rings for us to start again. It is but the affair of a breath, and we are gone!

JUSTICE IN MARINE STORE DEALINGS.

WE have received a letter, accompanied by a Book of Rules, and a leaf of an “Entry Book,” from a member of the Marine Store Dealers’ Mutual Improvement Society. It is but fair to call attention to the following extract from that communication:—

“Our improvement consists in being cautious in our dealings—entering all goods properly in a book kept for that purpose; our protection is for the honest trader not to defend a fence.”

We are delighted to hear this, and have additional pleasure in offering a few suggestions calculated to have the desirable effect of precluding any fence from getting defended, through mere accident, by the Society for Mutual Improvement of Marine Store Dealers. The Society does defend its members, charged with offences in their trade, on certain conditions, whereof the essentials are embodied in the fourteenth rule, entitled “Rule of Action,” which provides—

“That each member, on admission into the Society, shall be provided with a Book of Rules, and an Entry Book bearing the Society’s stamp, and a printed copy of this Rule, in which he shall enter, or cause to be entered, all Metals and such other goods, as are mentioned in the Bombast Act, purchased at or on his premises. He shall not purchase metals of children under the age of 14 years, without a thorough knowledge of the party, or in the instance of old iron mixed with rags or other goods. Any member infringing on the Pawnbrokers’ Act will be expelled the Society.”

This rule is so far open to misconstruction, that we cannot exactly construe it. The substitution of “except in the instance,” &c., for “or in the instance,” &c., we suppose, will remove that difficulty, but will create a question to be solved. Why is an exception made in the instance of old iron mixed with rags or other goods? There is a conceivable case wherein a Marine Store Dealer might buy old iron innocently and inadvertently, the iron being mixed up with other goods, and having been stolen. It is that of a few old needles in a bundle of hay, the needles having been stolen and the hay not; but why is iron *per se* sold by a child under 14 years of age, more likely to be stolen than iron mixed with other goods, particularly rags? Suppose we let “or” stand, and take the sentence in its grammatical sense; we must then understand this rule to forbid the purchase of old iron of children under 14 years of age altogether, and, whether the juvenile party is thoroughly known or not, provided the metal is mixed with rags and other goods. We do not see the principle of this proviso; and we would suggest; firstly, that the Marine Store Dealers’ Mutual Improvement Society should improve this portion of their Book of Rules, in such a degree as to render it intelligible.

Secondly, since many children are better known than trusted, we would suggest the propriety of requiring, on the part of the honourable member of the Society, some proof of his thorough knowledge of the juvenile party with whom he may have had any kind of transaction whatever, without limitation to metals in general, and old iron in particular, whether alone, or in a state of admixture with rags or other goods. Probably the Marine Store Dealers have not yet improved one another so highly as to render every member of their Society incapable of swearing to a thorough knowledge of any party if necessary.

We observe that the headings of the “Entry Book” are “Name,” “Residence,” “Article,” “Quantity,” “Price,” “Amount,” and “Remarks.” But we do not observe, amongst the Rules, any regulation rendering extreme lowness of “Price” a disqualification from being entitled to legal assistance in the event of getting into trouble for buying stolen goods. On this head we would, thirdly, suggest a more definite arrangement.

One of the objects of this Society is “to procure (if practicable) an Act of Parliament, licensing Marine Store Dealers.” We hope this is practicable. Bigotry may perhaps stand for some time in the way of it—that bigotry which excludes gentlemen of the names of LEVY, ISAACS, and SOLOMONS, from Parliament. There is a large proportion of gentlemen bearing those and similar names among the officers of the Marine Store Dealers’ Mutual Improvement Society. They must get into Parliament; and they would also do well to get out of Clare Court, Drury Lane, wherein is their rendezvous—a place of meeting which might be advantageously exchanged for the Hanover Square, or WILLIS’S Rooms.

Simplicity in Church Discipline.

A COURT of very expensive constitution was lately projected, having for its object, the trial of “criminous clergymen.” What need of cumbrous and complicated machinery for crushing cockroaches? The crimes of criminous clergymen are of so light a complexion that they might surely be dealt with by summary jurisdiction. Such crimes are mere clerical errors.

THE WORLD’S NURSERY.

THE spoilt children of the present age rarely turn out the great men of the next.



"NOW, MY LOVE!—ARE YOU NOT READY FOR CHURCH?"

"READY FOR CHURCH, MR. SMITH!—HOW YOU TALK!—WHEN YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT ODDIOUS MISS JACKSON HAS NOT SENT HOME MY NEW BAREGE DRESS!"

MORE HOAXING.

THIS low, this last resource of ignoble minds, ought really to be punishable by Act of Parliament; but, we regret to say, the evil continues and increases.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD was a few days since thrown into an alarming state of excitement on the receipt of a letter, purporting to be from LORD PALMERSTON, and requesting to know, at DOCTOR WILBERFORCE'S earliest convenience, whether he had any insuperable objection to the bishopric of London. We need not state that the letter was a callous forgery. We regret to add that its heartless perpetrator remains undiscovered. The Bishop, we are glad to say, is as well as can be expected.

Further, we do not believe—as was reported late last night at the United Service Club—that SIR CHARLES NAPIER has applied to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA for naturalisation; and awaits at Riga the Imperial answer.

LINES TO LORD PANMURE.

DELAY is dreadful to endure,
Is it not so, my LORD PANMURE?
And is not worst of all, the pain
Of waiting for the Railway Train?
The *Montrose Standard* says that you,
Long tedious hours not less than two,
At Gathrie thus were waiting kept,
Whilst Railway sleepers truly slept;
And that you sat the time away
In a wheelbarrow. Did you, eh?
Your case is quoted to set forth
Delay of Railways in the North.
Those Railway folks, my Lord, are just
Like servants whom you cannot trust
Out of your sight a moment's space,
But all goes wrong. Is 't not the case?
Whether your Lordship's eye regards
Either your kitchen, or Horse-Guards.

DOUBLING THE CAPE.

CALLING out at the MARQUIS OF EASTM-NST-R'S for a second bottle of Sherry!

JUDGES OF MUSIC.



THE late MR. JOHN MILTON, in *Paradise Lost*, alludes to the music of "flutes and soft recorders." We were therefore aware that recorders were musical, at least in MR. MILTON'S time; but the following paragraph, which we have the pleasure of culling from the *Times*, exhibits Judges also, in the Exchequer, and in the Common Pleas, possessed of the same quality as Recorders:—

"THE JUDGES PLAYING ON THE GREAT ORGAN.—On Monday evening, after adjourning the business of the South Lancashire Assizes, at Liverpool, to the following day, MR. BARON BRAMWELL and MR. JUSTICE WILLES went into the concert-room, St. George's Hall, and played several pieces on the great organ. MR. BARON BRAMWELL having the whole power of the instrument and all the stops of the organ."

several pieces on the great organ. MR. BARON BRAMWELL having the whole power of the instrument and all the stops of the organ."

We believe that not a few of the celebrities of the judicial Bench, before BARON BRAMWELL and MR. JUSTICE WILLES, have combined proficiency in the theory and practice of common and statute law with theoretical and practical acquaintance with the laws of music. Even JUDGE JEFFERIES is said to have had some music in his soul; but we will not believe that. The musical talent ascribed to that scoundrel was derived from the outrageous remark of a contemporary punster, who said that JEFFERIES must be skilled in harmony, because he was a regular thorough-base man.

• Not true, but it ought to have been.

We are enabled to supply an omission of the *Times* by presenting our readers with a specification of the performances of their learned Lordships, in the form of a programme:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| DECLARATION in Ejectment | <i>Chitty Op. 1000</i> |
| OVERTURE to the "Statute of Frauds" | <i>Blackstone.</i> |
| GRADUAL—"Per Quod Servitium" | <i>Coke upon Lyttleton.</i> |
| RECITATIVE—"Quare Clausum Fregit" | } <i>Archbold.</i> |
| DUET—"Et Alia Enormia" | |
| CHORUS—"Contra Pacem" | } <i>The Attorney-General.</i> |
| ADAGIO—"Qui Tam" | |
| ALLEGRETTO—"Caveat Emptor" | <i>Sugden.</i> |
| CANZONET—"Et Juratores" | <i>Hale.</i> |
| NOTTURNO—"Asportavit" | <i>Russell.</i> |
| CHORUS—"Vi et armis" | <i>Ditto.</i> |

We hail, with profound satisfaction, the appearance of two of our venerable judges in the character of organists, and we hope that the example of JUDGES BRAMWELL and WILLES will encourage their learned brethren generally to cultivate the musical faculty. There is no reason why they should confine themselves to the organ, except the grave and solemn character of the instrument, which accords with judicial gravity and solemnity. But Judges, like other men, require relaxation; and, accordingly, the predecessors of the present sages of Westminster Hall were accustomed to dance at certain seasons in the refectory of the Temple. Why should not this custom be revived? and then one Judge might learn the violin in order to fiddle to the rest. Another might study the harp, another the bassoon. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE QUEEN'S BENCH might take up the big drum, unless he felt himself qualified for first fiddle, or preferred the bagpipes. He of the Common Pleas could, if he pleased, adopt the ophicleide. The double bass would be suitable to the CHIEF BARON. The Puisne Judges might addict themselves to the kettle-drums, or any other instruments better adapted to their tastes and abilities. The cornet-pistons would be suitable to any learned Judge, who might amuse himself thereon whenever he had nothing else to do at Chambers.

PUNCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

No. III.—THE MEDIÆVAL COURTS.

HAVING revelled in the chivalric and antiquarian enthusiasm kindled by the surrounding memorials of the ages of romance, and in the delight occasioned by the very great beauty of many of them, the spectator may, satiated with the gorgeousness and splendour, advantageously descend to the enjoyment of some of the lighter peculiarities, of those ancient and venerable, but to a certain extent grotesque, objects contained in the Mediæval Courts.

Entering the German Court from the Byzantine, a very remarkable cavalry officer will arrest his attention in the centre of the place. There he will behold a bronze equestrian statue, from the Cathedral Square at Prague, of a knight in armour spearing a Pterodactyle, or flying saurian. The warrior is, of course, the celebrated St. GEORGE; the reptile the equally celebrated Dragon. The saint is knitting his brows in so severe



a manner that his frown, alone, might be imagined sufficient to wither the sort of alligator sprawling under his horse, as an American sportsman is related to have been wont to strike down opossums by a mere grin. There is an angularity and tension about this fine figure of St. GEORGE which is both characteristic of the age (the 14th century) and conformable to the subject: many Metropolitan visitors will doubtless remark that the saint is "giving it" to his scaly antagonist "pretty stiff."

On the left of the doorway, opening from the Byzantine Court, is a delightful monument. It is that of ARCHBISHOP PETER VON ASPETT, from Mayence Cathedral: a large person apparently, for he is flanked by three kings, and is about twice or three times as big as any one of them. He is performing on them a process, which, as it includes all three at once, and as the kings, by the side of the Archbishop, look like boys, might be mistaken for Confirmation. Coronation, however, is the ceremony intended: and the apparently simultaneous operation must be understood as a series of successive acts. The sculpture simply means that VON ASPETT did, in the course of his archiepiscopate, crown three sovereigns; the EMPEROR HENRY THE SEVENTH, KING JOHN of Bohemia, and LOUIS of Bavaria. It does not intimate that the Archbishop crowned three several monarchs at different times, and yet at one and the same moment: although the posture of the prelate may appear miraculous. He is doing his office in an ambidexterous rather than a dexterous manner, using both hands, which, with a wonderful twist, are applied to the crowns of two figures on the right, and one on the left. His head rests on a pillow, whilst the kings stand parallel and at full length with him; so that he appears to occupy a recumbent and a perpendicular position at once. His body is painfully bent on one side, but he looks straight before him with a stare of marvellous complacency. The features of the kings are somewhat distorted and pale, or rather sallow: they express a mixture of bodily uneasiness and spiritual satisfaction. Apparently the Archbishop's touch has expelled from their systems certain evil influences, which, under the form of hobgoblins, are wriggling beneath their feet. The exorcism seems to

have acted in a slightly antimonial way on the patients, and left them rather ill, although with a consolatory expectation of being better by-and-by. In examining the monsters on which they are treading, the observer will not fail to notice their Majesties' highlows, which are remarkable for simplicity of make and dimness of blacking.

On the other side of the doorway is a similar monument, representing another Archbishop of the same Cathedral, SIEGFRID VON ERSTEIN, crowning two German kings with nearly as much ease and freedom of gesture as PETER VON ASPETT. SIEGFRID was the predecessor of PETER; he flourished his crozier about 1249. PETER brandished his from 1305 to 1320. SIEGFRID'S proportions exceed even PETER'S. Their superiority of size to the kings is intended to denote that they were, in point of importance, much greater men; as they probably considered themselves.

Opposite to our friend SIEGFRID'S monument, on the other side of the Court, is that of ULRICH VON GEMMINGEN, another of the Archbishops of Mayence; date 1545. This work betokens a somewhat increasing tendency in Art to imitate natural attitudes and expressions. The Archbishop on his knees is a very fair statue of a prelate saying his prayers, and the two other bishops behind him, and who seem to be encouraging him, have faces which, though curiously gnarled and wrinkled, are nevertheless such as are occasionally met with amongst living fogies. These venerable Churchmen protrude their chins, also, in a manner which, if ludicrous, is not impossible.

Over the entrance to the Nave is a row of figures very cleverly executed: a set of Fools or Jongleurs, from the Town Hall at Munich. They are shown as playing their antics before a public assembly; and they differ from the sculptures just noticed not only in artistic merit, but also in being designedly comical. There are few living fools in any Town Hall that come up to these.

Before leaving the German Court, it may be advisable to study the sculptures of ADAM KRAFFT, from the Frauenkirche, and elsewhere, at Nuremberg, which amid much that is original, vigorous and expressive, will here and there agreeably remind us of some other carvings from the same place, the figures of the inmates of NOAH'S ARK, wherewith our childhood was familiar.

Passing now into the English Mediæval Court, we may be said to find ourselves at home. It is all very well to talk of the enlightenment of the 19th century, but a glance around will convince the most sceptical that the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries excelled the present times in illumination. We see that our mediæval beauties of architecture and statuary were not beauties without paint; as is perhaps the case still with other beauties of middle age. Kings, in their royal robes of gold and purple and pink; Knights appareled in their own real coats of arms, or, azure, gules, diversified with gilt fleurs-de-lys and rouge lions; noble dames emblazoned like tropical birds to match, and ecclesiastics glowing in their canonical colours, as we behold them reclining in effigy on their tombs, or standing sentry in their niches, combine to impress us with the idea that nearly all light had got decomposed in the dark ages, and spread over the surface of everything in the hues of the rainbow.

The immense size of the spurs of the BLACK PRINCE, whose monument is one of those on the floor of the Court, is worthy of remark: for it may be observed that his charger could not have been an enviable



horse. The mailed gloves of the Prince are furnished with brass spikes in the situation of the knuckles, which would indicate that the boxing-gloves of our ancestors were made on an exactly opposite principle to

that of ours, and that such gloves were probably worn at the battle of Crecy. It is pleasing to reflect, that we and our brave Allies now practice *le boxe* in quite another spirit and sort of gloves.

The centre door, from Rochester Cathedral, is quoted as a fine example of the Decorated style, and it shows that our forefathers of the 14th century had peculiar ideas of decoration. The large hollow moulding of this door contains some angels, and the inner ditto some demons, that may be compared with a view to consider whether, but for the criterion of the wings, it might not be some question which were which. The angels appear to be either crying or singing, or possibly doing both. Some eccentric angels may also be seen supporting the head of JOHN OF ELTHAM, whose magnificent monument is situated at the other side of the Gallery, opposite the Rochester door, under the Decorated window from Holbeach Church. This office, on an inspection of the various effigies, will be found very generally assigned to angels, or cherubs, which, being so much smaller than the bodies they attend upon, suggest the idea of winged Lilliputians taking charge of a sleeping GULLIVER.

The grotesque heads which are interspersed among the more purely beautiful specimens of mediæval art, convey a vivid idea of the propriety with which this country was once denominated "Merry England," for they were stuck about churches, both outside and in, where they diverted our jolly ancestors with every variety of grimace during the intervals of more serious employment. Some of these corbels were more terrific than funny; and the taste of the merry English in decorating the arches of their church doors with imps and monsters may be questioned; but what was this to our modern practice of deforming the doors of our own churches with those much more horrible objects, the notices relative to the Assessed Taxes and the Income Tax?

The French portion of the French and Italian Court includes some rare old sculptures from Notre Dame, exhibiting venerable persons in queer attitudes. The Italian part is sufficiently beautiful; but the national genius of the Italians did not luxuriate in grinning bishops and wrynecked saints, griffins, gurgoyles, and goblins, as much as ours and the German.

Let no admirer of the olden time leave this collection of its relics without going into the gallery on the garden side of the Byzantine Court, and taking a look at the black marble font there from Winchester Cathedral, adorned with sculptures illustrative of incidents in the life of St. NICHOLAS of Myra:—a work of art of as early a date, at least, as the 12th century. The most interesting of these curious illustrations is that in which the saint is delineated as bringing a drowned boy to



life, holding his crook, the instrument with which he seems to be doing the miracle, much as *Mr. Punch* himself holds his own stick. Indeed the whole composition is a choice specimen of Punctesque Art. We may conceive that the saint raised the youth from the bed of the ocean by means of his crook, which appears to have been long enough for the purpose; or else we must suppose that he performed that wonder by hook or by crook; of the two, probably, with a hook.

Bulls by Electric Telegraph.

THE Submarine and British Telegraph the other day announced that "Anarchy reigns throughout China."

Anarchy reigning is something like stagnation stirring, cold burning, or heat freezing. The Submarine and British Telegraph must have become the medium of the above communication through being worked by somebody of the nature of a stage Irishman.

PATERNOSTER ROW TRAVELLERS.—There are many tourists, who, when they visit a new country, do not go to see its wonders, or to admire its beauties, or to study its characteristics, but to write a book about them.

FROM BOMBA, GREETING.



STORY is current that that practical wag, KING BOMBA, has sent to LOUIS NAPOLEON, in answer to the Emperor's remonstrance touching the state of Naples, a double present consisting of a pepper-box and a piece of Naples soap. The imperial mind was a little puzzled as to the significance of these articles, and called to his aid, as he is wont, the penetrating mind of the beautiful EUGENIE. After a time, the lovely lady thus interpreted the meaning of the gifts.—

"The pepper-box, *mon mignon*, means Cayenne; and the soap, *mon choux*, the soap, as I think, suggests that, ere you talk of the dungeons of Naples, you should first wash your hands of"—but here, it is said His Majesty in the

prettiest manner stopt Her Majesty's mouth.

MR. MACAULAY'S PASSPORT.

MR. MACAULAY—upon the authority of the *Edinburgh Courier*—has made up his carpet-bag for Venice. *Mr. Punch* is enabled to give a copy of the subjoined questions put to the historian by the Austrian Ambassador in London, ere a pasaport was granted to the distinguished and no less suspected Englishman.

What is your object of travel?—And in how many volumes?

Are you at present engaged on any History—and what is your unbiased opinion of the Austrian Concordat?

Will the next child born to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA (whom God preserve) be a boy? if not a boy, what will it be?

Do you know FELICE ORSINI who, in the most unprincipled manner, lately sawed through the bars (the property of the EMPEROR of St. Giorgio, Mantua, at the same time dislocating his ankle and breaking prison? if knowing, state your opinion as a man, a gentleman, an ex-Member of Parliament, and a historian, of the treasonous conduct in all its phases of the FELICE ORSINI aforesaid?

What is your private opinion of the government of Naples in relation to the interior of Vesuvius?

Did you ever lend an umbrella to LOUIS KOSSUTH?

Have you ever offered a cigar to MAZZINI?

Supposing you never did lend an umbrella; presuming that you never did make tender of a fine Havannah to the pernicious individuals above-named, what would be your conduct if placed in a position to grant or to refuse, umbrella or cigar, or both?

State the exact height of LOUIS BLANC in his socks.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that MR. MACAULAY met every question with his usual readiness of illustration, and subtlety of logic; so the reader may be surprised to know that even MR. MACAULAY so completely satisfied the anxious doubts of the Austrian Ambassador that, after the wires to Vienna were put two or three times in motion, the passport was, in the handsomest manner, conveyed to our distinguished countryman.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S RUSSIAN VIEWS.—In the press, and dedicated to his Imperial Majesty, ALEXANDER THE SECOND OF ALL THE RUSSIAS; a full and faithful Account of SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S late Visit to Russia; showing how SIR CHARLES went up the Neva, and how he didn't land; how he sent up his Card to the Russian Officer; and how he was permitted, with his Carpet-Bag, to board the Russian three-decker; how he was treated, toasted, and roasted; how he took St. Petersburg by surprise; and how he captivated Cronstadt. The Work is accompanied with drawings by the gallant Admiral, showing the Alarming Strength of that magnificent Citadel, against which it is demonstrated Britons always must be slaves; it being no use whatever to try correct firing by Sharpening their Cutlasses. To be had of the Author, SIR CHARLES NAPIER, Knight of the Russian Order of St. George.—N.B. A Cheap Edition for the Electors of Southwark.

TO CHEMISTS AND APOTHECARIES.—Will shortly appear, a Series of Tasteful Designs for the Night Lights of Chemists and Apothecaries. These designs will comprise every variety of Death's-head and Cross-bones; so that affectionate wives, distressed and disturbed by inebriate husbands, may most readily know where the means of "quietness" may be had within. These designs will be licensed by the same solemn authority that permits patent poisons.

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS."

At a meeting duly summoned, on the close of the Greenwich season, The Thames-fish who had escaped MR. QUARTERMAINE'S visitors' reasons,

Took into consideration a paper, unsigned and undated, Addressed to "Admirers of Whitebait," and extensively circulated; In which the said admirers are exhorted, by petition, And every other mode of legitimate opposition, To exert themselves to put down the scheme for turning London's sewage Into the Thames at Plumstead; for that this high-spiced brewage, It is said, will poison the Whitebait, and so destroy the supply, Of that peculiarly delicate and highly popular fry. The father of all Thames flounders in the chair—Resolved; (as per minute-book.)

1st. The Thames-fish, regard the said paper as nothing but a fluke, Dictated by the interests of QUARTERMAINE AND CO., And not by those of the innocent fish, to whom their custom they owe.

2nd. That the Thames-fish do all in their power to disseminate information; To the ichthyophagic portion of the enlightened British nation, That of all foul feeders known the foulest are certainly fish, And that, viewed dietetically, there can't be a nastier dish.

3rd. That the sewage, so far from killing the fish, will certainly make them fatter, So that sewage-fed Whitebait will fry in their grease without the aid of batter.

4th. That in the interest of their own stomachs, and to turn those of their devourers, The Thames-fish use all their influence with the Metropolitan scavengers, To procure the discharge of all the London sewers At Plumstead, whereby they will prove themselves the real SIMON PURES, As well as earn the gratitude of the piscine tribes by it, By engendering a disgust to fish, as an article of diet.

5th. That Mr. Punch be requested to give publicity to this statement, In hopes of the practice of eating fish, that it may lead to abatement.

ODDS AND ENDS OF OUDE.

(From our own Moonshee.)

Southampton, August 30.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE has written a letter to QUEEN VICTORIA, and is in hourly expectation of an invitation to Balmoral. A close palanquin has been in the handsomest manner placed at her Oudean Majesty's disposal by the gallant manager of the Princess's Theatre, who was honoured with a salute from the Royal slipper.

One of the Princesses, accompanied by the usual functionary, this morning took a bath, cold without. MR. MAYALL, the distinguished photographer, was in attendance, in the hope of obtaining a sitting, and narrowly escaped with his head from the drawn scimitar of something in blue velvet.

PATRICK ENNAS O'RAFFERTY, Esq., of Trin. Coll., has arrived, and is about to offer himself to her Majesty as a gentleman singularly gifted with the faculty of arranging the most chaotic papers, and setting upon vigorous legs the most prostrate case.

The price of provisions continues to rise in the neighbourhood. No sooner was it known that the Royal visitors were addicted to poultry, than the merest chickens became guinea-fowl. Capons rule any price.

Yesterday, MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER had the honour of an interview with the son of the ex-KING OF OUDE; and presented a copy of *Proverbial Philosophy* translated into Hindostanee expressly for the occasion. The sage-poet was induced by the condescension of the Prince to read one of the Proverbs adapted for a bath,—“Beautiful is the crystal flood, but he is not wise, who casteth away even the water that is dirty, ere he obtaineth the water that is clean.” Another Proverb delicately touched upon the adverse condition of the Royal fugitives,—“He who openeth an umbrella to the sun, knoweth not how soon it may rain.” The poet was dismissed with the present of a live goose.

A shameful hoax has been attempted but signally failed. An individual, professing to be the respected proprietor of the Lyceum Theatre, waited on Her Majesty's Chamberlain, offering the establishment as a commodious handsome residence at the most moderate rent. The offer was at once seen through, and the impostor decamped.

MR. JABEZ SWALLOWCAMEL, a distinguished member of the Convertible Alliance, has very nearly ended his enthusiastic career. Fearlessly approaching the precincts of the harem, he was found upon his hands and knees, inserting a copy of *The Dairyman's Daughter* under the door. The motives of the worthy gentleman were beyond all praise; but these would not have saved him from neutral scimitars, had he not been gifted with a voice that brought all the hotel to his assistance. The heir-apparent, in his first wrath, asked for SWALLOWCAMEL'S head; but in a cooler moment, handsomely waived his claim to the property.

Her Majesty, with the fullest belief in the justice of her claims, has already determined that the six East Indian Directors to be given into her hands, shall be impaled in Leadenhall Street. On this point we regret to say her Majesty, although of the most amiable disposition, is inexorable.

We have just heard that MR. FREDERICK WEBSTER has been appointed Shakspearian tutor and grammar-master in ordinary to the young Prince.



OUR OVERCROWDED THOROUGHFARES.

WHAT with the Bath-chairs, the ladies' dresses, and the childrens' perambulators, it amounts almost to an impossibility now-a-days to walk on the pavement. The gentlemen are driven into the road, whilst the ladies monopolise the *trottoir*. We do not advocate the opposite process, but we think some arrangement might be come to by which the two sexes could share and share alike. Could not SIR BENJAMIN HALL, or some one of our metropolitan Magistrates, issue an order directing that for the future the ladies should walk on one side of the street; and the gentlemen on the other. As the ladies are always to be found on the right side, let them in this instance also take the right, and the gentlemen the left side. Some such regulation is sadly needed, for at present the division of the flagstones is extremely unequal, and collisions are constantly occurring which cause deadly feuds, and inflict incalculable damage on the ladies' temper and crinoline.

Tellings.

TELL me what a man drinks, and I'll tell you what the man thinks.
 Tell me at what hour a man breakfasts, and I will tell you what his avocation is.
 Tell me the books a man reads, and I will tell you what his mind is.
 Tell me the female associates of a man, and I will soon tell you his moral worth.
 Tell me how long a man's servants stop with him, and I will tell you what kind of master he is.
 Tell a woman a secret, and the chances are it will not be long before it is told to another, and then to another, until every one knows it.

The Austrian Workhouse.

THE alleged flogging of women at Marylebone Workhouse will probably cause that parochial edifice to acquire a new name, and we shall not be surprised if the appellation generally given to it should, in compliment to the memory of a distinguished Austrian-General, be that of HAYNAU HOUSE.



A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.

Young Lady (who is in Hat and Coat of the period). "CAN I HAVE A MACHINE NOW?"
Bathing Woman. "NOT HERE, SIR!—GENTLEMEN'S BATHING A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN!"

CAYENNE.

M. LOUIS BLANC entreats the *Times* (and the *Times*, to the confusion of the evil-doers, assents to the entreaty) to print a circumstantial account of the sufferings of the French political prisoners at Cayenne. Their miseries are made as palpable as the bars of Austrian dungeons; as undeniable as the bastinadoes of Neapolitan gaolers. The bullets sent to the hearts of BRUNETTI and his two sons (the youngest martyr aged 13), and all murdered by Austria to oblige His Holiness, were not more fatal than are the words, words of anguish screaming from the Island of Despair against the belief of the imperial mercy, as printed in boldest type in the ever-lying *Moniteur*. How can LOUIS NAPOLEON preach clemency, moderation to FRANCIS and FERDINAND? how can he keep his imperial face, and talk of mercy, justice? How can the schoolmaster point to a text of mercy, his own fingers incarnate with the blood of victims? And yet we heard of such merciful doings, done in thankfulness for the birth of the imperial child! Done, too, in the name of that blessed baby! On their late way to Biarritz the EMPEROR and EMPRESS, with the child, made a halt. One of the people asked to see the poppet. "My friend," said the EMPRESS, "I should be happy to show him to you, but he is asleep." With all the *Moniteur* talk of clemency, we fear it has been the same with Mercy. "My friends in Cayenne, I should be happy to show her to you, but she is asleep." When, we ask, may she be expected to fairly wake up?

The Best of all the Taxes.

It is not generally known that a new duty has been imposed on Race-horses; a tax of £3 17s. a-year for each quadruped, to be paid to the clerk of the course before the "start." Race-horses will now run away with more money than ever. The Race-horse duty, however, has this great recommendation, that it will fall on none but those who can well bear it, or at any rate on none but those who choose to incur it, whether they can bear it or not; so that, in as far as these latter parties are concerned, the tax, though nominally a horse tax, will in reality fall on asses.

AN AWFUL SLIP OF THE PEN.

GALLANTRY is a quality by which our fashionable contemporary the *Morning Post* has hitherto been distinguished; but a writer in that once refined but now barbarous journal has, in praising MADAME ALBONI's singing at the Bradford Musical Festival, made use of a word, relative to that lady, which, we are assured, will occasion many of his readers to faint. He permits himself to say,

"One wonders how any lady of such elephantine proportions can preserve so easy a carriage, and trill forth her notes so spontaneously."

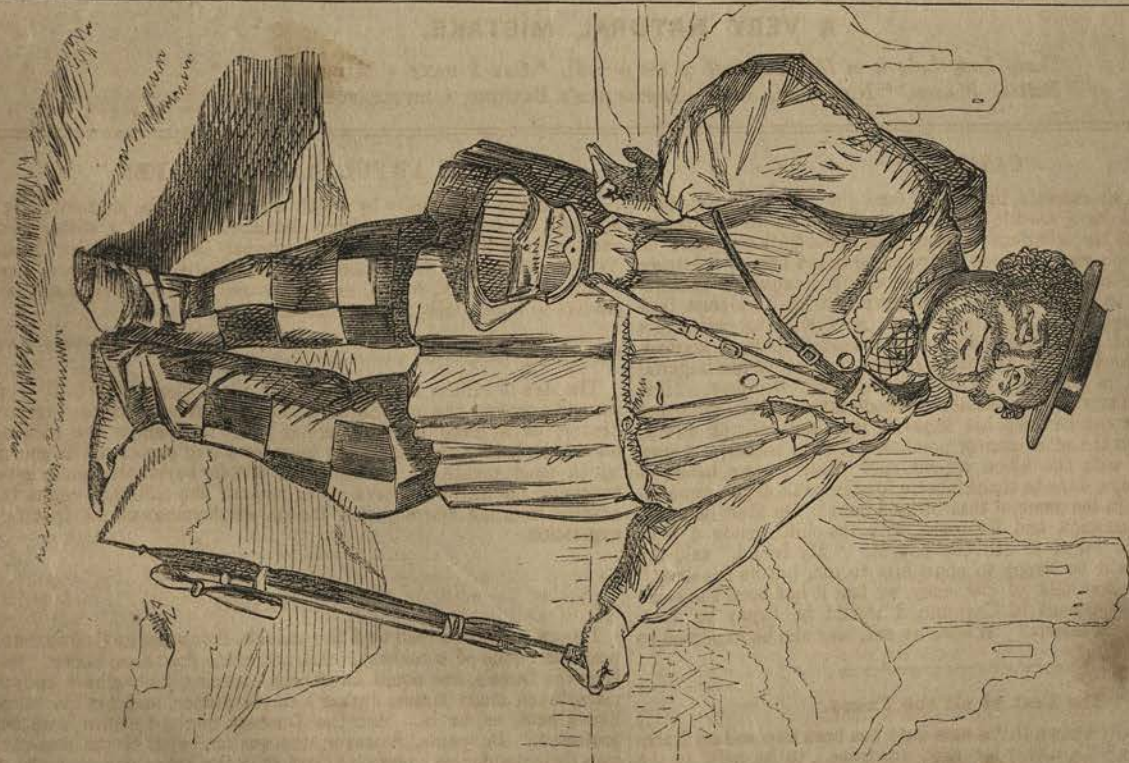
The idea of calling the proportions of a lady elephantine! It is possible to conceive the application of such an epithet to a gross overgrown Mayor, or a huge burly Alderman; but to connect the idea of a horrid elephant with a charming songstress is to perpetrate an enormity which must create an extensive demand for hartshorn, and a general necessity for burnt feathers. The sum of five shillings ought to be exacted from the *Morning Post* for the employment of so dreadful an expression.

THE THIEVES.

PUNCH regrets to read that the amiable DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE has been the victim of a robbery. All her plate has been taken. Had it been the Duke's, one could have been consoled, for we have known his plate taken many times, during a single dinner, and he has borne it like a hero, as he is. But the Duchess ought to have been better protected. It seems, however, the custom with Royal servants to lose their employers' plate—it was only the other day that the dear little Princesses were obliged to take their lunch-beer out of porcelain, their mugs having been all stolen. These losses must be made up in some way.—Hadn't LORD PALMERSTON better take the value out of next year's fund for the relief of literature? We would sooner the Princesses and the Duchess, who are ladies, had our money, than the sort of people who get it at present.



MR. JOHN BULL AT HOME



AND ABROAD.



WHAT IT MUST COME TO.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

IN answer to this puzzling question, the difficulties of which have made the Editor of *Notes and Queries* lay his pen down again and again in despair, if we cannot state where the Police are, we can at all events inform the reader with the greatest confidence of the precise localities where the Police are *not*; and you may be sure that at this time of the year, when none but the sparrows and sweeps are left in town, that if you could only ascertain the houses, or the districts, where the cooks and the maid-servants are left on board wages, that there the Police most decidedly *are not*! The mansion whose area-railings have not the leg of mutton and the usual trimmings hanging in hopeful prospect around them, have no charms for them; and BETSY, when she has to find everything out of her own pocket, is by no means so fond of offering her chops to the Police. If we could only procure a list of the establishments that are put, in the absence of their masters and mistresses on board wages, we might, by knowing where the Police were sure *not* to be, be probably furnished with some small clue as to the charmed spot where those invisible blue-bottles that haunt our larders a great deal more than our streets, were likely to be found.

MILITARY DEFINITIONS.

"THE non-commissioned officers," says the *Daily News*, "are the salt of the Army." Our contemporary might have added—"and certain generals of division salt-spoons."

GUARDS' DINNER ABSENTEES.

VARIOUS significant absences were observed at the dinner to the Guards, in the Surrey Gardens. Some of these might have been less sarcastically remarked upon, had the Committee thought proper to read the notes of apology which were transmitted from certain distinguished quarters. We have been favoured with copies of some of the documents in question, and print them as mere matter of justice:—

"LORD CARDIGAN presents his compliments to MR. SAMS, and very much regrets that a round of public dinners, given to himself by his dependents, will prevent his dining with the Guards on Monday, and exhibiting to them the coat and inexpressibles in which he had the pleasure of winning the battle of Balaklava. But his Lordship sends the spurs which he used during his return from that exploit, and not even one of the envious carpers at his laurels will be able to deny that those articles have undergone hard service.

"P.S. He wonders that MR. SAMS's good taste will allow him to keep in his window the picture of such a person as LORD LUCAN."

"THE EARL OF LUCAN has received MR. SAMS's circular, and begs to intimate that he shall not attend the dinner to the Guards. The practice of making an undue fuss about the private soldier, who, in doing his best, merely does that which he is hired to do, appears to LORD LUCAN to be highly detrimental to the interests of the service. Besides, the Earl has no confidence in the Committee, who appear to be chiefly members of an inferior class of society, and he has no guarantee that disrespectful toasts, reflecting on those who are supposed to have caused the unavoidable misfortunes of the late war, may not be introduced. The LORD MAYOR may be a respectable man, but real Lords ought not to be asked to associate with annuals.

"P.S. He is surprised that MR. SAMS should decorate (?) the corner of St. James's Street with a likeness of such an individual as LORD CARDIGAN."

"MR. FILDER's compliments to MR. SAMS, and certainly will not come to the dinner which it is proposed to give to the Guards. He believes that the affair will end disastrously, as it is most preposterous to believe that provision can be made for supplying 2000 men with meat, drink, and tobacco, for a whole evening, at so short a notice as one month. He would suggest the postponement of the dinner until the summer of 1858, by which time the Committee might, if they availed themselves of MR. FILDER's assistance, be able to make the necessary arrangements. But he must decline being party to any ill-considered attempt, as the comfort of British soldiers ought not to be risked in the hands of incompetency."

THE MORAL AND PHYSICAL FORCES.

The Moral Force.—A Policeman declining a leg of mutton.
The Physical Force.—A Policeman taking a Blue Pill.

THE STATE OF THE AGRICULTURAL MIND.

"MR. PUNCH, "YOU muses me a good dale by sayun as how the British Farmers complain o the good harvust. O coorse 'tis all your fun—what you manes is just the contrary. Well sar'ainly we be happy and thankful for this here bounshus abundance, come down upon us along wi Pace. But there, we always meaks the best of everythink. In War time we finds labour dear. What then?—at the zame time prices is high. In Pace down goos the prices, but then wages gits lower too; and spose they didn't, there's the general prawsperaty o the country to reflect upon by way o consolaaishun. What if we do meake a little less money? what we loses that way is moor than made up to us in the pleasure and delight we takes in the happiness of our veller creeturrs.

"Tother day it rained a little bit, and there was people gwium about croakun afeard the crops ood be spiled. Was we afeard, and did we grumble at all? Not we. We says, If rain will do a little damidge to the carn, 'tis wanted for the green crops. What's bad for the whate and barley and whutts is good for the turmutts, and Swedes, and manglewuzzle. We takes the good along o the evul, we be greatful for the fust and takes as little account as we possabul can o the tother. Things is ballnuced. There's intement for every oond. There's vizzick for every disorder. There's a zet off agin every misvartun. There's good luck as well as ill, and most good. Whatever happens to 's, *Mr. Punch*, you m' pem' pon't, 'tis all for our advantidge in the end. What zims a cuss is a blessun if so be as we could only zee 't, and the whoam o happiness is a contented mind. If there's are a martial that's satisfied and cheerful under all sarcumstances, no matter what troubles or disasters befalls un, 'tis your friend the British Farmer, ticklerly down hereaway. I be, *Mr. Punch*, your baigent hummul sarvent,

"White Swan, Winchester, August, 1856." "REUBEN CHIRP."

The Petticoat Problem Solved.

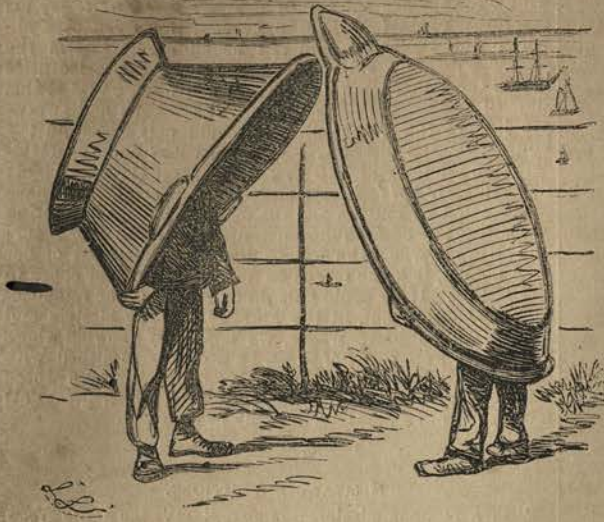
By a Fellow of Dublin University.

THE Woman what's thin or lean,
Gets into Crinoline:
But her what's a figure
Don't need be no bigger:
So them blow'd out Bags
Identifies Scraggs.

BROADBRIM ON PHRENOLOGY.

A QUAKER being asked his opinion of Phrenology, replied indignantly, "Friend, there can be no good in a Science that compels a man to take off his hat!"

VIOLENT HORSE EXERCISE FOR LADIES.—Two miles a day in crinoline.



A SEA-SIDE DIALOGUE.

"HELLO, JIMMY!—WHERE ARE YOU A-GOING WITH YOURN?"

"HESPLANADE!—WHERE BE YOU?"

"PROSPEP PLACE?"

[Exit Companions of the Bath.]

THE SENTINEL OF THE PYRENEES.

SIX words with MONSIEUR GABRIEL HUGELMANN.

"And who," asks impatient, ungrateful Europe, is MONSIEUR GABRIEL HUGELMANN?"

Well, that great man, as described by himself in a bulky pamphlet just published in Paris—price 2 francs 50 centimes—is the Voluntary Sentinel of Civilisation and of the Napoleonic Idea, who, straddling across the Pyrenees, and regardless of menace and insult, bawls, with alternate warning, "FRANCE and SPAIN! SPAIN and FRANCE! The Enemy, the Enemy!"

And it is very kind of him, and the news is quite cheap at two francs and a half.

Perhaps, you irreverent reader, you were going to say that you would hand over the other half franc to be told who or what this Enemy is. Peace with your premature ribaldry; he throws you that information into the original bargain.

The Enemy is—but stop! Let the Voluntary Sentinel accredit himself to you.

Lately, as you may be aware, there has been performed in Spain something which, despite the protests of the Imperial organs in France, the obstinate Briton persists in calling a Coody Tar. In other words, a Queen and a Soldier have crushed Spanish liberty, slaughtered Spanish citizens, dispersed the Parliament, gagged the press, and proclaimed that Order reigns. On the right or the wrong of all this we have not now to speak. *Il s'agit de M. HUGELMANN*, not of the *coup d'état*.

In fact, however, one may prelude that there could be nothing wrong in this last move of the innocent ISABELLA and the innocent O'DONNELL. For the Coody Tar has not only received unqualified approbation from the Tuileries, but French influence and French gold had largely aided in bringing it about, and Spanish journals, either written or inspired in Paris, defend and applaud it. One of these is the *Journal de Madrid*, which is published in the French language, is maintained partly by the Imperial government, and partly by a French company, and

is edited by M. GABRIEL HUGELMANN.

So the Voluntary Sentinel of Civilisation has his antecedents—and his salary. And there is no disgrace in being paid to advocate a just cause.

Therefore, knowing who the Sentinel is, let us hear something about the Enemy.

M. HUGELMANN's pamphlet (reduced from that verbiage which it pleases the continental mind to accept in lieu of thought) announces divers discoveries.

Firstly. The great evil which has wrought all the mischief in Europe for many ages, is the Protestant Idea, carried out by MARTIN LUTHER and HENRY THE EIGHTH, in antagonism to Catholic Unity. Let us

quote him, *L'idée de revolte contre l'unité Catholique—c'est elle qui a causé tous les malheurs.*

Secondly. The English, who pretended to defend the Peninsula, were rich in the possession of Gibraltar, and signalised their liberating progress by more ravages than the French conquerors had ever committed.

Thirdly. The Napoleonic dynasty in Spain, so far from being a usurpation, proved itself a generous protectress, "*malgré,*" says the naïf Sentinel, "*les grossières erreurs de l'histoire à ce sujet.*"

The Voluntary Sentinel has made some minor discoveries, but they are chiefly of a sentimental nature, and perhaps designed to colour and spangle the stern logic of his grand theme. In a political pamphlet, an English writer might scarcely assist his defence of the state conduct of a Queen by a sketch of her person, in the style of the opening of a novel. The innocent ISABELLA may have a *taille imposante*, may have a lip perpetually smiling, and may easily be recognised, even amid the brilliant crowd of a ball. The evil ESPARTERO may be *d'assez petite taille*, and *brun de visage*, may not look at you when he speaks, and may have *la moustache fine*. The victorious O'DONNELL may have a *haute taille*, a *belle tenue*, and a look full of audacity. But, except in a French political essay upon the destinies of a great nation, it is not easy to discover the constitutional or dynastic bearing of these important facts. Miss AGNES STRICKLAND, who can see nothing but wickedness in our Revolution, because KING WILLIAM was an insignificant looking little man with an asthma, may appreciate the reasoning of the Sentinel of Civilisation better than ourselves.

But now you begin to get a glimpse of the Enemy, perceived by the loud-voiced HUGELMANN, as he bestrides the Pyrenees.

Catholic Unity and the Napoleonic Idea are to do for Spain what the exalted personage whom he incessantly calls *Le Sauveur de France* has done for that fortunate country. The writer leaves us in no doubt of his meaning. One of QUEEN ISABELLA's grand merits is her knowing, "in common with every enlightened man in Spain, that Religious Freedom in her kingdom would be the signal for great misfortunes." On the other hand, the Napoleonic Idea grandly carried out by MARSHAL O'DONNELL is, though misunderstood—*la mission rédemptrice*—a Mission of Redemption.

The Priests and the Sword. That is the future for Spain.

One knows pretty well, now, in whom and in what our Sentinel of Civilisation is likely to discern an enemy. He has, however, spoken out. The English and the Belgian journals are the objects of his supreme detestation, and he is specially severe upon the *Times*, and the *Indépendance Belge*; papers which our Editor, rich in his knowledge of the morals of continental journalism, describes as led into error by correspondents salaried by another *caisse* than that of the newspapers employing them. "France and Spain! Spain and France! The Enemy!" So blows the trumpet of GABRIEL.

Protestantism, England, Religious Freedom, a free press, these are the enemies against whom the Sentinel of Civilisation is to keep watch and ward.

And MONSIEUR GABRIEL HUGELMANN is the salaried interpreter of Napoleonic ideas.

On the whole, and with all *Mr. Punch's* almost idolatrous admiration of the Priests and the Sword, he cannot entirely give himself up to regret that CARDINAL WISEMAN is not yet Archbishop of Canterbury, that the Bible Society flings its annual millions of missiles at the Scarlet Lady's head, that Magna Charta may be seen three days a week in Great Russell Street, that the *Times* is on our table at nine each morning, (except when the newsboy's love for marbles quenches his sense of duty) and finally, that M. HUGELMANN's salary is paid in francs, and not in sovereigns.

Bawl away, GABRIEL, and earn your hire, like an honest tool. *Punch* promises you that there shall always be an enemy in sight, so there is no fear of your being thrown out of work.

DOINGS ON THE MOORS.

A DISTINGUISHED Prussian party, including HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ADALBERT, and the officers of the Prussian frigate *Dantzig*, commenced operations upon the Moors, a few days ago, in the Mediterranean, but with no great success. They put up some black game, which they were unable to bag, and in the course of the day the PRINCE himself unluckily got winged by the discharge of a gun, which compelled him to abandon the sport. These Moors are very wild, and have but recently been shot over; but a *battue* is in contemplation, in which several English guns will, it is said, bear a part, and we trust that a good account will be given of the rum birds which infest that part, and are very injurious to the pecuniary interests of the vicinity.

Marine Armour.

A WAG at a watering place, half stupified by the roar of the waves, suggested the other day, that, for the new mail packets to the Cape of Good Hope and India, the fittest vessels would be iron steamers.

REVIEW OF THE FASHIONS

(By our Dramatic Critic.)



THE Fashions for September have been received, and we can speak in the highest terms of what they contain. They are full to overflowing of material. In fact, there is too much in them. The thing is depreciablely overdone. There is a great deal more than the most devoted worshippers of the sex would wish for his money. What is now used for one woman would less than three years ago have covered three women. The stuff itself is most admirable, but we object to the wearisome extent to which it is carried. It drags its slow length along in such a tedious inflated manner, that we do not wonder at the action becoming vulgarised and impeded by it.

The truth is, the whole thing wants cutting. Cut a dress in its present overgrown amplitude of five acts into two, and give men but a fair wholesome proportion of what is at present given, and we are confident they would be just as well, if not much better pleased by the exchange. The work is full of points and good bits, and as far as that goes hangs well together, but would gain considerably in effect if kept much closer. We recommend to all milliners, who have had a thimble in its production, "the judicious use of the pruning-knife." Out of every four lengths they could easily cut out two, and the same excision might be applied with equal benefit to the breadths.

THE NEW CONSERVATIVE POLICY.

An opinion, for which there is some apparent reason, has been gaining ground, that the Conservative party has fallen into a state of disorganisation. The truth is, that the Conservative body, like the human frame, is apt to get occasionally out of order, nay, seemingly to undergo a break-up of constitution and tumble to pieces; but then, some clever political practitioner is called in, and he puts it together again. There it is that the Conservative party has the advantage of HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Every now and then the Conservative party has to be reorganised. The Sun of England very often sets, and as frequently rises again. So it is with the Conservative party. Our British Phœbus set when the Papists were emancipated. British Phœbus, however, rose again as well as ever the next morning. The enactment of the Reform Bill was the epoch of another British sunset, succeeded by sunrise as usual, till the corn laws were repealed, and then the Sun of England, we were told, had set at last for good and all, and no mistake; but it was a mistake; for the Sun of England is now on the point of setting once more, and therefore must have risen subsequently to the downfall of Protection.

As the Sun of England is under the necessity of rising again punctually as usual, arrangements have been made for the accommodation of the parties, or rather of the party, desirous of beholding the resurrection of that luminary. In plain terms, a new set of Conservative objects, and cries, and watch-words, has been devised, under the sanction, if we are not mistaken, of the EARL OF DERBY and MR. DISRAELI.

The great want of the Conservative party is a rallying cry. What have they to conserve? is the question in almost every mouth. Temple Bar. That is answer enough for the present. They want to conserve Temple Bar—they also want to maintain the conservancy of the Thames. If they can manage to conserve the sewage of the Thames, and utilise it, they will do something.

The conservation of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, will be another object of the re-organised Conservative party. It will also be their endeavour to conserve St. James's Palace in its present state; likewise Aldgate Pump:—to conserve the DUKE OF YORK's column, and the NELSON ditto, the statues of GEORGE THE THIRD and FOURTH, of GOG and MAGOG, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, together with those of the wonderful charity children in the costume of the eighteenth century, which adorn the exterior of the parochial school at Kensington. No, no, the great Conservative party is not yet extinct!

THE ART OF TALKING.—There are persons who talk for the sake of talking; there are others who talk in order to talk well: but your fool talks to make others talk about him.

PITY FOR OUR SISTERS OF OUDE.

(By a Young Lady.)

How much I pity OUDE'S EX-QUEEN,
Poor thing—to be compelled to lead
A life, as one may say, unseen!
It must be terrible indeed.

How wearily her days must pass,
Surveyed by no admiring eye,
Save only from the looking-glass,
I'm very sure I soon should die.

When into her close carriage put,
If ever for a ride she goes,
She's swathed and bound from head to foot,
Like some old mummy in its clothes.

Knowing that crowds of people wait,
Eager to catch a glance of me,
At such times, oh, how I should hate
All muffled up like her to be!

And then her Maids of Honour, too,
Their hapless lot is just the same,
Concealed from everybody's view:
I say it is a cruel shame.

A pretty face obliged to hide,
A girl must feel the keenest pain,
The prettiest dress, to sight denied,
Would deck one's form almost in vain.

What are their gems and jewels bright,
Set in the purest virgin-gold,
That flash with unavailing light,
Which there is no one to behold?

Life has for them no charms at all,
All day and night in gloom they pine,
They never dazzle at the ball,
They never at the concert shine.

They never taste the joy so dear,
The brilliant Opera-box to grace,
And feel that glasses, far and near,
Are being levelled at one's face.

When in the lovely waltz I whirl,
With dress and beauty well displayed,
I'm thankful I'm an English girl,
And not a luckless Oudian maid.

HAVE THE TORIES A POLICY?

THE Conservative journals keep up a perpetual squabbling among themselves upon the question, whether their party has or has not a policy? The rabid Protestants revile LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI as traitors to religion and the constitution, and the moderate Tories scoff at the fanatics as impracticable asses, who would risk a rebellion for the sake of an anti-Popery cant-cry. It is not for *Punch* to settle the proportions in which each faction may have truth on its side, but he wonders that the opposition does not see that the best excuse for its non-existence as a power lies in the fact that there is no Government. If there is nothing to oppose, there can be no opposition. In the mean time, and until we have a Government, the only policy for the Conservatives is MR. DISRAELI'S—the policy of Assurance.

Another Cruel Hoax.

This has been the season for hoaxing; but the spirit of mockery was carried a little too far when, at the Surrey Gardens Dinner, one bottle of Champagne was allowed to three Guardsmen.—Toast and water is poor tittle; but when HARKEE called upon the soldiers to charge their glasses, it was literally toast and nothing.

ENGLISHMEN IN BRITTANY.



STEAMER OUTWARD BOUND. *Voices of the Night.* "HERE, STEWARD—BRANDY—BASIN—STEADY—(echo) SEA—DY."



POLITE RECEPTION BY THE NATIVES OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.



DOUANE.—THEY UNDERGO THE ORDEAL BY SEARCH.



THEY LOUNGE ON THE PIER AND INSPECT THE MILITARY.



THEY BATHE—"AU REVOIR."

Gilbert Abbott à Beckett.

WE have to deplore the loss of GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT, whose genius has for more than fifteen years been present in these pages; present from the first sheet, July 17th, 1841, until August 30th, 1856. On that day passed from among us a genial, manly spirit; singularly gifted with the subtlest powers of wit and humour; faculties ever exercised by their possessor to the healthiest and most innocent purpose.

As a Magistrate, GILBERT À BECKETT, by his wise, calm, humane administration of the law, gave a daily rebuke to a too ready belief that the faithful exercise of the highest and gravest social duties is incompatible with the sportiveness of literary genius. On the Bench, his firmness, moderation, and gentleness won him public respect, as they endeared him to all within their influence. "His place knows him not," but his memory is tenderly cherished.

THE RIVER OF GOTHAM.

(HOW OLD GOTHAM DEALT WITH IT, AND YOUNG GOTHAM PROPOSED TO DEAL WITH IT.)

Dedicated to the Members of the Reformatory Union.

In the wise land of Gotham a river there ran,
From its source on a bare mountain-side:
But a rillet it was when its course it began,
And it made its own bed, unassisted by man,
As deep as it chose, and as wide.

Other streams clubbed with this: many waters in one,
From the rocks and the hollows around,
Swelling, still, as it flowed, the young river dashed on,
Spreading, now, into marsh, chafed to torrent, anon,
But still cursing, not blessing, the ground.

While this sort of game in the mountain it played,
Gotham's wise men contentedly sat:
It was nothing to them what wild havoc it made,
How it wasted its waters, how spread, or how strayed;
They'd things graver to think of, than *that*.

But in time from the mountain it spread to the slopes,
Where man over nature holds sway,
Hedge or wall, all in vain with the wild water copes;
Some hill-Gothamite, daily, lamented his hopes
Of harvest or math swept away.

For the boulders and rubbish and gravel it rolled
From its hill-bed, at morn were spread there,
Where last even the sheep lay secure in the fold,
Where the oats in the sunshine waved yellowing gold,
All was ghastly and barren and bare.

So downwards it went: swollen or shrunk, in and out,
Swamping fields, sweeping crops to the sea,
Leaving wide strong stretches of ruin about,
Till certain sage Gothamites ventured to doubt
If this sort of thing ought to be.

For the fields, they observed, are not far from the town,
And the river that ruins our crops,
A breach in our walls may some day batter down,
Walk into the streets, and its ravages crown,
By invading our houses and shops.

"Something ought to be done," the Town Council declared:
And the question was, "What should be done?"
First, a nice, new, straight bed for the stream they prepared:
But the next autumn rains, how all Gotham despaired
When the stream left their bed for its own!

They flung out all manner of carcass and groin,
To give the mad river a twist;
But in vain they sank labour and timber and coin:
In one rush the wild stream all its forces would join—
And what carcass or groin could resist?

They tried dams; they tried weirs; they tried floodgates and drains
(Gotham's tax-payers settled the bill.)
Cogs, levers, and counterweights, pulleys and chains,
Mechanical triumphs of hand and of brains;
But the stream, laughed to scorn all their skill.

Till some one then hint to the Town Council threw,
(Not a native of Gotham, of course;
Most in Gotham this notion were quick to pooh-pooh,)
"Since you can't tame the stream when it's got down to you,
Why not deal with it up at its source?"

Loud and long were the scoffs and contemptuous the sneers,
On this wild proposition, bestowed;
"We've worked on the stream at our doors all these years,
As our fathers before us, and Gotham adheres
To the old paths its ancestors trode!"

But the stranger persisted, unshaken and cool,
And at length a Young Gotham appeared,
Which profanely dares doubt if the famous old school
Has exhausted all wisdom, and laid down the rule
By which all after-times must be steered.

By the last news from Gotham we now understand,
That Young Gotham has gone up the hill,
To the source of the stream that has ravaged the land,
With the new-fangled notion of turning their hand
From the river to deal with the rill.

THE MONEYED ORDER OF ORDERS.

A CURATE, relating a case of "Clerical Distress" to the Editor of the *Times*, says,

"I have received a letter from the Bishop of the diocese respecting the case of the Essex curate.

"The Bishop adds, 'I shall be glad of any pecuniary assistance he may receive.'"

We don't, in this particular instance, understand the Bishop to desire that any pecuniary assistance received by the Essex Curate may be handed over to himself; but perhaps there are some, of course very few, Bishops, who would be glad of any money that anybody would send them.

CRUEL INHUMANITY.—A Railway Clerk asking a sea-sick passenger, if he is anxious for a return-ticket?



John Thomas (respondent). "Oh, no! not at all dull—I've never had a think to do when the Family's down, and now they're away, I've less—which is wot I call REEL ENJIMENT."

THE WILD BISHOP IN BOULOGNE.

OUR scene is at Boulogne. Be frank now, and own,
That like most of the English, you call it Boolone.
You all know the place. But perchance you don't know
The date of its origin, ages ago:
That CÆSAR subdued all the country about,
And put the Morinians, who lived there, to rout:
That his relative, PEDIUS, baptized it Boolone,
From Bolonia in Italy, where he was grown.
That its lighthouses long burned the best Roman candles,
Till the Franks snuffed 'em out; that the Huns came, and Vandals,
And lastly the Normans, with pickaxe and spade,
And effaced all the marks that the Romans had made:
That HENRY THE EIGHTH, in Fifteen-forty-four,
Besieged it, and finally took it, that's more:
That we kept it six years, and we then behaved handsome
In giving it up for a tidyish ransom:
That NAPOLEON, some fifty years since, brought together
On its heights a magnificent army, which weather,
Or prudence, or something, forbad to cross over,
And march upon GEORGIUS THE THIRD, *via* Dover:
That NAPOLEON the Present, *en route* for the throne,
Landed here—but enough of the past of Boolone.
For instruction of persons who don't like a joke's tone,
(Prepare for the rhyme) the best route is by Folkstone.

People used to come here who were deeply in debt,
But that system, in these days, is nearly upset;
For the law has been altered, so now, debtor, *cave*
Of bathiff translated, M. SLOMANE, M. LÉVY.
Let your kites be endorsed to a Frenchman, and, woe!
Boolone is no safer than Brompton, or Bow.

But the great feature here is the Schools, where we send
Our young ones, their manners and accents to mend:
There are scores, where a MONSIEUR et MADAME QUELQUECHOSE
Train the infantine ranks of their insular foes,

Teach all you'd impart to your son or your daughter,
For a moderate remittance of francs, by the quarter.
And as for the much-vexing question of creed,
The arrangements are found very liberal indeed.
Madame is a Catholic—if so, she whistles
Her doves off to mass, with their medals and missals,
Her lord is a Protestant—prompt to invite
The youth of that faith to the Anglican rite,
And one usher is "up" in the presbyter's rule,
Lest a small Presbyterian be sent to the school—
Nay, supposing a parent's conviction should go
Along with the creed of MOHAMMED, or FO,
I believe the QUELQUECHOSSES would chance to have got
A teacher with turban, or tail, on the spot.
Meantime the *élèves* are well watched, and well fed,
Well whipped and well physicked, well taught and well bred,
And they live in sweet air, and in fact it's well known,
That the child is well placed who is placed at Boolone.

But the priests have waxed wroth, and they cannot abide
That their "faithful" should learn by the heretic's side;
That a Papist should wickedly stand up in class
With the child of a person who don't go to mass;
And their consciences tell them it really won't do
To have children instructed that twice one is two,
That Rome is in Italy, *arbor* a tree,
That a square has four corners, a triangle three,
That upstrokes are thick and that downstrokes are thin,
Or when it's the side-couple's turn to begin,
Unless all the brats—those who can't read, or can—
Avow a true faith in Immaculate ANNE,
(The Virgin's mamma) of whom Pius the Rash
Declares, poor old man, in-Conceivable trash.

There's a BISHOP OF ARRAS (Boolone, too, he rules),
Who has taken the lead in denouncing the Schools,
And in sentences, swelling like elephantiasis,
Groans o'er the terrible state of his diocese,

Wishes he were but recounting a libel
 In saying our youth are permitted their Bible,
 And blubbers outright as he tells the sad news
 That they worship wherever their parents may choose;
 Then, howling uncommon, the Bishop declares
 That the heads of such schools shall no more have *his* prayers,
 That he'll cut off their sacraments, and, *cons* compunction,
 Deo them their baptism, marriage, or unction,
 (This second 's a shame, Miss QUELQUEROSE thinks, poor dear,
 For she's just been engaged to a smart cuirassier)
 And what's more, he adjures every true son of Rome
 At once from such places to fetch his child home,
 Under pain of a curse which he'll speak by-and-by,
 But he keeps bottled up till it's time to let fly.

Now the pastoral bombshell the Bishop has thrown,
 Has exploded with fatal effect in Boolone,
 Where, (of truth, which such Bishops dislike, must come out),
 The folks are not thought to be much too devout.
 On the heights or the ramparts if Catholics walk,
 They are just within snuff of our heretic chalk,
 And maybe the free-thinking flavour they meet,
 Makes them turn up the nose at the priests' *eau bénite*.
 And we'll just tell you what—if the Man of December,
 (A title MAZZINI's resolved to remember)
 Were to offer a new St. Bartholomew's day
 To these heterodox Papists, the bold Boulonnois,
 And cry *Tuez!* (as CHARLES THE NINTH did to his cousin)
 We scarcely believe that they'd kill half-a-dozen.
 The *blanchissusses*, perhaps, of a few might dispose
 In revenge for abuse for not bringing home cloths,
 And the beggars might make a few Englishmen rue
 The curses they gave 'em instead of a *sou*;
 But the brave Boulognese in their memories set down
 The millions of francs we expend in their town,
 And would let the poor English go safely at large,
 Fling the bayonet aside, and, for once, make no charge.

The Pastoral brings out their impudence, plump,
 And the Bishop's abused for a Bigot, and Pump,
 And scoffing goes on that makes Protestants stare
 On the Port, in the *café*, and even in the fair.
 He's a Beast, and a Swine, and a Man without Head,
 An Old Fatal Ass—and by some folks 'tis said
 That he issues his threat, to drive pupils away
 To a convent in Calais, that keeps him in pay,
 And his Crozier resembles the Hook, say the perf,
 With which the *Chiffonnier* routs *sous* from the dirt,
 And in short, (there's no reason for drawing it mild)
 The Bishop's despised, and the Church is reviled.

The result's to be seen, but the wielders of birch
 Declare they've nine minds to defy the old Church.
 And they mean to appeal from the priests to the Throne
 To avert the disasters that threaten Boolone.
 An English invasion once happened, we saw,
 But the terror is now lest the English withdraw.
 JOHN BULL will not yield; he don't like in the least
 The low-looking, leering, sly, fat-fingered priest,
 With no price that obtains a pure accent JOHN quarrels,
 Provided his children don't lose their pure morals,
 But he won't trust the pupils (you know the old story)
 Of beastly P. DENs, and of vile LAGUORI:
 And his young ones shall stick to their Protestant ways
 Or come back to England, the old fellow says.
 So the schools are all wild, and profane is the tone.
 In which Bishops are talked of in wicked Boolone.
 And a dozen of tawdry processions won't master all
 The bad spirit raised by the humbugging Pastoral.
 For schoolmasters take you in corners, and swear
 They'll make a new class-book, of scraps from VOLTAIRE,
 And their wives say, quite sweetly, though hissing with rage,
 "The Church is, *hélas!* in the rear of the Age."
 While those who possess neither children nor schools,
 Smile to see bigot Bishops make blunders, like Fools.

Boulogne Sur Mer, Septembre, 1856.

IMPORTANT TO LADS AND LADIES.



CURIOUS question is raised by the advertisement whereof a portion is here subjoined:—

"BEARD GENERATING EXTRACT.—If applied once a day, by rubbing the places where whiskers or beard are wished for, with as much as the size of two peas, a luxuriant growth of hair will be brought forth within six months."

Suppose a man is bald on the crown, and rubs that part of his head with the Beard Generating Extract. Do the proprietors of that wonderful substance mean to say that it will cause whiskers or a beard to sprout on the top of his upper storey?

The above positive and sweeping statement as to the virtues of the Beard Generating Extract, suggests another problem of some interest. The hat, pilot-coat, and ack-jacks now generally adopted by young ladies, occasion them to look extremely gentlemanlike. Could a young lady, if she pleased, complete her resemblance to her brothers by recourse to the Beard Generating Extract?

Travelling Experiences.

Avoid all *table d'hôtes* where the military congregate, for as your officers on the Continent pay less than anybody else, you will have the satisfaction of knowing (and feeling also on an empty stomach) that part of your dinner has been taken to make up for their deficiency. One half of what you pay goes to feed the Officers. They have no mess of their own, and why should they, when the poor fellows can get themselves quartered at a moiety of the expense on *Messrs. les Voyageurs*? They are billeted on the landlord, and the landlord billets them on his guests. Thus, in a great measure, the better part of the German army is fed by French and English travellers. It is victualled by *table d'hôte* extortions.

FRIGHTFUL FEROCITY IN A MARRIED MAN.

"A lady, who had been in a bathing machine at Southend, left behind a gold watch worth £25, and a massive gold chain, neither of which has been recovered."

A SAVAGE, yet married man, reading the above in a weekly paper, made a series of remarks, which may be worth preserving as proofs of the ferocity of male nature:—

"Of course she did. A woman would leave her head behind her, if she had one, and it was loose.

"Besides, what do they care for valuable property? They don't pay for it—it is we who are the victims.

"Recovered! I should think not. It was left in a woman's machine, and a woman followed her. They have no more common honesty, Sir, than—I'll bet you a guinea the finder found that Southend didn't suit her health, or dreamed that her house in town was on fire, or that the cat had smothered the darling child there, and so she left Southend next day, and has never looked at the *Times*' advertisement sheet since.

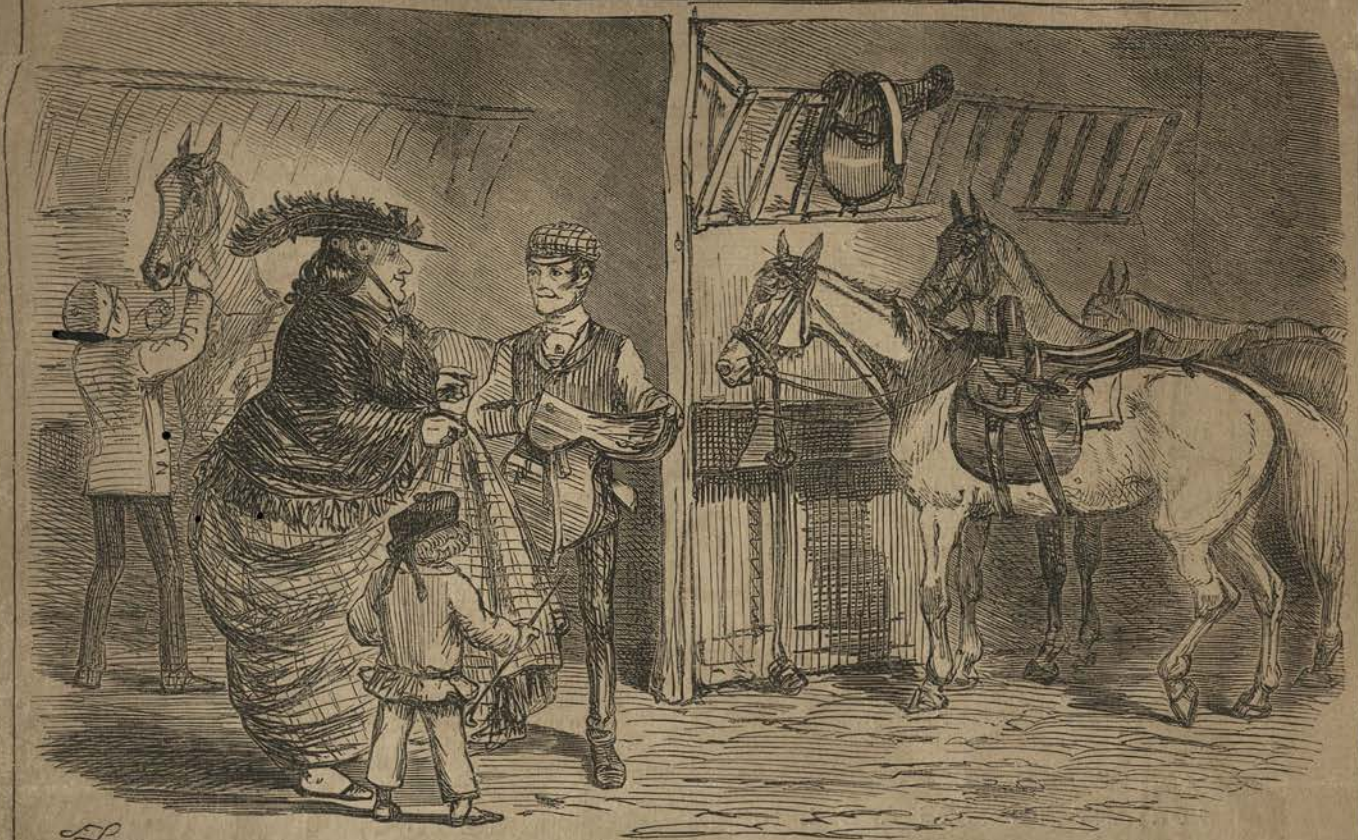
"Perhaps it's all a falsehood of the woman's, and she had sold the watch and chain to pay some milliner's bill, which she was afraid to show her husband. Won't she plague his soul out till she gets new ones?"

"And serve the blockhead right. A man who would let any woman have a watch worth £25 deserves to be served out. What does a woman want with a watch like that, or any watch, indeed. They only desire to look fine, and a silver gilt thing at £5 will do that. A chronometer at a hundred guineas wouldn't make 'em punctual.

"I believe the whole story's a flam. Women look a deuced deal too sharp after their trumpery ornaments, which are the breath of life to 'em. If it had been her husband's most valuable private papers, or his gold watch and chain, I could have understood it.

"Women dressed in that style won't go to Southend, where there is only health and fresh air—they drag you to Paris, or Antwerp, or Venice, that they may stare, and show their clothes, and be cheated and cheat you, and—"

[But here he became utterly unbearable, and very properly was turned out of the room.



A SKETCH FROM THE STAND AT SCARBORO'.

Fair Equestrian. "Oh! I want to ride on the Sands with this little boy.—Have you a horse disengaged for him? Any bit of a pony thing, you know, will do for me!"

THE WINGED BULL.

BULL, three-fourths of each year the sedatest of mortals,
Desk-chained, as the slave to his oar at the galleys is,
With Autumn, grows like those Winged Bulls at the portals
Of Kouyunjik's or Nimroud's mysterious palaces.
From his two breeches-pockets shoot wide-spreading pinions,
Composed of bank-paper or circular notes,
With which he soars forth from the British Dominions,
And through land and o'er ocean, ubiquitous floats!

M.P.'s, men of business, of science, of pleasure,
From the desk or the study, the club or the House,
Seek the ocean for dipping, or yachting, or leisure,
Thrash the stream for the fish, tramp the moor for the grouse.
But our own British Isles, their lakes, seashores, and mountains,
Are too narrow our Autumn Winged Bull to confine,
His thirst must be slaked at more outlandish fountains,
So up with the steam and away o'er the brine!

He is climbing Mont Blanc with a family party,
Letting off soda-water in Afric Sahar,
Boiling eggs in a Geyser, with PRINCE BONAPARTE,
Or helping at Moscow to crown the new CZAR.
Stones of Venice he's chipping, in spite of mosquitoes,
Braving fierce Spanish bed-fellows, black and phlebotomous—
From a Mexican learning to roll cigarretos,
Or on the White Nile bringing down hippopotamus.

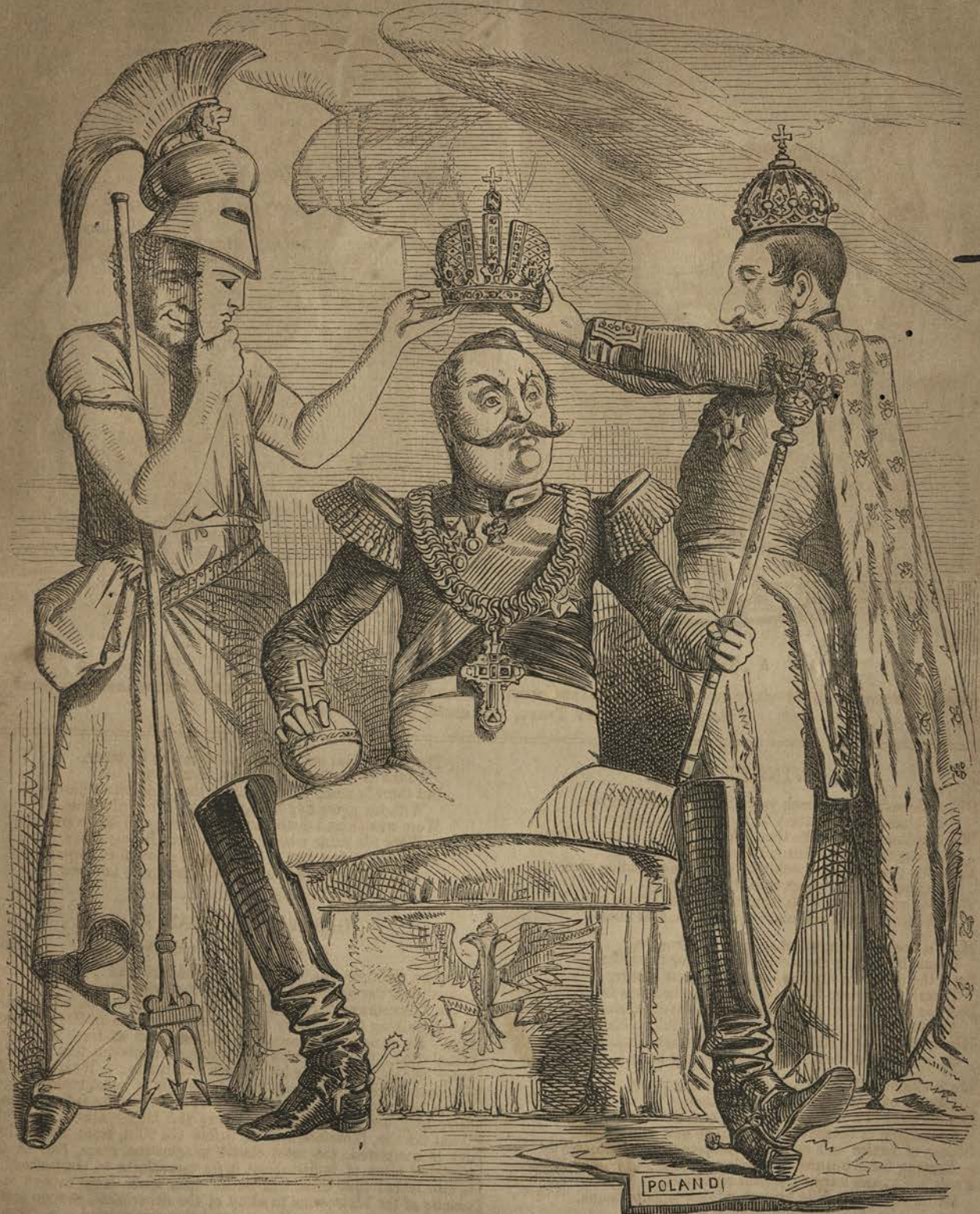
But wherever he goes in his Autumn migration,
He gives his old slough, like a snake, the go-by;
Though at home 'tis his aim to avoid observation,
Abroad he delights to come out as a Guy;
Fierce bristles the beard, which each morning saw shaven,
As smooth as the turf of his lawn or his fields,
Wild in cheeks flares the coat, once the hue of the raven,
And the chimney-pot tile to the wide-awake yields.

The *Times* cries out on him and bids him be truer,
To the Briton's ideal of quiet costume:
But there's much in the instinct that bids him abjure,
With his every-day cares, outward livery of gloom.
Were wealth and distinction less prized and less warred for,
Were life made more lovely and leisure less spare,
BULL might find rest at home that he now flies abroad for,
And dock buckram and black in his everyday wear.

GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

(From our Sporting Correspondent.)

PADDY HOOPS, the celebrated pedestrian, but better known as LORDS', and the various Commons in the neighbourhood of London, as the "AMMERSMITH ANTELOPE," is still carrying on his Herculean feat of walking round a lady in full dress 100 times in 100 consecutive days. He is now in his second week, and looks as fresh as when he first started. There are bets to a considerable amount that PADDY will never be able to complete his arduous undertaking. What makes it all the more difficult is the fact, that a fresh lady is substituted every day. It has been observed that the dresses of these various ladies, instead of decreasing, are actually getting bigger and bigger almost every week. What the size, therefore, will be before the 90th, much less the 100th, day is completed, the most elastic imagination snaps, like an over-stretched piece of india-rubber, in its vain efforts to comprehend. It is also feared that there will be no open space large enough in the vicinity of the Metropolis to admit of the experiment, as soon as it has expanded to its fullest dimensions, being fairly tried. In the meantime, however, PADDY displays uncommon pluck. His unflinching good humour, and cheerfulness under his trying labours, such as would exhaust the oldest and worst-paid postman of St. Martin's-le-Grand, win smiles of approval even from his fairest ramparts. We wish the brave fellow every success, and shall from week to week make a point, or several points rather, of recording the onward march of his iron-tipped bluchers and undaunted perseverance.



THE CLIMAX OF THE WAR.

THE OUDE MAID OF HONOUR.



I hate humbug, and may as well, therefore, say at once that *Punch* has been corrupted by the QUEEN OF OUDE, and that his pen is at her Majesty's service.

And the way in which the affair was managed was in this wise.

Mr. Punch was in his office, on Saturday last (the immortal number now in your hand being ready for the press, and safely locked in the diamond-studded box in which it is carried, guarded by seven sworn henchmen, from his hands to the printer's), and he was penning a note to LORD GRANVILLE, desiring him not to be too smirky when noticed by ALEXANDER;

When a vassal entered the presence, and after the usual prostrations, obtained leave to speak. Speaking, he stated that there was an Elephant at the door below.

"An Elephant for Us?" said *Mr. Punch*, mildly. "That makes

the thirty-sixth present of game this week. Our friends grow troublesome." "Alive," humbly suggested the inferior. "With a young lady upon him."

"Pretty little EMILY COOKE, on her Papa's last new purchase for the Circus; the three hundred and twenty guinea animal, formerly a favourite at the Surrey Gardens," remarked *Mr. Punch*, who knows everything. "Miss EMILY has come to show Us the article. Ask her to bring him up."

"The staircase"—timidly whispered the faithful vassal. "Will bear Us," said *Mr. Punch*, with a good-natured smile. "Draw your deduction, and withdraw with the message."

In a few moments a Veiled lady, or rather Lady—as MR. CHORLEY would write in the *Athenaeum*—was introduced.

"How do you do, Miss COOKE, but where's the Elephant," said *Mr. Punch*, graciously extending his hand.

"Lucknow bung sheenish, maladitan howplop eelaniskobad vung chowloprassi bog getsch," was the answer, given in a sweet low Oriental accent, which instantly told *Mr. Punch*, (master of all languages), that a lady of rank, from India, was before him.

To reply "Adameeng lang pagong wilkamista li geganty bin bo potuble, jinganello," to fling a sumptuous cushion upon the floor, to place his visitor upon it, and to sit down opposite to her, in the most courteous of attitudes, was the work of a moment.

A conversation then ensued, which *Mr. Punch* will translate; but any one desirous of reading the original may call in Fleet Street, and wait until it is brought to him.

"The King of Literature sees before him LALLA ROOKH POOTY BEER, Maid of Honour Extraordinary to the QUEEN OF OUDE."

"The slanting sunlight of the dawn is not more welcome to the awakening flowers," said *Mr. Punch*, who has an exceedingly pretty turn for compliments.

"The Queen craves his alliance and assistance."

"The Queen can have his advice only, which is, that when she has seen what England has to show, she return to her native land, taking with her the proffered £150,000 of John Company."

"Her messenger does not come empty-handed to you, affectionate and honourable Sir."

"If the hand resemble the foot," said *Mr. Punch*, "the happy beholder would pay little heed to what it might contain." For the loveliest little foot, clad only in a gemmed slipper, peeped from under the snowy veil. The ambassador, evidently smiling, proceeded.

"I have to offer you an Elephant of the first magnitude and docility."

"Give it to good DAVID MITCHELL, of the Zoological Gardens."

"Seventeen shawls, glowing and brilliant as sunsets."

"When your Queen visits Paris, they will serve for presents to the ballet."

"A glorious pipe, jewelled and amber-tipped, with gold ornaments, and its water-vase of crystal."

"A clay, price one halfpenny, sufficeth the philosopher."

"A necklace of diamonds, the value of a province. There may be among your household treasures one on whose neck they might sparkle," said the envoy, approaching domestic relationships with Oriental scrupulousness.

"Judy is too old and ugly to get herself up in nick-nacks, and knows it, for We have told her, and *Toby* would not change his brass collar for the crown they are about to stick on ALEXANDER TWO."

The veil was agitated, the lovely LALLA was in tears. Her mission had failed, and the poor child knew not what next to say to the Incorruptible. He, ever kind, took up the dialogue.

"Tell your Royal Mistress, from His Highness *Punch*, that the LORD OF DALHOUSIE in annexing Oude, did but that which it was wise and just to do, and the act can by no means be reversed. Do not tell her, though it is true, that the rulers of Oude have been its worst enemies, and that the people rejoice to be delivered from tyranny to the rule of order and law. But tell her that it is right that those who have been brought up in a bad system should not be utterly victims, when it is destroyed, and that provision should be made for them. Bid her accept the Company's money. Tell her to beware of needy adventurers, hungry barristers,

and others who will proffer their worthless service. And, my dear, —"

The artfulness of woman surpasses the wiliness of the Tempter himself. This remark may not be novel, but it is highly applicable to the circumstances. For, *Mr. Punch* had just concluded his conscientious statement of the case of Oude, and had pronounced the only rational verdict which can be given upon it, and was about to add some affectionate words for the benefit of the ambassadress herself, when

LALLA withdrew her veil, and sat before *Mr. Punch*, crying a little out of the largest and brightest of eyes, but smiling a good deal with the prettiest and rosiest of mouths, and with a radiant blush upon her unimpeachable beauty.

"And you won't help us?" she said, piteously, yet looking as if she had a good hope yet left.

"O! won't we, BY JOVE," gasped *Mr. Punch*, floored. "The Eyes have it, as MR. LAWRENCE nocturnally observes. O LALLA, your shawls and diamonds were vain—but your Eyes—your Eyes!"

She went away on her Elephant, with all her presents, and, in addition, *Mr. Punch's* promise to advocate the claims of her mistress. So nobody is to be surprised, should he come out with the most convincing and thundering articles in favour of the Queen. It will be hard work, for neither justice nor expediency is on her side, but that Maid of Honour's eyes have done it all. *Mr. Punch* is sold to the QUEEN OF OUDE, and there's an end of the matter. He has stated, above, that this immortal number was complete when LALLA arrived. To make room for this narrative of his conversion, he has reluctantly excluded a rather clever article of LORD PALMERSTON'S, for which he will find room another time. It will keep, having plenty of salt, as may be gathered when we mention that it is upon the qualifications of LORD JOHN RUSSELL for the Premiership.

WORSHIPFUL DEMEANOUR.

Who would not like to have seen the MAYOR OF HUNTINGDON as he appeared upon the platform of the Railway Station during the Royal Progress to the North?—if, as the *Morning Post* relates,

"Upon the train coming to a stand-still, the EARL OF SANDWICH introduced the Mayor, who advanced to the window of the royal carriage, and presented, with becoming humility, the address of his fellow-townsmen, which the QUEEN very graciously received, and reserved for perusal during her journey."

In what gesture did the evidence of the Mayor's humility consist? He could not have cast himself on his knees, for that posture, however suitable for his Worship, would hardly have been convenient to HER MAJESTY, who would have had to poke her head out of the carriage window in order to listen to him. Was his humility expressed by a salaam in the Oriental manner, or by a depression of the eyes, Jesuit fashion, or an elevation of them in the style of EBENEZER? We trust the Worshipful Mayor was content with taking off his hat like a gentleman, and holding up his head like a man.

All's Fish that comes to Net.

THE prospectus of a new company, in course of formation on the limited principle, has been issued. This association is denominated the British Steam Fisheries Company. We suppose the dividends of this company will be derived strictly from net profits.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF STOPPING IN TOWN.

THERE is one advantage of not going into the country, and that is, you do get the Newspaper a little earlier of a morning than when every one was in town.



Mrs. Poppo. "WELL, WHAT I SAY IS, THEY ARE VERY BECOMING—AND UNCOMMON COMFORTABLE!"

TESTIMONIAL TO A MARGATE CLERGYMAN.

WE rejoice in announcing that an appropriate, and, as far as circumstances would allow, an elegant testimonial has been presented by the inhabitants of Margate to an exemplary clergyman. The following, partly painful, partly cheering paragraph, appeared the other day in the *Kentish Observer* :—

"OPEN-AIR PREACHING.—During the past week, certain divines have been expounding the principles of Christianity on the sands and in the neighbourhood of the pier and harbour. The address has generally taken place on the arrival of the boats, when on account of the number of passengers some confusion has been created. It would, we think, be well to hold these meetings at some more suitable spot, which would not interfere with the traffic of the town, and at the same time be the means of preventing the discourse being turned into derision, which we regret to hear was the case."

Of the "divines" above alluded to, only one, we understand, had the firmness and courage to maintain his position, and persevere in the line so long pursued by the celebrated BOATSWAIN SMITH. The Boatswain, however, used to enjoy the advantage of altitude, which the Rev. Gentleman who held forth on the Margate sands had not, except, we believe, on one occasion, when he addressed his promiscuous and derisive congregation from what appeared to be a wheelbarrow. The testimonial with which he has been honoured by his numerous and ardent admirers, supplies this disadvantage. It is not the common sanctified *souvenir* of a pair of slippers—Margate slippers are not worked by ladies. It is a moveable pulpit, of a construction suitable to the character of his discourses. It consists, in fact, of a tub, which was originally a sugar-hogshead, but whence more sweetness will now be tasted than was ever derived by the respectable grocer from whom the subscribers purchased it. The exterior of this vessel has been beautifully painted, not with a mere coating of common paint, but in an artistic manner. It is embellished with illustrative figures, representing a case which lately occurred before the Margate magistrates; that of a man fined 1s. for selling shrimps on a Sunday. The fine was accompanied with costs, MR. H. BOYS, the clerk, we are informed, unkindly refusing to levy them; unkindly we say, because we are sure he must have known the pain he was giving.

We understand that the people of Margate are delighted with the efforts which are being made by their Sabbatharians to damp the

INFLUX OF FOREIGN RASCALS.

THOSE most attentive readers of police reports, the Swell Mob, have been greatly disgusted by the following extract from one of those interesting narratives :—

"GUILDHALL.—SIR PETER LAURIE drew the attention of the presiding Magistrate, ALDERMAN FINNIS, to the frightful increase of crime in this country by foreigners, MR. ROE, the summoning officer of Guildhall, had procured for him a return, which he held in his hand, from which it appeared that no less than seven foreigners had been convicted at the last Sessions of the Central Criminal Court. TONQUIN SAVELLA, a Peruvian, was found guilty of forging certain bonds on the Peruvian Government; AUGUSTUS FRIETAG, LOUIS BOHM, and CHARLES THOMPSON, Germans, were convicted of having in their possession certain plates for forging Bank of England notes; JOHN DUMONT, a Frenchman, was convicted of uttering forged Bank-notes; JOSEPH FRANCOIS GOBLE, also a Frenchman, was found guilty of wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm; and HERMAN SAILER, a Russian, was convicted of fraud."

Hither'o native talent has had to sustain competition with foreigners merely in Art and ordinary mechanical pursuits, but it now encounters foreign rivalry in that peculiar species of industrial occupation which is cultivated by *chevaliers d'industrie*. Against these competitors the British rogue has no chance; and the pickpocket in particular will be totally eclipsed by Continental operators, whose delicacy of manipulation is so superior to that of our own, that it will place them at the head of the light-fingered gentry, in the position of what may be termed a light-fingered aristocracy.

The last ray of Protection still flutters among the tag-rag and bobtail, and the thieves and swindlers are getting up a petition, which they will ask a noble lord and a right honourable gentleman to present to Parliament, for an Act awarding an additional period of imprisonment and hard labour to all convicted foreigners.

ANATOMICAL STUDIES.—MRS. SEXTON, the Popular

Lecturer to Ladies at DR. KAHN'S Museum, encouraged by the great success her lectures have met with, begs to inform her patronesses in general, and strong-minded ladies in particular, that it is her intention to open a summer class of anatomy at the sea-side. The great advantage of this new course will be, that the truths will be demonstrated, not by wax models, but by living figures. The first lecture will take place in the open air on the sands at Ramsgate, and will be carried on during such time as the gentlemen remain in the sea, bathing. The second lecture will be at Margate during the same hours. The terms of subscription may be ascertained at the Marine Library, the Hospital, and the principal Chemists' shops, in each place.

excessive gaiety, and diminish the extreme bustle which, during three months in every year, are occasioned there by the influx of visitors. The suppression of amusements, it is expected, will repel the pleasure-seekers; and hence an entire relief from the pressure of the extraordinary business of the Margate season will be experienced. If no shrimps are to be had with tea at Margate on Sundays, Margate will soon cease to be disturbed by Sunday tea-parties, at any rate. One attraction only will remain to draw the public from Town; and that will perhaps still load the steamboats: the diversion which light and frivolous minds will derive from the sight of the reverend orator gesticulating from his presentation-tub. There will not, alas! be wanting some persons of this, and perhaps even of a more reflective character, who would recommend the Rev. Sabbatarian to harness to his tub a team of those birds which are connected with Michaelmas, put out to sea, and preach to the fishes.

Song at the Guards' Dinner.

WITH a jolly full bottle let three men be armed,
We must be good soldiers when our hearts are thus warmed,
With a health to Old England, the QUEEN, and the Church,
May we not with our bottle be left in the lurch!
For England's VICTORIA we fought in just cause,
For which here's all this wine to moisten our jaws.

HOMOEOPATHIC GLOBULES. (SIXTH DOSE.)

To the well-bred Doctor, all Babies are Angels.
A dead wall never looks so dead, as when there is a row of broken medicine bottles on the top of it!
A man may have the "constitution of a horse," but that's no reason why a Doctor should treat him like an ass.
We soon grow tired of the medicine we take ourselves, but somehow it doesn't seem to be the case with the medicine we give to others. It would almost appear as if there was an inborn desire in the heart of every man to physic another!

THE CROWNING SUCCESS OF THE WAR.—The Coronation at Moscow.

VISCOUNT MOUNT MUFFIN.



ABOUT two months since the *Royal Gazette* informed the British Public, that HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY had been pleased to appoint the youthful LORD MOUNT MUFFIN, eldest son of the EARL OF SANDES to be one of her Pages. The *Naval and Military Gazette* of about the same date, contained the following paragraph:—

“SERGEANT-MAJOR EDWARD EDWARDS, who has just received the medal for distinguished bravery in the field, enlisted into the Scots Fusilier Guards in 1835. He was shortly selected for Corporal, and in this position exhibited so much talent as a drill-master, that he soon attained the rank of Sergeant, and was then appointed Drill-Sergeant to the Regiment, and subsequently to the rank of Sergeant-Major.

Whilst Drill-Sergeant he was selected as gymnasium instructor to the PRINCE OF WALES, which post he filled until the embarkation of his Regiment, in 1854, for service in the East: and so highly was he respected by his illustrious pupil as to receive from His Royal Highness a gold-mounted cane, with an inscription engraved on it, notifying the gift to be a Royal present. The Sergeant-Major served with his Regiment through the pestilential swamps of Bulgaria, and landed with it in the Crimea. He was present at the battle of Alma, and subsequently at Balaklava, the sortie on October 25, and the battle of Inkermann. At the latter his conduct was so distinguished that he received in addition to his medal, £15 gratuity on discharge. The Sergeant-Major was present during the winter of 1854-5, and, by his gallant example, stimulated his comrades through the hardships of that dreadful season. He has also received a medal for long service and good conduct, and the Crimean medal with four clasps. During the whole campaign this gallant soldier was not absent a single day from his Regiment, and by his incessant attention to all the minor duties of his post may be attributed the high state of discipline the men under his tuition have attained. During his period of service in the East, Sergeant-Major Edwards has seen the original number of 980 men, who embarked, dwindle down to about 120, which was all that returned home with the Regiment. On the occasion of HER MAJESTY'S visit to Aldershot he was called out from his Regiment to the presence of the QUEEN, by PRINCE ALBERT, to receive HER MAJESTY'S congratulations upon his safe return, as also those of the PRINCE OF WALES. SERGEANT-MAJOR EDWARDS has been repeatedly offered a Commission, but has refused it.”

The reader will say, what on earth can the youthful LORD MOUNT MUFFIN have to do with SERGEANT-MAJOR EDWARD EDWARDS of the Scots Fusilier Guards; the one being a nobleman recently breeched, whilst the other is a veteran of singular merit, whom his grateful country is anxious to reward for his many gallant deeds?

Wait, reader, and you will see. The youthful LORD MOUNT MUFFIN is but twelve years old now, but in four years more he will be sixteen; during these four years he will receive £200 a-year as pay for doing nothing; then he will get £500 for an outfit, and a lieutenantancy in the Guards without purchase, value £1,200, a position which will place him professionally over the heads of every other Ensign and Cornet in the whole army, no matter how long or how distinguished their services may have been.

The preliminary £200 a-year and the £500 outfit will come out of HER MAJESTY'S privy purse; but the £1,200 commission will be paid for by the nation; it will be one commission the less to be distributed amongst the deserving veterans of the late war.

And VISCOUNT MOUNT MUFFIN will enjoy this prodigious professional start in life, solely because he is now a sweet boy; an undeniable fact: bluer eyes and silkier ringlets than his Lordship's never were seen. There is no other conceivable reason why his father's son should be thus magnificently and gratuitously launched in the career of arms. He will then, if peace in Europe continues, serve his country with moderate ardour at Portman and Wellington Barracks, and at Windsor; and in more arduous times at Chichester, Winchester, and Dublin; enjoying four months leave out of every twelve, and being considerably assisted in his duties by subordinates of the kidney of EDWARD EDWARDS,—common fellows—who do not get four months leave out of every twelve, or anything like it.

By the time MOUNT MUFFIN is forty years of age he will be a General, and being a young General, and a very fresh one, unfigured by wounds and unshaken by fever, he will be selected, whenever a European war does break out again, in preference to those sunburnt war-worn vulgar veterans of the line—such as COLIN CAMPBELL, EYRE, and others—to lead our troops once more to disease, starvation, and, if inexperienced bravery can manage it, to victory.

Now turn we to EDWARD EDWARDS. This man is avowedly a complete and finished soldier, fit physically and educationally for any rank. All England knows him now. We have all seen his picture in the *Illustrated London News*—we have all read his terse and manly speeches at the Guards' dinner. He is probably about forty or forty-five years of age, and married. In any other country than this, the services which he has rendered would have already raised him to the command of the regiment in which he is still but a non-commissioned officer. But our military system is different from the continental systems. Let us see how it acts in the case of such a man as EDWARD EDWARDS.

In the first place it absolutely forbids him even to hope to bear a commission in the regiment in which he has earned his glorious reputation; for if he is promoted, he must be ejected from the Guards into the line, as not having been originally “a gentleman.”

Commissions in the line have been freely given for nothing to “anybody” during the late war—any boy of seventeen who could read and write, and who had the slightest pretensions to “gentility,” might have one for the asking; and yet such is the “reward” which has been offered to EDWARD EDWARDS towards the end of his gallant career. The pay of the position would not cover the expenses of his dress and mess; the outfit which he would receive, £100, amounts to but one-fifth of that allotted to the youthful VISCOUNT MOUNT MUFFIN; and, had he accepted it, ten years hence we should have found EDWARD EDWARDS still a Lieutenant of a West-India regiment, unable to purchase; whilst the youthful and beautiful MOUNT MUFFIN, who will not enter the army at all until 1860, will probably in 1866 be a Lieut.-Col. of the Guards, without having seen a shot fired, or done a single day's duty off the paving stones of London and Windsor.

There is but one thing to console JOHN BULL for such atrocious favoritism in the management of his army; or, to speak more correctly, of the army which he has the privilege of paying; but with the good or bad management of which it is considered presumptuous in him to interfere, and it is this:

We are assured that our soldiers delight in being commanded by MOUNT MUFFIN, and that they cannot abide—indeed, will not follow—such vulgar upstarts as the glorious EDWARD EDWARDS. It is fair to add that it is the MOUNT MUFFIN party who impress this curious fact on the public, and that the public need not place implicit belief in it, unless they are very credulous.

HER MAJESTY—God bless her!—loves her soldiers. Let her reflect on these two cases which are here placed in juxtaposition; if she does, we shall probably see EDWARD EDWARDS in the next *Gazette* as a QUEEN'S page—vice LORD MOUNT MUFFIN, cashiered for playing at marbles on the terrace at Windsor, during divine service—and although it might appear somewhat absurd to see a bearded veteran of forty in that juvenile but lucrative and easy position, it would not be half so absurd or unjust as to offer to make such a man at that age, and without money to purchase his future steps, an ensign in a marching regiment, as a reward for long years of duties faithfully discharged, and of dangers and hardships heroically overcome.

MONS. JULLIEN AMONG THE METHODISTS.

ACCORDING to the wisest of men, there is “a time to dance.” Certain persons, who perhaps are not the wisest of men, appear to be of a different opinion. The following piece of intelligence appeared the other day in a contemporary:—

“On the last sitting of the conference, the REV. ISAAC KEELING brought forward a resolution of the London district missions respecting the growing custom of dancing, and other worldly amusements closely allied to it.

“MR. KEELING proposed that the rule prohibiting dancing should be made clearer and more stringent.

“DR. BUNTING said it was high time for the Methodist Conference to give a certain sound on this matter.”

There is a certain sound which, if the Methodist Conference can give on this matter, they had better give. That sound is the sound of music, and if there are any fiddlers, harpists, and other musical performers among them, let them resolve themselves into an orchestra. After the more serious business of the Conference, a dance would be a reasonable diversion. Those constituting the band might play to their brethren—and sisters. Polkas and other dances could be composed for the occasion, and might bear appropriate titles. We fancy we can see DR. BUNTING and MR. KEELING, in deference to the rather better judgment of SOLOMON, provided, each, with an agreeable partner, and tripping it on the light fantastic toe in the graceful mazes of the *Wesleyenne* waltz.

The Largest Site in Europe.

If Dido had to build another Carthage, she would not select a bull's hide as the measurement of the space her city was to occupy. She would simply say, “Give me as much ground as a lady's dress will cover”—and we have no doubt that Dido would be fairly surprised, and, at the same time, perfectly satisfied with the extensive ultra-Babylonian area that the skirts of her new Crinolineopolitan metropolis would in all probability extend to.

ENGLISHMEN IN BRITTANY. PART II.



AFTER A LIGHT BREAKFAST -



THEY START TO WALK.



THEY DRINK OF THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS.



AT LENGTH THEY DESCRY A COSTUME IN THE DISTANCE, AND GIVE CHASE.



"BY JINGO, HE HAS ELUDED US!



THEY VOTED IT DEUCED DANGEROUS TO WALK IN THE NOON-TIDE HEAT.



THEY NOTE THE PICTURESQUE INTERIORS, WHEN THEY CAN SEE THEM.



THEY SKETCH THE FARMHOUSES, TO THE ALARM OF THE PROPRIETORS.



THEY BUY FAIRINGS.



THE COUNTRY ABOUNDS IN GAME.



KNOCKED UP. "WHAT DO YOU SAY TO GO BY DILIGENCE TO-MORROW?"



It's very annoying, but Mr. Knabbles loses his best Fish of the season, in consequence of having forgotten his landing-net—at least so he says.

CONDOLENCE WITH DR. CAHILL.

(To the Rev. Dr. Cahill.)

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Accept my sincere condolence on the shameful manner in which you have been treated by LORD PALMERSTON'S Government for the publication of a truthful and temperate pamphlet *On England and Naples*, printed and sold by J. F. NUGENT, styling himself Catholic printer. Catholic, by the way, in what sense? in the theological? or in that of universality in business; in the sense of being ready to print anything, sane or frantick, that he hopes to get paid for?

When you told LORD PALMERSTON that the QUEEN OF SPAIN had insulted his Cabinet, and that they, of course including himself, had "stomached this insult," you might reasonably have expected him to take some notice of your taunt. He has not taken the least, although you have further informed him that "KING BOMBA shakes his clenched fist in the teeth of PALMERSTON, and for the second time within the last month we behold the Cabinet of our most gracious Sovereign gibed, insulted, and brow-beaten." Are you not sorry, by the bye, for your most gracious Sovereign, QUEEN, Defender of the (British Protestant) Faith?

Not the slightest attention have you attracted from the Government by the use of the following bold and truthful language:—

"This is glorious news for Ireland, and this new order of things, in reference to England, may in the ways of Divine Providence, be the preliminary movement in Heaven for the final debasement of a cruel Legislature, which for ages has robbed and belied Ireland, blasphemed her ancient creed, killed or banished her children, and at this moment has in her pay hired bands of the lowest miscreants of human society, to torture her faithful poor and to rob them of their only remaining inheritance—the faith of their martyred fathers."

You here state a fact, for which of course you vouch on the credit of a priest, and the honour of a gentleman. You declare that the British Legislature—QUEEN, Lords and Commons—are at this present time employing hired miscreants to inflict torture on the Irish poor. Everybody knows that as well as you do: and yet Government takes no more pains to refute your accusation, than it would if that accusation were the most notorious falsehood.

Now this is what you may call persecution. It is not putting you to physical death for the expression of your opinions—if you opine what you express—but it is killing you, in as far as you can be killed, with contempt. Your friend BOMBA, if instead of being his friend you had been his enemy, and had spoken of his Government as you have of

the QUEEN'S, would have used you more like a gentleman. He would have paid you the attention of plunging you into a dungeon, and chaining you to another patriot day and night—he would have acknowledged the hard hits received from you by answering them with the bastinado. Whereas, there is not a rampant, roaring, cursing, bellowing, bullying blackguard in the vilest slums of London who does not obtain for himself as much notice from HER MAJESTY'S Government as you are able to attract. You might go and be hanged, if you would hang yourself, for it is only in some of your "surrounding Catholic countries" that such as you are hanged now, and nobody would heed the loss which Society would sustain in you, if a last dying speech and an affecting copy of verses were not written about you by your old friend,

PUNCH.

EARLY CLOSING BLUE BOTTLES.

THE chemists and druggists' assistants are trying to procure an extension to themselves of the benefit of early closing, and, as far as is practicable, of a Sunday holiday. That he who grinds pills should himself be ground must be admitted to be a groundless affirmation, and though an industrious assistant chemist may be expected to stick to his mortar like bricks, it is not fair that he should be subjected to perpetual pestle-and-mortardom.

Surrounded with all the appliances of health, to sicken for want of air and exercise is like perishing in the midst of plenty; but this is the case of the assistant of the chemist and druggist, encompassed with drawers and jars full of *materia medica*, having the counter ever under his nose, and no other prospect before his face than coloured glass globes adorned with astrological symbols.

That by way of change from an atmosphere of assafoetida, ammonia, camphor, nitrous acid, and chlorine, the young chemist may be enabled to inhale a tolerable sufficiency of oxygen in its natural state of admixture with nitrogen, it is proposed that druggists should close their shops daily at eight and during the whole of Sundays, care being taken that somebody shall be on the premises to supply medicines to any person really requiring them. Of course this provision would be necessary: for it would be hard that relief from a stomach-ache should not be purchasable because the hour was past eight p.m., or because the complaint occurred on a Sunday. The unrelieved derangement of the interior on Sunday might be the Monday's cholera. But if those who wanted aromatic mixture, or tincture of rhubarb, could get it by ringing for it, that would suffice. The one person left to mind the shop in his turn, might enjoy rest at any rate, and the recreation of reading his *Punch*, or something better, without much interruption: for few customers would knock and ring for a bottle of Preston-salts, a tooth-brush, eau-de-Cologne, acidulated drops, violet-powder, delectable lozenges, fly-papers, marking-ink, court-plaister, gum-arabic, stick-liquorice, or Windsor soap.

If the plan proposed were universally adopted by druggists, none would be losers. It has been tried by one individual, Mr. JONES of Norton-Folgate, and, as he believes, without loss. Thus, from a single instance, there appears to be not even penny wisdom on the part of chemists and druggists in late hours and no holy-days, and such being the case, to keep the pestle always at work is clearly pound foolish.

WEEDS IN IRELAND.

THE children of the National Schools in Ireland are, under authority, to be instructed by their respective teachers "as to the necessity of destroying all weeds found on the farms of their parents, or on the highways adjacent thereto." We hope that this new insult offered to his enslaved country will not be lost upon MR. MEAGHER, now of New York; for this patriot must consider the behest from the Office of National Education to pluck up, burn, and destroy the baleful weeds of Ireland, as no other than a gross, dastardly, cowardly, pusillanimous insult offered by the sanguinary Saxon to himself?

Fashionable Extremes.

DURING the first French Empire, the dresses of the ladies were remarkable for the liberality with which they admitted of the display of natural advantages. The fashions contemporaneous with the present Napoleonic reign are different: but the ladies nevertheless allow themselves a great latitude.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

QUERY, Does this ancient adage include Bills of Exchange?

HOUSEHOLD MOTTO FOR BLACKBURN HOUSEWIVES.—Anything for Peace and "Quietness."

GOOD FUN AT FOLKESTONE.



His dinner lately given to the Crimean Troops at Folkestone, by the Folkestone and Hythe people, ought not to pass unnoticed; for several reasons. First—according to the report of the entertainment:—

“The dinner, which consisted of roast beef, game pies, lamb, mutton, and plum-pudding, was accompanied by plenty of beer, ale, and rum punch, after which each soldier received a quantum of cigars and tobacco.”

We would rather have dined with the Crimean heroes at Folkestone than with their companions in arms at the Surrey Gardens, where the banquet, compared to that above described, appears to have been light and elegant, but unsatisfactory. MR. GOUGH, of water-spouting celebrity, may say what he likes; but most of our readers will perhaps rather think that plenty of beer, ale, and rum-punch all round, is

preferable to one bottle of champagne between three.

Secondly:

“The Chair was taken by SERGEANT TAYLOR, of the 6th Enniskillen Dragoons, supported by some stalwart comrades, with real Crimean beards.”

Hence it would seem that among the many impositions, or shams, as MR. CARLYLE calls them, of the present day, are to be reckoned false Crimean beards; but the question is, whether the beards are false as beards, or false in pretending to be Crimean? The experiment of pulling the beard would be a test of its physical reality, and a convincing demonstration of its Crimean genuineness would probably be obtained by the same process—which would on that account be dangerous.

Thirdly, a British soldier present made a joke:—

“PRIVATE DE CARTE said—We lost many a brave man, but we never lost our good name or honour. We cannot forget MISS NIGHTINGALE, nor can we forget MIS-Management.”

Bravo, Private De CARTE! well said, honest soldier. It is a gratifying sign of the improvement of the British army, to find a man in the ranks make a very passable joke at a public dinner, and probably after several glasses of punch. *Punch*, indeed, may be responsible for a worse joke. At any rate the joke of Private De CARTE is very much above the average of House of Commons jokes: it is a joke with a purpose as well as a point: and both Houses of Parliament would do well to keep it in mind. It will bear repetition, it is quotable, and will continue to be quotable—alas! perhaps too long.

WAGS IN A BALL-ROOM.

At one of the late Regatta Balls an extensive lady-patroness came sailing into the room, with her three daughters in her wake, being all of them attired in the extremest height, or, as we should now say, breadth of fashion. Two small aquatic wags who, as the convoy passed, were jammed against the door-post, immediately bore down upon an acquaintance who was present, and discharged into his ears (which unfortunately had no cotton in them) two broadsides of facetiousness: one observing that he almost thought that “those three-deckers”—in allusion perhaps to their three tiers of flounces—“would have carried him from his moorings by their tremendous press of canvas;” and the other suggesting that a lady’s dress nowadays would make a good course for a match, as it would afford an opportunity for testing the advantages of Great Circle Sailing.

Stray Shot.

It is with ideas as with pieces of money, those of the least value generally circulate the most.

A man, for being told the truth, thanks you the first time—votes you a bore the second—and quarrels with you the third.

A Frenchwoman talks a great deal more than she thinks—an Englishwoman thinks a great deal more than she talks.

PERSONS WHO OFFERED THEIR SERVICES TO THE QUEEN OF OUDE.

DAY AND MARTIN.—To provide her establishment with brushes and blacking, under the vulgar belief that the QUEEN’S attendants had their faces *circled* every morning, as well as their boots.

CROSSE AND BLACKWELL.—To be appointed sole agents for the sale of Her Majesty’s, as well as the King’s, her beloved son’s, Sauce.

B. DISRAELI, ESQ.—To supply Her Majesty with a superior kind of ditto.

MR. T. B. SIMPSON.—To put Her Majesty on the free list of Cremorne Gardens; and to solicit the favour of an early day being fixed for a visit to the Royal Property, in order that suitable arrangements might be made for a grand *fête* to be given in her honour.

THE ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS (*from EVANS*).—To be designated Her Majesty’s Band of Honour, with authority to sing outside the royal balcony six-and-twenty times a-day.

LORD MAIDSTONE.—As the Queen’s Troubadour.

MR. ATKINSON (*Parfumeur*).—To have Her Majesty’s name and portrait to a new Scent to be called “*Les Soupirs de la Reine d’Oude*,” and to supply her court generally with perfume.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—To dramatise Her Majesty’s wrongs in a strong, national, thrilling five-act tragedy (with new Indian effects) for the Surrey, Victoria, and Standard Theatres, as well as the Grecian, Bower, and Britannia Saloons.

THE WHOLE OF THE IRISH BAR.—As Her Majesty’s Council, Defenders, Barristers, and *Pieux Chevaliers*.

THE UNITY WAR SONG.

As sung at the meeting of Shareholders on Thursday.

LADS of the Unity,
Here’s opportunity,
Set yourselves right with the British community.
Pack LLOYD and WIELAND
To Bath, or New Zealand,
Where all sorts of smart things are done with impunity.

With honest and straight ken
Regard that poor AITKEN,
Who don’t seem to know what a bargain and sale is;
Dodging’s a folly, see:
Pay up his policy,
Singing whack fol de rol for your honest old BAYLIS.

Paternal Generosity.

Interceding Friend. Will you not do something, Sir, to relieve the unfortunate position of your son? He is at present in the Queen’s Bench, and—

Father (vehemently). Not a penny, Sir; not a penny, Sir; not one! Out to-day, he would be in again to-morrow; but I will tell you what I do not mind doing to assist him in his difficulties, I will undertake to allow him £200 a-year, so long as he will consent to remain in prison! With his habits, it’s the safest place for him.

Female Politics.

A YOUNG Lady, hearing it stated that Government, in this country, would in future be carried on without parties, said, “Oh dear! I hope not. If it comes to that, I hope Papa will take us to live on the Continent.”

SHABBY INGRATITUDE.—Men get drunk, and then lay the fault on the wine!

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.—A Lady never knows how young she looks, until she has had her portrait painted.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have thirty-seven communications, of various weights and lengths, from Collegians, Etonians, School-boys, Apprentices, and Shop-boys, who have just been up Mont Blanc. We have already two dust-bins full of similar Ascents. For the future, no “Ascent” of Mont Blanc or Primrose Hill, or any other mountain or molehill, will be inserted, or even alluded to, in our columns, excepting as an advertisement. The figure of the Bank-note can be ascertained of our Advertising Clerk, 85, Fleet Street.

ON THE SEA-SIDE PROPERTIES OF SALT.



At that rising watering-place, Sandcumeockle, PROFESSOR SNUFFIN last week delivered a lecture on the peculiar properties of salt as developed morally and physically in lady-visitors generally to all marine abiding-places.

The Professor held that salt in solution, otherwise salt water, had a most subtle effect upon the female system; an effect somewhat similar to the effect of curing or of pickling. "For instance," observed the Professor, "take a leg of pork; rub it over with salt; immerse it in brine. What will be the

effect? The salt imparts a hardness of fibre to the joint; and conserves it, according to the quantity of saline particles administered, for any time and in any climate."

In like manner, the Professor contended, salt held in solution, and absorbed in the lungs by simple breathing, or entering the pores in minutest particles by the process of bathing,—salt did confer upon the female system, a hardness and rigidity of fibre, moral and physical, unknown to the same constitution when located in the Metropolis or in any of the midland districts.

"There had been various letters," said the Professor, "unphilosophical letters he would call them, because the writers were altogether ignorant of cause and effect, written to the *Times*, querulously complaining of the sea-side deportment of certain lady-visitors; some of whom, like their national mother Britannia, sought to rule the waves by sitting inconveniently near to the waters in the swimming-time of day. Now this," continued the Professor, "is purely the effect of salt held in solution. The same MRS. ANNA MARIA JOHNSON who, in her villa at Peckham would scream at a wasp, and faint in good earnest at a black beetle, the same timid matron removed for a while to the saline, salubrious and penetrating air of Sandcumeockle, must inevitably respond to the emboldening process of *merum sal*: and, whether she will or not, be at the sea-side the self-assured ANNA MARIA JOHNSON she is."

The lecture abounded with illustrations and, as they appeared to us, with proofs of the lecturer's theory. The discourse was listened to with considerable attention, and the Professor retired amidst the feminine cheers of his auditors; who, we have since understood, resolve to mark their sense of his merits by presenting to him a handsome testimonial Salt-cellar formed of a silver-gilt statue of Lot's wife.

BOOKS LYING UNDER OUR TABLE.

- A LOOK AFTER THE BROILS.—as a Companion to *A Peep behind the Grilles*. By the waiter at Joe's Chop House.
- L'ART D'ÉLÉVER DES ENRUTES, OU LE NOTES DE SE FAIRE CINQ CENT MILLE LIVRES DE RENTE AVEC UN SIMPLE COUP D'ÉTAT. PAR O'DONNELL, Dédicé à son grand modèle et patron, LOUIS NAPOLEON.
- THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE. By the Holder of a Three Months' Note.
- MONT BLANC IN TWO MINUTES, AND ARARAT IN HALF-AN-HOUR. By a Traveller who has beaten MADAME IDA PFEIFFER, as he has been six times round the Globe (in Leicester Square), and would have started on a seventh tour, only it happened to come on to rain, and he had no umbrella.
- HOW TO LIVE WITH MEAKNESS AND HUMILITY ON £6,500 A-YEAR. By a Retired Bishop.
- MRS. GAMP'S UMBRELLA. A Companion to *La Cane de Balzac*. In Green Gingham, brass-tipped.
- SIX-AND-THIRTY DIFFERENT WAYS OF DRESSING TURTLE. By a Disappointed Digitary of the Church.
- IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND ONE'S STOCKINGS. By a well-known *Das Bleu*, who has renounced Bloomerism and tobacco, and taken to needle-work and barley-water.
- L'ANGLAIS AVANT QU'ON PEUT DIRE JACQUES ROBINSON. By the Author of *French in less than a Jiffy*.
- THE DESPATCHES OF F. M. PRINCE ALBERT. With notices of his various campaigns in Hyde Park, Chobham, Wormwood Scrubs, and Aldershot. Innumerable Portraits. Uniform with the *Despatches of F. M. the Duke of Wellington*.

Model Reporters.

The German reporters of the Czar's coronation, says the correspondent of the *Times*, report in eloquent blanks. "My pen," writes one bedazzled cabbage-ra'er, "comes to a stand-still involuntarily as the scene passes again before my memory." We propose the adoption of this style on the next ninth of November. In this way even the LORD MAYOR's gilt coach may be got over, and the men-in-armour, should they reappear, be completely swallowed. The British pen can "stand still" until the procession has moved on.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

The reader will perhaps be startled to see these "once familiar words" again heading a paragraph. He will have imagined them consigned to the vocabulary of the past, in company with "Irish Wrongs," and "Rights of Women." The truth is, however, that the phrase is an undying one. So long as the adjective *agricultural* exists, the substantive *distress* will be found coupled with it.

This reflection is induced by the following absurd remark, which we quote from the reported speech of a provincial orator:—

"The old cry of 'Agricultural Distress' is heard no longer: the fact being that the farmers now have nothing to complain of."

Nothing to complain of? O monstrous delusion! Where can the speaker expect to go to for a live British farmer who has "nothing to complain of?" We ourselves have as inquiring a mind as most people, and are not very easy to be daunted in its searches. But we should as soon think of looking for a conscientious cabman as for an uncomplaining agriculturist. And of all times the present is least fitted for the seeking. With peace restored to us, and a plentiful harvest, are not war prices pretty certain to go down? Have not the "men of Mark" Lane already notified a fall? and will the farmers "call that nothing"—to complain of?

Besides, is it not an inborn attribute of the farming mind, that it can never, under any state of things, confess itself contented? Congratulate an agriculturist on the sunshine for his wheat, and ten to one that he will answer, "Ay, but a wunts reen for the tunnups." Say how much his root-crop has been benefited by a shower, and he will respond, "Ay, but a's bin ruinashtun to th' wuts." In fact, if any farmer could find "nothing to complain of," that would in itself be a sufficient ground for his complaining. To our mind he is merely another kind of *Mawworm*, and likes to be distressed. And we should as soon expect to find a wild Dodo upon Hampstead Heath, or a Grosvenor Square family in lodgings at Gravesend, as a true-bred British farmer with "nothing to complain of."

THE REFUGE FOR DESTITUTE STATUES.

ANOTHER Statue is being put up in Trafalgar Square. The pedestal stands isolated amidst a lot of kerb-stones, and looks as if it had been left there to be fetched away. The monument is to be erected by private subscription. Now if this system of subscribing statues to private friends is to be tolerated, we shall soon be having a Gallery in the open streets of all the BROWNS, JONESSES and ROBINSONS who have electrified a vestry, or shaken a taproom table to its very centre. We shall be quickly favoured with "Statue Societies," as there are "Portrait Societies," in which the members will be subscribing so much a-week to erect statues to one another. If these statues were erected in the backyards of the heroes they were intended to commemorate, we should not object; but when they are stuck up in our most public places, to the exclusion of really great men, it is time to protest. We might as well receive in the National Gallery portraits that had been painted by private subscription, as erect in our public thoroughfares statues that have been got-up by the donations of private friends? Will LORD CARDIGAN be the next Hero! or will SIR PETER LAURIE be immortalised in brass, the very image of life? Will the next subject for immortality be LORD LUCAN, DR. CUMMING, or PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY? In sad seriousness, a stop should be put to this eruption of clique enthusiasm, or else the finest site in Europe, already unsightly enough, will include the richest collection of architectural caricatures in the world. It will become a Refuge for Destitute Statues—an open air Chamber of Horrors, only inferior in moral and artistic worth to MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

Grog in High Life.

The great daily chronicler of fashionable movements informs the world that—

"The MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY have gone on their accustomed excursion to the Isle of Rum."

Does our fashionable contemporary mean to tell us that the MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY have sailed for Jamaica?

"R. S. V. P."

A DYSPEPTIC old hypochondriac makes the following piteous inquiry:—"We have great cabbages, great gooseberries, great cities, great balloons, great crinoline petticoats, great bulls, pigs, and calves, but, tell me, where are our great men?"

CRINOLINE AND TURTLE.—A fashionable lady's dress is like the LORD MAYOR's dinner; it may be defined, An immense Spread.



ACCEPTING A SITUATION.

MAMMA AND THAT URCHIN WILLIAM GET ROUND SAFELY, BUT AUGUSTUS AND EMILY ARE OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE. WELL! WELL! THEY ARE ABOVE HIGH-WATER MARK, SO PERHAPS THEY WON'T BE VERY MISERABLE FOR THE NEXT HOUR OR TWO.

LIBERTY FILES THE AUSTRIAN BARS.

MR. PUNCH'S Artist presents his compliments to FRANCIS JOSEPH, the "hope"—(upon the veracity of that most respectable, and happily, most retired peer, now somewhere in the Grampian Hills, the EARL OF ABERDEEN)—especially the "hope" of Austria (hope told a flattering fib!), and offers him the accompanying design for a historical cartoon to decorate any or all of his palaces, in Vienna, at Schönbrunn, in Pesth, in Venice, or elsewhere.

His Imperial Majesty may deign to condescend to remember a certain Italian, named FELICE ORSINI, late a tenant of one of His Majesty's many gaols (strong abiding-places for liberty-loving rebels), but now of London. The aforesaid FELICE, in no way having before him the fear of the wrath of his Imperial master, only too careful of petulant people who do not know what is good for them, especially when administered by careful gaolers and vigilant turnkeys,—the aforesaid FELICE, spurning the hospitality of his Sovereign, and no doubt assisted by the Evil One, did with audacious industry, and rebellious perseverance, file through the bars of his stone apartment, and assisted by ill-disposed people (where *will* they go to?) did daringly

steal his freedom, the theft being secured to him on the cold soil of misty England; secured to the aforesaid robber of freedom in contempt and in despite of FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria, his hundreds of thousands of swords and bayonets, and parks of artillery notwithstanding; a bitter truth, a nauseous reality to be chewed in the legitimate mouth, and digested in the right-divine stomach.

Whereupon, *Mr. Punch's Artist* has thought the historic fact in every way worthy of graphic history: to which end he has ventured a little to enlarge and sublime the subject, by merging the individual in the general. His Imperial Majesty will therefore be graciously pleased to accept the accompanying design, not as the representation of one bare fact, but as a hopeful allegory of a coming national truth. Thus it is humbly hoped that his Imperial Majesty may gather from the contemplation of the picture a modicum of humanity and wisdom, to serve him against any possible stress. To which like end a copy may be forwarded to his fraternal Majesty, the KING OF NAPLES.

If, however, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA should refuse to accept the accompanying design for the embellishment of all or any of his many palaces, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to dedicate it, first and especially—
To the unknown benevolences who conveyed to FELICE ORSINI the



LIBERTY FILES THE AUSTRIAN BARS OF ITALY.

A TRIBUTE TO FELICE ORSINI.

files that saved his bars; files that, making sweetest music, made the heart of Liberty beat higher and higher with every note.

Further, it is dedicated to the stout, the valiant hands that "took hold of the cord," and in contempt of the Austrian halter that then hung over them for the deed of mercy, helped the maimed and lamed FELICE from the Austrian pit, and "landed him safely on the ground."

It is dedicated to the noble hearts that "for eight days" carried the victim of FRANCIS JOSEPH to and fro, tenderly "like a child."

It is dedicated to the devoted souls, who, with "total forgetfulness of risk incurred, or danger courted in sheltering or assisting" him, still comforted and sped the fugitive on his way to assured freedom; until, the sea that rolls round England, made him a sacred thing; sacred even from the gaoler-hand of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. The eagles scream, but the waves roar back a lion-like defiance.

THE WRONGS OF CRINOLINE.

"MY DEAREST MR. PUNCH,

"Do, pray, let me beg and entreat of you, please, be so kind as to notice the dreadful carelessness that everybody almost is guilty of in not minding what they are about, and dirtying, and tearing, and spoiling ladies' dresses. I appeal to you because I know your chivalrous spirit; you are like one of the knights of the olden time who rode about righting wrongs and redressing grievances, particularly those of distressed damsels, with their lances, and in the same way I wish you would give the rude, negligent, provoking, disagreeable creatures I mean, a poke. Oh! I have no patience with them. They know that dresses are worn long and wide now; then, since they are aware of this, why can they not bear it in mind? Instead of which, whenever they go down-stairs, gentlemen I mean, to dinner, or away from a play or a concert, or anywhere where there are ladies with them, those behind us are certain to tread on the skirts of our dresses, thinking of something else. The same at table, where the legs of their chairs are sure to be on our frounces, and when we rise to retire, crash they go!

"Of course, owing to the width of dresses, it is now impossible to get into a brougham, or any carriage almost, without the dress rubbing against the sides. Now when drivers of other vehicles in the streets, not only cabmen, but with carriages of their own, must see that, why is it they take little or no care how they drive, and splash ours, so that we must brush against it getting in, and there is a beautiful new dress perhaps all over mud? If they cannot help splashing, which they could if they tried, the Board of Health, or whatever it is, ought to see that the streets are kept in a proper state, swept nice and clean, not only in London, but at watering-places now, and other places where fashionable people go, and, being obliged to appear as such, if the streets are dirty, of course they naturally sweep up the mud, and rub it on, and one way and the other get dirt all over, and spoil their things.

"Another thing: when men are walking along the pavement they never mind how they carry their umbrellas and walking-sticks. Very often they hold them lengthways by the middle, and then, as they hurry along, with their minds absent in stupid thought, or business, looking straight before them, up in the sky, or anywhere but where they ought, the crook at the end catches in a fold of the dress, and—crack!—tears it all down. If they must carry sticks and umbrellas, they should confine themselves to those with knobs for handles, instead of hooks getting in the way of our dresses and tearing them.

"Servants, too, are so very inconsiderate in arranging things without allowing proper room. One cannot step into a balcony where there are plants without upsetting a geranium, overturning a myrtle, or knocking down an orange tree, or perhaps breaking a beautiful vase—all for want of a little foresight, which, if they do not exercise it, what advantage is it to be gifted with such a prerogative in preference to the inferior species?

"I also think, *Mr. Punch*, you might give a hint to gentlemen when they go inside a carriage, not to take up so much room as they do with a lady by the side of them, and her dress, as the case generally is, spread out over their knees. Tell them they ought to try and make themselves a little less, and then we should think more of them.

"You would confer another obligation if you would recommend railway companies and the managers of theatres, and other amusements to alter their seats, the narrowness of which makes them very uncomfortable; and this I will say, which may have a good tendency, that almost the only place a lady can appear in, and go without being inconvenienced at the entrance, is church, where, at least, one at a time, one seldom has to squeeze one's way through the door.

"Oh! I could complain a great deal more, but now I must conclude, for fear too much room should be occupied in your interesting columns by

"*Marine Parade, Sept. 1856.*"

"CRINOLINE."

"P.S. If they would but think the least in the world, the inconvenience might be so very easily remedied."

THE CORONATION IN MOSCOW.

By a British Cynic.

HARK! the cannon are roaring, the bells all resound,
ALEXANDER is coming this way to be crowned;
Coronations are ever attended with noise,
For men still will be men, and boys always be boys.

Here they come, and who first? the Police, I presume,
Yes, the mounted Police, who sport helmet and plume;
"Move on there!" they'll scarce have occasion to say,
For nobody's likely to get in their way.

The procession comes after, 'mid shouts of applause,
Which every procession is certain to cause,
If it flashes and shines, and is coloured enough,
No matter at all whom 'tis got up to puff.

The wearers were nothing without arms and clothes,
The excitement is caused, then, by these and by those;
Yellow jackets and gossamer chain-mail combine,
With embroidered horse-cloths, in the front of the line.

Follow lances, and pennons, and matchlocks and swords,
The old-fashioned weapons of barbarous hordes,
With scarf upon shoulders and sash around waist,
Picturesque in effect—Oriental in taste.

Black sheepskins, red skull-caps, flags white, red, and blue,
(There's a song of that name which in Moscow won't do)
And a bristling array of long red-handled pikes;
How the multitude roars! this is just what it likes.

Blue uniforms, mounted, and others than blue,
Bespangled with jewels and brilliant of hue,
Of all sorts of colours all manner of vests,
And orders, stars, crosses, and ribands on breasts.

Gowns, turbans, and trousers, camises, capotes,
Red, white, yellow breeches, and antique steel coats,
And scarlet and purple, and mazarine boots,
Yataghans, battle-axes, and green and gold suits.

Horse-trappings and liveries, domestic and state,
Having heaps of gold lace, upon chargers elate,
Chariots, crimson and gilt; helmet, armour, and crest.
Then his Majesty next and dressed out in his best,

Then the court and court ladies, and lastly the crowd,
Their shouts and their cries how astoundingly loud!
And another crowd probably, some other day,
Will bawl in the same place and just the same way.

And what sort of men did these dresses contain?
Of the whole for a sample take some of the train,
Some sixty in number; with gold braiding shone
Their malachite garb; and cocked hats they had on.

Knee shorts, white silk stockings, and shoes on their feet,
With buckles confided, made their raiment complete;
And their shorts were of plush—in their tight buckled shoes,
These same gentlemen walked, in the posse, by twos.

In their gait, 'twas remarked, they limped somewhat and finched,
For their shoes were new made, and unpleasantly pinched.
All the slaves of a despot, howe'er smart their dress,
Are but flunkies who feel the shoe pinch more or less.

Travelling Experiences.

If you stop in a foreign town, go by all means to an English hotel or Boarding-house, and there you will have English fare, be charged in English money, and hear nothing but English spoken. It will be almost the same as if you were in England, excepting that you will find the chickens rather thin, the Cheshire unpleasantly strong, the QUEEN'S English very queer, the company exceedingly sour, and the beer twice as dear as in your own country.

Impudent Austria!

THE *Vienna Presse* is about to give a German edition of MRS. STONE'S second black draught, *Dred!* And this to show a virtuous horror of slavery! That Austria should patronise the mother of *Uncle Tom* is as though *Legree* himself should protect *Eliza*, the mother of little *Henry*.

SHEFFIELD BLADES.



the knives, MR. OVEREND, the Deputy-Lieutenant of the West Riding, very fitly spoke of the service of one WILLIAM RUSSELL, in the Crimea, whose simple pen-knife has proved of greater value to England than the swords and bayonets of squadrons and battalions. "The country," said the speaker, "is much indebted to him." Now this truth has been uttered so often, that surely it is time that the country should set about an early liquidation of what is owing.

TESTIMONIALS.

MR. ROEBUCK has received eleven hundred guineas, as a small evidence of the golden opinions he has won of his Sheffield constituents. We must say that we mightily admire this simple, tangible mode of acknowledging a man's services; for a testimonial is, nine times out of ten, nothing more than a double blunder. In the first place, there is the blunder of adulation, or jobbing, or snobbery, in the idea of the offering itself; and secondly, there is the blunder in the form and purpose of the thing bestowed. This twin mistake has been felicitously illustrated of late in the Yorkshire sword given to the EARL OF CARDIGAN. Now the noble warrior has it, what will he do with it? We have known of cases of testimonial in which the person plated has been involved by the honour done him in a fearful annual expense. For instance—there was MR. CHURCHWARDEN CHUBBS. An enthusiastic member of the Established Church, it was his pride, during his period of office, to keep the church weathercock so thickly, so magnificently gilt, that it was the earliest pleasure of the day to the whole parish to observe, upon rising, which way the wind blew. Well, on the termination of his period of office, CHUBBS was presented by a grateful parish with a handsome silver épergne and salver. What was the consequence? CHUBBS, even when assisted by MRS. CHUBBS and the children, could not, each like an unhappy Theseus, sit and for ever sit gazing upon the complimentary plate. "What's the use of having anything handsome," MRS. CHUBBS would continually cry, "unless you show it?" Whereupon CHUBBS, feeling the acuteness of the question, gave a large party, and duly exhibited the testimonials. And this party was renewed year after year, at the annual expense of—but, as MR. CHUBBS himself at last declared, he couldn't bring himself decently to think of it. Now, had the testifying parish laid out the same sum upon a batch of prime port, CHUBBS might have now and then mildly and unexpensively shared the gift with a friend to the last drop; and even when all the wine was drunk, there would still have remained the monumental bottles.

MRS. GOODENOUGH, a kind creature, a local benevolence, for her many active virtues was presented with a silver cake-basket. What was the result? As GOODENOUGH a little unfeelingly observed, "the house was for ever after swarming with tea-parties." And MRS. G. put the same question put by MRS. C., "What's the use of having anything handsome if you don't show it?" Now, if instead of a silver cake-basket, MRS. GOODENOUGH had been presented with, say an elegant pen nibulator, the testimonial would have been a daily object

in the eyes of the parish for, who shall venture to say, how many years to follow?

Nothing so charming, nothing so refining and elevating as the benevolent spirit that dictates the gift of testimonials; the only matter quarrelled with by Mr. Punch being the mode and form in which they too often shape themselves. Our GRACIOUS MAJESTY of England has, we read it in the newspapers, recently given to the COUNT WALEWSKI a magnificent gold snuff-box set with diamonds, in commemoration of the treaty of peace. Well, we know that snuff-boxes have, time out of mind, been the chosen form for diplomatic presents; and there may be a significance in the fact, seeing that diplomacy seldom treats that the world is not more or less taken by the nose. Very lately JOHN BULL has certainly felt the thumb and finger of his dear ally, and has a little too pacifically followed the leading. However, we will not encourage these thoughts; indeed, it is impossible with the coronation bells of Moscow beating them out of us. And yet we think the Count's snuff-box might have been made of Russian platina, and, with all the diamonds in the world if it would only have held them, with just a little bit of Malachite; at once reflecting the slippery polish of Russian diplomacy with the pure greenness of the English.

Now the testimonial awarded to MR. ROEBUCK is every way fitting, because at the will of the possessor it is, in every way, convertible. Nevertheless, we believe we are in no way violating a confidence in stating that, even at hard-headed, hard-handed, practical Sheffield, the testimonial might have been in its form and purpose only another blunder added to the blunders of the sort not to be numbered. For instance, one of the Committee, with the best intentions, proposed the gift of a large, massive silver-gilt gridiron; as peculiarly typical of the honourable Member's patriotic conduct, when, originating the Crimean Commission, he called certain high folks over the coals. There was, we confess it, thought and significance in the proposition; but of what practical use would have been that sterling gridiron in Mr. ROEBUCK's kitchen? Neither a Secretary-of-War, nor a Quartermaster-General, nor even a Quartermaster's Assistant, are to be broiled every day. Such was the common-sense reply and conviction; and, very wisely, as we think, the idea of the gridiron was abandoned.

Rising from the purely domestic to the poetically classic, it was next proposed to shape the testimonial as a candelabra, the shaft to be formed of a group, *Apollo slaying Marsyas*; MR. ROEBUCK to be requested to sit for APOLLO (with a Sheffield whittle in his hand), and a noble Earl, with a bagpipe fallen at his feet, to be skinned as Marsyas. For a time, the adoption of the candelabra seemed inevitable, but happily better counsels prevailed. It was very sensibly ruled, that MR. ROEBUCK being a man whose habits and temperament eschewed the mere vanity of show, it would be almost unjust to their honourable Member to consider him seated in the presence of a dozen of PALMER'S candles, contemplating his own public virtues chased in silver, with nobody present, save perhaps puss asleep on the hearth-rug.

Finally, and we rejoice at the determination, it was resolved that the testimonial should shape itself in the simplicity of eleven hundred guineas. Had it been eleven times eleven hundred, it would have been equally worthy of the man and his merits. We can only wish to every guinea the property of the honey-bee. May it go forth merrily, and return doubly-laden!

FRANKENSTEIN FOR FAMILIES.

WHAT a happy thing it would be for families if Manchester could only do what the *Manchester Guardian* seems to say that it can, in the following commercial statement:—

"The difficulty of getting anything more for domestics, while the yarns they are made from have risen another step, is extorting louder complaints than ever from the suffering manufacturers."

Could domestics but be spun out of yarns, or constructed by machinery in any other way, from how much perpetual annoyance would almost every materfamilias be delivered! How few plates, dishes, glasses, cups and saucers, would be broken by a well regulated artificial domestic! There would be no waste in the kitchen, no sauce would be had thence except culinary; the leg of mutton would last many times as long as it lasts now; and the cat would not run away with the spoon and other things anything like so often as she unfortunately does at present. Having automatic female domestics, rightly constituted and wound up so as always to go on properly, we should never have policemen sneaking down our areas, nor ever at any time discover Crimean heroes in our coal-holes.

The Royal British Bank.

At the first meeting of the anxious depositors, it was resolved, "that no solicitor was to be on the Committee." This is as though, in the days of Esor, certain harried rabbits should have written up outside the warren, "No ferret admitted."

THE BILL OF THE CHURCH.

OUR dear Mother Church is just now undergoing a species of harmless persecution—harmless, because it is simply one of the sports of the Parliamentary vacation, and will cease when there is something else to fill newspaper columns—touching the inadequate pay received by her working children, the Curates. It has been suggested that these Clergymen would be more worthily remunerated were the nation made aware of their deserts, and were there the means of comparing the labours of a priest who receives £80 a-year with those of the hierarch whose salary is £10,000. In fact, it has been proposed that a Curate, like a Doctor or an Attorney, should make out his bill, and show how his time is occupied. The suggestion has given some offence, but we really think that if all classes of clerical officials were to render such accounts, and have them duly "taxed" before the payment, many advantages would arise. We should know what we were paying for. With this idea, and as a true Friend of the Church, as distinguished from Church-craft, *Punch* has ventured to frame a skeleton bill or two, as hints for the sort of accounts which he would like to see laid, annually, before Parliament.

Beginning, as is fitting, with the lower grade of teacher, here is our idea of a Curate's bill for a week:—

JOHN BULL, ESQ.

To the REV. ERASMUS ADAMS, M.A., (*Little Slushton*). DR.

- 1856.
- Sept. 13. (*Saturday*.) Writing three Sermons, my wife copying into same the texts referred to, and quotations from the Fathers, and other authorities. At night, after going to bed, getting up to visit a sick parishioner residing two miles off, and N.B. as it rained heavily, borrowing a neighbour's pony and overalls (Paid turnpikes)
 - Sept. 14. Preaching three Sermons, baptising four children, marrying two couples, burying old parishioner and afterwards visiting his family, catechising children, and calling on several sick persons
 - Sept. 15. Visiting my flock all day, reproving FARMER GILES for not coming to church, FARMER SCROGGS for sleeping there, and FARMER DRILL for keeping his children away. Reading to old Mrs. WILKINS her son's letter from Australia, writing answer for her, and getting LAWYER SCREW to cash the bill young WILKINS sent her. Attending meeting of Poor Law Guardians, and insisting on their allowing poor WAPSHOT nine-pence instead of sixpence, and thence to the Hall to see the lady's maid, who supposed herself *in articulo*. Evening, examining candidates for confirmation.
 - Sept. 16. Four hours beside the sick-bed of MISER RACKRENT, and induced him not to disinherit his daughter, and writing to her to come to be reconciled to her father. Teaching my own children an hour's Latin, and then visiting, and, as far as I could, relieving my poor. Evening, cottagers in my kitchen, read to them and advising. Wrote part of sermon
 - Sept. 17. Finishing sermon, and then morning service. My wife being near her confinement, writing a magazine article all the afternoon to help out the expenses, but was much interrupted by paupers and others, to some of whom gave bread, beer, and advice. One of them being a Roman Catholic, engaged converting him until nearly nine o'clock, when gave him supper, and hope he saw that the dogma of infallibility is really untenable
 - Sept. 18. Burials, and afterwards to see the Poor Law Guardians separately, and succeeded in getting a promise of relief for the NAGGLES family. Visiting poor all morning, and catechised class for confirmation. Evening, examining the school children, and lectured them on Scripture geography. Up till late finishing the article for magazine, but about midnight was sent for to ATKINS's wife, who was sorely troubled in conscience. Wet through, coming home, but changed, and completed my article.
 - Sept. 19. Visiting my parishioners. Met SIR HILDEBRAND PLUGG, and remonstrated with him for letting off fireworks on Sunday night. Called on LAWYER SCREW, and got time for JONNEKINS's rent, and also prevented an action against that silly chattering FRED BLATTER. Wrote to the *Times* deprecating more than a revision of the Book, and sent article to Blackwood. My wife had all the school-children to tea, saying, poor dear thing, that it might be the last time. God forbid! Read to them, and showed magic lantern. Saw some sick persons at night, and slipping in the mud near JUKES the brewer's, spilt my only other pair of black trowsers. Awoke most part of night, thinking over sermons to be written to-morrow, which was well, for I had, at three, to go off for SCALPEL
- For the week's work, I charge one fifty-second part of my income of £90, namely

£ S. D.
1 10 9

And now, in contrast with the preceding mean and shabby bill of the REV. ERASMUS ADAMS, let us give the sort of account that would be rendered by his Diocesan. This is a much more creditable affair:—

JOHN BULL, ESQ.

To the RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF BELDRAGON. (*The Palace*). DR.

- 1856.
- Sept. 13. Having seen it stated in the public papers that the PREMIER was visiting the neighbouring watering-place, Jellyfish, sending over my butler to ascertain, quietly, how this was, and where his Lordship was staying, and found it was at the Royal Hotel. Arranging for spending a few days there, for my health is far from good, and the BISHOP OF GOLDINGTON is likely to be released from his earthly ministrations
 - Sept. 14. Journey to Jellyfish, taking two carriages only, but sending on my own wine, for my duty to the Establishment forbids my incurring any sinful risk to my bodily welfare. N.B. Had the 1815 port rebottled, to avoid the perils of shaking. Arrived without accident, (D.G.), and providentially obtained a drawing-room next to LORD PALMERSTON's. The fatigue of the day was compensated, as is always mercifully ordained, by a delightful night's rest
 - Sept. 15. Taking a warm bath, and after breakfast was about to walk on the Parade, when LORD PALMERSTON opened his door at the same moment as myself. He seemed pleased to see me, and we walked up and down for nearly an hour. I think he has right views, for he spoke, I may say, most admirably about the necessity of promoting the best kind of men to Church dignities, and his cheerfulness is most delightful. He remarked "how people would stare if he and I were to begin pitching stones at the ladies' bathing machines." Of course he was not so earnest. I secured him for dinner for next day but one. A good deal occupied afterwards, in considering the details of the repast, for we are to be all things to all men that we may gain all men, but my excellent helpmate obtained some valuable hints as to his Lordship's tastes, through her lady's-maid. In the evening, made some notes for a speech I trust to deliver next session against Godless Education
 - Sept. 16. Dictating to my excellent Secretary several notes in reply to correspondents. Rebuked some of the inferior clergy for their restlessness, and new-fangled schemes for enlarging the usefulness of the Church, but relieved an applicant, a curate with a sick wife and nine children, with a donation of a sovereign, to which he is heartily welcome. Intimated to a clergyman, who "has doubts," that he should not set up his worldly reasoning against the Articles he has sworn to, and had a long interview with the landlord of the hotel, who seemed inclined to use his best energies for my dinner to-morrow. Reading Mr. ARISON, with much pleasure, in the evening, until I fell asleep
 - Sept. 17. Bathing in the Sea—a new *see* for me, as my dear helpmate playfully, and as she insisted, prophetically, remarked. Was much shocked to hear that the BISHOP OF GOLDINGTON is all but despaired of. A drive, through beautiful scenery, restored my spirits. Met LORD DERRY on horseback, and heard some anecdotes of the Court of our Gracious SOVEREIGN, told by him with irresistible humour, but perhaps a little levity. But we must make allowances, for he is troubled about many things, and some of his racing horses have disappointed him. Dressed and received the PREMIER. The dinner went off excellently, and he especially complimented the wine (though he partook of but little), and said, classically and happily, hearing that it had been re-bottled and re-sealed, "*Solum, non animum, mutat*." In conversation on Church affairs he was guarded, but I think he was struck with my argument that for episcopal promotion he should select only a man of decided opinions, who was firmly convinced that existing arrangements were the best for us all. He was much pleased with my nine girls, and called them the Muses. I trust that my endeavours have been blessed
 - Sept. 18. Not well, but looked through the Visitation Charge prepared for me by my excellent Secretary, for we must labour with our own hands.
 - Sept. 19. A private letter from LORD ——— having informed me that the see of Goldington is vacant, took an opportunity of seeing LORD PALMERSTON, who apprised me that he had promised it to DR. LATITUDE. I had hoped that he would have been guided to a different choice, and one which would have been better for the Church, but the children of this world are wise in their own fashion. Determined to return to the Palace—paid the hotel bill, which seemed high (£48 11s. 6d.), and got into my carriage after lunch
- For the week's work, I charge one fifty-second part of my income of £10,000, namely

£. S. D.
192 60

FLOREAT ECCLESIA. (*Errors excepted*.)

TO NOBLE FAMILIES ABOUT TO STOP IN TOWN.—Advertisements announcing "Departures for the Continent," received the same as usual. The country visited left entirely to the option of the Advertiser. The charges only a trifle extra on the usual fashionable announcements. N.B. No inquiries made, and the greatest secrecy relied upon.—*Morning Post Office*, Upper Wellington Street.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

The subjoined affecting instance of remorse appears in the *Times*:—
THE SECRETARY of STATE for WAR begs to ACKNOWLEDGE the RECEIPT of SIXTY POUNDS (£60) from "An Old Officer, in order to its being re-credited to the public, as a like sum was obtained by him long since by means which he cannot now conscientiously approve."—War Department, Horse Guards, September 2, 1856.—E. T. A. TRIMMER.

Bets have been made in various mess-rooms as to the remorseful individual who has refunded this sum. Two to one have been offered on a noble Earl, late of the Crimea; but in justice to his known consistency as a General of Division, we are bound to say, that he is generally believed to be incapable of returning anything; except, and that very quickly, from an over-charge.

A YANKEE'S INHERITANCE.—A bowie-knife, and a COLT'S revolver.

THE WAY TO RUSSIA.

PREFACE. About a fortnight ago BROWN met JONES at his own door in Tyburnia. JONES had his hands full of stone jars and tin cases. They have not met since they had the following conversation:—

Brown. Hallo, JONES, whatever are you going to do with that tremendous bundle of potted meats and preserves?
Jones. Why, you see me on the point of starting for Russia. I haven't a minute to spare. I leave you to send away the servants—lock up the house—close the shutters—shut myself up in a back bed-room—light the camphire—and leave word with the charwoman to tell all visitors for the next month—"If you please, Sir, Master's gone to Moskey, to see the HEMPEROR crowned." These little things are the provisions to last me on the journey. Goodbye, my boy, I'm off.

A NOTION FOR A COMPOSER.—The Early Closing Movement.

ENGLISHMEN IN BRITTANY. PART III.



THE SACR-R-R-ED OLD PIGS OF HORSES ("SACR-R-R-ES VIEUX COCHONS DES CHEVAUX") THAT TOOK THEM 20 MILES IN 13 HOURS.



HOW THEY TRIED THE BANQUETTE.



THEN THE INTÉRIEUR.



OH DEAR! WHAT ADVANTAGES SOME FELLOWS HAVE WHO CAN SPEAK THE LANGUAGE!



THEY BID A GRACEFUL THOUGH DEJECTED FAREWELL TO LA BELLE FRANCE.



FATHERLAND GAIR.

THE LAUNDRESS IS FOUND "MISTRESS OF THE SITUATION."

"AND SO HOME."



HORRIBLE ATTACK UPON (THE NERVES OF) AN OFFICER IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

"There, don't cry, darlin'—bless 'is 'art—and this pretty soger gentleman 'll let Billy look at his watch!"

THE CHURCH ON A LOW DIET.

"No Cura no pay" is an expression with which every one of course is well familiar; but with us familiarity is now engendering the most complete contempt for an observation which, we have discovered, is a manifest untruth. For if the letters which have recently been published in the *Times* may be in any way received by us as letters of credit, there are at present very many cures about the kingdom to which the words "no pay" might not improperly attach, the pay being so small as scarcely to be payable in our existing coinage, and in fact it really does not pay to take it.

Equality of church revenues would be a doctrine only entertainable by perdition-caught heretics and dissenting revolutionists. But every *amicus curiæ*, or friend of the curates, must regret that their pay is not more equal to their work. We hear of certain medicines being rapidly "absorbed," but their rapidity in this respect is far surpassed by that of certain metals. The absorption, for instance, of such ores as gold and silver, by a small curate's small family—small we mean in point of stature only, not in numbers or in appetites—is generally so rapid as to border on the marvellous. Fifty, or even a full hundred, pounds a-year may be readily swallowed up in the shape of bread and milk and vegetables by any "little" family; and there need be no maternal fears of their young digestions being injured by such clogging luxuries as pies and puddings. Indeed, the chances are that half the sons of the Church, that is, at least, all the children of the curates, must, even before the sanctifying hands are laid on them, have become from early habit confirmed vegetarians, since it is not probable that they can have formed a taste for meat. Whereas the son of any of the Fathers of the Church—we mean, of course, to use the noun in its episcopal rendering—has by cause of his good livings (for the case is rarely singular) far less chance of ever suffering from any poverty of blood than from actual pluracy.

Rosa Bonheur's Ewes and Wethers.

THE *Scotsman* tells us that ROSA BONHEUR—the marvellous ROSA!—has been at Falkirk Tryst, where she bought two black-faced ewes and two wethers, for subjects of study. It is a pity that ROSA was not present at Primrose Hill, to see JOHN FROST's mob. She might then have selected some wonderful specimens of English asses.

CHALLENGES TO CURIOSITY.

A CORRESPONDENT gratifies our taste for curiosities by sending us the following couple of advertisements, which we think with him deserve a somewhat wider circulation than that which their inserters originally bargained for. As, however, in the light of literary compositions they perhaps may prove of interest to our readers, we shall generously waive our usual charge for their insertion: although we certainly are not too proud to think of taking it as conscience-money, should the advertisers feel that it would ease their minds to forward it.

The first is from the *Shields Gazette*:—

A CHALLENGE.

THE HOWDON KEELMEN are ready to make a Sweepstake to row any Keelmen on the Tyne for a Sweepstake of 5s. entry, with £2 added. The boats to be taken on shore, and tossed for choice Six days before the Race.

We should say these Howdon Keelmen are a stalwart set of fellows, if they can take their boats on shore, and play pitch and toes with them. Hitherto, in our ignorance, we have only heard of boats being "tossed" by whales, and "very like a whale" would be a natural exclamation if one were told of such a feat being humanly accomplished. It certainly is not the sort of exercise that we should try "for choice," and while half-pennies exist, we are rather at a loss to see the use of it. If the boats be merely tossed as substitutes for coppers, we suppose that "thwarts or keels" would be called as the equivalent for "heads or tails." But regarding the performance simply as a feat of strength, it strikes us as coming it a little too strong.

The second challenge is given in the *Newcastle Guardian*:—

A CHALLENGE.

THOMAS AND MATTHEW CLOUGH, brothers, of Cowpen Colliery, are open to Shoot any Two Persons in the Coal Trade for £10 or £15; 21 yards rise, and 60 yards fall, with 10 or 15 birds each; and THOMAS CLOUGH is open to Shoot any Single Person on the above terms.

We think we never properly appreciated until now what advantages

we enjoy as connubial beings. *Judy* preserve us! how we tremble to reflect, that but for her we might find ourselves the "any Single Person" whom this MR. CLOUGH would single out for his especial shooting. As it is, being happily in a marital state, and having no connection whatever with the coal trade, we feel ourselves secure against these gunpowdery-minded bro'ers: who for the small charge of "£10 or £15"—mercenary miscreants! our *Judy* even would not part with us for that!—would be so murderously "open to shoot" us. But it makes us nervous even now to picture to ourselves what might have otherwise befallen us. Only imagine at our time of life, and state of corpulence, having a "21 yards rise" taken out of us; and this but as a prelude to a "60 yards fall!" Compared to that, what to us were all the ups and downs of bubble bank-shares or cross-the-Channel steamboats?

A Clerical Cypher.

A CERTAIN Dignitary (or indignitary, rather) of the Church, previous to leaving it, left his card on the Bishop of his diocese, with the initials marked in the corner, "P. P. C." Upon the matter being referred to some ladies, they said that it was the customary abbreviation of "*Pour Prendre Congé*," the *congé* in this instance being obviously intended for Rome; but BERNAL OSBORNE, who was present, exclaimed; "No, no, no,—don't destroy the meaning, it is perfect almost to a letter—in my opinion the initials clearly mean P(a),P(a),C(y),—in one word, Papacy!"

What is the Derivation of "Kursaal?"

WHY, my dear young friends, you must know a "Kursaal" is a beautiful palatial establishment, ever so much finer than Buckingham Palace, that is generally thrown open, with its gardens, lakes, ducks and geese, to everybody at a German watering-place, and it is so called a "Kursaal," because I must tell you that the Curse of gambling is always going on there morning and night!

PARK-PREACHING.



HE REVEREND MR. CRYBBACE is an earnest advocate of Sunday Park-Predching. Believing, and weeping "bitter tears" in the belief that SIR BENJAMIN HALL is the patron of "miscreant mobs of infidels, blasphemers and trumpeters," to which end he has refused to sanction the Sunday utterances of CRYBBACE AND CO., in Victoria Park, MR. C. has written a letter to SIR BENJAMIN full of Christian tenderness, and brotherly affection. It will be impossible, we think, for HALL to withstand the beneficent influence of CRYBBACE. His tongue so runs with honey that he can scarcely venture in the neighbourhood of a bee-hive. CRYBBACE'S tender thought, as he himself expressed it,

on reading SIR BENJAMIN'S prohibitive placard was—"Cowardly bully! He must be beaten into decency." Further, in his letter to SIR BENJAMIN, the mellifluous CRYBBACE writes—

"We utterly detest that smooth-tongued villainy, concealing the most sinister designs under the fairest words, which men of your sort consider political tact and courtly address."

Now there may possibly exist a difference of opinion as to the Reverend Gentleman's fitness to preach in Victoria Park; but we think there is a locality where, judging from the above specimens of diction, the words of MR. CRYBBACE could not fail to tell. Let him try Billing-gate.

THE MODERN CANUTE.

HOPE, that never flatters so charmingly as when kings have to be flattered, told the flattering tale, that all peasants born in Russia after the coronation of the Emperor would be free. This tale, however, turns out to be about as false as most of the tails worn by the horses in a circus. We suppose that ALEXANDER has his flatterers, much the same as old CANUTE had, and that they wish to persuade him that he can bid the Serf not to pass a certain limit—saying to it, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further." However, in the inevitable progress of events, the Serf may advance, and in the rush the Emperor may have to retreat, as CANUTE did, unless preface he prefers being washed away by the advancing tide. In the meantime, it would not make a bad historical cartoon to be hung up in all the school-rooms (if there is any other rod, but the rod of iron?) in Russia, illustrating "ALEXANDER BIDDING THE SERF TO STAND STILL"—carefully putting the date under it, "1856."

Advice Gratis. (FOURTH BATCH.)

Be civil to the woman who bites the ends of her gloves. In a balloon, don't sit opposite to a man with long legs. Take care of your pockets, when you go to Exeter Hall. The Loan at a Loan Office is best left alone. Tell a woman nothing but what you want to be told again. Those who live in glass-houses had better pull the blinds down. Before washing, see that there is a towel at hand. If you have a Lawyer for a next-door neighbour, you had better not throw your weeds over into his garden.

THE LAST REFUGE.—Deserted by friends, avoided by enemies, shunned by everybody, a man retreats into himself, and turns misanthrope, or else becomes a bill-discounter!

OPINIONS BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR.

We are not aware that we are laying down any new truth in saying, that opinions change with time and place. What is black as an Ethiopian Serenader to-day may become *couleur de rose* as a May Queen to-morrow: a slice of good luck, or a piece of orange-peel, a chimney-sweep, or a fine day, a smile from a balcony, or a chimney-pot from a housetop, may make all the difference in our thoughts. If it is thus with trifles, what must it be with grievances as big as a battle-field? How differently we think of Russia now to what we did six months ago! We could not bring forward two better proofs of this changeable feeling than the proofs of two articles written by the same critic on MR. BURFORD'S *Panorama of St. Petersburg* in Leicester Square.

This is the first article, written by him before the Treaty was signed:

ST. PETERSBURG:—AS IT WAS DURING THE WAR.

"This is a city every way worthy of the stone-hearted Despot who holds 60,000,000 of human beings in chains. The Palaces look like gaols—the houses have all the forbidding look of sponging-houses about them. There is the thick stifling atmosphere as of a prison about the place. It is Newgate enlarged, with the Fleet Ditch for a river. The mouth of the latter is as black as the mouth of a cannon. The sable stream encircles the town like the band of crape round a burglar's hat. There is a choking feeling of mourning that hangs over the town like a pall, and casts a deep shadow of sorrow on all things. The trees bristle as with bayonets, the spring plants appear no better than spring guns, the very pistils of the flowers seem as if they would like to shoot at you. The air whistles by one's ear with the hissing sound of a rifle-ball. The church-bells when they ring must have the jingle of a turnkey's bunch of keys in them. You may be sure Joy never entered such a town! It would as soon think of playing at leap-frog with MR. HUNT'S 'Scape-goat' on the salt-crust banks of the Dead Sea, or giving a juvenile party in a Metropolitan Churchyard! Let us run away from this Bastille of a capital, or else the bars will be closing in upon us, and we shall be treated like criminals, or, worse still, like Russians. Such a Vincennes of a dungeon has a fit military keeper in that monumental man of iron, ALEXANDER!"

This is the second article, written by the same unbiassed authority:—

ST. PETERSBURG:—AS IT IS AFTER THE WAR.

"Here is a fair light-hearted City! Every window has a sparkle in it, every door is on the broad grin. It seems steeped in sugar, like a huge twelfth-cake; and what shall we say of the bright, glittering Neva? Why, it is a broad sheet of silver, that runs round the twelfth-cake! If the town had been spun to order by a Fairy, there could not be a lighter touch about it. It shines with a thousand delicate shifting colours, like a pigeon's-neck, or a monster opal flashing in the sun. Do not breathe, or else you will blow the fairy bubble away, a bubble that you could swear had been blown by *Titania* herself out of the prismatic spray of a rainbow that had been caught span-new in Utopia. It is a long-exploded fable about the auriferous paving of London, but here is the metallic reality ready to ring like new shillings under your feet, for in

truth the pavement looks sheeted with silver. The houses, too, are creamy white, giving one the idea that they were washed every morning in new milk. The smoke is not black bituminous smoke, like ours. It curls gracefully upwards, in light-blue wreaths, like perfume from a choice Havannah. But we notice we have boots and black trowsers on, and on our head we feel a heavy white hat, in form and colour not unlike a Stilton cheese. Our presence by its vulgarity insults the ideality of the lovely scene before us. Such a highly-silvered metropolis is the fit casket for such a jewel of an Emperor as ALEXANDER, who only rules to make 60,000,000 human beings happy. We will rush out, and allow our aching eyes to rest awhile after this bright illusion on the dingy realities of that big, untidy bricklayer's yard, called Leicester Square."

We only give the above notices as proof how the opinions of some of the wisest of men turn unconsciously from hour to hour with the hour-glass of politics. But neither report—not the very black one, nor the very white one—does justice to the surpassing merits of MR. BURFORD'S *Panorama*. It is a flash of sunshine after the darkness of our own Walls'-end London. To see the one after the other is like merging out of a coal-cellar into the bright open air. It is a capital way of seeing St. Petersburg, and gives one almost as good a peep into the interior of a Russian town as one of MR. RUSSELL'S photographic descriptions. You see the town *à vol d'aigle*; the eagle in this instance being, of course, a Russian one. You take your flight merely by running up one pair of stairs, and have the further satisfaction of saving into the bargain all the expense and worry of coronation prices and droschky extortions.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

At a party the other evening there were present six young ladies, attired in the height—or rather width—of fashion, the circumference of whose united dresses exactly equalled that of Astley's circus. It was calculated by a Senior Wrangler who attended, that if the material of which the six dresses were composed had been cut into strips of two inches wide, it would have reached four times round the dome of St. Paul's; while the air-tubes with which the skirts were expanded would, if placed end to end, have very considerably overtopped the Monument. Some idea may be formed of the labour which the present mode has rendered necessary, when we state that to fill the air-tubes of a single dress it takes the most expert lady's maid, upon an average, upwards of three hours and a quarter, even with the help of a good-sized pair of bellows.

A SHORT SERMON FOR STREET PREACHERS.—"Move on!"

THE UNITED JOB AND LAZARUS BANK.

CAPITAL; SAY—ONE MILLION.



WITH a view to the special advantage of the small and uncertain capitalist, this Bank is established. That distinguished actuary, MR. FIRZCOCKER, has calculated that the halfpence annually bestowed in charity within the Bills of Mortality upon persons of the Mendicant Class amounts, on an average, to no less a sum than £950,000 14s. 2½d. This sum does not include the daily coppers expended upon crossing-sweepers, that may fairly be put down in round figures at £50,000 more, sinking the odd halfpence. Thus, we have a total of £1,000,000 14s. 2½d. Now, it is well known that the Mendicant and Crossing-sweeper class are, for the most part, a thrifty if not a penurious people. What is more common than to read of the apprehension or death of the beggar upon whose person or body is found

rolls of bank-notes and showers of sovereigns? It is calculated that of the above £1,000,000 not above one-half is expended by the recipients for board, clothing, and lodging (leaving a fair margin of expense for an annual visit to a watering-place.) Thus, a clear half-million is annually accumulating in old stockings, under worm-eaten floors, and in all sorts of impossible nooks and corners considered convenient to Plutus.

Now it is to afford safe and peculiarly profitable means of investment to the provident classes above named, that The United Job (it is requested that Job be taken in its purely patriarchal pronunciation) the United Job and Lazarus Bank is established. The persons most interested in the successful permanence of the institution, it cannot be doubted, will feel the fullest and deepest confidence in the character of the concern, upon a careful perusal of the subjoined names of individuals too well known to demand another syllable. They speak for themselves.

TRUSTEES.
MESSRS. PEACHUM AND LOCKIT.

CHAIRMAN.
CAPTAIN MACHEATH.

DIRECTORS.

CROOKFINGER'D JACK.
JEMMY TWITCHER.
WAT DREARY.

ROBIN OF BAGSHOT.
BEN BUDGE.
BOB BOOTY.

AUDITOR.
MAT-O-THE MINT.

By Order. FILCH, *Manager and Secretary.*

It being determined that the building at present devoted to the National Gallery shall be offered to public sale, the Directors of the United Job and Lazarus have already entered upon negotiations in order to secure the whole of that important Block (crowning as it does the finest site in Europe) for Bank purposes. Pending these negotiations, the Bank business will be carried on in the first-floor of the Turpin's Head. N.B. Ring the Bank-bell.

Adulterated Drugs.

VERY much has been written against the adulteration of drugs: but we think we can recommend all persons in want of the real article to visit the Princess's Theatre; where MR. CHARLES KEAN as *Rolla* nightly gives forth the pure unadulterated Peruvian bark.

THE PROPELLING POWERS THAT BE!

As the child is propelled in a perambulator, so is merit pushed on by ambition—it all depends upon how it is guided, as to whether it carries the person safe home, or else drops him in the mud half-way.

SAINT GOVER'S WELL,

OR A MODERN LEGEND OF KENSINGTON GARDENS.

'MID the royal glades of Kensington, six green-clad keepers walk,
With the nursemaids in each alcove they indulge in pleasant talk,
But they watch the pranks of parish boys, with the temper and eyes of a hawk.

Last year the youngest flirt of the clan dissolved into skin and bone,
He measured seven five in his socks, but he barely scaled twelve stone,
He lost, as doctors would say, his *vis*, and, as patients would say, his *tone*.

One summer morn, 'neath the chesnut shade as he pensively strolled
About,
From a green hill-side he suddenly spied clear water-drops trickling out,
Which seemed to say,—“We're a tonic, my lad, just drink and we'll
make you stout.”

At its shrine for months, with a mug in his hand, he was wont on his
knees to fall,
And the tonic iron-moulded his frame, till he grew as mighty as SAUL,
The secret waxed too big for his breast, so he told SIR BENJAMIN HALL.

That spirited Welshman covered the well, and made it a sacred spot,
And a veteran nymph presides with a glass, who declares she hasn't
forgot,
When foxes were free in those Gardens to range, and livery servants
were not.

She details to the crowd this right ancient fact, but still there's a fact
more quaint,
She “don't know who this ere GOVER is, that SIR BENJAMIN's picked
for a saint,”

“But she knows that, fill bottles without a pass 'from them ' Woods
and Forests,' you mayn't.”

Then success to the good St. Gover's Well, we no more shall at Bath
be bled,

The hopes of each lodging-house keeper at Leamington Priors are fled,
And Cheltenham, Malvern, and Harrowgate are as good as knocked on
the head.

GRAND FASHIONABLE EXHIBITION.

(From a Fashionable Contemporary.)

IN the *Allée des Boutiques*, which is the Boulevard des Italiens of Baden-Baden, there has been a grand exhibition of *Suppos de toutes les Nations*. The *élite* of the fashion were present. The day was overpoweringly hot, but thanks to the large dresses, the judges and jurors were enabled to perform their arduous duties completely *à l'ombre*. For the first time, perhaps, grateful praises were heard in favour of “the cold shade of the aristocracy,”—at least the female English portion of it. The prize, we believe, was awarded to the MARCHIONESS OF A—, who beat the GRAND DUCHESSE DE S— by a full breadth. The *Banquiers*, however, rail with great bitterness against the prevailing *mode*. They declare that a muster of three ladies most effectually blocks up the *Salle de Jeu*, whilst the addition of a fourth actually prevents the *croupiers* wielding with anything like rapidity or freedom their monster rakes. They represent, with pathetic indignation, that if a lady stands in front of the gaming-table, she forms an impregnable barricade, that completely sets at defiance the approach of the most desperate gamblers. They advocate the appointment of a sumptuary censor, who should be stationed at the doors of the Conversation House with a tremendous pair of shears, and armed with full authority to clip off the peccant parts of every lady's dress that exceeds a certain number of yards. The maximum allowed is to be seven French yards for morning, and nine for full dress. They maintain that unless some such *modus operandi* is exercised on the *modes*, they might as well shut up their doors at once, instead of going through the absurd form of opening them simply to have them barricaded the next minute by ladies. These gentlemen in their extreme delicacy do not mind, apparently, contemplating the ruin of others, but they have a strong objection against being made patient spectators of their own. They conclude their list of grievances by declaring that they must either close the *Kursaal*, or else a censor must be appointed. They recommend to the office a newspaper censor, one who is just fresh from Vienna, as they say he understands to perfection the free use of the scissors.

Mutual Forbearance.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA in his new Manifesto pardons the Poles compromised in 1831, so that the Poles may return to their country; but as for returning to the Poles a rouble's worth of their property, why the Poles must pardon the EMPEROR.



PERFECTLY DWEADFUL.

Guard. "NOW, SIR! IF YOU'RE GOING ON BY THE EXPRESS. HERE'S JUST ROOM FOR ONE!"

Tourist. "WHAT! GET IN WITH HAWWID OLD WOMEN, AND SQUEEMING CHILDREN! BY JOVE! YOU KNOW! I SAY! IT'S IMPAWSIBLE, YOU KNOW!"

THE SPLIT IN THE STATES.

UNITED STATES, if our good will
Could but command its way,
You would remain united still,
For ever and a day.
Does England want to see you split,
United States?—the deuce a bit.

Your North and South dissevered, we
With less disgust should view
Only than England we should see
And Scotland cleft in two.
We wish your great Republic whole,
With all our heart and all our soul.

Why who are we? Almost alone,
With you, upon this Earth,
We bow before no Tyrant's throne.
Believe us, aught but mirth
Your noble Commonwealth, if cleft,
Would cause us Britons, weaker left.

What head we might, against the wrong,
Together make, O friends!
We wish you to continue strong,
On union strength depends.
So, that your States may keep compact
Is our desire—now that's a fact.

By Priest and Soldier's two-fold sway
The old world groans, oppress.
We, and you only, far away,
With Liberty are blest.
And may we still example give,
And "teach the nations how to live."

How all the Despots would rejoice,
Should you break up and fail;
How would the flunkeys' echoing voice
Take up their masters' tale.
"Free institutions will not do"
Would be the cry of all the crew.

The Press is gagged—the mouth is shut—
None dare their thoughts to name,
In Europe round; and lackeys strut,
Arrayed in splendid shame;
And creeds are, at the bayonet's point,
Enforced in this time out of joint.

Still be it yours and ours to bear
Our witness 'gainst these days.
The world, at least will not despair
Whilst we our free flags raise.
Then may you still your stripes possess,
And may your stars be never less.

Strange it may seem, and yet is not;
The peril of the Free
All springs from one unhappy blot,
The taint of Slavery.
That, that is all you have to dread:
Get rid of that and go a-head!

"Early Returns and Small Profits."

NOTWITHSTANDING the warm weather, MR. FROST, on his return, has had a cool reception. His placarded "Popular Demonstration" was a demonstration only of his want of popularity. His fellow Chartists were expected to assemble in force, and they assembled rather in weakness. Instead of mustering some thousands strong, they got together only a few feeble hundreds. The truth is, that like whitebait, the summons was quite out of season. Now the people are enjoying the warm sunshine of prosperity, it is futile to expect to find many of them Frost-bitten.

Louis Napoleon in Spain.

THE *Times* correspondent, writing of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S intentions towards Spain, says—

"It is reported that he is desirous and hopeful that France and England should combine their action and policy in Spain; but, with the EMPEROR'S views with respect to that country, it is hard to see how this is to be done, except by England's following whithersoever France chooses to lead."

Rather hard, indeed. The tiger-monkey may have an eye for the Spanish chesnuts, but he is not to use BRITANNIA'S fingers to draw them out of the embers.



THE AMERICAN TWINS, OR NORTH AND SOUTH.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY ASCENT.

"SIR, THE interest which has lately been excited by narratives of the ascents of places of remarkable elevation, as Mont Blanc, Mount Ararat, Primrose Hill, and other localities, induces me to hasten to send you an account of an exploit which has just been happily achieved by two young English travellers in Paris. They, last night, succeeded in accomplishing the hitherto all but unheard-of feat of scaling the top-most height of one of the summits of the mountain chain of houses in the newly-discovered portion of the Rue de Rivoli.

"I will not, Sir, occupy your valuable space with a dissertation upon the character of the country in which this remarkable chain is situate. I may mention, however, that its existence among the mountain ranges of Europe is of comparatively recent date. The singular changes which have been wrought in this region during the reign of the present Sovereign of France, are phenomena which have excited the attention of Europe. A valley of great beauty now extends from the magnificent prairies to which the natives have given the not inapplicable title of Elysian Fields, up to the point at which civilisation ceases, and the wild Hôtel de Ville frowns upon a waste of space. This valley is exceedingly fertile, and there are few products which may not be obtained from it by digging into the *porte-monnaie*, while among its wilder productions are *Zouaves, grisettes, bonnes, gendarmes, gamins, soubrettes, mouches*, and the luxuriant flora of the *demi-monde*, recently discovered by that eminent naturalist, M. DUMAS, *ils*.

"We reached the Valley de Rivoli, after a somewhat fatiguing journey from Boulogne upon the Sea, on Tuesday night, and notwithstanding our weariness, we determined at once to ascend one of the highest peaks of the mountain range, from which we had resolved to see the sun rise. We were confirmed in this determination by discovering from the inhabitants at the foot of the mountain, that we had no alternative between taking that course and remaining all night on the plateau of stone which forms the bottom of the valley. We were assured that the ascent, though arduous, would be rewarded; that we should find comforts at the summit; that we should be furnished with a guide, and the expense would become light in proportion to the rarefaction of the atmosphere. The mountain we resolved to scale was fancifully christened by the inhabitants, from its likeness to one of the inns of the country, the Hôtel St. Boboche; and when we arrived, its foot was bathed in gentle radiance of gas-light, which is one of the novel phenomena of the region.

"We resolved on leaving our baggage at the bottom of the mountain, though one of the hardy children of the place begged to be permitted to carry it up with us. We eat a hearty meal, consisting of articles which appeared most likely to keep us awake for some hours (and which did so), namely, *saumon aux capres*, cold, a *mayonnaise*, sardines, *fromage de Neuchâtel*, a bottle of Tavel, and some *eau de Seltz* and cognac. We then lit two of the cigars of the country, which are exceedingly bad (except those at one *sou* each) and summoned our guide. He was a cheerful young fellow, who might have been five and twenty, but who playfully called himself a *garçon*, and was dressed in black, with a white apron. We deemed it our duty to inquire, whether he was acquainted with the region to which he undertook to guide us? and we also asked, whether he had a wife or children dependent upon him for existence? In the *patois* of the district he replied, '*Pas si bête*;' but to re-assure us, he stated, that ladies had penetrated to the extreme height to which we were going, and had sustained no injury beyond the loss of not very good tempers. Taking lights, which he furnished to us, and said we should need, and inscribing our names in a travellers' album, over which the police of the district watch with much care, we set out, and speedily arrived at the *Mat de la Halle*. This presented little worth notice, except traces of the feet of many preceding travellers.

"Our ascent then began in earnest, and the steps were so exceedingly slippery that we nearly sustained serious falls. But by clinging to some wood-work placed beside the pathway, we escaped this peril, and soon reached the platform called the *Entresol*, where a view already presented itself. Paris lay before us in a beautiful map, which was coloured with the most pleasing variety of hues. Its various divisions could be distinctly made out, and the principal objects of attraction to a stranger, and even the charges for the vehicles necessary to reach them, could be discerned without difficulty. But we had a good deal to accomplish, and without pause we struggled upwards to the *Première Etage*. Here the cocoa-nut tree is found, and we derived considerable assistance, in climbing, from its fibres, which spread over the ground, and afforded us a pleasant foothold. Looking down through a gap, we discovered, at the back of the mountain, an abyss, of a quadrangular form, at the bottom of which we could see a faint glimmer of light, and curious sounds ascended, to which my companion and myself were inclined to assign Neptunian rather than volcanic origin. They reminded us of water escaping from the waste-pipe of a cistern.

"At the next stage of the ascent a catastrophe nearly occurred. The pass is tolerably wide, perhaps twelve feet at the level called *Au Seconde*. Our guide had tarried a little, and we were all together, when a rushing sound was heard, and he was evidently startled. We supposed that we had disengaged an avalanche, and our alarm was naturally excessive, when he whispered '*C'est la Crimoline*.' In another moment, an immense mass, of extreme whiteness, occupied the whole width of the pass, and appeared to be descending upon us. The guide hastily dragged us into a recess on one side, and there, crushed together, we beheld the mass glide past us, detecting, as we fancied, a delicate perfume. The awful body went down the very track we had taken, and our thankfulness for our preservation found vent in exclamations that will occur to every pious mind.

"Henceforth the ascent became one of extreme severity, and the labour it enforced prevented our making many observations, except such as would have no interest for the ordinary reader. Vegetation was manifest at various points of our route, in the form of gerania, and fuchsia, and of a peculiar odour seldom absent from the fluid in which greens have been boiled. We perceived no animals, except a wild white dog, whose hinder parts were divested of hair, and who, rushed from a recess and barked hysterically, but eluded all attempts to capture or even to kick him. At one moment a sound as of the fall, from step to step, of some metallic body, possibly an *acrolite*, met the ear, and it was followed by the continuous plash, as of a small cascade. This occurred shortly after one of our party had made a false step backwards, and struck his foot violently against some object which seemed to give way with the blow. The guide was inclined to refer the incident to a *pied-bain*, and if he was right, we met with a rarity in the physiology of the district.

"Still struggling upwards, we attained the final plateau, and with gasping breath; stood upon the summit of the Hôtel de Boboche. I confess myself unequal to do justice to the prospect, and the fatigue I experienced seems to have imparted sympathetic lassitude to my pen. We agreed to dismiss our guide, and to bivouac for the night. Everlasting spring is found in these altitudes, especially in the German mattress which is acclimatised here. A canopy of snow greeted our eyes, and we threw ourselves down to rest with an eagerness not entirely vindicated by the result of the *saumon aux capres* and other components of our supper. Animal life, in its smallest form, was present around us, but we ultimately became oblivious of all trouble, and slept till morning, when, if we did not see the sun rise, we heard the daughters getting up, and a precious noise they made about it.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"EXCELSIOR BROWN."

Paris, Sept. 23rd, 1856.

[We believe that our correspondent had penned the above graphic sketch before discovering that we should insert such things only as advertisements. We wish him joy of the sum he has paid for its appearance.—ED. PUNCH.]

"FOOL'S MONEY."

WE see a coin collector is advertising for sale "Fool's Money." We do not know what may be the peculiar colour of this money, or whether it is distinguished by any strong verdant tinge, or the effigies of what particular SIR PETER LAURIE it carries on the face of it; but on the principle that a Fool and his Money are soon parted, we should say that there must be a tremendous circulation of this same coin. We know well enough that there can be no scarcity of it, for may not every penny of the hundred millions that JOHN BULL has been spending in the late Russian War be, as far as the benefits to England are concerned, stamped with indignation as downright "Fool's Money?" In fact, it is our opinion that JOHN is never so happy as when he is spending his "Fool's Money!"

Idle Observations. By an Extremely Idle Man.

To receive well is almost as difficult as to give well. It is with Life as with Coffee, he who would drink it pure must not drain it to the dregs.

A Fool in an elevated position is like a man in a balloon—everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

The Author always the most appreciated is he who is the Author of his fortune.

[More to follow in the next idle moment.]

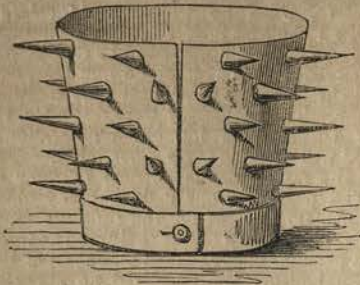
AUSTRIA IN NAPLES.

BARON HÜBNER, the Austrian Ambassador, arrives at Naples; and immediately the political trials are ordered to recommence. The Neapolitan hangman was quite ready; nevertheless, it was thought as well to wait for his Viennese assistant.

AMERICA IN A BAD WAY.—Poor America! Suffering from a Black Fever, and with Kansas in her inside!

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

DO YOU WISH TO AVOID BEING STRANGLER!!



If so, try our Patent Antigiarotte Collar, which enables Gentlemen to walk the streets of London in perfect safety at all hours of the day or night.

THESE UNIQUE ARTICLES OF DRESS

Are made to measure, of the hardest steel, and are warranted to withstand the grip of

THE MOST MUSCULAR RUFFIAN IN THE METROPOLIS,

Who would get black in the face himself before he could make the slightest impression upon his intended victim. They are highly polished, and

Elegantly Studded with the Sharpest Spikes,

Thus combining a most *recherché* appearance with perfect protection from the murderous attacks which occur every day in the most frequented thoroughfares. Price 7s. 6d., or six for 40s.

WHITE, CHOKER, AND Co.



EFFECT OF THE ANTIGAROTTE COLLAR ON A GARROTTEER.

Queer Queries.

When a Lady says she'll give you "a bit of her mind," do you think there's any chance of her doing so without breaking the peace?

Shouldn't you imagine that the Board of Health could be no other than *Lignum Vitæ*?

In voting the supplies for the Bell of the Parliament Clock, would it not be the Speaker, who would have the casting vote?

PUTTING THE QUESTION.—SPAIN TO NAPOLEON.

ARE your intentions honourable?

[Mr. Punch will give the gentleman's answer when he makes it.]

DUKES OF THE GREEN TABLE.

THESE exalted German dignitaries keep open hell and, with a tax upon the undone, welcome all to ruin. Why not? When dicers of all countries meet,—

"When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky,"—

it is pleasant to know that, at least, the paternal ruler of the Duchy of Baden mulcts the vice for some governmental virtue; and if men do now and then shoot themselves, they are not permitted to leave the world without having first contributed to the enduring good of the country they have hastily turned their backs upon. Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Spa, and other similar places sacred to Fortune in her fickle hour of pasteboard and bones, have a fair sprinkling of English at these grim festivities; but whether they can better afford to lose, or have more philosophy under misfortune, we will not inquire: any way, they do not maintain their Continental reputation for suicide; three-fourths of the English, according to French statisticians, invariably killing themselves every recurring November.

However, it is said that the DUKE OF BADEN has resolved to break up his monopoly of gaming-tables, having been sorely affrighted by a recent dream; in which His Serene Highness dreamt that, removed to the Shades, he was introduced to a table of green flames, where he saw his contemporary Dukes—or rather the skeletons of their Highnesses, their wan, pinched faces only remaining in the flesh—all ranged for the desperation of play. The cards flew, and the bones rattled. *Rouge* was a glowing coal, and *Noir* bubbling pitch from the lake of Acheron. Goblets were passed round, but every goblet seemed to His Serene Highness the skull of some suicide who had duly contributed to the table-tax of Baden-Baden. For a time, very sorely was His Serene Highness afflicted by the sufferings of his brother Sovereigns, all of whom scorched their bony fingers with the burning *Rouge* or the boiling *Noir*; yet all of them, compelled by some horrible fascination, playing and howling the more impetuously, the more dismally. For a time, BADEN-BADEN remained a pitying spectator. At length, a diabolic dwarf, with a family likeness to the Knave of Spades, approached BADEN-BADEN, saying, "That's for you. Play!" Whereupon the wretched Duke discovered (but the reader will be pleased to remember it was only a dream) that it was his doom, for ever and for ever, to rattle a red-hot dice-box and still to throw aces!

A FABLE FOR A HARD FROST.

ONCE upon a time, a very foolish Welshman persuaded other Welshmen, even more foolish than himself for listening to him, that he was a hero, and his listeners and good friends nothing better than slaves. "Follow me," said TAFFY, "and you shall all of you be clothed in silk coats and velvet breeches, and live in a paradise of metheglin and leeks." And the fools followed him; the hero, however, taking good care of himself,—followed him, and were shot at, and some of them, it is sad to think of it, knocked on the head for their pains. Now TAFFY was taken prisoner, was justly tried, and justly condemned. TAFFY was to be hanged: yes, in a few hours, as things looked with him, there would be no more vitality in TAFFY than in a Welsh rabbit. However, although the scaffold and the beam were up, TAFFY was mercifully spared, and shipped far across the sea.

Years pass away, TAFFY becomes an old man. "He has grown wiser, gentler, so let the old man return, if he will, to Taffy-land to doze out the evening of his life, and then sleep in peace." Such was the resolution of a soft-hearted QUEEN; and lo! a pardon was signed for TAFFY; signed and tied to one of the QUEEN's beautiful carrier pigeons that breed and coo in the towers of Windsor. The beautiful pigeon crossed the sea, and alighted on the shoulder of TAFFY, then a slave and a drudge, doing drudge's work. TAFFY untied the paper from the beautiful pigeon, and read his pardon. And what did TAFFY to the beautiful bird? With melted heart, did he not caress and love and cherish it for the dear sake of its merciful mistress? No! The ink ought to turn scarlet that writes down the deed. The ungrateful TAFFY, with his pardon safe in his pocket, wrung the neck of the beautiful pigeon, and flung it, a dead thing, on the ground.

We have given this little Fable for a Hard Frost in prose: but, at the same time, the subject is quite at the service of the Primrose-hill poet, and will, we trust, be duly enshrined in verse by MR. ERNEST BONES. The original BONES!

Guildhall and the Kremlin.

It was remarked, by a British witness of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S Coronation, that if the pageant produced on that occasion was superior to our Lord Mayor's Show, it was eclipsed by the Lord Mayor's feast: the latter being, of the two, much the more gorge-ous.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.—Literature is dead in France, and as a proof of it, there is a cemetery in Paris actually called Mont-Parnasse.

COMIC SOLDIERS.



THE attention of an illustrious Field-Marshal is respectfully invited to the following extract from one of the clever letters of the *Times*' special Correspondent at Moscow:—

"The Pavlovsky, or regiment of PAUL, presents an appearance which would be grotesque if it were not imposing. All the men—pray do not laugh—have cocked noses. Every soldier with a *nez retroussé*, who is of the proper height, is sent to this regiment, which was founded by PAUL in one of his eccentric freaks, and a very determined pug is eligible if it be accompanied by sunken eyes and high cheek-bones."

Does not the illustrious Field-Marshal think that the foreign idea of a snubnosed regiment might not only be adopted, but also improved upon, in the British service? In addition to the Royal Snubnoses we might have the Royal Squinteyes, or the Royal Carrots: corps respectively composed of men remarkable for convergent axes of vision and red hair. There might be a regiment constituted of bowlegged heroes, denominated the Bandies. Another might consist of subjects distinguished by the opposite curve of the lower extremities, but for the reason that knock-kneed people are what is commonly termed weak upon their pins; so that a body of such soldiers would be rather ornamental than useful. In the agricultural districts are to be found numerous rustics, rejoicing in wide mouths, and greatly addicted to grinning from ear to ear. Some of these clowns might be converted into soldiers, and embodied in a Regiment under the name of the Cheshire Cats. HER MAJESTY'S service might also be augmented by an obese legion, whereunto the title of the Heavy Lumber would be suitable—they would serve well enough as food for powder. A light brigade of thin men, on the other hand, might

be raised, having the denomination of Lankies, or Spindleshanks, assigned to them—these fellows might be employed on services where stouter troops would have less chance of escaping the enemy's rifles. These fancy regiments might be completed by a division of hunchbacks, for whom the proper designation would of course be—the QUEEN'S Own Punches.

A STRETCH OF THE GAME LAWS.

(To the RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE GREY, BART.)

MY DEAR GREY,

ALLOW me to call your attention to a remarkable judgment, pronounced, according to the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, at Rotherham, by a provincial Magistrate. The sentence which I subjoin, will explain the crime to you:—

"MR. PICKARD said the bench did not 'consider it to be a case of any very great intent of poaching,' because they knew that in mowing men did sometimes come upon hares left among the corn; but if it was an accident, the defendants were wrong in not acknowledging and giving up the hare to the keeper. The bench wished to point out to labourers that when they killed hares in this way, they must give them up to the keepers, and they should fine the defendants 5s. each and costs."

The bench referred to by MR. PICKARD consisted of himself and a REV. A. FULLERTON. Thus saith the *Manchester Examiner and Times*: so that, unless my Manchester contemporary has been shamefully hoaxed, or has invented a gross calumny, *Justice Shallow* had an assessor in the *Rev. Mr. Silence*.

I wish, my dear GREY, you would investigate this matter, and ascertain whether MR. PICKARD and MR. FULLERTON have been atrociously slandered, or ought to be removed from the Commission of the Peace.

From the judgment alleged to have been delivered by MR. PICKARD, you will perceive that certain persons are declared to have been fined five shillings and costs for accidentally killing a hare, and not giving up the dead game to a gamekeeper. There may be a statute providing a penalty for the non-surrender of accidentally slain hares to gamekeepers independently of all circumstances. If so, what I am about to say must go for nothing: the judgment was legal, and the law alone is infamous.

MR. PICKARD is represented, cruelly if incorrectly, as saying that the bench "did not consider it to be a case of any very great intent of poaching;" as if an intent to poach could be great or small, or anything more or less than an intent to poach. In talking—if he talked the nonsense ascribed to him—MR. PICKARD could only have meant to say that his colleague and himself did not consider the defendants

guilty of intentional poaching; that is, considered them not guilty of poaching.

But now, my dear SIR GEORGE, for the circumstances of the case; for circumstances alter cases in general, and may possibly justify the refusal to deliver up to a gamekeeper a hare slain by chance-medley.

The defendants in this case—my authority states—were "two young men of respectable character, named THOMAS and EDWIN PEPPER, sons of MRS. PEPPER, farmer, Coaley Lane, near Rotherham. The charge preferred against them by WILLIAM BROADHEAD, gamekeeper to EARL FITZWILLIAM,—was that of unlawfully killing a hare. MR. BROADHEAD deposed that, on the third instant, whilst the defendants and a man-servant were mowing in a field of barley, occupied by MRS. PEPPER, mother of the defendants, a little dog which they had with them started a hare in some of the unmown barley; that the mowers then put down their scythes and, together with some labourers in attendance on them, surrounded the piece of barley; that THOMAS PEPPER then entered the barley, caught, took up, killed, hid, and refused to deliver up the hare; and when he, WILLIAM BROADHEAD, had at last found it, snatched it away and kept it. The defendants denied every particular of this statement, except the facts that they were mowing in the field, and that THOMAS PEPPER had killed the hare. They said he had accidentally wounded it in mowing—cut its hind leg and ripped its side open with the point of his scythe; that he killed it outright to put it out of its misery; showed it to the keeper on his applying for it: and only for the reason that he threatened them with legal proceedings, snatched it out of his hands, in order that they might produce it before the Magistrates to show how it was killed. This defence was proved by the evidence of the servant man: and the bench—if their decision is rightly reported—believed it. They did not consider the killing of the hare to be "a case of any very great intent of poaching;" whereas, if they had believed MR. BROADHEAD instead of the PEPPERS, they must have seen that it was a decided case, not only of intent, but also of commission of poaching; since, by an abominable law, it is possible that a farmer may poach upon the very land which he rents. Thus these men were charged with unlawfully killing a hare, acquitted of that offence, and punished on another account—namely, because one of them retained possession of the hare, in order to rebut perjury, which, as the event proved, they had reason to fear.

Observe, my dear SIR GEORGE, that EDWIN PEPPER, in particular, was fined for merely looking on whilst his brother THOMAS seized the hare and refused to give it up. Both of the PEPPERS were acquitted "of any very great intent of poaching;" and it was THOMAS, singly, who snatched and withheld the hare. EDWIN naturally asked, in astonishment—

"Am I to be fined, Sir, when I never left my place, or interfered in any way, either when the hare was killed or the keeper came up? I was merely a looker-on.—MR. PICKARD. You are both fined 5s. and costs."

The costs augmented the five shillings penalty to upwards of a pound. One pound is not much—to you and me—but rogues have been hanged for stealing less money, and even now, for theft or cozenage to a much smaller amount, are liable to a lengthened period of perspiration at the crank. There is no law to punish dishonest Magistrates in the same manner, even when they impose unjust fines in an excessive zeal for the preservation of game, and extreme respect for the person of a nobleman's gamekeeper. I don't accuse MR. PICKARD and MR. FULLERTON of such conduct, arising from such motives, because I am not sure that the affair above detailed is not fictitious. There is a clergyman in the case, too, and this renders it doubtful in proportion to the celebrity of Clerical Magistrates for dispensing justice without partiality or prejudice. If, however, this scandalous tale is true, although you will be unable to prevent H. W. PICKARD, Esq., from continuing to write himself Armigero, you will yet have the power—which you will do well to exercise—of relieving that gentleman from the duties of coram, and custalorum, and ratalorum. You will also act judiciously in limiting the zeal of the REV. A. FULLERTON for the salvation of hares and the glory of EARL FITZWILLIAM to the sphere of operation afforded by the bedside and the pulpit. Believe me, my dear HOME SECRETARY, your ever faithful monitor,

PUNCH.

P.S.—Wouldn't a collection of British County Bench cases make a nice book for BOMBA?

Reward of Curates.

CORKS, the butler of the BISHOP OF TAWNTPORT, having read sundry of the Curates' letters in the *Times*, said confidentially to the footman, "Well, JEAMES, after all, hits pritty plaine that them Carits gets more kicks than aprons."

Genius Afloat.

LOUIS NAPOLEON entered the Bay of Sebastian in the French steamer *Le Newton*. After we have replied to the compliment by launching a *Pascal* or a *La Place*, perhaps we may ourselves do honour to English genius and English devotion. We may then have a *Bacon three-decker* and a *Florence Nightingale* frigate.

MR. PERKS'S MOUNTAIN EXPERIENCES. PART I.



MR. PERKS DETERMINING ON A TOUR IN NORTH WALES, PURCHASES A KNAPSACK OF MOST SCIENTIFIC, BUT EXTREMELY COMPLICATED CONSTRUCTION.



MR. PERKS PRACTISES THE KNAPSACK EXERCISE: AND FINDS THE SCIENTIFIC ARTICLE HE HAS PURCHASED VERY DIFFICULT TO GET INTO, AND BY NO MEANS EASY TO GET OUT OF.



MR. PERKS, LEAVES THE CARRNARYON TRAIN AT 5½ A.M., AND FINDING NO COACH, SCENS CIVILISATION, AND DETERMINES TO START FOR THE MOUNTAINS: AIR.—"Away, away, to the mountain's brow!"



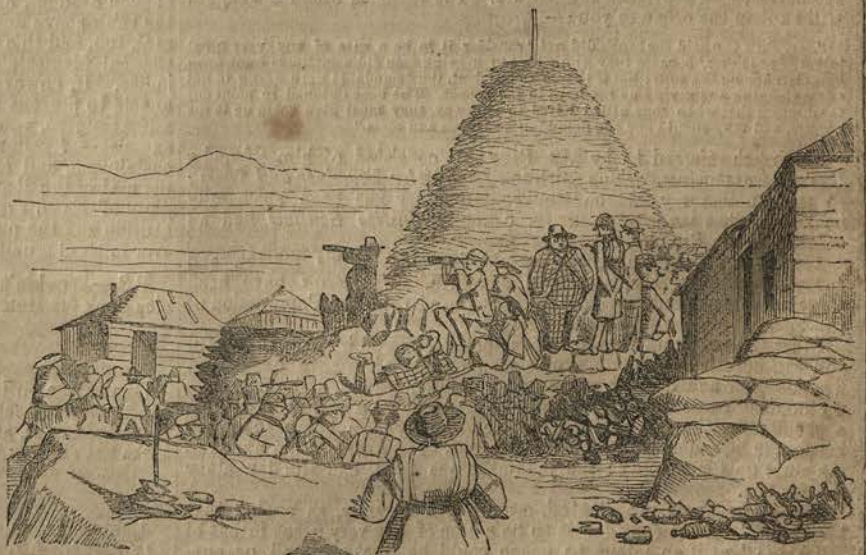
MR. PERKS AND THE WIND BOTH COME ON TO BLOW.



MR. PERKS REACHES THE VICTORIA HOTEL, LLAMBERRIS, AND AT SIGHT OF A WAITER AND SMELL OF BREAKFAST, ADMITS CIVILISATION HAS ITS ADVANTAGES.



MR. PERKS CONTEMPLATES THE MOUNTAINS, AND FOR A MOMENT IMAGINES HIMSELF WILLIAM TELL, INFORMING HIS NATIVE HILLS, HE IS WITH THEM ONCE AGAIN.



MR. PERKS IN THE PRESENCE OF THE HILLS, GROWS SCORNFUL OF HIS SPECIES, AND SIGHS FOR SOLITUDE, AND DETERMINES TO PLUNGE INTO THE BOSOM OF THE ETERNAL HILLS IN SEARCH OF IT. HE REACHES THE TOP OF SNOWDON, BUT DOES NOT FIND SOLITUDE—ONLY A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF BEER-BOTTLES AND A CROWD OF COCKNEY TOURISTS.



CRINOLINE CONVENIENT SOMETIMES. A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

Troublesome Parent. "WHO WAS MAKING THAT NOISE, CLARA?"
Clara. "ONLY ME AND MOUSTACHE, MAMMA!"

MR. OLIVEIRA'S VACATION-TASK.

MR. OLIVEIRA has set his mind on procuring the reduction of the duties on light wines, and, if he lives, will probably effect his purpose, unless he is strenuously opposed by those many worthy and wealthy people of influence, who, able to indulge in every luxury themselves, and unable to refrain from indulging in any luxury whatever, are accustomed generally to exert all the power they possess with a view to prevent their inferiors in opulence from being demoralized by the least indulgence which they can by any means withhold from them.

In a spirit of dogged determination to carry his point, and spoil the British Public with the enjoyment of genuine wine, MR. OLIVEIRA is employing his parliamentary holidays in making a tour through the continental wine-growing districts, in order to collect information in support of his case: facts and figures with which, in the ensuing session, he intends to pester the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and the numerous members who have made up their minds on the question, and are resolved to pay no sort of attention to any truths, however important, that he may state, or to any arguments, however reasonable, that he may advance.

Just for form's sake, however, it will be necessary that MR. OLIVEIRA'S opponents on the question of the wine-duties should set up a few objections to his proposal for their reduction: against which the pleas principally to be relied on are the following.

Your Burgundy, your Claret, your Chablis, your Sillery, your Moselle, your Johannisberger, your Walpurzheimer, what are they? A parcel of wishy-washy stuff, rot-viscera, not fit for a Briton to drink. Your true Englishman loves his Port and his Sherry, his good strong Ale, his Brown Stout, and Porter, and Half-and-Half, his Old Tom, Cream of the Valley, Scotch and Irish Whiskey, Hollands, and Rum, He will never drink your wretched, thin, sour, French and German trash!

If you let in light wines cheap, on the other hand, how do you propose to make good the deficiency of the revenue? Just think what a gap you will make in the Excise, by diminishing, to a fearful

extent, the consumption of alcoholic drinks and malt liquor. You will knock up our trade with Oporto, and ruin all the parties concerned in it. Flooding the market with your Bordeaux and Macon, and stuff, at the cost of a mere song; see what an amount of capital you will swamp and destroy—millions invested in Port and Sherry, especially Port.

The idea that any increase of consumption will take place if you let your light wines in at a lower duty, is a gratuitous assumption, destitute of all probability. Not one bottle more will be consumed in the United Kingdom than there is at present, and the Customs' revenue will simply be impaired in a proportion which, measured by the value of the import you ask us to tamper with, must necessarily be enormous.

Stick to old Port. It is an orthodox wine; and if you afford facilities for the importation of light continental wines, you will also open a door for the introduction of Popery and Rationalism.

Parliamentary Piecework.

THE Bristol friends of F. H. F. BERKELEY, Esq., M.P., have presented that gentleman with a testimonial, including a purse of sovereigns, of the total value of £1,012, for procuring the repeal of WILSON PATTEN'S vexatious Sunday Beer Bill. This proceeding suggests a promising modification of the Chartist principle of paying representatives. Suppose the wages were made contingent on the work. Remunerate the member, not by time but by measure. We should then have good job-work instead of bad, done in Parliament, and no doubt should be enabled to procure any reform, or beneficial enactment that we wanted, by paying for it.

HOW TO LOOK AT THINGS.

ONE-SIDED views are sometimes decidedly the best: for instance, if you are a portrait-painter, and are taking the portrait of a lady who squints!

REVIEW OF THE LONDON STREETS' MUSICAL SEASON.



THE musical season this year has been as noisy in London as ever. Round the corners of the most populous streets, a perfect gale of discord has been blowing, which has scarcely ceased night or day. Any pervert from the sober ways of Temperance and Gough, could tell at any time where a public-house was to be found by the band of music that was playing lustily outside. Rude Boreas was the essence of politeness compared to the rudeness of those brazen gentlemen. Every Echo, in, round, and about London, must have been made both deaf and dumb by the incessant row that they kept making, and if Propriety has been frightened from the idle, depend upon it these murderous banditti have been instrumental in her departure. Not only was Music executed by them in a manner which proved that their ears were closed to the soft tones of pity, but it was also put to the most execr-

ating torture during the execution. It was a perfect St. Bartholomew of harmony, during which WEBER, DONIZETTI, ROSSINI, BALFE, and RUSSELL, were ruthlessly dragged by the air through the bars of their own immortal compositions, and stunned, disfigured beyond all power of recognition under the hard blows of their breathless assailants. The landlords of the public-houses are somewhat to blame, for no sooner did these monsters begin a new overture in XXX., than they supplied them with the score. AUBER or MEYERBEER was all the same to them, so long as their memories were refreshed with a fresh measure of beer. The German Green Baize Bands have been not less lusty, adding fresh laurels to their baize everywhere. However, it must be confessed that these disturbers of the peace and quietness of private families are less discordant than their fellow-confederates. Though lagging far behind in the musical march of civilisation, still, their movements have some little regularity in them, and they do not throw such dire confusion into the ranks of society as our English bands do, by playing so uniformly out of time, and breaking so pertinaciously through everything like a tune. The organs murder sleep with the same organised hostility, and in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket, about ten o'clock, the hideous chorus of yells arising from so many musical murders being all perpetrated at the same time, must be heard to be fully appreciated. It does not come within our unhappy lot, fortunately, to record any great novelty in street-music this year. At one time there was a feeble outbreak in the way of whistles, in consequence of the success of Picco, but the innovation made a sensation of no great note, as luckily Picco's whistle was a very short-lived one. The tunes which have made the greatest noise during the last twelve months, have been the *Ratcatcher's Daughter*, *Annie Laurie*, the serenade from *Il Trovatore*, and the *Red, White, and Blue*. Whenever the Italian boys struck up the latter, the policemen always allowed them indulgently to grind on, as they took the mention of the *Blue* to be a complimentary allusion to the colour of their own cerulean uniform. We fancy there has been a slight decrease in the annual hordes of Ethiopians, and consequently we lean to the encouraging belief, that our street musicians are beginning to put a cleaner face upon their vocation. The step has still to be taken in the right musical direction, but, with pence properly strewn in the path of genius, our artists will not be long before they take it. We hope next year to have it in our power to comment in favour of our street concerts, both vocal and instrumental, that there has been, as our lively neighbours would say, "*Moins de bruit, et plus de fruit.*" We want fewer branches of music, but those branches to bear more fruit!

WHICH IS THE WAY TO THE BANK?—If it is the British Bank, you will have to go through Chancery, and when there, it is more than doubtful if you will be able to see your way clear out of it.

RUSSIAN REFINEMENT.

DURING the late War, it was no uncommon thing to hear after-dinner orators—when engaged in the discussion of the then prevailing topic simultaneously with that of an extra bottle—dilate in glowing terms upon our national refinement, and the contrast it presented to the barbarism of the Russians. Now, however truthful and unanswerable that assertion might have seemed to listeners who heard it during War-time and dessert, there is abundant proof before us now that it was utterly unfounded. The truth is, indeed, that in matters of delicacy Russia is some miles a-head of Great—and Little—Britain; as a glance at this extract from the *Times* will show. The writer is describing the carriage of the Empress-Dowager, as it appeared in the Grand Procession into Moscow:—

"To hide from her the coachman's back, perforce turned towards Her Majesty's face, there was an array of little pages who sat outside the coach on the rail with their backs towards the coachman's, and their round visages vis-à-vis to that of the Empress."

Talk of refinement, indeed! is not this the very height of it! Coarse and untutored savage islanders as we are, we sadly are in need of such Continental training, as an emollient to our ideas of what is decent, and a preventive to their being brutish. Henceforth let our Gold and Silver Sticks, or whoever else be charged with our state coaches and processions, never be deemed capable of taking office until their education has been "finished" by a Muscovite. Holy Russia enlighten us! Now our eyes are opened, we never more shall see a lady driven to a Drawing Room, without looking on the coachman's back as being in fact one of the indelicacies of the season.

Yet may the cynical perhaps remark, that the obnoxious sight was merely veiled from the Imperial vision; whereas, had the construction of the carriage been amended—for instance, had Her Majesty but condescended to a Hansom—her driver would have ceased to turn his back upon her, and the array of screening pages might have been dispensed with. But the matter as it stood—that is, the coachman as he sat—was but part of the great Russian System of the all-pervading Sham. Throughout their whole Court Circle—from the CZAR and CZARESS even to the lowest of officials, ever blinded by a bribe—no one ever cares for what is going on, before their very eyes sometimes, provided they can make believe that they don't see it.

A CLEAR WAY AND NO FAVOUR.

SINCE the gigantic growth of the ladies' dresses, the traffic in the streets has been considerably impeded. To remedy this inconvenience, which passes all conception, the Prefect of Paris has determined on the following regulations. "For the future, the ladies are to walk on one side of the street, the gentlemen on the other. The right, as a matter of graciousness, is to be awarded to the former (though, in the strict measurement of the truth, they little deserve it), and the left to the latter. Plates have already been painted with the inscriptions, '*LES DAMES À DROITE*,' and '*LES MESSIEURS À GAUCHE*,' and these are to be stuck no next week along the Boulevards, and all the large thoroughfares." We can only regret that some such regulation cannot be enforced in London;—at least at Brighton, Hastings, Ramsgate, Lowestoft, Scarborough, and all the principal places where at present London is.

Travelling Experiences.

THERE is a much stronger odour in Cologne than the *Eau de Cologne*, and that is the odour of the Town itself. It's only the difference between *Eau de* and *Odeur*! The *Cologne Odeur* is ten thousand times more powerful than any *Eau de Cologne*, and goes much further. The traveller has the further satisfaction of knowing, that he gets it *véritable*, and no mistake about it.—N.B. None is genuine, unless it makes the *Voyageur* stamp and sneeze instantly.

Cases upon Cases Innumerable of Vanity.

WATCHMAKERS are decidedly the most conceited of authors, for you never take up the works of any watchmaker, but you are sure to find his name on the frontispiece! It is rarely indeed that a watch, let it be ever so poor, is published anonymously. There are infinitely more names registered at Goldsmiths' Hall than ever are "entered at Stationers' Hall!"

Irish Topography.

WE are told that "Every road leads to Rome," but the schoolmaster who wrote that curious bit of proverbial geography must have been a Puseyite. However, we are confident that in Ireland "Every road leads to Trinity College, Dublin," for we never met with an Irishman yet who hadn't been there!

PLAY-HOUSE PORTRAITS.



DISTINGUISHED morning contemporary has consecrated certain of its columns to the portraits of the players of the time. There they hang, certainly as fine as paint: and no doubt it was very humane of our contemporary to devote so much valuable space to the exhibition of artists, many of them, we trust, unparalleled. It has, however, imparted great animation to what is called the dull season, to have our senses refreshed with the frequent assurance that every actor is the greatest actor; leaving the comparative greatness to be settled among themselves. There are, however, other individuals in the play-house beside the players: and be it our purpose, leaving the artists belonging to the boards (some appear as though made out of them) to our gilded contemporary, be it our humble task to draw merit from the box-office, the pit, and the gallery.

To this end, we begin with

BOSHFOED.

Who knows not BOSHFOED? It is now five-and-twenty years since he first appeared with a beer-can in the Victoria gallery. No sooner does the act-drop fall, than up rises the voice of BOSHFOED! How cheering is his call of "Porter!" how playful his enunciation of "Ginger Beer!" With what marvellous power of fence he puts off the wags of the gallery! How his eye twinkles and his lip curves and twists, emulative of his own corkscrew, as he makes blithe answer to the interrogative demanding his mother's knowledge of his absence from home! What a volume of fun in his repartee, touching the inquiry relative to his hatter!

In private life BOSHFOED is deservedly esteemed. No goose-feast in the neighbourhood of the New Cut is thought complete without him. He ordinarily takes his gin-and-water cold without, though he has been known not to refuse it hot with sugar. In his parish he is much respected for his humorous disposition, and, the theatre considered, early hours. As evidence that the greatest punctuality in matters of business may accompany the highest professional genius, we may state that Mr. BOSHFOED has been a small householder for fifteen years, and for all that time can produce the periodical receipt for his water-rate.

We shall next week give the portrait of another distinguished artist, the melodious gentlewoman who sells apples, oranges, and a bill of the play in the Surrey pit; to be followed by the hall-keepers of the other metropolitan houses. We are afraid our limits will not admit those open-air artists who sell bills at the doors.

BAYONETS AND FREE TRADE.

MR. COBDEN has written one of his wise letters (and who can write upon what he understands more wisely than MR. COBDEN?) to the members of the Brussels Congress, in which he simply but most impressively dwells upon the triumphs of Free Trade as working in flourishing England. He further says of Continental Governments, "The continual augmentation of their military establishments will compel them to enter upon a reform of their tariffs as the only mode of enabling their peoples to support the constant increase of their expenditure." This news is no less convincing than good. Thus, let the Hope of Austria and gaoler of Italy add as he may to his thousands of turnkeys in regimentals, every new battalion against the liberty of man is also a battalion in furtherance of the freedom of trade. If men are taxed to buy bayonets, it cannot be but they must have their clothes and food at a cheaper rate. Dear cannon-balls, hear it, oh Manchester! make cheap cotton.

Charming Simplicity.

THE following is an extract from a beautiful naïve letter, that has been confidentially handed to us for inspection:—"A Young Lady presents her compliments to CAPTAIN A. K. N. TREMEARNE, of the ship *Princess*, and if he only would bring home with him next time the American Sea Serpent, and give it to her to put in her Aquarium, she would feel ever so much obliged to him, and would not mind giving him in exchange a dear little duck of a canary that she has, to hang up in his cabin."

THE POOR CURATES' PETITION.

THE following petition is about to be presented to the Legislature:—

The Humble Petition of the undersigned, being Curates of the United Church of England and Ireland,

HUMBLY SHOWETH,

That your petitioners are charged with the cure of souls at stipends of £80 per annum and under.

That these small stipends are all that your petitioners have to subsist upon.

That by reason of the smallness of their stipends the subsistence of your petitioners is very slender, and their persons for the most part are slender also. That their bodily raiment, which ought to be simply black, presents a ferruginous or rusty appearance, and that their stocks whereof the colour should be pure white, are very generally whity-brown; forasmuch as tailors' bills cannot be defrayed by your petitioners, and they find washing expensive.

That the acquaintance of your petitioners with beef and mutton is very slight, and, indeed, that they enjoy an intimacy by no means too familiar with bread and cheese.

That your petitioners are willing to labour with their own hands, in order that, without being chargeable to anybody, they may procure for themselves the necessaries of life.

That your petitioners are, by existing law, debarred from endeavouring to better their unhappy condition by honest industry.

That one of the most eminent among the first predecessors of your petitioners obtained his living by working at a mechanical trade, he possessing no living of an ecclesiastical nature, and, in so far, being resembled by your petitioners.

That, according to the precedent above quoted, your petitioners desire to be allowed to eke out their maintenance by manual labour: so that it shall be lawful for any one of your petitioners, and all other clerks in orders, whose stipends shall not exceed a stated sum per annum, to exercise the vocation of tailor, shoemaker, carpenter, plumber and glazier, blacksmith, or any other species of handicraft; also to dig, plough, drill, harrow, or otherwise work in the fields for hire; to receive fees for the service of killing pigs, and for ministering to the diseases of cattle and domestic animals; to wait at parties, and to drive public vehicles: Provided always that no secular employment shall be exercised by your petitioners, except during the hours of leisure permitted by their clerical duties.

Your petitioners humbly hope that, if by your clemency and compassion, they shall be permitted to earn, by journey-work, agricultural labour, and odd jobs, some little addition to their present insufficient means, they may, what with the wives of such of them as are married taking in washing and keeping a mangle, which any of their husbands, your petitioners, would be willing to turn, contrive to make both ends meet, without either any further appeals to charity, or the reduction of the necessarily ample incomes of the bishops and higher clergy.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, and by profession wont will ever pray.

SINGULAR PRESENCE OF MIND.

LAST week at one of the numerous fires about London, there was a plentiful supply of water, but, by some accident, a great scarcity of hose. The flames were gaining the mastery every second, when a lady, who was present, touched by the dilemma, did not hesitate a minute, but pulling off her *yupon*, removed from it the inflated india-rubber tubes, which form part and rather a considerable parcel of a lady's dress now-a-days. These tubes, consisting of several yards, were immediately attached to the engine, and played the impromptu part of hose most effectually. The consequence was, the progress of the flames was arrested, and, ultimately, the building saved. The name of the lady, to whose presence of mind this fortunate termination was mainly owing, is not known; as, after the damage voluntarily inflicted on her dress, she, with a refined delicacy that cannot be too highly praised, instantly sought refuge in flight. Such noble acts need no comment from our pen!

A Jolly Party.

WE are happy to state that an excellent understanding subsists between a Right Honourable Baronet in the North of England and a Right Honourable North of England Baronet. In the course of an oration at the Carlisle agricultural dinner, SIR JAMES GRAHAM is reported to have said:—

"Now, as a Member of Parliament and a Legislator, I can look back with vast satisfaction to the several measures I have supported."

It is pleasing to find that SIR JAMES GRAHAM is upon such vastly good terms with SIR JAMES GRAHAM.



SHOCKING RESULT OF WEARING INDIAN-RUBBER GOLOSHES ON THE SANDS.

YOUNG JACK ROBINSON SEES WHAT HE IMAGINES TO BE THE IMPRESSION OF HIS DARLING'S FOOT—HE MENTALLY EJACULATES, "BEETLE-CRUSHER,* BY JOVE!" AND FLIES TO OTHER CLIMES.

* A vulgar and disgusting expression, implying that a foot is big enough, and flat enough, to kill Black-beetles. The brutality of connecting in any way such words with the feminine Tootsieums, needs no comment.

THE BRIGANDS' BANK.

A Melodramatic Sketch.

SCENE—The Royal Anglo-Saxon Bank. The Bank Parlour. The Directors HULKSWORTHY, FAKEAWAY, PILLIDGE, HOOKIT, BILLY ROBBINS, and ALLBONE, alias BLACK JACK, seated at a Table, whereon are Papers and Writing Materials. HULKSWORTHY at the head of the Table, in the Chair. A strong Box before him.

Hulks. It is now seven years since our grand scheme of plunder was first organized. Time, which overthrows empires and dynasties, at last decrees the dissolution of our gallant gang, and a few short hours—it may be minutes, will behold the bubble of the Royal Anglo-Saxon Bank burst, even as the bomb-shell which was hurled the other day on Sebastopol.

Pillidge. And spread—ha—ha!—considerably more havoc round.

Black J. In the mean time, Guv'nor, suppose as how we proceed to a distribution of the remaining swag.

Fake. (pointing to the Box). Have you got the booty all right there?

Hulks. In this coffer is contained the greater portion of our prey. The remainder is below, and will be divided immediately on the closure of the Bank portals.

Billy. Delay is dangerous, as the downy cove says in the copy-book. Why not cut it short?

Hulks. Advice has been received that a large deposit will be paid in some time in the course of the day.

Pill. Ay, ay. I twig. We hold open till that arrives.

Hook. Well; in the meantime let us make sure of what we have got here.

Hulks. Now, then, to resolve all the shareholders of the concern into our noble selves (opens Box, upon which a general rush is made by the

other Directors). Nay, gentlemen, hands off—share and share alike—remember—honour among Directors of a Bubble Bank! Believe me, the partition shall be fair and equal. Relax your gripe (they remove their hands). Every gentleman of us shall receive his due.

Billy (to BLACK JACK). I hope not, JACK (they advance; the rest remaining with HULKSWORTHY at the Table, look on whilst he rummages the Cash-box). I should rayther not receive what will be generally considered our due, JACK (imitates the action of a convict in exercise on the treadmill)—eh, JACK?

Black J. Well, BILL, I can't say as I should like that species of adequate remuneration. Nor this here, BILL, neither. [Works an ideal crank.

Billy. Well, JACK, I suppose without bragging we may call ourselves half-a-dozen of the greatest rogues in England out of quod.

Black J. Ay—or in the stone-jug either, BILLY, my brixywixy!

Billy. Our united depredations, JACK, to the best of my calculation, amounts to upwards of a hundred and thirty thousand pounds.

Black J. I suppose they do, BILL, to that or thereabouts. You see, BILLY, my heddication was summat neglected, and I haven't got the natural advantage of a good chalkhead.

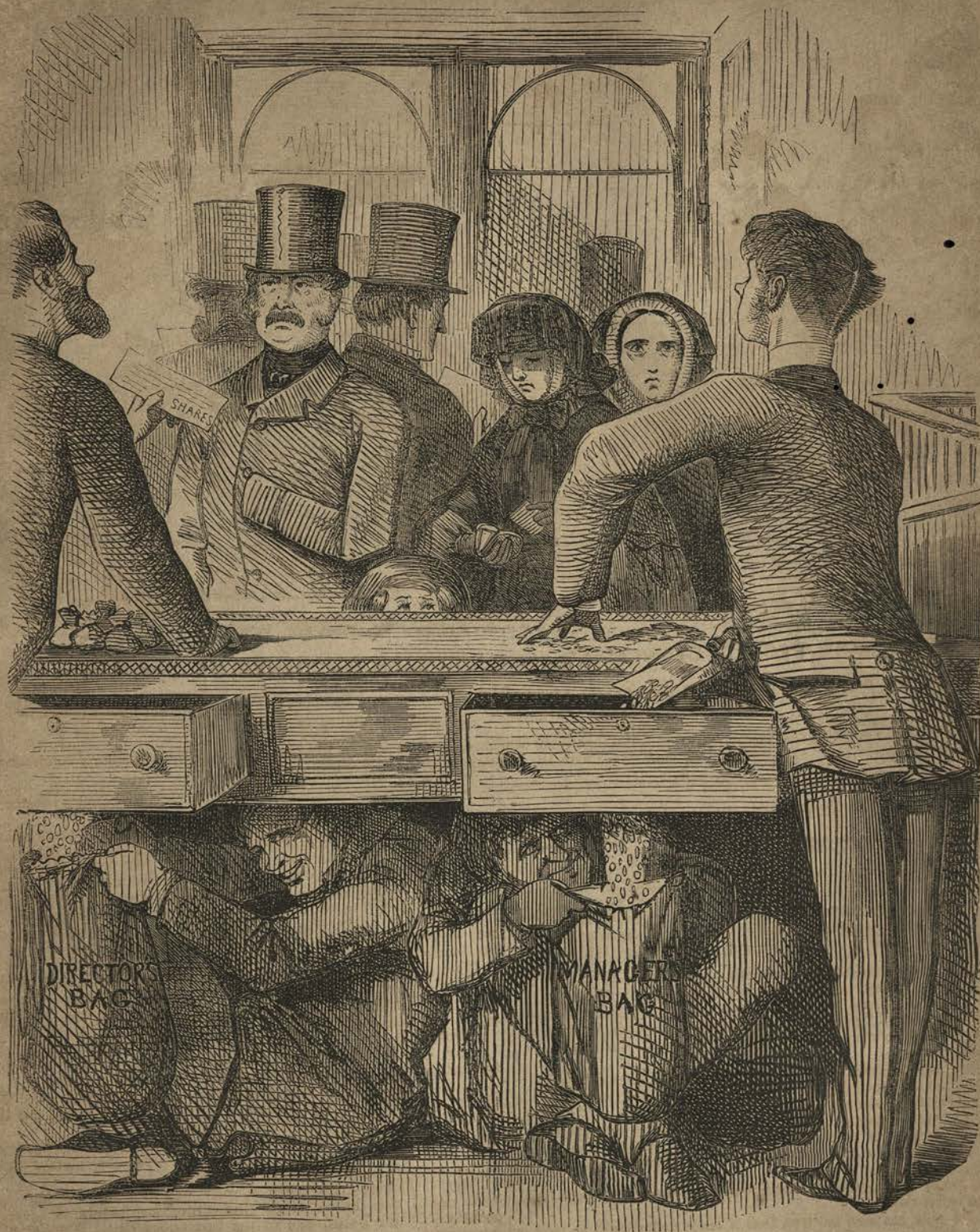
Billy. I say, JACK, now we're a going to be thrown upon the wide world, what d'ye mean to turn your hand to? Our characters is gone, JACK; we can't come the old dodge again.

Black J. Picking and stealing in some way or other. I don't see what else I can do. I'm too clumsyfisted for forgery or picking pockets. I think I shall take to the burglarious line. What's your intentions?

Billy. I mean to repent, JACK.

Black J. Repent—ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

Billy. Don't laugh, JACK. No levity. I'm serious. I mean to repent, and turn missionary to the Cannibal Islands—no, I mean the Sandwich—ham sandwich I hope, or beef anyhow. I should make a capital missionary. I should astonish the natives with psalm-singing.



THE BRITISH BRIGANDS' BANK.

You never heard me sing psalms, JACK? Bless you, I can sing psalms as well as SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL. Can you sing, JACK?

Black J. Like a nightingale.

Billy. Don't, JACK. Don't use that word again. NIGHTINGALE'S too good a name for the mouth of such a rogue as you. I wonder how you can pronounce the name of that celebrated young lady. It sticks in my throat a little, and I always flattered myself that I was a more impudent blackguard than you. Hallo!

Enter CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

Clerk. The deposit has arrived.

Hulks. Who is the victim?

Clerk. A widow lady, seemingly.

Hulks. Widows' jointures—orphans' portions—the savings of age—behold the remains of them in these heaps of spoil before us! The widow, the orphan, the aged economist—these are our game; our quarry. Interest, large interest, is their aim. We pay them ample dividends out of their little capital, and pocket the remainder of it ourselves. The hour is come! Go (to the CLERK) you have your directions. *[Exit CLERK.]*

Billy. JACK, my boy, how do you find yourself?

Black J. Well, I'm tolerably convalescent.

Billy. So am I, JACK. We bear up against it pretty well, JACK.

Black J. Agin what?

Billy. Agin the load of infamy on our shoulders, JACK.

Black J. I don't feel no load of infamy. Infamy don't hurt.

[Shouts in the street below, yells, shrieks, and cries of "Shame!"

Hulks. The blow is struck!

[A violent battering at the door.]

Hook. Is the entry secure?

Hulks. Strongly and safely barred; the Police, besides, will speedily oblige the noisy multitude to disperse.

(Enter Domestic, bringing in the materials of a banquet.)

Here must we remain till nightfall; peril would be incurred by attempting to decamp with our booty in the face of day. Order, as you perceive, has been taken that we may pass the intervening time agreeably. Befriended by the shades of darkness, we may escape unobserved, and then, hey for Australia! where, if our kind friends will only place that confidence in us which they have reposed in us here, we may, with change of names and dyed whiskers, succeed in fleeing the trustful Antipodes, as nicely, as completely, and with as perfect impunity, as we have shorn our unsuspecting clients on this side of the globe.

SCENE closes.

FACTS FOR PHARISEES.

WHY, it may be asked, is a Sabbatarian on a Sunday like a smuggler? And the answer might be, Because he is a contrabandist. There is, however, reason to hope that the sincere Sabbatarians will soon perceive the propriety of discontinuing their opposition to Sunday music. At the recent meeting of the National Sunday League, in St. Martin's Hall, Mr. R. BROWN (Chairman of the Sunday Band Committee) moved the following resolution:

"That the meeting is of opinion, that the music in the Parks of the Metropolis and in other towns of the kingdom on Sundays has been productive of much good."

In the report of the meeting we further read that,

"The speaker gave a short account of the proceedings of the Sunday Band Committee, and stated that in every town in which bands had been established, their establishment had been productive of good."

If the Sunday bands play the people out of public-houses, and away from the haunts of dissipation and vice, they play into the hands of those who are truly zealous in the cause of religion and morality. The Sunday Band Committee would do well to collect facts in proof of the beneficial workings of their musical reformatory instruments. The strictest Sabbatarian will admit that it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day; and if performances of music on that day are found to be attended by a general improvement in manners and conduct, he will perceive that they are supplemental sermons, and will learn to look on the movements in the various pieces as airs from Heaven, instead of regarding them in an opposite point of view.

British Bank Balances.

AMONG other debtors—gentlemen, all gentlemen, and some directors—debtors to the Royal British Bubble, we find the subjoined senatorial names set against the subjoined sums:—

| | |
|------------------------------------------|---------|
| HOBENAY BROWN, Esq., M.P. for Tewkesbury | £70,000 |
| JOHN M'GARROD, Esq., M.P. for Glasgow | 7,362 |

As these Members of Parliament have shown themselves so ready to take Bank Thousands, perhaps it will not be too much to expect that they should as soon as possible accept Chiltern Hundreds.

GREAT HOPES FOR A SMALL PARTY.

IT is very generally believed that on the marriage of the PRINCESS ROYAL with the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, the young PRINCE OF WALES is to go the way of all Princes of Wales, and forthwith to have a house and household of his own. With the history of the last PRINCE OF WALES, the Royal GEORGE, open before us, we can readily believe that this intelligence of the early independence of the Royal ALBERT has carried hope and comfort to a small party never more in need than at present of any sort of support and consolation. Under the patronage of the Heir Apparent and countenanced by his growing authority, there can be no doubt (at least among themselves) to the small but very sound Conservative body, that they will again rapidly wax into the strength and importance of a great party; and thus at once fulfil one of the conditions of government so eloquently, nay, more than once so pathetically, insisted upon by the accomplished man, once the leader of the Conservative host.

In return for the patronage and countenance benignly vouchsafed, as expected, by his Royal Highness, the distinguished men of the party obliged, will severally and individually devote their peculiar abilities to the service of their youthful master. Nothing less could be expected of the patriotism of such politicians.

THE EARL OF D-RBY will, of course, not shrink from the responsibility of imparting to his Royal Highness the best advice on all the varied subjects of life, handled familiarly by his Lordship as his garter. Under such a preceptor it is reasonably to be hoped that the Royal mind will be early directed to the manly discipline of the English turf; the true soil whence the noblest qualities of the British statesman flourish even as his country's oaks. A magnificent stud will, of course, be essential to the dignity of his Royal Highness; whilst a free but dignified intercourse with the gentlemen "at the Corner" will develop his experience of men and things. (Perhaps nothing more contributed to the popularity of GEORGE THE THIRD than his leather-breeches and top-boots.) Many a dull day has passed since the day when a PRINCE OF WALES was seen at TATTERSALL'S; but that day may be on its speedy return. Of course, the noble Earl will not fail to impress upon the Royal mind an awful sense of the danger impending to the British constitution, or what, if possible, is more; to the Christianity of Christian England, in the threatened admission of the Jews to Parliament.

MR. SPO-NER, in acknowledgment of his services to his party, will, doubtless, be permitted to read his speeches to His Royal Highness (who, hitherto, possibly, may not have attended to them) on the Babylonian wickedness of the Maynooth Grant.

TO MR. D-SR-ELI will, we presume, be left the care of delivering to the PRINCE a course of constitutional lectures on the national necessity of the existence of the Conservative party, with MR. D-SR-ELI, as prime minister, if possible, at the head of it.

THE MARQUIS OF GR-NBY, from his profound acquaintance with the subject, is, of course, pointed out as His Royal Highness's preceptor in political arithmetic.

MR. M-NTZ, as an independent member, and just to keep him in humour, may be permitted by the party to ask His Royal Highness—"What is a Pound?" It is, however, to be understood that His Royal Highness is in no manner expected to make a satisfactory answer to that perplexing question.

Very sound views are to be expected from SIR JOHN P-KENHAM; good specimens of mummified Toryism may also be looked for from THESSEGER; whilst all official forms will be made as plain as marbles by the lucid exposition of MR. WALPOLE. Indeed, considering the Conservative party as it stands (if it does stand), looking at it as so much represented political and social wisdom, we think that the present Heir Apparent will enjoy advantages from his advisers scarcely known to his predecessors, PRINCE HAL and PRINCE GEORGE. As, however, the last PRINCE OF WALES had his evil tempter in the allurements and brilliancy of SHERIDAN; so—(we must however give this much credit to the EARL OF D-RBY, who does not attempt to disguise the peril)—so it is to be feared that our Heir Apparent may be too wholly fascinated and subdued by the wit and genius of another literary man; need we name—LORD MA-DST-NE?

A Safe Secretary.

THE *Times*, in a scaring leader on the British Bank robbers, says—"There was a little safe, and a little book locked with a little key, which MR. CAMEBOX, the Secretary, kept in his waistcoat-pocket."

We hope that a law will be found that shall consign a little secretary to a little safe, to be locked not with a little key, and kept by an officer of any one of our mansions the best judged as a stone casket for such a jewel.

THE ETIQUETTE OF VISITING.—Do as Echo does—she no sooner receives a Call than immediately she responds to it.

THE BLOCKADE OF BICKLEIGH VALE.



WE must protest against an incorrect expression occurring in the subjoined extract from the *Plymouth Journal*:—

"The question as to the closing of paths at Bickleigh, and the closing of Bickleigh Vale itself, will soon be brought before the proper tribunal."

The epithet "proper," applied to the tribunal alluded to, is the expression to which we object; and no doubt our Plymouth contemporary will, on consideration, admit that "appointed" would have been a better word. Our contemporary himself shall show why. He thus proceeds:—

"Some gentlemen went over the ground on Monday, and saw sundry evidences of SIR MASSEY LOPEZ'S intention to stop up every path he can. In one case he had built up and closed a lane from Bickleigh Down into Bickleigh Road, but as this was an enormous grievance to the Bickleigh people, they themselves destroyed the Baronet's wall

... A path leading from Shaugh to Bickleigh Church, saving, it is said, a mile and a half in the walk, has been closed. Another path to Hooe Meavy has also been closed; and a third path, also near the Church, has been closed. In passing through Bickleigh Vale, the party came to a narrow part where there was a high wall of rock on one side, and a steep declivity on the other. Here there were stationed two dogs on one side, and one on the other, to do mischief to errant travellers, or to frighten them back. . . . SIR MASSEY has a large breeding house for rearing game close to the lodge, and he seeks to make Bickleigh Vale a cover for what he breeds. This is one of the secrets, probably, of his desire to keep the public out of the valley."

Right of way is public property. The question raised by the above-mentioned closure of paths is, whether SIR MOSES LEVI, we will say, to put the case in the abstract, by a change of name, and avoid personality, has wrongfully abstracted that public property or not. This question will have to be decided by a civil tribunal. That is the tribunal by law appointed to try it—but we maintain that it is not the proper one.

What is a petty theft of goods and chattels, or a little money; what is burglary, unaccompanied by violence—what is the forgery of a small note, to robbing a whole population of the delights and enjoyments which gracious Heaven has provided for the recreation and refreshment of their souls in the beauties and wonders which beset their paths in the fields and the forests, through the valleys and meadows, and over the hills and downs of merry England? To stop those paths; to deprive one's fellow creatures of those good gifts; to debar large multitudes of one's neighbours from participation in those blessings for the small indulgence of one's single self in some petty whim or paltry hobby, is, even if lawful, odious. It is the conduct of a sordid little contemptible creature, whom common speech does not denominate human, but calls the wretched personification of selfishness—inferior animal. But when there is a doubt whether the brutality is legal or not, the doubt is one which ought, in justice, to be decided by the same tribunal as that which decides whether an individual accused of having taken that which did not belong to him, is or is not worthy of penal servitude or exile. If SIR MOSES LEVI has stopped certain pathways, and those pathways are claimed by the public, although the *Nisi Prius* Court may be that in which he must be prosecuted according to law, the proper tribunal wherein, if law were equitable, his guilt or innocence would have to be determined, would be that where the party whose morality is in question stands in a peculiar enclosure.

In contrast with the malevolence which has closed, or attempted to close, Bickleigh, a correspondent of the journal above quoted places the benevolence which has provided convenient stiles, and a comfortable seat, in a spot commanding a beautiful view of the Sound, appropriately called Freedom Field. GEORGE SOLTAU, ESQ., is the gentleman who has behaved with this liberality. MR. SOLTAU is a gentleman. MR. SOLTAU is a public benefactor. The reverse of MR. SOLTAU is a public malefactor. It is to be deplored that a malefactor of that description cannot be called to account before a proper tribunal.

Post Obiituary Notice.

THE remains of the late JOHN O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P., who, as is well known, died upon the floor of the House of Commons, a few years ago, in compliance with the terms of a solemn vow he had made, and in defence of the liberties of Ireland, were finally deposited, last week, in the office of the Irish Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, where the late honourable gentleman's body will remain till further notice. The place was given by the Government.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

THE average number of Perambulators that are now daily admitted to the Parks is 12,256.

Ninety-seven nursemaids in the neighbourhood of Hackney have left their situations without giving warning, on the ground that now the Guards are back, their residence is too remote from Kensington Gardens.

There are living in a Cheltenham boarding-house three maiden ladies, who are known to have resided there for nearly thirty years; yet whose united ages, as privately confessed in recent conversation, amount to only 56.

No fewer than three cases have occurred of young ladies who have been to races having paid their bets.

Twenty-three policemen in the Knightsbridge division have applied for leave to change their beat, on the plea that since the Guards returned they have been reduced more than once to bed supperless.

Thirteen married gentlemen, who, within the last week or so, have been convicted of having smoked in their own dining-rooms, have been severally fined a new bonnet, and in default, have been committed to the hard labour of taking out their wives for an afternoon's shopping.

Among the Tower beef-eaters it has been ascertained that there are nineteen strict vegetarians.

Out of a hundred bonnets that were sold last week at Brighton, it has been ascertained that more than ninety were supplied to ladies who had gone in just to choose a bit of ribbon.

In a lodging-house at Ramsgate, lately, half-a-quarter of lamb, pretty nearly two-thirds of a 20 lb. ham, two packages of chocolate, a pot of Duncree marmalade, the remains of a large pigeon-pie which had had one slice cut out of it, a caseful of Manillas, thirteen lumps of sugar, half a canister of coffee, and almost the whole of a bottle of French brandy, were discovered (by the landlady) to have been consumed by the cat.

Out of upwards of 11,000 English Cabmen it has been discovered that no less than three have been induced to take the pledge.

THE HAIRDRESSER'S GUIDE TO OPULENCE.

Does any hairdresser desire to make a rapid fortune? If so, let him strictly charge his assistants on no account to pester any customer by soliciting him to purchase Bear's Grease and Circassian Cream, or Vegetable Extract. Let a prohibition to that effect be posted in his shop, and published in an advertisement appearing constantly in all the principal papers. Everybody would resort, for the purpose of getting his hair cut, to an establishment conducted on the non-importunity principle above recommended, although it might be considerably out of his way, rather than go to one close at hand where he would be worried by the attempt to encumber him with bottles of fluid which he would rather not have, and load him with grease-pots which he does not want. To thrust into a man's hands that which he might, if he required it, ask for, is a barbarous act, which a judicious hairdresser would not let his journeymen be guilty of. [The most fragrant pomade becomes offensive when obtruded upon you under your nose; bear's grease is unbearable, and assumes the character of bore's grease; and the bore is a bore of such magnitude that the simply negative attraction of its non-existence would suffice to procure the party wise enough to abolish it no end of custom.]

Another Departure from Town.

THE Ornamental Water in St. James's Park has left London. What watering-place it has run down to, not one of the turncocks can tell. However, considering the very foul bed it has for years been lying in, no one can blame it for changing its lodging. The only wonder is, how it could have stopped in its present dirty hole so long!

Soft Soap for Soapey.

PALMERSTON did not answer SAM's last pressing letter. He simply cut a paragraph out of one of SAM's own clever books, and sent it to him. The paragraph neatly conveyed the intelligence, with a small speck of hope shining like a diamond at the bottom of it: "The right of Translation is reserved."

A MOST FINISHED GENTLEMAN.—The Chief Commissioner of Works is so active and determined that we understand he is generally known as the "B.-HALL and end-all."

THE ART OF PERFORMING.—Promise little, that you may perform much; but if you want to perform little, you can promise as much as you like.

THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

Described by MR. JOHN THOMAS of Belgravia, to his cousin, MR. ROBERT SNAFFLES, of Hurkaway Hall, Hunts.



Otel, Arrowgit, Hoctober forth.
EEK Bob, hivy nothink helse to do, so've thyme to write u wurd
 Of the rooshin Koronayshun whot i sor & thort & erd :
 Hand tho i finds m diphycult hi meen to rite in rimes,
 As **MISTOK BRIGHT** did laity, wich I red m in the *Times*.
 Hi spose yewve erd as all the wurd ware theer as well as me,
 As all the wurd is haulways wen there's hennythink to C ;
 So everythin we hordurd weed to pay phor thro the noes,
 As all the wurd duz hallways wen to sea the sites it gose.
 Y, they arst a duzen rubels, wich a rubel is 3 Bob,

For rooms weer scae a cat cood swing, mutch less a inglish Knob ;
 And if u ired a drosky u was likely to be wriled,
 To ear m say their regler fare it wear a lb a miled.
 Hour bil at the otel wos quite eckstromny to be scene,
 And though the charge ware i we ad a lo stile of Kweezeen ;
 But whot **JON BULL** as phawked out for **LORD GRANDWILL's** bed & bord, it

Wos reelly sumthink horle, wich i ope e can afford it.
 Well, fryda horgust twenty nine it was theer hopenin day,
 And the Hentry into mosko wer whats kawled a grand sooksay :
 But no! to tel you arf of wot I erd & thort & sor
 Wood take me arf a wollum, wich peraps mite be a bor :
 So though mi magaum bonum ave a kvorto at its tip,
 Hile do as **MISTUR ROGERS** trewly ses the flees do—*Skip!*

Sapphysit then to tell u the perseshink recched a mile,
 And sumtimes made I cry Onkore, and sumtimes make I smile :
 Fust cum a sqwod o Coarse sacks,* with their trumpets & their drums,
 A playink hof the Rooshin "C the Konkria ero cum's :"
 Then on orses hand in youniforms, sum holdish and sum nu,
 A lot o Knobs or nobles, hall a ridink 2 & 2 ;
 Nex road the wariis races as the rooshin Zars ave wun,
 Wich thanks to er Alize as yet the turkish izzent 1 ;
 There was Bashkirs, hand Abash uns, hand Sir Cashy uns as wel,
 Tcherkees & Daghitanhis—wich is horphul names to apell !
 Mingreeli uns, R Mianny uns, & chaps from Gouriel ;
 Calmuks & Karapapaks—these is reelly orrid wurd's—
 And nex the Cream o Tartars, orl the way was choked with Kurds ;
 Axl these ad cum frum kuntries wich ave bowed to rooshin ames,
 Hand all ad dresses hevveribit as singler as their names,
 Wich some they wor blu velvet, coat & veskit horl in 1,
 With preshus stones for buttings, wuth at least a underd pun ;
 And sum ad marshil youniforms, with weppons hold & noo,
 Speers, pistils, sords & simmyturs, & batleaxes too,
 Then huthers ad chain harmer on, wich some they korls it male,
 So phine that like the Epsim gents thay wor it as a wale.
 Sum ad their eds unkivered, & wore coins ung in their air,
 The same as on thare watchanes wunce hour swels was yoused to ware :

And huthers on their phorreds ad a peece o mettle flat,
 Wile huthers they wor turbins, & a sort o sheepskin at.
 Hinn shawte l mite ave phansid l were at a marskerade,
 Hor else at Hasbleys surcos wen some phorrink peace is plade.

Then parst a cap of carridges, **LORD GRANDWILL's** is ware wun,
 Hambassydors from awlmost hevvy kort beneeth the sun ;
 With oom the grand Court Martial, e were in a gingerbreddy
 Hopink gilt feayton, wich its wheels they seemed unsteddy.
 The State hoffishuls follered m, & and gawjus to beecold !
 Then sicksty Gallient Phootmin hof the kort, all green and gold ;
 Oo walked as tho thare shews was tite, them henvius papers tell,
 But taggerny's a trippul to a man as dresses wel.

Then cum for undid life guards, witch they korl em Shevvyleers,
 And theer aint in all the Yuniverse no pliner troops i cars ;
 The men was all sixphooters, & thare orses such a ite
 As praps wood be too evvy if thay hevver come to phite :
 At leest so **MISTER "OMNIUM,"** i spex he would ave sed,
 Witch his letters uppon kavvalry with hinterest i ave red.

* The Poet probably alludes to Cossacks.—Ed.

And now the cry of "Ats orf" (In Reoshian), hand the cheer,
 And anketers a waviuk show the ZAR imself is near :
 And presenly we sor im pass luppon a pransin charjet,
 Wich they ses e's like is farther tho in push E were larger.
 Is dress were a green tunic, and Wenevernemems red,
 And though it may seem singgeler a cask were on is ed :
 Wich it wam one of **BARCLAYS**, but a elmet gilt and shinin,
 With a ploom o cockses fethers, hand i bleeve a satting linin.
 Sum say the haclimayshius & the cheering & the crize
 Haffected im so deaply that the tiers stood in is ize :
 This praps it were emoshing, yet twood be a triple shawter
 To've sed that as is ize is week the sun ad maid m water.

Wile the mujiks, wich they is the mob, was shoutin & a ollerin,
 Hi turned my i's & hopperer glass to them as was a follerin.
 Fust a crowd o grand E's wich **DOOK KONSTANTINE** ware wun,
 And hallso the **Cesarewitch**—peraps you've seen im run ;
 A duzen huthers with em, I coont tel m wich was wich,
 Some ad names as end in Hoff-ki, sum ad naims as end in Hitch.
 Nex the prinses came the horficers, both millingtry and naval,
 The hadmirals oo safe in port four brittish ships did brave all :
 There each ad plooms & meddles, and so thich they rode along
 No mortial cood say oo was oo, except a Aidecong.

Nex parst the hempress dowwyjer, vith dimings on er ed,
 In a bewtiple new karridj, guilt & wite & blu & red :
 Wich was dored by ate fine awses, eech is arness all of gold,
 Wile a suvvent called a "Paul fry near" thare bridils e did old ;
 A roe of pages sat in frunt, as close as they could pack,
 So as to ide the coachmin—witch She'd helse ave seen is back !

The huther hempress' karridge it were ekally as fine,
 Er name is **HALMCKSANDROVNER**—hime glad it izzent mine !
 For i phansy at mi spellink of it fokes ad roodly larf,
 Wenever phor thier horbums they rekvest my haughty graf.
 Vith er the little grand dook, oo's the sun and air, E sat,
 Hin millingterry yunifrom, and phethers in is at :

The muther seemed haffected by the cheerink & the noise,
 Wile the boy is thorts was probably the same as huther boys ;
 A duzn or too dutchesses they then brought up the reer,
 Wich a galaxy of bewty & of dimings did appear ;
 And then the grand Persessink it at lenth were holy parst,
 Ececep a phew mor sojers oo to finish it cum last.

So seeink very planely thier was nothink mor to C,
 We shuts our hoppererglases up, & orl goes ome to T.
 But ear u must egsenge me, & i ope wont take it rood,
 Cos sum wherry pressink bizness maiks me sudnly konelood ;
 Phor i ears the suvnts' dinner bel, & hear's the suvnts' slavy !
 Hand so no maw at presn frum **JON TOMMUS** hof belgravy.

A DESIRABLE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

If ever there was a chance of seeing a Policeman in London, it would be at the present moment, when the streets are so completely deserted. Anything wearing the shape of a human being would stand out as boldly as the Sphinx in the Desert; but it would seem as if a Policeman was nothing short of a Sphinx himself, for his existence seems to be a downright riddle. We doubt if *Billy Black* himself, with all his wondrous facility in guessing impossible conundrums, would be able to find out such a riddle as a London Policeman. We propose that the Admiralty, as *BRITANNIA* has nothing to do at present but pick her teeth with her Trident, should fit out an Expedition to go in Search of a Policeman. And, as we are always recommended "to set a thief to catch a thief," we further propose that at the head of this Expedition, to take the command as Admiral of the Blue, there be appointed a Policeman who has been dismissed from the Force. As such a commander is likely to be acquainted with all the haunts and hiding-places of his former companions—and to have at his Berlins' ends a thorough nautical knowledge of the various bays and creeks in which these rare crustaceous animals love to disport themselves—there is some chance of the voyage being crowned with success. Upon their return, an Admiralty Map of the country explored should be published, marking for the benefit of future navigators the localities of the best fisheries. But we prophesy that the Expedition will signally fail, unless some such commander as the one we recommend is appointed. The principle that should guide the Lords of the Admiralty in their selection should be "*Set a Policeman to catch a Policeman.*" A good clever Ticket-of-Leave man, who had been originally in the Force, would combine in his two capacities all the requisite qualifications for the appointment.

Lord Lucan at Law.

LORD LUCAN, as a vilperated hero of the Crimea has entered an action against the naughty *Daily News*. More work for the wigs! Well, some people are never content; still we should have thought that **LORD LUCAN**, above all men, had had quite enough of horse-hair.



THE MOORS. GRATIFYING—VERY !!

ON ARRIVING AT THE BEST PART OF YOUR SHOOTING, YOU FIND THOSE AMIABLE TOURISTS, THE NOBBS'S, HAVE BEEN OVER THE GROUND A GOOD DEAL. AS THE BIRDS ARE WILD, YOUR SPORT IS NOT MUCH IMPROVED THEREBY. NOBBS, JUNIOR, MAY BE OBSERVED TAKING IN THE "OBJECTS OF INTEREST" WITH HIS TELESCOPE.

BEEES AND BLACK BEETLES.

GRANTED that LOUIS NAPOLEON has brought back the bees to France, has he not, as a set-off, a little too much encouraged the black beetles? Never before did France swarm with such a number of priests! And truly, trying to be as tolerant as possible, it is difficult to look in the lumpish, clayey faces of the greater number of these heaven-minded, heaven-pointing men, and to believe them almost all refined to spirit. We will not question their devotion, their moral aliment. But assuredly, if they have partaken of the milk of Canaan, the milk has turned to curds-and-why in many of their countenances. But these men are of the army, the black troops of LOUIS NAPOLEON. He ought to institute a new Order for them—the Order of the Legion of Locusts. For there can be no doubt that, in the agricultural districts of France, where the peasantry are mere clods of men, the influence of these swarming priests works well for NAPOLEON the Nephew; especially, too, as it ever adroitly associates him with the lurid glories of NAPOLEON the Uncle. But the faithful may lament that it is otherwise in towns. There, the workmen pride themselves upon the looks of mixed contempt and defiance with which they meet the uneasy glances of the priests. "Priests may be very useful," say these men, "but why so many of them?"

We have already told the story of Our Lady of Boulogne. Told of the processions and the pilgrimages (by railway) done in her honour. A pilgrimage by rail would have astounded PETER the Hermit; nevertheless pilgrims came; and pious young ladies sought Boulogne beach for mementos of the sea, and doubtless, on their return to the station, presented a cockle-shell to be worn by the stoker in sign and memory of the pilgrimage performed. Now it so happened that the procession, thickly smudged with priests, passed from the station near a half-built house. We tell the tale to show what the working-men of France think of this over-supply, and over-activity of black gowns. Whilst the priests passed this half-built habitation, irreverent working-hands within cast down upon the holy men a plentiful offering of sand.

Great, indeed, was the desecration; instant the search; but, even Our Lady of Boulogne failed or refused to cause the detection of the culprits.

The wickedness made a great noise; for was it not a scandal upon the faith of Boulogne-sur-Mer, already twitted with indifference in the matter of black gowns? The men employed in the house were visited by the master-builder, and severally questioned upon the enormity committed. Nothing, however, could be learned of the delinquent; save that he was the old, old culprit, Nobody. Whereupon, the master with a sweet gravity, thus addressed the labourers:—"My friends, it is very plain that some of you threw this defiling sand down upon the priests. Now this was wrong; very wrong. For why, my friends, should you have used sand, when you had bricks?"

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY

For all who have arrived at their Ears of Discretion.

HE who plays at caustic wit often burns his fingers.
 Don't stretch your legs beyond your carpet.
 The blind man shouldn't attempt to catch fleas.
 A good-natured friend is often only an enemy in disguise.
 The Future blights more reputations than ever it ripens.
 A pigmy on a pedestal is only a greater pigmy still.
 Get your money ready before getting out of an Omnibus, and before going into Chancery.
 Superstitions would soon die, if so many old women wouldn't act as nurses to keep them alive.
 We expend more time, trouble, and expense in conciliating a man we fear than in obliging one we love.
 The prouder the man the more obstinate he is—as the State Carriage is the most difficult to turn.
 Beware of marrying the woman who does not sew, is not fond of reading, and cannot play the piano. Restless and unoccupied, she is continually running abroad to seek for the amusement she lacks at home.

COMMERCIAL ANOMALY.—The Shares of the National Discount Company are at a Premium!



PLEASING DELUSION. IN RE THE ROUND HATS.

F. male. "WELL! THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION ABOUT ONE THING!—THEY CERTAINLY DO MAKE YOU LOOK YOUNGER!"

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

[From Mr. Punch's own Paris Milliner.]

THE yellowing of the leaf is marked by a tendency to colour. As, however, a sharp contest of colour has ever distinguished barbarian nations, and as the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has been recently crowned, there can be no doubt that the ceremony has brought into the *beau monde* a spirited, not to say a violent, display of red, blue, crimson, green, and yellow. Indeed, the prevailing tints would do credit to the coronation of Harlequin; if we are ever to enjoy that long-protracted ceremonial.

The Parisian silks are of a delightfully bold design, and of charmingly lurid tints. The *soie de toréador*, manufactured under the patronage of the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, is of a delightful pattern; giving in one skirt, with most inimitable foreshortening, the whole ceremony of a bull-fight. The ferocity of the bull is really beautiful; and may almost be said to bellow. Some idea may also be entertained of the condescension of the divine EUGÉNIE from the fact that the portrait of DOMINGUEZ, the wounded bull-fighter in the service of Her Majesty, has been introduced into the piece. There can be no doubt that skirts of the *soie de toréador* will cause a grand *furor* during the present season; though we have heard the *chasse de sanglier*, or boar-hunt, silk very highly spoken of. As, however, boars have not yet been patronised by the EMPRESS, there can be no doubt that the *soie de toréador* will bear the belle.

Other silks are exhibiting, barred and striped. They are called the *soies à la Cayenne*, and are supposed to have been manufactured in obedience to Imperial orders.

There is nothing new in ball-dresses; the same patterns that were danced in at Moscow being exhibited for the Parisian *dame*. It is said that this measure has been imperially resolved upon, in order to exhibit to the eyes of Europe the close alliance of Russia and France. The *corsage en cœur* is very much cut away, evidently to illustrate the political fact that both countries have made a clean breast of it.

Wreaths à la Holy Virgin of Russia threaten to turn all heads. They are composed of Russian laurels, French violets, and English hops; the laurels, as was to have been expected, lying very thick.

A BALLAD BY A BISHOP.

With Brass Accompaniment.

Ye clergymen of England,
Who livings hold at ease,
How little do you think upon
The troubles of the Sees!
Give ear unto my plaintive lay,
And I'll engage to show
That a bishop's poor and needy—whom for being rich
and greedy,
Up the stormy *Times* doth blow—oh! oh! oh! oh!
Chorus expressive of Woe.

'Tis a law of human nature,
As you all of you must grant,
That of worldly things, the more man has
The more he's sure to want,
Then wonder not that we, on whom
Such fatness men bestow,
Are in heart sick and sore, and in want far, far more
Than you who sit below—oh! oh! oh! oh!

That bishops who have been brought up
Regardless of expense,
In luxury must dine and sup,
Seems merely common sense:
And neither few nor far between
Can be their wants, you know,
When in health and at ease their appetites increase
For the good things here below—O! O! O! O!

Then think ye not a bishop's less
To be envied than be pitied,
Rememb'ring that to meet distress
So little he is fitted.
Nor wonder he for pension wants
Six thousand pounds or so—
Or I fear in a year, tho' he's lived like a Peer,
On the Parish he would go—o—o—o—Oh!
(Refrain) ON THE PARISH HE WOULD GO!

If wealth does not make a man witty, at all events it blinds others to his stupidity.

Bonnets are all to be made with an elastic edge; and have increased in size. We have seen one that would entirely contain a cat's-head apple. This looks like improvement.

Mantles, with no seam, still to illustrate the closeness of the French alliance, with a border in gold and green of the pattern, à l'Isle de Serpens, have a fine effect; and are made diplomatically large to cover anything.

The fashion of sleeves is taking a more decided kind, with a tendency to the sweeping. This change is also susceptible of a political interpretation.

A new petticoat, the *crinoline en fer*, has been much admired, and will, no doubt, be all the rage early in the season. It is made of the finest tempered steel, and works upon the principle of the iron shutters so much in vogue in England. The petticoat is, of course, globular, and may be manufactured ballroom-proof. There is also an improvement on the article called the *jupon aux tubes de vapeur*, in which steam may be generated and let off according to the thermometer.

THE EXISTENCE OF GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE lives more in the Future than in the Past. It is frequently a three months' bill, which we draw upon some good-natured friend, who, we think, ought to oblige us, simply because he has obliged us before. If the bill is taken up, well and good, we draw another, and then another; but as soon as one is dishonoured, a reaction takes place, Gratitude ceases, Invective begins, and, as a matter of course, Hatred ensues. Take any twenty men who are sworn enemies of others, and you may be sure that out of the number, eighteen at least were bosom friends, that have every reason to be grateful to the person they have quarrelled with. Ingratitude commences the moment a friend, to whom we are deeply indebted, will no longer allow us to extend our debt of Gratitude.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

IMPORTANT TO SPINSTERS.—The elastic leather belts, now worn round the waists of ladies, are henceforth to be called "Embracelets."

WHAT IT MUST COME TO.



Understand that the increasing amplitude of ladies' dresses is creating quite a panic in the millinery trade, and that the mistresses of many of the fashionable establishments have been driven more than once to burnt feathers and the smelling bottle by the state of agitation into which they have been thrown. To meet the requirements of the *mode* now prevailing, they have been already forced to enlarge their business premises to the fullest practicable extent; but the demand upon their space is becoming so enormous that it is feared it will soon be scarcely possible to meet it. The largest

of their cutting-out rooms is now found so contracted that the manufacture of a single dress in it is attended with some difficulty, and if the "wide wide world" of Fashion does not soon curtail its skirts, and adopt a *mode* more moderate, we shall hear of distressed needlewomen being driven out of doors to find sufficient room to work in. Now that the diameter of a lady in full dress very closely approaches that of a travelling Circus, it is obvious that no ordinary show-rooms will furnish space enough to show her its entire expanse: and it would not much surprise us if the leading West-End milliners were to set on foot a Private Building Company, to provide themselves with houses of more suitable dimensions. Indeed, unless some such step as this be taken, we shall soon be hearing of some enterprising *modiste* having hired the Great Globe, or covered in Lords' Cricket Ground as her place of exhibition.

TEMPTATION v. TEETOTALISM.

MR. SAMUEL POPE has preached a long letter at LORD STANLEY, and LORD STANLEY has delivered a long answer in return. POPE, as the secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, desires to make it a penal offence to brew, distil, import and sell beer, pale ale, gin, wines, rum, brandy, &c.; all sinful people caught in the fact being liable to fine, treadmill, transportation, and whatever other punishment the wisdom and benevolence of the Legislature may invent. Now LORD STANLEY, as a ready-primed philosopher who, standing upon one leg, can deliver himself upon any subject from pease-pudding to perpetual motion—LORD STANLEY makes answer and declares, that what POPE desires will not, and cannot be. Upon this, his Lordship, as member for Lyme-Regis, and ready-primed philosopher upon all points, is willing to rest his still-increasing reputation as a public man; a reputation that, like the showman's nondescript, increases six inches every year, and still threatens never to come to its full growth. POPE, however, is not to be put down. POPE says: "So long as temptation exists, certain results always have, and always must follow." MR. POPE would, therefore, destroy the temptation of drink, that thereby leaving nothing to the uncertainty of moral influence, he might destroy the drunkard. There is great wisdom in what MR. POPE says with respect to temptation. We are all, more or less, victims to it. And therefore, mistrusting moral power, let us destroy temptation. Then, most beautiful, because most perfect, would be all human society!

For instance. Were there no bonnet-shops, no silk-merciers, how many a husband would still have cause to "rejoice in the wife of his youth?" and how many a wife would in a little while wonder that she could have ever felt the least desire for anything beyond a Dunstable straw or a Manchester cotton?

Is it not shameful, too, that in the halls and passages of city taverns turtle are suffered to lie upon their backs, tempting alderman and common councilman with the cost (to say nothing of supervening gout) of calipee and calipash, when, without such aggravating self-exposure on the part of the turtle aforesaid, the worthy gentlemen would content themselves with mutton-broth, or, to admit the wildest possibility, with ox-tail?

Again, why should bloated wealth dare to mock the necessities of starveling virtue by crossing its modest path with a chain of red, red gold blazing in the sun, and insulting want with the heartlessness of its splendour? Do not talk to us about the moral check of honesty. In a wild moment of temptation, the victim of penury makes a snatch at that chain. Well, haply, similarly tempted, he has snatched before, and the poor creature is condemned to the duration of a long seven years.

He may wear the iron around his ankle, whilst the bloated owner of the chain may be permitted to allure others to their ruin. Would this be the case, MR. POPE, were there a stringent law that forbade the exposure of gold chains on penalty of their confiscation, the proceeds to be paid into the police poor-box? What finds passing inmates for Newgate? Temptation. What fills the bulks? Temptation. And what—we wanted a climax—what urged MRS. FITZWENTYSTONE to immure herself in a round tower of *crinoline*, cutting herself off from all her connections? Why, temptation. Mrs. F. saw the abomination in the shop-window, and she became a she-hermit in horse-hair. And we again ask, could this have been but for temptation?

We pride ourselves that, being very successful in this life, we possess an affectionate circle of friends, at whose houses *Mr. Punch* when he will condescend to visit, is an admired, an honoured guest. Nevertheless, we want to know, wherefore should our honesty undergo these repeated ordeals? Why should TOMKINS (TOMKINS gives good wine, but is a little ostentatious)—why should he leave under our nose that gold snuff-box set with diamonds, given by PETER THE GREAT to the ancestral TOMKINS who first introduced toothpicks into Russia? Why should we be left alone in SMITHERS'S library with his medals and his coins, and his cameos? Why is our virtue to be thus insulted? Don't talk to us of moral restraint. We have often struggled with temptation; and could, if we chose, show bruises from more than one fall. We therefore agree with MR. POPE, when he says:—

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with its face—"

MR. POPE, however, knows the rest: we "embrace" of course. But could we embrace, if Vice were not before us? We should hug nothing better and nothing worse than empty air. Therefore, because it is so very easy, destroy the temptation of the vice. Could young BRICKS have ever accepted those deuced bills for CAPTAIN TIPPS, but for the existence of bill-stamps? Why, no. The argument is conclusive. Straightway abolish stamps, and without a moment's warning to the clerks, pull down Somerset House.



"RUN, BILL—RUN AND BRING HISABELLER!—HERE'S A CHIMLEY A-FI-ER!!"

PLEASURE-TRAINS OF THOUGHT.

THE kind, generous souls, who are rough and almost insulting in their manners, are like the rich man, who, when solicited to relieve his poor relations, used to fling his old clothes at them, taking good care first to secrete money in the pockets.

Happy the mortals, whose building is restricted to Castles in the Air—for they know not the bother, when once the bricklayers have got into the house, of getting them out again!

If it were not for the livery, many a master would be taken for his own servant!

Aristocracy on the Rail.

LORD D'ERESBY, on the Crief Junction Railway, gave a few days since a taste of his quality as engine-driver, "performing the up and down journey within the appointed time." It is said that, at an early day, on the Great Western, the BISHOP OF EXETER will try his hand as a stoker. Recollecting his old talent for stirring coals, there can be no doubt of his success.

THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

Described by MR. JOHN THOMAS of Belgravia, to his cousin, MR. ROBERT SNAFFLES, of Harkaway Hall, Hunts.



Hangle C otel, 2sdy hevenink.

INCE ritink of my larst, Deer
BOB, ive ardlly ad a hower
As i cood kaul my own, for
we've been makin of a
tower:
Phrom plaice to plaice thay
've urrid me, in whether
phine or wet,
And ive scacely ad a momink,
xep at meeltime, down to
set.
Y, even now its ony in my
bed-room i can find
Suffisht peace & kviet to
compoje my arressed
mind;
And its reether under di-
phyculties as i ave to
right,
For their aint no tabel in
the room on wich to stand
a life:
But i've set our big port-
mante, witch its mT, on
its end,

And so upon the Mewses i in humbelness atend.
About the grand Perseshink hive orlredly told u ow
The HEMPRUR to the mosko fokes e cum & maid is bow:
Wich e henterd from Sent petersbug, weer ADMIRAL NAREEER's bin
Hinspeektin of the phortresses nex time e means to win.
The Hentry as i think i sed were hogst 29,
And the Krownin ware the Sevvinth—ow we oped it mite be phine!
Wich orl the varius fates & sites ide willingly rekord
As appened hintermejet, but i pheer u mite be bord.
Suffisit then to tel yew there was bankwets evry day,
Of wich as i dint taist m'course i avvent mutch to say:
And there were state bawls hevry nite, & sworries too, as well
As konwersatshyonees—wich is queerish things to spell.
But of all the sites as whiled away the hintermejet thyme,
The grand Revew on mundy it were most espeshul prime;
Y, to C that charje of kavvalry alone it wel repade
Wun awl the hinfus charjes as the hinkepers ad made.
Jest phansy wot our feelinx were wen sudaly we ad
A site of 15 thousing all a gallopink like mad,
And a goin ful split hover us—leastways twoz so i thort,
Wen sudaly by majie to a pull up thay was brot.
Likewize it mite emuse you if i were to tel u orl
About the famed PAULOWSKY, or the rejimint of FOHL:
Wich i think is xubriety a little it discloses,
Phor the officers ave cocked ats & the men ave all cocked noses;
Which as i nose you wel to b a punster most owdaysbus,
Yew'l say that their pug-noses is to make m look pugnaysbus.
At lenth the Koronayshink day in orl its glory came,
And ide to shave by candel lite, witch buthers did the same:
Faw in order to be herly weed to rise at atf past 2,
—Wich i ope my reppy Titians of that feet may b but phew!
In coarse wun ad no appyite at sich a nawful our,
And at wot were kawled wun's brekfust seace a mossel cood devour;
But R! wun little thort ow long a farst their vere to foller,
Hor else ow e'd ave struggled sum phew muttink chops to swoller!
On reechink hof the Kremlin we ad ours & ours to wait,
For thier were tens of thousings orl a scrowgin at the gait:
And even then our labours wood have uselessly bin spent,
But for aving speshle tikkets wich by gurment they were sent;
A kindness as LORD WODENHOUSE e ad bin & gone & dun
For "strangers of distinkshing"—wich JON TOMMUS e were I.
But ho! wen we ad got inside, & taken of our seets,
To tell u of wot we sor wood phil a duzn sheets:
Besides, in coarse the noospapers alreddy you ave red,
Witch MISTER WILLYUM RUSSEL givs a good akount its sed.
Helse ide ave told u ow the kort & pasaidges & stares
Were crand with coats & paryssoles from awlmost hevrvivares:
Ow Coarse-sacks and Sir Cashy uns, curds, Kalmucks, turks, &
rooshins,
Wos mixed with french & Hinglish, greeks, danes, Horstriuns &
prooshins:
Ow jennyruks & hadmiruls & minnystirs and sitch
Was so jumbled up with phluukies that u coont tel wich were wich:

Ow ladies in court dresses, ori a dazzling u with dimings,
Sat nex to sheepskin youniphorms, ruff coats with ruffer linings:
And ow beside the GORTSCHAKHOFFS, & names to drive l crazy,
Thier wos GRANDWILLS & DE MORNYS, PEELS & PRINSES HESTER AZY;
Wich is boots ad purls & preshus stones mbroidered on so thick
That i phansy it td corst in orl a thousand lb. a kikk.
Hin shawt wun glance about me were suffisht 4 to C
That there was eaps of fashnables set there as well as me;
Wich in chattink & a kwizzink & a wishink hof good day
The tejus hours we ad to wait we sum ow whiled away.
For twozent till parst ten o'klok is majjisty apeerd,
And i needn tell you ow we awl stood up and staired and cheered:
And i needn try to pictur the purseshink in my letter,
Coz the speshle Korrispondint of the times as dun it better.
No maw i shant describe the way the krownink it were dun,
For of those who sor it pusnally JON TOMMUS wezzent l:
The chutch seace eid for underd, so it wasnt much disgrace
That in spite of awl is hupfluence E coodent get a plaice.
But presijely at 10'30 we all erd the kannings sound,
Enouncing as the ZAR of orl the rooshers e were crowned:
Tho it wezzent until arf parst twely we sor im out e doors,
Wich is robe o purpel welvet & is crown o Kohinoors!
Witch the light enuff to look at it seamed evy work to wear m,
As showed y crownds uneasy make the eds as ave to bear m:
And though one's ears twood tikkle stead of mister to be zar,
I doubt if nine in 10 of us aint appier as we R;
For its seldom as a Nemprur, with is harmy & is knavy,
Hinjize the peice & kviet of JON TOMMUS of belgravy!

HUMBUB IN HIGH LIFE.

WHAT class of readers cau that be to which is addressed the subjoined advertisement?—

PROGNOSTIC ASTRONOMY.—E. PROCTER, 2, Waterloo Road, two doors from the Westminster Road, near the obelisk, begs to inform his friends and the public in general he still continues to GIVE ADVICE to those ladies and gentlemen who may favour him with the time of their birth. E. P., the only person in the autumn of 1852, who, in contradiction to the then writers of that period, having written the geniture of the French Emperor, and transmitted the same to his Majesty in the November of that year, wherein he strenuously denied the erroneous statements that had been put forth respecting his Majesty's overthrow, which, according to their assertions, was to have taken place in 1854. E. P. not only spoke of his then quickly becoming EMPEROR, but also described his Lady EMPRESS, the time of his marriage, that she would have issue, and thereby found a dynasty, &c. &c. All letters prepaid.

The class of natural and uneducated fools, one would think, is that for whose deception the foregoing example of ungrammatical falsehood is calculated. It appeared, however, in a paper chiefly read by the classes called superior—in the *Morning Post*. The circumstance that, before reaching the breakfast-table, our fashionable contemporary has very generally to undergo perusal in the servants' hall and the kitchen, may perhaps account for the insertion of the above-quoted humbug in its advertising columns. However, there is, possibly, enough folly and credulity in the world of fashion to supply an astrological impostor with a remunerative number of dupes. MR. DOVE, who was hanged the other day, was a believer in wizard HARRISON; there may be a considerable flock of birds of the same feather as Dove, among the British aristocracy—birds of the pigeon tribe. "Superstition in the nineteenth century," exemplified by rustics in consulting witches, can hardly be surprising, when a fellow advertises himself as a fortune-teller in a London daily paper. We wonder, if a policeman in plain clothes were to call on our friend the Astrologer of the Waterloo Road, whether that sage would discover who his visitor was, and would divine that the gentleman in question had authority to apprehend him with a view to his committal by a Magistrate to the House of Correction as a rogue and vagabond?

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

GOOD COOK WANTED.—The Directors of a well-established Public Company, of nearly a week's standing, are in want of an experienced person to superintend the GENERAL COOKERY of the accounts. In addition to a perfect knowledge of his business, he must possess most unexceptionable morals, and a character that will bear the most strict investigation—which, however, it is distinctly understood will never be resorted to. His duties will be confined to the usual routine: the principal work being that of dressing up and garnishing the reports and public statements, in a way that may make them easy to be swallowed, and in cooking the accounts and dividends so as to render them palatable to the public. He will, in short, be required to assist the Directors in their dishing of the Shareholders, and making a complete hash of the whole concern. As his position will be one of trust, no surety or pecuniary guarantee will be demanded; but, for form's sake, he will be expected to comply with a rule of the Company, which requires that each of its salaried officials must take at least one share in it, to show that he "has actually a direct personal interest in the welfare of the undertaking," (*vide Prospectus*). However, this one share (when once his name is registered), he will not have to hold an hour longer than he likes; and as he will be privileged to purchase it at about fifty per cent. below the market price, it is probable that he will not lose much by the transaction. For further particulars apply, in person only, to GORDON M'SWINDLE, Esquire, Belgrave Square (who, for the convenience of applicants to whom daylight may be dangerous, will attend nightly at 'The Thieves' Kitchen, Dark Alley, St. Giles').—N.B. Ring the bottom bell twice, and then whistle.



SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

Miss Matilda to Miss Priscilla. "WELL, I'M SURE!—THE CREATURE NEEDN'T SIT THERE IN THAT DISGUSTING MANNER!"

THE BURGLAR AND THE BANK DIRECTOR.

A DIALOGUE OF 1856.

Burglar. I CRACKED a crib some years ago—the crushers came and I, Sir,
 Vos sent my fate to undergo and study Botany, Sir.
Bank Director. You stole—your doom is just enough for fellows of low station,
 Who know not how the law to "do" by cool "appropriation."
Burglar. I come back unto England's shore—if vork I gets to do, Sir,
 Some day I find a crusher's been and told 'em all he knew, Sir;
 So I must crack a crib again and bring myself to grief, Sir,
 And honest try to be in vain—'cos I have been a thief, Sir.
Bank Director. Well—you're but served as you've deserved—low fellows here, like you, man,
 Have not the genius we require our shareholders to do, man;
 Besides JOHN BULL is always dull—the public always slow are,
 To appreciate the genius of a centre-bit and crow-bar.
 Now if you wrote yourself "Esquire, M.P." unto your name, man,
 You'd turn up Fortune's "lucky pea" at my financial game, man,
 You'd get yourself appointed soon a Joint-Stock-Bank-Director—
Burglar. Oh! crikey, vot a "sell" 'twould be for "plain-clothes," or Inspector!
Bank Director. There—hold your tongue—we'll just suppose that you're on some Direction,
 Established by the shareholders for mutual protection—
 Suppose you're short—you get a loan—as much as you can carry
 Of the moneys of confiding DICK, and JACK and TOM and HARRY."

* * * * *

The burglar sighed—"You is a swell—but I'm a common feller,
 Vot's only fit to 'ide his 'ead in some Vitechapel cellar;
 I envies you, my noble swell—vot pulls must coves like you get,
 Vot never has 'a twelvemonth vith—nor snooze an hour in Newgate!"

A BONNET TO DEFY THE LONDON BLACKS!

WE see that there are Ladies' bonnets, which are made of Leather! They will be so far convenient, because a wife will then be able to put her bonnet outside the door overnight, so that it may be blacked with her husband's boots early the next morning. We fancy we hear a domestic-minded lady calling over the bannisters:—"Come, JANE, pray make haste! Good gracious me, haven't you cleaned my bonnet yet? Bring me up the brushes and the blacking-bottle, girl, and I will give it a polish myself." However, there may be one drawback; for, whereas at present the usual female average for putting on a bonnet is (according to their own calculations) "only five minutes," a lady may, if her *chapeau de cuir* has to be *cired*, require at least Ten. And we all know, that "ten minutes," in a lady's computation of Time, is the synonym for half-an-hour. The Rule of Measurement runs thus:—

| | | | |
|---------------------|---------------|------|---------------------|
| Five Minutes | (with a Lady) | mean | Quarter-of-an-Hour, |
| Ten Minutes | " | " | Half-an-Hour, |
| Not above Fifteen | " | " | One Hour, |
| "Less than no time" | " | " | The Entire Day. |

SHAMEFUL HOAX—AN ASSASSIN WANTED.

IN certain of our contemporaries, a letter has appeared under the venerable and honoured name of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. This letter is no other than an advertisement for an assassin; and we should think the work of somebody in the pay of BOMBA. We give the following extract:—

"At the present time [Mr. LANDOR is made to say] I have only one hundred pounds of ready money at my disposal, and am never likely to have so much in future. Of this I transmit five to you, toward 'the acquisition of 10,000 muskets, to be given to the first Italian province which shall rise.' The remaining £95 I reserve for the family of the first patriot who asserts the dignity and performs the duty of tyrannicide."

Imagine a BRUTUS on hire for £95! A reward should be instantly offered for the discovery and conviction of this libeller of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, whose genius and whose years ought alike to make him sacred from the grim waggery of the stiletto.



BOMBA'S BIG BROTHER.

Emperor of Russia. "THEY SHAN'T TAKE AWAY HIS PLAYTHINGS, THAT THEY SHAN'T."

"THE SONG OF THE BELL."

(Respectfully Dedicated to the Board of Works, and the Ghost of SCHILLER.)—"M.P.'s voce: *Vulliamy angò: Tympana frango.*"

FROM the foundry-walls of Norton,
To West Hartlepool's dock-quay,
Safely, thanks to favouring fortune,
The Great Bell has found its way.
With lusty British cheers
Sling it to the shears—
ON MESSRS. WARNER be our benison,
Not forgetting E. B. DENISON.

While on the shears the Bell they're slinging,
To hoist the billy-boy a-board,
We'll leave it, for a moment, swinging,
For *Mr. Punch's* earnest word:
Through VULLIAMY'S and WHITEHURST'S
grumbles,
Official letters' dreary load,
Through AIRY'S tiffs and BARRY'S stumbles,
We've got it thus far on its road;
But ere it reaches Bridge Street corner,
To *Mr. Punch* it seemeth well,
That as the Bell's been cast by WARNER,
Its tale of warning it should tell.

Smartly now clap on the tackle,
With a heave-oh, hoist amain.
On honest hemp and iron shackle,
Lay good muscle's sturdy strain:
The billy-boy, below,
Is "*The Wave*," that's *à propos*:
The Bell will rest aboard the *Wave*,
Or else beneath it find a grave.

Ever since famous 'forty-eight,
The clock, whose tongue this Bell will prove,
Has been a grave affair of state,
For some four Boards of Works to move:
What SEYMOUR without MANNERS planned,
Bland MANNERS left, scarce well begun;
Unfinished it left MOLESWORTH'S hand,
And HALL took up the work undone;
If what their rate of making's been,
Clocks by their rate of going show,
The clock at Westminster, I ween,
Will turn out marvelously slow.

Now pause, my gallant dock-yard mates,
Pause, billy-boy's perspiring crew;
In foaming cans the strong beer waits,
To help you to pull through;
Wipe the sweat from your brows,
And take a jolly hound,
There is no need yourselves to worry:
Government's never in a hurry.

Four Boards of Works, with literal mind,
Have done the Parliament's command,
That London, Greenwich time might find,
At Westminster a clock should stand.

To wait Whitehall's official will,
The order for the clock was sent,
There it hath stood, and standeth still,
In spite of DENISON and DENT:
"Till BARRY's tower be planned," quoth DENT,
"To make the clock's beyond my power:"
Quoth BARRY, "Till DENT's clock be sent,
Impossible to plan my tower."

And now, my lads, the grateful froth
From beard and lip 'tis time to wipe;
To work again: yet 'twere no sloth,
To pause and smoke the mid-day pipe;
The Board of Works its face
Sets against over-pace:
Where there's been so much time to spare,
An hour is neither here nor there.

'Twere long to tell what huffs and quarrels
Gathered about the hapless job;
How VULLIAMY impugned DENT'S morals,
And DENT called VULLIAMY "spob."
How when, in spite of row and wrangle,
The casting of the clock was o'er,
About the bells they came to jangle,
In louder discord than before.

If of the clamour that attended
Upon their birth bells aught can know,
Westminster's Bells, however blended,
Will never ring in tune, I know.
The tenor will, in airy tones,
Proclaim that DENISON is rude;
While the bass tells the Bridge street stones,
How GREENWICH ventured to intrude.
But on one theme in time they'll ring,
And England in that tune will join,
That Boards of Works are not the thing
For aught but wasting time and coin.
Whate'er the peals those bells may sound,
Triples, bobs, caters, grandsires—none,
But to this burden will come round,
"Cir—cum—lo—cu—ti—on—"
Those Bells should in red tape be slung,
And when the time they show,
As over Parliament they're swung,
'Twere well they should be slow;
That English ears may read this fact
In their retarded chime,
That Parliament, in thought and act,
Is sore behind the time.

And now that you have floor'd your liquor,
And blown the fragrant cloud,
To work, yet lustier and quicker,
Heave oh, on sheave and shroud:
Yet hold—a moment's rest
Ere to the *Wave's* dark breast

We give the Bell—Hold hard and listen,
While the metallic bulk we christen.

What shall we call the Monster Bell,
That from Westminster tower—
While its three lesser comrades tell
The quarters—strikes the hour?
Titles from Saint or Saladin,
By priests of old to their peals were given;
But to christen Westminster Bells were sin
After hero on earth or Saint in Heaven.
In Rouen tower GEORGE D'AMBOISE rings,
ROLAND hangs high in the belfry at Bruges,
In Lincoln minster and Christchurch swings,
A mighty Tom, with a clapper hugeous.
While the tower they hang in looketh down
From a Parliament-house of prate and prattle,
On the softishness, stench and squalor that
drown
Human beings pent closer and fouler than
cattle.

While their hours are chime'd with the drunken
jest,
The ruffian's curse, and the wife's shrill
screaming:

While they mark but days of toil unblest,
Nights of theft and riot and fevered dreaming;
For the bells that ring in with Parliament cheers,
What name speaks enough of brazen and
hollow,

Of empty words in idle ears,
Of professions on which no performances
follow?
Shall we christen the bass from our great French
ally,

Or the KAISER, whom our statesmen delight
so to honour?
And the treble from some of the BARNACLE
fry,

Who oblige old England by living upon her?
Better than such names no names at all:
Yet no ground for nobler *Punch* discovers.
Let the Bell hang anonymous under the pall
Of smoke and sin that o'er Westminster
hovers.

Heave oh! up swings the mass of metal,
Hold on, good shears—they swerve—they
strain—

They bend—down by the run they rattle—
Bang, clang, the Bell comes down amain!
Down with the foremost crashing,
Into the *Wave's* hold smashing.
The timbers yield—od-rot 'em—
And the Bell lies sunk to the bottom!

Amen—*sic finit*—fitly and well,
The Government essay at shipping the Bell!

COUNTRY VISITORS.

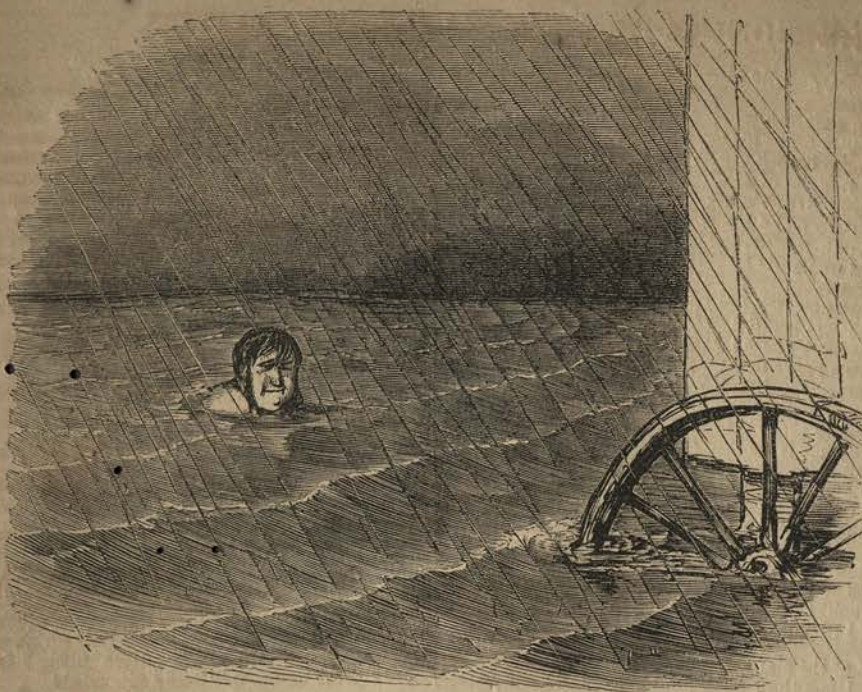
THE Ducks and Aquatic Birds of St. James's Park are at present on a flying visit to a few of their friends and relations in the country. Some are gaily disporting themselves at the charming little watering-place SIR WILLIAM HOOKER has in the Kew Gardens, whilst others may be seen daily joining in the festive circle that is assembled usually of an afternoon in the circular basin opposite Kensington Palace. They are entertained with an unvarying round of hospitalities, and even little children, that can scarcely "toddle" yet, delight in crowding round them, and showering upon their crested heads the crumbs of their open-handed affection. All the visitors are, we rejoice to state, in first-rate feather, and are evidently deriving the greatest benefit as well as enjoyment from their rural trip. They by no means appear so black as when they were in London. Their plumage is infinitely brighter, and, as there is a marked change in their appearance every week, it is extremely doubtful whether they will be recognised as the same birds that less than a month ago left our murky Metropolis. In fact, it is said that some of them have so wonderfully improved since they have been billing and Kewing in the country, that birds, who went away

from the Ornamental Water in the sable raiment of Crows, will actually come back in the spotless garments of Doves.

Others have altered so much for the better, that on their return to their loved, and no longer muddy inclosure, their dear "ducks of mothers" will certainly not know them again. There are but few hopes of these fugitive birds returning to Town much before the regular London season. In truth, the extensive alterations that are at present going on from top to bottom in their large metropolitan establishment, that "holds the mirror up" in its dirty way, to Buckingham Palace, cannot well be completed before then. We have no doubt they will be heard in London very nearly about the same time that the other foreign singing-birds will begin tuning their melodious throats at the Opera-House in the Haymarket. We may consequently expect a brilliant musical season next year.

HAPPINESS is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on oneself.

THERE are two things a man rarely forgets—his first love, and his first cigar.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Enthusiast. "THIS IS REALLY ADMIRABLE!—I GET MY SWIM—AND A SHOWER BATH IN!"

"HAVE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER."

(With the Reasons why you should.)

HAVE faith in one another,
And whate'er you're told, believe;
Man but seldom does his brother,
There are few whose tongues deceive;
With but very little humbug
Has the oldest stager met;
Have faith in one another,
And you'll find it answer yet.

Have faith in one another,
When an article you buy;
It is seldom that a dealer
Will delude you by a lie.
What is called adulteration
You will find extremely rare.
Have but faith in one another,
And examine not the ware.

Have faith in one another,
Black and white no promise needs,
If there's some demand for parchment,
'Tis for drums and not for deeds.
Lend to all that seek to borrow—
With security away!
And have faith in one another—
'Tis the rule with man to pay.

Have faith in one another—
Clerk with cash but seldom ever;
And we know funds scarcely e'er
Are embezzled by trustees.
Oh! believe not in the treadmill,
And depend not on the crank;
Have faith in one another,
And put money in your bank.

THE QUESTION FOR SLAVEOWNERS.

ARE niggers in Creation's plan,
Part of the family of Man?
Or are they but the kind of apes
Most like us in their ways and
shapes?

My Southern friends, I have about
This point a very serious doubt,
I am not joking in the least
When asking—Is a Black a beast?

I find you are prepared to fight
Of keeping niggers for the right,
As you would for the right to keep
Horses and oxen, pigs and sheep.

All this is well, if 'tis the case
That niggers are a bestial race;
They are your cattle, herd, or flock,
And you'll do battle for your stock.

Nay, wherefore not your niggers eat,
If they make palatable meat?
Which question there's no reason
why,
If they are brutes, you should not
try.

That brutes they are, feel sure you
must,
So ready as you are to trust
That Heaven, the just cause that
defends,
Will fight with you, my Southern
friends.

This confidence of yours is such
That it my faith shakes very much,
And renders me to doubt inclined,
If they're a portion of mankind.

You know, if human beings true,
That they've the self-same rights
as you,
The right, if Might sole Right you
make,
Their freedom, if they can, to take.

If Justice reigns, you know you
brave
Its power, in holding Man your
slave;
You kick against the eternal laws,
Ere doing which, you'd surely
pause.

You know that, if those laws you
spurn,
They'll certainly your kicks return;
They will be even with you yet:
And what a kicking you will get!

Dealing with niggers as you deal,
You to that fiat, then, appeal,
By which o'er animals Man rules:
Or else you must be wretched fools.

Unless our consciences deceive,
And all is false that we believe,
And no eternal laws exist,
And Wisdom is an Atheist.

A BANK OF CHARACTER.

CREDIT, respectability, reputation, rank, and religious exterior having been proved to be no pledges for the probity of Bankers, the public have become very anxious to be informed of some criterion, by which they may be assured of the trustworthiness of persons to whose keeping they intrust the whole, or most, of their money.

Since the grounds of confidence in Bankers above enumerated are not to be depended upon, the gentleman in search of a Banker is reduced, by a process of exhaustion, to resort, for guidance in his momentous inquiry, to physiognomical indications; but of these the only scientific basis is the system of Phrenology.

This consideration has suggested the formation of a new Joint Stock Bank; to be entitled the Phrenological Banking Company; the Direction to consist of individuals whose Heads are all highly developed in the moral and intellectual regions. No doubt can be entertained of the soundness of the principles on which a Bank would be conducted by gentlemen of fine heads laying their heads together.

Casts of the Heads of the Directors and other Officers of the Bank will be exhibited for public inspection in the Bank windows facing the street, and another set of them will be on view within, open, on application to all parties desirous of taking shares in, or depositing money with, the Company.

As most persons are imperfectly acquainted with practical Phrenology, in order to facilitate the examination of the Developments of the Directors, casts of the heads of BISHOP, WILLIAMS, RUSH, PALMER, and other villains, will be placed in juxtaposition with them, for the sake of contrast. The criminal heads will include those of the Bankers lately convicted, and, if procurable, those also of the Directors who have eluded Justice.

The Casts of the Heads of the Directors of this Bank will be published, and kept on sale at all the principal image-shops, and at the Bank itself. It is submitted that this provision for the publicity of the constitution of the establishment will be far more satisfactory than any ordinary advertisement of the Heads of a Banking Association.

It cannot have escaped the notice of many persons, that Bankers are very generally bald. This fact looks almost like a provision of Nature for assisting observation so extremely important as that of the moral organization of a Banker; and it is worthy of remark that "Conscientiousness" and all the other organs of the virtues are seated at the crown of the head. Pecuniary particulars will be announced when a certain number of subscribers shall have come forward. All that can be precisely stated at present concerning the resources of the Company is, that it is composed of Capitalists with capital Heads.

A. BUMPASS, *Provisional Manager.*

Curiosities at Moscow.

THE Newspapers kindly inform us that SIR ROBERT PEEL has taken with him to Moscow "a dog-cart and his smallest tiger." We may ask whether, in addition to the smallest tiger, SIR ROBERT has not also honoured the city with the presence of the SMALLEST LION?

A CALL ON HALL.

By a Maddened Metropolis.

PUT down the Cries, the frightful Cries
That fill our streets with hideous tones,
And tempt one in one's wrath to rise,
And bang each Wandering Minstrel's bones.
O still that fishman's frantic yell,
O stop that sweep's unearthly note;
And silence, with policeman spell,
That costermonger's awful throat.

The hearthstone screech affrights the air;
The milkman's shriek our senses crows;
The florist's bawling who can bear;
Or yelp of "pot" from public-house?
What screams announce the water-creese;
What shouts the periwinks proclaim;
While grunting Hebrews never cease
The nasal cry of Houndsditch fame.

The orange-vendors fiercely howl
On every note that tears the ear,
Bellows aloud the dustman foul,
And hoots the boy that brings the beer:
And raving, roaring, up and down,
And roaring, raving, to and fro,
Through every Quiet Street in town,
From dawn till dark the tyrants go.

The sick man groans upon his bed,
The weary worker wakes and sighs,
The student, with bewildered head,
In vain each thinking process tries.
The man of business swears and flees,
What's home, with riot at the door,
And who can sit at home at ease
Where all these rampant ruffians roar?

O HALL, to you, who've made your mark,
We stunned and worn-out victims come,
You gave us Music in our Park,
Give, give us Silence in our Home.
Pass a short Bill,—a shorter staff
From Scotland Yard to work it send,
And O the thankful health we'll quaff
To HALL, our Hearth's and Household's Friend!



Sea-Side Acquaintances.

SCENE—The Shady Side of Pall Mall.

Snob. My Lord, you seem to forget me. Don't you recollect our meeting this summer at Harrogate?

Snob. My dear fellow, I do not forget it in the least. I recollect vividly we swore eternal friendship at Harrogate, and should it be my fate to meet you at Harrogate next year, I shall only be too happy to swear it again.

(Lifts his chapeau, and leaves SNOB in a state of the most speechless amazement.)

THE SECRET OF POPULARITY.—Come into a fortune and then your friends will discover in you qualities of the most superlative brilliancy, the existence of which, in your moments of most intoxicated vanity, you never suspected before.

A HOLIDAY'S LETTERS.

(From a Contributor in Chambers.)

"DEAR SIR,

Temple, October 6th.

"I HAVE been in France for a month, as you are aware," recruiting my health. I left no address with my laundress, in order that my sanatory object might not be interfered with by any incessant transmission of letters. But I confess to you that I used to meditate at night, and at intervals of leisure, upon the accumulated heap of correspondence which must have filtered through my letter-box to my desk. The following, Sir, are among the letters which I *knew* must be awaiting me at the end of my holiday, and which on my arrival in town I hurried to obtain:—

"Letter from the Manager of the — Theatre, accepting my play, and asking me to get forward with another.

"Letter from Mr. HAYTER saying that LORD PALMERSTON had been much pleased with the article on foreign policy written by me in the — newspaper, and wished to see me on his return from St. Leonard's on Sea.

"Letter from my UNCLE WILLIAM, congratulating me on my approaching marriage, and enclosing cheque towards furnishing.

"Letter from my AUNT MARIAN, on the same subject, and to the same effect, or better.

"Letters from four or five other relations, ditto, ditto.

"Letter from the Editor of the — Review, begging me to send him a long and crack article to open the December number.

"Letter from Mr. —, the publisher, (who had said he wanted to talk to me) asking whether I would undertake a highly remunerative book for Christmas, to be illustrated by Mr. L.—

"Letters from several editors and others, enclosing cheques for various articles, and one from TOODLE & Co., the music-people, sending me nine guineas for three songs, and asking for more.

"Well, Sir, I hastened, as I say, to my chambers to obtain these letters, and other important ones which I felt certain of receiving. Sir, in this world we do not always realise the expectations which we have formed, a profound truth in which you will acquiesce when I tell you what—and what only—I found as the gathering of a month.

"Printed circular from the REV. JASHURON BIGGS, of Lowkel-parva, enclosing a perforated card, and begging for sixpence towards erecting his new school-house.

"Third and last application for poor-rates.

"Handbill of a new stationer who strongly recommends his draft paper and irrevocably black ink.

"Note from my bootmaker, who has a large account to make up on a Tuesday (long past), and hopes, &c.

"Two tickets of admission to a Lecture on Temperance, to be delivered somewhere near Mile End by a reclaimed drunkard.

"Card of Mr. BRIAN O'LEARY, 'friend of MR. DECIMUS O'FLYNN,' both equally unknown to me.

"Letter from MR. O'FLYNN asking a gentleman of my extraordinary ability and influence to obtain for a talented young friend, MR. O'LEARY, an engagement on a daily paper and some of the Quarterlies.

"A copy of the *Kincardineshire Monitor*, why sent I cannot discover.

"Three cards of one dun, and note from the lamplighter, who says he didn't have a Christmas-box last year.

"There, Sir, is the batch for which I disquieted myself for a month. Publish it, that others may be less weak than

"Yours devotedly,

"PEREGRINE REDUX."

* We are, having been much bothered by our respected Contributor for remittances.

ANOTHER PAPAL AGGRESSION!

WE have to announce the alarming fact of another Papal Aggression. The POPE concerned therein, however, is not PIUS, but SAMUEL. This POPE, by Christian name SAMUEL, is the Honorary Secretary of a Society calling itself the "United Kingdom Alliance," which has set on foot an agitation for the suppression of the liquor traffic; and his Holiness the tectotal POPE has been trying to seduce LORD STANLEY, who declines to become a pervert. Of all Popery, that which threatens to "rob a poor man of his beer," is the most objectionable and most atrociously subversive of the liberty of the British subject. If there were any fear that the Legislature would ever be induced to enact a Maine Law, depriving the sober majority of a comfort, in order that the blessing may not be abused by the minority of sots, a cry of No Popery would be raised throughout the kingdom infinitely louder than even that which was occasioned by GUY FAWKES; and we should see MR. SAMUEL POPE blazing everywhere in effigy. But the sound Protestantism and common sense of the nation enable us to laugh at the idle machinations of SAMUEL-POPERY. Everybody knows that between this present Papal Aggression and that of this time six years, there is one important difference. There was at least one WISEMAN engaged in the former, whereas the parties to the latter are all of them fools.

REPENTANCE is a Tribunal at which one moment the same person stands as the Culpit, and the next sits as the Judge—and the Judge, though he invariably condemns the prisoner, mostly always lets him off upon the favourite French plea of "*des circonstances atténuantes.*"

MR. PERKS'S MOUNTAIN EXPERIENCES. PART II.



MR. PERKS TURNS HIS BACK ON SNOWDON IN DISGUST, INFORMING THE UNABASHED MOUNTAIN THAT HE CONSIDERS HIM A REGULAR DO!



MR. PERKS CONTINUES HIS SEARCH AFTER SOLITUDE. HE FINDS IT AT THE PEN-Y-GWR-YD INN,* NANT-GWYNANT, AND DOESN'T LIKE IT AT ALL.



MR. PERKS FINDS THERE IS A GENTLEMAN IN THE HOUSE WHO WILL BE GLAD TO JOIN HIM IN HIS SITTING-ROOM. THE STRANGER IS GRIM AND CLERICAL, AND ENLIVENES MR. PERKS BY AN ACCOUNT OF ALL THE TOURISTS WHO HAVE FALLEN OVER THE CLIFFS FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS.



MR. PERKS, NOT TO BE DAUNTED, JOINS AN ADVENTUROUS CRAGSMAN, BOTANIST, GEOLOGIST, AND FISHERMAN, IN A LITTLE WALK.



OVER THE "GLYDDER VAWR" IN SEARCH OF "ANTHERICUM SARATINUM." MR. PERKS HAS PREVIOUSLY SOAPED HIS STOCKINGS INSIDE, WHICH PRODUCES A CHILLY FEELING ABOUT THE FEET.



VIEW OF MR. PERKS'S BOOTS AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE THE LITTLE WALK.

* N.B. *Mr. Punch* begs, from personal experience, to recommend this Inn to those of his numerous acquaintance who wish to explore Snowdonia. They may not find solitude, but they will find capital quarters, first-rate cookery, and a moderate bill.

POOR LAW GUARDIAN ANGELS.

A COMMON subject of lamentation with grumblers is the selfishness and lack of charity which they assert to characterise the present age. But what truth can there be in this assertion, when the Guardians of a Parish Union actually put forth the advertisement whereof the following is a portion:—

BROMYARD UNION. RELIEVING OFFICER WANTED.

THE Board of Guardians are desirous of receiving APPLICATIONS from Persons competent and willing to perform the duties of RELIEVING OFFICER of the Second District of this Union; comprising the parishes of Acton Beauchamp, Avenbury, Much Cowarne, Cradley, Evesbatch, Felton, Bishop's Frome, Moreton Jefferies, Ocle, Pitchard, Stanford Bishop, Stoke Lacy, and Ullingswick; and containing an area of 27,141 Acres; at a Salary of £52 per annum.

The Officer will be required to reside in such central part of the District as shall be fixed by the Guardians, to keep a horse or pony, and devote the whole of his time, to the duties of his office, not following any other kind of business; and to be prepared to enter upon his duties on the 25th day of March next.

In this advertisement it is assumed that applications will probably be made by several parties for a situation, the duties of which will absorb the whole time of its occupant, will consist, simply, in the distribution of alms, and will be unremunerated. A salary of £52 per annum, to be sure, is offered to the relieving officer, but then he will be obliged to keep a horse, which will cost him nearly a pound a week, so that the

£52 must be intended for the maintenance of the quadruped, leaving perhaps a small surplus for contingent veterinary expenses. Who are the clergy about Bromyard? The names of these apostles and evangelists ought to be known: they have been preaching to some purpose: they have evidently produced a state of things in that neighbourhood identical with primitive Christianity. In the blest region of Bromyard it is evidently looked upon as a likely thing, that there will be plenty of competitors for the place of gratuitous almoner, willing to devote their entire lives, without earthly consideration, to the dispensation of benevolence to their fellow-creatures. In that angelic ministration, we suppose, the Guardians of the Bromyard Union expect that their Relieving Officer will distribute not only the ample funds which they intrust to him, but likewise all the odd cash that he may have of his own, after the deduction of his personal charges from his private income.

A Proverb Picked to Pieces.

WE are told that "When Poverty enters by the door, Love flies out of the window." This might have been the case years ago, but in this money-making age we think that it occurs just as often, if not oftener, that "Love flies in at the window, whilst Poverty is shown the door."

THE AMERICAN BALLADS.



NLY give me the making of the laws of England, and I do not care who makes its ballads. Such is *Mr. Punch's* adaptation of a foolish saying, with which donkeys who are going to prose about verse invariably begin their nonsense. But, though he does not in the least care who makes the ballads, provided they are good ones, or, in the other alternative, provided they are not sung under his windows, he does not deem it beneath his dignity occasionally to make an observation upon the character of the popular compositions of the day. The music-publishers grow frightfully proud when he does so, and instantly quote his opinion in a legion of advertisements, but this is an inconvenience to which all great folks are subject.

At this moment there is no song of English origin which is commanding the sympathies of the public so strongly as certain imported melodies. The American poets have supplied us with some lyrics which now entrance the British public. At a dozen theatres, every night, one or other of these efforts of the Trans-Atlantic muse is thrilling the audiences, and eliciting the most enormous shouts of applause. For the

instruction of those who do not go to theatres, and to efface the unfair impression that entertainments of an unintellectual character will sometimes satisfy the requirements of those who do, *Mr. Punch* begs to offer a brief analysis of the three songs which have now undisputed possession of the metropolitan mind, and in presence of which the lover of *bonnie Annie Laurie* has laid him down to die, and the daughter of the Ratcatcher has sunk unheeded into the mud off Westminster Bridge.

The first of these lyrics is called *My Mary Anne*. It is short, and it describes the sorrows of a gentleman who is about to take a voyage, absenting himself therefore from the object of his affections. The burden is a "farewell," with the intimation that

"The ship it is ready, and the wind it is fair,
And I am bound for the sea—MARY ANNE!"

The chief vocal effect of the ditty is a pleasing maniacal shout when the singer arrives at the name of the lady. The poetical images are various. After likening himself to a lamenting turtle-dove, the lover proceeds:—

"A lobster in a lobster-pot,
A blue-fish wriggling on a hook,
May suffer some—but, O no not
What I do feel for my—MARY ANNE!"

And he sorrowfully records that though pumpkins was the pride of all the produce of his kitchen at home, none of them could compare in angel form with his—MARY ANNE. We hardly know to whom among the American poets to assign the authorship of this song. There is a breezy sea air about it that reminds one of LONGFELLOW, but he has not claimed it, while the illustrations from nature would seem to point to MR. EMERSON. MR. WILLIS, we think, would hardly have had courage for the pumpkins, or else the tenderness of the tone much resembles that of his recent writings.

The next song to which *Mr. Punch* would invite attention is even more popular than its predecessor. It is of a more playful character, and is supposed to express the sentiments of a young lady, who, discovering that her suitor has entrapped the affections of another maiden, permits his attentions in order to punish his infidelity, and having brought him to the church door, abandons him, exposing him to the ridicule of his associates. There is a lofty moral purpose therefore in this poem, and we believe that uncontradicted public report, which assigns the authorship to MR. NATHANIEL HAWTHORN, is not inadequately based. The Spartan brevity with which the story, which is called *Bobbing Around*, is told, is artistic in its simplicity:

"In August last, on one fine day,
Bobbing around,
When Josh and I went to make hay,
We went bobbing around.

"Says Josh to me, let's take a walk,
Bobbing around,
Then we can have a private talk
As we go bobbing around."

The lady assents, and they visit the bridge belonging to a certain SQUIRE SLIPSLOP. In the same metre, and with the same rhyme, are recorded a little playful love-passage, the

exchange of a salute, and the offer of marriage. The fair narrator glances briefly over subsequent events, but, intimating, as follows:—

"I knew he lov'd another gal,
Bobbing around:
They called her long-legg'd, crook'd-shin'd
curly-tooth'd SAL,
Where he went bobbing around."

she thus describes how she avenged the wrong to her pretty friend:—

"So after we got into Church,
Bobbing around,
I ran and left him in the lurch,
Then he went bobbing around."

But the third of the ballads now having possession of the public ear is most remarkable, and from its extraordinary delineation of the negro dialect and mind, we have no hesitation in ascribing it to the accomplished authoress of *Dred*, assisted, perhaps, by her reverend husband. It is called *Keemo, Kimo*. It appears to describe nothing in particular, but to contain an assortment of poetical ideas strung together with that wild harmonious no-meaning, more delightful than exact meaning, which gives its charm, according to MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, to the songs of SHAKESPEARE. It consists of nine verses, but as any of them represents the whole, the selection we shall offer will give an adequate idea of the composition. "The simplest charm prevails," and the shouts with which we have heard this ballad greeted, each burst of applause followed by a peremptory encore, show how a few touches of nature make the whole world grin:

"In South Carolina de darkies go—
Sing song, KITTY, can't you ki' me, oh?
Dat's whar de white folks plant de tow—
Sing song, KITTY, can't you ki' me, oh?"

"Keemo kimo! Dar! oh whar?
Wid my hi, my ho, and in come Sally singing,
Sometimes penny-winkle ling-tum, nip-cat—
Sing song, KITTY, can't you ki' me, oh?"

"Dey try for to sleep, but it ain't no use—
Sing song, KITTY, can't you ki' me, oh?
Dere legs hang out for the chickens to roost,
Sing song, KITTY, can't you ki' me, oh!"

"Dar was a frog lived in a pool—
Sing song, KITTY, can't you ki' me, oh?
And sure dis frog he was no fool—
Sing song, KITTY, can't you ki' me, oh?"

"De wedder's warm, and so am I—
Sing song, KITTY, can't you ki' me, oh?
I'm sure you'd lub me if you'd try—
Sing song, KITTY, can't you ki' me, oh?"

With this extract *Mr. Punch* concludes his analysis of the lyric successes of the present year. The beauty, wit, and pathos of these compositions are a striking contrast to the vulgar, bald, meaningless ditties which used to delight our fathers in the days of KEMBLE and SIDONS, and the enthusiasm which our modern ballads excite, affords a noble answer to the carpers who allege that popular taste has not improved. Such strains, moreover, coming from the other side the Atlantic, bind England and America more closely in the bonds of social sympathy, and irradiate with a common sunshine the hearts of the two mighty nations. Long may the Americans send us such poems, and long may British audiences assemble to be enraptured by them.

Homœopathic Globules. (SEVENTH DOSE.)

A STITCH in the side, if taken in time, saves nine. One Physician is better than two, but three are fatal. Hope is the best medicine, and fortunately it is in the power of every Doctor to dispense it. There is one evil that Doctors in length of time do effectually cure us of—and that is, the faith we place in their nostrums. Medical Botany might be restricted almost to the plucking of Simples! Might we not say of a Doctor what *Xigarré* said of the Seigneur of his period—that he does us a sufficiency of good, so long as he refrains from doing us any harm? Wise persons, when they take advice, go to a Physician, but fools go to a Quack—and the large disproportion between the two classes explains why so many Quacks make their fortune whilst many a clever Physician starves. Many persons take advice as they do physic—to fling it aside the moment the Doctor's back is turned.



MUGGINS IN MOSCOW.

BEING UTTERLY IGNORANT OF THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE, HE BRINGS THE APPLIANCES OF ART TO DESCRIBE THE ITEMS OF HIS WASHING BILL.

SPIRIT OF THE RUSSIAN CIRCULAR.

AN Ambassador has been defined to be, a man sent abroad to lie on behalf of the commonwealth. With a slight alteration, this definition will suit a Russian ambassador. He is to consider himself as a man sent abroad to lie on behalf of the CZAR.

To render a master the service of a lie, is to honour him with an act of the deepest humility that a human being can perform to his superior; and is therefore the most acceptable homage that we can offer to our august EMPEROR.

The views of our Imperial Master on the Naples question will be best consulted by steady and determined lying.

In order to lie systematically, and with success, it is necessary to know the exact truth which is to be falsified.

It suits the purpose of our august Master to compare the threatened interference of England and France with Naples to the actual interference of His Majesty's late father, NICHOLAS, of blessed memory, with Turkey. It will be, therefore, your duty to persevere in insisting that the two cases are precisely similar, until further orders. To do this effectually, you must clearly understand that they are very different.

His late Imperial Majesty interfered with the government of the SULTAN in order to obtain a footing in his dominions, under pretence of demanding justice and toleration for his Christian subjects. If his alleged motive had been his real one, he would of course have been content with obtaining the securities necessary for his professed object, in conjunction with the Western Powers.

England and France propose to interfere with the Government of the KING OF NAPLES with the sole view of inducing him to treat his subjects in a manner accordant with their ideas of humanity and justice. There is no doubt that they have not the least intention of usurping any portion of his authority or dominions.

The only resemblance between Russian interference in the affairs of Turkey, and Anglo-French in those of Naples consists in the mere fact of interference. Between one proceeding and the other there is an immense moral distinction. You are required to assert and argue, in the most positive manner, that there is none whatever. You will also

MR. DRUMMOND ON BEER.

To MR. SAMUEL POPE, and his "United Kingdom Alliance," we present the following morsel of a speech made by MR. H. DRUMMOND at the Surrey Agricultural Association's late meeting at Epsom:—

"Gentlemen, I believe this question of beer presses as much on the morals as on the comforts of the people; and if by the means of removing the malt tax, you can give them plenty of really good beer, you would do more to reform their morals than by all the trumpery schemes that are now being so strongly advocated."

MR. SAMUEL POPE, and his Allies of the United Kingdom are leagued, we suppose, against tobacco as well as beer—accordingly we will not advise them to put the foregoing scrap of common sense into their pipes and smoke it, but will venture to recommend it to them as something to chew, and if possible, to swallow, and digest. Who are the soberest people in the country, but the superior classes, so called, who can get superior wine, and as much of it as they want? but what wine is superior to really good beer? Is it not reasonable to suppose with MR. DRUMMOND, that the command of really good beer would be morally tantamount to the possession of superior wine? The whole of the observations made on this subject by the Honourable Member for West Surrey upon the occasion above mentioned are deserving of attention, being both pleasant and instructive, and the obvious couplet of—

"Hear, hear, hear,
HENRY DRUMMOND on Beer!"

may be suggested as the subject of a jolly catch to be sung over jugs of good ale, if procurable, as MR. DRUMMOND says it is only at one place in the county, by that gentleman's constituents.

Experimental Philosophy.

A POOR CURATE says "He has often heard of the *Three Experiments of Living*, but as for himself, he should like to try the *Experiment of Three Livings*, for he has been trying one Living all his life, and on his word the Experiment does not answer, for it is as much as he can do to live upon it."

THE GOLDEN Calf.—One of the animal comforts of our dear Old Mother Church!!!

vehemently maintain that our august Master's motive in protesting against Anglo-French dictation to the KING OF NAPLES is a sense of justice; because he regards it as an attempt to govern in KING FERDINAND'S stead, and an open declaration of the right of the strong against the weak.

Always, however, bear in mind that such is not our august Master's motive, and that he thinks no such thing. Understand that he is really actuated by a fear for the right divine of kings, in which the belief of men will be shaken by the success of an attempt to compel the KING OF NAPLES to govern his people otherwise than as he feels proper. The EMPEROR wishes to enforce the doctrine that Kings and Emperors (by divine right as contradistinguished from popular election) are amenable to no human censure, and that any torments or other outrages, which it may please them to inflict on their subjects, are to be regarded in the same light with divine afflictions and punishments.

You will disseminate the lies necessary for the maintenance of this doctrine in all quarters wherein they are likely to obtain any credit.

GOETZCHAKOFF.

The March of Fanaticism in France.

THERE is to be shortly another grand religious procession of black beetles through the streets of Boulogne, the clergy thinking they ought to take some steps to avert the financial crisis in France. The banner to be flaunted on that occasion in the face of JOHN BULL is, we are credibly informed, to be as follows:—Our Lady of Boulogne prays for the Conversion of English Gold into French Silver!!!

Foreign Climes.

WE hear from Mont Blanc that "*Les Grands Mulets*"* no longer exist. They are for ever swept out of the map of Switzerland. Hence forth, out of compliment to the number of English who keep climbing up there, and uselessly risking their necks, they are to be called "THE GREAT DONKEYS."

* Mulet is the French for mule.—English Dramatic Author.

GOOD PRACTICAL JOKING AT ALDERSHOTT.



HERE is a taste in the British Army for intellectual amusements which ought by all means to be encouraged. We therefore notice, with approbation, certain theatrical performances, reported, by the *Morning Post*, to have been recently given at Aldershott, by some officers of the Grenadier and Scots Fusilier Guards, and the Royal Engineers. We trust that the example of these distinguished regiments will exert a wholesome influence on some others, equally distinguished in a different sense, and that members of the latter corps will be induced, taking the cue from their betters, to believe that there is more fun in playing

the *Camp at Chobham*, and *Lend me Five Shillings*, than there is in playing brutal and filthy tricks, called practical jokes. Our fashionable contemporary states that—

“The perfect imitation of BUCKSTONE by CAPT. CAMPBELL as *Golightly*, elicited roars of laughter.”

Certain officers would act wisely if they would act like CAPTAIN CAMPBELL in imitating MR. BUCKSTONE, in preference to imitating blackguard boys, and amusing themselves by the very stupid pantomime of pulling a comrade out of bed, suspending him in a chair, shaving half of his face, and practising other indignities on his person. If they are not clever enough to imitate MR. BUCKSTONE, they might, at least, follow, at a respectful distance, in the pigeon-toed footsteps of MR. MERRY ANDREW MATTHEWS, and content themselves with playing harmless clown's pranks on an amateur stage.

A pun is really a much more practical joke than pulling anybody out of his bed, or pouring water therein; for it has, practically, the effect of creating a smile, nay sometimes even a laugh, and here is one from the prologue to the above-named performances—spoken by MR. MALET of the Grenadier Guards—than which many worse have set a table in a roar:—

“But now we've peace, and so farewell to Mars;
The Turks, like Irishmen, have got their Kars.”

Many Russian Officers understand English—and if this joke had been made in the face of the Enemy, as no doubt the gallant perpetrator was quite capable of making it, the hostile force would have probably been thrown into convulsions, consequently into confusion, and the result would have been glorious for the British arms.

We must, however, give a little advice as well as credit to our military poet and wsg. His prologue contains the following couplet:

“And all the actors will, I have no fear,
Merit the fame they won in the Crimea.”

Now “Crimea” does not rhyme with “fear” as this substantive is usually spoken. The former word can only be made to rhyme with the latter by two methods; which are alike objectionable. The first method is that of pronouncing “fear” as “fee-ah;” the second is the expedient of pronouncing “Crimea” as “Crimear.” We should like to know which of these terrible alternatives was adopted by the gallant speaker. But we must not forget the piece of advice which we promised the equally gallant poet. There is a little book called WALKER'S *Rhyming Dictionary*. It ought to lie—when it does not lie—on every poet's table. He should get that little book.

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE AND HARVEST HOMES.

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE'S late talk to the labourers of Winfarthing, Norfolk, was as full of wisdom as a sheaf's full of corn. He did not bowl against small beer, but gave earnest praise to “jolly good ale and old.” He told the labourers to seek their comfort and their happiness at their own firesides; and then he told the labourers' wives to take good care that what their husbands sought, they should find. It is a sad thing, and often preached about, to see the husband and father louting and boozing at the beer-house; but it is worse to see the dirty, lazy wife and mother at her own foul fireside. Given, twenty husbands drunk at the public-house, how many lazy, cross-grained wives out of the twenty, have sent them there? This is a sum that is not sufficiently resolved. If the married man makes a beast of himself, it is not always that he alone should bear all the burden.

A PAPER THAT WON'T DRINK!

AMONGST the wonders of the age, we are wonderstruck with a *water-proof paper!* We should say this would be a capital material for all Tectotallers to write their Tracts upon, as at present most of their arguments against the moderate use of cheering, nourishing, or stimulating drinks will scarcely hold water. LORD STANLEY, also, might as well purchase a ream or two, as his style of arguing against the Maine Liquor Law, was, as tested by a lactometer in our possession, exceedingly milk and watery. It is an aquatic question, however, whether this particular paper (which will present the new feature of being a paper without a water-mark) will not, since it resists all contact with water, be open to the charge of hydrophobia? in which case, all young puppies and old dogs, who, being afflicted with the *rabies scribendi*, are in the habit of writing “like mad” upon every possible occasion, will probably entertain a most fraternal affection for it. THE NAPIERS, PATER-FAMILIAS, the OLDEST INHABITANT, the FIFTEEN YEARS' SUBSCRIBER, PHILO-JUSTITIA, and our old agreeable friend, the CONSTANT READER, to say nothing of other well-known liberal correspondents of the Daily Press, will be evincing a most insane partiality for it. In the meantime it would not be a bad idea, if this waterproof paper is fairly entitled to the virtue ascribed to it of keeping out water, to have all milk-pails lined with it.

A HINT FOR CHRISTMAS REVELLERS.

AN ingenious Correspondent says that there is something in a lady's dress which, at an emergency, would do admirable duty for a Christmas Tree. His design will probably illustrate his meaning better than any long-winded explanation of ours. He calls his invention



THE CRINOLINE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Take away the chocolate cigars, the sugar elephants, and the gingerbread kings and queens, and our young ALBERT DURER says that his Crinoline Christmas Tree could at a moment's notice be, also, converted into a Japon Chandelier, that might be most elegantly ornamented with Chinese lanterns. Thus, there is good in all things, even in a monster nuisance like a lady's dress, such as it has lately been allowed to expand to.

THE SCHOOLMASTER “ABROAD!”

THE French Minister of Instruction has written an official letter to the English Government averring that, with respect to the instruction of Protestant children in French Catholic schools, the tricks and subtleties of the BISHOP OF ARRAS shall in no way be permitted; there shall be no tampering with the faith of the children, runs the imperial decree, but all shall be plain and above-board. Thus, it appears, that the meddlesome monk of Arras has been most imperially snubbed. Once upon a time, a Bishop with red-hot tongs pinched the nose of the meddlesome Evil One; and now Liberalism (which, at Arras is not a bit better than the Naughty Principle) pinches the nose of the Bishop. However, he has this remedy. He may, at least, quench the fire in Holy Water; and henceforth, for his own quiet, avoid pen and ink.



MR. BELVILLE DE COURCY WALKS ON THE ESPLANADE UNDER THE IDEA THAT HE IS CREATING NO END OF SENSATION IN A CERTAIN DRAWING-ROOM!



ALAS! HE LITTLE KNOWS, THAT OWING TO THE VERY INFERIOR QUALITY OF THE GLASS IN THAT DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW, HIS SPLENDID FIGURE IS DISTORTED AS ABOVE!

THE LAMENT OF THE LOST ONE,

RESIDING IN THE UNPROTECTORATE OF NOTTING HILL.

Oh where, and oh where is our one policeman gone?
Each night (when it was light) we used to see him come;
And 'tis oh, in my heart, I fear we're now not safe at home.

Suppose at my nose a cocked pistol I espy,
No policeman comes to save, tho' *Murder!* loud I cry;
And for aid I must wait till somebody passeth by.

To "first catch your hare" is sound advice 'tis true;
But when my burglar's caught, pray what am I to do?
Oae can't hold him, like a baby, in one's arms the whole night through.

For peace and police each half-year a rate I pay;
But, alas! I find them pass only once or twice a-day;
And 'tis night when thieves delight to steal a march, they say.

Now my card in Scotland Yard hath three weeks unheeded lain;
But when they see in *Punch* I have ventured to complain,
I expect they'll protect me with all their might and MAYNE.

UNACKNOWLEDGED MERIT IN MARYLEBONE.

THE American hero, MR. BROOKS, in consideration of the chivalrous courage displayed by him in stunning an unarmed man, and then belabouring him with a cudgel, has received from his admiring Southern friends a vast number of presents, in the shape of canes; each of which, some may rather think, he deserves to have broken over his shoulders. We wonder the Marylebone Guardians have contented themselves with evincing their sense of their Workhouse Master's services by simply retaining him in his office in defiance of the Poor-Law Board. They have not presented him with the testimonial of a single stick, although he stumped the achievement of MR. BROOKS considerably in thrashing women.

ARE THE FRENCH SHEEP?

THE *Siccle* dethrones the hybrid tiger and monkey, elevated by VOLTAIRE, and exalts the sheep. "The Frenchman is a sheep, but intelligent and witty, who goes whithersoever he is led." How, being such an intelligent sheep, he is to be led anywhere, we can scarcely determine. Asses are led by the nose; hence, therefore, the intelligence of asses! "If the pasturage is not to his liking, he grumbles, but sings." Upon this, according to the *Siccle*, the shepherd rubs his hands, and says with MAZARIN, "He sings; he is therefore content, he will pay me and give me his wool." And so the shepherd slumbers in security, and pens his sheep closer and closer, until at length the sheep revolt and become furious. Whereupon the shepherd promises fresh and tender grass, and liberty to feed. And the sheep reply, "It is too late." Upon this the *Siccle* moralises—"It was too late for CHARLES X. in 1830; it was too late for LOUIS PHILIPPE in 1848."

But, philosophic, moralising *Siccle*, why stop at 1848, seeing that we are in 1856? Why not proceed with the parallel? Tell us in what condition is the French sheep of the present day? Has he liberty to feed in pleasant pastures, or is he penned? Does he give his wool patiently; or does he kick and butt and show ominous signs of revolt as the shears go a little too close under the fleece, snipping up a bit of the skin? When will the sheep bleat "Too late?" We wait the answer of the *Siccle*; and the ovine *Siccle*, the veriest sheep, with the fears of the shears of the censor says, by its silence, "Wait!"

Januarius and Bomba.

KING BOMBA appears to take great delight in going to see the liquefaction of the blood of ST. JANUARIUS. This alleged miracle is generally considered to be a humbug, and rightly so considered, but not on those grounds which are the most conclusive. The grand reason why it must be a mere trick is, that such are the atrocities of which BOMBA has been guilty, that, if the stuff shown for the saint's blood were his real blood, and already fluid, the presence of the tyrant would assuredly make it curdle.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—October 18, 1856.



A BRITON IN THE TIME OF PEACE.

From a Sketch taken at Notting Hill.

ACTORS THEIR OWN CRITICS.



WE HAVE always had a remorseful belief that criticism was rather an unprincipled profession. We know that certain men ply the pen with no such weak misgivings. Like *Slippery Sam*, recorded in *Peachum's* black book, who, in an hour of repentance had views of following his trade as a tailor, "which he called an honest employment," like him, critics may be found, even at the best oyster-parties, who have a morbid notion of the use and dignity of their vocation. We speak especially of critics of plays and players. For our own part, we have, we say, our misgivings. We believe

that a man may criticise his heart, allowing him the organ to begin with, into nothing better than a vinegar-plant: not but what vinegar is an admirable conservative when it is vinegar from wine; but when it is vinegar from small-beer, its only quality is that of wry face and stomach-ache.

We are now approaching the theatrical season. In time-honoured phrase, the temples of the drama will all be open. We will not at present pause to contemplate the idols to be worshipped therein. Many of them not only idols of wood, but idols of plaster of Paris. We are chiefly desirous of knowing the opinions of managers and actors generally, whether it would not more materially and morally conduce to their serenity, and haply to their consequence in public opinion, were they all to write their own views of their own merits as managers and players; and so defend and secure themselves from the cruelty, the meanness, the ignorance and the misrepresentation of a too heartless criticism? An old traveller tells us that, once upon a time, travelling in the desert, he beheld the body of a lion, stark and dead, his mighty heart transixed by the quill of a porcupine. How typical is this of at once the power and the meanness of criticism! How many a lion-like player is slain by the goose-quill critic! How many an inglorious GORDON CUMMING strews his morning column with the carcass reputations of stupendous beasts! "The offence is rank," and must be abated.

We therefore hope that the players will take their merits in their own hands; and so at once reduce the critics, daily, weekly, and monthly—for there are all such, even as there are small gilded insects that live one day, seven days, thirty—to the Insolvent Court of Parnassus. Now, more than ever, should actors protect themselves from the obtuseness of critics; because now, more than ever, there are actors whose genius ought to keep them sacred from anything short of self-praise, self-admiration. Never, perhaps, since the Tragic and Comic Muses were jolted in the cart of *Thespis* (*Thespis* now drives a carriage on C springs, and bears a sucking-pig for his crest) never could the world boast of such a race of actors as the ladies and gentlemen whose names at the present gladdened hour make effulgent the British play-bills. And shall we send a wild boar, nay, a hog of a critic into this rose-garden; and while the beast uproots, and munches, and crunches, shall it be said that he nicely discriminates? By no means; let every rose reflect itself; in other words, let every player be his own ink-bottle.

For how frequent, how great, is the injustice done to the player, yea, to the poor player, by the besotted, the irreverent critic! An entirely original drama from the French is played for the first time. The author has sufficient knowledge of the language of *Molière* to pick his way through the piece, keeping a sharp look-out that he may not avoid the dirty places. Well, the entirely original drama is presented; and though it ought, perhaps, to have been indicted by *SIR BENJAMIN HALL*, it is consecrated by the critics, who, of course, to make amends for one wrong, commit another, by falling foul of the implicated players. But why dwell on this? The observant dramatic reader must have noted the invariable practice of the critic to smear the author with honey and the poor actor with mud. The reason has not long to be sought for. The critic has the conceit to believe himself literary, and so assumes common cause with the dramatist. The old story. A bundle of quills!

Seeing then that the present age is rich beyond any age preceding in stage genius, the ethereal quality, for it is no less, ought to defend itself, and that too with ethereal arms. Therefore, let every player contain a critic; he could for that matter, contain the quality of a whole set of critics: even as we have seen a cherry-stone made to hold at least a dozen spoons. We have no longer any patience that artists—artists IN SOUL!—should be handed over to the rude handling of horny-fisted

mechanics. We would as soon hope to see an ass, by the artistic conduct of his teeth, bite the statue of *Hamlet* out of a lump of gingerbread, as expect to have the *Hamlet* of that gifted creature TEARTATTERS truly and nicely, and withal, reverently rendered. Therefore, let TEARTATTERS alone write of TEARTATTERS. In this truthful time, in this present hour of simplicity, the unassisted genius of the player so beautifully vindicates the genius of the poet, that we can, indeed, well afford to dispense with the meretricious show of the scene-painter, with what we will dare to call the harlotry devices of the property-man. When we have an unpainted *Othello* who, by the very force of his genius, can act himself black in the face; when we have a *Richard III.*, whose æsthetic projectiveness can add a hump to his back and a buckskin to his leg, we of course contemptuously reject the aid of dresses and decorations, and as an acting nation, like *Apollo Belvedere*, challenge the admiration of the world by the very beauty of our nakedness.

With this conviction, that every actor is his own best critic, we have read with singular delight the modest estimation of his own powers by a MR. G. VINING, of the Theatre Royal Brighton. The gifted creature had been criticised, as it is called, by the editor of the *Night-Watch*. The bungling, irreverent critic had been biting his gingerbread. Well, new, and bold, and beautiful was the defensive conduct of the player. The ink in every critic's bottle throughout Brighton must have gone red with amazement at his bravery. The player was acting *Captain Hanchesley*, in itself a bold undertaking in so military a town as Brighton. But if genius is tremulous, it is also courageous. In the course of his part, the *Captain*, with the sudden power of a man inspired, for he never thought of the matter before he found himself on the boards, interpolated a speech, as thus:

"Swindler as I am, adventurer, ruffian—I might be something worse—I might even sink so low as to become the editor of the *Night-Watch*—that butcher, who makes his paper a dramatic slaughter-house; and such a critic, before going to a theatre, should swallow half a box of antibilious pills."

The editor had not admired G. VINING; ergo, the editor was something worse than a swindler, adventurer, ruffian; he was—in the practical opinion of G. VINING—"a dramatic butcher." Well, didn't G. VINING speak wooden skewers at him; and all out of his own head? Further, the inspired player observed:—

"I'm going across the herring-pond; if justice were done, the editor of the *Night-Watch*, he would have to accompany me."

We think all this so admirable, that we only hope it is not inimitable. We therefore earnestly desire that the example set by MR. G. VINING may be immediately and generally followed. Thus, if any morning or evening or weekly critic should venture to find fault with any actor, the actor—(of course the player must have a certain standing to be allowed the right of reply; otherwise we may have the little ballet-girls flouting and pointing at the broad sheet,)—the actor may as soon as possible be permitted to answer the critic from the stage, interweaving, after the admirable VINING manner, his individual abuse of the writer with the text of the dramatist. We are bold enough to hope great instruction and some amusement from these answers from the foot-lights.

At the same time, not to be too hard upon the critics, we think they ought in the like manner to meet with some encouragement from the actor, in his place as an actor, when they shall have had the good taste to eulogise him. As thus. We will suppose that the *Globe* has been very complimentary to *Hamlet*. Well, *Hamlet* can make a very graceful acknowledgment of the courtesy:—

"Remember thee?"

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted *Globe*. [And here I thank
The editor of that enlightened print,
For his most wise, most just and beautiful
Account of my performance.]

Of course, this mode of acknowledgment can be varied with the complimentary paper, the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, the *Herald*, and others. For instance, should the manager happen to act *Richard III.*, when he asks—

"Who saw the *Sun* to-day?"

Radclyffe, on this occasion, may make answer—

["Why I, my lord,

And having seen it, must perforce declare,
A criticism with more honey in 't,
And yet with more of truth, I ne'er did read.—

Richard. Criticism! Aught of me, good *Radclyffe*?

Radclyffe. 'Tis therein writ, your *Richard* is sublime.

Richard. The *Sun*'s a gentleman, and has my thanks.]

The text of SHAKESPEARE may then be taken up; and will, of course, be relished with a keener gust from the sharp and spicy personalities by which it has been broken. For ourselves, as we propose to be very critical during the approaching eventful season, we are prepared to receive any amount of sweets and bitters. At the same time, our candour compels us to own, that we think it would be far better if all such meddlers as the *Night-Guardian* of Brighton were settled once and for ever, and that every actor became for all time his own critic and commentator.

VESUVIUS IN LABOUR!

THE rumour ran as on the electric wires through Europe that Vesuvius was in labour; it was affirmed that she had been heard to utter groans so violent that they had actually drawn tears as big as cannon-balls down BOMBA'S iron cheek. There was an awful deal of moaning, and muttering, and a rumbling sound came from under the ground as though prisoners confined in deep cells were endeavouring to make their piteous cries heard. It was a continual running backwards and forwards, and a slamming of doors, and a ringing of bells, and a jingling of keys, and a drawing of bars and bolts, such as quite took away the breath of the oldest political nurse in office, whilst poor ABERDEEN drew the night-cap over his ears to keep the noise out. The vapouring, too, was so intense that for awhile the political horizon was completely obscured by it.

All Europe stood on tiptoe to witness what would come forth from this terrible travail of underground plots and counterplots, and the surmises went buzzing through the air as thick as mosquitos that a terrible convulsion was near at hand, and priests began to put their prison-houses in order. An eruption was expected which was to bury one half of the Continent in ashes and sackcloth; and so great was the public excitement that fleets came all the way from England and France to be spectators of the incredible event. Some expected a giant in monster top-boots would stride upon the quivering earth; others looked forward to the advent of a second CÆSAR, who was to throw chains anew round the neck of the humiliated Gaul and Briton. The breaths of all were suspended, like the payments of the British Bank, in the earnest expectation of something grand, astonishing, convulsive! There was a deafening hullabaloo, as though a thousand Italian-irons were being rattled together in the fierce furnace of the mountain; fiery flames shot towards the skies black as crape, as though in deep mourning for Italian freedom; Cossack oaths rent the air, and there was not a Cardinal that did not shake at that moment with secret fear in his scarlet stockings. The crisis was at hand! The Pope held the cradle of despotism, ready to receive the new-born prodigy, when, after a loud shriek of derision, the mountain's sides seemed to split as with laughter, and out crept a tiny Russian Bear! Its hair was singed, as though with recent gunpowder, and it was no bigger than a mouse. Vesuvius in labour had brought forth a cub! Loud was the laughter that echoed and re-echoed from Balmoral to Biarritz!



GROSS OUTRAGE ON THE SCOTTISH LION.

How vulgar it is to cast invidious reflections upon a nation! What a very low style of insolence do those people indulge in who contemptuously denominate an Irisman Paddy, a Welshman Taffy, a Scotchman Sawney; and banter the first about bulls, the second concerning leeks, goats, and toasted cheese, and the third touching thistles, oatmeal, cutaneous irritation, and sulphur!

A shocking instance of the inferior description of taste above alluded to has been afforded by a person calling himself "A SCOT BY NAME AND NATURE," in a letter addressed to the *Times*, wherein he makes the following illiberal remark at the expense of his pretended countrymen, whom, with a malicious tautology, he repeatedly describes as "tremendously ecclesiastical."

"Our national character is still that of a religious people. Our press, therefore, as fairly representative of the national sentiment, is tremendously ecclesiastical. Scotchmen generally are not ashamed of this fact. When they have no other religion, they make up for the want by a pride built upon the religion of their ancestors, and on the religious character of the nation."

So that, according to this columnist of Caledonia, some of the religion of Scotchmen is mere pride, and that some is built upon the other Scotch religion—a precious foundation to support such a superstructure!

No wonder that this nominal but most non-natural Scot goes on to affect to exult and rejoice in the alleged Sabbatarianism of canny Scotland.

There are, however, doubtless, a few of the countrymen of BURNS, who, less perceptive of sly sarcasm than that humorous bard was, may read through this epistolary insult to their native land, and not discern the cloven foot that peeps from under the author's assumed plaid trousers, until they feel the rude and violent kick inflicted on them figuratively by that horrid hoof in the following coarse observation:—

"We have squabbles among ourselves, but he is very ignorant of the Scottish manners who knows not that 'scratchin' and pooin' is Scotch folks wootin'."

Any reference to scratching in association with Scotchmen is gross enough. It is dreadfully plebeian to represent the maxim of "Caw me, caw thee," to be the condition of Scottish friendship. But to describe the endearments of Caledonian courtship as consisting in a counterchange of the counter-irritation produced by "cawing;" to paint laddies and lassies assuaging the grief of a common affection with mutual nails, is to outrage delicacy to an extent rendering the most powerful hartshorn necessary to prevent the imagination of such a spectacle from occasioning the least refined individual to faint outright. The danger of syncope will be increased by the consideration that the word "pooia," colloquially by this shocking satirist with "scratchin'" obviously denotes a remedial process subsidiary to that operation. It is, no doubt, an abbreviation of "shampooing," and the shampooing, in the case contemplated, is of course supposed to be understood as involving a medicated application.

This effusion of unpleasant irony, in derision of Scotland, is dated from Edinburgh, and may have been concocted there by some prejudiced southern tourist, whom Auld Reekie will be much too far north to acknowledge for a son.

IMPALPABLE HONOUR.

WE invite public attention to a remarkable specimen of flunkeyism at a penny a-line. Having stated that the PRINCE OF WALES has been making a tour lately in the South-Western Counties, and that, in the course of an excursion the other day, he put up at the Crown Hotel, Wimborne, the writer informs us that—

"His Royal Highness so completely preserved his incognito, that he had taken his departure before the inhabitants of the town were aware of the honour conferred upon them."

What honour can be conferred upon a place by a member of the Royal Family, or anybody else, by going privately to a public-house in it? If the mere presence of Royalty at a particular spot is sufficient to confer honour on the people who are there, whether aware of the honour or not, the passengers in waiting on a railway platform will be the unconscious recipients of honour whenever a train happens to stop at the station with a Sovereign disguised, and travelling with an *alias*, and perhaps asleep in one of the carriages. Everybody has heard of the man who boasted of being honoured by a king who told him to get out of his way; that is an old joke, but here we have our young Prince represented as honouring the inhabitants of Wimborne, by getting out of theirs—which is a new one.

If there are Quacks who seem to stand up high, it is simply on account of the numerous Flats that surround them.



AN EMBARRASSING REGULATION.

Baigneuse (politely, but with firmness). "Mais oui, M'sieu, c'est pour vous: il faut que vous le mettiez."
 Great Briton (aghast) "Eh? what the d—! why, you don't expect that I can wear such baby-linen as that, do you?"

ANIMALS' INJUDICIOUS FRIENDS.

"MR. PUNCH, "Cow Course, *Smistle*, September, 1856.

"Yi avent the onnur hof Noim mee i Spouse, but i dessay yuve cerd o Me sir. Ime the riginal BIL BURN sir i am. BIL BURN As the song wos rote about yu No sir. Which wolpodd is donkey wot woodent go an was ad up afore the beke an Fine in consekweens. And sins then many Huthers ekally Respectable for the same afence or sitch for instans the Trifol of twistin a Carf's Tale hoff or ittin a Hox atween the Orns. Yes sir. Canine heven's onlarful now an Yure Libel to be ad up for it witch a Pal of mine got into Trubel for only the uther Day. I ave cerd of three months been ad for skinin a live Catt, witch is rayther sewere, and soon I sponse there l Be a punishment for a Cove servin a Flee or a Bugg too crule in killin of im, there's a Stopp Ben putt to hall good hold inglish sports and the end on it Will be We shall Hall get spoony.

"Whearaz the french is Afoardin hof us a Patern witch if we dont mind they l werry soon Wipe our is and our Nashonal carieckter be Gon and theirn Wot ourn use to Wos in the good old times of year. i See by the *times* nuspaper that the HEMPRER and HEMPERESS HOF THE FRENCH durin their ollidays hout thare by the Pirry Kaees ave been setin the Good Hexampel to their Subjix of asistin as our Hallis sez at that trevly rashamal and improvin Specktackle a Spannish bul Fite. This exhibshon came orf on the 20 first of this september sunday the beter the day the beter the degde. About witch I cutt the follerin hextrax out a the *times* for yure instruckshun and A Musement this is ow they Servd the Bul:—

"The *chulos* would not consent to the terms, whatever these were; they shook their gay clothes in his face, and his fury again returned. He attacked CALDERON'S horse in the rear, and the *picador* was evidently unprepared for this mode of assault. He defended himself, however, without losing his saddle, and the horse got rid of the bull without more serious damage than a slightly gored leg. Turgio, the second *picador*, apparently annoyed at his comrade's negligence, came up at full gallop, and rushed against the furious bull. In a second Turgio lay sprawling on the ground, with his horse killed beside him. PANADERO and ARAGON helped him to rise, and he went in search of another quadruped. USA planted a *tergo* a pair of *banderillas* or darts in the neck of the animal, dropping suddenly on him, and then gliding away by the left. He succeeded well in his feat, and was much applauded. Four pairs of darts were struck in the bull's neck by USA and CHACON, and after some further play, the trumpet gave the signal of death. DESPARDICHO, whose duty it was, as first *matador*, to kill the bull, advanced, as is the etiquette, to the Emperor's box, and asked permission to do the deed. This, of course, was accorded, and he flung his *montera* cap in the air, which meant that he staked everything on the cast. He despatched the animal in two blows."

"This wasnt the fust bulfite as NAPOLEON THE THURD and EUJENNY attended nither—there was Won afore That won acordin too witch the Darts spoke of in the buy hextrack i take it ad gunpowder in em in the form of Squibb or devvie to torment the hanimle the Moor. Whiteh in coarse Must ave grately increesd the Spourt. Wich diddent Head there for

"The second bull, after a similar trial as the first, was killed by the *panadero* in one

stroke, which MONTE himself might have envied. The same operations were repeated throughout, and the result was that six bulls were killed and eight horses."

"Nott honly buls you se *mister punch* was Kild but also Osses. Hear you as no less than ate osses kild oss arter oss for Funn wilst in this onappy Kuntry u carnt wopp one Hoss even to make im go without been Punisht for Crulety. they maniges These things Beter in France a preshus site. Butt now wot i say is and wot i Wants you *mister punch* to Putt forrads is that the Siety for the Pervention of Crulety to Hanimles had best not go on no longer a goim of it the way they do. hear his that Grate mann the HEMPRER OF THE FRENCH our agust Hallie and is beauful consart—look at the *times* pickter on her:—

"She was dressed in black, with a black mantilla—a French bonnet would have been a solecism—and one small red flower in her hair. Her beauty and her grace, which her costume so well set off, excited admiration, and her presence was hailed with repeated bursts of applause."

"purty creter—here's this here delickit and luvly yung ooman and that here mighty in ilusterous suvering not above enjoyin manly sport here you has that magnanimus monark the HEMPER NAPOLEON and is interestin spows a surweyin hof a Specktickel of wot yur Morkish sentimentalisses calls dum hanimals blud hand haggany Hand enjoyin hof the same. Now then if the Crulety Coves comes down on a poor feller for heven sitch a pety matter as establish a litel ror upon a old moak I say they hoffers a gross and wilent hinsult to our ilusterious Hally. Witch in coars is caliculated to indanger the aliance of Hingland and france and disturb them intimit releshuns has now apply subsistes between the 2 Kuntreys. Witch therefore i ope the Assistans of your pourful Penn to put the cibosh upon the Siety for the Pervention of wot they calls Crulety to Hanimals and Perwent them from Getin us into a Scrape with france by Hinterferin with the Rites of property in doin wot l likes with my Hone and the himnocent pastimes and reckarations with Cox and the Canine Speeches of your umble servint to Comand

"WILLUM BURN, *Deler in vegibiles settra*."

"P.S. An int to ed keverters. There cant be no arm no ow in the destruckshn of Varmint. Woodnt it be a graceful complement as wood be took ware it was ment if so be as ow the QUENE and PRINS HALBERD was to paternise the Musements of their umbeler clarse of Subjacks in respect of Ratts by atendin a Rattin Match in State at the Grand Huproar. Or by way of Royle divershon for a sonday mornin wot do you say to Badgurs."

THE EXPRESSIONS OF THE HAND.



BEFORE MARRIAGE.



AFTER MARRIAGE.

THE STICK IN THE PULPIT.

THE REVEREND MR. BIRD, of Cumberworth, takes up the cudgels in the cause of one JAMES SCOTT, who beat his wife because she would not go to Church to hear the BIRD aforesaid. SCOTT has been sent to gaol with a month's hard labour. MR. BIRD has improved the occasion, and given lectures, in which he contends—

"That it is a man's duty to rule his own household; and that if his wife refuse to obey his orders, he is justified, according to the law of God, in beating her in order to enforce obedience."

Will Mr. BIRD point out where "the law of God" directs the beating of a wife "to enforce obedience?" We thought "a soft answer turned away wrath;" but MR. BIRD evidently preaches from his own edition of the Scriptures. We should hardly think MR. BIRD the dove of the Church, but the butcher-bird of the Conventicle. Any way, so long as MR. BIRD advocates the cudgelling of wives, so long shall we be sorry to find such a stick in the pulpit.



EQUINOCTIAL GALES.

Mr. Knabbes had given up Fly-fishing for the Season, but this slashing Breeze and splendid Ripple induced him to make another day of it.

THE WATER-CURE OF CRIME.

You spouting Pumps, in solemn league combined
To throw cold water upon all mankind,
You, by the Yankee Maine Law who propose,
Each tap to shut and every bar to close,
There is a point which I must have you clear,
Ere you'll persuade me to relinquish beer.

'Tis held by you, who go the total swine,
A wickedness to taste a drop of wine;
You say, of Crime's unfathomable sink,
The source and fountain is fermented drink,
And grapes and grain, engendering alcohol,
Are fruit whose poison works another Fall.

Cease, Pumps, awhile to spout, and look around,
Behold what rogues on every side abound!
Here, base Trustees infringe a sacred bond;
There, scoundrel clerks embezzle and abscond:
Clients to ruin Banking Firms betray,
And Shareholders become Directors' prey.

Declare, Hydraulic Engines, is it true
That liquor leads such knaves as these askew?
Say, do the villains mostly first go wrong
Through predilection for potatoes strong?
And is the tribe of swindlers, as a class,
Created by a passion for the glass?

Was pious PAUL seduced by cordial gin?
Did STRAHAN partake the spirit and the sin?
Was BATES by baleful brandy overcome?
Did SADLER fall by whiskey or by rum?
And have the victims of the British Bank,
The bottle for their robbery to thank?

O Pumps! if Truth sucked from your wells might be,
And Honesty imbibed in drinking tea,
Could Honour be in ginger-beer conveyed,
Integrity infused in lemonade:
Let Parliament of swipes the sale restrain,
And Punch will bellow for the Law of Maine.

A FLIRT changes all her opinions every day, excepting the good opinion she has of herself.

"STOP HER!"

THERE is a grand clap-trap line in *Harvario*, which informs us that "A wretched mother, with a poor orphan in her arms, has Nature's passport through the world." We should be sorry to contradict such a devoted creature as *Cora*, but we really should not advise her to present herself in that wretched state at the Austrian frontier. We are afraid she would have her "Nature's passport" very roughly handled by those amiable gentlemen in cocked-hats and swords, and would be very quickly sent back, or imprisoned, unless she had some other passport to show them as well—more especially as "the Nature's passport" would not, if it had the features of any ordinary passport, be the proudest object in the world to show. An angry Custom-House official would not, we think, be exactly moved at the sight of a child, that was stamped, and marked, and covered all over with *vises*, even though they were all perfectly *en règle*. The production of a Foreign Office Passport, for which *Cora* had paid 7s. 6d., would command from them fifty times more respect and attention. Besides, we strongly doubt if such a brilliant specimen of civilisation as a passport was ever known in a dark country like Peru! The pruning-knife, if judiciously used, would have excised this and other anachronisms. The play should have been sent, like a brief, to some intelligent dramatist of the present day, with the instructions marked outside, "Finally to Perus and Settle."

The Long Vacation.

THE British Bank has closed to enjoy the Long Vacation. There are several sums of money, amounting altogether to upwards of £150,000, that have left the establishment for a similar purpose. Some of them are passing the time gaily on the Continent with the old Directors. Two of them, representing a figure something like £75,000, have been on a visit for some time past with two Members of Parliament, of the names of HUMPHREY BROWN and JOHN M'GREGOR. It is not known when they will return. In fact, the most sanguine Shareholder has abandoned all hopes of ever witnessing their return.

COMPARATIVE SIZES OF BELL(E)S.



"CAZAR KOLOKOL,"
KING OF BELLS, MOSCOW.

QUEEN OF BELLS,
BRIGHTON.

LITTLE TOM,
(NOW) OXFORD.

Something like an Insult.

WE are sorry to find that MR. MILNER GIBSON and JOHN BAIGHT are no longer friends. This painful fact is but too evident from the circumstance, that at the late Manchester meeting GIBSON called BAIGHT "his talented colleague." What has MR. BAIGHT done to MR. GIBSON that he should be pelted with such English?

THE LOVES OF THE LOLLIPETS.

THE Spanish Nation speaks of a marriage between the baby Princess of the Asturias and the Prince Imperial of France. A little early this for a young lady to be casting bulls'-eyes at a young gentleman.



Burglar (who is particular on the subject of Sherry). "MARSALA, BY JINGO!"

THE TREASONS OF VISCOUNT P-LM-ST-N.

It has now become a grave question at no less than three tea-tables in the neighbourhood of Shoe Lane, whether VISCOUNT P-LM-ST-N should not take the place of GUY FAWKES on the approaching fifth of November and be burnt in multiplied effigies. There can be no doubt of the fact that, at last, the sun of the PREMIER is about to set. The crisis has been long coming; but the result will be the surer. A man who has mocked at all the obligations of a Privy Councillor, and who has moreover been known to fall defyingly asleep, with his hat contemptuously arched upon his forehead, whilst MR. SPOONER has hurled his thunderbolts at the idolatries of Maynooth; a man who has made jokes, and with pain we add, very bad ones, at the sacredness of constitutional governments; whilst at the same time he has folded to what, in courtesy, we must call his bosom, all the despots of the world; a man whose moral principles are best typified by the patches of a *hartequin's* jacket; such a man has too long insulted the nation, and scoffed at decency by possession of office; and we wait his approaching expulsion from power as a just though tardy offering to the holy resentments of an outraged people.

Ere, however, VISCOUNT P-LM-ST-N is cast from Downing Street for ever—and we almost shudder to reflect upon the fate that may yet await him; for though our institutions may have been sapped and undermined, the Tower of London stands where it did—ere the PREMIER, if his good fortune still attends him, passes to the obscurity of private life, we feel that as journalists we shall only fulfil our duty towards that part of the world at large—we say at large advisedly, for we are proud to say, that we number among our readers several out-door patients, who share our opinions,—if we enumerate a few, and only a few, of the many treasours proveable against the misnamed statesman who has all but annihilated the moral character and the material strength of this devoted country.

In the first place, nobody but an idiot can deny (and we are sure MR. URQUHART will not) that, long since and again and again, the PREMIER has sold England to Russia. We might, nay, we will, if defied, name the exact sums of the bargain; together with the dirty and treacherous hands they passed through, with their final application in the purchase of landed property. Men of England, you have been sold, like so much cattle at an auction; knocked down in your beds without knowing it and, bound hand and foot, given over to the CZAR. If, in the next generation, Russ does not become the mother-tongue of your little ones, all we can say is, it will be—very extraordinary.

We could prove that the PREMIER, with a jaunty contempt of the consequences of *promunire*, has long held a private correspondence,—nay, more,—has received favours at the hand of the POPE. We scorn to pry into the domestic circle, but the interest we claim to hold in our country impels us to ask, where did a certain statue of Venus, a rare antique, dug up in the Campagna, and now at Broadlands, come

from; and for what services, we should rather say for what treasours, rendered?

At the present moment the Austrians hold the Danubian Principalities. We think that we could show reasons for this by many dozens, were we intrusted with the key of the noble Viscount's wine-cellar. Reasons, we say, bottled and yellow-sealed, and beaming with the light of Jobannisberg from METTERNICH'S vineyards.

But we turn from foreign degradation to home disaster. Laying our pen-hand upon our heart, we firmly believe that to the pernicious, ambidexterous policy of the PREMIER may be traced almost all our commercial and social evils. Oh, it is terrible to reflect upon the foul example of lax principle in high places! With polished treason at the council-table of the nation, what can we expect but wily fraud and reckless rapine at the banker's desk and tradesman's counter?

We fearlessly put one question—Was the trade of adulteration ever carried to such an alarming height as during the reign of power of the baleful Viscount? Again, look at arsenic. But who shall wonder that men buy poisons, when prosperous treason is permitted to sell its country?

We are not prepared to stake our reputation on the fact; but we have every reason to suppose, that the noble Viscount (noble by courtesy!) will be found to have had an account at the British Bank; not that we mean for a moment to insinuate that he ever overdrew it. We are, however, pretty well convinced that it will be shown before Chancery that Mr. M'GREGOR has been seen at the Viscount's political parties; whilst—and this we know—a letter is in existence from MR. HUGH INNES CAMERON in which the writer vaguely expresses a desire to be admitted, if only for once, into those *réunions*! And the fall of the British has astounded and shocked our national honesty. As if any calamity ought to astonish us under the circumstances it has been our painful duty to enumerate.

We refrain from touching upon another recent misdoing, as it is at present *sub lite*; but we are quite ready to show that the Noble (?) Viscount was a frequent visitor to the Crystal Palace; and—for we are fearfully and wonderfully made—who shall limit the moral influence of such a man on the spirits of the weak and wavering?

But we feel that we have said enough. This, however, we must and will say. We might even at this hour of national darkness, at this moment of social apathy, despair of the destinies of England. But no! We turn with reassured heart and brightened hopes towards Tower Hill; and—though to abject souls the sacrifice may seem painful—we yet feel that our country may be avenged and saved!—(Not from the *Morning Herald*; but quite at its service.)

SPORTING IN FRANCE.

HUNTING and shooting are now the sports at Compiègne. The higher prices rise in Paris, the greater the leaps taken by the EMPEROR. All the horsemen are mounted on Arabian horses, and it is said the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, an invited guest, will be accompanied by the EARL OF LUCAN, who will take with him the opinion of LORD CARDIGAN as to the condition of the steeds. LORD C. would have personally attended; but is kept in London in order that, after due consideration, he may be quite ready to reply to any letter in the *Times* that may discuss his military virtues.

The EMPRESS has already distinguished herself as a shot. Having a year or two ago brought down an imperial eagle by shooting her eyes at him, she has added to the achievement by bagging nine pheasants. The *Moniteur* assures us that the loyal and affectionate birds felt more than they could express at the killing kindness! Why not? What says the poet?

"Eels would be proud to lose their coat,
If skin'd by MOLLY DUMPLING'S hand."

Nevertheless, we think beauty should leave such matters to the beast. We like to think of Venus with her doves; but confess we should not care so much for the goddess were she known to wring the necks of the birds, and put them feet upwards under a crust.

Felice Orsini.

"Austrian Dungeons in Italy" is forbidden by the Austrian police wherever Austria has placed her iron heel. In the meanwhile, as a set off, FELICE ORSINI makes a missionary progress through free England. Every lecture he gives is worth a regiment against the tyranny of Austria. Thus, may a true man speak battalions!

MISSING, THE NAPIERS.—Whereas, more than a week having elapsed since any person or persons of the name of NAPIER, have written a single letter to the *Times*,—it is reasonably feared by the friends of the parties aforesaid, bearing the name of NAPIER, that some mischance may have happened to a great manifest public loss. This is to give notice that a letter, the very smallest contribution, will be gratefully received and read, that the public mind may be re-assured, and the world in general sustained and comforted.

Any Cabman will be moderately rewarded who, after his own manner, shall cause a personal manifestation of the ever-distinguished and always ill-used individuals aforesaid.



"Hooray! Hooray! 'Ere's a Johnny with his Calf fallen down."

A ROD FOR "RAPHAEL."

THE brilliant success of *Mr. Punch* in the fields of Astrology has, he regrets to see, cast a sickly shadow over all the previous occupants of that domain. Very helplessly, very stupidly, do they all come out in their Almanacs this October. They are timid, and they protest, and they evade, and there is in them all a ludicrous apprehension of the corking-pin with which *Mr. Punch* is likely to be down upon them. They will commit themselves to very little, and they let out their prophecies furtively, and then walk off hastily, just as their accomplices, the thieves in the street, drop their plunder, and bolt up courts, when a detective rounds the corner.

There is one exception, however, to which *Mr. Punch* will presently advert. His old victim, the unhappy RAPHAEL—whose Almanac is appropriately published in Newgate Street, *sub mœnibus altis*—appears as usual with his jaundiced cover, and his hieroglyphic from a twelfth-night character-sheet; but, alas, how changed from the RAPHAEL of audacious prediction and plausible nonsense of other days before he had the misfortune to encounter the *bâton* of *Mr. Punch*. Like the Great Serpent, to be battered, when the fulness of time comes on, by the hammer of Thor,—so says Scandinavian prophecy—he "faintly crawls and emits insalubrious odour." His stars are all in a muddle, they "afflict" one another, and "rush to combustion" like tipsy Vauxhall quadrillers lighting their cigars in the concluding promenade.

RAPHAEL'S "fulfillments" of his auguries for the present year are sad—very sad. Contrast them with the literal precision with which *Mr. Punch*'s were expounded, and then say whether the stars favour the Walworth quack or the Fleet Street sage. *Mr. Punch* foretold every public event of the preceding year, but RAPHAEL—what has he told? See here. RAPHAEL said that in October, 1855, "Britain would endeavour to hold the balance of power in Europe," and he "fulfils" with a bit of a speech from some nameless M.P. who mentions that "V. and N. entwined with one laurel, means that England and France are one army!" In December, "some bright stars in science and literature drop," and the fulfilment is "the poet MONTGOMERY, (RAPHAEL, ill-read, means ROBERT, and not the poet) LORD TRURO, THOMAS CUBITT, and COLONEL SIBTHORP, depart this life." "Murders occur," in December, and the "fulfilment" is that in that month a coroner's jury finds a verdict against PALMER. But PALMER had no chance, it appears, for RAPHAEL, prophesying after the fact, gives the murderer's destiny. He has not the date of birth, so takes the date when PALMER "was placed in the dock." "The Sun was Lord of the Ascendant, was at house No. 10, afflicted by the eccentric Uranus,

which orb signified the prosecution, they both being close to the violent fixed star Caput Algol, or the Head of Medusa, a signification notorious to professors of astral science indicative of death by hanging." (We preserve RAPHAEL'S grammar).

Apropos of PALMER, RAPHAEL on DOVE is still more logical and delightful. He had DOVE'S nativity, so could read his destiny. According to the stars, DOVE'S being hanged was quite certain; "Venus," "Ptolemy," "quartiles," and "conjunctions," all show it. But, if DOVE, instead of going to an astrologer of no merit, HARRISON of Leeds, had been to "a talented and judicious professor of the science, he would doubtless have been saved from the fearful consequences of the awful crime of which he had been found guilty." That is, DOVE was destined to be hanged, but RAPHAEL would, if consulted, have saved him from hanging! Professional rivalry is proverbial, but that an astrologer, in order to discomfit another, should advertise that he can alter fate, is rather strong. We would not stand this, were we HARRISON. If he does not come to town and kick RAPHAEL, he has no pluck.

Most of the other "fulfillments" are so stupid and awkward that *Mr. Punch* cannot condescend to notice them. The leading events of the year, of course, went exactly the reverse way to that predicted for them; but what can you say to a man who predicts "high feeling and stormy debates in Parliament," and "fulfils" with a downright lie—everybody remembering that there was no party feeling and no stormy debate. But we must mention the July prediction, because RAPHAEL is proud of it, and puts it into remarkable type. "A distinguished lady suffers severe affliction. The highest power in the land is afflicted." What do our readers think the glorious orbs of Heaven stooped from their majesty to bring about, in order to "fulfil" this augury. "The PRINCESS ROYAL'S sleeve took fire!"

"The retrogradation of Jupiter" in September clearly showed the "disastrous failure of the Royal British Bank." RAPHAEL, as he knew this, might have had the good-nature to warn the public, and so save an incalculable amount of misery. We shall never believe in his good-nature and humanity after this.

But all that *Punch* has yet referred to in Mr. RAPHAEL'S pages, and a good deal more, is mere impudent cackle, fit only to delude servant-maids, small farmers in remote counties, half taught 'prentices, and a few old women. But we now come to a piece of brutal and wanton insolence, upon which we have no intention of speaking lightly. This offensive quack, RAPHAEL, a fellow who lives in a hole at Walworth, has the presumption to declare that the stars of heaven have revealed to him that HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY'S reign is nearly over. We quote the fellow's own jargon.

Under May he says, "I forbear to remark on the primary direction in the Nativity of our beloved QUEEN—*Long may she reign.*"

In June, he says, "I forbear to treat particularly on the untoward consequences of the Sun to the conjunction of Saturn in the QUEEN'S Nativity."

And in his summary he writes, "I cannot but reiterate my fears as to the consequences of the untoward influences pervading the Royal Nativity,"—adding a shuffling hope that the threatened misfortune may affect the affairs of the nation rather than the QUEEN, which, of course, either means that RAPHAEL is an ignorant liar, or that the stars tell nothing. Most people will accept both propositions. But in RAPHAEL'S "hieroglyphic" there is no such qualification. The sun is darkened, the English crown is falling from heaven, and death with a dart and a funeral train are seen.

Now this sort of thing is disgusting in its impertinence. RAPHAEL—we are half inclined to print the snob's real name—is a low quack, and nobody but a fool can be disturbed for a second by his rubbish. But even a fellow like RAPHAEL is not to be permitted to take liberties with the name of a Lady deservedly dear to all of us. How far he has committed the offence called "Imagining" the death of the Sovereign, SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN must decide; but we confess that if the case can be met by a good whipping—which, if the fellow can foresee, he has already bolted—and three months of hard labour, we should like to see RAPHAEL taken in hand by the authorities. Harmless fun is to be commended, and even harmless folly may be tolerated, but dirty liberties like those of the Walworth impostor, who would sell his trash by outraging decency and feeling, deserve to be chastised. We confess that a well-flogged Astrologer would be a sight we should have no objection to see, and so we commend MR. RAPHAEL to the improving influences of the violent nine-tailed constellation *Felis*—the Cat.

The State of Parties.

To the lover of his country nothing can be more humiliating at the present moment than the state of parties! Yes: party is extinct; and a cold, heartless, outward uniformity pervades all public men. A BENJAMIN DISRAELI lights his cigar at the cheroof of SIR ROBERT PEEL, and a SIR CHARLES NAPIER proposes to share his umbrella with a SIR JAMES GRAHAM. Party is dead, and its tombstone is a hearthstone!

THE RAMPANT GAMEKEEPERS OF ROTHERHAM.



SIR GEORGE GREY will read the *Manchester Examiner* and *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, he will find, by the report of both of those journals, that W. H. PICKARD, Esq., and the Rev. A. FULLERTON, combining, as Magistrates, the offices of judges and jurors, have again, in a case of alleged poaching, distinguished themselves by a conviction unwarranted by evidence, and by a sentence perfectly monstrous. The charge was one of night-poaching, it was preferred by a gamekeeper who contradicted himself, and whose evidence was discrepant with that of a witness called to corroborate it. The sentence on the defendants, three in number, was imprisonment in the House of Correction for three calendar

months; the prisoners, at the end of that term, to enter into recognisances to the amount of £10, with two sureties, each in £5, or one each in £10, that they would not again offend for one year. The offence consisted in the conjectural capture of a hare.

If there is no mistake in the statement of the two Manchester papers, whereof the above is an outline, what is the use of SIR GEORGE GREY in the character of Home Secretary? What, at least, will be the use of the right honourable gentleman in that office, if he does not call the Rotherham game preserving 'Squire, and his assessor the Parson, to account for a sentence which there seems nothing at present to account for, except the circumstance that there was another Earl in the case; the information having been laid at the instance of the EARL OF EFFINGHAM. MR. PICKARD and MR. FULLERTON, perhaps, have great faith in the proverb which says that the early bird picks up the worm.

BAD NEWS FOR GOOD APPETITES.

ALTHOUGH, in spite of some wet weather, the wheat upon the whole has been favourably housed, and the harvest it is thought will prove above the average, there is but little chance, we fear, of bread becoming cheaper. Of beans it is reported that the crop is but indifferent; nor, so long as any traces of disease remain, can we expect a more than moderate yield of potatoes. It is stated, too, that rice is likely rather to advance than fall; while, in consequence of the increased demand, it seems there is small prospect of a lower price for alum. It is obvious that as these are now the principal ingredients of bread, it is to them we must look for any alteration in the market. Pure wheat flour is so little now in use, and for making bread is mixed in such infinitesimal proportions, that it affects the bakers' price but little whether the supply of corn be plentiful or scanty. Whether the practice will continue, it is for time and the *Times* to show; but until Parliament devise some means to stop adulteration, we fear the nation must submit in place of wholesome bread to swallow "bakers' mixture." For our health's sake, to say nothing of our palate, we are urgent in our wishes that the nuisance may be checked; and we should vastly like to see a Bill brought in next Session to lay a prohibitory duty upon alum, and make it penal to use even beans for bread-making.

We would not frighten needlessly any nervous reader, but we really think, as bakers' consciences have now grown so elastic, that a pamphlet might be written called *Death in the Bread Pan*. To say the least, their manufacture proves upon analysis a mere aluminous anomaly—a beany, potatoey, and ricey compound, full of strange saw-dusts and queer substances: and while it is so constituted, we cannot help thinking that our "staff of life" must be a rather rotten one to lean upon for sustenance.

A TURTLE MAXIM.—The Alderman, who at luncheon doesn't spare his BIRCH, spoils his dinner!

THE REV. MESSIEURS HEROD.

HERE, SIR GEORGE GREY, is another of your Clerical Justices:—

"Eaton Socon, Oct. 6, 1856.—Before the Rev. S. G. FAWCETT.—JANE HILE, an inmate of the St. Neot's Union, was charged by Mr. ROBERT GIBSON, the Master, with misbehaviour during Divine Service at the Workhouse on Sunday, the 5th instant. Committed to Huntingdon gaol for 21 days."

A Correspondent of the *Times*, under the name of "HUMANITAS," quotes the foregoing from a local journal, and adds, that on inquiry into the facts of the case, he found

"That the 'misbehaviour' with which the female was charged was that of scribbling in the Prayer-books with a pen, and indulging in suppressed laughter, with another inmate."

This "Rev. Gentleman," S. G. FAWCETT, according to HUMANITAS, "is also the chairman of the Board of Guardians." He appears to have added one more instance to the facts of almost daily occurrence, proving that the cassock and surplice are the proper clothes for a Clergyman, and that it is highly inexpedient that ecclesiastics should be dressed in the little brief authority of a Magistrate: a costume wherein they play more fantastic tricks than any other mortals, and occasion angelic lamentation to a proportionate extent. Unfortunately, the authority is too great, and its duration too long; but the latter evil might be remedied, depending, as it does, on the good pleasure of SIR GEORGE GREY. What can be the reason that Clerical Justices are generally, as the cabmen say, such "arbitrary coves?" One is almost driven to the conclusion that divines are apt to entertain rather too high an opinion of their personal divinity, and to conceive their own will superior to all human laws. A Scotch proverb says that "foles shuld na hae chapping sticks," and the same principle that deprives a fool of a knife ought, it would seem, to keep the sword of justice out of the hands of a parson. The scholastic rod is the most formidable weapon that it is safe—if it is safe—to intrust to a class of persons who appear to inflict punishment, when unfortunately they are permitted to inflict it, in the spirit of a tyrannical pedagogue.

Blushing Honours.

MARSHAL O'DONNELL, just before he was kicked out, was decorated by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. O'DONNELL is now a lost man; and whoever will not bring him back to his master, ought to be handsomely rewarded.

THE QUIET NIGHTINGALE.

"SIR, "WHEN I go to JULLIEN'S Concerts, and any performer is about to execute a solo, I like to see him come forward, with his instrument in his hand, and make a bow to me and the rest of the British Public. When I applaud his performance, and cry 'Bravo!' I am delighted by his making us another low bow in expression of his profound respect for us, and sincere gratitude for our encouragement. It pleases me to cause dramatic authors also to bow from their boxes, and to oblige actors to appear in front of the drop-scene and make their obeisance. I rejoice, at any sort of meeting, in being addressed in a deferential and facetious manner by ministers, statesmen, members of parliament, and popular writers. Judge then, Sir, of the disgust which I felt on reading the following paragraph in the *Court Journal*:—

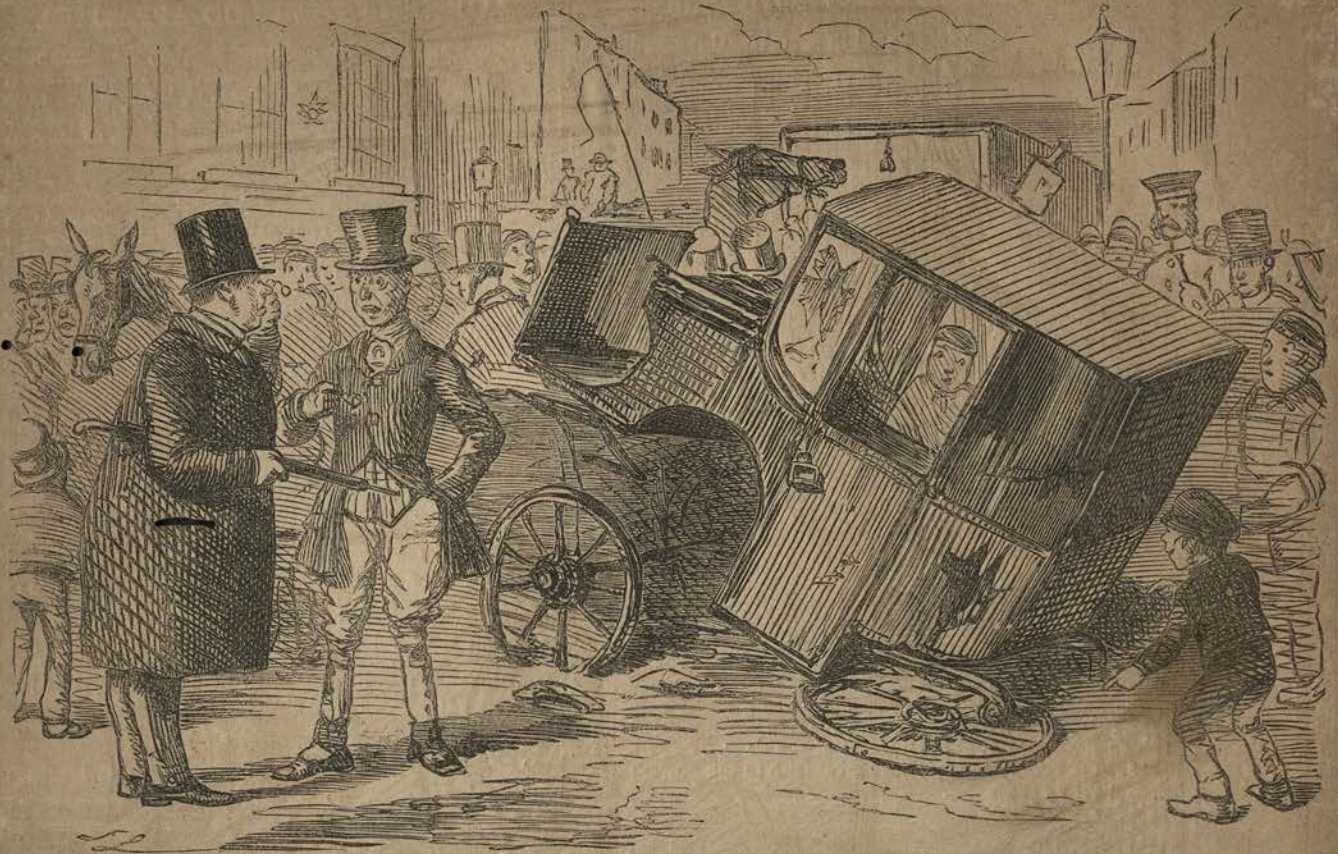
"MISS NIGHTINGALE is understood to have a great objection to being lionised, and this feeling, coupled with the impaired state of her health, induced a desire for seclusion which required the all-powerful influence of the QUEEN'S special invitation to induce her to visit Scotland."

"Sir, I think that whoever becomes a public character ought to behave as such. MISS NIGHTINGALE has fallen sadly short of my expectations. I expected that she would make a tour of the United Kingdom, and receive an address in the town-hall of every principal city from the mayor and aldermen; then drive to the hotel, and during her stay there, come out occasionally into the balcony, and wave a white handkerchief to the assembled people. I did hope that at several places she would have allowed an admiring multitude to remove the horses from her vehicle, and to draw it themselves instead. I fondly anticipated that she would preside at various tea-meetings, and distribute prizes to good girls and boys, and make little speeches expressive of sentiments suitable to the occasion. I looked forward to reading accounts of all manner of interesting interviews with her, obtained by enthusiastic parties. I made up my mind for numerous anecdotes about her sayings and doings in conversation and company with bishops and eminent clergymen. I am sorry to say, Sir, that in all these particulars MISS NIGHTINGALE has bitterly disappointed

"Your Obedient Servant,
"THE BRITISH SNOB."

"Stucco Villas, October, 1856.

"P.S. Do you think it would be a hopeless attempt if an endeavour were made to get MISS NIGHTINGALE to accept a Testimonial on the platform of Exeter Hall?"



NOTHING TO SPEAK OF!

Old Gent. "PRAY, MY GOOD MAN, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Confused Individual. "MATTER, SIR! GENL'MN'S OSS RUN AWAY WITH A BROOM, SIR! NIVER SEE ANYTHINK LIKE IT IN ALL MY BORN DAYS! DOWN HE COMES THE 'ILL WITH THE SHARVES A-DANGLING ALL ABOUT HIS LEGS—KNOCKS A BUTCHER'S CART INTO A LINENDRAPER'S SHOP—BANGS AGIN A CARRIDGE AND PAIR, AND SMASHES THE PANEL ALL TO BITS—UPSETS A FEAYTON, AND IF HE 'ADN'T A-RUN UP AGIN THIS HERE CAB AND DASHED IT RIGHT OVER, AND STOPPED HISELSE, BLOWED IF I DON'T THINK THERE'D A BIN SOME ACCIDENT!"

"TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED?"

In his recent work upon our national shortcomings, our late visitor, MR. EMERSON—who we understand writes with none but the very sharpest of steel nibs, in order more effectually to "dig it into" those he criticises, begins at once a condemnation and a sentence by remarking—

"The English have no fancy."

"No fancy?" eh? Haven't they, indeed! It almost takes our breath away to hear a statement so audacious. The writer, it is true, is sometimes biased in his evidence, and is in the habit not infrequently of drawing inferences *ex parte*; but whatever party he may seriously incline to in the States, it is clear that here at least we must regard him as a know-nothing—or at any rate a know-nothing of English (and *Bell's*) Life.

We are not disposed to waste our "valuable space," as correspondents call it, in arguing the matter coolly over with our satirist; but if MR. EMERSON, when he revisits us (as he is pretty sure to do on reading what attractions are in store for him), still holds to his opinion that "the English have no fancy," we rather fancy that a half hour's gentle argument with the "Brummagem Bantam" or the "Slashing Sloggerer" will be quite enough to bring him to—or rather put him in a plight that will require him to be brought to—an opinion quite the contrary.

An Aitchbone to Pick.

LORD ERNEST VANE TEMPEST states that he persecuted MR. AMES for not minding his "H." The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE dismisses LORD ERNEST for not minding his "I."

ROGUES OF THE REVENUE.

We extract the following paragraph from the *Morning Post* :—

"SWINDLING TAX COLLECTORS.—MR. WORLEY, Income-Tax Collector for Dudley has just absconded, and his accounts show defalcations to the extent of £3,000. On Saturday, MR. H. H. COOPER, Property-Tax Collector at West Bromwich, Staffordshire, was apprehended under a warrant for embezzling something like £1,400; he now lies in Stafford gaol. WORLEY is supposed to have gone to Sweden, a country with which Great Britain has unfortunately no treaty under the powers of which she can claim absconding criminals."

In the almost daily lists of defaulters and swindlers now published by the newspapers, it is very wonderful that there are not more Income-Tax Collectors. It is difficult to understand how the Government contrives to get an honest man to become an instrument of that extortion which the Income-Tax is, in so far as it is levied on precarious income. One would think that a conscientious Income-Tax Collector must be as rare as a benevolent JACK KETCH. We earnestly hope that all the vessels bound for Sweden may be vigorously searched lest they should contain other Income-Tax Collectors on their way to join MR. WORLEY.

Lord Ernest Vane.

(Concluded from 22nd October, 1855.)

"And who *was* my LORD ERNEST VANE,
And who *was* my LORD ERNEST VANE?"
A misbehaved Cornet,
Who buzzed like a hornet,
Now serunched—so he won't buzz again.

"AFTER you," as the Policeman ought to be allowed to say to the bubble-bank Director.



A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Dismissal of the Bullies from the Service.

CREATION'S LAWS AND CONVENT DISCIPLINE.



HE writer of a book called *Flemish Interiors*, in giving an account of the discipline practised in a Belgian nunnery, by name the "Convent of Poor Clares," relates of the sisters, that

"They never lie down, but sleep upright. I went up a narrow, corkscrew, stone staircase into their cells, and saw these extraordinary beds: they consist of a hard and almost cylindrical mattress stuffed with straw, about 3 feet long, at right angles to which is fixed an equally hard upright palliasso, to support the back. There is no pillow, neither are there sheets, and only one small thin blanket."

The author of *Flemish Interiors* is not an emissary of Exeter Hall, who has been hunting up facts, or inventing fictions concerning the Popish Church in Flanders, with a view to discredit Popery. He is a zealous Roman Catholic; and the foregoing particulars are narrated by him as redounding to the honour and glory of his persuasion.

Is it not enough for the Poor Clares to walk uprightly—as no doubt they do, poor creatures; rich, nevertheless, in goodness. What ecclesiastical quack, or spiritual fanatic, has persuaded them that lying perpendicularly is the way to go to Heaven? Heaven, by the bye, that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is equally merciful to the fleeced victim of priestcraft. Our author, with a wonderful blindness to the moral of his tale, tells, in relation to the peculiar posture in which these nuns make it a point to sleep, the following story, which he had from one of them:—

"She and another lay-sister were sent, a short time ago, on a mission to England, and this was another considerable grievance to her; but, she said, she kept her trouble to herself, and accepted it as one of the acts of submission to the will of her superior to which her rule had bound her."

Here we may observe in passing, that the merit of a voluntary prostration of one human will before another human will, is part of the religion which this lady has been taught to believe. Whoever believes that, one would think, must be very sure that the superior cannot order the slave to do anything wrong. To proceed:—

"The first night they arrived in London, when they put up at the hotel, they were shown into a room where the beds were, of course, horizontal. This was a difficulty which had not occurred to them, and they made up their minds to adopt the same position as the rest of the world; but no sooner had they tried it, than they found it impossible to sleep; accordingly, they relinquished the attempt, and taking the mattress off the bedstead, placed it half upright against the wall, and had reason to be perfectly satisfied with their ingenious expedient."

There is a certain great law of accommodation to circumstances, which rules the human organisation, adapting it to the diversities of climate, and the extremes of heat and cold, inuring it to hardships, and accustoming it gradually to strange food, even to the toleration of some poisons. This same law renders the unnatural position in which the Poor Clares have made it their Christianity to sleep, as good as natural to them. Use becomes second nature, truly, to these ladies; they try to make themselves uncomfortable to please a Lawgiver whose law defeats their intention.

The tyrant custom, *Othello* says, had made the flinty and steel couch of war his thrice-driven bed of down. The same tyrant appears to have shown the same kindness to the Poor Clares; and doubtless renders many of the tricks which fakirs practise upon themselves rather pleasant than otherwise. If the rule of a convent should oblige its inmates to creep on their hands and knees, they would, probably, in course of time, find that mode of progression more easy than walking. There is no reason why nuns should not go on all-fours, if there is any reason why they should sleep standing. That way of sleeping is the way of a horse, and so is that way of walking.

We have assumed that discomfort is the physical end proposed in the adoption of perpendicular beds. To attain the desired object regard should be had to the beneficent Law of Accommodation, which the devotee should dodge, by sleeping alternately in the upright and horizontal positions, and only so long in either position as it continues to be unpleasant.

Stick Liquorice and Spanish Liquorice.

NARVAEZ is again master of Spain, and has commenced his career by taking a stick and thrashing the King's brother-in-law. The Spanish Government seems to consist ultimately of *coups d'Etat* and *coups de bâton*.

LOW RAILWAY LANGUAGE.

"MR. PUNCH,
"THESE are fast times and I am a slow old gentleman. I have not got reconciled to railways yet; they are too fast for me: too fast, not only in speed, but also in regard to the phraseology which they have introduced into the English language. Here, Sir, is a specimen of disrespectful railway slang, extracted from an account of the return of the Court from Scotland, which appeared in one of our Newspapers whereof the style is usually correct and dignified:—

"On approaching the King's Cross terminus the royal train was shunted into the goods station."

"The ROYAL train was SHUNTED! Allow your mind, Sir, for a moment to dwell on the idea of shunting the QUEEN and the Royal Family. Think of HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT being *shunted*, and that into the goods station. 'They were accompanied,' the *Court Newsman* says, 'by their ROYAL HIGHNESSES the PRINCESS ROYAL, PRINCESS ALICE, PRINCESS HELENA, PRINCESS LOUISA, and PRINCE ALFRED, and attended by HER GRACE the DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON, the HON. MARY SEYMOUR, LORD PANMURE, MAJOR GENERAL the HON. C. GREY, COL. the HON. C. B. PHIPPS, SIR JAS. CLARK, and LIEUT. COWELL, R. E.' And all these more or less distinguished persons had the honour of being SHUNTED together with their SOVEREIGN and her illustrious CONSORT!

"Sir, I can complacently enough imagine MR. PIERCE, the President of the United States, shunted, and MESSIEURS MARCY, CALIB CUSHING, and CORWINE shunted along with him, and all of them shunted into what, in their vocabulary is called the plunder-station, and very happily so called. The process of transferring rulers of that description from one line of rails to another may be denominated shunting with propriety. But, Sir, let the QUEEN'S English be used in speaking of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND. I do say, and will maintain, that 'shunted' is not a proper expression to be made use of relatively in any way to HER MAJESTY, and I hope it may never again, in that application, offend the eyes of your humble servant,

"POMPONIUS DIGNEY."

"P.S. Talk of railway levelling! What language can be of more levelling tendency than the railway term 'shunted' in application to illustrious personages?"

THE FRAUDULENT BANKER.

Of all rogues and thieves, there's one chief, that leaves,
The others a great way behind him,
And among the grandees, in the list of M.P.'s,
'Tis as likely as not that you'll find him.
This infamous thief brings thousands to grief
On his honour and faith who cast anchor,
He embezzles their all; then breaks: and they fall,
Along with the fraudulent Banker.

This rascal is worse than a common pickpurse,
Not only because his theft's greater,
But, having been taught to do what he ought,
Because he turns villain and traitor.
He sins not from need, but out of mere greed.
The crows, after garbage that hanker,
And ravens, are white—a nice bird is the kite,
Compared to the fraudulent Banker.

A burglar is bad, and so's a footpad,
But their crimes misfortune plunge few in.
But this snob of snobs whole multitudes robs,
And overwhelms many with ruin.
This national blot, this pestilent spot,
This virulent wide-spreading canker,
We must not endure, but how can we cure?
How deal with the fraudulent Banker.

One would see the knave's face in a suitable place,
The pillory, namely, with pleasure.
And if he were stripped, and handsomely whipped,
It wouldn't be very hard measure.
There isn't a wretch turned off by JACK KETCH,
'Mid yells of more merited rancour,
Than such as that end of this slave would attend,
This caitiff, the fraudulent Banker.

DIFFERENCE OF SALUTATIONS.

In Spain the common form of salutation is: "How do you stand?"
In drunken Glasgow, the usual style of salutation is: "What are you going to stand?"

A WONDERFUL PLANT.



NOT a few single, as well as many married ladies, are wedded to Botany. In the Botanical section of the fair sex immense excitement has been created by the sub-joined advertisement, which appeared the other day in the *Times*:—

CREOSOTING PLANT, complete, for Sale. Apply to JOHN CLARKSON, Timber Merchant, Birmingham.

We apprehend that the above announcement has procured for MR.

CLARKSON a weight of female epistolary communications greater than the heaviest load of elegant little billets ever sustained by the table of the richest young man in England on the fourteenth of February. What is the Creosoting Plant? Is it, like the Vinegar Plant, a species of fungus? Does it cause the formation of Creosote in some liquid, into which it is put, or does it bear the Creosote in its fruit, or pods, or berries; or is that substance got by tapping the tree? and if so, do you tap the trunk or the branches? Is it, indeed, a tree, as one would suppose from the circumstance that MR. CLARKSON is a timber-merchant, or only a shrub? Does it bear any flowers, and are they pretty? Has it any perfume?—in that case does it exhale the peculiar odour of Creosote, or smell nice? Will it thrive out of doors, or must it be kept in? Can it be grown in a flower-pot, or must it be preserved in a hot-house, or will an ordinary conservatory do? Is it poisonous? What are its Class and Order?

Driven almost frantic by the multitude of such inquiries as the above, no doubt MR. CLARKSON tears up, crushes, flings down and tramples, or tosses into the fire, letter after letter, to the number of thousands, written in delicate hands, and mostly scented. We imagine him pulling out his own hair by handfuls, enraged with the annoyance which he has brought upon himself by the unfortunate brevity of his misunderstood advertisement. He answers none of the questions, which appear to him impertinent, all except the last, and even that is, in his opinion, no concern of the querist. If it were, MR. CLARKSON would perhaps reply by stating that the Class of his Creosoting Plant was Manufactory, and its Order British Utilitarian Brick.

THE WELLINGTON MODEL MONUMENT.

LET the intention of having a new statue of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON made, and placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, be abandoned. We have too many statues of the Duke already. We cannot make a statue that is not ridiculous, ourselves, nor, although we invite foreign competition, is it likely that we shall get any other kind of statue made. A modern statue is a statue of a suit of clothes with a head on the top of them, and, if there is a hat on the head, the statue is the statue of a man in no measure except that of the man's face. It is a mere marble or metallic dummy. Vain is the endeavour to idealise a coat, waistcoat, and pair of pantaloons, and to endow boots with an æsthetical character: therefore let sculptors, in future, leave bootmakers alone to exercise their taste in making Wellington boots: and let the artists in marble and bronze cease also to vie with the artists in leather, in fashioning Bluchers, Coburgs, Hessians, Oxonians, and Alberts.

In having another statue of WELLINGTON made, we shall simply have another Gog made—if we are lucky. For Gog, and the same remark will apply to Magog, is a first-rate specimen of British plastic art, the spirit of which, when it has any spirit at all, is funny. Gog has some merit. Gog is droll as well as ridiculous, but the vast majority of our statues are merely ridiculous. Gog and Magog are comic statues; and well situated: the proper statues in the proper place—congruous with the LORD MAYOR'S feast, and suitable to the LORD MAYOR'S show. But Gogs and Magogs—comic statues of heroes and great men—are unsuitable to our churches, and are neither useful nor ornamental in our squares.

Instead of being a statue, which we cannot make, let the new monument of the Great Duke be an altogether new description of monument, which we may contrive to make tolerably well. Let it be a public building of large size and as much architectural beauty as we can compass, and our architects may attain to not a little, by carefully

copying the proportions and details of some ancient or foreign edifice. Exteriously a palace in splendour and grandeur—a very different palace from any that we have yet built—let the monumental pile contain, interiorly, an arrangement of rooms, adapted to form convenient habitations for the industrious classes, at a low rent.

Our British soil is dotted with workhouses, many of which have splendid outsides. The WELLINGTON Model Monument—a magnificent abode of voluntary industry—would be a vast improvement on the handsomest workhouse, both as to the outside and the in.

For the future, let all monuments to public men be architectural, and consist of edifices such as that above proposed. Large towns would thus be soon supplied, and adorned at the same time, with Model Lodging Houses, and two birds would be killed (whilst many human lives would be preserved) with one stone, or quantity of stone or brick.

Cheap and good accommodation would soon attract all the merely poor out of rookeries, Irishries, and other low neighbourhoods, leaving only those who are low wretches in themselves, and not merely in their circumstances, to lurk therein. This would be a great step towards the abolition of the slums. The Yankee farmer, in mowing his hay-field, leaves one little spot of grass uncut. This he calls his snake-grass. In it all the serpents and other vermin infesting the field concentrate themselves. When his hay has been wholly carried, the American agriculturist sets his snake-grass on fire, and so disposes of its venomous and scaly population. The slums, with the scum and dregs of humanity, the ruffians, trulls, and scoundrels, collected in distinct swarms within their several limits, would be so many human snake-grasses, although they could not exactly be made bonfires of and consumed with their contained reptiles.

Monuments of the proposed WELLINGTON Model are, lastly, commendable by this important and peculiar advantage, that they would soon return a certain, and probably considerable, dividend to subscribers; so that the liberal and philanthropic speculator, whilst benefiting his species, might also adorn a Metropolis by a wise investment of capital.



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

"Hi! My good man, I say! Halloa, Sir! That Bird belongs to me, Sir!"

Parliamentary Returns.

WE hope, on the first day of Parliament meeting, to read amongst the despatch of business the following returns:—

"MR. HUMPHREY BROWN (*M.P.* at present, for *Teakisbury*). Return of the £70,000 which, it is publicly alleged, he had borrowed from the British Bank.

"MR. JOHN M'GREGOR (*Member, for a limited period, for Glasgow*). Return of the £5,500, or thereabouts, which was advanced to him by the Directors of the same Bank, and which that gentleman had forgotten, quite accidentally, to pay back."

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—We have good authority for stating that the Government has engaged an Indian Serpent-Charmer to go and charm the Russians out of Serpent Island.

HOPES FOR THE DRAMA.



THE Critic of a daily paper gives great hopes to the British dramatist; hopes, enshrined in such eloquence, that we must borrow the treasure. Reverent reader, listen:—

"Novelty is, after all, the true secret of public attraction. An author may bestow months and years of labour in writing a high-class drama, which he hopes may live; and a theatrical manager may expend hundreds of pounds in placing it upon the stage, but the chances are that however meritorious and costly their exertions, and however much they may be seconded by the actors, empty fame, at the utmost, will be the reward of the one, and after the first night or two, empty benches and a deficient treasury the recompense of the other."

The calamities supposed by our daily critic happily never occur. A dramatic author may, or rather might, bestow months and years on first-rate work, but we know of no such existing fool; the booby, like the dodo, is extinct. Again, where is the

idiotic manager who expends hundreds on what is never written? Surely, our tender contemporary wastes a deal of sympathy for distress *in nubibus*. But there is a manager "altogether free from poetic ideas or poetic pretensions," and he, says our flattering contemporary, flourishes in Drury Lane!

"Scarcely a week passes but he produces something new; now a play, then a spectacle, next a burlesque, again a melodrama; and anon we have opera—none of them aspiring to the very highest rank, but all of them sufficiently good to satisfy until the popular appetite calls for a new dish, and not too expensive to render the withdrawal, after a run of a week or two, incompatible with profit to the exchequer."

Thus, the secret of dramatic success is to aspire to nothing of the highest rank; is to eschew "poetic ideas and poetic pretensions;" in fact, to creep and not to fly. And if the "popular appetite" be satisfied, what does it matter; whether fed upon French eggs, musty or otherwise, or the milk and honey-dew of Parnassus? We have thought this criticism worthy of attention, it is so sustaining, so elevating. Who can wonder that we have such marvellously successful novelties, when we have such ingenuous pens to anatomise and eulogise them? And "novelty is, after all, the true secret of public attraction," as the guinea-pig at the Zoological Gardens with a new farrow every moon, squeaks contemptuously of the lioness with a single cub in "months and years."

TOUJOURS ROSSINI.

THE Continental Musical Journals are teeming again with the *bon-mots* of ROSSINI. Many of our own Journals have become touched with the same malady. If ROSSINI only delivers one-half of the clever and stupid things attributed to him, he can have very little time left for eating, drinking, dressing, undressing, sleeping, or anything else. His whole life must be passed in cracking jokes. However, we must take the liberty of doubting the paternity of several of these jokes. For instance, we cannot believe that a foreigner ever delivered himself of the following absurdities, which are but a small sample, selected at random, out of the multitude that are daily fathered upon the poor *Maestro*:—

"They were talking in the *foyer* of the Grand Opéra one evening, about LAVATER, when ROSSINI said 'There are two features in men I never could countenance, and it would be difficult to say which of the two to the moral physiognomist is the most unsightly!—the one being as vulgarly prominent as the other is offensively flat!' Being questioned as to what they were, he answered, in a tone of exultant triumph, 'The *I's* of the vain man, and the *Nox's* of the selfish man!'"

"At a dinner at Greenwich, the conversation ran upon the London Mayoralty, and some one said, that it was an institution exceedingly short-lived, when the Swan of Posaro exclaimed, with his usual readiness, 'Then I suppose the last of the Lord Mayors will be *Fix(x)is?*'"

"He related that he had dined once in the Desert off an ostrich's egg, which was so large and so bad that he could safely agree with the old proverb, that '*Ce qui est un œuf pour un, was decidedly enough for two.*'"

"Upon some one telling him that ELLA was getting up a Musical Union, at which music of all different degrees of goodness and badness was to be played, he exclaimed, 'Ha! ha! I see—a kind of musical *ELLA Podrida?*' and he laughed for more than a quarter of an hour."

"Talking about Prefaces, he said, 'A preface should be, as it were, the printed overture to the book—but an overture in music is listened to, a preface in print almost never. The generality of persons skip a preface. It is the flight of wooden steps, which we run up as quickly as possible before getting into the real booth of the fair.' Everyone applauded."

"Dr. VÉRON was saying he had heard in Bohemia, 'a singing horse—a magnificent Baritone.' 'Nonsense! a wheelbarrow-tone, you mean, Doctor! I suppose VÉRON (good-naturedly continued our humourist), your musical horse had been taught to sing by swallowing an oat that was musical?' It was the subject of general congratulation that the mighty giant of the *Constitutionnel* had been put down for the first time in his life!"

"One night at the Académie, some venturesome spirit cried out '*Bis!*' to the very first bar of the *prima donna*. 'Bravo!' exclaimed our incorrigible joker. '*Bis dat qui cito dat.*' The joke ran like wildfire through all the corridors, and determined the success of the opera."

It will easily be believed, from the above brilliant specimens, that ROSSINI is a perfect *Joe Miller* in eight or ten languages. He has been known to beat SAPHIR in German, VIVIER in French, GAVAZZI in Italian, and COLONEL PHIPPS in English. We are told, also, that he makes a very tolerable joke in Sanscrit. We would offer the *grand Maître de culenbourg's* engagement on *Punch*, only we are afraid that we should soon be eclipsed by such a monster jocular planet. In the meantime it would be a great benefit to poor ROSSINI, if the French and German papers would only for a short time leave him alone. The one facetious tune of *Toujours Rossini* has become a little tiresome.

TRUTH FOR STORIED WINDOWS.

ACCORDING to *The Builder*, it is proposed to fill the clerestory windows of Westminster Abbey with stained glass in the shape of certain figures, amongst which are to be illustrations of "All Angels," and "Cherubim and Seraphim"—alluded to in the "*Te Deum*." If this intention is carried out, we do hope that the artists employed will exercise some little discretion in depicting these celestial beings. It is impossible to procure a photograph of the spirits inhabiting the realms of light, but an enlightened imagination may at least prevent them from being delineated as inconsistent monstrosities. It is earnestly to be desired that the windows of Westminster Abbey may not be rendered ridiculous by being filled with representations of winged ladies, and winged heads of infants apparently distended by water on the brain. Such are the conventional Angels; such the regulation Cherubim and Seraphim. Such chimeras as these are sufficiently disgusting even in the print-shop windows, which are everywhere filled, at present, with female figures, poised, or dancing in the atmosphere, over graves and sick-beds whereby women and children are crying; the aerial damsels having attached to their shoulders great wings resembling those of geese. As if a spiritual being could want material wings for the purpose of locomotion, and as if a material being in the human form could have four upper extremities—wings and arms as well! Along with the portraits of popular preachers and popular pianists, such fiddle-faddle conceptions may, however, seem in place; but let them be kept out of the pictorial fellowship of apostles, company of prophets, and army of martyrs.

If fudge and fallacy are displayed in the windows of print-shops, let not the windows of churches be stained with mendacities and delusions. The primary function of a church-window is to admit the Light; symbol of Truth. That light ought not to be coloured with the absurd and the false. Otherwise "storied windows" will cast a "dim" but not exactly a religious light—they will simply tell stories.

WANTED, A BANNER AND A CRY.

"An army," writes the *Herald*, "cannot march, or rally, and contend without a banner." That is a fact, coming upon a man like a tile from a house-roof: a fact so weighty and so cleaving, a man must have the hardest of heads if he be not, at the same time, convinced and crushed by it.

"The people are not changed." No! In 1835 and 1836, the people did their duty. But what remains for them now? "The dilapidation, the crumbling away of the Conservative party has been the work of the Conservative leaders, and of them alone." This is so dreadful that, unassisted, we could never have imagined it. Dilapidated! Crumbled! Only think of the flinty LORD DERRY dilapidating himself! Imagine the MARQUIS OF GRANBY, like a Bath brick upon a knife-board, crumbling away!

Nevertheless, "the people have not changed!" Hurrah! All that is wanted is a banner and a cry! Well, *Mr. Punch* comes to the rescue; and promptly and, as he thinks, seasonably, suggests both. Here they are:

Banner—*Mrs. Gamp's Umbrella!*
Cry—"Muffins!"

Well—Yes.

For the Cesarewitch, the other day, a horse of the late MR. PALMER'S ran first, and a horse of the late MR. COOK'S second. Surely the "Cup" they went for must have been that patronised by the late *Mr. Villikins*.



MELANCHOLY—A FRAGMENT.

Lord Eustace (a young Nobleman in love). "TELL ME, THOMPSON, ARE THOSE THE BIRDS?"
Thompson (his confidential servant). "YES, MY LORD."

Eust. "THEY ARE YOUNG?"

Thomp. "THEY ARE, MY LORD."

Eust. "AND THE WINE?"

Thomp. "LAFITTE—44, MY LORD."

Eust. "YOU HAVE DRAWN THE CURTAINS?"

Thomp. "EVEN SO, MY LORD."

Eust. "AND YOU HAVE PLACED SOME COALS UPON THE FIRE?"

Thomp. "MY LORD, THIS MOMENT I HAVE DONE SO."

Eust. "THEN—THEN—LEAVE ME!"

[And his Lordship pegs away at the Birds, drinks a Bottle of Claret, and feels all the better.]

IMPORTANT MEETING OF CATS AND DOGS.

(From our Own ÆSOP.)

An article having appeared in a fashionable contemporary, strongly advocating the introduction of horseflesh as a rival to English beef, great excitement was caused in that part of the population which has hitherto engrossed the former species of aliment. The agitation resulted in a numerously attended meeting of cats and dogs, whereat was discussed the peril in which the threatened dietetic movement would place their supply of food. A common danger produced a temporary suspension of the state of hostility usually existing between the canine and feline races.

The cats at first proposed that the meeting should take place somewhere on the tiles, but this arrangement did not suit the dogs, and it was ultimately determined that the concourse should be held on the plane of a piece of open ground.

The chair was taken by a Skye-terrier, as much by the force of habit as by the suggestion of the assembly.

The chair-dog said that he occupied a disinterested position, inasmuch as his own personal fare consisted of milk and bread and butter, morning and evening, whilst at dinner he had regularly his three courses and dessert, being treated in every respect as one of the family in which he held a situation. He could, however sympathise with his less fortunate brethren and sisters, including—if he might be allowed to include—the feline portion of the assembly, with some of whose race he had lived in amicable relations.

A Newfoundland dog, whose expression indicated much sagacity, observed that if horseflesh were to become an article of popular consumption, they (the dogs and cats) would get none but what was rejected as unfit for human food; the consequence of which must be disease or at least distemper.

An Irish greyhound vehemently protested that converting horseflesh into butchers' meat would be taking the bread out of his mouth.

A bull-dog declared that if he were deprived of his bit of horse, he should go mad. Let Society look to that!

The Meeting was then addressed by a delegate from a pack of hounds, who insisted that the proposed interference with their diet would be destructive to the best interests of horseflesh: as it would ruin every kennel, and consequently, knock up hunting. He deprecated any

change of the ultimate destination of the high-mettled racer.

Several setters, pointers, and spaniels, then delivered their sentiments, embarking in a rather noisy discussion.

The cats had hitherto retained a dogged silence, but several of them now spoke, all avowing the determination, if they were robbed of their meat, to indemnify themselves by additional stealing.

A resolution, proposed by the chair-dog, and seconded by a tortoise-shell tom-cat, pledging all present to bite and scratch vigorously in defence of their vested interests, having been carried unanimously, the Meeting separated.

MY BALLOON!

A Serenade.

To a Fashionable Young Lady.

Air—"Isabel!"

DRESS, dearest, dress, and thy clothes inflated,
We'll fly o'er Earth and Sea,
Let not the skirts be aught abated,
That now encompass thee,
Though by myself thou wilt be weightied,
Thou well wilt carry me:
My Balloon, my Balloon, my Balloon,
Some gas from the Works we will borrow,
To the Moon, to the Moon, to the Moon,
We will then shape our course on the morrow,
My Balloon!

But to this plan there's one objection:

Perchance thou'rt not aware,
Object of true and fond affection,
Of atmospheric air,
That with the Moon we've no connexion,
And therefore can't get there;
My Balloon, my Balloon, my Balloon,
Air's needful for ærostation;
And we soon, and we soon, and we soon,
Should be smothered without respiration,
My Balloon!

How breathes the Man in the Moon, you wonder,
Without an atmosphere?

Some state of things that Man lives under,
Which differs from this here.
When Fate shall snap Life's thread in sunder,
I suppose this will all be clear,
My Balloon, my Balloon, my Balloon,
Our puzzles will then all be ended,
Thy buffoon, thy buffoon, thy buffoon,
In the mean would have thee distended, ♪
My Balloon!

THE PENALTY FOR SELLING POISONS.

(As it should be.)

Police Officer (to Chemist). I have come to take you into custody for having caused the death of one JACOB SYMONS.

Chemist. Nonsense! I did not murder him. He was poisoned by his wife.

Police Officer. That's true, but you sold her the arsenic. It is my duty, therefore, to arrest you as being her accomplice in the murder; for the Law considers that, by your selling her the poison without making proper inquiries, you aided and abetted her in the crime. You must come with me to Bow Street.

[Exit with Chemist, hooted by the mob.]

FAITH IN THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

THERE'S one sign that surely betokens a fool,
He goes by Exceptions, instead of the Rule.

TWO LITERARY SALAD-BOWLS.

"Salad for the Solitary."—Lettuce alone!
"Salad for the Social."—Lettuce be merry!

SAM LAING'S LINE.

Respectfully Dedicated to that canny Member for the Wick Boroughs, that sagacious speculator and eminent Austrian Railway Contractor.



SHOULD England's honour go to pot,
Shall England make a shine?
No—Listen to a canny Scot;
Such isn't SAM LAING's line.
Tak' SAM LAING's line, my freens,
Tak' SAM LAING's line;
We'll mak' it up in siller yet,
By SAM LAING's line.

Though promised faith and treaties baith
Russ craft may undermine,
'Neath sticks and swords of Austria's hordes,
Though groaning nations pine.
Tak' SAM LAING's line, my freens,
Tak' SAM LAING's line;
Leave ilka folk to bear its yoke,
For the sake o' SAM LAING's line.

If cuffed, a Christian cuffs na back,
Nor should we, I opine:
Honor's a word, siller's a fac',
And ten per cent. is fine.
Tak' SAM LAING's line, my freens,
Tak' SAM LAING's line;
Let honour drop and mind the shop,
And back up SAM LAING's line.

I'd mak' the Commons haud their tongue,
The Times' pen I'd confine,
Then stocks wad rise, and shares rule strong,
And up—up, wad go mine.
That's SAM LAING's line, my freens,
That's SAM LAING's line;
Let a' go smash, except hard cash,
And invest in SAM LAING's line.

I say, wi' BRIGHT, why should we fight
On Baltic or Euxine?
When England's weal means "spin the reel,
And mak' the railway line."
That's SAM LAING's line, my freens,
That's SAM LAING's line;
Wark, cash to win, then put your tin
In SAM LAING's line.

For tyranny, I trow 'tis strang,
And strength is right divine:
And ten per cent. can ne'er be wrang,
And that's my Gospel sign.
Tak' SAM LAING's line, my freens,
Tak' SAM LAING's line;
Auld England's tower is money-power,
In SAM LAING's line.

O' England's flag folks used to brag
In sangs and speeches fine,
The flag for me is £ s. d.,
Ilk flag but that's moonshine.
That's SAM LAING's line, my freens;
And 'gin ye'll tak' SAM LAING's line,
Still your M.P. I hope to be,
For the sake o' SAM LAING's line.

But if by words like honour stirred,
Then you're nae votes o' mine;
And oot I'll sneak to find a seat
That's mair in SAM LAING's line.
That were nae in SAM LAING's line, my
freens,
That were nae in SAM LAING's line;
I sair misdoot I maun gae oot,
Or alter SAM LAING's line.

Charming Simplicity of an Elderly Lady from the Country!

"THEY tell me the Coachmen and Cabmen are so much more civil in New York than in London. For myself, I must say I have invariably found the omnibus conductors about the Metropolis the most obliging of men. For instance, I have occasionally hailed a Clapham omnibus by mistake, and inquired if it was going to Hammersmith, when, will you believe it, the omnibus-conductor has always said to me, with the most charming politeness, 'Jump in, Ma'am!' Now, supposing I had taken the poor fellow at his word, only consider how he must have gone out of his way to oblige me!"

THEATRICAL.

A Contract for Original Dramas from the French.

TO LONDON MANAGERS.—The Governor of Pentonville Prison is desirous of entering into a yearly contract with all or any of the Managers of the Metropolitan theatres for a ready and steady supply of original dramas from the French, executed with a fidelity and despatch that the peculiar discipline of his Establishment enables him to command.

The Governor having in his charge several individuals, in no way capable of devoting such minds as they have to mat-making, clothes-peg-manufacturing, skewer-cutting, or any other industrial branch of employment,—are, nevertheless fully, and perhaps a little more, than equal to the translation of original dramas from the French, with a despatch and at a price that must defy all competition. By means of a division of labour, and under the wholesome fear of the treadmill, it is calculated that—

A strong, effective, devil-me-care drama, in three acts, spiced with a little conjugal infidelity, and flavoured with a *soupeon* of forgery, may be delivered, with the parts written out, at a day's notice.

A domestic drama, in two acts, good for families,—in which an *enfant terrible*, in the most artistic manner, wholly characteristic of the subtlety of the French stage, causes the separation of his father and mother, with the suicide of one or both,—in twelve hours.

Farces in any variety, while the messenger waits.

The Governor of Pentonville trusts he shall not be accused of any undue confidence in his resources, when he states that he believes he shall be able to send out a very superior article; as it would seem all but morally impossible that the translators (perhaps he ought rather to say, authors) of the dramas aforesaid could, or should execute their work without infusing into it something of their own peculiar character. Hence, burglary may come out with a 'stunning boldness; and forgery send forth a peculiar flavour.

London Managers are requested to be early in their applications, to be duly accompanied by an offer of prices.

Pantomimes (with models of the tricks) on the easiest terms; and all warranted from foreign sources.

A Toy for a very Little Thing.

ADVICES from Spain inform us that the DUKE DE MONTPENSIER has just received an addition to his domestic happiness, in the shape of a little girl; and that—

"The Queen has given to the newly-born infant, the Cordon of the Order of Noble Ladies of MARIA LOUISA."

The cordon, of course, is meant for the recipient to play with. The little infant appears to have begun to "take notice," as the nurses say, very soon. These are early days for giving the noble baby a plaything.

Cause and Effect.

It is rumoured that the Police in the division which is stationed in the neighbourhood of Knight-bridge have recently applied for an increase of pay, on the ground that, since the Guards returned, they have been driven to the necessity of providing their own Suppers.

UNHEARD-OF ATROCITY.



clergy, eating or giving others to eat, meat on Friday or Saturday, to Judaism or Mahometanism, are the old-fashioned wickednesses which are enumerated. The list, however, contains one crime, which, perhaps, has hitherto escaped the censure, if not the imagination, of friars. It is that "of having made either an express or a silent compact with the Devil (*patto tacito od espresso col Demono*)." This remarkable edict has been

A NEW crime in these days is a greater novelty than a new planet; but the Inquisition at Ancona has discovered an offence of which few, at any rate, of our readers, have probably ever heard. The Santo Ufficio Generale of that place has issued a document, addressed to the inhabitants of Mantua, under the signature of the Inquisitor-General, a Dominican friar, by name FRANCESCO TOMMASO VICENZO AIRALDI, ordering those whom it concerns to denounce within one month all whom they may know to be guilty of certain immeties. He cry, schism, magic, incantation, sorcery, blasphemy, obstruction to the office of the Inquisition, satirizing the

seen by the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*, from whose account of it are derived the above particulars.

Admitting the opinion of the late MR. DOVE, and that of the Ancona Inquisition, that it is possible at this time of day to enter into a compact with the Devil at all, one would nevertheless feel an insurmountable difficulty in conceiving the possibility of making a silent compact with him. For if a man were willing to contract an agreement with the Evil one, how, in case silence were observed on both sides, could he know that the other party consented to his terms? The new crime, therefore of the Holy Office, does not so much resemble the discovery of a new planet, as the discovery of that nebulous body commonly called a bottle of smoke, or the discovery of a mare's nest.

It is also hard to understand how anybody could know that another was guilty of having had transactions, tacit or express, with the Devil. One would like to be very sure on that point, before denouncing the individual to the Inquisition. To be sure, if one man may have a tacit understanding with Lucifer, another may have received a tacit intimation of that circumstance, in which case, his best course would perhaps be, as one of the faithful, to denounce the offender tacitly. It will, however, be time enough to discuss this point when Popery shall have established an Inquisition at Oxford.

The Racer and the Plate.

IF the introduction, among us, of horseflesh, as an article of food, is effected, it will probably become necessary, in ordering a steak at a chop-house, to tell the waiter whether you mean a rump-steak or a sweep-steak.

FACTS FOR THE MAINE LAW.

At the next meeting held by the United Kingdom Alliance for the Prevention of the Sale of a Pot of Beer, the following unanswerable argument in support of their views and intentions, will probably be adduced. Most wonderful to relate, it was entirely overlooked by all the speakers at the assembly lately held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, by that not at all meddling, officious, fanatical and concerted set of people.

A Maine Law has for ages, virtually prevailed in Turkey and other Mahometan countries. What has been the consequence? To crime of all kinds—crimes of violence, especially—the peoples blest with the temperate religion of Islam have been comparative strangers—have been free from crime in comparison with other nations whose creed has not only permitted, but sanctioned, and even consecrated the use of wine. Peace, gentleness, probity, purity unknown among Christian wine-bibbers, predominate among the teetotal disciples of MAHOMET. The abstinence from the use of fermented liquors has elevated the Turks, the Arabs, the Persians, the Moors, the Mussulmans of India, nay, those of Africa, to a degree in the moral scale high above that of the beer-imbibing British Public.

Moreover, a most unaccountable omission was made by MR. L. HEYWORTH, M.P., one of the orators who discoursed wisdom on the above-mentioned occasion. MR. HEYWORTH was defending a position which he had advanced in a letter to the *Times*, to the effect that the licensing of public-houses was a step towards their legislative suppression. This statement, however profoundly logical, is not quite self-evident; how, then, was it that MR. HEYWORTH forgot or neglected to state, that LORD PALMERSTON is so struck with the soundness and sagacity thereof, that he is now having a Bill prepared for the immediate abolition of the licenses of licensed hawkers, of licenses to sell stamps, and of licenses to sell tea, coffee and vinegar, because these licenses are steps towards the prohibition of the sale of those things, which are all good—especially tea and coffee? Perhaps, the honourable and wise gentleman may not be aware of the effect which his philosophical view of licenses has produced on the counsels of the PREMIER, who, we have our usual good authority for stating, further intends (with the concurrence of the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY) to have marriage licenses done away with, because, on MR. HEYWORTH'S principle, they are a step towards the prohibition of matrimony.

The Bishops of Winchester are said to have formerly licensed certain dens of immorality. This fact, too, MR. HEYWORTH strangely forbore to cite, and to commend as a step towards the abolition of those dens, highly

creditable to the Bishops and the Church. Those prelates, by the way, obtained, by reason of this part of their function, the name of "Winchester Geese," but the practice of the old Goose of Winchester appears to be approved of by the wisdom of the present Member for Derby.

A WIZARD VINDICATED.

MR. PUNCH, last week, invited MR. HARRISON, the Wizard of Leeds, to come to London and kick MR. RAPHAEL, the Wizard of Walworth. It is due to the former to state that his abstaining from performing this act of justice has been caused by a circumstance over which he has no control. This circumstance is, MR. HARRISON'S having been committed for trial by the local authorities, before whom he has been charged with a brutal and dastardly outrage upon a silly servant-girl, who had consulted the impostor. As the case has yet to be tried, of course public judgment must be suspended; but if the evidence holds on to the hearing, that is, if the witnesses are not idiots easily frightened, in the mean time, by terrors lest the revengeful conjuror should bewitch them—the Bird of Fate seems likely to be a Gaol Bird.

Poem by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

(Composed on the day his Grace "deprived" Mr. DENISON).

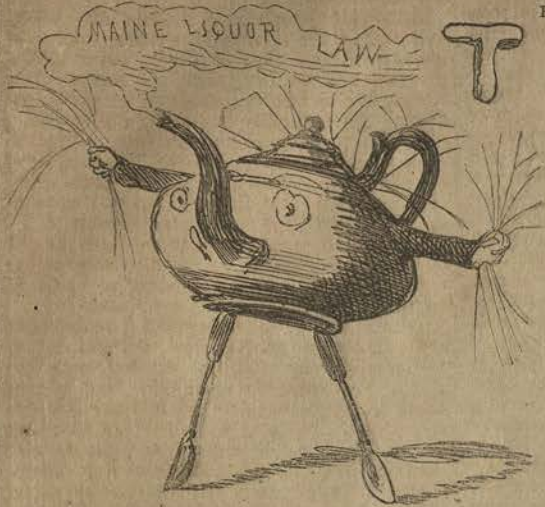
TRANSUBSTANTIATION is vexation,
 Consubstantiation is as bad;
 ARCHDEACON D. do'th trouble me,
 And I rather think he's mad.—J. B. CANTUAR.

The Secret of Adulteration.

A CLEVER young Medical Student says:—"We should no longer wonder at tradesmen adulterating their goods, when the very derivation of the word 'trade' ought to act as a warning to us; for the report of the Analytical Commission clearly tells us that 'trade' is derived from 'tradere—to betray to deceive.' Consequently, a tradesman is one who deceives, and when he sells you poisoned articles for pure ones, there can be very little question of his deceit."

THE AUSTRIAN RULE.—Judging from the revelations of escaped patriots, Austria seems to rule Italy, as if it were a large prison-house, with bars of iron.

THE PLATFORM PUMP.



HERE is a kind of man whose pleasure and delight it appears to be to make an offensive and disgusting exhibition of himself. Whilst incurring contempt, he revels in the supposition that he is earning notoriety. He occupies himself in sporting at public meetings under pretence of minding other people's business, instead of attending to his own. He affects to combine facetiousness with philanthropy. "I think, SIR GEORGE, and ladies and gentlemen, the proceedings of to-day must have satisfied both friends and enemies that the Alliance

is still alive." This is a specimen of his vivacious style. Again: "It is something to say that we are still alive after the perfect cross-fire of leading articles, which have been poured upon our devoted heads during the last fortnight, by the various organs of the Press throughout the kingdom." He is not only brisk and lively, but metaphorical—here is another of his brilliant allegories. "The good Alliance ship has received fires from all sorts of batteries in all sorts of unexpected

places; and to-day we have been overhauling our rigging and spars, and we find we are just as right and taut as we were when we went into action." The sentiment one would expect all this nautical imagery to lead up to, is, "Bless me, there's nothing like grog!" or something of that sort. No; it is one of quite a different sort: the orator wants to have grog abolished. "Nothing like slops!" is the burden of his song—and he wishes his own burden imposed upon other shoulders, which are not asinine. However, there is some truth in what he says—here is an example in point:—"It does not matter much, you know, as regards any amount of chaff—to use a vulgar word—which the editor of the *Times* chooses to hurl at us. We are quite content to endure that, for the publicity he is good enough to afford to us, and the admissions which he always makes at the end of his articles." Thus much of the foregoing is sure enough—that publicity will compensate this kind of man for anything. The sort of person we mean is the platform-pouter—the declaiming popularity-hunter. The music of applause, and cheers, and cries of Hear, hear! is the food of his love.

We must not take credit for having invented what we have merely copied. The remarks put above into the mouth of the Platform-Pump are reported to have been uttered by MR. SAMUEL POPE at the recent Manchester meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance of Maine Law Meddlers.

Cry for the Opposition.

A CONSERVATIVE Cry is said to be wanted. There is one cry which would at least be characteristic enough in the mouths of the stauncher members of the Conservative party, but the distinguished author of *Coiningsby* himself will hardly recommend his followers to cry "O! Clo!"

NEW GRESHAM LECTURES.

THE first of a new series of Gresham Lectures was delivered yesterday evening, at a tea-meeting of the City of London Young and Old Men's Mutual Improvement Society, by the REV. MR. JUGGINS, Chaplain of one of HER MAJESTY'S principal prisons. These lectures have been instituted by some gentlemen of eminence in the commercial world, with a view to the increase and correction of our cantile morality. The subject treated of in the opening discourse was that of Penal Discipline.

The Rev. Lecturer commenced by referring to the numerous frauds, defalcations, embezzlements, and other cases of gross and enormous dishonesty, which have lately occurred in commercial life. This was an evil that could not be ascribed to want of moral and religious instruction; therefore, the conclusion had forced itself on his own mind, and that of others, that it was owing to a want of instruction in a matter esteemed to be of more present and practical importance. He alluded to the subject of Penal Discipline, to ignorance of which, more than to ignorance of duty and doctrine, the immorality of fraudulent bankers, directors, and confidential clerks was mainly owing. Such offenders were really not aware of the very great personal discomfort involved in the endurance of transportation, penal servitude, and imprisonment with hard labour. So much had been said of the provision made in goals for the moral and physical advantage of the inmates, that many persons had come to regard incarceration as a rather comfortable state of things. Now, this was a very great mistake, whereof it was highly desirable that the minds of all those labouring under it should be dissipated; for so long as a rogue at heart remained in that error, he had nothing to restrain him from the commission of actual fraud, except some little fear of shame in the event of detection. To dissipate that erroneous notion was the object of the present discourse. The Rev. Gentleman then proceeded, at some length, to detail the restrictions, inconveniences, and indignities to which imprisoned criminals are subject, and concluded by stating that he would now introduce some of those who had personally experienced the unpleasantness which he had been endeavouring to describe. The lecture was illustrated by various diagrams and models of prisons, and prison-arrangements, including the organisation and machinery of hard labour; also by many interesting prints and engravings representative of prison-life.

Several ticket-of-leave men were then brought forward on the platform in succession, and recounted their experiences of the hulks, the crank, and the treadmill; expressing also their ideas and sentiments on their general treatment, and on the penal diet-scale.

A returned convict, who, during the term of his sentence, had incurred the punishment of flogging, also edified his hearers with a vivid description of his bodily sensations under the lash.

DR. WATTS'S well-known and beautiful canzonet:—

"Why should I deprive my neighbour,
Of his goods against his will,"

was then performed by the vocalists in attendance; the company joining in the chorus apparently with fervour; whereupon the beverage "which cheers but not inebriates" was introduced, and, after a most delightful evening, the assembly separated greatly refreshed.



"Twin Feats for One Strong Man."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL is stated to have made up his mind to save the country once more. He has prepared, we are told, a Reform Bill, which is to cut the ground from under LORD PALMERSTON, and is to placate LORD JOHN at the head of a strong Government, amid the enthusiastic applause of an excited nation. Meantime, and by way of a trifling feat to keep himself employed, he is gone to Pisa, just to put the Leaning Tower straight.



IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

Sarah Jane to Betsy Ann. "OH, YES! IF IT COMES TO THAT, YOU KNOW PEOPLE CAN STICK OUT AS MUCH AS OTHER PEOPLE—I ALWAYS WEARS ONE O' MOTHER'S OLD CLOTHES BASKETS."

THE HARMONIOUS ALLIANCE.

THE orchestra of Europe is tuning, is tuning,
And the discord and din are bewild'ring to hear,
For we all know the squeaking, the scraping and crooning,
That the tuning of instruments brings to the ear.
But as harmony,—so teaches concert experience,—
Is bred of the discords that tuning attend,
Let us hope that this prelude of ear-racking variance,
In harmonious concord is destined to end.

There's big Russia his wind in the ophicleide trying
(From the Island of Serpents the instrument comes),
While Naples, the whistle of Picco outvying,
Tunes his penny trumpet to Austria's drums.
White-coat Austria presides o'er the brass, in the middle,
And Prussia comes in with his usual bass,
While LOUIS NAPOLEON leads, as first fiddle,
Spite of JOHN BULL's reluctance to yield him the place.

Tantara! tantara! the trumpets are sounding—
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub! goes the drum's throbbing roll—
Its mild notes the flute diplomatic is rounding,
But playing, we grieve to say, false on the whole.
At the violoncello, whose grumbling and growling
Most resembles the voice of the family Bull,
Perfidious Albion sits, sulky and scowling,
As if fain to come bang with 't on somebody's skull.

But still through the trumpeting, fifeing, and drumming,
The flute's soothing warble, the double-base snore,
I can hear other discords less tuneable, coming
From some deep-hidden orchestra up through the floor.
'Tis the low under-murmur of down-trodden nations,
Whose names European programmes may not show,
Poland, Italy, Hungary, mad with impatience,
And darkly preparing their concert below!

What will come of such concord? Harmonious alliance,
For Austria and Prussia and Russia may do,
Where the stick is the *bâton* enforcing compliance,
And the clink of the chain makes the measure go true.
And France, with a shrug, too, may follow her leader,
Forswearing the riot she ran in her youth;
But can England of their blotted score long be reader,—
That score, in the key of brute force and untruth?

No—perish such music, and woe to its makers,
When God's thunder peals out the great war-song of Right,
When Justice and Truth, the twin-giants, throne-shakers,
From their subterrene biding-place leap to the light.
In that awful clashing of Powers and dominions,
On which side of the battle shall England be found?
God guide her free choice betwixt tyranny's minions,
And the wronged and oppressed whose blood cries from the ground.

CARDIGAN'S LAST CHARGE.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN, in a letter to a contemporary, makes the remark in reference to MR. BUCK, M.P. :—

"This individual has now identified himself with a low slanderer, whose statements—dictated, no doubt, by some person much above his own position in society—were the origin of all those falsehoods which have been launched at me."

The Hero of Balaklava—for he was a hero there equally with PRIVATES SMITH and JONES of intrepid memory—should have named the person, above the position in society of his low slanderer, at whom he hints. Otherwise some people, misconceiving his allusion, may possibly imagine that he means the EARL OF L—C—X.

GROWL BY AN AUTHOR WHOSE TABLE HAS BEEN "SET TO RIGHTS."—"The proper Study of mankind" is a room womankind can't get into.



QUITE A NEW TUNE.

First Fiddle. "NOW, MR. BULL, TAKE YOUR TIME FROM ME."

THE POPE "LARKING."



Read in a new journal, started with the meritorious intention of making English people comprehend foreign politics, and called the *International*, that His HOLINESS THE POPE has been indulging in a little amiable fun. He gave a large party the other day, and distributed presents to all the guests. At the end of the evening, he led his visitors into the gardens of the Vatican, and "slyly conducted them to a little grove, where they suddenly found themselves exposed to a very fine rain, sent upon them by concealed machinery." The concealed machinery we take to have been the garden-engine—the playful old POPE having run behind a hedge, and begun to work that instrument. But we want to know whether the water was preserved by the infallibility of the pumper, from spoiling the clothes of the guests, who would naturally have got themselves up regardless of

expense in honour of the head of the Church. Was it holy water, and warranted not to spot? If not, we think that the merry old pontiff ought to have obtained the address of his friends' tailors and milliners, and behaved like a gentleman next day in the way of compensation. *Punch* is the last person to censure harmless amusement, and he likes Pius much better as the larkly old host playing a water-engine on his guests, than as the vindictive priest directing the fire of the French Artillery and riding into Rome through a burning breach. But still, fair play is

fair play, and we hope, for the honour of infallibility, that the POPE did the right thing, either by working a miracle as well as the engine, or by giving his friends new clothes. Any how, we fear there were in that garden people wicked enough to say that they heartily wished the POPE's rain was over.

POLITICS ON HORSEBACK.

LOUIS NAPOLEON proposes to hunt the stag at Compiègne, and that he may have good sport, invites all the foreign ambassadors to take horse with him. However, that the gathering may not seem too political, statesmen are sprinkled with authors and artists. Just as if QUEEN VICTORIA, determining to hunt the deer in Windsor Park, should mix the French Ambassador with MR. PLANCHÉ, the Austrian Ambassador with the lettered MR. LAING; LORD PALMERSTON with MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, BARON ROTHSCHILD with MR. ROBSON as the *Yellow Dwarf*.

We regret, however, to read of the tyranny of etiquette exercised at these meetings. The ladies are absolutely required to have "two different official toilettes every day." This is bad enough; but worse is to be told. "As a matter of course," the ladies are expected "never to appear twice in the same dress." And such is the humility, such the meekness and obedience of the female mind that, up to the last despatches, no lady has been known to express the least opposition to what must appear to the generality of men as a most harassing order. *L'Empire, c'est le Crinoline!*

Vane Aspirations.

SHOULD CORNET AMES attain the rank of a General, and in some grand engagement have to give the order for the final charge, LORD ERNEST VANE TEMPEST would probably suggest his evading the difficulty arising from incorrect aspirations. The words of command, on that day, would be, "H'p, Guards, and Bonnet them!"

MOTTO FOR A WRIT-SERVER.—"First come, first Served."

MANCHESTER FINE ARTS' EXHIBITION.

PROMISES of contributions to this grand display of fine art and *virtù* fall upon the genial Secretary, MR. JOHN DEANE, thickly and sweetly as Killarney rain. He is already saturated with delicious offers. A few of the subjects to be contributed have been, after their incomplete way, noticed in the public papers; but, hitherto, many offerings of the highest artistic skill, and at the same time, conveying some great national warning, some deep social moral, have been strangely passed in silence. *Mr. Punch* is, happily, in a position to make good this deficiency of information.

H. R. H. F. M. PRINCE ALBERT, in addition to other contributions too numerous to name, will supply the original model of the ALBERT hat in German silver. It is fondly believed that the various Continental Courts will depute various field-officers to pay their homage to an embodied idea that has done so much to raise the character of the British soldier. We understand that, under no condition soever, will it be permitted to carry a copy out of the country.

MR. SPOONER contributes an anticipatory model of the "Ruins of Maynooth College in the year 1860." MR. SPOONER'S Repeal Act of the Grant is, every word of it, beautifully written in the ivy leaves that grow about the crumbling walls.

"Statuette of a First Lord of the Admiralty," in biscuit, has been offered by SIR CHARLES NAPIER; but its acceptance is under consideration.

"A Model of the House of Commons, with dummy Members," in French China, is the appropriate contribution of SAMUEL LAING, Esq., M.P.

"Figure of the National Turn-cock," in brass, has been contributed by the National Alliance through MR. POPE. This state-officer is to be appointed, when the British state of legislation shall be assimilated to the State of Maine.

"The Sword to be worn by MR. CHARLES KEAN, when knighted for his great upholding of the National Drama," has been in the most liberal manner proffered by MR. KEAN himself, with a further offer of the faithful copy of the dress-coat (the tails lined with play-bills printed on white satin) now in preparation for that truly heart-stirring event.

"Model of the Tomb of JOHN O'CONNELL," contributed by the late Hon. Member, as it would doubtless have been erected had the Hon. Member died on the floor of the House of Commons, as he "invaded."

"Fancy Portrait of the Down-trodden British Farmer at the Harvest-

Home of 1856," done in distemper, and contributed by the EARL OF DERBY.

"Copy of the New Reform Bill," written on foolscap in milk from the Land of Promise, by VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

"The Skin of WHITTINGTON'S Cat," as it came into the hands of the Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR SALOMON.

"A New Cabinet, in Mosaic," by MR. DISRAELI.

THE REASON WHY—

By a most Unreasonable Fellow.

The reason why Barristers eat their terms is that they may know how to make others eat their words.

The reason why our merits generally appear so large to ourselves is because we love to measure them by the deficiencies of others.

The reason why small services are willingly acknowledged is because it would scarcely be worth while to be ungrateful for them.

The reason why egotists find the world so ugly is because they only see themselves in it.

The reason why it is so difficult to get a good cigar is simply because "ill weeds grow a-pace," and good ones don't.

The reason why Jews are not admitted into Parliament is on account of the enormous quantity of *gammon* they would be compelled to swallow.

The reason why so many old ladies dress as though they were still young is because the fashions in the *Modes*, the *Petits Courriers*, the *Follets*, and *Psychés*, are all drawn for young ladies. Wishing to be in the fashion, as every well-regulated woman is bound to be, the "dear old things" copy faithfully the only examples that are set before them.

Un Peu Trop Tard.

THE *Moniteur*, the French official paper, is, we observe, so good as to give the English press, generally, warning not to write of the Government of France, "with a view to bring odium upon that Government." We accept the hint in all frankness, but really we should as soon think of writing with a view to bringing coals to Newcastle.

The Argumentum ad Hominem.

A LADY, whose husband had, for several Sundays following, been jeeringly telling her that the great motive with women in going to church was merely to display their bonnets, at last lost all patience, and said to him: "Then, Sir, I suppose the reason why you gentlemen so rarely come to church is because you cannot show your hats?"



Lovely Daughter of Sitter. "It's beautifully like about the temples, isn't it Mamma, dear,—just where the hair begins?" [Artist shudders.]

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

As a piece of news which may be interesting to those who take delight in the perusal of the *Court Circular*, we quote the following from a provincial print:—

"THE PRINCE OF WALES continues his sporting at Osborne, with the same spirit of enjoyment as his Royal father amidst the Highlands of Scotland. The young Prince too has his lucky and unlucky days; sometimes bringing home his two or three brace, and sometimes, though but rarely, he has a blank day."

We learn from this instructive paragraph that there exists no royal road to learning how to shoot, any more than to any other kind of knowledge, notwithstanding all the pains which are doubtless taken to "teach his young idea." The PRINCE OF WALES, it appears, takes after his papa, and as we have it here expressed in courtly delicateness of phrase, "has his lucky and unlucky days." On his poulterer's account, however, we rejoice to find that he but rarely is unskilful or unfortunate enough to have a blank one.

We should be reluctant to drag to light a Royal weakness, and perhaps suggest a text for MR. GOUGH, or any other of our Temperance pumps to spout upon. But we must confess that when we hear that the young Prince is in the habit now of going out "with the same spirit of enjoyment as his Royal father," a pocket pistol instantly flashes across our mind, and we begin to wonder whether, as the context would lead us to infer, the "spirit" be really the genuine "mountain dew;" and whether, as there is no mention made of any water being mixed with it, the youthful sportsman is accustomed usually to take it off neat.

The Acoustic Edifier.

In order to afford the REVEREND MR. SPURGEON the assistance necessary to enable him really to edify 15,000 people at once, the serious and well-informed persons who are accustomed to sit under him, are advised to enter into a subscription for the purchase of a preaching-trumpet, to be presented to their young minister, in order that by the help thereof, he may contrive to make the requisite impression on the ears of his rather large congregation.

A BISHOP AT THE PIANO.

A FRIEND has kindly ministered to the taste we have for curiosities, by sending us the following curious advertisement, which he copies from the *Durham County Advertiser* of the 3rd of October:—

TO BE SOLD (at less than half-price), a Heavenly-Toned Piano-forte, made by BROADWOOD AND SONS, late the property of my Lord the Bishop. Apply to G. H. KENNISON, 12, Bridge Street, Sunderland.

If we had nothing else to do, and were in want of some amusement, we think we should amuse ourselves by taking train at once to Sunderland, and inspecting this "late property of my Lord the Bishop." Before, however, venturing a bid for it, there are one or two mysteries we should wish cleared up respecting it. In the first place we should like to know if a piano be the better for having been a bishop's. There are some bishops who are capable of almost anything, and it perhaps is not beyond a prelate's power to exercise improving influence even on pianos. The idea is somewhat negatived, however, by the fact of the instrument being offered now for sale "at less than half-price;" unless indeed we may infer from this, that the owner is compelled to part with it at almost any sacrifice. And what a picture we have here of episcopal privation! Only conceive a bishop so reduced in circumstances that he is compelled at length to put down his piano! We suspect, however, that the fact of the episcopal ownership is alluded to only in the snobbish expectation, that it may, in some weak-minded eyes, enhance the value of the instrument; and we think our character as snob-haters is a sufficient guarantee that this suspicion would alone prevent our being bidders.

Having for some time lived next door to a boarding-school, we have had a pretty tolerable acquaintance with pianos, and have fancied that our ears were conversant with all manner of toned ones, from the shrilly tinkling "cottage" to the deeply grumbling "grand." But we never, that we recollect, have heard an instrument whose tone we could in any way imagine to be heavenly, although we certainly have met with several whose music we have thought at certain times unearthly. We are therefore somewhat curious to hear this Bishop's instrument, and should be glad to know if its "heavenly tone" can be properly brought out by any ordinary mortal, or whether it requires

some "divine creature" to do it. We presume it has been kept up always at "celestial concert" pitch; and belonging to so high a dignitary of the Church, of course, like DEAN SWIFT'S bear, it has been used only to the "most genteel of tunes." Indeed, the only profane air we can imagine it acquainted with, we take to be that not very popular one (with the rest, at least, of the community)—"If I had but Six Thousand a-year!"

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

For all those who have attained their Ears of Discretion.

It is a long political life that knows no turning.

What is every one's joke is no one's joke.

A "wise saw" is, doubtless, one that has cut its wisdom teeth?

A woman dies, but she never surrenders her age!

Philosophy teaches us, when there is a crying evil, to put cotton in our ears.

The Snob, who has been once kicked, fancies every gentleman's foot is raised against him.

Excess of gratitude for a favour is but too often used as the handle to a begging-box for a second.

Should there not be "ready advice" in the same way that there is "ready money," for a man is always much more ready to part with the former than the latter?

Analyse the Truth, and you will find that it is a drug, like most other drugs, fearfully adulterated in the market.

There are compliments that censure as there are satires that praise—and these are the compliments and satires that come from the mouth of an ill-natured man.

A NONDESCRIBT WANTED.

We find it advertised in the *Birmingham Gazette* that—

THE Rector of Old Swinford (Stourbridge) wants a Curate, a young, single man, in Priest's Orders, with a good voice. No Irishman, or extempore preacher, or Tractarian, or Evangelical will suit.

The worthy Rector is hard to please, but we know a single Welshman who reads borrowed Sermons in a loud voice, never heard of the Fathers, and has not the least faith in faith, and as this desirable article seems to fulfil the Rector's requirements, we shall send him on to Swinford for approval.



ANSWER TO KIND INQUIRIES.

Poor Curate, "Thank you—yes—Mrs. Drudgett and the twins are going on nicely."

PALMERSTON AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

"To the energy of one man, LORD PALMERSTON, we owe it that our Army was saved from disgrace. The objects of this alliance will no doubt be supported by that eminent man"—Speech of SIR G. STRICKLAND at the United Kingdom Alliance, Manchester.

"There is now no great political question to move the world; let ours then be the cause that shall move it."—Ditto of MR. HEYWORTH, M.P., at ditto.

AWAY with the Whigs and the Tories,
The Peelites and Radicals too;
Their squabbles are wretched old stories,
With which we've now nothing to do.

All hushed are the watchwords of Party,
The Ballot, the Jew Bill, Maynooth;
There's nothing now honest or hearty,
No zeal for polemical truth.

I have it, tho' Whigs have turned traitors,
Tho' the QUEEN has not yet lost her Crown,
There's a field left for staunch agitators
Who fear not the Times' laugh or frown.

The state ship, with teatolers to man her,
Shall still proudly ride on the sea:
Huzzab, then! aloft with our Banner!
Our war-cry is "Muffins and Tea!"

PITT and Fox never shirked their third bottle;
O'CONNELL was fond of poteen;
E'en LORD JOHN sometimes moistens his throttle
With Claret ('tis good for the spleen):

But PAM who so staunch and so brave is,
Who alone beat the Russians last year,—
Oh! he is predestined to save us
From Brandy, and Bordeaux, and Beer.

Ne'er say he's too jovial and cheery,
That tea-drinkers are dull and demure;
A man may be bright yet not beery,
For instance, just look at PANMURE.

And PAM his best fight will be gaining,
His far proudest garland he'll wear;
When the Nation he's schooled in abstaining,
Twines a wreath of green tea for his hair.

THOUGHTS IN WAX.

WE feel that we do not sufficiently often pay our respects to the fine art of MADAME TUSSAUD. We are therefore glad, when quickened in our duty by the invincible attraction of a great novelty. Now, ISABELLA, QUEEN OF SPAIN, has just been added to the waxen glories of Baker Street; and although opinions may differ as to the precise chamber most worthy of Her Majesty's presence, no doubt can be entertained of the consummate artistic skill that presents the Spanish queen to all possible admiration of her beholders. Her Majesty wears a splendid Court dress, decorated with magnificent show diamonds and other jewels—the pearl of purity no doubt being among them, discernible through a glass of forty-courtier power. Nevertheless, giving all praise to the artistic creators of Her Majesty, we think she might have been represented more to the life if a little more practical. Are we not told when Her Majesty received the resignation of her late Ministers, that tears rolled down her cheeks, whilst at the same time she hid her laughing mouth with her handkerchief? Now, a little more pains bestowed upon her waxen Majesty, would have given her more vitality; worth, possibly, an extra sixpence from the pocket of the beholder. GARRICK, we are told, could equally divide his face between tears and grins; and why, by means of easy mechanism, might not ISABELLA repeat the part in Baker Street, that she has already acted with so much self-applause in Madrid? Again, if the artist desired to give a poetic finish to Her Majesty, he might place in the Royal hand a receipt in full on the part of all English creditors. Any way, it is a great satisfaction to the chaste, the honest, and the wise, to know that they can improve their shining hours by meditating the virtues of ISABELLA SEGUNDA as enshrined in wax. May she live a hundred years from the melting pot!

We know that to arrive at the glory of a pedestal in Baker Street is, perhaps, the highest honour that can reward prosperous genius. May we, therefore, put in a claim for the celebrated MR. SPURGEON? Of course it would be necessary to surround the reverend figure by a rail; and further to guard it by a policeman-visitor in plain clothes. Otherwise, we can all readily conceive the destructive effects of a fervid

enthusiasm. The pet of the pulpit, who has such familiar acquaintance with seraphs, if not duly protected, would be picked to bits by female worshippers. His locks would daily disappear from his *caput sacrum* to be enshrined in lockets, warmed by the pious warmth of fair idolators. "I'll break thy little finger, HAL," says *Lady Percy* in threatening playfulness to her loved *Hotspur*. In like manner, young gentlemen, out of holy doting, might carry away every finger and thumb of the free-and-easy EZEKIEL, who cries solemn things with the self-satisfied out-speaking of a costermonger; and who calls sinners to grace, as a tap-room visitant calls for "another pint."

Now these are qualities that, in a pastor and master, make many worshippers; and, who can doubt it, is not CHARLES H. SPURGEON, in the flush and strength of his twenty-third year, a sacred creature at thousands of tea-tables? Who shall count the slippers worked for those triumphant feet, that walk over "the burning marle," the pilgrim carrying as many sinners on his back, and looking waggish and joking the while,—even as the strong fellow at a fair carries his load of half-a-dozen bumpkins? Who shall count the mouths that have hung upon the words of SPURGEON, smackingly receiving them as children take down any quantity of brimstone for the sake of the treacle it is mixed with? The name of SPURGEON is now associated with an event that makes him a first-class hero of tragedy; and we think the house of TUSSAUD will consult its duty to the public, to say nothing of its own interest, by immediately calling the preacher of the Surrey Gardens to Upper Baker Street. We may add that a money-box duly labelled for contributions to buy up Blackheath, and cover it in for a Temple of SPURGEON, might be placed at the feet of the reverend image for the offerings of the truly gullible.

We have one more suggestion to make for the profit of MADAME TUSSAUD, and the instruction and elevation of the public. Why should not MR. PRESTON BROOKES be promoted to the Chamber of Horrors? The man has fairly won the distinction, and why is it not awarded him? Whilst there are individuals whom we could name duly enshrined in that Chamber, and whilst MR. PRESTON BROOKES remains unrepresented there, the omission seems an unworthy indifference of foreign merit.

FROM A SKETCH TAKEN IN DOWNING STREET.



THE ENGLISH PRESS—LOUIS NAPOLEON'S FIRST WARNING.

Paris, October 24th.

WHEREAS.—It having been made known to us that for some time past, various infernal machines of the English Press have dealt in grossest calumnies on the purity, liberality, to say nothing of the liberty of the French Government—calumnies the most atrocious, inasmuch as the FRESCHI-like propagators thereof have not had the courage to affix their names to their doings, the contrary custom distinguishing and elevating the press of France.—This is to give notice that to the present date we have thought the best answer to these slanders was our Imperial contempt. We know, and in all the affectionateness of the alliance, lament the indulgence granted to the Press of England by the mistaken tenderness of the English Government. We, therefore, for the present, shall content our Imperial self with this definite notice of an evil that if persisted in, may, as with a drawn sword, sever the ties that now unite the two nations. We would have both the French and the English people united, hand to hand, by the same handcuff; and both their mouths gagged with the same gag. It is only by such an union, by such an iron alliance, that the peace of the world can be guaranteed, and order assured.

It has not escaped the Imperial mind that, on a high and solemn occasion at the Hall of Fishmongers, ALBERT the King Consort profoundly observed that

“Constitutional Government was on its trial.” Most wise, most true, most just! Constitutional Government has been tried, and is now and for ever to be condemned as found wanting. Our mission is peace. The olive is for ideologists: the gag is the only symbol of tranquillity and order.

It is, therefore, our Imperial will and pleasure that the Press of the British Isles will from and after the present date, consider itself to have received a first warning.

Given under our Iron Hand,

LOUIS NAPOLEON, *Emperor of the French,*
(and *Ex-Special Constable of the English.*)

SONG OF THE DESPOTIC SOVEREIGNS.

WHY with poor BOMBA should you interfere?
England and France, can't you leave him alone?
Suppose he is a little severe,
Let a King do what he likes with his own.
Leave him alone, leave him alone,
Let a King do what he likes with his own.

Subjects were made for their monarchs, you know;
Many sent into the world for one;
You cannot deny that the fact is so,
And yet you're for spoiling FERDINAND'S fun.
Leave him alone, leave him alone,
Let a King do what he likes with his own.

Princes were wont, in the days of old,
To load whomsoever they chose with chains;
And none of their neighbours ever made bold
To question their acts in their own domains.
Leave him alone, leave him alone,
Let a King do what he likes with his own.

By a short method a sovereign, then,
Used with a troublesome fellow to deal;
He had him pitched into the lions' den,
And no one cried out on the animals' meal.
Leave him alone, leave him alone,
Let a King do what he likes with his own.

If he commanded the slave to be bound,
And into a fiery furnace flung,
Not one of the potentates, reigning around,
Against the decree thought of wagging his tongue.
Leave him alone, leave him alone,
Let a King do what he likes with his own.

Wretches, who happened his wrath to excite,
He racked, impaled, or skinned them alive,
By a prerogative, and by a right
Of which you are trying a King to deprive.
Leave him alone, leave him alone,
Let a King do what he likes with his own.

FERDINAND may many dungeons have got,
Prisoners containing, perhaps, not a few,
If they in cold, chains, and misery rot,
Punished for nothing, that's nothing to you.
Leave him alone, leave him alone,
Let a King do what he likes with his own.

Teaching a small monarch how he's to rule,
You'll be dictating, next, to a loftier throne,
Yes, forsooth, Us you will next dare to school,
Won't let Us do what We like with Our own.
Leave Us alone, leave Us alone,
Let Us all do what We like with Our own.

Monster Cabbage.

THERE is a cigar-merchant in the Minories, who declares that he had a cabbage so large that he got two boxes of “genuine Havannabs” out of it, besides two or three dozen penny Pickwicks. He says the cabbage was about the best pull he ever had, for it brought him in £3 15s. 6d., and if he could have sold the cigars at the West-End, he thinks he might have fairly doubled that sum.

CHURCH EFFECTS.

DOCTOR BLOMFIELD'S effects in St. James' Square are about to be sold. A picture of *Christian Humility* (painter unknown) has been bought in for a legacy of £6,000 a-year.



SELF-EXAMINATION.

Party (slightly influenced). "QUESTION ISH! AM I FIT TO GO INTO DRAWINGROOM? LETSH SHEE!—I CAN SHAY GLORIUSH CONSHYSHUN!—HAVE SEEN BRISH INSHY-CHUSION—ALL THAT SHORTOTHING—THATLEDO—HERE GOSH!

CRINOLINA.

LESBIA'S skirt doth streaming fly,
But none observes how full it streameth;
Right and left the men go by,
But of remarking no one dreameth.
Bolder 'tis to dare put on
My LINA'S skirts of extra sizes;
Light she seems, but every one
By unexampled bulk surprises.
Oh, my Crinolina dear,
My pavement-filling Crinolina,
Beauty lies
In mod'rate size,
But *Ton* in your's, my Crinolina!

LESBIA'S dress keeps out the cold,
Good-taste, good-sense, all feel, have graced it;
But *Ton* approval must withhold,
There's not a breadth of stuff in't wasted!
Oh, my LINA'S skirt for me,
That swells balloon-like on the breezes,
Letting everybody see
How far stuff *can* go, if it pleases!
Yes, my Crinolina dear,
My rustling, bell-shaped Crinolina,
Taste in dress
Can't well be less
Than *you* display, my Crinolina!

LESBIA bath a waist refined,
But with such mod'rate drapery round it,
Who can tell her heart's confined,
From breaking bounds, when Love hath found it.
Pillowed safe, my LINA'S heart
Within her miles of skirt reposes,
Beyond the flight of Cupid's dart,—
Poor Love quite lost among the rows is.
Oh, my Crinolina dear,
Expansive and expensive Lina,
Waist less tight,
Skirts less a sight,
Indulge in, do, my Crinolina!

How to ASCERTAIN THE THICKNESS OF THE FOG.—The first post you knock your head against will tell you at once how thick it is!

A HIGH BUTLER.

THERE are many persons besides MR. DISRAELI and LORD DERRY who want places. Among them is a gentleman who thus describes himself:—

A S BUTLER, &c., a tall respectable Single Man, aged 41, who has high testimonials from families of distinction, and can be well recommended by the nobleman he has just left.

Celibacy, respectability, and mature age are conditions obviously desirable in a butler, but the advantage of procerity is less apparent. A short man would probably be rather more at home in a cellar than a tall one, and is not particularly likely to be less adroit in drawing a cork. Perhaps the advertiser is willing to make himself generally useful, under the head of "&c.," and considers that his height of stature might constitute a qualification for the footboard. Still, this is not holding himself so high as a butler might be entitled to do who can be well recommended by the nobleman whom he has just left; and we hope our tall friend will obtain a better situation than that which his modesty is prepared to put up with.

Theatrical Intelligence.

THE Alligator, who is to be the grand star of the Zoological Gardens, next season, has already been engaged for the Princess's Theatre. It is to make its first appearance on the banks of the Nile in *Antony and Cleopatra*, which is to be revived for the occasion on a most enormous scale of splendour. As an instance, we can mention that every scale of the Alligator is to be doubly gilt.

HOW ARE PROMISES MADE FAST?—By nails or pins—according as persons are in the habit of running away from their words. For instance, you nail a man to his promise, and pin a woman.

A NEW CHURCH "VANE."

THE *Newcastle Guardian* assures the satisfied world that LORD VANE TEMPEST thinks of entering the Church. We know how instantaneously LUTHER was converted from riotousness to piety by a thunder-bolt; and the thundering sentence (so very unexpected) of the Horse Guards may have been as summary in its effect upon the ejected Cornet. "In fact," says our Newcastle contemporary,—

"In fact, it is whispered that his more matured, and chastened inclinations now incline towards the Church; a field in which he may be employed as honestly, as honourably, and as usefully, both to himself and others, as in that of Mars."

Why cucumbers are nothing to clerical inclinations, if they can be "matured" in so short a time. With this rapidity, you may grow a parson in less time than a dish of cress or mustard.

"As the noble family to which he may still prove an ornament have more than one living in their gift, it is not improbable that this may be his ultimate and not ungraceful destination, however distressing may have been the events which led to it."

Who knows? The ejected Cornet may live to become the consecrated Bishop; in which case the ex-soldier will still have proved his prowess and success in a "for lawn" hope.

Song for a Scotch Duke

My harts in the Highlands shall have their hills clear,
My harts in the Highlands no serf shall come near—
I'll chase out the Gael to make room for the roe,
My harts in the Highlands were ever his foe.

NEWSPAPER EMPLOYMENT.—A Young Gentleman, who has his evenings to himself, and is a perfect Master of French, is extremely anxious to obtain a situation as READER on any English paper, in order "to correct the Press." The *Times* preferred. Salary no object whatever. Apply by letter (enclosing a Queen's head) to MONSIEUR L—s N—P—L—s, *Moniteur* Office, Tuilleries, Paris.—N.B. Has had considerable experience in "locking up the forms" of the principal French Journals.



"I'M MONARCH OF ALL I SURVEY!"

PARNASSUS POLICE OFFICE.

YESTERDAY, an individual of very gentlemanly exterior, of the name of MURDOCH, was brought before the worthy Magistrate of this office, charged with the reproduction, from a very musty shelf, of one *Vapid* (known some three-quarters of a century ago as *The Dramatist*) to the great annoyance, if not worse, of a crowd of persons, in the Haymarket. JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE was also charged as an accomplice.

MR. BROWN proved the fact of the reproduction. He had seen the *Vapid* as exposed at the Haymarket Theatre. It was a very painful exhibition. MRS. BROWN, his wife, a woman of a very lively disposition, accompanied him, and (here the witness appeared greatly distressed) had never smiled since.

MR. JONES had, unfortunately for himself, been present at the exhibition in question. He said unfortunately, inasmuch as it had cost him a situation of £50 a year.

The worthy Magistrate desired the witness to explain himself.

MR. JONES had no objection. The fact was he had held the situation of clerk in a mercantile house, of very severe principles, in the City. On leaving *The Dramatist*, he felt as though he had been dragged—hounded, he believed, was the word. He went to bed, and ought, as was his custom, to have risen at seven; but was so much overpowered by what he had swallowed at the Haymarket, that it took his wife, her mother-in-law, the housemaid, and charwoman all together to wake him. He did not reach the City until an hour after his time, and the partners of the firm (they were strenuous hearers of MR. SPURGEON) on becoming acquainted with the cause of his somnolency, resolutely showed him to the door; in fact, discharged him. He still felt very weak indeed from what he had taken at the Haymarket.

MR. ROBINSON deposed that he had seen *Vapid*; and thought the exhibition a very daring attempt on the proverbial good nature of a British audience. In a sanatory point of view he believed that such an exposure was attended with the worst results, inasmuch as it tended to create depression of the spirits, a sinking of the heart, and extreme melancholy.

MR. MURDOCH, as having reproduced the object in question, begged to be allowed to ask the witness if he could state any one case in which *Vapid* had so operated?

MR. ROBINSON. Certainly. A gentlewoman of his acquaintance, the lady of a distinguished sheriff's officer of the Hebrew persuasion, was present on the first exhibition of *The Dramatist*, and had been in a state of hysteria ever since. Even her husband couldn't arrest it.

The worthy Magistrate remarked that the case wore a very ugly aspect; and, as it then appeared to him, the accused parties were liable to be punished under the Police Act. However, he would hear what they had to say for themselves; and, warning them that what they said would be taken down, and used against them, desired MURDOCH to enter upon his defence. His Worship further observed that MURDOCH,

as an American, might, if he chose, be examined through a sworn interpreter.

MR. MURDOCH, with a very slight transatlantic accent, and with a light comedy bow, worth in itself ten pounds a-week, said he trusted that a pretty smart study of the snow-white swan of Avon had, he rather guessed, made him as far as words went, as thorough a Britisher as his Worship. He thought that in reproducing *Vapid* he was proving himself a public benefactor. He considered himself the victim of a base conspiracy.

"Hear! hear!" from MR. BUCKSTONE, who was sharply reminded by the officer of the court that he was not *then* before the foot-lights.

MR. MURDOCH continued. He believed that his *Vapid* was a most lively, most soul-stirring person. He had played *Vapid* at New York for his benefit; when *The Dramatist* was expressly bespoken by the united body of undertakers; who as a further mark of respect, posted two mutes at the doors of gallery, pit, and boxes.

MR. BUCKSTONE observed that undertakers were generally the best judges of private boxes. (*Roars of laughter.*)

MR. MURDOCH said he could if he liked, but wouldn't condescend to the act, produce several witnesses who would testify to the overpowering hilarity of his *Vapid*. One, however, he might name. He alluded then to the respected matron who sold apples, oranges, a bill of the play, &c., in the pit of the Haymarket. She was quite ready to depose that in his great scene—his worship would, of course, instinctively know that he alluded to the china-closet scene—his *Vapid* had so far warmed the woman's apple-basket that more than two ginger-beer bottles went off in spontaneous explosion. He thought this the purest, the highest, and the most flattering criticism, because most involuntary and unconscious on the part of the ginger-beer aforesaid.

The Magistrate said he would certainly reserve the point of the ginger-beer in favour of the accused. His worship then desired to know what MR. BUCKSTONE had to say in his defence. *Vapid* had been exhibited on his premises; and he was clearly a party to the exposure.

MR. BUCKSTONE (*amidst shouts of laughter in which his Worship did not disdain to join*) said the fact was, he was one of the easiest of managers. He wasn't a tragedy manager and didn't fine his cat for swearing. No: and he didn't walk the stage at rehearsals, and cry "silence" when his own boots creaked. No: and when he played his great dagger, he meant his great apple scene as *Sam* in the *Wild Oats*, he didn't make his actors and actresses wear list slippers that they mightn't spoil his effects.

The Magistrate said MR. BUCKSTONE was wandering from the point.

MR. BUCKSTONE said he knew it. "To walk was human, to wander was divine." He could only say that he gloried in his art. He had refused a baronetcy and a visionary income because hampered with the condition of his quitting the stage. Why *should* he leave the stage? If he'd been made a Baronet without conditions he'd have had "Bart." printed in red in the playbills, with a bloody ~~cat~~ pointing to the dignity of —

His Worship said he must really call MR. BUCKSTONE to his defence.

MR. BUCKSTONE—Certainly: always attend to the call. Well then, MURDOCH said he knew there was still life in *Vapid*: but for his (BUCKSTONE'S) part, he said, and still thought, there was more life in a blue-bottle fly that was drowned in the small beer of GEORGE THE THIRD. The fact was, as he'd said, he was an easy manager, and being at the time occupied with a new Spanish ballet—

His Worship (*with evident interest*). A new Spanish ballet?

MR. BUCKSTONE. *Si, Señor!* A new Hispaniolian ballet. I shall be very happy to write your Worship an order for the first night.

His Worship (*with great dignity*). Justice is blind, MR. BUCKSTONE, and cannot see a ballet.

MR. BUCKSTONE was about to observe, when—

The worthy Magistrate said he had fully considered the case; the public must be protected from such exhibitions as *The Dramatist*, and he should therefore sentence both the prisoners to three months hard labour (with nobody to see them) in CUMBERLAND'S *Wheel of Fortune*.

The parties, through MR. NEBUCHADNEZZAR, of the respected firm of NEBUCHADNEZZAR AND GRASS, gave notice of appeal.

The French Doctor Forster.

DOCTOR LOUIS is a great man,
He whips the journals now and then,
Ours he'd whip, if they would dance
Out of England into France—
Out of France he'd whip them then—
How do you think they'd like Cayenne?

THE GENTLE FRATERNITY OF BOREDOM.—Bore me, and I'll bore thee.

LOUIS'S HINT AND JOHN'S ANSWER.

THE HINT.

You're a sensible man—JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL,
 You're a sensible man, JOHN BULL;
 We're faithful allies,
 And the union I prize,
 And I hope long together we'll pull, JOHN BULL,
 I hope long together we'll pull.

But you must be aware, JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL,
 You must be aware, JOHN BULL,
 That your Press makes too free,
 For my notions, with me,
 And some day our alliance may mull, JOHN BULL,
 Some day our alliance may mull!

France, too, had a Press, JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL,
 France, too, had a Press, JOHN BULL;
 Which by timely *duresse*
 I contrived to suppress,
 With lead-pills, here and there, through the skull, JOHN BULL,
 With lead-pills, here and there, through the skull!

And besides my lead-pills, JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL,
 Besides my lead-pills, JOHN BULL,
 To purge random pens
 I'd Lambesses and Cayennes,
 And those climes make e'en Editors dull, JOHN BULL,
 Those climes make e'en Editors dull.

Since I silenced my Press, JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL,
 Since I silenced my Press, JOHN BULL,
 I've gone swimmingly on,
 And opinion is one,
 For all but my own I annul, JOHN BULL,
 Yes, all but my own I annul!

I don't mean to dictate, JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL,
 I don't mean to dictate, JOHN BULL;
 But I can't stand Free Print,
 And Free tongues I would stint,
 And Free ears stop with gun-wads, not wool, JOHN BULL,
 Free ears stop with gun-wads, not wool!

Just follow my plan, JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL,
 You follow my plan, JOHN BULL;
 To teach tongues not to wag,
 There's no school like a gag;
 Then in silence and darkness we'll rule, JOHN BULL,
 In silence and darkness we'll rule.

THE ANSWER.

You're a politic man, LOUIS, LOUIS,
 You're a politic man, LOUIS;
 I'm obliged for your hint,
 There's a mighty deal in 't;
 But I don't think our notions agree, LOUIS,
 I don't think our notions agree.

You're an Emp'ror I own, LOUIS, LOUIS,
 You're an Emp'ror I own, LOUIS;
 You're an Emperor high,
 But a Nation am I,

And that makes a slight difference, you see,
 LOUIS,
 That makes a slight difference, you see.

If France by her vote, LOUIS, LOUIS,
 If France by her vote, LOUIS,
 Choose to merge in your name,
 Nation's being and fame,
 To do so, of course, she is free, LOUIS,
 To do so, of course, she is free.

But allow me to say, LOUIS, LOUIS,
 Allow me to say, LOUIS,
 That the votes for your crown,
 Might have somewhat gone down,
 If your Press had been rather more free, LOUIS,
 If your Press had been rather more free.

But that matter we'll waive, LOUIS, LOUIS,
 That matter we'll waive, LOUIS;
 Like you I hate strife,
 And I love quiet life—
 Provided that life be but free, LOUIS,
 Provided that life be but free.

My Press is my mouth-piece, LOUIS, LOUIS,
 My Press is my mouth-piece, LOUIS;
 "Many modes many men,"
 Mine's Free Speech and Free Pen—
 Though in that, of course, you don't agree,
 LOUIS,
 In that, of course, you don't agree.

You've your own *Moniteur*, LOUIS, LOUIS,
 You've your own *Moniteur*, LOUIS;
 With your notions it chimes;
 But just leave me the *Times*—
 Its broad-sheet is the banner for me, LOUIS,
 Its broad-sheet is the banner for me!

THE PROPERTY OF VERDI'S MUSIC.



THE following statement about VERDI is from the *Musical World* :—

"His great pleasure consists in living upon his lands, in the midst of his peasants, who all know by heart the finest pieces in his operas. At Brussetto the reapers perform their work singing the choruses of *Rigoletto*, *Ernani*, *La Traviata*, and the *Trovatore*."

This sort of homage would be rather inconvenient if addressed to all composers. For instance, BAILEY would soon grow tired of hearing every printer's boy, who was waiting in the passage for corrected proofs, wile away the time by singing "I Dreamt

that I Dwelt in Marble Halls;" and, we imagine that DR. MACKAY would very quickly lose all patience, if, whilst he finished looking at the newspaper, the newsman's boy, who was shuffling his feet out of the mud, amused himself every day, by shouting out, as loudly as he could, "There's a Good Times Coming, Boys." AUBER would not be too well pleased with his servants if they assembled round his bed-room door regularly at six o'clock, to tell him to "Behold how Brightly Breaks the Morning," any more than ROSSINI, we can fancy, would be delighted by his tradesmen rushing into his room every night before he went to bed to sing to him in a chorus "Buona Sera." If Brussetto abounds in so many cries, it must be almost as bad as London; though in our melodious metropolis we are fortunately spared the infliction of hearing nothing but VERDI'S music. It would only be a charity to send out to the relief of these infatuated peasants a "Ratcatcher's Daughter," or to make arrangements that they should be visited occasionally by

"Villikins and his Dinah," or else a persistence in their present musical diet must end in madness. We can picture to ourselves how thin, wiry, emaciated, and half-idiotic these poor VERDI-stricken reapers must already be!

THE SLANG OF THE SHOULDER-KNOT.

WHY is a bride called a *fiancée* in fashionable nomenclature; why is a wedding breakfast termed a *déjeuner*; and why are bridal presents said to be of a *recherché* description, instead of being simply described as choice? Why, when the bride and bridegroom are related to have gone somewhere to spend the honeymoon, are we told that they left town for this place *en route* for that, as if "on their way" to that would not be sufficiently explicit? Is there anything improper in the English words, and if so, would not Latin be preferable to French?

What is meant by the statement that the service was most impressively read by the REV. MR. SO-AND-SO? Is there any peculiar method of mouthing or spouting the marriage-service wherein the impressiveness of its performance is supposed to consist?

These questions have been suggested by the perusal of the account of a fashionable marriage, celebrated the other day at the old Hanover Square Temple of Hymen. We were in hopes that the footman's French and the other plushisms of high-life reporting had died out; but it appears that these plushy flowers are still flourishing in rank luxuriance.

The Recluse.

Julia. Now, ALFRED dear, I must leave you. I am about to shut myself out from the world.

Alfred. Why, in the name of madness, JULIA, you are not thinking of retiring into a convent?

Julia. No, dear, don't alarm yourself. I am only going to put on my new Crinoline dress.

A Musical Crotchet.

FROM Orpheus to Morpheus there is only the jump of a letter, and yet there are singers who combine the qualities of both, singing most somniferously. The supposition is, that Orpheus was designated Morpheus in all cases when he was called in, as a kind of musical nurse, to sing persons to sleep.



FOXHUNTING IN A FOG.

Wild Huntsman (in the distance). "ALL RIGHT, JACK! COME ALONG! I CAN HEAR 'EM IN THE NEXT FIELD!"

THE COMING 'BUS.

THE hoax has become too stale. Let the newspapers, although it is the dull season, try some other subject; for we are heartily tired of stories of the new omnibus; heartily weary of the reports of meetings of inventors, shareholders, and delighted particles of the public, gathered together, to describe and listen to and rejoice at the wonderful new omnibus that is to-morrow at latest (if it has not done so already) to take to the streets, and to carry HER MAJESTY'S subjects on their business and pleasure with decency and decorum; with ease and despatch; sagacity on the box and civility on the knife-board. We do not assert the absolute impossibility of such an event; but we are no longer to be worked into the easy belief of the quick-coming new 'bus. We therefore treat as pure fiction, or rather as impure self-interest, the report of a meeting last week at Stoke-Newington, where it was pretended that another new 'bus was exhibited. A 'bus—with such a length and breadth of seat that even bully *Bottom* might take his ease upon it, cosily as though in "a wood near Athens." A 'bus where the space is so great, in the centre that opposite knees shall no longer grind; a 'bus in which the ventilation shall turn even the sandwiches in the stout lady's basket into ambrosia, and give to the face of the baby all the effect of "the milk of Paradise." A 'bus the outside of which is to be reached by an ingenious abridgment of *JACOB'S* ladder. A 'bus so light, so springy, that the horses while they drag it will never be made to believe that they are doing work, but are merely out upon pleasure, seeing life from Bayswater to the Bank.

No, no; we are no longer credulous. We believed in the advent of a French company who were to take the whip hand of our ignorance, and teach us what civic travelling might be. Where have the company vanished? Does Cayenne know anything about them? Will *LOUIS BEAUC*—(who has evidently offended *LOUIS NAPOLEON*, see the *Moniteur*)—will the philosophic historian make inquiries? He will oblige us. Not that we have any faith whatever in any possible or probable improvement in our old constitutional 'bus. No: its very mustiness is a venerable institution. Its wet straw is a thing to be taken to our bosoms. Its forced pressure of seat brings us into a

nearer and dearer acquaintance with our fellow-creature; and if such acquaintance be further tightened by an extra child or two, why the circumstance only brings out our humanity, such as it may be, in greater prominence.

We therefore cling to our old 'bus. Not that we have any fear of its being superseded. No, no. The world may wait long enough. The coming 'bus will only come with the driver, and he will be the—
Coming Man.

THE NEW AMERICAN GLEE.

AIR.—"Here's a Health to all Good Losses!"

North. Here's a health to COLONEL FREMONT.

South. Drink that varmint! Don't you dream on't,
While revolvers' caps go round.

North. Liberty's a sacred treasure,

South. Not to be enjoyed at pleasure
By each nigger-backing hound.

North. Here's a bumper.

South. Here's a Bowie—

North. Drink to FREMONT!

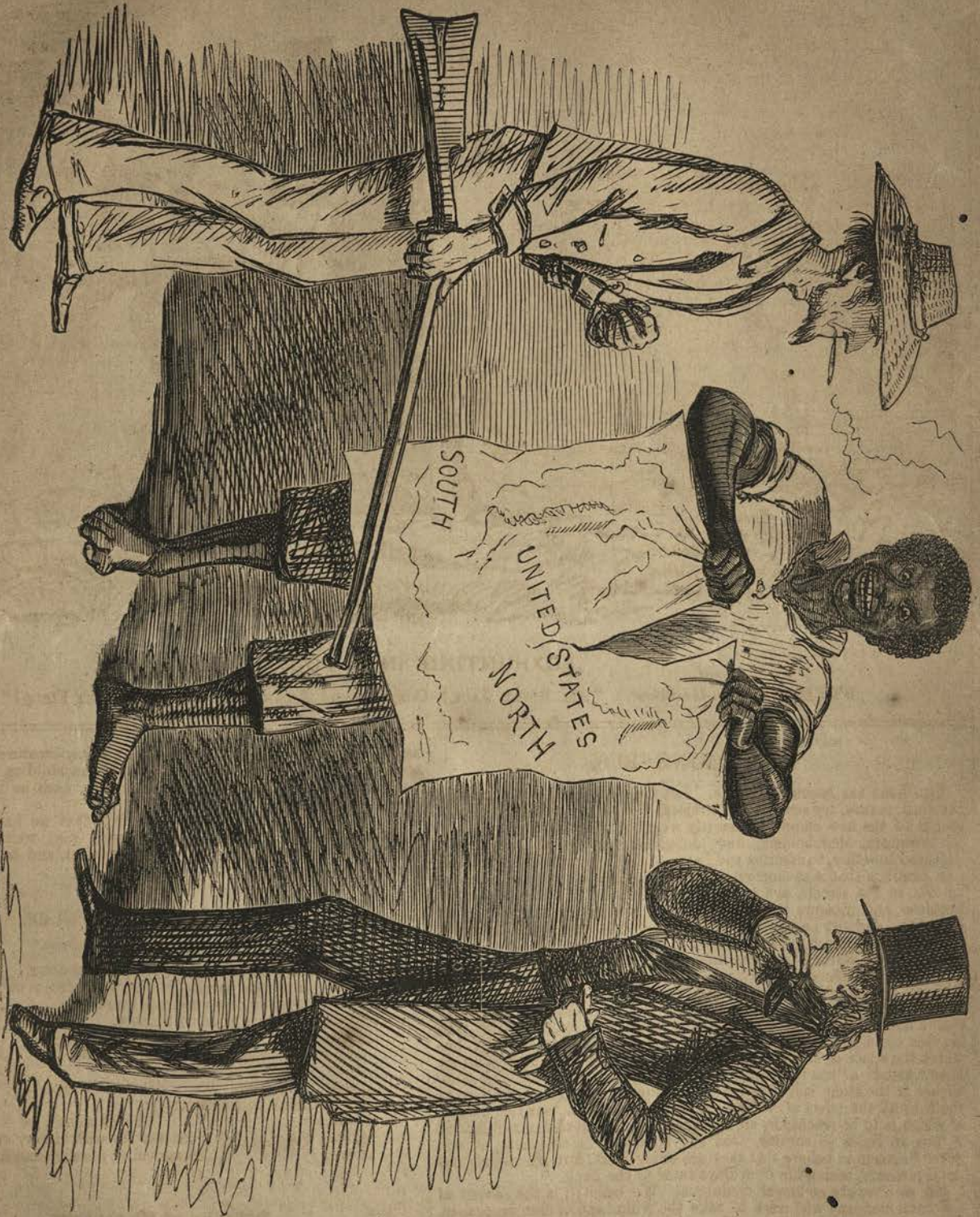
South. Swear as how he

North. } *Together.* { Soon shall be with victory crowned,
South. } { Soon shall be done up and browned.

Difficulty of Hippophagy.

THE introduction of horse-flesh, as an article of consumption, into private families, will not tend to promote domestic happiness. Those who live on that description of food must, necessarily, live a cat and dog sort of life.

AN AMERICAN TRAIT.—EMERSON calls the slaves "the black spots on the Sun of American Freedom."



THE DIS-UNITED STATES—A BLACK BUSINESS.

THE ALLIGATOR AT HOME!



SECRETARY MITCHELL, of the Zoological Gardens, to the great disgust of the hippopotami, has received a magnificent live alligator, nearly fifteen feet long, and prodigiously lively. The animal has been visited by a large circle of rank and fashion. MR. MACGREGOR, of the British Bank, and "purely a West-end man," with his companion in advances, MR. BROWN, of Tewkesbury, has attended the alligator at feeding-time, and even both gentlemen have expressed themselves astonished at the animal's power of swallow. For our own part, we think that, as things remain, even the alligator is beaten by the constituents of Glasgow and Tewkesbury.

CONSEQUENCE OF A MERE PEAK.

WE have to announce the abdication of the King of the Mountains, HIS MAJESTY KANCHINJINGA, of the Himalayas, in favour of a neighbouring potentate, "not a hundred miles" from Katmandoo, and whose name we are not at present at liberty to disclose, but who will for the future assume the style and title of the Highest Mountain in the World. The alteration in the dynasty has been brought about by the manoeuvres of COLONEL WAUGH, Surveyor-General of India, who may himself be said to be monarch of all he surveys; but, as he is nothing of the kind, the saying so would be simply absurd.

AN UNREASONABLE GRUMBLER.

M. TURR complains of the Foreign Office for not giving him a passport to Constantinople. Can't M. TURR go to Constantinople by sea from Southampton? If he goes by land he may come within clutch of Austria, and then!—
On the whole, we think M. TURR ought rather to say of himself, when LORD CLARENDON prevents him from running his head into the wolf's jaws—"Felix Ter et amplius."

ANSWER TO AN ADVERTISEMENT.—"Do you double up your Perambulators?"—No, but MR. ARNOLD has done it, in deciding that they must not come upon the foot-pavement.

TURPIN REDIVIVUS.

THE good old times are coming back, those ancient days that saw The famed DICK TURPIN, CLAUDE DU VAL, and JERRY-ABERSHAW, At night we can no longer in inglorious safety roam, Nor sleep in base security from housebreakers at home.

"Stand and deliver!" is a cry which England had forgot, But we have now a substitute for that in the *garotte*; And, if "Your money or your life!" is heard no more, instead, A fellow with a life-preserver knocks you on the head.

A helmet he who walks by dark to don should have a care, And a spiked collar round his neck, if prudent, he will wear, A good revolver in his belt he well will do to stick, Also to carry in his fist a cudgel strong and thick.

The wanderer by JACK SHEPPARD is at Shepherd's Bush waylaid, And on the Green of Paddington the footpad plies his trade, And MR. SYKES familiarly denominated BILL, The residents nocturnally alarms of Notting Hill.

"Oh, where can the Police be?" is the universal cry, And Echo answers only with her regular reply, Whilst, for all that useful body, as they're said to be, of men, We might all as well be living in a lonely Highland glen.

The Soldiers have come back again, by reason of the Peace, And doubtless, in the kitchens, have supplanted the Police, And therefore the attention of the guardians of our fold Cannot wholly be concentrated on legs of mutton cold.

Awake, ye able-bodied men, in azure garb arrayed, Arouse ye from your dalliance with the stupid servant-maid; Bethink ye more of broken heads, and less of broken meat, That never was designed to be the object of your beat.

Let not old women's apple-stalls engross your manly rage, Ticket-of-leave men rather should your vigilance engage; To you from them we look in vain our premises to guard, Then what can you be thinking of, ye men of Scotland Yard?

The Lady and the Bear.

A CANADIAN paper tells us how one MISS PHILBRICK set a trap for a bear, and how the bear bodily carried the trap away. We have heard of cases of worse fortune; in which a lady, in her idleness, not only set a trap for a beast, but absolutely caught him.

A NEW STYLE OF WEATHERCOCK.

VANES are generally set up to show how the wind blows; but the Brighton VANE has been put down to show that the wind from the Horse Guards sets in the right direction.

THE LAND FOR THE LADIES.

IN the KING of SWEDEN's speech on the recent opening of the Swedish Diet, the following remarkable passage occurs:—

"A just appreciation of the rights of women being a sure guarantee of her fidelity in the fulfilment of her duties and of her mission in the family, it is my intention to propose to you that unmarried women shall be considered of age at 25, which is recognised in nearly all the states of Europe."

Sweden is clearly the land for the ladies. There it appears that up to what is here considered the tolerably ripe age of twenty-five, a girl is supposed to be in her minority, or nonage; in short, as we say, of no age at all. At thirty, we apprehend, she is still looked upon as quite "a young thing;" and, at about fifty as being "in the prime of life." "Fat, fair, and sixty," is probably the formula which, in Sweden, is expressive of female maturity; at seventy a damsel begins to be a little *passée*, and at eighty is considered to have attained to "a certain age."

And these are your Friends!!!

First Friend. I say, what do you think? Young RATTLEBRAIN was in SPURGEON'S Chapel last Sunday!

Second Friend. Then he thought it was a Theatre, having heard some one declare that his preaching was "as good as a play!"

HOW TO PRESERVE ENGLAND.

WITH a certain Duke the remedy for all the evils in England was Curry-powder.

With a certain Emperor the remedy for the evils of the English Press would be Cayenne.

One who Stands by Himself.

THE "ONE POLICEMAN OF HERNE BAY" has been solicited to join his staff to that of the Unity Bank, and to allow himself to be nominated its chairman, as it is considered that he must understand to a letter the exact amount of strength that is supposed to lie in "Unity."

VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.

DR. HALE was casting his clerical eye the other day over the advertisements, when, coming to the quack announcement, that in the loudest brass heralds "50,000 CURES," he exclaimed, with sublime contempt, "The Pluralist!!!"

"BELL'S NEWS."

THE Parliamentary Bell is already christened "BIG BEN." As the clapper remains without a name, may we be allowed to stand its godfather, and call it "GLADSTONE," as without a doubt his is the loudest tongue in Parliament?



Master Tom. "O, PA, MA SAYS YOU HAVEN'T LEFT ANY MONEY FOR THE COALS AND MY NEW BOOTS."

Excursionist. "HM—WELL, HERE'S HALF A SOVEREIGN!"

BOMBA'S BOMBAST.

WE have a word of friendly advice to say to BOMBA. Before proceeding to extremities, we should recommend him to have a private consultation with his cash-book, and see whether his "sinews of war" be strong enough to bear one. Naples, we are aware, is a reputed place for soap, but it does not follow necessarily that the King is now well off for it. And although Austria may back him, even Austria's purse is not like that of FORTUNATUS.

We are induced in our benevolence to say thus much, because we see that a contemporary gives it as a piece of "latest intelligence," that—

"In effect the KING OF NAPLES snaps his fingers at all foreign interference with his domestic policy."

This, we learn, is "communicated" by a writer on the spot, as a bit of sober Neapolitan opinion, and not in any way Italian-irony. Well, all we can say is, the KING OF NAPLES may snap his fingers if he chooses: but let him take heed, lest by doing so he burn them.

A Nursery Rhyme.

(For the little Dears at Brighton.)

BIRT and VANE
Of AMES complain,
And scoff and shave and bind him;
But VANE and BIRT
Are in the dirt,
And AMES no more need mind 'em.

PARALLEL REPROACHES.—It is equally severe to say of a speech that it is Wordy, as of music that it is VERDI!!!

EXAMINE YOUR LAWYERS.

THE idea of submitting Barristers to a severe examination, prior to allowing them to practise upon us, has occasioned great indignation in some quarters. The Barristers do not object to the playful little inquiries instituted in some of the Inns of Court before the advocate is "called," as who indeed, unless he were a fast young officer, would be terrified by such questions as these?

Who founded Rome?
Who was the first King of England?
Construe the following passage, "*Nor erat, lunaque fulgebat.*"
How many quarters of the world are there?
How many shillings—and pence—are there in a guinea?
Which is to be feared, thunder or lightning?

But these gentle evidences that the candidate has received a liberal and practical education are not deemed enough by law reformers, and they propose a real, stern examination for Barristers, after the fashion of Oxford and Cambridge. The profession is wrathful, and declares that the fitness of an advocate is to be judged by the public and by the solicitors, and not by examiners at a green table. There is something in this, and certainly were we so unhappy as to have to go to law, we should probably select as our champion the Barrister who "gets verdicts," and—such is human nature—we should prefer him to the most accomplished of scholars and most exact of logicians. For one wants certain tools to do certain work.

There is, however, one form of examination which we think the public ought to demand. We will waive scholarship and logic and eloquence, but we demand a sort of honesty. We are entitled to have our Barristers passed through such an ordeal as will show whether they are fit to be trusted—morally—with our hopes, fears, hates, desires, and guineas. We cannot see why the Law Reform Association should not recommend some such examination as this, for every young Barrister who wishes to be let loose upon society.

Would you consider it honest to undertake to be in two places at once?

Would you risk clients' interests by taking briefs to which it is impossible for you to devote sufficient attention?

Would you change sides in the course of a cause, and for the sake of higher fees, carry over to the enemy information acquired from your first briefs?

Would you, if ordered by the Court to return a client's fees, do your best to weary him out of his claim, or to cheat him?

Would you "eagerly assent to a reference," to save yourself the trouble of arguing out a just but complicated case of right?

Would you appeal to Heaven, professionally, as certain of your belief in what you knew to be a lie?

Would you "hug" an attorney to seduce him into entrusting you with a brief?

Would you give an "opinion" calculated to promote litigation in which you would be employed, rather than crush at once an untenable or unjust claim?

Would you let an attorney mark your briefs with higher fees than he pays you, in order to secure his future patronage, and to help him to cheat his client?

Would you, under any circumstances, refuse to advocate the interests of an evident rascal?

Respectfully committing this view of the subject (with apologies, if we have taken a tone of higher morality than he should have done) to the consideration of the authorities of the law, *Punch* will close with a hope that the day is not far distant when one civilised man will be as ashamed of defying his fellow-creature to a law combat, as he now is of challenging him to a duel.

DUALITY AND PLURALISM.

In the Chapter House, St. Paul's Churchyard, on the occasion of the late election (as it is jocosely called) of the new BISHOP OF LONDON, we find, present,

"The VENERABLE WILLIAM HALE HALE, Archdeacon of London, and Vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate."

Is the name of this reverend gentleman really HALE HALE, or has HALE been added to HALE by some wag, in order to insinuate the suggestion that ARCHDEACON HALE possesses Church preferment sufficient for two HALES?

A Curiosity of French Literature.

To our great astonishment we find that there is a French paper, called "*La Vérité*." Now, in the sacred name of Truth, how, with the press handcuffed and gagged as it is in France, can a paper like the *Vérité* make good its title? But, perhaps, it is made up of a list of all the criminals, who have been found guilty of speaking the Truth, and, consequently, consists exclusively of nothing but a huge mass of "Accidents and Offences?"

MR. MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

"There's mist on the mountain and night on the brae."



HERE'S missed an amount,
and the shareholders
bray.
And the Bank has a name
that implies it don't
pay.
The thousands, hard cash,
from its funds that we
drew
Will be got back when kit-
tens no longer cry mew.
Then hullo! hullo! hullo,
MACGREGOR!
From Tokenhouse Yard
the court's "messen-
ger" lours,
And the Five Branch De-
partments no longer
are ours.
We're bankrupts, bank-
rupts, bankrupts,
HUGH CAMERON.

They serve us with writs, and pursue us with beadles,
And work through attorneys as sharp as new needles.
It's useless, useless, useless, BROWN HUMPHREY.

While there's leaves in a "locked private ledger" so clever,
MACGREGOR, and such like, may flourish for ever.
Then diddle! diddle! diddle! Defaulters.

From the garbage of London the Thames shall be clear,
The publican mix nothing nasty in beer,
And a note from old NAPIER be properly spelt,
Ere they get back the tin they allowed us to melt.
Then hooray, hooray, hooray, Insolvents.

FASHIONABLE RIGGING.

A LADY arrayed in the height of existing fashion presents an interest-
ing spectacle. Her dress, piled tier above tier, renders her an example
of Beauty in tiers of muslin. This peculiar arrangement of female
costume affords facilities for the introduction of a new pattern, which
would probably become popular. Each tier might be figured with
representations of the portholes of a man of war, carrying guns. Thus
decorated with the semblance of decks, the little "craft" might sail
down upon the spectator with striking effect. In this nautical trim a
young lady might exhibit herself at a fancy dress ball in the character
of the *Saucy Arethusa*—unless it may be objected that to come it, in
Cockney phraseology, so strong as this, would be unsuitable to the
character of the weaker vessel.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

BUBBLE-BANK BOOK-KEEPING TAUGHT IN SIX LESSONS.

PROFESSOR McDONALD, B.B., G.U.J.S.S., begs to acquaint the swell mobility,
light-fingered gentry, and the hard-up public generally, that he continues to give
instruction in the Art of Book-keeping, as applied to bubble-banks and other joint
stock swindles. Having for some years devoted his most careful attention to the sub-
ject, the Professor can with confidence recommend his system (which is founded
nominally upon the Scotch, but differs from it widely in its integrity and principles,)
as being at once safe, simple, and effective. It is remarkable, especially for the facili-
ties it offers for cooking the accounts, as it entirely prevents any possibility of checking
them. It allows, therefore, of overdrawn without danger of detection, and at the
same time offers most peculiar advantages to those who may avail themselves of this
director's privilege, and may be afterwards accused of having fraudulently done so.
By its complete mystification of all matters of account, it will enable any so calum-
nated person to declare that he was totally unconscious how his debit really stood, and
defy the most expert accountant to make out the contrary. The Professor guarantees
moreover, from his personal experience, that no unpleasant consequences ever will
result from this or any other advantage of his system, the liability of those who prac-
tise it being strictly limited in all respects to the harmless jurisdiction of the civil
courts.

To clerks of gentlemanly habits and expenses the Professor's System will be found
invaluable; as it will enable them, by the opportunities it affords for perquisites, to
live on a salary of a hundred a-year, in the style and at the rate of at least a couple of
thousand. But it is to managers, perhaps, that the Professor's method will be found
most advantageous, since it suffers them to do exactly what and whom they please, and
in short, confines their work to "working the oracle." This operation is, however,
much facilitated by the Professor's plan of double-shuffle entry; which, by the addition
of a private "little book" to those which are kept for public business and inspection,
greatly assists the Manager in all matters of subtraction, and enables him in any
financial process which he thinks will not bear daylight, to keep it just as dark as a
CAMERON obscurer.

For further particulars and terms of contract as to the division of the Swag, Apply
(any time after-noon-fall) at the Professor's residence, Back Attic, 19 1/2 A, Convict's
Rents, Seven Dials.—N.B. Don't knock loud.

* Blower of Bubbles, Gester Up of Joint Stock Swindles.

DISSENTERS AND DISSENSIONS.

THE Roman Catholic priests have long been celebrated for their
proficiency in vituperation, and some of the leading clergy of the
Anglican church have shown that they also know how to administer
abuse at need. It is instructive to see that the Dissenting teachers are
determined to assert equal rights to the endowments of Billingsgate.
The Congregational Union was to have met at Cheltenham the other
day, but the state of feeling among the Ministers rendering so com-
bustible a convocation dangerous, the idea was abandoned, and we read
that a very distinguished schismatic, the REV. DR. CAMPBELL, saw fit
to publish concerning that other shining light of dissent, the REV. DR.
BINNEY, "that there was no human being in existence who could say
so much that was false, scurrilous, and malicious in the same amount
of space." We have heard that the BISHOP OF EXETER has written to
DR. CAMPBELL to say, that though the latter, not being a member of
the Church, is of course a blinded idiot on his way to perdition, still
the Bishop honours a man who endeavours to do his duty in Christian
love and sincerity, and should the Doctor be near Exeter the hospi-
tialities of the Palace are at his service. Similar invitations are en
route from DOCTORS CULLEN and WISEMAN. Mr. Punch is charmed to
see that the Nonconformists, who are celebrated for their laudation of
civil and religious liberty, have learned to take liberties which are at
once so religious and so civil.

MUSIC IN PIEDMONT.

IT promises badly for liberty in Italy, when the people make idols of
singers, and forget all citizenship in adoration of a *Prima Donna*.
Last year the Turinese worshipped PICCOLOMINI; her cough in
Traviata, would stir them more than a trumpet. We now learn that
the lovely little lady who, in England, has boxed the ears of public
morality with such an enchanting grace that even morality does not
frown but giggle at the assault,—we now learn that PICCOLOMINI is
dethroned in favour of a new Queen, one SIGNORA VIRGINIA BOCCA-
BADATE! There are no such helps to Austria in Italy as Italian *Prima
Donne*. People who go frantic for music, are apt to be a little cool
upon freedom. In this way, how often in Italy has Liberty herself
been strangled with cat-gut!



"WELL, IF EVER I SEE SUCH A FOG AS THIS IN ALL MY BORN DAYS."
Wednesday, Oct. 29th, 1856.

An Englishman's Tone.

"THERE is something," says the profound EMERSON, "in the very
tone of an Englishman's voice that has the ring of mediocrity." It
must be confessed that the tone of an American is generally more
melodious. And wherefore? Because it nearly always has in it the
ring of a dollar.



A FACT FROM THE NURSERY.

Nurse. "MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MISS CHARLOTTE, YOU MUSN'T PLAY WITH THOSE SCISSORS!"

Miss Charlotte. "I'M NOT PLAYING WITH 'EM, NURSE DEAR—I'M CUTTING 'ITTLE BRUDDER'S NAILS!"

A LADY IN A PASSION.

AN INDIGNANT MOTHER presents her compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and I must insist upon your taking notice of MR. ARNOLD's scandalous and INFAMOUS decision about Perambulators. Who is MR. ARNOLD, an Indignant Mother would like to be informed, that he is to take the INSOLENT LIBERTY of making such observations? He has pronounced a judgment (and pretty judgment he must possess to say such a thing) that Perambulators have no right on the foot-pavement. No right on the foot-pavement, and where, I ask you, are they to go? Is my precious tootsicum's carriage (not that he ought to be in one, for it is much wholesomer for the girl to carry him, as he gets more exercise, besides the warmth of her arms, but then my lady is so fine and lazy that she would put him down at the end of every street) to be sent into the road, to be run over every minute by PICKFORD'S Vans and HANSOM'S Cabs? I think I see him among them, precious pet! And what for? I should like to know. That great strong men, who are much fitter to go into the road than he is (the darling!), may be able to get on a little faster, or may not be obliged to look round and see that the wheel does not come against their *seventeen-and-sixpenny trousers*? Likely! But an Indignant Mother thinks that, if anything can be worse than such wicked tyranny, it is the reason which this MR. ARNOLD pretends to give to justify it. I suppose he calls it logic. He actually said that if a Perambulator might come on the foot-path, why not a wheelbarrow? Such low vulgar insinuations are beneath contempt. As if my heavenly tootsicums were to be named in the same day with a lot of nasty potatoes, or perhaps cat's-meat! MR. ARNOLD is quite unfit for his situation, and ought immediately to be prosecuted by the LORD CHANCELLOR, and brought before Parliament, or the Criminal Courts, for I am quite sure that many poor creatures are punished day after day for much less things than telling the world (where there are brutes enough already) that infants are no better than potatoes, and driving them (pretty things!) under the wheels of those horrible Vans, which ought to be all put down by Act of Parliament, if Parliament ever made any laws that were good for anything. Requesting that you will dress up these hasty remarks, and make them MUCH STRONGER, with a picture of MR. ARNOLD being horsewhipped as he ought to be, an Indignant Mother leaves the matter in *Mr. Punch's* hands.

"P. S. If MR. ARNOLD, or such like people, would make the horses and carts that frighten the poor children with noise and rumbling, be kept at home until after the time the children come in-doors, they would do more good than by such ridiculous conduct."

THE EMPEROR OF THE PRESS.

HAVING effectually gagged the French Press, LOUIS NAPOLEON is desirous to operate upon the English. Our contemporaries, however, will not submit so tamely to have their mouths stopped—even with French cambric. The EMPEROR, it is hinted, would like to see the *Times* reduced to the condition of the *Moniteur*; its leading articles suppressed, or written by himself, no foreign or political intelligence inserted, and the only letters from its "own correspondents" mutes. Take a large slice of the *Family Herald*, with a *rechauffé* of all the stale news of the *Standard*, add a few mares' nests from the *Morning Advertiser*, flavoured with Police Reports and "Movements of the Court," and then fill up and garnish with a nineteenth chapter of a thirty-second-rate novel ("to be continued in our next"), rather highly seasoned with a sprinkling of *gros sel* and a spice of the morality of the ultra-EUGENE SUE school,—such is the recipe that LOUIS NAPOLEON would now, in his imperial favour, give us, for that essentially French dish, which we hope we may never see introduced to England, which we may christen *L'oise rôtie d'un premier Journal*—or, as we may put it in plain English, a "Leading Journal that has had its goose cooked."

A Nice Calculation.

A WALLSEND gentleman, of great experience in the trade, and a constant attendant on the preaching of MR. SPURGEON, has calculated that, on an average, the reverend teacher uses in every sermon no less than three tons of coals, and all red hot. Last winter, poor people were known to warm their hands at his periods.

TOO PLAIN SPOKEN BY HALF.

"A Warning to SIR ROBERT PEEL."

SIR ROBERT, SIR ROBERT, what have you been doing?

Blurting facts out in all the world's face!

Do think what you are: for the course you're pursuing

Is, what you soon may be, out of place.

Facts are facts: But the rule is Officials should burke 'em,

Not call spades spades, like plain country squires;

If you must handle edge tools, do so with the Circum-

locution that Office requires.

The ghost of your father must blush for your folly,

How sublime his official reserve!

His rounded periphrases how he would volley,

Round the bush in majestic curve!

From his language who e'er his opinions could gather?

Even TALLEYRAND's self he'd talk blind;

Who would ever suppose you're the son of your father,

With that vile trick of speaking your mind?

This, too, on returning from Russia!—a nation

That holds language is given thoughts to hide:

Where you see in its best gloss of mystification,

Diplomacy's varnish applied.

Where *suggestio falsi, suppressio veri*

In their real perfection find place,

And the very word "Lie" from the dicti-on-ary,

Is struck out by Imperial ukase.

Be warned, then, in time: get a style more official;

Blink facts if they're too big to bolt;

The study of Walker, you'll find beneficial,

And for "Bankum" consult COLONEL COLT.

Ne'er use straightforward terms, unless no round-about one.

The Downing Street phrase-book supply,

And as for opinions, ne'er get up without one

That turned either way will apply.

THE POLICEMAN'S LOVE—AR(E)ABELLA.



Bigot. "I SEE NO REASON WHY GUNPOWDER TREASON SHOULD NEVER BE FORGOT!—OLLER BOYS! OLLER!"

[This print of the Protestant Bigot of the 19th Century, is dedicated to his Eminence CARDINAL W—SEM—N.]

A PROPHECIC SCENE ON TOWER-HILL.

(From the Morning Herald, of April the First, in the Year —.)

THE fearful event that has just delivered England from the interested machinations of one of the boldest, one of the least scrupulous, and let us add, one of the most adroit Ministers that ever pursued, like the snake, a tortuous policy for his own advancement,—will, we profoundly hope, operate so terribly as an example for all time, that never may the yesterday's spectacle of Tower-Hill be again repeated. But the blow is struck! And at this solemn moment, laying our hand upon our heart, we do not shrink from the responsibility of the part we have played in the tragedy, knowing as we do, that in our pursuit of the noble Viscount to Tower-Hill, we have followed no meaner motive than our love of country, to say nothing of our philanthropy for universal human kind.

But it was impossible that the unhappy nobleman could continue to struggle against the accumulated proofs of treason that it was our agonising duty to press against him. The Morning Herald had but one course to pursue, even if that course, in its inevitable end, drove a Prime Minister of England to the block. Let history judge and acquit us of all personal ill-will, all mere party malice. No: we do not scruple to affirm that there were many qualities in VISCOUNT P—LM—ST—N that had our cordial respect: would they had been sufficient to have saved him from a vengeance that was made sacred by its cause! But the end of the unhappy statesman, it is to be hoped, will remain a warning to all future Ministers, that it is not given to them to betray England and escape the avenging wrath of the Morning Herald.

With the mournful scene of yesterday ensanguined in the recollection of tens of thousands—(for never, perhaps, was Tower Hill so crowded) it is not our purpose to dilate upon the circumstances that led to the tragedy: nevertheless, we may be permitted to cast back a retrospective glance on Westminster Hall prepared for the trial of the fallen Minister. We are free to confess that VISCOUNT P—LM—ST—N bore himself with all his constitutional ease and even gaiety on that mournful occasion. At the very time that the toils—our toils—were closing around him, and the faces of his friends fell and darkened with anticipation (one middle-aged peeress was removed from the gallery in hysterics)—at that very time, the pleasant audacity of the Viscount did not forsake him; and when he entered upon his defence, he took up the theme with the same grace and vivacity with which it was his wont to make a congratulatory nuptial speech at a bridal breakfast.

But the proofs were all too damning. We had proved as clear as light the many treasons of VISCOUNT P—LM—ST—N with Russia. We showed how in the Otaheitan difficulty he had been secretly in accord with the court of St. Petersburg to precipitate the Syrian war, and to accomplish the Spanish marriages. Well, and what is the result? Has not Russia—so long estranged from Spain—acknowledged the throne of ISABELLA THE SECOND?

Did he not also defeat a treaty between Austria and Turkey, for the sole purpose of weakening the Porte towards the aggression of

NICHOLAS? If the spurs of a MENSCHIKOFF jingled contemptuously on the marble hearth of a Turkish Minister, to whom was the circumstance attributable but to the treason of VISCOUNT P—LM—ST—N?

When England and Austria were about to ratify a commercial treaty for a free-trade in meerschaum-pipes and Whitney blankets, who—bribed by Russia, as we proved in the solemnity of Westminster Hall—who defeated the measure? VISCOUNT P—LM—ST—N!

Who flung Teheran into the arms of St. Petersburg? Who fastened upon Poland the fetters of the CZAR? Who pocketed the insult of the *Vixen*? Who blocked up the Sulina mouths of the Danube in complicity with Russia? Why, P—LM—ST—N!

And further, and to conclude, who—with no more remorse than was shown by the *Cruel Uncle* of the *Children in the Wood*—who set aside the rights of nineteen heirs to the throne of Denmark—(they were all in London in lodgings during the impeachment, and were ready to be examined, but it was thought unnecessary, for the accused had but *one neck*)—who violated the Danish throne for the future advantage of the CZAR of all the Russias; who but P—LM—ST—N?

But the axe has fallen: treason has been punished! England has been avenged! And for the important part the *Morning Herald* has taken in the tragedy, we trust that we have too much real patriotism to make any boast of that. No! all we claim of the country is the admission that, fearless of every consequence, we have done our duty.

To return to the Tower. From the time that the noble prisoner entered through Traitor's Gate, his spirits never deserted him. This allowance we owe to truth and to the memory of the man. He was allowed every privilege consistent with safe-keeping; and it affords a pleasing aspect of political life to know that men of all parties sent in their cards and consolations. For ourselves (we make no boast of the trifle) we took care that an early copy of the *Morning Herald* was placed upon the breakfast table of the fallen statesman; and derive some comfort from the conviction that more than one of our leaders shed a ray of departing sunlight on his approaching end.

His Lordship slept very soundly, and breakfasted with his usual appetite. Indeed, we regret that as historians it is our duty to chronicle a jest uttered by the unfortunate nobleman whilst at table, betraying, as we think, a levity very unseemly on the occasion. Carving a cold partridge, the prisoner raised a piece of the breast towards his mouth, winked, and said "game to the last." It was also observable that he ate more than his usual supply of Russian *caviare*, thus showing the ruling passion very strong even in the Tower. He had also cut the Russian eagle in the stone wall of his dungeon.

At nine o'clock several bishops, the High Priest of the Jews, with several distinguished Wesleyans and Baptist ministers, were present, moved to offer their services. The noble Viscount regretted that he could not see them all, but thanked them equally for their solicitude and good-will.

As the clock struck ten the hair-dresser was introduced, who proceeded to curl the noble Viscount's hair; for which the noble prisoner gave the man a five-sovereign piece (the gold, no doubt, originally from the Ural Mountains).

The fatal moment having arrived, his Lordship in the most affable manner declared himself quite ready. Never, perhaps, did Tower-Hill display so imposing a spectacle. The house-tops were thronged; and at least half-a-dozen peeresses were pointed out to us who had paid twenty pounds a-piece for a seat in an attic window.

The noble Viscount was dressed in a rich court suit; and it was observed that the waistcoat was somewhat ostentatiously embroidered with heart's-ease. For our own part, as Christians, we can only hope that the heart's-ease was not all outside.

As the clock struck eleven, the—

And now all is past, this much we must say of the departed statesman. A nobler, honester, braver spirit never worked for his country's good, however mistaken may now and then have been his policy. But who is infallible? No man. And thus was VISCOUNT P—LM—ST—N taken away, even as it seemed, in the fulness of his triumph. It appears but yesterday and the departed statesman was making a proud progress throughout the country. In Manchester, he inspected how cotton was spun by the process of SIR ELKANAH ARMITAGE; and where is now his vital thread? In Liverpool, he—

Shoe-lane, Midnight.

Our office is attacked by a set of ruffians from the neighbourhood of Tower-Hill, all of them singing, "For he was a jolly good fellow!"

MR. URQ—H—RT has addressed the mob, and has in the handsomest manner expressed himself ready to go into short mourning. This has seemed to tranquillise the miscreants, who are gradually departing. Should they return, we will make known the fact in another edition.



THE FIRST COOK.

Timid Young Bride (with delicacy). "You seem to have had, then, five new situations in four months.—Is not that rather—how is—?"

Rawboned Candidate (with energy). "Bless yer 'art, mum, I've had such young dooses of Missuses, mum!"

EXHIBITION OF THE LORD MAYOR ELECT!

BELOW is described a ceremony which a simply benevolent mind would be pained to witness:—

PRESENTATION OF THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.—At 11 o'clock yesterday, according to custom, the LORD MAYOR elect was presented to the LORD CHANCELLOR for HER MAJESTY'S approval. The LORD MAYOR was introduced to the LORD CHANCELLOR, at his mansion in Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. The RECORDER, in a brief address, set forth the services that the worthy Alderman had performed in his various offices of Common Councilman, and Deputy of the Tower Ward, for which he was elected Alderman on the death of ALDERMAN LUCAS, as also his services as Magistrate of the City of London. The learned RECORDER also entered into a brief statement of the success of the commercial pursuits of the LORD MAYOR elect, which had raised him to the proud position of being chosen LORD MAYOR of the first city of the world. The LORD CHANCELLOR, in expressing on the part of HER MAJESTY her approval of the choice of the LIVERY, congratulated the LORD MAYOR elect on his elevation. The LORD MAYOR elect, the RECORDER, the Sheriffs, and the other Civic functionaries, then withdrew.

The scene above reported is enacted annually, and everybody who attains to what is called "the proud position of being chosen LORD MAYOR of the first city in the world," has also to occupy the extremely undignified position assigned to the LORD MAYOR elect in the above narrative. The heir annually apparent to the Civic Crown has always, within a few days of his accession to the throne of the City, to be brought up before the LORD CHANCELLOR, and exhibited and described to that noble and learned functionary by the RECORDER. As if the subject of the RECORDER'S remarks were incapable of giving an account of himself, and stating his own antecedents—birth, parentage, lineage, in case of his having any, education, and commercial career, in decent English. Tradition, derived from barbarous antiquity, appears to have prescribed, that Lord Mayors shall be presumed to be, as such, incapable of rational utterance, sure to omit, or misapply, the aspirate, and certain to confound the letters *v* and *w*—therefore unfit to open their mouths, except to eat, in any educated presence. The elect LORD MAYOR is explained to the LORD CHANCELLOR by the same kind of prolocutor as the one who, according to the former MATTHEWS, befriended the school-boy, by informing those whom it concerned, that this young gentleman's name was *Novval*. We should somewhat like, although, for the reason above given, it would a little hurt our feelings, to witness the burlesque performed by the RECORDER for the entertainment of the higher legal functionary.

Left to imagination for an idea of the scene, we conceive the learned gentleman provided with a long wand, and employing it, in his demonstration, after the manner of the showman of a menagerie. Continuing his discourse in terms reverently suppressed by the reporter, we fancy him to proceed in something like the following strain, as though in

allusion to an elephant. "We shall now cause the animal to afford you a few illustrations of his wonderful sagacity." Hereupon he pokes the LORD MAYOR in the stomach, and his Lordship, thus stimulated, gesticulates, kicks, and is thrown into a paroxysm of unwieldy convulsions. "The LORD MAYOR will next oblige the company by balancing himself on one leg"—and admonished by another touch of the wand, my Lord assumes the required attitude. "He will now accomplish the remarkable feat of standing on his head," and this achievement is also effected in obedience to an additional incentive administered with the long pole. "The docile creature will next kneel down, and remain in that posture whilst the Cap of Maintenance is being sent round among the honourable spectators. Pray remember the RECORDER." The promised result is again obtained by a repetition of the stimulus. "You shall now behold him, at the word of command, seat himself upon his haunches, and, resting upon that extraordinary basis, he will ring a bell, fire off a pistol, and eat any quantity of gingerbread-nuts that the kindness of any parties present may dispose them to offer him. After which he will pick up a sixpence with his mouth; and lastly rise, expressing his sense of the obligations conferred upon him by making an obeisance to the company." All these acts of intelligence are accurately, if clumsily, executed by the apparently half-reasoning dignitary, who is then at length led off amid the applause of the beholders.

In answer to the congratulations of the LORD CHANCELLOR on his elevation to the Civic Chair, we do not find the LORD MAYOR represented as uttering any articulate sounds; whence we conclude, that his acknowledgments of them are rendered in dumb show at a signal intimated to him by his RECORDER.

The LORD MAYOR'S Show, and all the other ceremonial circumstances incidental to the Mayoralty, are of a character equally absurd with his presentation to the LORD CHANCELLOR. The ludicrous is a recognised element in the Civic Constitution, and its utility is evidenced in the practical working of that system. Perhaps some erudite German professor will some day expound the Theory of the Comic in Municipal Government, as operating, with the force of a sustaining principle, in our Civic monarchy.

AN ILLUMINATED SCOTCHMAN.

THERE is such a thing as being Penny-Wise—there is also such a thing as being Penny-Foolish. The former implies only comparative, the latter positive folly. Among those who practise penny-wisdom, we may class the purchasers of most of our London cheap newspapers, seeing that such persons obtain an article which, though it is necessarily inferior to the productions of those who employ first-class writers and pay them adequately, contains some information and some good sense. But among the penny-foolish people we fear that we must place the unfortunate persons (we hope, and indeed believe, that their number is not large (who throw away their bawbees in procuring such cheap Scotch newspapers as are typified by an Edinburgh journal which has been sent us, called the *Daily Express*. One does not expect profound political views, accurate reports, or anything else of much value for four farthings; but, to adapt what a gentleman of the chimney-sweeping persuasion bawled out one night at the Victoria Theatre,—“We don't look for no good grammar here; but, blow it, you might shut the scenes to!”—the penny Scotchman might avoid horrible English in a narrative of a simple incident that took place under, or rather over his own eyes. In the very centre and post of honour in the *Daily Express*, we find the following *morceau*:—

“We observed on Friday, 30th October, that Mr. ROBERT HUTCHISON, of the White Horse Hotel, Grassmarket, was beautifully illuminated, and a splendid display of ladies and gentlemen on his balcony, which did great credit to the landlord of the above-mentioned hotel.”

We have heard of a man's being enlightened (a process not likely to be often undergone by a subscriber to the *Daily Express*), but how Mr. HUTCHISON of the White Horse, managed to be “illuminated” puzzles us. As MRS. HERMANS wrote, “There is fear in the path of his dim White Horse.” Passing from this mystery, we want to know why Scotch ladies and gentlemen are to be talked of as if they were fireworks. A splendid display of ladies and gentlemen! We hope, fireworks or not, that the landlord did not “let them off,” until they had paid their bills. The balcony, according to the *Daily Express*, did the landlord great credit, but we trust that he gave little. The penny Scotchman “observed” all these things, for he says so, but his ability to place the result of his observations on paper is as limited as we should imagine, from the admitted shrewdness of our Scottish brethren, that his circulation must be. Even two bawbees should not be wasted on trash.

Proverbs for Palk.

WASH your dirty linen at home before you give advice to husbandmen.
Hang a dog before you give him a bad name.
Take care of your peace before you let your charity begin at home.
A bird in hand is the best policy.
Honesty is worth two in a bush.

A WELL-EARNED WIGGING.



SIR B.—H—, *scated.*
To him approaches MR. THW—s the Chairman of the Metropolitan Central Board, attended by the Brewers, Bakers, Farriers, Furriers, Tailors, and other eminent and scientific persons to whom the present and future welfare of London has been entrusted.

Sir B. O! there you are at last. Better late than never. Now, then, let's see what you have been doing? You have been talking for months. Have you now hit upon a plan for draining London.

The Board. We 'ave, SIR B. 'ALL.

Sir B. Well, let's have it. (*Plans produced.*) Is this your notion, MR. BAJAZET?

Mr. B. (*the surveyor.*) It is, Sir.

Sir B. Be good enough to make me understand it.

Mr. B. (*aside to him.*) That's a feat I've not been able to accomplish with the Board, I can tell you, SIR BENJAMIN.

Sir B. (*to him.*) I suppose not—I suppose not. But they have agreed upon it?

Mr. B. Well, after a fashion. And it was necessary to bring you something, for the public has almost begun to leave off laughing at them, and to ask what they are for.

Sir B. (*wickedly.*) I think I will ask you, gentlemen of the Board, to explain this plan to me. These professional gentlemen (*winking at MR. BAJAZET*) are so enthusiastic about their own designs that they become advocates rather than exponents. Now, gentlemen. (*The plans are unrolled.*) Yes, here is the north side, here the south, and here the river. Teddington—Gravesend—good. Now then?

After some flurry and whispering, a devoted Member clears his throat.

The Member. You see, SIR B. 'ALL, London's a big place, and produces a great deal of—of—of— (*Delicacy stops the way.*)

Sir B. (*good-naturedly.*) Of sewage.

The Member. Just so, Sir (*takes courage and gets parochial.*) Now, Sir, I may say for myself, and I say it in the most unhesitating, and the most—the most—the most un—undeviating manner, that the solemn and important position to which we have been elevated by the voice of our fellow-citizens, has demanded from us the most seculous, the most uncompromising, the most—

Sir B. (*shortly.*) Where do you propose to take the sewage?

The Member (*after a pause of astonishment.*) Herith.

Sir B. O! Erith. But you bring me a plan which you are aware you yourselves rejected before. Have you now satisfied yourselves of its advantage?

Another Member. Elected, Sir, by the unanimous voice of a most important district of this vast and daily expaniating Metropolis, I should ill fulfil those duties which I was solicited to undertake, and to the discharge of which I have devoted 'ours of solicitude, did I not in the first place proceed to hanimadvert upon—

Sir B. Plan B, then, is the one which you lay before the Government, as sanctioned by you.

The Board. That's 'in.

Sir B. Good. And why, gentlemen, have you been such an awful time about it?

A Third Member. It cannot be necessary, SIR B. 'ALL, for me to call your attention to the circumstance that the Metropolitan Central Board, representing, as it does, the entire respectability and enlightenment of this enormous capital, has other duties to perform besides the mere routine of business! It has to give expression to sentiments—

Sir B. Upon my word, I don't see that it has to do anything of the kind. Your business is to drain London, not to spout platitudes. Well, I shall look at your plan, which I dare say will not do, and it ought to have been here months ago. What have you done about Covent Garden?

A Fourth Member. The terrible catastrophe, or rather conflagration, which in the earlier portion of the current year, deprived this vast Metropolis of one of its choicest ornaments in levelling to the earth the lyric temple of the drama—

Sir B. It isn't levelled—it's only gutted. Where are your plans?

Chairman. Here, Sir. (*Plans produced.*)

Sir B. These we ought to have had long since, but you sit in your chamber, jabber, jabber, jabber, just because you know the reporters are in the room, and so nothing is done. I'll tell you what—you shall have no reporters.

A Fifth Member. Protesting, Sir, in the name of the people of England against this unheard-of outrage upon the liberty of speech, a despotism worthy of the hiron tyranny of the adjacent sovereign—

Sir B. Bother! What have you done with Southwark?

Chairman. I am not aware, SIR B., that you have any call for to ask us that

question. At the same time, I am not prepared to say that we shall refuse to exhibit to you the schemes for eliminating—

Sir B. I don't want 'em. I want a scheme for draining, and the sooner I have it, the better for you. For I tell you plainly, gentlemen, that London can't wait for sewers while you are composing vestry speeches, and that if you do not go to work like sensible, practical tradesmen who know the value of time, and who also know that if a thing's done at all it should be done well, I shall be obliged to ask the House of Commons to send you back to the shops from which it was perhaps a mistake to call you. You may go.

[*Exit the Board, making highly objectionable remarks about a coo de tar, disrespect to parochial authorities, Holiver Crumwell, and other spots; but, Mr. Punch hopes, resolved on taking the hint of the Chief Commissioner of Works.*

THE SKELETON OF CRINOLINE.

Lines sent to a Young Lady, together with a Japon Squelette.

BY A WRETCH.

THINK, this present when thou wearest,
Fal, la, la!

Not on me—if aught thou carest
For the giver, lady fairest,
Lal, la, la!

Think of what thou hast about thee,
To expand thee and spread out thee,
There's a skeleton without thee,
Ha, ha, ha!

Think of this when thou art dancing
Fal, la, la!

With some triffer, him entrancing,
Where the chandeliers are glancing,
La, la, la!

Think, too, whilst soft gallants spin thee
Silken yarns, in hope to win thee,
There's a skeleton within thee,
Ha, ha, ha!

Then this gift, for all its lightness,
Fal, la, la!

Warn thee will, arrayed in brightness,
Not to lace with too much tightness,
La, la, la!

That thy waist may be a wonder,
Not to squeeze it half asunder,
Crushing so the bones thereunder!
Ha, ha, ha!

Whilst this garment, wide of measure,
Fal, la, la!

In the whirl of mirth and pleasure,
Shall encompass thee, my treasure,
La, la, la!

Thou wilt feel it monitory,
In the height of Fashion's glory,
'Twill be thy Memento Mori.
Ha, ha, ha!

OPPORTUNITIES FOR BRITISH ART.

THE *Times*, in a leading article on the subject of "Big Ben" of St. Stephens, reminds us that "Old Palace Yard, between the Hall and the Abbey, has no longer its gallows and its pillory."

Considering how many PAULS, SADLEIRS, ROBSONS, and other rogues are continually coming out just now, many people may be of opinion that this is a pity. Among the "Westminster improvements," it may, in the view of not a few persons, be advisable that the restoration of the gallows and the pillory should be included. In these days of art-crockery and art-coal-scuttles, if the re-erection of the two wooden structures above-named were determined on, it might be well to have an art-gallows and an art-pillory, for the design of which architectural objects we suppose enough talent has perhaps been developed by the school which has been formed for its cultivation.



JENKINS RECEIVING THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

VIVE LA GAROTTE!

How gay is the life of the ticket-o'-leave man,
 Let loose with a licence to prig!
 With his delicate bunches o' fives free to thieve, man,
 While flats with their horny ones dig.
 With a crib left to crack who the blazes 'ud starve, boys,
 Or with ever a purse to be got?
 The cove as resists just gets what they deserve, boys,
 Then huzza, my lads, *Vive la Garotte!*
Vive la Garotte! Vive la Garotte!
 Hip, huzza, my lads, *Vive la Garotte!*

Let others walk out in the sunshine and skylight,
 Oh, the dark o' the night, boys, for me,
 Or a nice little fog, on the edge o' the twilight,
 When the Blues is enjoying their tea!
 Then me and my pals, we are out on the prowl, boys,
 The old "Stand and deliver!" 's all rot;
 Three to one; hit behind; with a wipe round the jowl, boys,
 That's the ticket—and *Vive la Garotte!*
Vive la Garotte! Vive la Garotte!
 Hip, huzza, my lads, *Vive la Garotte!*

Ten to one there's no Blue within hail o' the party,
 Or if there's a crusher in sight,
 Watch him, first, down an area, where he'll soon be hearty,
 Tuckin in, and tiled up for the night.
 Or if wust comes to wust, and you gets yourself lagged, boys,
 For Hulks, Portland, Tench, or what not—
 Hanyways there's the Chaplain is easy humbugged, boys,
 And when out again, *Vive la Garotte!*
Vive la Garotte! Vive la Garotte!
 Hip, huzza, my lads, *Vive la Garotte!*

When you're in, JEBB and HILL, bless 'em,—they'll see you
 through it,
 If you tips 'em the penitent dodge:
 The work's fun, if with texts and long mug you goes to it,
 There's worse cribs than the jug for to lodge.

When you're out, we're no green 'uns, but up to the trade, boys,
 And goes to work, smart, on the spot:
 Your larners is timid, but we ain't afraid, boys,
 Let them cly-fake, we'll tip the *Garotte*,
Vive la Garotte! Vive la Garotte!
 Hip, huzza, my lads, *Vive la Garotte!*

A MAN OF ACTIVE SKIN.

THE tartrate of antimony is a powerful sudorific. Ipecacuanha possesses strong diaphoretic properties. An examination for the diploma of surgeon and licence of apothecary has often produced on the student of medicine the effect of those medicinal substances. The skin of many a brave man may have acted profusely on first going into action. But never, perhaps, did personal alarm operate on the perspiratory organ with the effect experienced, according to his own statement, by MR. LAURENCE HEYWORTH, Member of Parliament for Derby, teetotalter, and advocate of the Maine Law. At a tea-meeting at Darlington the other day, this gentleman related the following anecdote:—

"Twenty years ago, after hearing some labouring men declare that they could work better without intoxicating drinks than with them, he took the pledge; but in going home a doubt crossed his mind whether these poor men had correct notions—whether some one or more might not sink and die. He became quite alarmed, so that the perspiration burst out of him like a flood."

Bodily fear produced on MR. HEYWORTH, the teetotalter, the same effect which it takes a glass of stiff brandy-and-water to produce, on a man of ordinarily strong mind and nerves. What a happy thing it must be for MR. HEYWORTH to possess a skin which acts so readily from such a cause! Whenever he is attacked by a dangerous illness, if he knows it, we presume that a profuse perspiration relieves his system and his terror. No doubt this peculiarity has combined with total abstinence to preserve his health. MR. HEYWORTH will never be frightened to death. Fear, in his case, will never produce apoplexy or fatal affection of the heart. It will make him perspire instead. The effect of his consternation at suddenly conceiving the possibility that total abstinence might kill him, was merely an increased secretion from the cutaneous pores. It might have been worse.



IMPUDENT ATTEMPT TO GAROTTE A GENTLEMAN OF THE
PRESS—AND COMPLETE FAILURE.

POISONS.

As Poisons are claiming, or likely to claim, the attention of Parliament, the following, with appropriate tests, are drawn up, that the public may also pay attention to them before any election:—

| Poisons. | Mode of Action. | Antidotes. | Tests. | Where to be looked for. | Colour of the Precipitate. |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ROUTINE | Stagnates the blood and generally carries off half its victims. | Cut away all the clothing and diminish the bulk of the Offices by purging in the most speedy manner. | Any emergency requiring common sense and alertness. | In Downing Street and the Government Offices generally. | Pinky red, with a mouldy appearance in places. |
| COMMISSIONS PURCHASE | Causes irregular action, feverish excitement, and paralysis. | Promotion for services and good conduct, accompanied by competent examinations. | The trunchees in winter.—N.B. The Cos-ack test recommended by a noble Lord does not answer. | Whitehall. | Scarlet. |
| PUBLIC SINECURES | Preys upon the (nation's) vitals, and taxes the victims to the utmost. | Examination in public before office, and no pay without work completed. | A change in the Administration. | Amongst full or half-bred lazy men generally. | Various, an under grey very bad. |
| FALSEHOOD | Seems to exhilarate at first, afterwards runs into mortification. | Bleed with the truth copiously, then send the patient to Austria. | Time and circumstances. | Amongst Emperors & Kings in the despatch-box and high places generally, a good deal in the Church, not much in a free press. | At first rose, afterwards running rapidly through brown to black. |
| HYPOCRISY | Lowers and stretches out the voice, gives a down-lock, and other symptoms too deceptive for description. | Try hydropathy; do not wait for any doctor, but use the nearest pond or pump. | Tastes soft and sweet at first, suddenly changing to an intense bitter if exposed to light. | Amongst confirmed saints and the long cloth a good deal; may be found in Lincoln's Inn also. | Sable, with a velvety appearance. |

PROPOSAL FROM A YOUNG LADY.

[Below will be found the reason why we have printed this letter, simply suppressing the family name of the writer.]



EAR SIR,—“That you very often admit the contributions of ladies into your delightful paper there cannot be the least doubt in the world. Of course I am not deceived by nonsense pretending to come from ladies, because any woman can easily detect when a fine Lord of the creation is condescending (as he would call it) to try and write like herself; but I very often see articles which no one but a lady could have sent you. And these, dear Mr. Punch, are, I can assure you, the very best things which you publish, and it is no use saying that they are not, because they are.

“This induces me to think, that if you were to have a regular lady contributor to your pages, it would be a great satisfaction to many thousands of persons. If you entertain

the same opinion, I shall be glad to offer myself and my services. You must, however, my dear Mr. Punch, keep it quite secret, for reasons which I would rather explain to you than write about.

“But, dear Mr. Punch, I do not mean that, because I am a young lady, I am to write about nothing but what you men call women's subjects. The millinery is not to be handed over to me, nor yet the jokes about babies, and things of that sort. I must be allowed to express my mind upon everything as freely as I should do if I were talking to you, you dear old creature, in our drawing-room. If I write what you do not approve of, why, of course, you must scratch it out, but I do not consent to be forbidden to choose any subject I may like. If you think that I do not understand politics, now, you are entirely mistaken, for Papa was in the House of Commons; and, in the hope that he will be there again, he regularly bores Mamma and me all breakfast-time with his Views. My brother Augustus hunts, and I have driven over to the cover-side; so that you perceive I understand sporting matters; and, having two cousins clergymen, I am not likely to be ignorant about Church affairs. Music, dancing, pictures, and all that, of course, came into my education; and I think that I shall win a dear old gentleman's affections, when I say that I know a good port

wine from bad, and that I like it better (one glass, that is) than champagne.

“One thing, my dear Mr. Punch, I will confess to you. If you take me among you, I shall come chiefly for the purpose of Giving it to the Men. There! I do not mean, of course, that I should do so in the terribly vulgar way of that dreadful person, FANNY FERN, because I hope that your readers are all ladies and gentlemen. But I do think, dear Mr. Punch, and so do hundreds whom I know, that your pages lean far too much, not to Virtue's side, quite the contrary, but to the side of Mankind. I do not mean that you are not very bold in Our cause sometimes, and when serious things come up; but you let men escape for a great many offences of all kinds, for which you would come down in a crushing manner upon us poor creatures. If you please, I want to retaliate, and so if you are afraid of offending your men-readers (and I know how touchy they are), say at once that you would rather dispense with my services. I shall not be offended, but love you all the better for your frankness.

“Now, dear Mr. Punch, if you would like to set some matters before your readers from a Young Lady's Point of View, you may write to me and say so, and then you must manage to see me, as I can explain my ideas better in conversation; and besides, I think if you do see me you will like me a little. I do not know whether I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you in society; but I have met several very handsome and agreeable persons who have been pointed out to me as your writers; but people tell such stories that one never knows what to believe.

“I send you an address, to which you are to be so kind as to write, and I am,

“My dear Mr. Punch,

“Most sincerely your

“MARY ANN.

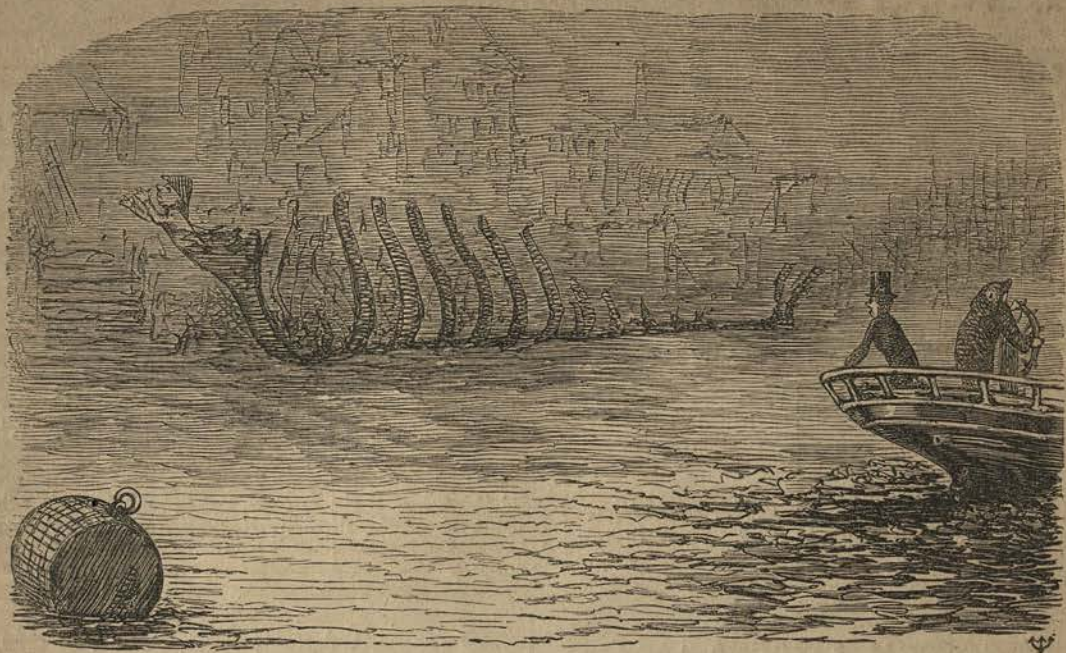
“Saturday.

“P.S. No, I won't put one, because you say a woman can never write without a postscript. There, Sir.”

[We have printed this letter simply to save ourselves trouble. We shall not write to the lady, nor shall we manage to see her. Neither, in all human probability, shall we insert one single additional line which she may send us. But in the event of our discovering that she can say anything worth printing, the above will be her introduction to the world, and now she may do just what she likes.—PUNCH.]

Too Much and Too Little.

MILAN is very different from London. In the latter Metropolis, the cry is “Where are the Police?” in the former, “Where are *not* the Police?” There, the Police, both openly and secretly, pervade every hole and corner to such an extent that the difficulty is to know who is *not* a Policeman. If we were compelled to select either of those two towns as a place of residence, we should certainly, exercising our choice of the two evils, give the preference to London. We draw this difference between the two countries:—In England the difficulty is to find a Policeman—in Austria the difficulty is to avoid one!



Jones has an Excellent View of the Sea Serpent on his Voyage from the Isle of Dogs to Hungerford Pier.

THE MITY REALM OF MONACO.

THE official *Gazette of Verona* of the 1st instant, records the accession of the PRINCE OF MONACO to his dominions. This is a potentate of the extent of whose territory a most exaggerated estimate will probably be formed by many of our readers; since it, although he himself is styled merely a Prince, is denominated a kingdom. They may imagine that the sway of this monarch may, perhaps, extend over a region, only a little inferior in magnitude to the county of Rutland. His whole kingdom, however, is considerably less spacious than that, its extent not exceeding two leagues. These dimensions naturally suggest a comparison with Lilliput: but the number of the inhabitants of Monaco is 800. The population is thus proportionate to the area which it occupies; and may, therefore, be presumed to consist of individuals not necessarily under the ordinary size. Accordingly, when we are told that, at a point called the Croce, the Prince was received by the Mayor and other authorities, and had offered to him, in conformity with custom, a goblet of wine of honour, we are not forced to imagine the vessel to have been of the magnitude of an acorn-cup, and the quantity of generous liquor contained in it to have been one drop. Nor, are we obliged to surmise that the guns fired in honour of the occasion were twopenny brass cannon: nor to conceive that the Mayor and authorities in attendance were less tall and fat than other Mayors and authorities.

The above particulars, mentioned by our Italian contemporary, induce certain reflections. Has the PRINCE OF MONACO any army? If he has, of what extent may it be supposed to be, assuming it to bear an average proportion to the population at large? A rough calculation which we have made on this point places the Monacone, Monacose, Monacotic, or Monaconian army, whichever you like to term it, at 5½ strong. Geographical considerations do not permit the PRINCE OF MONACO to rank with the maritime powers; to estimate, therefore, the probable strength of his navy is superfluous, and might be deemed absurd.

The administration of a monarchy so extremely limited as that of Monaco is, probably, equally limited; and it is likely that the officers in the Civil Service of the Prince do not very greatly exceed the number of those employed in the military. It is probable, indeed, that he keeps no servants whatever, except domestics; but of these the number may be considerable. For, no doubt, his rule is of a patriarchal character; and he may often accomplish the object of feeding his people by having them all to dine with him: when a numerous staff of cooks and other attendants would be requisite. This liberality would, however, involve great cost; and, of course, he cannot practise it when, as may sometimes happen, he has only two or three *scudi* in his exchequer.

The influence which the succession of the PRINCE OF MONACO to the throne of his ancestors will exercise on the destinies of Europe

is incalculable. We trust that, warned by the unhappy examples of other sovereigns possessing dominions not less vast, and peoples not inferior in multitude to his own, he will endeavour, instead of cherishing dreams of empty ambition, to devote his energies to the development of those internal resources which he will not have to go far to discover within the compass of two leagues. True, he will be unable to promote the welfare of the million, because his subjects do not amount to that number: but he can study the best interests of the 800 who, inclusive of the Mayor, and other authorities, acknowledge his own authority as paramount and supreme.

A *Te Deum* was sung at the consecration of this mighty Prince, who, on that solemn and important occasion, exchanged the name of FLORESTAN, which he had previously borne, for that of CHARLES THE THIRD. May the lustre of that title be destined to extend many a yard beyond those two leagues which comprise the magnificent realm of Monaco.

ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.

(From our *Fal-lal* Correspondent amongst the Superior Classes.)

ON Tuesday last a Lady of Title, whose name has hitherto been kept a profound secret, whilst proceeding up the grand staircase of Sutherland House to pay the amiable Duchess a visit, neglected, we are sorry to state, to take the customary precaution of walking up sideways. The consequence of her recklessness (which, it is to be hoped, will act as a warning to other ladies) was, that her dress, which, *selon la mode*, was fully twice as broad as it was long, became so completely wedged in between the banisters and the wall, that it was impossible for her to move either one way or the other. Her Ladyship's position was not one of the most agreeable in the world. It was, in fact, as alarming as it was awkward; for it was not a pin's point more practicable for her to advance, than it was to retreat. There she remained for some considerable period, perfectly immovable in body, though not unmoved in temper; and every minute of that prolonged agony will probably be recollected by the fair Prisoner of Crinoline until the last day of her life, when she throws off the "mortal coil" of hoops and hen-cooped petticoats. Finding, at last, her efforts to release herself from her ridiculous immurement perfectly ineffectual, the question naturally arose as to what had best be done. Were the banisters to be sawn away? or was a hole to be excavated in the wall, sufficiently large to describe a circle in which her Ladyship could with safety turn round and sidle off? No: out of respect to the Duchess, it was resolved by a council of elderly ladies, held on the landing, that it was better that the dress should be cut away. Accordingly, half-a-dozen young milliners were fetched from MADAME DE JUPON'S establishment in the neighbourhood; and, with the help of large scissors and garden-shears, they set to work in good earnest, in order to clear the thoroughfare.

During the operation, which was witnessed in the most breathless silence by a large crowd of European Nobility, that, owing to the passing impediment, had gathered behind, her Ladyship was supported by burnt feathers being applied under her aquiline nose, and lumps of sugar dipped in eau-de-cologne being dropped into her mouth. However, owing to the distance caused by the circumference of her dress, these had to be inserted between a pair of tongs (of the brightest steel), and it was only by extending the tongs at arm's length that the restoratives could be introduced near enough to reach her exhausted person. After severe labour, and the sacrifice of several yards of the most expensive *moiré antique*, MADAME DE JUPON'S assistants (who, if they had been female navigators, could not have worked with greater zeal or hardihood) succeeded in extricating the unfortunate Lady from her distressing dilemma of solitary confinement. The difficulties they encountered in cutting through the innumerable strata of silk, whalebone, guimpure, foundation, muslin, gauze, stiffening, calico, flannel, caoutchouc, and crinoline, would, we are told, if minutely related, send a thrill through the bosom of the stoutest engineer! The Lady, considerably curtailed of her fair proportions, was carried home, more dead than alive, in a sedan-chair. The ruins of the dress were removed in a cart. The staircase is to be enlarged.

ODE TO ERNEST JONES.

"It is because . . . I believe it to be one of the vilest shams, and greatest legislative curses ever inflicted on a people—that I am opposed to the British Constitution."
—MR. ERNEST JONES at St. Martin's Hall, Nov. 4.

REMEMBER, ERNEST JONES, whilst you abuse,
In frantic terms, the British Constitution,
That it permits you to propound your views
Tending to unbelief and revolution.
Consider with what violence you declaim,
Without receiving any molestation,
How hard you try the masses to inflame,
Albeit you excite no inflammation.

In any other country could you wag
Your tongue according to your mere discretion?
What Government would fail your jaw to gag,
Though mildly you remarked on huge oppression?
O, MR. JONES, suppose you were in Rome!
O, MR. JONES, suppose you were in Naples!
Deep in a dungeon you would have your home,
With thieves, all chained together, or to staples.

Suppose you in America harangued
The sons of freedom, would you have such tether?
If, by the Law of LYNCH you were not hanged,
Your person they would surely tar and feather.
Their aristocracy were you to chide,
And white superiority disparage,
How soon upon a rail you'd have to ride,
Being by no means in a railway-carriage!

The British Constitution lets you roar,
It suffers you with all your might to bellow,
The noise you make if Ministers ignore,
Is that why you're a discontented fellow?
Would you be rather locked up without ball?
Cast into prison without judge or jury?
Come ERNEST JONES, man, cut this kind of tale
Told by a Chartist, full of sound and fury.

RAILWAY DESPOTISM.

THE position of Ticket-of-leave men has lately been attracting considerable attention, and many appeals to public sympathy have been made in their behalf. But whatever be the difficulties, as well as the indignities, which they have to submit to, their condition bears in this respect most favourable contrast when compared with that of others, with whom they have at least a nominal relationship. We allude to the holders of those season tickets-of-leave, by which permission may be purchased for a certain fixed continuance of Railway Travelling. It appears from evidence which has lately reached us, in the form of a perambulator-load of correspondence, that the issuing of these tickets is attended with about as many drawbacks and exceptions as the granting of his freedom to a serf in Russia. Before receiving his pass, the applicant, it seems, has to do a sort of penance in a sheet of stipulations, by which he acknowledges allegiance to the Company, and promises to pay attention to whatever orders its Directors may be pleased to issue. We learn for instance that the purchaser of his freedom—that is, his freedom to travel—on the London and North Western, is required expressly to admit, in writing, that his ticket is "available only for journeys between the stations therein named;"

and, with a humiliating use of the first person, he has further to acknowledge that—

"In the event of my travelling between the abovenamed and any other station, I shall pay the full fare for the whole distance travelled as an ordinary passenger, and in such case shall not claim or have any rebate or allowance on account of such Ticket or Pass. And on arriving at any of the above-named stations, when travelling by virtue of any such Ticket or Pass, I shall not be allowed to book on for any further station by the same train in which I have arrived."

Although voluntarily submitted to, conditions so imposed appear to us somewhat of an imposition. But there is a still more imposing tone in that which follows:—

"I agree to abide by all the rules, regulations, and bye-laws of the Directors of the London and North Western Railway now in force, or which shall hereafter be in force, especially those relating to the number of trains, of the periods of starting, or the arrival of trains, and not to require any previous notice of such alterations, or future additional regulations; nor to hold the said Directors in any way responsible to me in consequence of any circumstances arising therefrom; nor answerable for want of accommodation in any train; nor for any stoppage, delay, hindrance, or change, whether arising from accident or otherwise, which may impede the proper starting, running, or arrival of any of the Company's trains."

It is one of the contradictions of our national character, that there are men among us who will join in chorussing together that they "never, never, never will be slaves" over-night, and then give up their rights and liberties in such a wholesale way as this next morning. We who are for ever lyrically boasting that "the Briton may traverse the Pole or the zone," as free as his native air, yet cannot take a season-ticket between Euston Square and Watford without signing as complete an abnegation of our independence as was ever written in a Slave State. By "agreeing" to conditions such as that already quoted, we virtually admit the maxim that our Railway Kings "can do no wrong," and are wholly irresponsible for any injury which they may cause their subjects. And can we wonder then to find them so continually exercising this privilege, and adding new pages to the chapter of accidents?

TREASON AMONGST THE WIRES.

IN Lombardy a poor harmless fellow was taken up for sending through the Electric Telegraph the following message:—

"The Revolution has just commenced. The Rising could not well be finer."

Upon being questioned by the Austrian authorities, he explained that he was an astronomer, and that he was merely forwarding to a friend his current observations upon the then Eclipse of the Moon! The trembling enthusiast, upon being liberated, was warmly congratulated by his friends; for it is the opinion of all Italians that he has had the narrowest escape in the world of being imprisoned for life!



The Column for Grumblers.

It may with truth be said of the Lions, the Alto-relievs, and the various pieces of sculptural ornament and disfigurement belonging to the Nelson Column, that "out of Site, out of Mind;" for they seem by every one to be completely forgotten. By the time the tardy adjuncts are finished, it will be necessary to build another column, for the present one will doubtlessly be in ruins!



A HINT TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

BY BREATHING ON THE GLASS—AND HOLDING A SPEAKING DOLL BY WAY OF BABY TO THE WINDOW—YOU MAY GENERALLY KEEP YOUR COMPARTMENT SELECT.

THE CLANRICARDE BOOMERANG.

THE MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE has a son known by the name and title of LORD DUNKELLIN. This remarkable young nobleman distinguished himself, in a signal manner, in the Crimean campaign, by blundering, one evening, among the trenches, and getting himself peaceably taken prisoner, with much ease and safety. But the late EMPEROR NICHOLAS, either disdaining to keep captive such a small deer, or being really desirous to propitiate the British aristocracy, straightway returned DUNKELLIN to his disconsolate parent, without exchange or consideration. *Mr. Punch's* readers may possibly remember the frantic bursts of epistolary gratitude in which the elder and the younger nobleman indulged upon the occasion, and their ecstatic adulation of the CZAR, who, they said, had shown himself the most noble, the most generous, the most godlike creature aristocratic imagination could conceive—this opinion being loyally and patriotically expressed at a time when the said NICHOLAS was making furious war upon QUEEN VICTORIA.

LORD DUNKELLIN is doubtless a great blessing to the paternal roof, but LORD CLANRICARDE, with a stern Roman virtue, despatches him beyond seas again with all convenient speed. He is sent out to Calcutta, on the staff of his uncle-in-law, the new Governor-General, LORD CANNING. And the hero of the Crimea loses no time in distinguishing himself again, and in such a way as makes it probable that he will be again handed back, with despatch, to the paternal embrace.

Charity balls are the fashion in Calcutta, as elsewhere, and the Calcutta people—not having heard, we suppose, of any inundations in India (something has reached us touching the submerging of scores of native villages, and the drowning thousands of persons) got up a ball, at the end of August, for the relief of the sufferers by the inundations in France. The affair was very brilliant, and all the beauty, and virtue, and respectability of Calcutta was present. Likewise was present some of the beauty without the other two articles, for, according to LORD DUNKELLIN's own admission, that noble aide-de-camp introduced to the ball three ladies whose presence was notoriously an insult to the feminine portion of Calcutta society. But not only did the gallant DUNKELLIN present cards to these three graces, but, as became an aide-de-camp and representative of the Governor-General, he chiefly selected them as his partners in the dance—though not, it is said, exclusively, his smiles and attentions being at times accorded in more correct quarters.

The Anglo-Indian press may have its faults, but timidity and hypocrisy are not among the number, and the batteries which the incensed journalists have opened upon LORD DUNKELLIN were banging away with unrelenting wrath and frankness when the last mail left. An apologetic letter from his Lordship seems rather to have increased their anger; for he states that he placed the tickets inadvertently, but omits to explain how his inadvertence is to justify his *deux-temps* and polkas. We shall probably hear of his Lordship's being remitted to England by an early mail. Our readers doubtless have seen the Boomerang—the savage's carved missile that returns to the hand the more rapidly in proportion to the force with which you throw it away. LORD DUNKELLIN would seem to be a kind of aristocratic

Boomerang. However, LORD CLANRICARDE must not despair—let him try the Kaffirs next time. They will surely keep LORD DUNKELLIN (should they catch him), if only in admiring recognition of conduct, which one would rather expect to find among them than among the English—no—the Irish nobility.

THE TWO BENS.

BEN HALL he leads a happy life,
In Whitehall-Place, serene from strife;
Sublime o'er architects he reigns,
Lays out Park-walks, Park-waters drains.

His power can give us stree's to go
Straight from Pall-Mall to Pimlico;
Our trees he plants, our trees cuts down,
The Palace guards, adorns the Town;

With a new bridge the Thames he spans,
And picketh holes in all men's plans;
New Public-office schemes directs,
More Wellington designs selects.

The Board of Works 'tis his to sway,
With fiat none dare disobey;
Lords at his house are proud to dine,
I would BEN HALL's high lot were mine.

And yet he's not a happy man,
To please all parties he must plan;
The Palace soothe, cajole M.P.'s,
And Mary'bone electors please!

From Palace whims he must keep clear;
Upon the Hustings must appear;
His bills the Commons may o'erhaul;
No! no! I would not be BEN HALL.

BEN THWAITES's lot more pleaseth me;
He hath a handsome salary
To sit in dignified repose,
While vestry magnates prate and prose.

He has no power, 'tis very true,
Bad to prevent, or good to do;
But as he hath no power, why he
Escapes responsibility.

Which road our sewage ought to go,
He need not settle "yes" or "no";
He's free to sleep if so inclined,
And never need make up his mind.

Yet his is not a happy lot,
For he must stand the papers' shot;
Times's leaders stinging and severe,
With his digestion interfere.

And this dark thought his heels must dog,
Rate-payers may tire of King Log;
If out their money they must fork,
They may insist upon King Stork.

So when the *Times* on THWAITES lets fall,
I'll fancy that I am BEN HALL;
And when HALL's bullied in debates,
I'll hug the notion I'm BEN THWAITES.

By the kind permission of LOUIS NAPOLEON, the publication of *Punch* commenced on Monday morning last, at 6 A.M., and continued, without any interruption from the French Government, up to a late hour on Tuesday night, until the many millions of copies, necessary to satiate the increasing voracity of the Universal Public, were struck off. *Vive le Moniteur!*



TO THE KNOW-NOTHINGS OF THE UNITED STATES, IN ADMIRATION OF THE MIGHTY GRASP OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN MIND, AND AS AN ILLUSTRATION OF HOW JUST AND PROPER IT IS THAT "GIGANTIC" SHOULD RHYME WITH "TRANSATLANTIC," Mr. PUNCH DEDICATES THIS ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF JUDGE KINKER-BUCKET, OF CLAMSTACKLE, KY., WHO ALWAYS CLEANS HIS MEERSCHAUM BY WALKING A LIVE RATTLESNAKE THROUGH IT.—"KEEPS A SNAKE THAT DOES NOTHING ELSE."

WHAT'S A "CURE?"

PUNCH has no mission to repeat
The slang he hears along the street,
But when a curious phrase he seizes,
Punch does—as always—what he pleases.

He finds, then, in the following word,
No merit, save that it's absurd;
But as it's likely to endure,
He asks the question, "What's a Cure?"

He heard, upon a river boat,
The steersman told to move his coat:
The fellow grunted like a boor;
The Captain said, "Well, you're a Cure."

The mud was thick—the crossing clean—
A well-dressed man, genteel of mien—
Walked through the first (he might be poor),
The sweeper muttered, "He's a Cure."

Two youths talked "chaff" (in phrase polite),
Each asked where t' other slept last night:
"Me? Up a spout." "Me? Down a sewer."
The first—"Ain't you a precious Cure?"

A child, more apt to eat than spell,
Espied his little sweetheart, NELL:
Embraced her with affection pure,
And cried, "You darling little Cure."

Before a shop stood maidens two,
Where fine mock-diamonds pleased their view:
"O, JULIA, that's the Koh-i-Noor."
"That!" JULIA said, "You silly Cure."

Lastly, he heard the word applied
To LORD MAYOR FINNIS in his pride.
A female shouted, "Well, I'm sure!
Call him a Mayor—he looks a Cure."

Thus having heard the word he mentions
Spoken with seven distinct intentions,
Punch doth the slanging world adjure
To state whence derivatur "Cure."

THE GENTS' QUADRILLE.

As JULLIEN once threw off a "Row Polka," could he not further immortalise himself with a "ROW QUADRILLE," for the beatification of the numerous Gents who lately attended at his Concerts for the purpose of making a Row? We give our musical MONS. a few notions for some of the principal movements of such a Quadrille, to be danced at the Duffer's Arms, New Cut.

LE CHAPEAU.—Grande Ronde of Snobs. Chorus of shrieks à la Wild Indian. Side partners join Berlins, and a circle is formed. Circle keeps advancing, or retreating, expanding or contracting, according as the number of hands engaged in it will allow. Pas de Cheesemonger Seul. He trips gaily into centre of circle, cuts a frantic pirouette, removes his chapeau, and deposits same in circle. More pirouettes, and Cheesemonger retires into natural insignificance. Gents disport themselves with their usual esprit. They fling half-pence, pieces of orange-peel and tobacco-pipe, playbills rolled up into balls, &c., &c., into chapeau. Circle advances. Everybody poussettes. Delirious excitement. Rapid retreat of chapeau before it is smashed. Glorious triumph of Cheesemonger on extricating his 4s. 9d. More Shrieks. General Galopade.

Five minutes should be allowed for refreshments between the above and the following figure, which is a very fatiguing one, of

LE CERCLE.—This is precisely the same as the English dance of "The Ring," that is so extremely popular amongst the mad million at these Concerts. A few Gents meet, bow, shriek, join hands across, and distribute blows right and left. Fun increases. More Gents join the gay and festive circle. Tumult thickens. Cries heard of "A Ring! A Ring!" Elbows pushed into ribs on all sides. Right wing advances. Left ditto the same. They join, and a grande ronde is formed. The circle balancés backwards and forwards for full ten minutes. Gentlemen tread on ladies' toes (music descriptive of the grinding of corn). Pickpocket lays hands on Gent's mosaic pin. Elderly lady in bugles in the front row of dress-circle goes into hysterics. Swell mobsman

pairs off with young lady's watch. Shuffles over to the opposite side, and sets to countryman. The bugles in the dress-circle silenced by a glass of cold water being cleverly thrown in her face. Swell mobsman retires into dark corner with countryman's purse. Shouting and shrieking ad libitum. Policeman appears in the background. With a few bold flourishes of his staff, he cuts his way down the middle and back again—general mille. Confusion worse confounded. Rioters suddenly dumfounded. Mob chassés-croisés in all directions. Policeman pairs off with Gent to station-house. Five-bars'-rest to describe his awful look-out. Music illustrative of a cell. The whole to wind up with "God Save the Queen," and "Bravo JULLIEN!"—mingled with the applause of the approving audience.

BLACK AND WHITE.

A HAYTIAN gentleman, by name DAMIER, lately communicated to the Times the translation of a letter which he had previously written to the Journal des Débats, wherein occurs, with reference to his countrymen, the following remarkable passage:—

"On the contrary, the very organs now employed by unscrupulous and interested parties to blacken and traduce them would have been foremost to speak in their behalf!"

Strange that it did not occur to MR. DAMIER that any attempt to blacken the population of Hayti, must, like trying to gild refined gold, or paint the lily, be vain and superfluous. The black man need not be ashamed of his colour. It will bear comparison, just now, with that of European races; and the next time MR. DAMIER has occasion to complain that his compatriots have been calumniated, he should reverse his metaphor, and say that their slanders have whitened them.

EARLY WINTER.—Last week a few very wild [ducks appeared in the vicinity of the Stock Exchange. It was thought they had come up by the Russian railways. They, however, soon took wing, not being inclined to speculate "for a fall."



LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

First Derisive Blackguard Boy. "Hoover! here's a jolly old Guy!"
 Second Do. Do. (on lamp-post). "Hi!—John!—You ain't shaved this mornin'!"

PERSECUTION IN MADEIRA.

The *Tablet* will no doubt burn with indignation at the subjoined case of Protestant bigotry and intolerance, taken from the list of "DEATHS" daily published by the *Times*. Even that record of mortality is perverted by heretical malice to the vile and odious purpose of persecution. Behold the insidious and malignant announcement!—

"At the end of October, at Funchal, Madeira, RITA GONZ, a Portuguese Protestant. The Roman Catholic authorities refusing permission for interment, the body was thrown into the sea."

In the first place, here are the relatives of the deceased, Protestants of course, insulting the feelings of Roman Catholics by trying to procure Christian burial in a Roman Catholic country for a heretic. Defeated in this cruel and uncharitable object, the bigots next endeavour to wound the susceptibilities of the faithful, and bring the holy discipline of the true Church into odium, by publishing the failure of their impious design in the leading journal of Europe. This is all of a piece with an annual commemoration of GUY FAWKES, and occasional allusions to the stakes of Smithfield.

"Till so gently Stealing."

It seems that MANAGER CAMERON, before opening the Bank, was in the habit of reading prayers. Of such hypocrites, who bring disrepute on the name of Religion, it may be truthfully said, in GOLDSMITH'S line, that:

"Those who came to scoff, remained to pray."

WHAT THE FRENCH ARE DEPENDENT ON!

The *on dit* runs through the City that the French Government is so intimately connected with gambling, that its very existence may be said to hang on the old cry of CARTOUCHE'S:—"La Bourse, ou La Vie!"

THE MAWORM LIBRARY.

To any of our readers who may be in the habit of smoking, and who sometimes, perhaps, experience a want of "spills" to light their cigars with, we can confidently recommend a quantity of paper extremely fit to be cut up for that purpose. It is contained in two little tracts with disgusting titles now in course of being offered, by the subjoined advertisement, to the hypocritical and canting portion of the community:—

"*May I go to the Ball?*" By the late REV. J. MACDONALD, with an Introduction by the REV. J. CLARKSON, Ipswich. Price 2d. Also, by the same Author and Editor, *Fourteen Reasons why we should Not Go to the Theatre.* 2d."

Before applying these publications to the purpose for which they are above recommended, it might be as well if the purchaser would read them to his sisters, or any other young ladies with whom he may be intimate, for the purpose of imparting, and sharing, the enjoyment of a good laugh at what will be doubtless found a parcel of imbecile and drivelling twaddle—it that twaddle is not too melancholy. But works of this sort greatly tend to corrupt the mind of youth, by generating therein a contempt for all religion whatever, which they exhibit in the light of a despicable and maudlin fanaticism. They do the same mischief as the demeanour, particularly in the pulpit, of the reverend gents who write and edit them. They abound, for the most part, in a kind of sanctified slang, which corresponds to the moaning, and mouthing, and snuffling, and other nauseous and vulgar mannerisms by which preachers of the class alluded to usually make themselves ridiculous.

"May I go to the ball?" is a question which exclusively concerns the *Mamma*, who is the only person to whom it can, except in a few unhappy cases, be addressed. The cases we allude to are those of a morbid enthusiasm which commonly, to a certain extent, vents itself in working large slippers, adapted to contain and cherish the bunions of popular, and mostly nonconformist, divines. There may be fourteen, or more reasons, why we should not go to the theatre, and one of them is the probability that we should be bored there by a dull and repulsive drama, translated from the French, with deteriorations. But bad as the stage may, in some instances, be, it is not, at the lowest, so bad as the histrionic pulpit, in which the performance is acting of the worst tendency, and very bad acting, of the most snobbish kind, ludicrous without being comic.

PUBLIC NOTICE—This is to give notice that, for the security of passengers, from and after the 17th instant, sedan-chairs will ply every night after sunset across Paddington Green. The Chairmen will be duly registered, and not less than two approved Guards, with rattles and loaded blunderbusses, will attend each chair. An allowance made to persons whose lives are insured.

THE SWAN ON THE CHESS-BOARD.

A NEW edition of SHAKESPEARE is announced. It is to be edited by MR. STAUNTON, the champion of the Chess-ring. Our great chess-player has doubtless many other qualifications for the work besides his *spécialité*; but we are credibly informed that this also will be available in his dealings with "the divine WILLIAMS." We hear that MR. STAUNTON has in his possession a diagram containing the game at chess which *Ferdinand* and *Miranda* were "discovered" playing, in the Enchanted Island. Without forestalling the editorial revelations, we may mention that *Ferdinand* was playing the Allgaier or Algiers Gambit, which he had learned from one of the Tunis noblemen who came to fetch the *Princess Claribel*. *Miranda*, startled by the readiness with which her lover throws away his king's bishop's pawn, exclaims:

"Sweet Lord, you play me false."

To which *Ferdinand*, in MR. STAUNTON'S restored text, replies:

"No, my dear love,
 I would not for the world. You took my pawn,
 As I intended, and I now advance
 My king's knight, darling, to my bishop's third;
 You push your pawn up to your king's knight's fourth,
 And I respond by shoving up my pawn
 To the fourth square in front of my king's rook;
 The best thing you, admired *Miranda*, now
 Can do, (except to look at me, your slave)
 Is to push on your pawn to king's knight's fifth.
 True, my attack is strong, but, play you false,
 As I have said, I would not for the world."

And then the innocently playful girl goes on, as in the received editions, to tell him that for a score of kingdoms he might cheat her. This is but one of many valuable additions which we may expect from MR. STAUNTON, and we shall be very happy to receive his first volume.

A Delusive 'Bus.

REPORTS are rife of the appearance of a new and comfortable 'Bus in the streets. The London public are requested not to believe in any such reality. What has seemed a 'bus is only the *Flying Dutchman* on wheels—a thing of smoke drawn by horses of moonshine.

AN ACT OF REAL RENEWAL.

ON Friday last, MR. DALLAS, the American Minister, visited the Haymarket to see MR. MURDOCH'S *Charles Surface*. Like a true philanthropist, the minister stayed to the last.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH OMNIBUS.

AIR—(Oh, no we need not mention it.)



'LL sing you a new song at
 once, before it is too late,
 Of a fine old public vehicle,
 grown sadly out of date,
 Which, though a perfect
 nuisance in more ways
 than I can state,
 Is suffered in our thorough-
 fares still to perambulate.
 A fine old English Omnibus,
 one of the present time.
 Its windows old let in the
 cold when'er the east
 wind blows,
 And drip by drip the wet
 admit when'er it rains
 or snows;
 But how to get them open
 without breaking no one
 knows,
 When with "12 inside" the
 atmosphere a little
 "stuffy" grows,
 In this fine old fusty Omnibus,
 one of the present
 time.

Its cushions, when inspected in the light of other days,
 With the richest (cotton) velvet of a crimson hue did blaze;
 But now their threadbare covering's a dingy brickdust red,
 And what was horsehair stuffing once now feels like lumps of lead,
 In this rare old English Omnibus, one that is past its prime.

Its seats so close together bring the sitters nose to nose,
 And everybody's forced to tread on everybody's toes,
 Whence cheerful conversation springs, especially from those
 Who've corns or gout, and glare about as though you're mortal foes,
 In this nice old City Omnibus, just to beguile the time.

Then if outside for air you'd ride, the clambering to your seat
 Would, if performed at Astley's, be pronounced a "daring feat;"
 For ere you're half-way up you hear them coolly cry "All right!"
 And then the "knife-board" cramps you so, with pain you can alight
 From this height of inconvenience, the subject of my rhyme.

And then the cad who tends the 'bus—his virtues who may tell?
 How with his every breath there comes a fragrant beery smell:
 How when he's bound for Brompton he'll engage to put you down
 Within a "heavy walk" of any part of Camden Town,
 By his fine old English Omnibus, one of the present time.

Nor should our praises be withheld from him who holds the reins,
 Who constantly is pulling up for furtive "little drains;"
 And 'specially on muddy days is rarely found to fail
 Of stopping in mid-street to pick up passengers who hail
 This fine old English Omnibus: fun of the present time.

Now months have rolled since we were told this fine old 'bus must die,
 That another and a cleaner its place was to supply:
 Yet for that "good 'bus coming, boys," all vainly still we sigh,
 And when we take our walks abroad that nuisance we espy—
 The fine old English Omnibus: blot on the present time.

Name this Bell?

SOMEBODY considers that the great Bell ought to be called, not after
 SIR BENJAMIN HALL, but after SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, in whose
 reign it was designed and ordered. There is something in this, but
 the proposed honour to the late SIR WILLIAM is impossible. The
 Houses have cost a fearful sum, of which we do not wish to be re-
 minded by a "Big Bill." If honours went by merit instead of by
 accident, the name of the man who made the bell would be given to it,
 and it would be called what it certainly will be—the WARNER.

Napier at Southwark.

AT NAPIER'S Southwark election, it will be remembered that certain
 hatters presented SIR CHARLES with a hat. The gift has been proved
 sadly unnecessary. For what need has a man of the gift of a hat, who
 can so completely "bonnet" himself?

THE COURT OF CRINOLINE.

As it is as much a truth now-a-days as when SHAKESPEARE wrote it,
 that "what great folks do the less will prattle of," we may imagine
 that a quantity of not altogether harmless conversation will arise from
 the descriptions of the Court at Compiègne, which have been supplied
 by "our own" Paris correspondent. At how many tea-tables for
 instance will the paragraph which follows, be discussed with as much
 eagerness as the first plate of muffins, with which we may expect it to
 be introduced:—

"The guests are all expected to change their costume twice a-day; and, as we before
 mentioned, no lady is allowed to appear at the chateau twice in the same dress; the
 Empress setting the example by giving every robe once worn to her attendants. As
 these are of course sold again, Paris overflows with the Imperial *défroque*, and a few
 nights ago on the boards of one of the theatres was recognised a brocade that had lately
 figured on the throne."

We mean no disrespect, but are prepared to find ourselves "con-
 demned" for it, when we express our opinion that announcements such
 as this—and they have lately been "as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa,"
 or thefts by ticket-of-leave men—are likely to be talked of not altogether
 harmlessly. The female mind, it has been proved, is prone to imitation;
 and where dress is in discussion, may be influenced to follow the most
 unreasonable leadership. It is therefore with feelings of no common
 apprehension that, as husbands, we read of what is done at Compiègne;
 for if the example there set be taken as a precedent—and there is no
 saying to what lengths as well as widths the present fashion may not
 lead—we shall have our wives insisting on our finding them in two new
 dresses every day, which, as they would doubtless soon want three for
 Sundays, would make up the agreeable total of about eight hundred
 every twelvemonth! and averaging the cost of these so low as fifty
 shillings each, we should still have cause to think our better halves
 undoubtedly dear creatures.

As we have little wish, ourselves, to see our *Judy's* figured silks
 figuring on any other figure than her own, and should especially object
 to recognise their widths in some broad farce at the Surrey, or per-
 chance the Vic, we mean to caution her expressly against prematurely
 making over her *défroque*. And we think that ladies generally would
 just now do well to learn, that charity not merely should "begin at
 home," but should be exercised above-stairs before descending to the
 kitchen. In charity to their husbands we would warn them to abstain
 from that ill-judged benevolence, which enriches the lady's-maid and
 perhaps the pawnbroker, but is not unlikely to impoverish the
 children.

DEMONSTRATIVE DAMSELS.

THE factory girls of Lowell have sent to PRESTON S. BROOKES, (the
 fellow who brutally assaulted MR. SUMNER,) a present consisting of
 "thirty pieces of silver," a rope, and a winding-sheet, with a letter
 very explicitly pointing out why the first gift is suitable, and the objects
 of the other two. Woman, in America, is apt to be impulsive, and
 perhaps a little profane. If the money were sent to the Anti-Slavery
 Society, and BROOKES were to do penance in the sheet, while a stal-
 wart Abolitionist used the rope upon him in the light of a rope's end, a
 very vulgar ruffian would be more appropriately if less melodramatically
 treated. The Lowell factory girls are known to make capital house-
 wives, and therefore must be aware that nothing should be overdone,
 not even indignation. Roast and baste your rascal, but don't let your
 fire be too fierce.

EXTRAORDINARY CRIME.

HERE is a curious piece of foreign intelligence:—

"We lately mentioned the marriage, in England, of the Prince of Hesse Cassel to
 a German actress, the daughter of the actor BIRNBAUM. A resolution of the Minister
 of the Interior of Hesse Cassel has dismissed BIRNBAUM and his family from the
 Court theatre, and interdicted their further residence in the electorate."

It is difficult to understand how, on any principle of law, a man and
 his family can be liable to exile from one country because his daughter
 has married a Prince of the blood in another. Perhaps in Hesse Cassel
 a *mésalliance* is something like murder, and all who are parties to it are
 accessories before the fact. It was lucky for the relations of the
 beggar-woman whom KING COPHETUA espoused that COPHETUA was
 not ELECTOR of HESSE CASSEL, unless indeed the ELECTOR himself
 has the legal privilege of electing his own bride.

Parliamentary Openings.

THE old saying of driving a coach-and-four through an Act of Par-
 liament is a little out of date, inasmuch as coaches-and-four are them-
 selves driven off the road. Would it not convey a larger notion of
 space to say that an Act was so loose, so full of holes, that "a lady in
 full dress could walk through it with the greatest ease?"



BLIND WITH RAGE.

Huntsman (riding furiously over a fence to a Scarecrow). " * * * * * —YOU GREAT FOOL, WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU STAND POINTING THERE FOR?—WHY DON'T YOU HOLLER OUT WHICH WAY THE FOX BE GONE? BLOWED IF I DON'T CUT YOU INTO BITS!"

SEA SONG BY A MODERN ADMIRAL.

(Dedicated to SIR CHARLES NAPIER.)

You may say what you like of your JARVIS and HOWE,
Of your COLLINGWOOD, NELSON, and BLAKE,
But shiver my timbers! were they fighting now,
I think they'd find out their mistake.
If either of them in the Baltic had led,
I don't entertain the least doubt,
But what, "It's a deuced good job," he'd have said,
"That CONSTANTINE doesn't come out."

That old son of Neptune, I'm sure, would have cried,
As he tossed off his full can of flip,
"I'm glad that he won't lay his smart craft 'long side
My rotten old hulk of a ship;
My eyes! if he did so, his broadside would, soon,
Oblige us to sheer right about,
Yo ho! my tight lads, 'tis of Fortune a boon
That CONSTANTINE doesn't come out."

Avast, boys! the true Russian sailor, d'ye mind?
Has got a most terrible knack,
Which you, if we come to close quarters, would find,
Of hauling down England's old Jack.
Had the Muscovites boarded us, only suppose,
With their savage and barbarous shout!
Thank Goodness, that holds back our dangerous foes,
"And CONSTANTINE doesn't come out."

Your cutlasses bright you may sharpen in vain,
Fulfilling your Chieftain's desire,
In order that you may the victory gain
By means of precision of fire.

With Russians on board us, they'll vainly be waded,
And we shall be put to the rout;
But, reef my top ga't sail! our credit is saved,
"For CONSTANTINE doesn't come out."

We'll say on our deck, in round numbers to speak,
A thousand brisk Englishmen dance,
But against such a force, any day of the week,
Let five hundred brave Russians advance,
With a saucy St. VLADIMIR what could we do?
Hearts of oak! they would give us the knot;
Huzza! sing huzza! then, my fortunate crew,
"For CONSTANTINE doesn't come out."

How grateful, how thankful, we all ought to feel,
That vessels so fearfully manned,
A sweet little cherub has caused not to steal
From under their guns on the land.
Down, down on your knees, then, you lubbers, and own,
With words and in accents devout,
What a mercy it is that they let us alone,
"And CONSTANTINE doesn't come out."

Turn that in your minds, I say, all you sea-dogs,
In your cheeks whilst you're turning your quids,
Turn into your berths when you've swallowed your grogs,
And in thinking of that, close your lids.
I, for my part, shall say, whensoever, may be,
I am called on to patter and spout,
You swabs, I consider 'twas lucky for me
"That CONSTANTINE didn't come out."

FEAST OF THE IMAGINATION.—The Official Assignee of the British Bank, says "the accounts are so deliciously cooked," that he fancies, when he goes through them, that he's dining off "BUBBLE AND SQUEAK."



RUSSIA'S DIFFICULTY.

Capitalist. "WANT A LITTLE MONEY TO GO ON WITH, EH? WELL; BUT WHERE'S YOUR SECURITY?"

A STUNNING NOTION.



New fact in psychology has been discovered by some City tradesman. It ought at once to be made known to the governors of all our prisons; to the benevolent promoters of reformatories, and to all engaged in the repression of crime. It is, that noise produces a beneficial action upon a criminal in proportion to the turpitude of his offence. It seems that certain tremendous Chinese Gongs have been imported, of which the vendors say,

"One for 40s., will effectually frighten a thief; one for 60s., will appal a burglar; one for 80s., will alarm the country for miles round."

This is really a discovery. Perhaps the advertisers have some smaller ones which they did not think it necessary to mention, but which still might be useful in domestic life. They might have added that one at 30s. would cure a fraudulent banker, one at 20s. would convert a plagiaristic writer, one at 10s. would prevent a dowager from cheating at cards, while still cheaper ones would be efficacious for keeping the policeman from your cold meat, the penny journalist from your paragraphs, and the landlady from your teacaddy. Are there pretty Malthusian gongs that could be used in a ballroom to prevent young ladies



from stealing hearts? The subject ought to be followed up. What if the Gong is the destined reformer of the world? We have known many reformers quite as noisy and as empty. We shall go in for Gong.

AN AMBASSADRESS IN THE NURSERY.

ALL friends to the alliance of the Union Jack and Tricolor, will rejoice with us to read the following intelligence, which the *Illustrated News* receives from its own Paris Correspondent:—

"We are informed that the PRINCE IMPERIAL has already done what he could to testify his sentiments as to the Alliance, by displaying a marked preference for the society and caresses of an English nursemaid over his three French governesses and two Nurses."

Now that, as the *Moniteur* has gravely admonished us, the pens of our anonymous scribblers for the press are fast cancelling the bond of French and English Union, and turning all our "friendly relations" into those of cat and dog again, it is gratifying to learn that there exists at the Tuileries a counteracting influence, by which the work of these disunionists may, we trust, be nullified. Whatever "odious calumnies" may be sniffed out in our Newspapers against his Pa's government, we think we may with confidence regard the Prince Imperial as not likely to be prejudiced—at any rate at present—by them; and while we have his voice, or rather crow, in our favour, we may rely on it that any attempt that may be made to break off the Alliance, as it exists in the Imperial nursery, will be loudly resisted. Our only apprehension is, lest the "three French governesses and two nurses" who have had their noses disjointed by our countrywoman, may cabal to get her turned out of office; in the which case England would be losing an ambassadress, who although not officially recognised in Downing Street, is yet exercising an undoubted influence upon a portion of the French Court that we could not otherwise expect to bias, and as regards "society," is more "caressed" and popular than perhaps even is LORD COWLEY himself.

A Paragraph for the Morning Post.

We hope we are not guilty of any breach of confidence, if we take upon ourselves the liberty of informing our readers that the *élite* of the fashionable world will be startled next season by the appearance of a new *débutante*, who is likely to set all London ringing with her praises. This fair *débutante* is a *Belle* of the very highest quality, such as the upper circles of Belgravia have not once in a thousand years the pleasure of being charmed with. What is more astonishing, the *haut ton* of this new *Belle* will not be less *étourdissant* to aristocratic ears than the purity of her extraction. —*Morning Post*.

We make JENKINS a present of the above paragraph, when it writes its notice of "BIG BEN."

TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

GENTLEMEN,—Being desirous of obtaining the post of money-taker at any respectable theatre (a purely West-end establishment would be preferred), I am desirous of laying before you my claims to the appointment of that very responsible situation. In the first place, the amount of salary (being, of course, permitted to appoint my own check-taker) is of no consequence. Employment of the mind, rather than any remuneration of the pocket, is my sole object. This fact (should I be honoured with your confidence) will be made duly apparent by the external respectability which it will be my endeavour to associate with my duties. Aware that in this outside world, appearances are everything, it will be my wish to illustrate the humble function of money-taker at either box, pit, or gallery door (unaffectedly, box would be preferred), with all the resources that are the happy privilege of mundane independence.

Thus, I shall be driven to the theatre in my own brougham; with, it may be, the summer change of my own cab. For a tolerably keen insight into the prejudices of commercial life has convinced me that subordinates who, in appearance, can in all things top their principals, are the persons especially desirable for places of delicate trust and dearest responsibility. That profound knowledge of human nature that ordinarily distinguishes the members of direction, boards, committees, &c., will, I trust, vindicate itself even in the theatrical bosom by making selection of a man like myself, who, with a soul elevated entirely above the consideration of mere lucre, seeks only for a post that will give to his mental faculties a constant and no less pleasant employment.

I am aware that the ordinary remuneration of play-house money-taker (at houses where orders do not preponderate) ranges from two shillings to two-and-sixpence per night. I shall be happy to close at the lower figure: my object being simply to enlarge my moral and intellectual capacity by a close and various consideration of my fellow-creatures. As I have, moreover, a peculiar manner of taking money,—salary is, of course, the less object.

My habits are temperate. I shall never exceed one bottle of champagne a-night, and pledge myself to take such refection only between a lull of the money.

If necessary, I shall be happy to give a reference to two or three bankers, with no end of attorneys. Address, No. 1, Sham Square.

IKKY DE TIRS.

P.S. I must covenant for holiday-nights on the Derby and Ascot.

A LESSON FOR LADIES.

"While the LORD MAYOR elect and some friends were inspecting the preparations for the Guildhall feast, the LADY MAYORESS unhesitatingly declared, with reference to the Turtle, that 'she did not like the nasty stuff!'" —*Daily News*.

KNOW you the Lady who doesn't like turtle,
And had the fine courage to speak out her mind;
Though Aldermen round her stood scowling like THURTELL,
And even her Chaplain lisped, "Rather unkyind."
Long life to the woman who dared to declare it,
Be her gay Lady-Mayoralty marked by good luck:
Her robe fit divinely—her health last to wear it—
We don't share her taste, but we honour her pluck.

The good City Queen sets a lesson to ladies
Who haven't got minds, or have minds they don't know:
Who don't care if wine comes from China or Cadiz,
And simper alike over venison and *oour*!
We like a companion who knows what she's eating,
(What chance for your tastes, if she's none of her own?)
So hip, hip, hurrah, for November that's sealing
A Sovereign like this on the Mansion House throne.

Rossini's Last!

HERE is another extract from the continental journals, that puts the fool's-cap on all the previous stupid extracts:—"ROSSINI, talking of the *Opéras Casse-Voix*, said, 'Look at VERDI! His Operas are known to crack voices as easily as a squirrel cracks nuts. One season of his repertoire will take the edge off the finest voices in the world—his music eats into it like rust. And you will see with GRISI, she sings much in VERDI's music, that her voice even will become quite VERDI-GRISI!'"

FRENCH POLISH ON RUSSIA LEATHER.

THE Emperor of the *Moniteur*, in addressing the new Russian envoy, was pleased to compliment his Imperial master on "knowing how to impose silence on sad reminiscences." Odd, that everything Russia does must be an Imposition.



QUITE THE OLD STYLE OF THING.

A RUSSIAN LESSON.

WE are apt to remark, in after-dinner confidence, when warming with our subject and our second bottle, that had the war gone on, we should have taught Russia a lesson that she seemed to stand in need of: but that in some respects the teaching might be mutual, this statement by a Moscow correspondent is enough to show:—

"By an order of the Government every Railway train in Russia carries with it a Surgeon, and this rule, I am told, is rigidly enforced."

Without the least disparagement to our glorious Constitution, which we know to be our Bulwark (and lots of other substantives), we confess we think it would be well for us if our Government were in some respects a rather more despotic one. We should like to see our railroads treated with more arbitrariness, and their iron way made subject to an iron rule in all matters which concern the safety of the public. The pace at which our trains are run is greater than in Russia, and proves not infrequently, in rigid literalness, a killing one: yet if there be an accident, it is another if a Surgeon be at hand on its occurrence; and we are sure that our Directors would no more dream of ever having one provided, than of adopting any other means that common sense might dictate for our travelling convenience.

It might indeed be urged, and with some show of reason, that inasmuch as many more trains are daily run on English lines than Russian, the rule there observed would be impossible to follow, as no Railway could support such a staff of Surgeons as would here be requisite. The question therefore is resolved into that of how, as we cannot have these Medical Railway Guards, we may best do without them? And the answer which common sense appears to give us is—to prevent, as far as may be, additions being made to the chapter of accidents, by increasing to the utmost the securities for public safety; by enforcing greater punctuality, which is the soul of Railroad business, and by adopting a more perfect plan of signalling, which experience has shown to be of signal consequence.

The Two Bens.

"BIG BEN" of Westminster is not to be confounded with another BEN, eminent in that locality. The latter is DIZZY himself: the former, when tried the other day, was found to be the cause of dizziness in others.

DUET AT THE REFORM CLUB.

PALMERSTON.

"Won't you do the State a service?"

ALEXANDER, O!

Won't you take the place of JERVIS:

Do its duties make you nervous?

Be to scruples more impervious,

ALEXANDER, O!"

COCKBURN.

"Easy talking in the steerage

Bottleholder, O!

Half one's income, in this dear age,

One should lose,—but, for arrears,

Tell me, will you stand a Peerage?

Bottleholder, O!"

PALMERSTON.

"Peerage, come, my dear Attorney,

ALEXANDER, O!

You're for jumping through life's journey,

Play how oit has shorthand GURNY

Heard you speak?—be modest, burn'ye,

ALEXANDER, O!"

COCKBURN.

"Once I spoke, my Bottleholder,

Bottleholder, O!

When you thought no better scolder

Dashed at PEEL, or dealt a bolder

Blow for you—but now you're older,

Bottleholder, O!"

PALMERSTON.

"Well, well, don't be so *empressé*,

ALEXANDER, O!

There, the waiter's brought your Creci,

We'll contrive, ere long, I dessay;

Take the place *de bene esse*,

ALEXANDER, O!"

And the learned ATTORNEY-GENERAL has signified to his Southampton constituents that he has taken it.

PRACTICAL JOKING ON THE BENCH.

WHEN the LORD MAYOR presented himself, the other day, before my lords the judges in Westminster Hall, my lords put on their black caps. Really this was carrying a joke too far. The practice of making fun of the LORD MAYOR on his accession is venerable, and may as well, perhaps, be kept up, but the fun ought to be all harmless. To receive a LORD MAYOR with the same demonstration as that which is made in sentencing a fellow to be hanged is not only paying him an odd, but a dangerous compliment. Many a civic monarch on appearing before the judges, may have been seriously alarmed by the unexpected spectacle of the black caps placed on their heads. What can a LORD MAYOR make of it? Nothing that one can well see, unless he may take it as a humorous judicial hint that he had better eschew the example of too many of his unhappy predecessors, and not murder the Queen's English. But whether it is designed as a facetious admonition to mind his *p's* and *q's*, or to be particular about his *h's*, and *v's* and *w's*, it is a practical joke which might, in the case of a timid LORD MAYOR, be productive of dangerous, or at least unpleasant consequences.

A DANGEROUS TRAVELLING COMPANION.

AMONGST other wonders recounted in a sporting journal about PRINCE ALBERT, we are informed that—

"The other day he brought down a roe deer from the carriage in which he was driving."

We must say, we shouldn't like to ride in a carriage that was loaded in that manner. How the postilion must shake in his saddle, for he must be afraid every minute of getting from the Prince his discharge! The poor turnpike-men, also, as they open their gates for nothing, cannot very well admire the off-hand way in which the Royal Consort tenders his shot. COLONEL PHIPPS' feelings, too, are entitled to some commiseration. With every liking for a master usually so kind as ALBERT, he cannot be fond of riding with him on these occasions when he is continually "banging" him up. But why take a gun in a carriage? Is it to enable a noble sportsman like the Prince to take every advantage of the permission generally given on building-boards that "Rubbish may be SHOT here?"

THE FUTURE OF THE BELL.

(From the Times Newspaper, Nov. 9th, A.D. 2256.)

"BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA!" Such will probably be the exclamation of many a charity child, in these educated days, as he takes his farthing ride in the galvanic railway across the lucid and sparkling Thames at Westminster, in his way to the NIGHTINGALE College, and sees the ruin wrought by this morning's catastrophe. BARRY's old Clock-Tower has been brought down by the weight of the Bells, and lies in fragments at the foot of the colossal statue of LORD ROEBUCK in the centre of Palace Yard.

As usual in England, everyone had foreseen the accident for months. Indeed the quivering vibration of the Great Bell itself, when the large hours were struck, might have presaged its fall to any but administrative ears. The Government had been warned, even up to the close of the Session, when SIR IKKE DE SOLOMONS (some said with an eye to bell-metal) moved that "Big Ben" should be taken down. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, with a manner haughty enough for the extinguished chamber in which his ancestors sat, resisted the motion, but promised inquiry. The victor of Waterloo, according to the ancient records, was famous for keeping his lordly word, but four hundred years have wrought changes in Dukes, and not an oyster in his present Grace's well-known and excellent shop at Charing Cross could have been more silent on the subject. The Tower is down.

The curious in details will find all particulars of the occurrence in our usual half-hourly editions. Suffice it to say here that the Conservator of Lights had just left Palace Yard, where he had been putting out the great electric globe (found to answer so much better than the moon),



and the Bludgeon Guard was winding up the Steam Policeman for the seven o'clock round, when an inexplicable noise was heard, followed by a cataract of stones, clock-work, beams, bells, pinnacles, and carving, which came down in thunder to the base of the ROEBUCK statue. Its original might have seen in that mighty devastation a type of the ruin which he predicted for England; but which, thanks to her wise and bold dealing with her Constitution, her sinking Ireland to the bottom of the sea, her establishing the House of

Journalists, her compulsory education, her annihilation of professional lawyers, and above all her Private Currency Guarantee Acts, has yet to come to pass. Now that the State furnishes every honest man with whatever money he requires, we have no need to be dishonest, and we wish that the spirit of ROEBUCK could see a Metropolis, counting thirty-nine millions of inhabitants, guarded by a few pieces of police-machinery, and knowing nothing of crime save what is imported from the Empire of Africa.

So has fallen the mighty Bell, to which we see by reference to our archives, that we devoted an article on its arrival at the foot of the now prostrate Tower in 1856. It was raised to its place some time afterwards, and has hung, at that dizzy height, for four centuries. What scenes have passed around it! To what deeds, celebrations, solemnities, crimes, has not WARNER's thunderous metal lent its earthquake note! Let us recal a few of the instances when the Great Bell of Westminster has sounded. In the Revolution of 1862, when the ferocious ERNEST JONES and the sanguinary PAUL BEDFORD usurped the sovereignty, the Bell announced their coronation, and when the fratricidal combat between the two, as to which should possess the Koh-i-Noor diamond (now in the Baptist Cathedral at Herne Bay) was terminated, after a dreadful struggle in Maiden Lane, by PAUL striking off the head of ERNEST, and proclaiming himself KING PAUL JONES, the Bell told London of this consolidation of the monarchy. Forty years later, early in the twentieth century, when the Australian fleet arrived at the Nore to menace the mother country into repayment of the Gold Dust Loan of 1897, the Bell gave the signal to the terrible Torpedo Volunteers, who, swimming out with their frightful engines, affixed them to the bottoms of the ships, and blew the tyrant colonists to the five winds.

When, in 1964, the Civil War broke out between ALBERT THE SECOND and his people, because the former insisted on paying the expenses of the State from the revenues of the estates purchased by the celebrated husband of the good VICTORIA, while the people, justly deeming this an insult, demanded to be Taxed, the Bell sounded the alarm, as the



Royal Horse Marines went splashing up the Thames to cut out the *Maria Wood* at Richmond. It sounded too, as the signal for grace at the Palace Yard banquet, when differences were arranged, and the Dictator *Punch*, who had brought back KING ALBERT to his people's arms, made the State expenses a charge upon the profits of the sale of his own back numbers, and thus relieved the Sovereign and the nation with scarcely a perceptible loss to himself. At the celebration of the two-thousandth anniversary of the Christian Era, the Bell summoned the Metropolis to receive a medal in commemoration of the Anglican Bishops having agreed to surrender a tithe of their incomes to the working clergy, and in 2133 the Bell rang backwards as an unteachable hierarchy entered the House of Lords for the last time. In 2150, when a Hebrew fanatic, calling himself "The Asian Mystery," led Houndsditch and Holywell Street to the Tower, stormed it, and carried away the glass jewels (which the poor adventurer was unaware had been substituted for the regalia, presented to the Emperor, FREMONT THE THIRD, of America,) the Bell would have given warning of his execution, but that an ancient book, by one RABBI BENDIZZY, was discovered to have stimulated the madman, and the massacre of Holywell Street and demolition of that aged den of iniquity was the harmless vengeance taken by the people. Then came the Italian and Russian invasion of '2178, when England once more put out her strength, sank seven fleets and routed eleven armies, and scorning to gain an acre of territory, divided Italy among the descendants of MAZZINI and GRISI, and parcelled Russia between Poland, Sweden, and Sardinia. The Bell struck twenty-seven times while VISCOUNT GLADSTONE delivered the speech of as many hours, in which he commenced explaining the new arrangement of the map of Europe. The last incident to which we shall advert is within the recollection of most of us, when in 2230, Primrose Hill broke out as a volcano, and totally overwhelmed the cities of St. John's Wood and Camden-tonia. The Bell sounded furiously, and the Board of Works, availing itself of the marvellous mechanism of the grand sewers of London, brought them to bear upon the fiery mountain, and speedily extinguished it. The Bell's last important labour was therefore one of kindness, and it has fulfilled its mission. SIR IKKE DE SOLOMONS shall not have our Bell.



OFFICER OF THE PERIOD.

The Money-Market.

"You scoundrel," cried a distinguished stock-broker last week to a pickpocket plying his trade, "what are you about with my purse?" "My dear Sir," was the mollifying answer, "what is a man to do with money at seven per cent?"



FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

"How could he tell? Two long weary years had passed away; years of suffering, adventure, hardship, and trial, since he had left her and his native land to do battle against the hirsute legions of the Muscovite, and how did he know but that he would have to shave them off.

"In an agony of conflicting hopes and fears, ALGERNON FITZPYMLICO turned into Langham Place. Why does he stop so suddenly, as by a spell? and why does the life-blood rush crimson red up to his manly brow?

"A form of feminine elegance, lovely and fair to look upon, and arrayed in all the gorgeous amplitude of the prevailing mode—a fairy vessel with her sails all set—appears in the distance. Can it be?—yes—no—yes—'tis she, indeed—there can be no doubt about it—but will she recognise him? A cold chill, like damp dinner napkins struck to his very heart—his brain grew dizzy and with all the premonitory symptoms of a violent bilious attack, he clung to the nearest lamp-post for support.

"It was LETTICE. LETTICE, fresh, and crisp, and sparkling as that which had formed the salad of his noon-tide nourishment. With the sunniest of smiles she glidingly approached, and gracefully extending

her exquisitely gloved hand towards him, and in accents soft as the droppings of ethereal springs, she made inquiry as to how he did. But who shall describe the feelings of ALGERNON at that critical moment? feelings in comparison with which the tortures of Tantalus were as a cheerful and enlivening pastime; there was the hand, but how to reach it! Gladly would he have given up name and fame, lands, titles, trinkets, all, to have pressed again that little hand; to have touched once more that little finger—as well might he attempt to scale Parnassus as trench upon the limits of that enchanted circle of which she formed the centre, and which hung like a cloud-bank between him and the object of his soul's idolatry.

"It was a terrible moment.

"Suddenly, and with electric brilliancy, a flash of triumph gleams in his downcast eye—He has hit upon an expedient. Raising his stalwart arm—that arm which erewhile amid the blare of trumpets and the crash of war, had led battalions on to victory, and made the Russian tremble; dexterously encircling the lamp-post before alluded to with the curved handle of his *parapluie*; cleverly balancing his noble form at an angle of forty-five degrees; and in as graceful an attitude as the circumstances would admit of, he—" &c. &c. [Here the leaf turns over.

LES FÊTES DE FONTAINEBLEAU.

LOUIS NAPOLEON will not hunt the stag this season at Fontainebleau, there being a promise of more serious sport in Paris. His Majesty has given orders that the ladies and gentlemen duly convoked to the hunt, are not to consider themselves invited. Great is the consternation at Paris, and if a Government could be overthrown by *crinoline*, we believe that the Empire would be topsy-turvy at this moment. However, the English public at least will gain by the misadventure; so let us, with the moralist, bear our opposite neighbours' misfortunes like Christians. All the green hunting suits, the dresses and decorations, being disposable at an alarming sacrifice, a distinguished decorative Manager, with more than a Holywell-street eye for costume has, we are delighted to hear, made a handsome offer for the lot, and we shall have *Les Fêtes de Fontainebleau*, taken from the French, and presented better than new at the Princess's in Oxford-street. The scenery will, of course, be painted on the spot; and a moving panorama of a stag-hunt

is promised as among the noblest effects hitherto endeavoured. His Majesty has, in the most liberal manner, granted the removal of any number of head of game from the actual forest of Fontainebleau to the theatre; thus enabling the spirited Manager to carry out his poetic love of the real. The Emperor has further presented the Manager with a live boar; perhaps the biggest boar that has hitherto appeared under his auspices. It is expected that *Les Fêtes de Fontainebleau*—but we speak with caution—will take the place of the Christmas pantomime.

Singular Delusion.

REDPATH's salary at the Great Northern was £300 a-year. "Singularly enough," say the accounts, "the Directors entertained a feeling that he filled his responsible office simply from a desire of having something to do." There is a slight error here, which please correct as follows. For "having something to do," read "somebody to do."



A DELICATE EXCUSE.

Lady of the House. "We are sadly short of Gentlemen, Captain Fitzdrabble.—Pray let me introduce you for the next Galop."

Able-bodied Swell. "Aw—tha-a-ank you, no—aw—fact is—aw—I've given up Gymnastics—they—aw—disawange one's Dwess so!"

DOG-MARKET AND CANINE INTELLIGENCE.

WE have to announce that a large and sudden rise has taken place in the price of dogs. The great prevalence of garrotte-robberies is creating an enormous demand for those faithful and courageous animals. Dogs, indeed, are preternaturally brisk at present, and are looking up in a quite unprecedented manner. It has become the general feeling that a powerful and determined dog is a far more eligible street-companion by night than a revolver or a bowie-knife, and constitutes the very best of life-preservers. A state of half-strangulation is incompatible with the command of weapons. A victim, firing at the ruffian who is throttling him, might miss the ticket-of-leave man and shoot somebody else. If he hit the right man in the right place—that is, shot him through the head or through the body, or thrust him effectually in the stomach or under the ribs—an inquest, attended with some anxiety, and much loss of time, and inconvenience, would follow. A trustworthy and savage dog meets all the requirements of the situation, without entailing any unpleasant consequences. He instantly flies at the throat of the villain whose hand is at his master's, or he seizes him by the leg; and moreover, when he has forced him to loose his gripe, he still sticks to him, and acts not only as a preserver, but also as a policeman. In the mean time, he inflicts upon the scoundrel precisely that sort of punishment which such a fellow is capable of feeling, by causing his fangs to meet in the miscreant's flesh.

Thoroughbred Newfoundlands have been in high request, and cross-breeds with the Bull have found numerous purchasers. There has been a great inquiry for old English mastiffs, and Scotch staghounds have fetched considerable sums. British bloodhounds have ranged high; and Russian retrievers have been taken at handsome prices. Bull-terriers have been more active than ever, and pure bulls have gone up to the very highest quotations, an extraordinary value being attached to these dogs by reason of their immense power of jaw, and obstinate retentiveness of bite, qualities which they might be expected to display upon occasion, in the most satisfactory manner, and with the happiest effect, in pinning a brutal wretch of a garrotte robber by the nose, and causing the savage to roar and bellow delightfully.

Active measures are, we understand, in preparation with a view to getting up a Large Dog Show, to take place concurrently with the Exhibition of Fat Cattle. Government will act wisely in encouraging this project; since the increasing maintenance of taxable animals will augment the revenue, besides tending to secure that protection for life and property which is not at present afforded by the Home Office.

"TRANSFER OFFICE."—The Office that Clerks now-a-days take upon themselves of transferring the Shareholders' money into their own pockets.

ODE TO BIG BEN.

O BEN!

Ten

Times more deaf'ning than old Tom of Lincoln :
Prodigious cone!
Big monotone!

Elevated Upper Benjamin! When I think on
How thy E natural—sonorous tonic,
Booming distinctly out, each clear harmonic—
Will wrao in sound the whole Metropolis; and, five million ears
Bind with one common chord,—it, in good sooth, appears
To me, O loud pedometer for the Grim Old Runner!
That you are a stunner.

Monstrous memento!

Has thy tongue been sent to
Memorialise "my Lords" from your tall steeple—
To tell the borers,
And senseless snorers,

Who dream, forsooth, they represent the people,
That Time, which they so waste in clubs and "pairs,"
Is, in reality, the Public's, and not theirs?

Wilt thou, O giant Captain Cuttle!
When hourly "making a note on't," rouse the subtle
Barnacles to a sense of "how to do it?"

Or, if you can't, to a dread of how they'll rue it?
Wilt thou remind SIR CHARLES, whose motto's "Tarry,"
That, as his upper stories ripe and ripe,
His basements rot and rot, and soon will carry
You and your tower (unless he shore you well)
To where you will become, once more, a diving-bell?

Tremendous Larum! If, at each great stroke,
Of your enormous hammer,
Your trembling clamour,

Purges the air of all the lies and smoke
That seethe and vibrate at thy base,
(And which for very shame
Will make thy clock, good dame,
For ever hold her hands before her face).
Then, O immense Percussion Cap! I need
Not say, you'll prove a public benefit, indeed.

"WARRANTED OLD AND DRY."

SIR A. ALISON informs Europe, through the speaking-trumpet of his *History*, that it has not rained in Egypt for 1700 years. As this was announced to be the very last season of Vauxhall, perhaps the "spirited lessee" is thinking of transferring the Royal Property from the Thames to the banks of the Nile? A country where it never rains would be for Vauxhall the very "Abode of Bliss," which that melancholy place of entertainment was so often advertising, but apparently never found. But as SIR A. ALISON makes the statement very positively that the rain has never fallen in Egypt for upwards of seventeen centuries, may we politely ask "upon what grounds?" It would never do for Vauxhall, after escaping the Scylla of Lambeth, to fall into the Charybdis of Memphis! By the bye, how very dry those "forty sentries" must be, whom NAPOLÉON spied looking down upon his troops from the top of the Pyramids, considering that, for the last 1700 years, not one of them has had a blessed "drop in his eye!" Thirsty as the poor fellows must be, it is high time, we think, that they were relieved.

WE LIVE IN SUSPICIOUS TIMES!

CLERKS have lately been playing fast and loose to such an enormous extent with their employer's money, that it is extremely difficult to know whom to trust. We shall hear of the Clerk of the Weather having embezzled something next. He will be taken up probably for having been in the habit of skimming the Milky Way, and appropriating for years the cream to his own use; or else he will be convicted of transferring some of the brightest stars from the firmament, and stitching them all over his person, in order to be "a blaze of a swell," as ESTERHAZY was at Moscow. If we were Saturn, we certainly should count our rings every night, to see that none of them were missing!

Negligence is the Cause of Defalcation.

IN the case of the robbery of the Great Northern Railway, a delay was granted for overhauling the books. As soon as these are got through, and the deficiency ascertained, we think the Directors should be overhauled.

WHO CHRISTENED "BIG BEN?"

A Query to the Editor of "Notes and Queries" in the year 1999.



SIR,—Something like a century and a half having gathered and rolled over your head of snow, since the first appearance of your light and amusing miscellany—a work that in its infancy delighted our great grandfathers, to say nothing of the instruction it afforded our egg-sucking grandmothers,—I address myself to your knowledge and experience to decide a question that I venture to believe is even yet of some public interest.

On Sunday last, after afternoon service in Hyde Park, where the BISHOP OF LONDON delivered a most touching discourse to a very orderly congregation of the nobility and gentry, myself and two friends took a balloon from the station in Rotten Row, and were in a few minutes set down at the balloon station at the entrance of the Crystal Palace. We were about to enter that resplendent edifice, when we heard and were arrested by the tones of Big Ben, that came throbbing across the fields from Westminster, the bell then beating five.

I cannot say how it was, Sir; but no one better than yourself knows that there are times when the sound of bells has a peculiar appeal to the human heart; now melting, and now sweetly disturbing it. My friends, alike with myself, on the occasion in question, seemed to participate in one deep emotion. We said nothing. We entered the gardens. We paused for a while, contemplating the innocent sports of a band of frolicsome children, playing at kiss-in-the-ring. We wandered onward, and at length simultaneously sat down. It was plain that we were all brooding over one thought—plain that our several bosoms all nourished, and if I may use the expression, fondled the same note (E natural, I believe,) of Big Ben.

"How fortunate was the man," thus pensively began BROWN, the name of one of my two friends—"who living in the year 1856, as the Chief Commissioner of Works, I think that was his appointment, had the luck to have his name given to Big Ben and thus to be sent floating down to generations, a note for all time!"

"Chief Commissioner!" cried JONES (my second friend) a little hastily; "my dear BROWN, your historical knowledge is a little loose. The GOVERNOR GENERAL OF JERUSALEM, although in his long and eloquent life, he filled many posts; that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, First Lord of the Admiralty, Master of the Horse, and others that I cannot remember, was assuredly never the Commissioner of the Board of Works. His soul was a little above common sewers. Now, it was from the GOVERNOR GENERAL OF JERUSALEM (after Jerusalem had been ceded to us by MUSTYFAR THE SEVENTEENTH) that BIG BEN received his metallic baptism." And JONES looked to me for confirmation of his statement.

"My dear JONES," said I, smiling, "and my very dear BROWN, you both are wrong—entirely wrong. From neither of these individuals did the bell receive its name, but from a much humbler though very worthy individual: namely, from a celebrated boxer, or pugilist of the nineteenth century, called —"

"Pooh, pooh!" cried BROWN, "I say Big Ben of Westminster was named from SIR BENJAMIN HALL, who —"

"Fiddlestick!" cried JONES; "I say that it was from BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Duke of Jerusalem, and —"

"Nonsense!" I shouted; for I was getting a little warm at the ignorance of my friends—"I tell you Big Ben was popularly named

after BENJAMIN CAUNT, a fighting man, distinguished for his one blow that would strike a —"

But here, I am almost ashamed to say, the violence of my friends prevented for some time any rational argument. However, after a while, we cooled down; and cooling, came to the determination, MR. EDITOR, to inquire of you the solution of the subjoined question, thus put:

Who Christened "Big Ben" of Westminster?

BROWN says Big Ben was BEN HALL!
JONES declares Big Ben was BEN DISRAELI!!
And ROBINSON stands to it that Big Ben was BEN CAUNT!!!

Your decision, MR. EDITOR, in the next number of your valued *Notes and Queries* will confer a favour on your united querists and correspondents,
July 5, 1999. B. J. AND R.

A MISSIONARY FOR THE TEMPLE.

ONE of the foremost, out-stepping, and forth-putting questions of these our times is that which embraces in its utterance the wrongs and the rights of women. Now it whispers its plaintive indignation in the musical notes of "the BYRON of Modern Poetesses," anon it comes thundering over the waves of the briny Atlantic with all the vehement impetuosity of a Bloomer's stride; and, again, out of the mouth of an advertising sheet we learn what the ladies can do for us, if we will only allow them. The movement, we believe, originated with the classes called (by the perverted author of *Perversion*) the "leisurely classes," but it has now run down the scale to "laundresses," as the following important announcement, copied from the *Times*, will bear witness:—

TO BARRISTERS.—A respectable Widow wishes for the CARE OF OFFICES, or some CHAMBERS. Can be well recommended for honesty and sobriety. She can cook, and get up gentlemen's linen, and repair them. Address —"

Can any of our "learned friends" desire more than this? Here is a person who can cook for gentlemen, get up their linen, and repair them? The "respectable widow" should, however, have described her personal appearance, told her age and stated what wages—we beg pardon, what remuneration—she expected. We think we know one or two, at least, residing between Essex Court and King's Bench Walk, who would not object to pay any reasonable sum to be taken care of after this fashion. But though the Temple's do, we dare say, need repairing—so does the Temple, and the administration of its affairs—the law most of all wants to have its holes patched up and its soils washed off, and, inasmuch as a number of old ladies have been for some time past stitching and pasting the statutes, only to make them more unsightly and unserviceable, we recommend the Society for the Amendment of the Law, to apply to the "respectable widow." If she can repair the lawyers, she may be able to repair the law.

"BIG BEN" AND THE BAR.

WHEN "Big Ben" thundered his unexpected first note—his E natural—the effect throughout Westminster Hall is described as something tremendous. LORD CAMPBELL seemed the least moved; though it is said two half-crowns were distinctly heard to vibrate in his left breeches pocket; however, he maintained his equanimity. A pious and no less distinguished serjeant exclaimed, "DOCTOR CUMMING'S right, term's up!" A venerable attorney, with a money-lender of the Hebrew persuasion (waiting for a cause), fell upon their knees, and declared themselves ready there and then to confess all their sins, but were energetically arrested in their dreadful purpose by the presence of mind of the Crier of the Court. After a brief convulsive interval, LORD CAMPBELL calmed the general fear by a philosophical explanation of the cause of the alarm. Big Ben had spoken, and spoken with such emphasis, that henceforth learned gentlemen would be made to remember, in the midst of their verbosity, what o'clock it was. Is this to be hoped? How wonderful, then, will be the tongue of time, if it can lick even the lawyers!

A Trifle from Calcutta.

("Where is the tomb of SIR ARTHUR O'KELLYN?")

WHAT is the use of the LORD OF DUNKELIN,
Where shall the post of that nice youth be?
London's Asylum for Idiots a cell in;

Trot him in there, and let *Punch* have the key.
Muzzle he must,
Amid our disgust,
Ne'er to return to Calcutta—we trust.

RIFLE PRACTICE.—The ticket-of-leave system.

A SHORT MEDICAL ESSAY ON PLURACY.

BY DR. HALE.



PLURACY evidences an affection of the lining of the chest, which much resembles bank-note paper in consistency. Its first symptom is a complaint of tightness, accompanied by a folding together of the hands, and a heaving up of the whites of the eyes. The patient pays little attention, or anything else, to what ever does not concern himself. Neither the lives or happiness of others, nor the duty he owes to them, are in the least respected, whilst his own Pluracy engrosses all his interest. It absorbs his entire system, and even the tips of his fingers are affected by the malady, as they keep nervously clutching at everything that comes in their way.

The predisposing causes are intense greediness, and a terrible slothfulness, to do one's work properly. The greediness is extraordinary. A Pluralist, or one who is

touched with Pluracy, is always noted for having an enormous swallow. Nothing, apparently, satisfies him. The more he has, the more he craves for; and the more he receives, the wider he opens his mouth to receive more. This continual gaping for the good things of this world is one of the peculiar characteristics of the disease. The consequence is that it begets an unnatural appetite, which is as offensive to witness as it is difficult to gratify. The produce of several parishes has frequently been consumed to satiate his insatiable cravings. His wants become so exacting, that it has been calculated five or six hard-working clergymen could live with comparative ease and comfort on the mere amount he spends every year in luxuries alone.

The slothfulness connected with Pluracy is not less extraordinary. It is a well-known

physical fact, that it is much easier to eat and drink and consume the allowance of four or five persons than to do their work. The consequence is an overpowering indolence that incapacitates the person so indulging for the commonest duties, and the Pluralist evinces all these symptoms. His apathy becomes a disease. He grows fat and obese, and is painfully slow to move. He gives up walking, and rides about in carriages, the horses of which are not less fat and sleek than himself. His body expands almost visibly, and about his cheeks, that are bursting round and full, there is frequently a warm port-wine hue that in time communicates itself also to his nose. He can scarcely keep himself awake, excepting to his own interests, and his eyesight becomes so impaired that it is as much as he can do to distinguish right from wrong. A general drowsiness creeps over his notions, and, though not much given to preaching, it is very rarely he has the energy to practise even the little that he preaches. It is not often he is seen in church, and, when he does go, it is not an unusual thing for him to be caught napping; in fact, his whole religious life is mostly characterised by the latter failing.

The only cure for Pluracy is an entire reform of the corrupt system. Bleeding may be freely resorted to. The more a Pluralist is bled, the better he will feel for the relief. A low diet is likewise recommended, with a reduced scale of indulgences commensurate with respectable living; for it must be understood that it is the abuse of living, just as if a man had as many lives as a cat, that leads to the evil of Pluracy. At the same time, the living ought to be fully ample and nourishing, taking care to avoid everything like excess or luxury. In his diet, it will be as well to guard against too many soles. Above all, make him work. There would soon be an end to the scandalous complaint of Pluracy, if every Pluralist was compelled to earn his living.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE;

AN ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF SOUTHWARK.

AIR—"Charley is my darling."

CHARLEY was so daring, so daring, so daring,
CHARLEY was so daring, yet somehow durstn't fight;
For Cronstadt looked so scaring, so scaring, so scaring,
Cronstadt looked so scaring, it frightened him outright.

His forts he vowed he'd shatter, he'd shatter, he'd shatter,
The forts he swore he'd shatter, no stone of them should stand:
But this was merely chatter, mere after-dinner chatter,
He changed his note when soberly the stones themselves he scanned.

"Your cutlasses prepare boys, prepare boys, prepare boys,
For victory depends upon the sharpness of your fire;
But at Cronstadt we'll but stare boys, but stare boys, but stare boys,
Then home again in safety all right gallantly retire.

And if they ask us why, boys, our strength we didn't try, boys,
'Stead of taking it for granted if we fought that we'd be beat;
'Twas the fault of JIMMY GRAHAM, the swab (I'd like to flay him!)
Who with boys and with old women had manned our precious fleet."

And now the War is over, SIR CHARLEY'S turned a rover,
And arm in arm with CONSTANTINE inside the forts has seen;
And he swears 'twas deuced lucky he more prudent was than plucky,
Or sunk and smashed and shattered every ship of his had been!

Now with all respect for CHARLEY, who did his work so rarely,
Punch holds that British oak's as tough as 'twas in DIEDIN'S day;
And Punch states without shrinking, he's not alone in thinking,
That a NELSON would have taken where a NAPIER turned away.

Advocates and Alligators.

We regret to announce, from the Zoological Gardens, that the new Crocodile is dead. He is a great loss, but not an irreparable one; for several eminent Old Bailey Barristers have been shedding tears for him—and are prepared to go on at the shortest notice, with fee.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE USE OF FLOGGING.

IN directing attention to the subjoined extract from a letter in the *Morning Post*, we beg our readers to observe that it is a mere letter that we quote, and not our refined and lately much improved contemporary's text. The writer is remarking on the subject of flogging at Eton: in defence of which vile practice he says:—

"Now I could vouch that, from the earliest ages to the immortal KEATE, and thence to those of the present head-master, they have, one and all, appealed to the very seat of honour. *Experientia docet!* And mark me; flogging used with sound judgment, is the only fundamental principle upon which our large schools can be properly conducted.

"I am all the better for it, and am, therefore,

"ONE WHO HAS BEEN WELL SWISHED!"

Is the old dunce who perpetrated the attempts at joking contained in the foregoing stuff, and underlined them to indicate that they were meant for jokes—is such an obsolete blockhead all the better for having been flogged? Could a worse booby exist? Can he have been a greater fool before he was flogged than he is now that he has been flogged? Is he not plainly incorrigible? If he were not, we should recommend him to get himself corrected by submitting once more to the degrading infliction which he advocates with such gusto, and the idea of which is so disgusting to everybody else that can be disgusted by anything. We speak with reference to young men—leaving children out of the question—considered as the subjects of Eton discipline. There is a cant of manly roughness, as well as a cant of maudlin sentimentality. Both are sentimental affectations. As there are maudlin sentimentalists who think it interesting and pretty to pet convicted criminals, so there are manly sentimentalists who consider it fine, and stiff, and bluff, and old English, to stand up for the shameful flagellation of lads who in law only are not young men. When we find a manly sentimentalist advocating the rod, we generally discover that he has been at a public school, and see pretty clearly that his eulogy of flogging proceeds from an opinion that it has made an exceedingly fine and clever fellow of himself: an opinion sometimes very erroneous.

WALKING by the side of the Serpentine the other day, we saw a notice—"The public are requested to protect the water-fowl." We could see no water-owl. Could they have meant the foul water—the innumerable gallons of mock green-pea soup?



Police Constable (to Boy). "NOW THEN, OFF WITH THAT HOOP! OR I'LL PRECIOUS SOON HELP YOU!"

Lady (who imagines the observation is addressed to her). "WHAT A MONSTER!"

[Lifts up the Crinoline, and hurries off.]

ST. GEORGE AT STAMBOUL.

(To the Venerable MRS. GAMP.)

MY DEAR MRS. GAMP,

WHAT a pity it is that we cannot consistently abuse that PALMERSTON for advising HER MAJESTY to confer the Knighthood of the Garter on the SULTAN! How many nice changes we might have rung on the enormity of bestowing the Order of St. George on the chief disciple of the Arabian impostor, were we but qualified to be the bell-ringers! What a ding-dong we might have made up out of PETER THE HERMIT, GODFREY OF BOUILLON, RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, and all the heroes of the Crusades, invoking their glorious shades to testify against, and avenge, the desecration! But, alas! ST. GEORGE is for us a myth. We know no Saints but the Apostles and the Evangelists. ST. GEORGE, considered from our point of view, is a mere Popish Saint. He is nothing more than a venerable chimera, like the British Lion, or the British Unicorn.

We have too much reason to believe that he was a sad rogue, who, through a confusion of circumstances, got foisted into the calendar: that he was an officer of the Roman commissariat who cheated in bacon, was forced to abscond, entered the Church, turned Arian, became ARCHBISHOP OF ALEXANDRIA *vice* ATHANASIUS dethroned, oppressed his people in the most abominable manner, was cast into gaol like JOE SMITH, and ultimately, forebadowing the fate of the Mormonite Prophet, got lynched by the mob. It is only too probable that the legendary dragon which ST. GEORGE is represented as spearing, meant, originally, a personage no greater nor less than the orthodox ATHANASIUS himself!

But for these unfortunate considerations, what a forest of mediæval lances we might have hurled upon the PREMIER, what a clatter of battle-axes we might have raised about his head, what a lot of partisans we might have enlisted on our side, borrowing them from the old armoury, to do him in the ribs withal!—Unhappily it is no go.

ST. GEORGE has become the patron of England much in the same way that GUY FAWKES, if several ages of darkness were to succeed this enlightened one, might come to be enrolled among the British worthies.

The history of the Saint is too well known to allow you and me to raise any cry, that would not be generally laughed at, against the QUEEN'S principal adviser, and the tool of Russia, for profaning the Order which flourishes under the tutelage of ST. GEORGE.

On the contrary, I am afraid it will be argued, with too much reason, that, by the admission of ABDUL MEDJID into a brotherhood of Christian chivalry, HER MAJESTY, acting under the advice of her Prime Minister, has done more than is ever likely to be effected by Exeter Hall towards inducing the Grand Turk to abjure the errors of Mahometanism.

The next step will be—and what may we not expect when all power is lodged in the hands of one man?—to confer on the POPE the honorary membership of the Royal Society, and to invite his HOLINESS to join the Anti-Slavery-Association, and exert his influence in promotion of its truly Catholic objects by creating some negro a cardinal, and sending his black eminence to assert the equality of the human race in the capacity of ARCHBISHOP OF KANSAS. Believe me, my dear old MRS. GAMP,

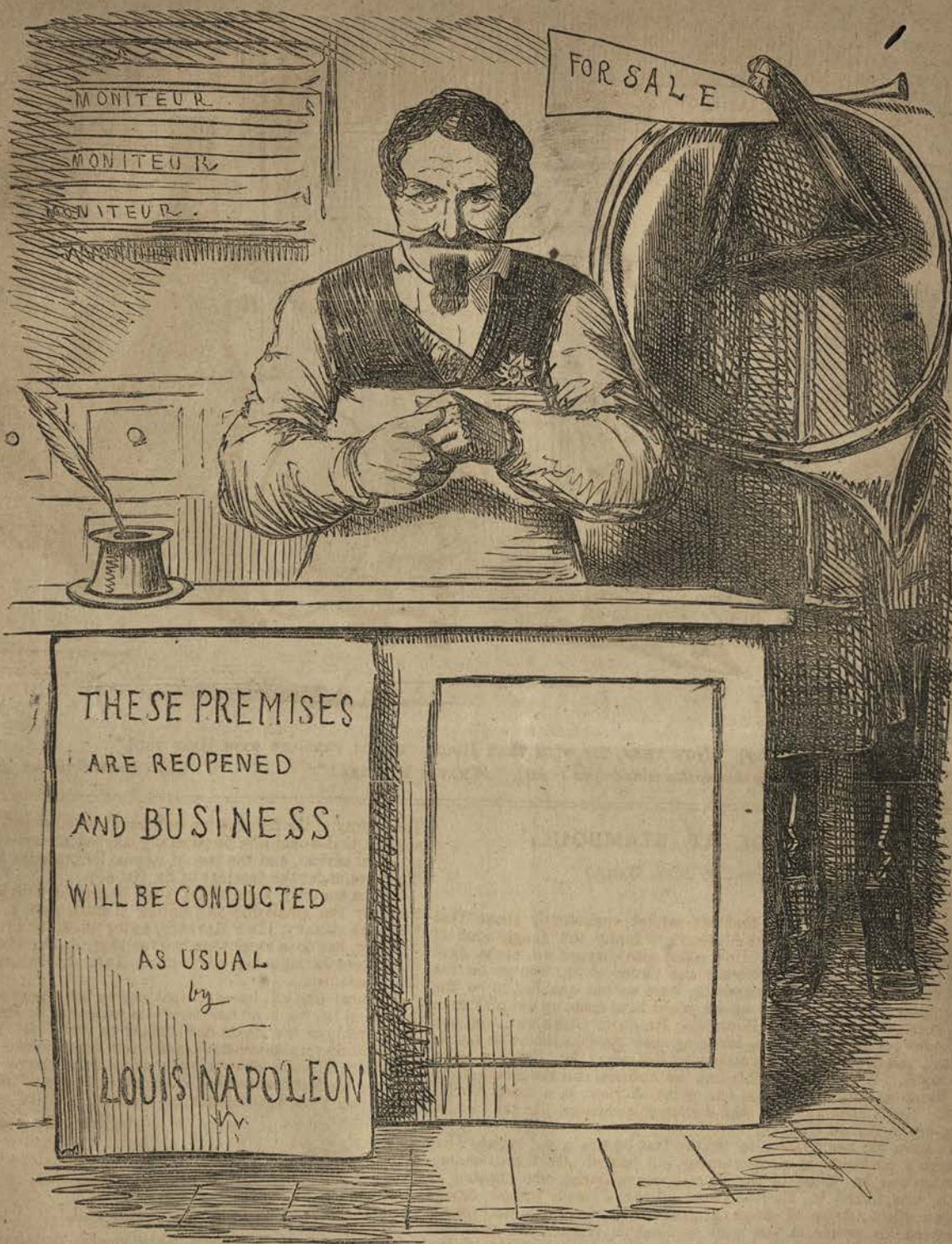
Ever affectionately Yours,

PUNCH.

P.S.—Try SEAGER and EVANS.

HAIR-BRAINED FOLLY.

A BARBER'S advertisement is kind enough to inform us of the fact that "Lost Hair can be restored." Now, we never met with a head so largely endowed with the bump of acquisitiveness that, having lost its hair, was anxious to have it brought back again; nor we cannot very well understand what the puzzled owner would do with all the hair, when it was restored to him! Fancy an officious housekeeper, or zealous valet, bringing to a bald-headed gentleman a large sack, and saying to him, "Please, Sir, you have been losing your hair now for the last ten years, I have taken the liberty, Sir, of restoring it to you. You will find every hair you have lost, Sir, in this here Sack." Don't you think it highly probable that such a domestic would, for his egregious stupidity, be politely presented by the master with the Sack in return?



A CARD.

M. LOUIS NAPOLEON BEGS TO ANNOUNCE TO HIS FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC, THAT HE HAS RETURNED TO PARIS FOR THE SEASON, AND HE HOPES BY A STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS, TO MERIT A CONTINUANCE OF THOSE FAVOURS WHICH &c., &c., &c., &c.

ELEGY.

Written near a Suburban Station House.

BY A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.



The muffin-bell proclaims the parting day,
The City clerks wind, weary, to their tea,
The Crusher cookward plods his steady way,
And leaves the streets to Bill Sykes and to me.

Now far and wide there's not a Blue in sight,
Like harmless loungers, safe our watch we hold,
Save that we grasp the life-preserver tight,
And the garotte arrange in artful fold.

Meanwhile from yonder station-house the snore
Of sleeping Crushers makes it very plain,
That Blues who snooze when they the streets should scour,
Will ne'er molest our solitary reign.

Within those well-warmed rooms Inspectors paid
Out of the parish rates the peace to keep,
Each in his watch-coat warm and snugly laid—
The mild protectors of the public—sleep.

The choking call of passengers forlorn,
With the garotte twitch'd dext'rous o'er their heads,
Cries of "Police!" and "Murder!" faintly borne,
No more will rouse them from their cozy beds.

For them at morn no pompous beak shall turn
To the charge-sheet made out so neat and square,
No prisoner nab'd shall swell the night's return,
Or grace the hand-cuffs o'er the Inspector's chair.

Of did the cook-maid to their flatt'ries yield,
Their fast bow oft the rabbit-pie hath broke;
How many an area's been their triumph's field,
How much cold meat fall'n 'neath their sturdy stroke!

Let not harsh censure mock their nightly toil,
Their stolen chats and area conquests sure;
Nor RICHARD MAYNE with too much strictness spoil
The short and simple suppers they procure.

Nor you, householders, fix on them the fault,
If no cold joint e'er lasts its second day,
While through the cupboard-shelf and pantry-vault
The hungry household cat is free to stray.

Can mild reproof, or anger's hasty gust
Back to its dish the rabbit-pie restore?
Can master's threat recall the flakey crust,
Or wipe the mopped-up beer from off the score?

Perhaps in some neglected spot is laid
A heart, well stuffed, brown from the kitchen fire,—
Meat, that to water hermit's chops had made,
Or waked a vegetarian's desire!

Say, if it goes, can nought your wrath assuage?
No hint of area-sneaks or cats that stroll?
Must Missus with the Cook fly in a rage,
And the Police still come in for the whole?

Full many a gem of the Emerald Isle so green,
The dark unadorned Crusher's coat may wear;
Can you expect such flowers to blush unseen,
Or fill their stomachs with the chill night air?

Some village LOVELACE, whom with dauntless breast,
Rustic CLARISSAS painfully withstood;
Some mute inglorious DANDO here may rest;
Some SOYER, with a genius for food.

The smiles of real ladies to command,
Glances to win from more than cookmaid's eyes,
Dinners and suppers in good style to stand,
And area-snacks and broken meat despise,

Their means forbade—nor circumscribed alone,
Their loves and pockets, their beats, too, confined:
Forbade to make the pot-house chair their throne,
And floor their glass like truncheonless mankind.

Far from the dangerous scenes of London life—
Garottes and Life-Preservers—let them stay,
And past the area-railings, free from strife,
Pursue the harmless tenor of their way.

For me, who for the Crusher snoring laid,
Do in these lines obvious excuses state—
If ever to the Hulks or Portland led
Some pal should kindly ask about my fate—

Haply may some grey-headed warder say,
"Oft have we seen him, in the convict rank,
Brushing with measured steps the dust away
From off the mill, or working at the crank.

There in the school-room where the boys they teach,
The Chaplain he would queer, upon the sly;
Glib texts would quote, or contrite mug would stretch,
Tipping the wink to pals, that sniggered by.

When, in the chapel, duller rogues would scorn
The Parson's pains that to convert them strove;
He still would sigh both afternoon and morn,
And in his tearless eye his knuckles shove.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed mill,
Nor at the crank, nor oakum-room was he.
Another came his vacant cell to fill,
His game had proved the ticket—he was free.

And in our Office here the other day,
Upon the prison-books I found him borne,
As one who, with his ticket sent away,
Would any station (house) in life adorn."

MORAL.

If Life-Preserver or Garotte you're worth,
Oh youth, to Portland and the Hulks though known,
The capital you'll find the snuggest berth,
Its wide unguarded suburbs all your own.

Long though your sentence and your task severe,
The pious dodge a ticket soon will send:
You give the Chaplain all he asks, a tear,
You'll find the Crusher (all you wish) a friend.

No farther seek the system to expose,
Or stop the ticket COLONEL JABB bestowed;
To spoil the child the British public chose,
And on the grown-up Convict spares the rod.

An Insurance that's Terribly Wanted.

A GREAT deal of labour has been usefully spent in making the dresses of ladies uninflamable, but no measures have as yet been taken (murmurs JENKINS) to protect the young gentlemen! This neglect is all the more extraordinary, when we consider that scarcely a day passes in society without some spark or other taking fire at the sight of some beautiful young lady!

ANOTHER IMPUDENT ATTEMPT AT GAROTTING.—Russia trying all it can to shut up the mouths of the Black Sea and the Danube!

REFORM YOUR RAILWAY TIME-BILLS.



THAT accidents will happen on the best regulated Railroads, time and the *Times* continually show. *Nulla dies sine Linea*. Scarcely ever a day passes without some Line or other being penny-a-lined in the papers as having been the scene of "another frightful smash!" Collisions are as frequent as cabs at public-house doors; and notwithstanding the precautions which at every inquest we are told are taken to prevent them, their recurrence is as great a certainty as the recurrence of a tax-collector.

Nor to the "Constant Reader" in his newspaper of the details of these accidents, is there even the advantage of variety. For the manner of their happening he can quote as many precedents as for the statement, which is jury-stereotyped, that "no blame attaches to the servants of the company." The causes he is sure to find in every case are either "absence of a signal-man" (on porter's duty at the station, which is half-a-mile off and worked shorthanded), or "breakdown of a goods' train;" and so long as, for economy, signal-men are hired at the age of nine or ten, and goods' trains are started off in front of the Express, with not above a minute's margin for escape by shunting, the effects of these causes are as sure a *sequitur* as is a policeman to the heels of your decanters.

Especial notice has, however, been directed lately to the excessive rate of travelling at which our trains are run, their pace indeed not seldom proving literally a killing one. There is, however, we are bound to say, an exception to the rule in the Eastern Counties Railway, which it would appear is, in some respects, not so black as has been painted. In point of speed at any rate it shows a salutary contrast to those dangerous excesses which other Lines are prone to, and, in fact, affords to nervous travellers the comfort of a slowness not elsewhere to be looked for. We learn, for instance, from a mass of printed evidence that has reached us in the form of pamphlets that have been publicly distributed, and which we therefore break no confidence in citing, that the average pace at which the Eastern Counties ordinary trains are run, so far from being excessive, barely exceeds that of an average donkey's gallop. Indeed, we understand that the Directors have been actually challenged by a sporting-minded costermonger, who has offered to back his "moke" against their fastest engine—which we should imagine he presumes to be a donkey engine. As we do not keep a racing prophet, and probably should not be much the wiser if we did, we cannot predict with any certainty when the match will come off; but the arrangements we believe are in the hands of a Committee, which has been formed for introducing the spirit of progress into the Company's proceedings, and of showing them that their advancement is dependent upon that of their passengers, to whom they now apparently consider time to be no object. Owing to defects in what is called the "rolling stock," which from the way they roll about we presume includes the carriages, it appears the Eastern Counties trains are at present not less slow than sure of breaking down; and indeed are advantageous only in their being trains of thought, for the period they are used to occupy in transit affords, we are informed, abundant time for meditation.

As competition generally brings about a change, the engines will probably be put upon their metal, now they have been threatened with a donkey to compete with them: and if the Directors duly profit by this asinine rivalry, we may hope next *Bradshaw* to see them turning over a new leaf, or they may find that their "delays are dangerous" to their interests. As regards the Committee who are now so zealously endeavouring to train the Eastern Counties in the way that it should go, we wish them heartily good speed, until they somehow have induced the Company to guarantee it.

The Images of London.

If any of our London statues should be preserved to Posterity, it will be supposed in after ages that they were all of them executed under the influence of Chloroform, since that substance is an anæsthetic agent.

APOLOGY FOR AN UNFORTUNATE YOUTH.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the case of *THE QUEEN v. LORD ERNEST VANE TEMPEST*—who has come before the public again, charged, in the Court of Queen's Bench, with having spat in CORNET AMES's face, let us hope that some consideration will be extended to that unhappy young man—meaning the defendant. Taking his recent acts in connection with the first performance at the Windsor Theatre, which was the origin of his notoriety, we can have no doubt that he belongs to a class of persons whose misdeeds are punished when they ought to have been prevented. Phrenologists' shop-windows are full of casts of the heads of gentlemen of that class—unfortunate gentlemen, whose animal propensities irresistibly preponderated over their moral sentiments. Hence the casts of those gentlemen's heads have come to be exhibited in those windows, in most instances after the deaths of those gentlemen, the majority of whom died in their night-caps but not in their beds. From that fate, they might have been saved if proper precautionary measures had been adopted with them on their first or second manifestation of savage and ungovernable propensities.

Unhappy individuals who evince the dispositions, and the deficiency, which LORD ERNEST VANE TEMPEST is known to have evinced twice already, and is accused of having evinced once more, ought not to be treated as criminals. Either they were born with imperfect organisations, or their education has been neglected. An endeavour should be made to soften those natures of theirs which too nearly resemble the natures of ferocious animals, and to develop in their minds the germs of humanity. They ought to be treated with gentleness and forbearance, and dealt with on the principles of love and mercy. We see, from time to time, advertised in the papers, a school for young gentlemen whose minds are so peculiarly constituted that the ordinary methods of tuition are inapplicable to them. It seems a pity that LORD ERNEST VANE TEMPEST was not sent to such a school. If all young men who behave as he has behaved were taken in time—were they placed under due control and put into proper training, as soon as ever they showed themselves prone to the commission of furious assaults and shameful outrages—very few of them would come to point a moral expressed in a copy of verses, and to adorn a tale printed on the worst paper, and illustrated by a woodcut representing a horrid spectacle.



SINGULAR COMMERCIAL FAILING.

It is a strange failing, and one I cannot account for in the English character (says a high authority in the City): but a man of honour, of unblemished integrity, no sooner becomes a Director of a public Company, than frequently he seems to lose all his *private honesty*. An honourable man does things as a Director, which he would scorn to do in his private capacity of banker, or tallow-chandler. There must be some obliquity in the commercial vision; for I have noticed that a man's eyes will see the smallest speck of dishonesty quite quick enough in his own counting-house, but that when he is seated in the board-room of a Committee, he quietly winks at things ten thousand times worse!

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,—“I DID not suppose it possible that you could be so rude and unkind as you showed yourself a fortnight ago, when I wrote you a letter offering to become your correspondent. I declare, when I read that letter in print, with a picture in the corner, not the least bit in the world like me (though, I admit, rather pretty in its way), I coloured up to the tip-top of my forehead, and I am sure that if I had worn those ‘pastry-cook’s girl’s ornaments called kiss-curls, the gum would have been melted off in a minute. My letter was not intended to be printed, as you must have known. I could quite have cried over it, only I remembered a very pretty and gentle speech of my brother Augustus’s about crying. He said that tears from a woman mean no more than swearing in a man, and

that neither demonstration ought to produce the least effect upon a rational mind. This is the chivalry of the Nineteenth Century, as dear Mrs. GORE says.

“But as you are good enough to say, in your condescending way, that ‘I may do just what I like,’ I shall put my dignity on one side, and occasionally give you some of my Notions.

“I spoke in my letter (which you had no right to publish) about Giving it to the Men. But, really, my dear *Punch*, when one comes to think about it, they seem to me what SHAKSPERE calls ‘such small game.’¹ Fancy an earnest woman setting herself to satirise the young men of the present day! That they should try, in their weak way, to satirise us is likely enough, and that they should be able to find nothing worse to say against us than old twaddle of which an Eton boy of seventeen would be ashamed. What is it they go on repeating about us, and thinking it smart to say? That we take pains with our looks and dress. As if a man did not judge a woman by her looks and dress, and as if all the men in a room do not invariably cluster round the prettiest and best dressed girl present, though she may be the greatest goose in existence.² Well, if we do take pains to look well, this is surely our homage to the intellectual Lords of the Creation, who are caught like mackerel. A little pearl powder and carmine, and a good deal of satin, and how you³ come swimming round, with your wise eyes, and mouths half open to be ready to talk nonsense; while the cleverest woman in the room (to be sure, you show sense in keeping out of her way) may sit and count the flowers in her bouquet, or the number of grins you make in trying to attract the pretty doll’s attention.

“Then we like babies, or, as some of the coarsest of you say, pretend to like them. Mothers talk about them! How wonderful! I have not got any babies, but the wonder to me is how mothers who have can ever talk about anything else. The darling wee things, with their little pink hands and a’baster faces! But I do admit that in one point of view a mother is foolish. To foadle and love and teach a boy-baby, with the possibility of his growing up into one of the ridiculous animals with draws, all-round collars, and affectation, that infest our drawing-rooms, is rather absurd. I do not wonder that young men, seeing in one another what they are, feel surprised that we are fond of children. As for pretending to like babies—why should we pretend it? Does one pretend to like flowers, or strawberries, or crystallised green gage?⁴ Is it to please your High Mightinesses that we should do it?—you, not one of whom in a thousand can appreciate the affection felt by an innocent woman for an innocent helpless baby. But I am ashamed of answering such commonplace nonsense.

“Well, then, we talk a good deal. We do, because we talk well and pleasantly. We are not vulgar strainers after effect, always trying to say smart things, nor do we ‘chaff’;—(O, I know all those words), but we are at our ease, and try to please the persons we talk to. Besides, we know something, for we listen to the conversation of old people,⁵ and read a good many books. Heaven help the hearers, if, with our facilities for talking, we poured out the stream of cackle (I don’t care whether the word is rude or not) which the young men of the day utter, and then think they have been conversing. Why, good gracious me!⁶ when one of the All-rounders has asked whether you’ve seen WOBSON, and told you what a squash there was at the *Treviata*, and mentioned three or four people that give balls, and asked if you knew them, and said (which is false) that the EMPRESS EUGENIE ain’t half so handsome when you are near her (as he never was) the poor wretch is exhausted, unless you happen to say you are fond of dogs, and then you certainly have a good hour of anecdotes about a dog he’s got that he really b’lieves loves the smoke of tobacco, you know, and won’t eat except off a particular plate, and barks when you say Buffalo, and winks with each

eye one after the other, not both at once you know, but separate (he couldn’t do alternately for his life) and GEORGIE BARKER—know GEORGIE BARKER?—goes to LADY VULTURE’S—well, GEORGIE offered him thirty guineas for the dog, but he would not take it. My dearest *Mr. Punch*, imagine a woman such a helpless idiot as an All-rounder.

“But I have not half done showing you why men are not worth my pitching into—there! are you shocked?—well, it’s AUGUSTUS’S fault. I shall not write to you again, unless you print all this letter without what you call improvements.

“Your,
“Saturday. “MARY ANN.”

⁷ We will not be menaced, Miss.

ETIQUETTE OF BURGLARY.

(For the Use of Hightoby Cracksmen.)

CALL when the family is out of town. Choose a dark night for your visit. Make as little noise as possible. Walk on tiptoe, as you keep moving from room to room, for fear of disturbing any one who might be asleep.

Remove all articles of value that come in your way.

Don’t slam the doors. Before leaving, drink your host’s health in his best Sherry.

Shut the street-door carefully as you go out. As you are not expected to show your faces on such occasions, you may as well protect them from the cold by wearing pieces of black crape over them.

You needn’t leave your Card, much less your Ticket-of-Leave, behind you, because if your host troubled himself in the least by attempting to return your call, you would only be putting him to a great deal of inconvenience, and besides you would not be able to treat him with the same hospitality. Moreover, such visits, paid, as they are, with such little ceremony, are never expected to be returned.

Should you, by any accident, meet with a policeman, do not behave meanly or discourteously to him, but invite him by all means to join your little festive party, unless he should prefer to keep watch for you by remaining outside.

Morbid Philanthropy.

As a proof of the mandlin benevolence that is so largely on the tapis at the present day, we may as well mention that there is some soft-hearted, soft-headed philanthropist, who is actually advertising every day: “DON’T BEAT YOUR CARPETS.” We suspect that this tender creature must be a brother of the lady who is always putting to the public the agonising question: “DO YOU BRUISE YOUR OATS?” Some other HOWARD of the pantry will be next jumping up amongst the advertisements, and perpetually bawling out, “LADIES, YOU SURELY ARE NOT SO CRUEL AS TO WHIP A SYLLABUB!”

What is a Comet?

MONSIEUR BABINET, one of the most distinguished members of the French Academy of Science, answers the above question by very learnedly explaining that “a Comet is a visible nothing.” The same explanation might be given with regard to many of the Comets and Stars in our theatrical firmament. For instance, what is MR. MURDOCH at the Haymarket, but, sidereally viewed, “A Visible Nothing?”

HETRS-AT-LAW.—Barristers’ Wigs.

¹ “Small deer,” Miss M.A. But we are glad you read SHAKSPERE.
² Never write in this way to people who don’t know you, MARY ANN. We have met you at LADY P’s, or else, from this sentence should suppose that you had a turned-up nose, or a corise coloured one.
³ Much too familiar. You mean, of course, how men do it.
⁴ A private allusion to a joke between you and us. Never put these things into what is meant for the public—nothing can be less artistic.
⁵ You might have used a better phrase than old people, Miss, but you are a good listener.
⁶ Be good enough to avoid unmeaning exclamations.



BUCHAN(AN)'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

MR. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL FOR DECAYED AND INDIGENT QUOTATIONS.

THIS excellent Institution, established by the benevolent *Mr. Punch* for the renovation of those threadbare scraps of poetry which we see daily scattered over the columns of periodicals, has been found of the utmost service in rescuing many of these worn-out quotations from their wandering life. To appreciate the benefits of this Institution, it is only necessary to read a few of the lamentable cases which have been forwarded to the hospital in the hope of obtaining relief.

1. A tattered-looking creature, yehept, "When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," applied for admission, stating that it had recently been unmercifully used in certain educational speeches. This poor applicant, however, was found on examination to be so threadbare as to render impracticable any attempt at renovation. After leaving the hospital we have heard that it applied to the officers of the "United Kingdom Temperance Alliance," and was furnished with new clothing by the ingenious *MR. POPE*. In its renovated state we understand it appears as "When temperance is bliss 'tis folly to be drunk."

2. Another applicant, from the country, who bore the name of "trip it on the light fantastic toe," told such a piteous tale of abuse by country journalists in their descriptions of dances, &c., that *Mr. Punch*, in his virtuous indignation, vowed to apply his "light fantastic toes" to any such persons who might come in his way. Happening, however, in the height of his wrath to kick *Toby*, he became calmer, and called for the next applicant, (3) who was named, "One may smile and smile, and be a villain," and who deposed that it had seen a great deal of service in various remarks upon certain gentlemen, who of late have made somewhat free with money intrusted to their hands. *Mr. Punch* said that though this candidate for admission bore the marks of a villain in its face, he would see what could be done for it. A new suit was accordingly supplied to it, to which *Mr. P.* begs to draw the attention of the learned belligerents, who contend in the columns of the *Times* about the origin of the Stereoscope:—"One may grow angry and grow angry, and be no better for it." 4. "Hearts of Oak," another applicant, presented a heart-rending condition, having been completely worn out in speeches relating to the late war. *Mr. Punch* respectfully dedicating it to *SIR CHARLES NAPIER*, begs to change this into "Heads of wood." Many other quotations, who applied for admission, were relieved or

A TREMENDOUS MUSICAL RUN.

IN an article on the *Children of Great Men* in a well known periodical, we have stumbled over the following paragraph:—

"The most striking example known to us is that of the family which boasted *JEAN SEBASTIAN BACH* as the culminating illustration of a musical genius which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred *BACHS*."

We think we may call the above instance of assiduity the longest game at leap-frog that was ever played in the world. Fancy *Genius* leaping perseveringly "over Three Hundred *BACHS*," regularly one after another, until at last it came, panting and out of breath, to *JEAN SEBASTIAN*. No wonder it alighted, as it did, on his shoulders, for *Genius* must have been fairly tired of clearing so many "*BACHS*," without finding a suitable resting-place where it could worthily settle.

ANOTHER WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR!

THERE may be seen every day in the advertising columns a delicate compliment paid to "Our Special Correspondent"—a compliment all the more delicate, because it is evidently unintentional. The compliment takes the shape of a Bookseller's advertisement, which lays in type, not less bold than the Truth, the unhesitating fact:—

THE COMPLETION OF THE WAR—BY WILLIAM RUSSELL.

We congratulate our courageous confrère on this tardy acknowledgement of his merits. We rejoice to find that, in some honourable quarters at least, the pith of the Peace is fairly attributed to *WILLIAM RUSSELL'S* Pen!

Russia's Firm Friends.

THE rumour that one of the leading firms that have taken the Russian railway loan is the house of *BARING*, is the invention of some horrid wag, but good patriot, who has laboured at once to make a sort of pun against the Russian Bear, and to spoil the Russian Bear's project by the suggestion of bearing.

renovated in an equally judicious manner, and *Mr. P.* hopes that after the trouble he has taken, he will never again, see these quotations in their ancient form.

UNPLEASANTNESS IN THE VINEYARD.

THE nature of the Vine Disease appears to have been discovered at last: a remedy for it having been found, which, if similarity of cure implies similarity of complaint, can leave little room for doubt as to the character of the disorder. We quote from the *Times*:—

"THE VINE DISEASE.—Letters from Messina, dated the 4th instant, state that the application of sulphur to the vines in Sicily has been found very successful, and in scarcely any instances, when done in time, has it been known to fail!"

Here we have, apparently, a case in which vegetable and human therapeutics, and therefore human and vegetable nosology, meet. The consideration obviously suggested by this fact is, that one ought to be glad that one's vocation is not that of a vine-dresser. Pruning, or otherwise handling the vine, must be a service of danger. The diseased vine should, for the sake of precaution, be labelled with the well-known legend implying that nobody can touch it with impunity. It labours under a cutaneous affection, for which sulphur is a specific, and which, accordingly, there is too much reason to fear, might prove contagious.

The Greedy Boy.

THERE'S *KING CLICQUOT*, who is so greedy, that, not content with the German Diet, he's always crying out for a piece of Neufchâtel!—as though the Prussian dinner-sty wasn't complete without its little *morceau* of Neufchâtel! But perhaps *CLICQUOT* thinks that the flavour of his champagne would be considerably improved by the addition of an *entrée* that he evidently considers "quite the cheese."

WIT ON "THE DOWNS."

LADY CRINOLINE fell from her horse the other day at Brighton, but fortunately received no injury. However, some wicked wag wrote a long account of the accident, and sent it the next day to all the local papers with the malicious heading, "PERILOUS DESCENT OF A BALLOON."



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Hair-Dresser. "M'sieu wish ze barbe shave?"

Resident Parisian. "Oui, je fay—a—that is, I do.—And—a—I say, just trimmay le moostarsh à l' Omperoor, sivvooplay—like—a—that is—com le vobre—I mean, you know, like yours!"

SCOTLAND SNUBBED.

THERE can be no doubt in the breast of any impartial Scotchman that a conspiracy has a long time existed among Englishmen; in fact, the plot has become an English affair—to Snub Scotland. Otherwise, it has been and is forcibly put—otherwise, why the exclusive use of the word English, which simply implies things of England, to the contemptuous disuse of British, that comprehends both countries? In our thriving contemporary, the *Caledonian Mercury*, the case is admirably put. Indeed, the columns of the *Mercury* seem especially chosen by all patriotic Scotchmen with a grievance. Thus, when in his recent lectures, our tender and judicious THACKERAY, with gentlest breath that would have scarcely stirred a white rose-leaf, ventured to say something of the living and vivacious dust of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, there was great indignation. The *perfervidum genium Scotorum* glowed at white heat; and sundry patriots in the *Mercury* did battle for MARY, proving her every bit as nice and as judicious as our virgin ELIZABETH, whose chastity, like a *chevaux-de-frise* defied even cavalry. However, THACKERAY has made his peace; and MARY rests, like a folded lily, every bit as pure as when THACKERAY entered Edinburgh.

And now in the *Mercury* a Scottish patriot draws his claymour steelpen for his country. He writes, and what is more cruel, brings in ALISON:—

"Even historians, ALISON, for instance, constantly use the word English, a mere translation from the French, who have no word for Britain except that of their own old Province. Some years ago a letter was published under the heading of 'LORD PALMERSTON and the QUEEN'S English,' according to which his Lordship gave assurance that, in using on some occasion which caused remark in Scotland, the word English and England, he meant no disparagement to Scotland, Ireland, or Wales."

And the potato slept quietly under the slight; so did the leek—but not so the thistle. *Nemo me impune!* Nevertheless, it is a part of a system to annihilate Scotland.

"I cannot help thinking that there is a systematical design in some petty-minded quarter to consign the word Scotland to oblivion, and that the custom above mentioned has been introduced surreptitiously by underlings in public departments without the knowledge of persons in authority."

And when we consider the number of Scotch clerks in public departments in England—clerks who originally swam the Tweed, carrying their clothes in a bundle in their teeth—the neglect, the ingratitude on their part is the more atrocious. Scotchmen, it is known, generally bring with them to England a very beautiful accent; and yet it is painful to witness the design, yes, the "systematical design" on the part of English wives to take the very words out of their Scotch husbands' mouths, and so to deprive them of their own

lovely Doric. We have known the design so far succeed that after only one year's residence in England a Scotchman has wholly forgotten the Scotch bawbee in favour of the English shilling.

We think, with the *Mercury's* correspondent, the whole matter in its length, breadth, and depth worthy of gravest consideration. Why should there be anything exclusively English, and why not everything comprehensively British? Let the word English henceforth cease and determine; and let us enter into a national bond to use only the word British.

For instance, let an English fog be a British Mist:

Let the English Constitution be a British Pact;

Let an English Mastiff be a British Tyke:—

And, above all, and as a great sustaining hope, and comfort, and consolation unto all men, henceforth let the Bank of England be—*A British Bank!*

A STIR FOR SEACOLE.

DAME SEACOLE was a kindly old soul,

And a kindly old soul was she;

You might call for your pot, you might call for your pipe,
In her tent on "the Col" so free.

Her tent on "the Col," where a welcome toll

She took of the passing throng,

That from Balaklava to the front

Toiled wearily along.

That berry-brown face, with a kind heart's trace

Impressed in each wrinkle sly,

Was a sight to behold, through the snow-clouds rolled

Across that iron sky.

The cold without gave a zest, no doubt,

To the welcome warmth within:

But her smile, good old soul, lent heat to the coal,

And power to the pannikin.

No store she set by the epaulette,

Be it worsted or gold-lace:

For K.C.B., or plain private SMITH,

She had still one pleasant face.

But not alone was her kindness shown

To the hale and hungry lot,

Who drank her grog and eat her prog,

And paid their honest shot.

The sick and sorry can tell the story

Of her nursing and dosing deeds.

Regimental M.D. never worked as she

In helping sick men's needs.

Of such work, God knows, was as much as she chose,

That dreary winter-tide,

When Death hung o'er the damp and pestilent camp,

And his scythe swung far and wide.

And when winter past, and spring at last

Made the mud-sea a sea of flowers,

Dog-hunt, race and review her brown face knew,

Still pleasant, in sunshine or showers.

Still she'd take her stand, as blithe and bland,

With her stores, the jolly old soul—

And—be the right man in the right place who can—

The right woman was Dame SEACOLE!

She gave her aid to all who prayed,

To hungry, and sick, and cold:

Open hand and heart, alike ready to part

Kind words, and acts, and gold.

And now the good soul is 'in the hole,'

What red-coat in all the land,

But to set her upon her legs again

Will not lend a willing hand?

Humanity in the Slave Market.

THE *New Orleans Delta* insists that "the African slave trade and African slavery conducted on humane principles, and regulated by law, must have the preference over every other form of compulsory labour." When Humanity has quite settled itself as a slave-dealer, of course we shall have Philanthropy beginning business as a housebreaker, and Rectitude making its way through a crowd as a pickpocket.

"SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF."

(Being some Hints on Prison Discipline, addressed to Mr. Punch by an old Ticket-of-Leave.)



EXPECTED SIR,—I rite this, opin you will egskuse herrors of grammer, wich I dident appen to git my time in quod wen skools was so much thort on as they is now-a-days, and younguns is put on the slate or spellin book, and not on the mill or the krank as they us'd to was wen I fust see the hinside of a jug, wich it was fourteen days summery for priggin pots in Bridewell this many a long yere ago. O'sumever I didnt ort to say I wort put to skool netber, for at skool I was every blessed minit of all that fourteen days, and

preshus deep masturs I ad too, and I nowed a deal more nor was good for me wen I comed out. There warnt none o' your silent and separate games then;—it was thick as thieves you may say, and hevery oppertewnity for the old ands to put the younguns hup to hevery lark they knowed theirselves, and if a boy was common sharp, he didn't ort ever to need to do another onest days work arter he comed out, but could keep hissself heasy and cumfutable in the famly way, wich is priggin, you know, *Mr. Punch*.

"Well I ad twenty-too yeres of a prig's life such as it is—hinside and hout, ruff and smoothe, hup and down, four munths out o' quod mostly to ave munths in, wich it's wot we considers our reglars about, takin one yere with another—wereby I think I ort to know as much about jugs as a few. Well I've guv up the priggin lay now, *Mr. Punch*, and am livin on the skware, wo'kin ard and onest for my livelyhood, under one of the hold tikets-o'-leve, wich they didnt give tikets then till a man ad pretty well wurked his time out, hover the worter, and got about a sickener of priggin, and showed it preshus plane and no mistake. But nowadays bless you Im ashamed to call myself a tikit-o'-leaver, wot with the garottin, and life-preserverin, and criberackin that's a-goin on, life aint safe, and an onest a-d-wurkin man cant keep wot he arns or take it ome cumfutable to his wife and famly, but out comes a raskal and gives you a clip on the ead, and clenes you hout in no time, & ooks it, and no crusher within a mile of you if you dyed for it.

"Now this 'ere, mind yer, *Mr. Punch*, cums kweerish arter all they've dun and torked and spent in wot they calls meli'atin prisun dissaplin, which I'd melierate em, a set o raskals, if I ad the care of a jug. Bless yer, I knows em, and smawl blame to me if hany, avin spent so much time along with that sort, and bein' mostly hup to their moves. Now, look ere, 'taint chaplins as 'll do it, and 'taint skools as 'll do it, nayther, and 'taint sepearate and silent sistems nor sociated sistems, nor wardurs, nor caps with masks to em, nor none o that 'ere sort a thing. It's a dele plesenter to snooze in the prisun chapel than to be swettin on the mill or the krank, or tarein your ands to peaces with that blessed bokum. Them chaplins has a gra'e say in a jug now a days; and any flat can gammon a chaplin, and you don't suppose, now do yer, if a cove nows as ow he'll get the chaplin's good word if so be he can spit hout a lot o texts ov a mornin, and come a long mug, and pitch it strong in the gownin and repentins line, that he won't try it on uncommon ard and evy—and stick his tung in his cheke, when the parson's baek's turned? And as for skoolin, all the readin and ritin and rithmetic in the world won't make a prig like work, when there's a heasier livin to be got by priggin, and jugs is made so uncommon pleasant that it's quite a comfort to be quodded now and then, particuler winter times, wich trampin is ard lines in cold wether; not but wot prigs isn't grateful for skoolin—they can rede *Jack Shepherd* and such like and rite to their pals, and their blowens, and if they takes to sereevin, or forgin or such like, penmanship coms useful.

"No, *Mr. Punch*, chaplins and skools won't do it, you may take your davy, arter you wunce gets coves hinside a jug. If so be you can keep em out by sich men, in corse youd better; but I dunnow neither. As fur as ever I see, 'taint so much want o churchin and skoolin as makes a prig of a lad at fust—nor want o wittles nether—nor drink nether. In corse there's sum takes to priggin acos they wants a bellif and disn't no ware to git it, and there's sum as 'll do anythink for lusb, wunce they gits a taste for it. But the wun thing as makes most prigs I ever see, *Mr. Punch*, is just atin ard work—that's wot it is. There's coves born as never arned a mele in their lives, and won't never arn one if so be they can git their meles without arnin on em. And them sort is wot I call nat'ral prigs—acos there is a many gets to

be prigs as was never born to the bisness, wich I ope I'm wun of those. Now, *Mr. Punch*, these ere bein my sentiments, I've my own hidears ow prigs is to be treated in quod, and now hevery body's a turnin over the subjec in regard o these ere tikit-o'-leavers, praps you'll think I've a rite to speke my mind on that pint, wich if you'll print this interdukshun, I opes to do in my neckst.

"So no more at present

"From your umbel servant,

"JAMES DARBY."

THE NEW RUSSIAN ADMIRAL.

If the Russian Government are anxious to restore their sunken navy, they could not hit upon a safer plan than to despatch SIR CHARLES NAPIER to Sebas'opol; for he was such a considerate wot-nurse to their ships at Cronstadt—watching them with the most maternal care, and preventing them from coming to the least harm—that it is clear they could not have a better hand at *bringing up* a Russian Fleet; and having brought them up well, he would be able to finish their nautical education by giving them the very best advice, counselling them tenderly never to leave the harbour, so long as an English three-decker was in sight, as it would only be cowardly to take advantage of such a poor Unprotected Female as BRITANNIA is when she ventures out to sea.



DRED!!!

THE OVERDUE COMET.

WHERE is the Comet that was said to be due a few weeks ago, and to have been seen, or supposed to have been seen, in Ireland; the object really seen there, and mistaken for the comet, having probably been the rising moon? The terrible catastrophes which are almost daily occurring require a comet, or some other extraordinary influence in the air, to account for them. If, however, there is a comet at present somewhere near the earth, it has not brought altogether bad luck. Perhaps the proverb respecting an ill-wind apolies to Comets; and one of the astounding phenomena of the present crisis is the fact that we have an Italian Opera going on at this time of the year, and GRISI singing in it, when, hitherto, we should as soon have expected to hear the nightingale.

There's Nothing in it.

THE electors of Southwark have been presenting SIR CHARLES NAPIER with a hat. It seems to us a piece of the most sublime mockery, that we should really laugh at it if it were not so unfeeling, to present a hat to a man who has completely lost his head!

WITCHCRAFT IN MODERN EUROPE.



THE belief in witches, affirmed by the wisdom of our ancestors, has been too hastily abjured by their less wise descendants. There can be no reasonable doubt that a number of Russian, or Russo-German, witches, are now, at the present moment, riding about Europe on their several broomsticks sowing discord and dissension, as busy as the Grand Master of their Order is proverbially said to be in a gale of wind. There is, in the first place, old mother ROMANOFF, widow of that celebrated but unfortunate Wizard of the North, the late

CEAR NICHOLAS. ALEXANDRA FEODOROWNA is said to be devoting her energies to fomenting, by means of her baleful enchantments, ill will between VICTOR EMMANUEL and FRANCIS JOSEPH. She is the HECATE of them all. The GRAND DUCHESS HELENA, niece of the KING OF WURTEMBERG, has established her cauldron at Breslau, and thence dispenses anti-celestial broth to Vienna, Dresden, Leipzig, Hanover, and Hamburg. ALEXANDRA, the wife of the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, and PRINCESS OF ALTENBERG, is nursing toads just now at Berlin, and despatches her familiars from that city to scatter abroad their venom over Baden and Brussels. Any adventurous traveller who will make the ascent of the Brocken on May-day night next, will probably enjoy the pleasure of polking in the most illustrious society.

A CASE OF PORK.

THOMAS PERKINS is an omnibus conductor; and in so far as his religious prejudices operate, may be considered a humble imitator of those lights of piety, MESSRS. SPOONER and NEWDEGATE. MARK LEVY is a Jew; a descendant of the Egyptian brickmakers. Now MARK, proceeding up Ludgate Street, is accosted in terms of ribaldry by PERKINS, who mounting the top of his omnibus takes up a piece of pork, and holds it mockingly towards the Jew, exclaiming very foully, "Jew, will you have a bit of this?" It was unfortunate for PERKINS that a piece of pork should happen to be upon his vehicle; otherwise he had not been stimulated into wrong-doing.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done!"

The unseemly conduct of PERKINS is proved before SIR JAMES DUKE who "sharply" accosts the defendant, saying, "I fine you 20s. and costs, or in default 14 days' imprisonment. It is not to be tolerated that respectable citizens of London are to be insulted as they walk along the streets, merely because they are Hebrews."

At the latter part of the day the money was paid, and THOMAS PERKINS was saved an ignominious jolt in the prison-van. Where the money came from remains a mystery; but it was whispered about the court that it had been subscribed by a few pious readers of the *Standard* mightily commiserating the case of PERKINS, and withal denouncing the infidelity of the age, when an orthodox 'bus-conductor is not permitted to shake a piece of pork in the faces of unbelieving Jews, the better to illustrate the fervour of his own Christianity. And, after all, PERKINS is only a disciple of the belief that shu's the House of Commons on the Jew. PERKINS does but imitate his aristocratic betters. Why, LORD DERBY even at a Mansion-House dinner declares himself staunch to the principles that refuse a seat to ROTHSCHILD in Parliament; and by so doing mockingly shakes a piece of pork in the face of the golden Hebrew. When that primitive Christian, MAJOR BERESFORD, at an agricultural feast avows himself determined for ever and for ever against the Jews, does not the MAJOR, with the 'bus-conductor, taunt the Israelite with no better argument than pork—pork?

ENGLISH DOMINATION IN EUROPE.

(To the Editor of the *Assemblée Nationale*.)

MY DEAR CONTEMPORARY,

You have been considered—you and your friend *Le Nord* of Brussels—to have said some rather hard things about perfidious Albion. Perhaps you have. Rest assured that JOHN BULL has no desire, still less design, to extend his domination over Europe. It would cost him much and pay him nothing, you see. But if he really did cherish any such project, I can quite understand how you might entertain an objection to it, although that may at first sight appear absurd. If English domination means Anglo-Saxon institutions, how could you feel anything but the reverse of repugnance to them—to trial by jury, habeas corpus, civil and religious liberty, freedom of speech and writing, parliamentary legislation, constitutional government, and the abolition of your vexatious, tyrannical, and useless passport system? English domination would be Continental emancipation: would you refuse freedom, and howl for masters in preference, like the canine species?

But perhaps you think that English institutions are rather more numerous than those above named. I suppose you are afraid that they include the Income-tax, the Court of Chancery, the Law of Divorce for the rich only, turnpike gates, fraudulent bankers, ticket-of-leave men, and garotte robberies. And I know not that there may not be some reason in such fear. In that case I must acknowledge that you have some little right to behold a scarecrow, and a monster, and a bugbear, in the idea of English domination.

Be pleased to accept the assurance of the distinguished consideration of

Your very humble servant,
PUNCH.

P.S. Believe me, the sale of wives is not one of those British institutions of which you can have any reason to fear the introduction.

Russia's Iron Roads.

THE Russian Railway scheme may be defined to be a proposition for the inducement of the people of France and England to make a series of iron rods for their own backs.

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

WE do not often dream of living in Utopia, and but seldom enjoy those blissful visions of the future, which the mind's eye of the rhapsodist, in frenzy rolling, is enabled to revel in. But how deliciously should we delight in the surprise, and what a delicious new sensation it would be to us, if just as we had cracked our second eggshell some fine morning, and were turning over quietly the third leaf of our *Times*, our eye should light suddenly on such a notice as the following:—

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £20,000 as Conscience money from a Bishop: being a return of ten years' over-pay."

Amusing Pictures of Vanity.

It's a fact, which you may see framed any day in the printsellers' windows, that the two classes of men who evince the greatest partiality for their own likenesses are players and preachers. In one window you will see a majority of popular comedians, and in another a preponderance of preachers, popular or otherwise. In fact, we think the Church rather carries it over the Stage, for the proportion seems to be two Pets of the Pulpit to every Farce-actor. From this we conclude that London numbers twice as many SPURGEONS as BUCKSTONES.

Delusive Hope.

THE House of HOPE of Amsterdam is enumerated among the money-jobbers who have combined to negotiate the Russian railway loan in the interests of tyranny. "Hope told a flattering tale"—which has deceived nobody.

ARMY PROMOTION.

It is said, in consequence of the great calmness and dignity with which CORNET AMES received the last assault of LORD VANE TEMPEST, that the gallant officer is about to be promoted to a Lieutenantcy in the—Heavy Spittoons!

EXTENSIBILITY OF MUSLIN.—A reliable Swell declares that he lately danced one evening with three young Ladies, the united circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.



STUMPED OUT.

Apothecary's Boy (to party rather proud of his Horsemanship). "I SAY, MISTER, MIND WHAT YOU'RE AT, OR YOU'LL BE OFF THE SHOPBOARD!"

NELSON AND NAPIER.

We observed in the papers that a "MISS NELSON, an English Lady," had composed some poetry, "addressed to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA upon his Coronation;" and that the same "had been graciously received by his Imperial Majesty," and the fair Muse "rewarded with an elegant present." We immediately wrote to St. Petersburg for a copy of the verses in question, and have just received them, transcribed by the GRAND-DUKE CONSTANTINE, who adds a polite apology for the delay. Here they are—

Humbly, CZAR of all the RUSSIAS,
At thy feet I lay my lays;
Please respect a Lady's blushes,
Who aspires to sing thy praise.

Pray forgive my appellation,
NELSONS now are something new,
Well you know the British nation
Sent no NELSON, Sire, to you.

Frisking, like an aged ape here,
When the war was past and done,
Came my country's hero, NAPIER,
For your courtiers making fun.

I, Sire, am the only NELSON,
You are ever like to see,
And your ships, from truck to kelson,
Are as safe as safe can be.

CHARLEY, who, had he been plucky,
Might have set this town alight,
Thinks his men were very lucky
That your captains would not fight.

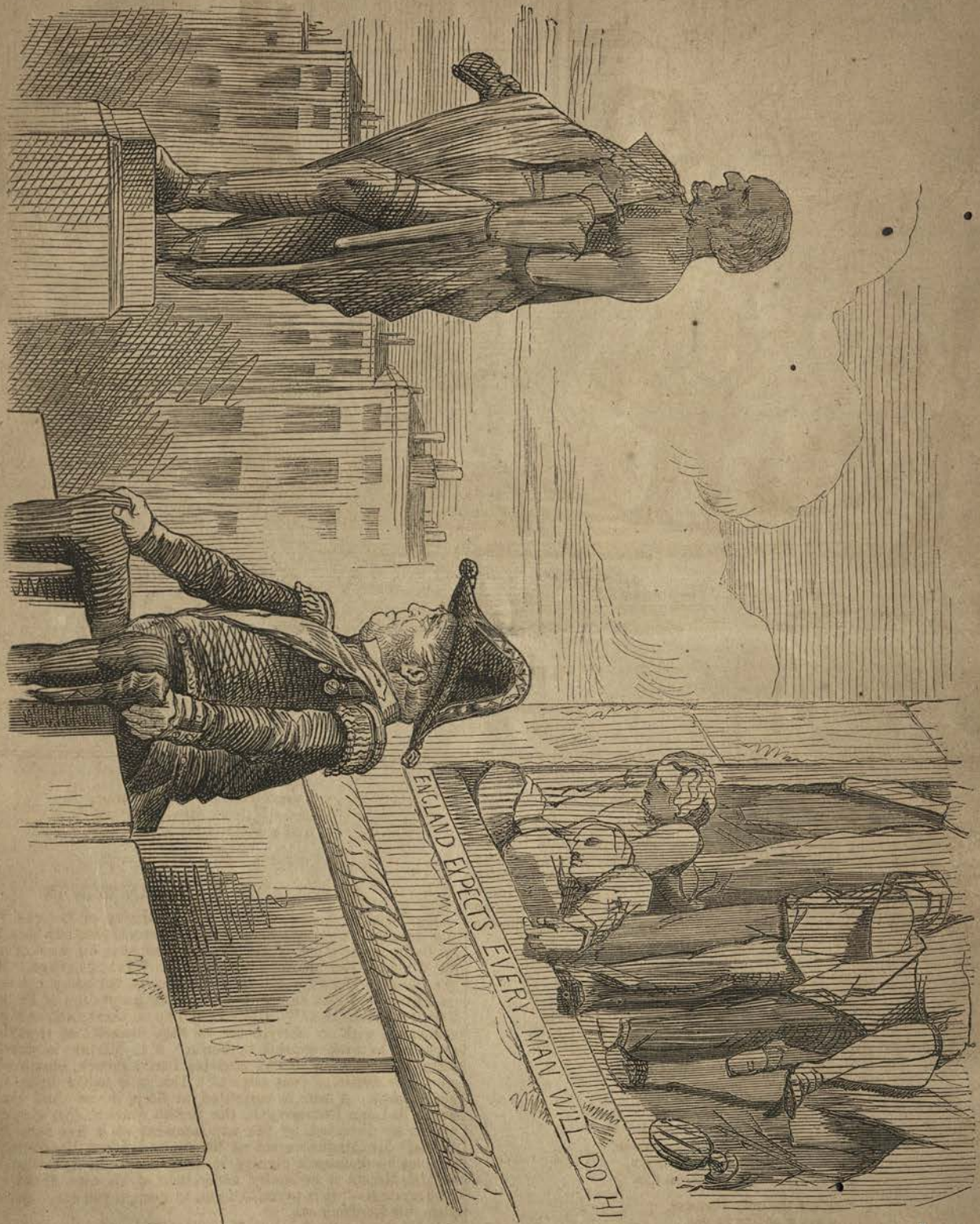
Climax fit to all our failures—
Russia wonders what we are,
While a NAPIER dreads her sailors,
And a NELSON lauds her CZAR!

A FREE-BORN BRITON IN BERLIN.

MR. MORRIS MOORE, who is not an admirer of DOCTOR WAAGEN, and does not very much believe in WINTERHALTER, has been arrested in Berlin for no other crime, it is supposed, than his want of reverence for WAAGEN, and his no admiration for WINTERHALTER. However, MR. MORRIS MOORE suffered himself to be led away captive by the police, without even exclaiming, under the inspiration of PALMERSTON, "*Civis Romanus sum!*" He is locked up all night; and as MR. MOORE complains, with no convenience to wash himself; as if anybody was expected to wash himself in Berlin. MR. MOORE is shown into a dirty den, when the official, grunting Berlin French, observes—"*Il est permis de dormir, si vous pouvez.*" This it is to live under a paternal government. A man is permitted to sleep, if—he can! MR. MOORE writes to LORD BLOOMFIELD, the British Ambassador, who, clearly, is not to be disturbed by the imprisonment of a free-born Briton in Berlin. MR. MOORE is set at liberty, and LORD BLOOMFIELD never rumples his diplomatic dignity in the matter. In fact what was said to MR. MOORE is evidently understood of his own duties by LORD BLOOMFIELD—"It is permitted you to sleep, if you can," and it is very plain, his Lordship *can*.

We have heard at a late hour that PRINCE ALBERT has ordered DOCTOR PRETORIUS to write to MR. MORRIS MOORE a letter of condolence.

HERE'S A THOUGHT FOR A PENNY!—If "no news is good news," then the papers at a penny must be the best of newspapers, for they scarcely ever contain any news.



THE NAPIER STATUE.

Admiral Sir C—s N—p—r—. "I OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN THERE, FOR I'M THE OPPOSITE TO NELSON."

ATTENTION!

Air—"The Bold Dragoon."

I'm in the British Army,
A Cornet on full pay,
And in your columns, *Mr. Punch*,
I'll write my doleful lay,
In the hope that some Financier
May read and set to rights,
The miseries which do pertain
To each one who indites
Himself a bold Dragoon,
In the service of our QUEEN.

Before I tell our wrongs,
I'll tell you what we do
To serve our QUEEN and country,
Like soldiers good and true.
As in this Island many are
Who most firmly believe,
That we have nothing else to do
But dress well and deceive
Those pretty charming creatures
Who love the bold Dragoon.

I've got to tumble out at six,
And down to stables go,
To see the horses groomed and fed,
No matter rain or snow.
The "Forage" next, the "Bread and Meat,"
The "Breakfasts" for the men
At nine a ride at funeral pace
With the Troopers until ten:
That's the daily morning's work
Of the jolly young Dragoon.

More "Forage" then of course comes in
When you want to have your feed,
And "Midday stables" 's sure to sound
When you've lit your morning's weed.
But *toujours prêt* your motto is,
So you buckle on your sword,
And breathe that gentle substantive,
But I daren't write the word,
So very seldom used
By the proper young Dragoon.



"Dismiss" is scarcely sounded,
And your Captain's lecture o'er,
"Men's dinners and their rooms"
The trumpets sternly roar.
And after that the "Prisoners"—
If any—you've to see,
Before you chuck your sword aside,
And feel what 'tis to be
An idle young Dragoon
Who's nothing got to do.

But only until three, my boy,
As then there comes the guard,
And one thing and another make
The duty rather hard.
There's "Stables" in the evening,
"Watch setting" and "Reports,"
And going round the sentinels
And some Military sports,
Which makes life pass so easy
To the jolly young Dragoon.

Now comes the subject sore
Which urges me to write—
'Tis that nasty filthy lucre
Without which things won't come right;
And Christmas soon is coming
With its file of little bills,
Putting one into the "Blues,"
And like Britons feel the ills
That are borne by poor devils
In a regiment of Dragoons.

On entering the Heavies, the
Gay Hussars, or Light,
We all know it is expensive
To keep the two ends right.
But still eight bob a day,
After everything's deducted,
Is rather too absurd
When I tell you how it's muled
At the end of every year
From the jolly young Dragoon.

Two chargers we have got to keep,
For which we've got to pay,
Besides their cost—just eightpence each,
For forage every day.
Our band and mess takes twenty days
Of that eight bob away,
And the Government so liberal
The Income-Tax do stay
From the handsome daily salary
Of the jolly young Dragoon.

Our Bâtman shillings twelve a month,
Our bifants two pound five;
Say, seven pound ten for dinner,
'Twill just keep the soul alive.
For washing and etceteras,
The tear and wear of traps,
To say nothing of our clothing,
Or each change which gives such raps
To the monetary vitals
Of the pauvre young Dragoon.

Now having thus cut up our pay,
They recommend us study,
For why, to see upon the staff
That brick, young LORD TOM NODDY.
He never studied in his life,
But well he did his duty
At Balaklava's fearful charge,
Altho' it spoilt his beauty,
As of many other fellows—
Most plucky young Dragoons.

Now in the House let some swell move
That we don't pay for Forage,
Nor yet for Bands or Income-Tax,
There will be no demurrage.
'Tis useless quite reforms to make
When they pay us as they do:
God knows we've done our duty,
As soldiers good and true,
Which gallant young Dragoons
Will surely always do.

What say you, *Mr. Punch*,
Don't you quite agree with me,
'Twould be fairer for we soldiers
To have our Band and Forage free?
HER MAJESTY, whom God protect,
Could do it by a word;
Most gracious then the gift would be,
And no blunter be the sword
When called upon to fight
Of each gallant young Dragoon.

Now you've got lots of interest,
Or at least you ought to have,
So try, dear *Punch*, the question,
And our pockets help to save.
We'll take you in for ever,
And laugh where'er you write.
If you'll only like a Trojan
Make the country do what's right
To the patriotic lot of men,
Called jolly young Dragoons.

THE SPANISH DANCERS.

REALLY the Spanish Government reminds us of the Spanish Ballets at the Haymarket Theatre, for the same thing has been going on now at both places with scarcely an alteration for the last three or four years. There are the same movements—the same ins and outs—the same shuffling and plotting precisely to get hold of the same heroine at the Haymarket as at the Escorial. The title of the ballet is changed every now and then—and so is the name of the Ministry; but the action in both remains unaltered, and the intrigue is just as transparent as ever. In the one you have PEREA NENA with a lot of seedy supernumeraries contending madly for her hand; in the other you see the QUEEN figuring away as recklessly as ever, whilst a number of desperate adventurers are crouching at her feet, ready to cut each other's throats, or to throw themselves into the most degrading attitudes, to gain possession of her smiles. Ballets and Ministries succeed one another with equal rapidity, and the great marvel is, that the people do not grow tired of the constant repetition of the same insane thing. On the contrary, they look complacently on as though they liked it, and even occasionally break out into a faint murmur of applause.

We candidly think that the next Ministry in Spain ought out of gratitude to be offered to BUCKSTONE, excepting that it is extremely doubtful whether he would sacrifice the manly spontaneous Bravos of his own popular establishment for the rascally, paid Bravos that are a disgrace to the management of QUEEN ISABELLA.



A GENT AT COST PRICE.

A TRAGEDY IN LONDON LIFE.

SCENE:—A handsome Mansion in a Fashionable Square.

Stranger in Black. I Believe, Sir, you are a medical man, and the proprietor of a certain "Pierian Spring," advertised under the title of the "Eau de Jouvence," at 5s. the bottle?

Medical Man. I am, Sir.

Stranger in Black. That Water is reputed to be drawn from the classic "Fountain of Youth," of which you alone, Sir, possess the key, and professes, if I am to believe this document (*reads prospectus*), "to remove freckles, elongate the eyelashes, brighten the pupil of the eye, give a filbert shape to the nails, eradicate corns, mollify the skin," and, besides curing all mortal complaints, from chilblains down to cholera, guarantees likewise, if I am not wrong, to "lengthen the span of human existence to an incalculable extent, such as the Patriarchs never dreamt of?"

Medical Man. It does, Sir.

Stranger in Black. Then, Sir, allow me to say I am an Undertaker. Here is my card, Sir—"MR. CADET MORTUAM"—and I have come to say, Sir, that I shall be most happy to allow you a commission of 35 per cent., Sir—I live close by—upon all the business you may send me.

[Whether the Undertaker was kicked out, or whether an agreement was then and there entered into between him and the Doctor, is best known to the Registrar of Deaths for that particular district.]

The Two Stools of Southampton.

THERE appears to be a split among the liberal electors of Southampton, owing to the desire of a certain section of them to be represented by a commercial man. Southampton, notwithstanding all that has lately occurred, still believes in commercial men. It is "cheering" to find the commercial character still standing high in so important a mercantile place as Southampton. In the meantime the division of the Liberals bids fair to result in the return of a Tory. Between the two separated bodies supporting Liberalism, the Liberal cause seems in danger of coming to the ground.

MR. SPURGEON AND THE BILL-STICKERS.

WE would call the attention of MR. SPURGEON, the Baptist preacher, to an advertisement which is, or has been, appearing in the *Times*, and of which the following is a portion:—

SPURGEON, THE MODERN WHITFIELD.—Those who wish to learn the cause of the popularity of this modern divine, should read the *New Park Street Pulpit*, in penny weekly numbers, sixpenny monthly parts, or volumes at 6s. 6d. Sold everywhere. 12 Sermons assorted, free by post for 12 stamps, or six for seven stamps.

Whether MR. SPURGEON is able to prevent the publication of advertisements of this kind, or not, we do not know; but if he can, he should. If we were MR. SPURGEON, we should be greatly annoyed at being advertised as "SPURGEON, the modern WHITFIELD." This means the same thing as SPURGEON, the young ROSCIUS, or SPURGEON, the INFANT PRODIGY; and if MR. SPURGEON's name is thus bruited about much longer, we shall soon have a race-horse called SPURGEON, and entered under that denomination for the Derby. Well if it is no worse; and if the canine intelligence of our sporting contemporary does not shortly announce that SPURGEON will, for a certain sum, or number of postage-stamps, in a given time, destroy a stated quantity of rats. MR. SPURGEON had better preach a strong sermon in self-defence against the quackery of taking his name for the heading of puffs; a practice which gives him a sort of slang notoriety, calculated to impair a minister's usefulness—unless he is one of HER MAJESTY'S ministers. Here is a man whose vocation is expressly that of raising the mind above worldly considerations, and how the respect due to his reverend office must be impaired through the association of his name with the "Guinea Family Bible," "Shirts 6 for 40s.," and the "Standard or Natural Sherry!"

Ducks and Geese.

THE report, circulated in the newspapers, that the DUCHESS OF ATHOLL had turned Papist, has been contradicted by the DUKE, her husband. If the Jesuits put her Grace forward as a decoy-duck, she has turned out a mere ordinary canard.

THE TIE OF THE TIME.—The garotte-robber differs from the swarthy Thug in the circumstance of being a white choker.

JARS WITH JARRING NAMES.

IN an article on ancient crockery-work, now usually styled the "Ceramic Art," the *Manchester Guardian* enumerates divers sorts and kinds of classical cups and pots for various uses; and among them mentions:—

"For ointments or perfumes—the lecythus, alabastron, ascos, bombilios, aryballos, and cotyliscos."

What a nomenclature, young ladies, for the appliances of the toilet! eh? What work for the mouth! What grimaces would attend the utterance of such cracking and bouncing words! "JANE, fetch me my lecythus. Where's my alabastron? I want my ascos. Have you seen my bombilios? You will find my aryballos on the dressing-table; and then look in the drawer for my cotyliscos." These words do not "sound as if they should be writ on satin," do they? They do not quite "melt like kisses from the female mouth," but rather appear to roll and rattle out of it like thunder and hail. What a clatter the old Greek young ladies, or the young Greek ladies of old, must have been accustomed to make in calling for their china! It must have resembled the collision of the alabastron and the lecythus, the bombilios and the ascos, the cotyliscos and the aryballos, together, with clash of breakage.

AN ENTIRE IMPOSSIBILITY.

LOCALITY:—Box-Office at the Drury Lane Opera.

Swell (*à la* KING OF SARDINIA). I want three stalls; but mind they must be together, and in the same row. You must be particular, if you please, for I want the places for myself, you see, and one on each side of me for my moustaches.

Box-keeper. Very sorry, Sir, but I cannot oblige you. I can give you one seat in front, Sir, and two just behind.

Swell. Thank you extremely, my dear fellow—but it's a physical impossibility. I can't exactly turn my back upon my moustaches!

THE ANTI-PEWTER ALLIANCE.

THE Maine Law agitators are gentlemen who are determined to go the whole hog, and to set their faces against all half-and-half measures.

IMITABLE IDLENESS.



ever, by the "their" we are to understand the principles of MESSRS. NEWDEGATE and SPOONER, we are pretty sure that if those gentlemen have been indolent of late in putting them in force, "the people" will most cheerfully forgive their idleness. We are tolerably acquainted with popular opinion, and have confidence in thinking that the measures which are

THE MESSIEURS NEWDEGATE and SPOONER have been starring in the provinces—if the expression "starring" be held applicable to such far from sparkling speakers. At the recent Agricultural Association Show, at Rugby, these gentlemen as usual, made an exhibition of themselves, and the former, among other admirable remarks, is reported to have

"Hoped that he should not be taxed with idleness, his hon. colleague and himself being members of the Opposition, because the people had not seen more measures passed in consonance with their principles."

The wording of this sentence is a little indistinct: but that is probably the fault of the reporter, MR. NEWDEGATE being famed for his rapidity of utterance. If, how-

consonant with NEWDEGATES and SPOONERS would be considered the reverse by the public generally. In fact, if MR. NEWDEGATE at length aspires to be a popular man, he cannot do better than become an idle one. We ourselves should only be too happy every now and then next session, to devote a poet's corner in our columns to recording

How doth the idle NEWDEGATE
Forget his prosing power,
And cease to lengthen the debate
Beyond the midnight hour!

THEATRICAL.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of the play-goer, and, especially of the visitors of the Sock-and-Buskin Saloon, to the approaching benefit of MR. SNIFFLES, the active and obliging box-keeper of that establishment. His urbanity is only to be equalled by his vigilance. The courteous delicacy with which SNIFFLES hovers about the box-door, esquetting with the key, whilst he watches the hand of the visitor in its repose, or progress towards the breeches pocket, is certainly not to be surpassed as a bit of real nature by any acting before the curtain. The decision, too, with which SNIFFLES declares every seat to be taken except the "very back" is remarkable as proving the physiognomical skill that reads "not a sixpence" in the features of the party who won't pay for a front place. SNIFFLES may now be said to have turned the hill of life, and to cheer him on his downward progress we can only wish him the bumper he deserves.

SONG OF THE BORDER RUFFIAN.

"Free Society! We sicken at the name."—*Alabama Paper.*

AMERICA the Land of Liberty?
I'll tell you what!—I'll put a chunk of lead
Inside your brain if you say that to me:
I'll raise your scull-top for you off your head.
America's the land of Slavery now,
To Slavery's cause the North we mean to win,
And if what I assert you won't allow,
I'll rip you open upwards to the chin.

There's some men here as I have got to shoot,
There's some men here as I have got to stick,
Let any on you jest my words dispute,
I'll put this bowie-knife into him, slick.
Wherever our star-spangled banner waves,
And our proud stripes eternity defies,
We'll buy, and sell, and whip, and brand our slaves,
Object to that, and I'll black both your eyes.

Not only niggers, but them darned mean whites,
To servitude who stoops themselves to lower,
Mind!—or I'll drill a peep-hole through your lights.
Yes, Siree, we'll make slaves on all the poor.
Sitch critters as that beggar, 'tother day,
That waiter-feller for his sarse that got
What he deserved—and some on you too may—
The base, degraded, brutal wretch was shot.

Them as descends a servant's place to take,
The treatment of a servant must expect;
If any man has a remark to make,
This here is loaded, let him recollect.
I'd make all airth slave soil. You disagree?
Mind, I was never know'd to miss my aim,
I loves the land of slaves, but as to free
Society, I sickens at the name.

'Bus "Full."

"FULL!" cried the Conductor; and the omnibus was full, and more than full. It contained four ladies, with their gowns and petticoats overflowing the seats, and foaming out at the windows.

DANCES FOR THE DAY.

THE composers of dancing-music seldom fail to seize upon any dreadful incident or terrible subject whereon the popular mind is excited, and to adopt it for the theme of some species of jig. Alma and Inkermann were celebrated by Quadrilles; Sebastopol inspired the composer of either a Waltz or a Polka, or some other equally suitable illustration, in the musical way, of the horrors and the heroism of war. When one thinks of the mutilations, the ghastly deaths, the unutterable miseries and agonies which constitute the details of warfare, one finds it difficult to conceive the state of that mind to which the idea of a battle-field, or a siege, can suggest the fancy of a skittish and frivolous tune, intended to provoke and regulate imbecile and rather ridiculous movements. Such inspiration, one might suppose, could be derived from the notion of carnage and slaughter by no kind of imaginable creature but a musical monkey. However, that sort of inspiration is, in fact, drawn very copiously from that source; and such being the case, we wonder, now that the war is over, that the dancing-school of composers do not exercise their genius on the calamities which still afflict society.

What do you say, messieurs, to the *Sadlevr Galop*? Or the *Paul Waltz*, or the *Robson Polka*? You might take the *Rogue's March* as the basis of your composition. But how could you, all of you, have missed the chance which is afforded you by the present fashion of nocturnal robbery? Of course, this hint will suffice you, and we shall forthwith be gratified by the production of no end of quadrilles, and so forth, under the title of the *Ticket-of-leave Man* and *La Garotte*.

NAPIER TO CONSTANTINE.

AT the late Tamworth dinner the MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND said that SIR CHARLES NAPIER, "in extreme pain at the moment," had written to the Grand Duke to know if it were true, as reported by SIR ROBERT PEEL, that it was the opinion of "every body in the Russian fleet that he could have taken Cronstadt." The Grand Duke has replied by electric telegraph to this effect:—"THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE has caused all the midshipmen to be severally examined as to their belief whether SIR CHARLES NAPIER could have taken Cronstadt, and all the midshipmen make this answer:—"They will not commit themselves to the opinion that SIR CHARLES NAPIER could have taken Cronstadt; but they, to a mid, are of this undivided opinion, that, as a British admiral, at least he ought to have tried."

MYSTERIOUS.

Omnibus Driver. Have you set down that Party as got in at the Crescent, JEM?

Conductor. Yes.

(An interval of five minutes.)

Omnibus Driver. You recollect that there wet Sunday I druv you down?

Conductor. Ah?

Omnibus Driver. Well, do you remember a werry ree-markable sur-prisin' circumstance I was a relatin' of to you that afternoon?

Conductor. To be sure I do.

(Another pause.)

Omnibus Driver. Well then—

Conductor. What! you don't mean to say as that—

Omnibus Driver (definitively). That's the PARTY, Sir!

[Inquisitive Old Gent on the Box, who has arrived at his destination, is upset for the rest of the day.]



ANOTHER GAROTTE OUTRAGE.

THIS diabolical mode of attack appears to be on the increase. Monday night supplied another victim. The Hon. MR. LILLIPUT, living in the heart of Belgravia, left his club, "The Beeswing," at the early hour of ten. The evening, for the early part of December, was very fine; and MR. LILLIPUT, who is a gentleman of singularly active habits, resolved upon doing his best to walk home. MR. LILLIPUT had dined at "The Beeswing." In the pursuit of his intention, MR. LILLIPUT went through St. James's Park and Pimlico, and, considering that he had so very recently dined, was making rapid approaches towards Belgravia. When about to turn the corner of a street, about a hundred yards from his own door, MR. LILLIPUT felt a sudden compression of the throat; his eyes saw double; his head turned round and he fell upon the pavement, without even the presence of mind or the power to cry "Police!" In this state, it is supposed the unfortunate gentleman must have lain for upwards of two hours; for he was found as cold as the flags, in a deep stupor, and with a stertorous breathing, that, we may add, first called the attention of the policeman to MR. LILLIPUT's whereabouts. His person was searched, but nothing was found upon him but his card of address, and his club-bill for dinner, which—as we never make this journal a vehicle for private gossip—we elect not to give.

MR. LILLIPUT, on coming to a portion of his senses, gave a very eloquent description of the effects of the attack he had suffered. He said when his throat was compressed, he felt as if his brain was turned into Vauxhall fire-works, accompanied with a strong odour of musk, a scent, added the worthy gentleman, that was his abomination. He had lost his watch, but as the watch had never kept time, the worthy gentleman seemed in no way affected by the calamity.

The Hon. MR. LILLIPUT, it may be needless to inform the reader, is connected with the very highest members of the Aristocracy. A meeting of the family has been held, when it was resolved that, on the meeting of Parliament, the law should be immediately altered, so that every ticket-of-leave should instantly be withdrawn, and the offence of the garrotte made punishable by certain death.

This being the case, we cannot but congratulate the country at large on the assault committed upon the Hon. MR. LILLIPUT: for as the Hon. gentleman is nephew to a Duke, brother-in-law to a Marquess, cousin to an Earl, a Duchess, and a Bishop, and further, is about to be allied to the daughter of an ex-chancellor, there can be no doubt that at length, the crying, killing evil of the ticket-of-leave system will be put down with a strong hand. Of course, vulgar assaults we must, from time to time, always expect; but when the Garotte enters the bosom of a nobleman's family, it is high time for the laws to better themselves.

Female Claimants for Boredom.

THE French boast of an authoress of the name of MADAME BAWR, and her reputation is decidedly great. But then, what is one BAWR in the literature of a country? Why, amongst our female writers there is no end to the BORES! and look at American literature! Can you possibly imagine a greater BAWR than FANNY FERN?

THE GREAT HAMMERSMITH RAILWAY.

A RAILWAY project, of much greater importance than the Russian affair, is now offered to the British public—and also, indeed, to the French, if the *Credit Mobilier* will vouchsafe to patronise the speculation. The Hammersmith Railway Company, recently established, proposes to effect a series of internal communications not inferior, to say the least, in importance, to the junction of the Baltic with the Euxine, St. Petersburg with Moscow, and Warsaw with Königsburg. To connect the great emporium of Acton with that vast centre of commerce, Hammersmith, and this, through the populous regions of Fulham Fields, over the bosom of the mighty Thames, with Battersea, and to place that hive of industry in relation with the grand agricultural and manufacturing district of Wandsworth, is the object of this gigantic enterprise. In addition, it will bring the opulent parish of Hammersmith into more intimate relation with the other vast and wealthy suburb of Kensington, by means of a junction with the lucrative and prosperous West London Railway.

Application is to be made to Parliament early in the ensuing Session, for the sanction of this enormous undertaking, to the accomplishment of which a serious, but not perhaps insurmountable engineering difficulty presents itself. "Railway, No. 1," from busy Acton to the greatly frequented thoroughfare of Back Church Lane, will have to cross the Great Western Road. A double gate crossing this leading outlet to London would form an almost intolerable obstruction to the multitude of omnibuses and other carriages, private and public, which are constantly running upon it: hence the necessity for a very deep and long cutting, or a tunnel of equal length, or a bridge, which would perhaps prove a bore of equal magnitude with the tunnel.

The Hammersmith Railway Company may be recommended to consider whether it would not be advisable to modify their plans a little, and lay down a line direct from Hammersmith to the Bank; a policy obviously suggested by the impossibility experienced by the wayfarer of finding a place in any Hammersmith-bound Hammersmith 'bus between the hours of 4 and 8 A.M. The purchase of important property situated on the required line might offer some impediment to this operation, but this no doubt might easily be got over by the Hammersmith capitalists.

Should Parliament, though perhaps it may not, approve of this stupendous speculation, there will be nothing whatever to prevent it from being carried out but the want of funds, which, considering the splendidly paying condition of existing railways, we cannot doubt will be speedily forthcoming. No further remarks can be necessary to induce all persons anxious to invest their capital, or their savings, to make immediate application for shares in the grand, comprehensive, and colossal Hammersmith Railway.

IF LITTLE JOHN will come back to England to his anxious friends, he is promised a new robe of nice crimson silk velvet, trimmed with real ermine fur; and a coronet of gold perhaps with pearls, and perhaps with strawberry-leaves. And further than this, he shall be called by any pretty name he likes, and not be LITTLE JOHN any longer. He is desired not to mind any small Bills he may have upon his hands, as they are not considered of the least consequence. *Che sarà, sarà.*

A CONSERVATIVE "COUP D'ÉTAT."



HE late visit of the COUNT DE PERSIGNY, ambassador for France to England, made to the palatial hall of Knowsley, seat of the EARL OF DERBY, the head of the Conservative party, cannot have escaped the political mind of the country.

A late visit paid by the RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI to Paris, with an interview—for obvious reasons unnoted in the *Moniteur*—granted by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH to the member for Bucks, was a subject of corresponding import to be duly considered by every reflecting Englishman.

Grave, however, as were these events in their aspect, we are convinced that the country will find itself

totally unprepared for the tremendous disclosure it is our solemn duty, as it is our happy privilege, to make. The visit to Knowsley, the interview at the Tuileries, had but one dire purpose.

Parliament is commanded by the QUEEN in her own *Gazette* to meet for the despatch of urgent business on the *third* of February. We entreat the reader to mark the date. For the *second* of February, then—the date of the *second* was, unquestionably, the inspiration of the imperial mind—for the *second*, we say, a *coup d'état* was planned—organised, moreover, in its minutest details—that, if successful, would, doubtless, have been hailed as one of those master-strokes of political genius that, though fall as a thunder-cloud with elemental mischief to a few, say, a few thousands, would, nevertheless, have been eulogised and sung as the sublimest act of patriotism that ever saved a doomed and devoted country. As the matter at present stands, with all the foulness of the conspiracy exposed by one devoted quill (to which, at present, it is unnecessary further to allude), the baffled and unsuccessful traitors will meet with their proper reward in the contempt of the universal British nation. But let us be calm. Let us endeavour to master the indignation of the patriot by the stern sobriety of the historian.

A wary, insidious article on *The Declining Efficiency of Parliament* appeared in the last *Quarterly*. The intelligent reader could not but recognise in this article an attempt, too thinly disguised, to substitute for the authority of the House of Commons—evoked and drawn as it is from the very meanest as from the very highest of the people—the despotism of an irresponsible oligarchy. As MR. CORDEN would have crumpled up Russia, all the bears included, in his hand; so was it plain to the enlightened reader of the article in the *Quarterly*, that it was the burning desire of the Conservative party to crumple up Magna Charta, and to degrade to the merest bauble the royal prerogative. Without, we trust, any unseemly boastfulness, we confess that we so read that conspiracy in print; though at the same time, we are free to confess that we were unprepared for anything like the amount of recklessness to which it is plain, the despair of office will, in the stress and very hunger of ambition, urge an unprincipled party.

We will now, with permission of the reader, proceed without further comment with our simple but terrible narrative. We have no doubt of attention: for we feel, as once the Conservatives felt, that we have the ears of the country with us.

MR. DISRAELI returned to London full and gloomily radiant as a Sibyl with inspiration from the Tuileries. It is known that a certain mind is essentially fatalist. It is even so with the highest and the lowest. One man has a "star," another a lucky sixpence. Hence the date of the *second* of the next month was suggested and accepted as the date of promise, and next to the third, the day of the opening of the imperial parliament.

We regret to say, but we write history, that certain retainers of LORD PALMERSTON had been tampered with; and it being made known that the PREMIER always retired to rest no later than ten on the eve of the opening of Parliament, having previously taken a little white wine posset and a rusk; it was resolved first to seize the noble Viscount in his bed at a little before eleven. A balloon duly inflated, was to be ready, with sworn aeronauts, in — Gardens. The PREMIER, placed with all despatch in the balloon, the ascent was to be immediately made, and the descent, if possible, so ordered that his Lordship should come down in some Prussian state, where the name of PALMERSTON was, if possible, least beloved;—Russia being too distant to be hoped for. To effect this with secrecy and certainty, the valet of his Lordship, on the solemn promise of the richest consulate in the gift

of the successful patriots, had engaged himself to drug the posset; in a word, to *hoccuss* the unconscious Minister.

With the head of the Ministry gone, and haply, still sleeping somewhere on the banks of the Rhine, the mere members were considered to be easy of disposal. A padlock on a pantry, with the servants duly corrupted, a CHUBB'S lock on a wine-cellar (it had been arranged to invite the wives, where necessary, on country visits) might secure for the due season a Home Minister or a Foreign Secretary.

Further, the little theatre in Dean Street, formerly known as the temple of MISS KELLY, was to be hired as a place of inscrutable secrecy; and certain Ministers and their Secretaries conveyed thither by a body of trusty adherents, sworn for specified sums, to save their country from the unabashed tyranny of a reckless and too jocose Minister. Of course, boldness—great boldness—was to be adopted, as vital to the success of these designs.

Means were then to be devised to convince HER MAJESTY that, at the last moment, she had been deserted by a profligate Cabinet. Calculating upon the natural indignation of a generous mind, the EARL OF DERBY would remain, with his carriage ordered, quite prepared to be sent for.

The EARL OF DERBY, it was concluded, would be commanded to form a Cabinet; and not to be taken by surprise, he would immediately draw the subjoined list from his breast-pocket ("nearest his heart") and submit it to his consenting Royal Mistress.

| | |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| First Lord of the Treasury | EARL OF DERBY. |
| Lord High Chancellor | { MR. SAMUEL WARREN (with a Peerage and Ten Thousand a-Year). |
| Chancellor of the Exchequer | MR. NEWGATE. |
| Lord President of the Council | EARL OF CARDIGAN. |
| Lord Privy Seal | MARQUESS OF GRANBY (with a Peerage). |
| Foreign Secretary | RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. |
| Lord Lieutenant of Ireland | MR. SPOONER (with a Peerage). |
| Home Secretary | MAJOR BEREFOORD. |

This, it will be observed, is an imperfect list; in its incompleteness leaving many important places to be filled by a tried fidelity, as manifested during a disastrous minority of the then triumphant Conservatives.

On the appointment of the Ministry a telegraphic despatch was to make known the fact at the Tuileries, and to be answered by the EMPEROR himself in terms of glowing congratulation of the energy and sagacity of the highest personage in the realm.

The Parliament was to have opened on the appointed *third* of February; the Prime Minister, with a few strokes of the pen, consigning to merited oblivion the speech of his predecessor, at the time an unrespected alien somewhere in Prussia.

In the speech from the Throne emphatic notice was to have been given of the re-enactment of the Corn Laws, of the Protection of English Shipping, of the reversal of the late SIR ROBERT PEEL'S Tariff, and of the withdrawal of the Grant from Mayoath. But, of course, these measures were to be expected on the triumphant return of the Conservative party to the fulness of power.

Such is the programme of the Conservative *coup d'état*, arranged for the second of February. That the plot should now be defeated, and, further, that it should be emphatically denied by the baffled conspirators, the British nation owes solely to the devotion and vigilance of their friend ever,

PUNCH.

INVITATION TO THE AQUARIUM.

Oh come with me,
And you shall see
My beautiful Aquarium;
Or if that word
You call absurd,
We'll say, instead, Vivarium.

'Tis a glass case,
In fluid space,
Where, over pebbles weedy,
Small fishes play:
Now do not say
You think they must be seedy.

My minnows thrive
There, all alive,
My gudgeons also flourish;
Tench, carp, and jack,
And stickleback,
Within that glass I nourish.

Then there's the roach,
And there's the loach,
And there's the crawfish crawling,

And efts and newts,
Don't call them brutes,
O'er one another sprawling!

O pretty sight!
How I delight
Of Nature in the study!
The water here
Is, oh! so clear:
It would not do if muddy.

My Dicky sings,
And claps his wings,
I know that what he wishes
Is to escape
His cage, and scrape
Acquaintance with the fishes.

Now tell me, do,
Suppose that you
Your mode of life could vary;
Which would you like?
To be my Pike?
Or to be my Canary?

GENTLEMEN'S BOAS.—A Garoté-robber has been defined by an alarming Swell, a great Boa of the Constrictor species.

CONVERSIONS FROM ROME.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ATHOLL has contradicted a report, circulated by Roman Catholic journals, that HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL has embraced that faith. Her Grace remains an aristocratic ornament of the Anglican Church.

It appears that our friends the Roman Catholics are in the habit of inventing conversions, and of publishing their inventions. And we all know that when once a falsehood is put into circulation, it passes from hand to hand with great rapidity, and it is very difficult to seize the false coin and nail it to the counter of truth. Even after that operation it gets about again, and despite the hole through it, people will still pass it. Sometimes they stop the hole up, and boldly utter the false coin, and this we doubt not that many Catholic journals on the Continent will do with the ATHOLL forgery, spreading it about *ad majorem Ecclesie gloriam*, that a great Scotch Duchess, much about the wardrobe of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, has embraced the Pope.

We are grieved to be driven to the necessity of combating, with the same weapons, this unfair method of advancing religion. But if battle must be given, it must. We have so much private information as to the theological views of distinguished individuals that we could throw the whole ecclesiastical world into great dismay. Hitherto we have restrained ourselves, but at certain times forbearance ceases to be a duty. We shall therefore inflict a heavy blow and a great discouragement upon the Roman Catholic Church. The priests have tried to steal our Duchess. What will they say when we deprive them of their Duke? Let them peruse the following announcement:

"CONVERSION OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.—This illustrious nobleman, long regarded as one of the most obsequious servants of the Church of Rome, is about to give a signal proof that "the blood of all the Howards" can still be kindled at need. His Grace, in imitation of his noble father, is about to abjure the errors of Rome. His belief in the traditions of that Church was first shaken by finding that a new black fall-down cravat, of much richness, and to which his Grace was peculiarly attached, received damaging spots and stains from the holy water with which he was sprinkled in his private Chapel. His mind thus awakened to the mischievous character of one part of the Romish ceremonial, light gradually poured in, and a humble but very Particular Baptist preacher was the means of completing the good work. The Duke will be immersed at the Baptist Chapel at Norwich, on Sunday next."

We have more revelations in store, and before the series is complete, we imagine that a certain C-r-d-n-l will be sorry that he has permitted his subordinates to try to filch away one of our Duchesses.

SECRETARY AND SURGERY EXTRAORDINARY.

A RATHER curious letter for an honorary secretary appeared the other day in the columns of a contemporary. Here is a sample of this remarkable composition:—

"I find another statement made to my prejudice before a Disheartened magistrate which of course must be distressing to his feelings. This, however, might have been answered if he had acted as impartial as is his Duty to do, and referred those who are trying to thrust me Down to the proper court in this District, When five Minutes would have ended the Dispute."

The author of the foregoing seems to have had, for object, the vindication of himself from the imputation of having endeavoured to bring some case of unequal distress into unnecessary notice. He says that he has been "accused of jumping at the present case," whereas, in fact, he

had "tried to avoid bringing it before the public." That the case, as well as the reference to it, is a somewhat extraordinary one, will appear from the concluding portion of his epistle:—

"I then commenced to advocate her cause, and with all the Bickerings of these Dogs in the Manger, still hope she will not be driven to the Workhouse, her whole life has been employed at her Needle, living in the same House for the last Six Years, in Saint Pancras Parish, carrying on the Business of a Dress Maker, until she became a patient of the ophthalmic Hospital, and submitted to the most painful operation of having her Eyes extracted, which has proved a Failure.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"The Distressed Needlewomen's Society,
"75, Newman Street,"

"C. F. ROPPE, Hon. Sec."

It is not easy to conceive how an operation for the extraction of the eyes should prove otherwise than a failure—if the object proposed was the restoration of sight. One might wonder whether the Ophthalmic Institution at which such an operation was attempted, with such a view, was not situated in Dublin, but for the circumstance that the Irish metropolis is celebrated for ophthalmic surgery.

THE LONDONER'S PETITION.

From strikers and shufflers, and shelvers and shirks,
From Parochial harangues and from corporate quirks,
From the Board of many Words and no Works,
From speech-making men.

From the pestilent flow of London's sewage,
From the further pollution of old Thames' brewage,
From the works of the old and the talk of the new age,
Save us, BIG BEN!

From MR. HARRISON'S endless motions,
From amateur engineering notions,
From Erith and Plumstead sewage oceans,
Within one mile or ten.

From penny-wisdom and pound-foolishness,
From pipe-maker's quarrels, and Bumbledom's mulishness,
From H. L. TAYLOR'S obstinate owliness,
Save us, BIG BEN!

From a thirty-six vestry-power of dilating,
Disputing, discussing, protesting and prating,
From a thirty-six vestry-power of rating,
Where they like it and when,

From plans propounded only to shelve,
From the right our streets to dig and to delve,
Into sewers to be tide-locked eight hours out of twelve,
Then let loose again.

From centralisation and localisation,
"Pipe versus brick" quarrel and imputation,
Cuckoo-cries, vested rights, and vestrification,
Save us, BIG BEN!

A LAMENTABLE CASE OF OPPRESSION.

A FEW days back, two gentlemen, friends of LEOPOLD REDPATH, Esq., applied to the lolling Magistrate to know if he would not advise them to bring actions at law against those thoughtless and ill-natured persons who had taken upon themselves to stigmatise a charitable individual like MR. REDPATH as a rogue.

The Magistrate said that he most certainly should, and doubted not but that any jury would give damages sufficient at least to cover the amount of the dispute in question between the Great Northern Railway Company and their unfortunate ex-cashier.

The gentlemen thanked the Magistrate, and said they should follow his sapient advice.

The worthy Magistrate hoped MR. REDPATH was in all respects comfortable?

The friends replied that the only things MR. R. complained of was the late delivery of the morning papers and the quality of the Sherry. He always preferred Amontilado.

The Magistrate assured them it should be rectified.

The two gentlemen, having lighted their cigars, left the court, expressing loudly their opinions, as they got into their broughams, that MR. REDPATH was an extremely ill-used man.

The Member for Southampton.

It now appears that Southampton is not to have the benefit of JAMES'S powders; but it is believed will be represented by MR. ANDREWS, the public-spirited Mayor. As a patriotic coach-maker he has every chance of heading his own poll.

SWINDLERS IN SWEDEN.



HAT there exists no treaty between this kingdom and Sweden for the delivering up to justice of absconding criminals, is a fact of which those of our readers who have been lately robbed or swindled are doubtless well aware, but of which the Government, it would seem, is either ignorant or heedless. The alliterator may indeed with truth remark, that Sweden seems a sanctuary now for scoundrels, and in fact a regular refuge for our runaway rogues and rascals. We rarely now take up the *Times* without a fashionable thief or two appearing among the "fashionable arrivals" there. The professional rascalion is extremely sensitive of temperature, and as soon as he finds England gets too hot to hold him, he coolly at once takes a ticket of French leave of us, and becomes a gaol-bird of passage for the North. When once

alighted on the Swedish coast, he well knows his existence will be a free and easy one, combining very pleasantly the ease of retirement with freedom from arrest. So he snaps his fingers in complacency at slow-footed Nemesis, impersonated to his mind by the heavy-highlowed policeman, and with all serenity takes out his passport (in another name) for Christiania.

We have of course but little hope of ever inducing the Government to lend a listening ear to reason upon this or any other matter. Nevertheless, as we observe by a recent paragraph that a couple of defaulting tax-collectors have been lately traced to Sweden, we should almost think the first five minutes of next session will not pass, without somebody or other appearing on his legs to move for their return—we mean of course by "their" not the member's, but the black-legs. Government may have small respect for other people's privileges, but it is generally jealous of its own; and although, when viewed in a commercial light, the quick return of these absconding scoundrels might be attended with small profits to those who have been done by them, we think nevertheless our national honour is at stake, and demands that such scamps be not suffered to remain unpunished. For our selves at any rate, so long as we continue hearing that the rogues who disappear from us keep turning up in safety upon Swedish soil, we mean to do our utmost periodically—that is to say, in the power of a periodical—to thin the crop as much as possible of these transplanted Swedish turn-ups.

CANT OF THE SUPERCILIOUS SNOB.

(IMPROMPTU.)

YAW—AW—AW—AW—AW—AW!
 Ev'ny thing to me's a Baw.
 There's nothing new,
 And nothing true,
 But what ah've haw'd a thousand times befaw.

Yaw—aw—aw!—there is no fun,
 That ah can see, beneath the sun.
 What ah don't see,
 Of cawse can't be,
 And faw that simple weason there is none.

Yaw—aw! and sewious dissawtation
 Ah call didactic: declamation,
 Expwessing stwong
 Wage against Wong,
 Ah sneewingly tawm Vawtuuous Indignation.

Sign of the Times.

A GENTLEMAN of highly respectable exterior in a first-class railway carriage, the train having arrived at the terminus, and the Guard demanding the passengers' tickets, by a slight mistake, arising from inadvertence, produces his Ticket-of-Leave.

THE CALUMNIATED OF THE CONTINENT.

(From a Foreign Friend.)

LISTEN, to me, JOHN BULL, since that you feel no shame,
 In taking of one so brute animal the name;
 Demand you what is that in which you us offend?
 Listen to me; I go to make you comprehend.

I shall to you explain, ze reasons principals,
 Why you our editors attack in their journals;
 "What is the cause," you say, "why they pitch into me?"
 Am I not, in Europe, ze friend of Liberty?

"From whence their cholera comes, I do not understand,
 Me, I have no desire to dominate their land;
 Towards them all I do my best to be polite—
 What is that, which is that, for what I gain their spite?"

Now you, in ze first place, I must inform, JOHN BULL,
 That us you much enrage because you are so cool;
 You no invectives sting—no taunts of ours provoke—
 Of all ze Continent you seem to make one joke.

You have in fact, for us, a spirit too buffoon,
 That of your harlequin, your clown, and pantaleon;
 All zat for us is great becomes for you grotesque,
 All zat is fine and grand you turn into burlesque.

At fêtes ze most superb, wiz smiling face you stare,
 Just as your boys regard ze show of your LORD MAYOR,
 Wherein your Magistrate, ze first of all in rank,
 You cause in London streets to ride ze mountebank.

So it is that GUY FAWKES, vile object, you convey,
 About in every place on your Gunpowder Day,
 An insult you thereby unto that chair intend,
 To which, believe or no, we are obliged to bend.

It us displeases too that you pretend a tone
 Of private moral, higher, more pure than our own,
 Affect to scorn, despise, or even to detest
 The spirit libertine which gives our drama zest.

In fine, JOHN BULL, your face is odious to be seen,
 It is so unconcerned, so calm, so fresh and clean,
 Yes, yes, JOHN BULL, you wash your face and hands too much;
 Which by the Continent is felt as a reproach.

No revolution never England's throne invades,
 Your London proletaires erect no barricades,
 Too vast your trade is, your prosperity too great,
 See here the reasons why we foreigners you hate.

WORSE THAN BEATING WIVES.

"MY DEAR Mr. Punch,

"You often very properly advise the Government, or Parliament, or whatever it is, to make a law for severely punishing wretches who kick and beat their wives. But do not stop here. Let me assure you that as much pain is often inflicted on a lady by an unkind husband, as any ruffian inflicts upon a poor person. Mine, I assure you, is in the habit of vexing and tormenting me sometimes to that degree that I scarcely know what to do. I cannot do the least thing wrong or make the slightest mistake, but he begins an argument, and drives me into a corner, and reasons with me. I had rather he would beat me—that I would! Hammer, hammer, hammer, with his pasty, disagreeable logic, he quite makes my head ache! I wish you would procure a law to prevent husbands from committing the unmanly mental assault of reasoning on their unfortunate wives. A man ought to know better than to say why? and wherefore? to a lady; whose answer must always be that of yours affectionately, "BECAUSE IT IS.

"P.S. Is it absurd, now, at this time of year, to send a little boy out for a walk dressed like a Highlander?"

Telegraphic Caligraphy.

A LADY at the West End on receiving, a few days ago, a telegraphic message from her son in the North of England, complained of the shocking hand he wrote, asserting that his being in a hurry was no excuse for such a scrawl.

RUSSIAN INFANTRY.—The baby-son of the GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS has been named by the EMPEROR ALEXANDER as the colonel of a regiment, to be called henceforth, in honour of their commander, the Topsandbottomsofskys!



Cobby. "LET YER OUT?—THAT'S A GOOD UN!—NOT AFORE YER PAYS FOR BREAKING MY SPRINGS!"

SHERIDAN ON HORSEBACK.

So great has been the success at Astley's of the combination of SHAKSPEARE and horseflesh, that, we understand, it is intended very shortly to place SHERIDAN in the saddle. We have not heard whether MR. MURDOCH is engaged to mount a piebald as *Charles Surface*, but think that his light comedy could hardly be heavier if shod. MR. CHIPPENDALE'S *Sir Peter Teazle* would go very steadily on a cob, and MISS TALBOT'S *Mrs. Candour* on a sober grey pony take any leap clean over the irony of her author. As there can be no doubt that the idea of producing SHERIDAN on horseback has resulted from the miraculous success, under the circumstances, of the author at the Haymarket, we think it would be only politic of the Astley's manager to mount the comedy with the Haymarket actors. The recent success of *Macbeth* in the saddle has been prodigious. Nothing can be finer, more novel, too, than the appearance of *Lady Macbeth* in the sleeping scene on a Shetland pony. The quietude, the docility of the animal, shews that it perfectly enters into the feelings of the rider, and thereby evinces, for a pony, the most extraordinary sympathy with the profundities of SHAKSPEARE. This astonishing fact may, however, be in some degree accounted for from the circumstance of the animal having been a whole season in a pantomime at the Princess's.

EPIGRAM ON AN UNLUCKY NOBLEMAN.

UNLUCKY LUCAN! to forget
A saw you should have known,
Which might have cautioned you to let
The *Daily News* alone.

Your Case is not to be preferred
To what it was before;
A mess quite bad enough you've stirred:
And made its odour more.

A THOUGHT FOR SHOE LANE.—The noble Lord at the head of HER MAJESTY'S Government ought to lose his head—but he doesn't.

THE INCOME-TAX CATECHISM.

- Q. WHY is the Income and Property-Tax so called?
A. Because it is a tax on the mere Income of some people, and on the whole Property of others.
- Q. Of whom is it a tax on the Income only?
A. It is a tax on the Income only, and on no more than the Income, of those whose Income consists of rent, or of the interest of Property.
- Q. Of whom is it a tax on the entire Property?
A. It is a tax on the entire Property of those whose Income consists of earnings, and who have no other Property than their Income.
- Q. So it is called an Income-Tax when it is a tax on Income arising from Property, and a Property-Tax when it is a tax on Income not arising from Property?
A. Yes.
- Q. If persons whose Income consists merely of earnings were taxed in the same proportion as those whose Incomes consist of dividends or of rents, how much Income-Tax would they have to pay?
A. At the utmost, sixteen pence in the pound on the interest of their yearly Incomes at 3 per cent. For instance, a man earning £500 a-year would have to pay 20s.
- Q. Would this be an equitable adjustment of the Income-Tax?
A. Not quite; because earnings are mostly precarious.
- Q. How does the Income-Tax affect persons of precarious Income?
A. It deprives them of the money which they ought to save as a provision against a season of loss of employment, or against old age.
- Q. Where do those people go who are incapacitated by the Income-Tax from making a provision for loss of employment, or for old age?
A. To the workhouse.

Severity of the Season.

A CYNICAL old bachelor overhearing a small wag in his remark, the other evening, that a lady in a waltz and a fashionable petticoat, was only to be likened to a travelling circus, had the brutal effrontery to add an observation that the resemblance alluded to was not alone in point of magnitude, but was carried out still further by the aggravating fact of there being in both cases a fool in the centre.



THE RETURN OF THE "RESOLUTE"—A GRACEFUL GIFT FROM BROTHER JONATHAN.

MOORE'S MELODIES.—(N.B. MORRIS'S NOT THOMAS'S.)

(To LORD BLOOMFIELD.)

"Oh, weep for the hour."

Oh, weep for the hour
When to nab MORRIS MOORE
The minions of tyranny with dirty fingers
came:
Such a letter I'll indite,
That the story of that night
Shall trumpet through the universe LORD
BLOOMFIELD'S shame!

They rushed into my room,
And my papers did presume
To damage and to rummage, and to carry off
the same:
To the station driven away,
In durance vile I lay,
And that whole night to my rescue, you,
BLOOMFIELD, never came!

Unwashed that night I lay,
Till released at one next day,
When Police-Director HINCKELDEY my papers
did restore;
But each foul finger-print
On my white paper's tint,
Showed where dirty hands had tampered with
the papers of M. MOORE.

Yes—incarcerate I lay,
Till one o'clock next day—
To Manteuffel, till eleven, false Lord, you never
came—
There are British hands above,
That the Berlin puppets move,
But MORRIS MOORE defies them, and defies you
all the same!

AIR.—"The Shamrock."

Though WAAGEN smile,
And vent his bile,
Upon my picture splendid—
Though EASTLAKE, Knight,
With sneering spite,
Declare "it might be mended."
Where'er they pass
I'll write each "ass,"
In language unbeseeching—
And prove they mean,
To hang unseen,
A work of merit screaming—
Oh, the RAPHAEL!—
The great undoubted RAPHAEL!—
Every thief
Shall come to grief
Who dares to doubt my RAPHAEL!

Says WORNUM—"See,
'Twon't do for me!"—
My lovely picture scorning—
Says WAAGEN, "No;
'Tis but so-so:
MANTEGNA'S school 'twas born in."
And EASTLAKE weaves
His doubts—"perceives
The picture 'a doubtless clever"—
With MÜNDLER'S friends
The grant he spends—
But buy my RAPHAEL? Never!
Oh, my RAPHAEL!
My great undoubted RAPHAEL!
Every thief
Shall come to grief
Who dares to doubt my RAPHAEL!

So firm and fond
The wicked bond
That holds these thieves together,
Though with my gall
I sluice them all
They mind it not a feather!
This work of mine
Although so fine,
To buy, as I can't lead 'em,
By Jove I swear
I'll make them bear
My tongue's and pen's slight freedom—
Oh, my RAPHAEL!
My great undoubted RAPHAEL!
Every thief
Shall come to grief
Who dares to doubt my RAPHAEL!

AIR.—"The Minstrel Boy."

MR. MORRIS MOORE to Berlin is gone,
On WAAGEN'S heels you'll find him;
His hard-nibbed pen he has girded on,
And his RAPHAEL slung behind him.
"Arch-humbag!" said the painter marred,
"Though PRINCE ALBERT'S self obeys thee:
One pen at least, shall hit thee hard,
One critic fair appraise thee!"

MORRIS MOORE was nabbed: but policeman's
chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
He walked into BLOOMFIELD in a strain,
That made that aristocrat wonder!
And said, "No police shall hinder me
From exposing WAAGEN and knavery;
Ashamed of yourself you ought to be,
You wretched minion of slavery!"

SPOONERISM EXTRAORDINARY.



HERE are certain persons who delight to make themselves uncomfortable, and are constantly endeavouring to render other people so. For example, at the late Agricultural Meeting at Rugby the disconsolate MR. SPOONER is reported to have croaked—

"He represented a large manufacturing town when the delusion and calamity of free-trade misled his constituents. He was not misled by them, and because he voted conscientiously he lost his seat."

"He was told that they were in a flourishing condition. His noble friend told them so, and others not so well inclined to them as he was, told them that they ought to be content with their position. But such persons forgot to tell them that they flourished, not in consequence, but in spite of free-trade. (Cheers.) Just let them reflect upon that, and not forget the sufferings which they experienced when free-trade was first introduced. It was known that men of great capital, and possessing much energy, had survived that terrible period of depression. It was known, too, that the country had survived it. But how many agricultural capitalists, how many agricultural labourers, had succumbed to the distress, and how much misery was caused to many respectable agricultural families before they could pride themselves upon the position they now enjoyed—a position which nothing but the most surprising efforts of energy, talent, and capital had enabled them to attain. He assured them that he could go on at great length upon this subject did not other topics demand his attention."

We have small idea of ever doubting MR. SPOONER'S ability to "go on at great length" upon this or any other subject. But that free-trade has been a "delusion and calamity" is an assertion which not even were we threatened with an orator of 40-SPOONER power would we consent to leave uncontradicted. The delusion, if there be one, is of MR. SPOONER'S holding: who affects not to believe his eyes

when he sees the farmers fat and flourishing, and bids them recollect how narrowly they have escaped being starved and ruined, as indeed to be consistent, and to verify their own predictions, they ought actually to be.

MR. SPOONER seems to us at the Rugby dinner-table to have supplied the place of the death's head introduced at ancient banquets, his presence serving as a check upon exuberance of jollity. We are, however, somewhat doubtful if his melancholy statements be supportable by facts: and if MR. SPOONER would relieve us from the unpleasantness of having to question their reliability, we would urge him next Session to move for a Return of the "many agricultural capitalists" who he avers to have "succumbed to the distress" of free-trade. Unwilling to commit himself by too cheerful an expression, MR. SPOONER yet admits with most becoming naïveté, that "it is known" that the country has survived its trial; and what a consolation it must be to all who have the nation's fame at heart, to reflect that with the country there is surviving still a SPOON—ER!

THE HIPPODRAMA OF MACBETH AT ASTLEY'S.

In the following lines, delivered by soliloquizing *Macbeth* :—

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other—"

It has been proposed to substitute for "itself" "its sell:" its saddle. This emendation might be advantageously adopted in the version of SHAKESPEARE'S great tragedy now in course of representation at Astley's, and then, a horse having been appropriately introduced into the "Room in the Castle" wherein the Thane of Cawdor makes the speech in question, *Macbeth* might, suiting the action to the word, illustrate the new reading by vaulting over the quadruped, and alighting on his head, or some more eligible part of his person. A new point might thus be made in the performance, and would, no doubt, be received with the most hearty and enthusiastic applause.

NO SMALL CLOTHES.—The word petticoat is henceforth a misnomer, as long as the article of apparel so called retains an amplitude to which only the bitterest irony can ascribe the character of pettiness.

"SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF."

(Being some Hints on Prison Discipline, addressed to Mr. Punch by an old Ticket-of-Leave.)



is this to be done? you'll say. Well, praps taint so esy to the big-wigs as it seems to your umbel servint, but wot I say, is this ere—when a cove's quodded, if I was gunver of a jug, I'd say, 'Now look ere, my man,' sez I; 'you're in here for priggins,' sez I; 'but don't you think as ow you're a goin' to live ere out o' the public munney, and git your wittles of and cumfutable and reglar, and lodge dry and slepe warm, and sich like, without wurkin for your bub and grub and lodgin. All ere arns their keepe, my man,' sez I, 'and so must you,' sez I; 'and ow do you mene to do it?' sez I. Well, he'd look queered at fust, likely enuff, and if he knowed a trade praps he'd kepe it dark and say as ow he hadn't been brot up to

"ONERED SIR,—“As I was a sayin in my last, wich I'm pround on it now I seen it in print, and my old oman too—what prigsates most is ard work. Priggin comes esy when wunce you're up to it, and then there's the chances on it and the changes too—ere today and there tomorrow—taters and pint o' Munday, and a jolly blow out and as much lush as you can sto o' Toosday. Bless you, its amost as excitin as pitch and toss, priggins. Well, you'll never make your out-an-out nat'ral prig like work, but you can make him work, and teche him there's nuffin for him but wok in qwod or out, and that on the hole work out o' qwod is better than work in qwod by a long chalk. And ow

nuffin, thinkin it might elp him to a hesy time of it in qwod.

“Well then I'd put him to summat as dont nede no techin such as stone-brakin or okum tesin, and I'd tell im 'that's bred-&-water wurk, that is,' but o' sumever if he cant do no better he must do that—and mind I'd put im on pece-wurk, at a fare price, and Id fede him accordin to his armins, at a fare price too, and he should live better or wus accordin as he arned more or less—and if he sikened o' stone-brakin or okum-tesin, wich they ain't the most liveliest ways of passin a feller's time, and axed to be tort a trade, I'd have them as could teche him in the jug, and I'd score his cost while he was lamin it, to be paid up at a futur time, ether in or out o' qwod as the case might be, and I'd kepe a heye on im till he pade it—mind yer—and the cost o' keepin that prig in qwod should be a det for that prig to pay—and praps I'd make him restore the walley of wot he'd stole into the bargin—but blessed if he shouldnt pay for his kepe in qwod—any way.

“You see, Mr. Punch, wot I wants to git at is, to make a chap fele when he's qwodded somethin' like 'sarve me rite,' and not to look on hisself as a werry hinterestin' pashent in a moral horspittle, wich is wot some on em calls jugs—All gammon, chaps dont go and brake their legs or ketch fevers on purpose to git into horspittles—they come to grefe and sickness acos they cant 'elp it, but prigs mostly takes to priggins acos they finds it the hesiest and pleasantest life, and gits to like it, and chances qwod and all the rest o' the consequences.

“Now I no there's a dele to be sid agin wot I proposes to far; fust and foremost they sez 'prison labor won't pay,' and then they sez 'prison labor'll drive out 'onest men's labor.' Well, I've my hanser to both them argimints, I think; but I'll kepe 'em for my neckst.

“So no more at present,

“From your 'umbel sarvunt,
“JAMES DABBY.”

HIS EMINENCE ON THE PLATFORM.

CARDINAL WISEMAN is reported by the *Star* to have delivered, on the evening of Wednesday, last week, a lecture which seems to have combined instruction with amusement. The eloquence and learning of the Cardinal supplied the former, and the latter may have been in part derived from the circumstance that his Eminence appeared clothed in the robes of his office: which of course included red stockings.

The platform which the accomplished dignitary of the Roman Church honoured on this occasion, was that of Myddleton Hall, Islington; the subject which he selected for his discourse, was that of “Recollections of the four last Popes,” and the object of his remarks was, of course, the laudation of those Pontiffs. There are days, we believe, whereon Cardinals, in common with all other members of their persuasion, abstain from butter. This was not one of them: and certainly his Eminence did lay it on thick. Very possibly the subjects of that process personally well merited its application, and are deserving of all the *ludos* which the Cardinal assigns to them in his rich and flowery style: in the meanwhile the French are obliged to occupy Rome.

POPE PIUS THE SEVENTH, by CARDINAL WISEMAN'S account, was a very fine old gentleman in a physical as well as a moral point of view:—

“Notwithstanding the afflictions which PIUS THE SEVENTH had to endure, not a white or grey hair was to be seen on his venerable head when at the age of eighty.”

Of course this is no proof of papal infallibility, unless we may suppose that PIUS THE SEVENTH was in possession of an Infallible Hair Dye—for which there is, however, no receipt, associated as an heirloom with the chair of PETER. Neither does it imply extraordinary sanctity, for we know an instance wherein the same peculiarity distinguished a copper-nosed clergyman of the Church of England, who was excessively addicted to port wine.

The Seventh PIUS also used on occasions to look intently what he called himself:—

“He might be seen in a state of almost ecstatic adoration in the papal procession at St. Peter's. * * * He (CARDINAL WISEMAN) had never seen the beautiful and almost ecstatic devotion exhibited by that Pontiff repeated since, beautiful as was that exhibited by those who had succeeded him.”

But how could the devotion of the Pope, sincere as it may be supposed to have been, have appeared beautiful to the beholders? Had he

not his face in his hat—as the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY would have, if engaged in silent adoration? More reason for the hat in the case of the Roman Pontiff, who, at the time named, was being carried on men's shoulders, as in another report of the lecture the lecturer himself is stated to have observed. Under those circumstances, being paraded like GUY FAWKES, the Pope would naturally blush with shame and modesty. Hence he would be peculiarly impelled to bury his countenance in his tiara.

This same Pope appears also to have been either a punster, or a prophet, or both:—

“PIUS THE SEVENTH, hearing from the present Pope (who was then an officer in the Papal army,) that he was subject to epileptic fits, told him that if he would enter the Church, he would never relapse. The advice was taken, and never since had PIUS THE NINTH been troubled by epileptic fits. (Applause.)”

Many a true word is spoken in joke. If PIUS THE SEVENTH was a wag, he might merely have meant to tell his destined successor that, having once entered the Church, he would never relapse into heresy, thus giving him a sly poke for some heretical tendency with which, as well as with epilepsy, we may conjecture him to have been afflicted. The “applause” of the audience looks as if they took the story for a joke: are they in the habit of applauding miracles when such things are related to them?

Most people have their pets. PIUS THE SEVENTH was not exempt from this weakness. His pet was a particular church, and

“Whilst PIUS THE SEVENTH was in his last illness, the terrible news spread through Rome that St. Paul's church was on fire; but, as if providentially, the holy man expired some days afterwards without having been disturbed by hearing the sad tidings about his favourite church.”

At such a time one would hardly have supposed that a Pope would have thought or cared about any terrestrial edifice; but of course a Cardinal knows best about Popes.

The “ordinary dinner” of PIUS THE EIGHTH, “was salt cod,” the Cardinal tells us, and by the further statement that this uncommonly cheap Pope lived at a rate altogether not exceeding 4s. a-day, he leads us to infer that the repast was unaccompanied by egg-sauce.

Of GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH CARDINAL WISEMAN says—

“Nothing could exceed his amiability. He had even the kindness to correct the proof sheets of his (CARDINAL WISEMAN'S) works.”

Was that such a very great bore? No, no. We would not hear

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S enemy say so, nor shall he do our ears that violence. We must be allowed to consider this too modest insinuation, together with one or two marvellous stories of Roman clairvoyance, not reported by the *Star*, but given by another contemporary, as intended by his Eminence principally for the ear of that celebrated American gentleman, MR. BUNCOMBE.

NOVELTY IN SCOTTISH SCULPTURE.

(To PROFESSOR BLACKIE.)



HOGH, MY BLACKIE,—A'm tauld that ye makit a speech the ither day, before an unco gatherin' o' Provosts, an' Sherras, an' Baillie bodies at Edinbro', wherein ye expoued the need, an' necessity, an' expediency, an' the propriety of erectin' a statue till the memory o' SIR WULLIAM WALLACE on the Abbey Craig, near Stirling, just

"Overlooking the field where, five centuries and a half since, he routed the invading English army, and established the liberties and independence of Scotland."

"An' a'm also tellit that ye're gaugin' to hae the monument of caunie WALLACE wight made oot o' bronze, an' executed in the varra-highest style o' Scottish art. Noo, a' hope ye wanna be fasht gin a' offer ye a wee suggestion, whilk is aiblins something in my way, ye ken, for this gran' new work o' Caledonian sculpture. When a' tak ma walks abroad in the City o' London, and the Borough o' Southwark, an' the

Bailliewick o' Westminster, and study the various specimens o' Scottish art whilk a' encoounter in the course o' ma perambulations, seatuated at the vestibules o' maist o' the splendid edifices devoted to what a'll venture to ca' the Nicotian department o' commerce, a' just observe one defec in the conception o' these national monuments, whilk a wee bit detracks from their superiority over the productions o' PHIDIAS, an' FLAXMAN, an' BENVENUTO CELLINI, an' MICHAEL ANGELO, an' CANOVA, an' WESTMACOTT. There is too muckle samness an' uniformity, a'm thinking, about a'ne an' a' o' then; i'ka a'ne wi' an' outstretchit arm presentin' to the spectator a great mull. Noo, then, gin ye'll tak my advice, ye'll just min' to hae the position, an' the posture, an' the attitude o' WULLIE WALLACE sae orderit, that naeboddy shall hae any ground to object till the statue for na bein' original enuech. I wadna recomen' that the national costume should be discarded. Gie the figure a kilt, an' a philabeg, an' a spleuchan, an' a dirk, an' a bonnet decorated wi' a cairngorm and a plume o' feathers. But just request the artist-chiel, whaever he may be, that designs the model, to mak' a guid braid pedestal, an' thereon, atween twa claymores disposed in what the heralds ca' saltier, plant WULLIE WALLACE upon the top joints o' his toes, an' the toes o' ilka fute turned oot, ae fute in advance o' the ither, an' the legs a wee bent at the knees. Mairover, the left fist suld be restin' on the hip, an' the right arm lifted in the air, and the twa first fingers o' the right han' applied to the thumb. Sae, ye see, ye'll just hae WALLACE balancin' himsel' elegantly atween the twa claymore-blades, dancin' our warlike sword-dance, an' snappin' his fingers wi' scorn an' defiance at proud auld EDWARD'S power an' the Southron loons; as muckle as to say that he didna care a bawbee for a' of them pit thegither. Ye'll express an historical fac, an' forbye hae the advantage of exhibitin' our kintra's hero in a novel an' natural an' gracefu' vareeaty o' action.

"Believe me, my BLACKIE, wi' muckle sympathy,

"Nationally and individually yours ever,

"85, Fleetstreet, Dec., 1856.

"SAWNEY MAC PUNCH."

All the Difference.

A PAMPHLET published lately, propounds to us the question—"While Banks thus fail, who are safe?"—a problem we have neither time nor inclination properly to solve. We therefore skip the working of it, and jump at once to the conclusion that it has been proved in far more instances than we have room to print, that Speculations are but peculations—with the prefix of an S.

A LOVE-SONG OF THE MONEY-MARKET.

I WILL not ask thee to be mine,
Because I love thee far too well;
Ah! what I feel, who thus resign
All hope in life, no words can tell.
Only the dictate I obey
Of deep affection's strong excess,
When, dearest, in despair, I say
Farewell to thee and happiness.

Thy face, so tranquil and serene,
To see bedimmed I could not bear,
Pinched with hard thrift's expression mean,
Disfigured with the lines of care,
I could not brook the day to see
When thou would'st not, as thou hast now,
Have all those things surrounding thee
That light the eye and smooth the brow.

Thou wilt smile calmly at my fear
That want would e'er approach our door;
I know it must to thee appear
A melancholy dream: no more.
Wilt thou not be with riches blest?
Is not my fortune ample too?
Must I not, therefore, be possessed,
To feel that dread, of devils blue?

Alas! my wealth, that should maintain,
My bride in glory and in joy,
Is built on a foundation vain,
Which soon a tempest will destroy.
Yes, yes, an interest high, I know
My capital at present bears;
But in a moment it may go:
It is invested all in shares.

The Company is doomed to fall,
Spreading around disaster dire,
I hear that the Directors all
Are rogues—the greatest rogue thy Sire!
Go—seek a happier, wiser mate,
Who had the wit to be content
With the returns of his estate,
And with Consols at Three per Cent!



A Word for Buffoons.

ARCHDEACON DENISON is an ill-used man. He has been condemned for holding doctrines differing in sense from the Articles, whereas the doctrines which he promulgates have no sense at all. *Punch* sympathises with the ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON. What is to become of *Punch* if anybody is to be punished for talking nonsense?

ON THE ICE.

A DISTINGUISHED British Bank Director—"a purely West End man"—attracted great attention on the ice last week. It was wonderful the dexterity with which he cut £ s. d., and straightway cut away again.

"Punch" in Paris.

"Poor *Punch*," writes the Correspondent of the *Daily News*, "is again seized this week." Quite correct; "seized" with a malady to which print is subject in France; namely, the *Laes Imperialis*.



A MOST KILLING BAIT.

A STAR BOILING OVER.

WE scarcely remember to have ever seen any respectable party in a greater state of flabbergastation than the writer of some observations in MR. CORDEN'S Russo-Manchesterian organ, the *Morning Star*, of Thursday, December the fourth. We must really reproduce a portion of his remarks, for they are a psychological curiosity. Perfectly to appreciate their object, it should be understood that the *Star* desires, in the interest of its proprietary, to excite as much pro-Russian feeling as possible; and that it seeks to attain this aim by representing the Turks, on all occasions, as the most detestable creatures in the world. So an excitable party is set to rave as follows. We abstain from taking the liberty of injuring his grammar by bringing it into conformity with ordinary rule:—

"Is it true that which MR. THACKERAY says about the murder of two princes in Turkey, by the order of their grandfather and uncle, the former being the late Sultan of Turkey, and the latter the present Sultan? Righteous God! have we English people been fighting for such bloody monsters?"

Having thus proclaimed his discovery on which side England has been fighting during the war, and his dissatisfaction with our championship of Turkey, the writer proceeds to object to the QUEEN'S having sent the Order of the Garter to the Padishah. He considers it most likely that one morning, while HER MAJESTY was asking one of her nurses what sort of a night PRINCESS ALICE had passed, the SULTAN was occupied in putting a baby to death. Indeed, from the tenor of his observations, the writer in the *Star* seems to think that babycide is the habitual occupation of the Monarch of Turkey.

"What! a woman who is mother of a large family of children, each of whom, without doubt, she loves as dearly as her own life, to address the terms 'dear and beloved' to a monster, who, in all probability was ordering the murder of an infant at the very moment she might have been expressing the most tender and maternal solicitude for one of her own!"

The QUEEN being thus delicately accused of making friends with a murderer, her penny censor concludes by describing himself to be in two curious conditions at the same moment. It is for medical men to consider how far the union of sickness and boiling is compatible with the laws of nature. The gentleman must know best what it is that he feels:

"I will say no more. I sicken, and my blood boils with indignation."

THE BORE OF RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

WHAT a nuisance, all patience destroying,
Is "Pop goes the Weasel" to hear!
'Tis a plague which is very annoying,
The infliction thereof is severe.
But of all infestations melodious,
Which our musical faculties rue,
The most stupid, and senseless, and odious,
Is the sing-song of "Red, White, and Blue."

All the wretches who go about grinding,
That drag on our feeling of time,
And prevent us our business from minding,
Should to justice be brought for the crime.
They force us our coffee to mingle,
And oblige us our bloater to chew,
To the swing of that pestilent jingle,
Whose burden is "Red, White, and Blue."

Servant-maids, who encourage the caitiffs,
May disaster and grief come upon,
And policemen who bid not these natives
Of Italy's climes to move on:
Whilst we on our elbows are leaning
Our aching heads all the day through,
As we yawn at the silly, unmeaning,
Dull cadence of "Red, White, and Blue."

"Our Lady" in a Cloak.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN signalled her birth-day by presenting the marvellous image of MONTSERRAT with a cloak. We hope it is not of the same material and the same cut as the cloak ordinarily used by Her Majesty; for that can hardly be said to cover a multitude of virtues.

EXASPERATING!

WE have the misfortune to be on speaking terms just now with a married Cockney gentleman, who in jocular allusion to the matrimonial noose, often talks of his wife as his *Halter ego*.

In which unhappy condition we must leave the sick boiler for the present; but we hope that the excitement he has gone through will not be productive of much ultimate harm to him. It will hurt nobody else, that is quite certain.

ST. TAFFY FOR LONDON AND THE LONDONERS.

THERE are certain ancient Britons, living at "*Llanfairmathafarnethaf, Llanfihangel-nant-brane, Cambusnelhan, Longformacus, Llangristiolus, Tintwistle, Brynguran, Polperro, Eglwskerry, Kizziemuir, Twitichen, Mawcop, Chokey, Troon, Crook, Wix, Gad,*" and other places of like melodious accent somewhere in Wales. Hitherto, in so far as we can learn, none of these aborigines have ever been exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. However, very recently they have done the best to expose themselves. To which end, they have petitioned Parliament against the opening of the British Museum and National Gallery on the Sunday. For the British Museum, so opened, could not but have the direst effect on the morals of Llanfairmathafarnethaf, and for ever destroy the primitive purity of Llanfihangel-nant-brane! The Sunday League has published a letter in answer to these wild folks; but as the epistle is written in English, the said League might as well have engaged a bearded billy-goat to preach a homily to a bed of leeks. It is said that these earnestly pious people do not dwell in houses; but, like the Troglodytes of old, burrow in the ground. Neither do they cultivate the earth; but live entirely by the chase, taking for subsistence, with pepper and mustard, the native Welsh rabbit.

Persecution of Cornet Ames.

It is said that all means are being taken so to annoy the meek and patient CORNET AMES—whose forbearance under LORD VANE TEMPEST'S more than word of mouth, would have done honour to the mildest of Quakers—that the gentlest of gentlemen shall be compelled to "sell out." Certainly, it must be embarrassing to the gallant gentleman now and then to command others to "right about face," seeing what he himself has pocketed from his own human countenance divine.

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.



EAR MR. PUNCH, — "You must kindly let me interrupt myself in what I was going to say about men in general, because I want to tell you something about one man in particular. Such a triumph! Such fun!

"This MR. MARTINGALE — CURZON MARTINGALE is his name, and his friends call him KERSEY (what affectation that is in men giving one another little pet names, like school-girls,¹ when you know all the time that they² wouldn't walk across the street to help their beloved friends) was a great ally of my brother AUGUSTUS. Gussy (yes, but a sister's different³) used to believe in KERSEY, and dress like him, and adopt his opinions, such as they were, and retail them to Mamma and me as if they were SOLOMON'S PROVERBS. He tried with Papa once or

twice, but was put down in the most awful manner, and with a regular House of Commons speech. 'Sentiments, Sir, unworthy alike of the education which it has been your good fortune to receive, and of the society amid which you are so advantageously placed.'⁴ But though Gussy was silenced, he was not convinced, and about a month ago he was giving us MR. MARTINGALE'S ideas about being married. I wish I had written them down at the time, but I think I can remember enough to make you see what kind of a Young Englander MR. KERSEY is.

"KERSEY'S governor wants him to be married," said AUGUSTUS, as if he were recounting some grievous wrong to his friend. "Now I know the young lady old MR. MARTINGALE was thinking of, and she is a very nice, sweet-tempered girl, not exactly pretty,⁵ but very pleasing, and really accomplished. She is a cousin of KERSEY'S, and they have known one another from children."

"And quite time he should, my dear," said Mamma. This was one for MR. Gussy,⁶ who is older than MR. MARTINGALE.

"Well, he don't see it in that light," said Gussy.

"I do not know in what light MR. MARTINGALE sees marriage," persisted Mamma, "but I think he is standing in his own light, in objecting to it." And my dear Mamma looked quite pleased with herself and her neat little speech, which even MR. AUGUSTUS condescended to nod at, as not bad. If one of his fast companions had said it, he would have roared, and gone about repeating it everywhere.⁷

"It is JANE LINDLEY, of course," I said.

"I 'bleeve so," said Guss, "but I didn't ask. The principle's the same, whoever it is. KERSEY respectfully declines. And very right too."

"Very right to be respectful, my dear," persisted Mamma, "but Miss LINDLEY is a very estimable young lady, and would make your friend an excellent wife."

"But my friend don't want an excellent wife, Mamma," said AUGUSTUS.

"Then he does not deserve one, dear."

"Upon my word," said Gussy, dropping his arms helplessly as he sat on the sofa, and as I could see perfectly well, imitating something that MR. MARTINGALE had been saying and doing, "you seem to think the grand object of a man's life is getting married. It will be a good thing when that old-fashioned superstition is done away with."

Mamma did not answer, but she smiled rather indulgently; and Gussy did not quite like that, and returned to his friend's particular case.

"Now what should KERSEY MARTINGALE marry for, in the name of common sense? We talked the matter over in his rooms this morning. He told me all about it. 'What should I marry for?' said he. 'Why am I to sacrifice all my liberty, and comfort? See here. The governor allows me four hundred a-year, and I can live on that, and be as jolly

as a sand-boy.⁸ I go everywhere; see no end of life; stop at people's houses in the country; get my hunting and shooting and all that, and am bothered with no keeping up appearances. Here are my three rooms, and there's my servant, and who wants anything more? I'm hanged if I do. And the governor won't let me be contented and happy."

"Stern and cruel parient," said I.
"O, of course," retorted MR. Gussy, "you are on the other side. Never mind, it's natural in you. Well, I could say nothing in reply," he went on, "except that it was for him to consider whether he hadn't best stand well with his governor, who had behaved well to him, and all that, and that I supposed the old gentleman would do something handsome, if his views were met."

"You gave a son good advice, my dear," said Mamma, "though you pretend to say that you spoke heartlessly. I know you, dear."
Guss actually coloured, having no notion of being thought good against his will.¹⁰ However, he went on.

"I said what I tell you. 'But,' said KERSEY, 'what does meeting his views mean? That I'm to give up my freedom, which is the one thing of all that I enjoy; that I am to take one house and live in it, and receive proper people there, and go to their houses, whether I like 'em or not, and grow stuck up, and cut the pleasantest folks I know, because they are not exactly society for steady persons, and escort my wife about, and go nowhere unless she can go (fancy that!), and never start off out of town any more, with no fuss and preparation, and wander about as I please, and come back in a month, or two, or six, and nobody to control me, or ask me to account for myself—'"

"Actually pathetic," I said, laughing out, for I declare that Gussy had got into quite a whining tone, as he was describing the dreadful slavery with which his friend was threatened. "Isn't it terrible, Mamma?"

"A few months of married life would cure Mr. MARTINGALE of those wild ideas," said Mamma.

"That's what I told the fellah," cried Gussy, "and that made him ever so much wilder. 'He wasn't going to be cured of liking liberty, and what right had anybody to cure him?'"

"Miss LINDLEY, of whose feelings in the matter nobody speaks, is to be congratulated, I think," said Mamma, "on not being made the victim of an experiment."

"O, hang it," said MR. AUGUSTUS, "it would be a precious good match for her. KERSEY would have a capital allowance now, and the bulk of the Lincolnshire estates after his father. And a very good-looking fellah, too, and good-tempered, if nobody crosses him. Any how, she ought to jump at it."

And the magnificent MR. Guss went off to smoke his Weed,¹¹ and to meditate upon his friend's noble attachment to liberty.

"My dear MR. PUNCH, KERSEY MARTINGALE has gone and run away with a girl who sings at concerts, (quite a proper person, I believe, who earns a good deal of money,) and has married her, and his father refuses to see him, and has cut down his allowance to one quarter of what it was, and MR. CURZON will have to live in apartments in the New Road, and attend his wife—yes, Wife, (spell it with a big letter, it looks like digging it into him) to all her concerts, and hold her shawl, and carry her music home, and catch her going into the country without her leave. She has a will of her own, they tell me, as she ought to have, being the head of the family and its support."

Gussy would not tell this. He was ashamed to. But I heard it all during the Huguenots¹² on Thursday. Isn't it capital!¹³

Your affectionate,

MARY ANN."

⁸ Did he explain why a sand-boy should be jolly?

⁹ More shame for you, to quote a low and stupid song.

¹⁰ You do not imitate your dear Mamma's charity, Miss M. A.

¹¹ You seem afraid of the word. There is no objection to it, dear. Tobacco was a Virginian weed, until cultivated.

¹² You had better have been listening to MEYERBEER than to gossip.

¹³ No personal appeals to us. We remark, but do not reply.

The Reviled of the Record.

In a recent number of the *Record* appears a paragraph, headed "THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL UNSOUND ON THE SABBATH QUESTION." SIR RICHARD BETHELL is thus denounced to the puritanical portion of society, for having, in a speech at Aylesbury, very mildly professed himself in favour of innocent recreation for the people on Sundays. ATTORNEY-GENERAL BETHELL is a man of too large ideas for the Scribes (and Pharisees) of the *Record*: who prefer the narrow views of Little Bethel.

VERY SUSPICIOUS.

A PERSON, professing to be an Englishman, and who gave the name of D—S—AELL, was last week stopped when about to enter the Tuilleries. He was, however, permitted to pass, on the PRINCESS LIEVEN, who happened to be on the spot, becoming answerable for him.

¹ Will you mind your grammar, Miss. Names like school-girls!
² Same remark. Who wouldn't? School-girls?
³ Obscure. You omit, we suppose, "But you remark that I am making the abbreviation I satirise." Very careless. And from what is a sister different?
⁴ Very well. But you should not ridicule the institutions of your country.
⁵ Has fair hair and blue eyes, you mean, eh, MARY ANN?
⁶ Vulgar, dear. You might as well have written one for his nob—you meant it.
⁷ Caustic, but very true. We sometimes suffer from the eagerness of everybody to laugh at a joke which, coming from us, must be good.

SOME "ODOROUS" COMPARISONS.



COMPARISONS have always, since the days of *Mrs. Malaprop*, been proverbially "odorous," and one or two of them just now are so especially in bad odour, that we think the Nuisance Act should be enforced to sanction their removal. We used to hear, for instance, when the security of anything was called in question, that it was esteemed to be "as safe as a bank;" but of late so many bank ruptures, or bank breakings have happened, that we think "as unsafe as a bank" would be a truer reading.

"As sure as a gun," is another of our similes which we have lived to see thoroughly exploded. Experience indeed has long since taught us that with 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ of every 100 Cockney sportsmen a gun is never to be looked upon as making sure of anything—except perhaps of missing. The comparison therefore is a positive absurdity, and should be discharged before next shooting season.

Since the *Ratcatcher's Daughter* has been introduced at court—the court we mean

being rather in St. Giles's than St. James's—the phrase "as jolly as a sand-boy" has been also negated, for the sand-boy, or man, in the ballad we allude to appears to have been anything but of a jolly temperament; and the way in which eventually he came to grief could only in *Mark Tapley's* eyes have merited that adjective.

Another, and in spirit not dissimilar comparison, is that which has alike grown almost obsolete, "As merry as a grig." This expression now has quite a mediæval smack about it,

since none but middle-aged or still more ancient people are ever heard to utter it. As we will venture to lay any wager, even the most desperate—(say, a new hat with a Bloomer, or a pair of gloves with a more civilised young lady; neither of whom, of course, would ever dream of paying us)—that not the most far-sighted individual has ever seen a grig, or has the most remote conception what that creature, if it be a creature, really is, we think it is high time to pass an act for its abolishment, and for the substitution of a substantive of meaning. We would therefore word the phrase, "As merry as a grig;" the state of merriment referred to being that which any well-conducted pick-pocket is pretty certain to experience, when, after one of the many trials of this life, he has been so lucky as to have obtained admittance into one of the "pet" prisons.

The Baby Grenadier.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL has received at the hands of the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, as *Enfant de Troupe*, his *livret*, which, we are told, is given to every private soldier, and in which are recorded the state of his services, his commissions, and omissions. The first two entries made on the Imperial baby's part by his affectionate nurse run as follows:—"His Imperial Highness stands cold water like a duck; and after his morning bath shows all over him the tricolor." Further: "His Imperial Highness (his nurse regrets to be compelled to confess so much) has been known, more than once, to turn his back upon powder."

DECEMBER SPRING.

SUCH has been the unprecedented mildness of the season during the past week, that many of the Christmas-trees have actually come out in bloom.

ERMINE v. RABBITS.

CERTAIN Norfolk labourers, with what they are pleased to call a right of commonage, pursue and take rabbits; and are cited before a Norfolk bench, whereon, among bumber brother Magistrates, sits the awful anatomy of LORD HASTINGS. The right of commonage is not allowed—that is all nonsense; if these things are permitted, if labourers are to imagine that any common right can privilege them to kill rabbits, they will full soon take to pheasants and hares. LORD HASTINGS, as given to wear ermine, especially vindicated the cause of the rabbits, and the offenders were sentenced in a fine of 1*l.*s., or, the money not forthcoming, a month's imprisonment with hard labour. If rabbits were not protected, ermine would suffer next.

Now it happens that the editor of the *Norfolk News* is one of those coarse-minded, vulgar people, too often found with quills in their hands, who call a lord a lord, with no more reverence than they name a spade a spade. And LORD HASTINGS, with a lively anticipation of this man's independence, threatened to visit him with other chastisement than that of words, should he make a newspaper case of the lordly HASTINGS and the lowly rabbits. The editor, nothing daunted, discoursed after his own fashion upon the matter; and was forthwith waited upon by LORD HASTINGS, charged to the mouth with the missiles, "scoundrel," "coward," "villain," "blackguard," and moreover threatening to blow out the brains of an individual who sought to stand between his lordship and his lordly wrath. "In the end," thus concludes the *News*, "his lordship was turned out."

When *Mr. Punch* learned these facts, he felt more than sorry for the noble name of HASTINGS. HASTINGS, a name associated with elephants caparisoned in scarlet and gold—HASTINGS to be mixed with rabbits, at 6*d.* a-head! *Mr. Punch*, however, was speedily relieved by the following note, which, with great pleasure, he lays before his world of readers:—

"THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS, grandson of the Governor-General of India, presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch* and, for his own protection, being further a minor who will not attain his majority until 1853, begs *Mr. Punch* will make it known that the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS has no connection whatever with BARON HASTINGS of the Rabbits, of Norfolk."

Mr. Punch very willingly complies with the request of the minor MARQUIS OF HASTINGS. In such a case of mistaken identity, it is of

the greatest consequence that we should only skin the right noble—we mean, the right rabbit.

Once upon a time, a lamented manager of the Royal Victoria Theatre, full of the triumph of a cheap purchase of stage-clothes, exhibited to one of his actors, a great bargain, a RICHARD'S robe. "Only thirty shillings," said the Manager, tenderly manipulating the adorning fur, "only thirty shillings, and all real!" "What!" cried the actor, "real ermine?" "No, no," answered the bargain-monger, "real rabbit." In like manner, it would seem, that a Peer of the realm may in no way be ermine; but, at least, real rabbit.

A GEM FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

THE *Mayo Constitution* contains a paragraph which commences thus:—

"DEATH OF AN IRISH GIANT.—One of the last of the mythical line of 'Irish Giants,' in the person of SHAWN NABONTREE, died at Connemara on Friday last."

And thus, immediately, but not consecutively, proceeds:—

"He owed his sobriquet to his unusual stature, being a man of extraordinary athletic symmetry—namely, seven feet in height, and weighing over 20 stone."

So that, according to our Hibernian contemporary, this last of a mythical line of giants was a real man, of unusual stature, being seven feet high. SHAWN NABONTREE was at once a reality and a myth. To be or not to be could never have been a question with him, since he appears to have solved that tremendous problem by being and not being at the same time.

The last Russian Dodge.

SAYS the CZAR to TODLEBEN, with his tongue in his cheek, I believe that those English know nothing of Greek! But they beat us in war; so let's try the Greek reuce, That is—"Maps, atar ow Kata Kosmon" * to use; For as we've two towns of the name of B lgrad, We can talk of the good one, but palm off the bad.

* μάχη, ἄραξ ἐπὶ πόλιν δύομας:—"Maps that misrepresent the world." (*Homer's Iliad*, II. 214. Literal Translation.)

THE ANTI-PEACE AND COMFORT QUACKS.

A NEW term of reproach, an addition to the British vocabulary of invective and dictionary of abuse, is hereby proposed. It is the word "Anti." Almost every good thing that Englishmen in general enjoy is denounced by a certain minority of English fools, who would, if they could, deprive their neighbours of it, and who are banded together for that purpose in an association of asses having "Anti" prefixed to their name. For instance, there exists a confederacy of simpletons, calling itself the "British Anti-Tobacco Society." It is a pity that the British SOLOMON is not now in existence to preside over these imbecile Britons. They also are publishing *Counterblasts* against the Nicotian leaf; and, among these, a letter addressed by their Secretary to the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, entitled, *Reasons for seeking Legislative Prohibition of Juvenile Street Smoking*. The BISHOP OF MANCHESTER must feel highly flattered by the honour thus done him, just as he might by a special dedication to himself of a treatise on the Quadrature of the Circle, or on Perpetual Motion. *Legislative Prohibition of Juvenile Street Smoking!* The meaning of this quack's Latin is, laws to punish boys for smoking in the streets. How would the ninny have them punished? Imprisoned?—with or without hard labour?—whipped? What an awfully severe pedant must be the Secretary of the British Anti-Tobacco Society!

Persuasion is better than force, and a person in a corresponding degree wiser than the above-mentioned Secretary, has written "*Smoke Not: a Prize Essay*,"—the prize, we presume, having been awarded by the Anti-Tobacco Society—"showing why the young should not smoke." This milder and more gentle treatise is the work of an individual of the softer sex—softer of heart than is, certainly not of head, than the severe Secretary. Perhaps, however, the lay in question—a certain "Miss E. S. C."—does not consider that the reasons why the young should not smoke really do prevent them, for the most part, from smoking—the attempt to indulge in that practice, in the majority of cases, making them sick and ill.

Without actually calling themselves "Anti," there are vast numbers of bigoted, illiberal, officious, conceited, meddling, ill-natured people, who are what that word means. There are Anti-Theatrical, Anti-Dancing, and Anti-Amusement-of-all-kind noodlers, who, not content with hating plays, balls, and other amusements themselves, want to enforce their small antipathies on the rest of us. To deny, to restrain, to coerce, to control others, on frivolous pretences and in petty things, is their mean life's love; and accordingly we propose the word "Anti" for use as an opprobrious expression to denote a hypocritical, paltry, conceited, domineering, ostentatious fool.

What a world this would be, if all the Antis could have their own way! The Anti-Fermented-Liquor and Anti-Animal-Food fanatics, between them alone, would reduce us to vegetables and slops; one set of Antis would deprive us of this comfort, another of that; would cabin, crib, and confine us and each other, tie all mankind hand and foot, and render themselves and everybody else perfectly miserable. Henceforth, let "Anti" be synonymous with enemy, plague, nuisance, pest of society.

SATISFACTION FOR SOCIETY.

RESPECTING the criminal MARLEY, a statement appeared in several of the papers, commencing thus:—

"Since the condemnation of the wretched man, ROBERT MARLEY, for the murder of RICHARD COPE, in Parliament Street, he has conducted himself in a very satisfactory manner, and appears quite resigned to his fate, which he seems all along to have considered inevitable.

Is the resignation of a convict about to be hanged for murder satisfactory? How can an honest man die on his bed more satisfactorily than with resignation? If it cannot be said that a murderer in prospect of the gallows exhibited symptoms of the greatest consternation and the most abject terror, the less that is mentioned about the state of his mind the better.

Attack on King Bomba.

KING BOMBA has been stabbed, but softly, "demd softly," by one of his own soldiers. A bulletin, in the following terms, has been handed about the *cafés* of Naples, but has not been published by the Government.—"His Sacred Majesty, *il re nostro assoluto*, has been tenderly wounded by a soldier, instructed for the purpose, and is quite as well as the police expected."

Admiral Charley.

YOU shouldn't be too hard upon SIR CHARLES NAPIER. That "CONSTANTINE didn't come out," was, doubtless in part owing to the British commander's vigilance. ADMIRAL NAPIER proved himself, at any rate a fair watchman, and that fact should be remembered by those who call him old CHARLEY.

MR. WILLIAMS AT ALDERSHOT.

THE Hon. Member for Lambeth has a dragon's eye that never sleeps when the liberties of the country are in danger; and it is evident that the Hon. Member perceives in the frequent visits of the QUEEN to the camp at Aldershot designs upon the constitutional privileges of the country. There is no man who can look so far into a goose's egg as MR. WILLIAMS. With a single glance at the egg, he will tell you whether it shall give to the world a white or a grey bird; an average gander, or, as the Hon. Member can sympathetically prophesy, a very great goose indeed. What, for instance, is hidden in matter such as the subjoined?

"A few weeks ago he saw an account in the public newspapers of HER MAJESTY having gone down to the Pavilion, and having witnessed in the camp a theatrical performance, the players being officers of the different regiments. (*Hear, and a laugh.*) This he thought was a novel course to be pursued by a Sovereign of England."

The Hon. Member, in his patriotic fervour, forgets that HER MAJESTY is the wife of an English field-marshal, and, if upon no other account, may have military sympathies with the gallant comrades of her husband, as MR. KEAN says in *Rolla*, the "brave companions of his toils, and partners of his fame." But MR. WILLIAMS knows the history of OLIVER CROMWELL, and knows how, once upon a time, the tyrant by means of the military cleared the House of Commons. Who knows? PRINCE ALBERT, on a momentous Fishmongers' dinner, declared that "constitutional institutions were on their trial." Bayonets, in the opinion of the anxious Lambeth Member, may again appear in the House of Commons, when, on such an event, it would be only natural for MR. WILLIAMS to look very carefully to his seat.



THE CZAR AND THE CUR.

THE CZAR caught filching New Bolgrad,
Too plainly for denying it—
Declares he really never had
A thought of fortifying it.

So once, a dog stole off a stall
A pound of Norfolk butter:
The butter-man "stop thief!" did call,
And raised a furious clutter.

The beakles chased the hungry bound,
For all his doubling, caught him;
Still in his teeth the luscious pound,
Back to the stall they brought him.

"Why all this fuss?" exclaimed the Cur,
"How oft need I repeat it?
Although I took your butter, Sir,
I never meant to eat it."

Appropriate.

AT once to compliment the Active Director of the Department of Art, and to indicate the want of light in Marlborough House, it is proposed to re-christen that dingy receptacle for the VERNON and TURNER collections by the title of "the Cole-Hole."

A SUGGESTION TO THE ANATOMISTS.

CONSIDERING the late prevalence of *garotting*—which consists, as our readers all know, in dragging a handkerchief tight round the victim's neck while you plunder him—would it not be well to change the name from the "carotid" to the "garotted" artery?



A PIG PEN AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

Harriet. "THEN, I SUPPOSE, PAPA DEAR, THAT THESE ARE LEARNED PIGS, AS THEY HAVE ALL GOT GOLD MEDALS!"

MEETING OF EUROPEAN MAGISTRATES.

At a special adjourned meeting of European Magistrates, held in the Conference Room, Paris, ALEXANDER ROMANOFF, aged 38, was placed at the bar, charged with forgery and attempted burglary.

The Magistrates decided to take each case separately.

COWLEY, a detective officer, resident in Paris, proved that the prisoner had recently been engaged in a dispute with some of his neighbours as to a right of way, and the same being referred to arbitration, the prisoner had contrived that false maps should be produced before the arbitrators, and by this means had obtained an award entirely opposed to the spirit of the agreement under which the reference had been made.

The prisoner said that he had nothing to do with the forgery, but that if people were fools enough to be led astray in that manner, he saw no reason for not profiting by their folly.

The Magistrates made some severe and contemptuous remarks upon the conduct of the arbitrators in question, who, knowing that they were dealing with an avowedly dishonest person, ought to have been doubly careful. The Bench, although morally convinced of the guilty knowledge and intention of the prisoner, did not think that the evidence would warrant a conviction.

In the second case,

LYONS, a valuable officer, whose duties are chiefly on board ship, proved that the prisoner had upon several occasions tried to break into premises called Serpent's Isle, the possession of which had been taken from him by sentence of law, but which he was very eager to get hold of again. He, the officer, had received information on the subject, and in consequence had taken precautions which had enabled him to baffle the repeated attempts of the prisoner; but he had reason to think they would be renewed.

The prisoner said that he had been entirely misunderstood. He had noticed, with regret, that the gas-lamp on the premises in question was out of repair, and he had gone, in the kindest manner, knowing something of brass-work (*a laugh*), to put it right. He complained of ill-usage by the officer, who had incited some sailors to kick him out of doors.

The Magistrates asked whether there were any evidence to character?

CLARENDON, Policeman, said that there was not much known against the prisoner, except that he was an associate and friend of several foreign thieves. His father had been a notoriously bad character, but it had been hoped that the son would have taken warning. He could not plead distress, because to his, the officer's knowledge, the prisoner had a crown given him only the other day.

BUOL, detective in the Austrian service, said that the prisoner was a most dangerous neighbour, and was always blocking up a water-course, harbouring rogues, or poaching, and these had been the habits of his family for many years.

PERSIGNY, a French detective, said that the prisoner had been trying to become intimate with a distinguished family in Paris, evidently with ulterior designs. He had also endeavoured to bring about a quarrel between neighbours, but had been defeated by the good sense on both sides.

The Magistrates, after a brief Conference, said that they had hoped they were to hear no more of the prisoner, who had, as appeared on record, been severely punished in the preceding year. They had given consideration to all the circumstances, and had decided that he should have one more chance of becoming an honest man. They should not convict him in the forgery case, but he must give up possession of the property thereby acquired, and he must be bound over to keep the peace in the second case. They hoped that this extreme leniency would have its effect, but they warned him that should he appear again at this bar, their course would be one of unmitigated severity.

The prisoner professed his thankfulness, and was led out, singing a Russian hymn.

A Matrimonial Alliance.

FASHIONABLE folks have ceased to marry. Now, according to JENKINS and his imitators, "they form a matrimonial alliance:" upon which, SUSAN JANE writes to *Punch* to inquire, "if such an alliance is to be considered offensive and defensive?" Mr. *Punch* ventures to reply—"offensive, when misfortune or difficulty is to be attacked and overcome; defensive, when sorrow or sickness assails; and expensive, when certain little parties, whether or not, will join in the compact."



THE RUSSIAN TICKET-OF-LEAVE-MAN BEFORE THE "BEAKS."

Mr. Bull, "H-M—HERE AGAIN! WELL, WE MUST PUT A STOP TO THIS!"

"SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF."

(Being some Hints on Prison Discipline, addressed to Mr. Punch by an old Ticket-of-Leave.)



'ONERED SIR, So 'Prigs wont wurk, wont they?—Well, that's wun of the resuns agin tryin to *make* em wurk, on wich I've too or three remarks to offer. In my time, all I knows is, we didn't ave ne'er a chance to wurk, unless it was on the mill or the crank, or okum. And in corse unless it was along o' stoppin a fellers wittles, or the black-ole or floggin or such like, I'd like to no who wood wurk at a crank, a grindin nuffin, or a mill a-turnin nuffin but a cove's ed, or at okumtesin, that a hable boddied tradesman cant make no better alist on than a born iddiut? In coarse, wurk o' that kind wont do nuffin but aggrawate a feller and make him savage agin bekes and guvners and turnkeys and judges and lors and the hole kit on 'em. Bysides, if you makes no diffence atwixt wun man and another, but sets em all to turn the

same crank, or to foot the same mill, or to ravel at the same everlastin okum ook, and sarves em all out the same wittles, and locks em all up at the same hours, wot's the call for a cove to wurk more nor he can elp?

"But if a chap knowed as he was expectked to arn his grub, and warn't to ave his grub till he arned it, and then might arn better or was grub accordin to his wurk, and was to be kept in qwod till he larnt how to arn his grub, aye and pade up the arreres for his kepe wile he was a larnin, and made up the walley o wot he 'ad been and priggid bysides, he'd preshuss soon wurk Ile be bownd. And if he fownd that by over-wurk he cood get hissself any littol cumfurts, such as his bit o' backy or a shave o butter to is bred, or a hextra cut o mete or sich there 'ud be a motive to wurk as I never see put on to a chap in qwod yit, and till you 've tride that there sort of thing on dont tell me prigs wont wurk.

"But then, you'll say, well, but if a chap's a good wurkman and you gives him wurk in qwod, he'd soon arn his kepe, and his cumfurts too, and wen he 'd dun he'd wauk his chaus, and go on priggin agin as bad as hever. Right agin—if you lets him go, wen is time's up, and takes no more count on him. But spose insted o' givin a chap his fourteen days or three months, or two yere, or such like, you was to qwod the yung uns till they 'd larned a trade as they could live by, and the old uns, who never was tort no trade but priggin, till thade satisfide the visitin justisses as they could arn an onest livelyhood, and all on em, old or yung, tradesmen or no tradesmen, till they 'd pade there expenses in qwod and the walley o their priggins besides. And spose wen a chap ad dun this, you sez to him, 'Now my man, you can go owt to git work, and if you can git it owtside the jug, you're welkum; but you'll cum back and report yourself at the jug hevry blessed nite, that we may no where we has you till we tells you not to come any longer—and if you cant git wurk houtside we'll find you wurk hinside—but houtside or hinside wurk you must.' I think you'd ave a hold on em you cant ave now, and stop their mouths too agin sayin they couldn't git wurk and so they was forced to take to priggin agin.

"Well, but you'll ask, ou are you to find wurk for em in qwod? Well I dunnow why you shouldn't qwod a chap accordin to his trade—them as 'ad any—and ave prisons for prig taylers and prig shoemakers, and prig carpenters and printers and semstresses and such like, and do all the guvment wurk at tailerin and shoosmakin and carpenterin and printin and sowin, all in their own jugs, as peepie buys their beer at the taps—and why you shouldn't ave prig farms too, for the labourers as couldn't do anythink but spade-work, and use up the prodoose of them farms in feedin the other prigs. Besides look at Portland—that's the only jug ov em all as pays its way now, and y? acos you keeps the fellers there a wurkin at the brake-water wich its useful wurk and wot you'd ave to pay stonemasons and navvies for if the conwics didn't do it. Well and isn't there a dele of such wurks wants doin helsewhere besides Portland?—aint there arbour's o refuge to be made, and aint there the Medway want embankin, and aint there London as wants soocerin, and couldn't you ave a few of them drab men o war thats lyn eatin their hold eds off at Sheerness and Portsmouth and Plymouth, and kepe em in the river or hoff the coast to lodge the prigs in, while they was at such wurk as embankin arbur makin or soocerin?

"To be sure, all this wood 'nt be 'arf as hesy as shippin' your prigs off in cartlodes to Horstralia, or sich like, or settin' on 'em to turn a crank or work a mill, or tese hokum. It 'ud want good horsifers and trades masters, and give KERNEL JEBB and the bigwigs up in London a dele o' trouble, I dare say. But if it wud make prigs kepe themselves, and teche 'em they couldn't git away from wurk, then, I say, it 'ud be worth tryin'. But, sez you, 'it 'ud do away with your seperate and silent sistems.' Well, wot o' that? Seperate and silent is all well enuff wen a chap first comes into qwod, and you wants to break him down a bit; but arter that it's no use, ony softenin' a feller, and 'cockerin' on him up, and makin' him afrade ov his own shadder, and no more fit to come farely into the world agin' than a naked babe 'ud be.

"But then, sez you, 'you'd be a displacin' free labour.' Well, of all the stuff ever torked, that 'ere tork about displacin' free labour is the most ridiklus, as I 'opes to show nekst week as ever cums.

"So no more at present,

"From yur 'umbel sa:vunt,

"JAMES DABBY."

HOME TRUTHS.

By a Homespeaking Philosopher.

As sure as there happens to be cold meat, or a poor shabby dinner of scraps and make-ups, so sure is the husband to take some one home to dinner with him.

No child ever makes a noise; and as for babies, it is a well-known fact, that every blessed baby that ever was born was the "quietest little thing in the world."

It is rare indeed that you can get two mothers-in-law to agree upon any domestic matter, more especially upon any treatment connected with the rearing of children.

One thing is indisputable:—servants take care generally to answer the mother-in-law's bell the first time it is rung.

The kitchen-chimney only catches fire on festive occasions, and no cook ever thinks of having a nervous fit, such as necessitates her being carried upstairs to bed in a state of insensibility, but on some grand solemnity, when you have distinguished company to dinner.

As the mother grows older, so the daughters grow younger; for if the mother is only thirty-two, it would be absurd and contradictory to give out that her grown-up daughters were more than fifteen or eighteen at the utmost.

From the want of this simple management, ridiculous cases have been known, in which the mother, by deducting 1, or more, off her age every year, and neglecting to make the same deduction with her youthful beauties, has at length arrived to be of the same age as her daughters.



ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.—A Lady has no occasion, when she has a new bonnet, to buy any bonnet-trimmings for it, for she has only to take it to church the first Sunday, and her friends are sure to trim it well for her.

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.



HE many very seasonable acts of benevolence which have lately come within our notice, induce us to give a valuable inch or two towards ensuring publicity to some of the most striking of them :

SIR CHARLES NAPIER had been sprawling over some few dozen sheets of paper in

attempting to explain, for the ninety-second time, how it was that he came away without attacking Cronstadt, when in a fit of very seasonable benevolence he dropped the letter in the fire instead of the *Times*' letter-box.

The bellicose LORD LUCAN had commanded his solicitor to bring actions against pretty nearly every newspaper in England, for its libellous criticism of his military character; but, in the purest benevolence to himself, he wisely thought better of it, and withdrew his instructions.

One of the richest of the Bishops has been recently moved to the unparalleled self-sacrifice of going without claret for nearly a whole week, in order to find funds for the relief of his poor Curates.

THE KING OF NAPLES recently has had the benevolence to cause one of his three thousand political prisoners to be set at liberty (the Surgeons having certified that his dungeon fever would prove mortal within four-and-twenty hours).

No less than two of our most successful playwrights have been actuated lately by such seasonable benevolence, as to have abstained for almost an entire fortnight from writing their "original" pieces from the French.

MR. SPOONER had prepared a thrilling speech upon the Maynooth question, which he intended to rehearse for delivery next Session; when, in a fit of quite un-governable benevolence to the House, he was induced to commit it to his waste-basket rather than his memory.

And, lastly, LOUIS NAPOLEON has had the benevolence to state, that there is at present no foundation for the rumour, that he has succeeded in persuading the British Government of the imperial necessity that exists for silencing the British press.

CRITICISM OF EXCLUSIVE GENTS.

THE eyes of young DE COURCY were wandering over the advertisement page of a morning journal, when, suddenly addressing BELMONT, who, reclined upon a rich and magnificent velvet sofa, was smoking a fragrant Havannah, he read as follows :—

"BENZINE COLLAS cleans gloves, silks, ribands, satins, velvets, cloths, carpets, leather, &c., without leaving the slightest odour."

"Ah don't understand that," continued the high-born young gentleman. "Collas cleans gloves! How can a Colla clean a glove?"

"Don't know 'm sh'ah!" responded his aristocratic companion.

"Besides," pursued DE COURCY, "Collas cleans' is not gwamma. 'Collas' is pwnal, and 'Cleans' is singulah."

"Yas," answered BELMONT; "so ah should imagine. But don't go into gwammatical pwniciples, because the subject is too abstwoose."

In a tone of candid assent to this self-evident proposition, the other gallant youth, as he turned to the "Sporting Intelligence," half-musingly exclaimed, "To be suah!"

She-Heroic Resolution.

A YOUNG Lady (of the age of six-and-thirty) declared the other day in strictest confidence to her maid-servant, that she would sooner dye than let a single grey hair show itself.

THE IMMORTAL WILLIAMS.

WE don't mean SHAKSPEARE—we don't mean the Hero of Kars—we mean the WILLIAMS—W. WILLIAMS—Lambeth WILLIAMS—Walworth WILLIAMS—the CATO of the New Cut—the ANDREW MARVEL of the 'Marsh'—the ATLAS who, when stout JOSEPH HUME gave in, took upon his shoulders the burden of Pennywisdom and Pound'oolishness in the British House of Commons. Let Britain be merry—even under double Income-Tax, a House of Lords, a rural police, a camp at Aldershot, a National Gallery *in posse* at Kensington Gore, and a Prussian husband *in futuro* for the Princess Royal—she has still a WILLIAMS to strike terror into aristocrats, and to bear aloft the sacred banner of Bumbledom, in the battle of the Constitution.

What a comfort to the country that the light of Lambeth should shine amidst the general darkness which broods over the beighted House of Commons—a guiding star for PALMERSTON—a beacon to keep up the sinking spirits of the immortal three—the FURST, STAUFFACHER, and TELL of the Transpontine Fastnesses—the CULIATI of the Cut—the three Tailors of Tooley Street!

WILLIAMS is always great, but WILLIAMS at Walworth, on Wednesday week, was sublime. It must be owned that the Metropolitan boroughs, as a rule, honour themselves, and set a noble example to the country, by their choice of representatives. But Lambeth need not envy Finsbury the high political principle, and the solid social virtues, of its DUNCOMBE—nor Southwark the lucid and serene eloquence of its PELLATT—or the Nelsonian heroism and measured discretion of its NAPIER. In WILLIAMS it has a member as broad in his Radicalism as DUNCOMBE, as eloquent as PELLATT, and as discreet as NAPIER.

Let who will slumber at their posts, WILLIAMS has his eye open. Britain shall not be crushed under a rural police—a standing army—a bloated aristocracy, and a hungry bureaucracy—unless her murderers pass, first, over the body of WILLIAMS! The Church had better get all its new brooms ready—the Horse Guards will do well to muster its men for 'Augean stable duty'—the House of Lords would be wise to underpin its rickety buttresses—for WILLIAMS is upon them!

Talk of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR! talk of WILLIAM the Dutchman! give us WILLIAMS!—WILLIAMS of Walworth—the immortal WILLIAMS—the guardian of the popular purse—the DRACO of the estimates—our protector against a too-vigilant police—our preserver from a too-efficient army—the scourge of a bloated aristocracy—and the "spoke, spoke, spoke," in the wheel of centralisation!

"WE HARDWARE MEN."

MR. MUNTZ, expelled from Printing-House Square, has found sympathising comfort in Shoe Lane. The *Times* refuses to insert MUNTZ; and MRS. GAMP straightway opens her sheels to him. MR. MUNTZ writes, "the enclosed letter to the *Times*, having been kept nine days, is refused insertion." What a shame, that, even after nine days, an epistle by MUNTZ is not to see the light! Why, a better mercy is vouchsafed to puppies. But then, has not MR. MUNTZ to blame MR. MUNTZ for such refusal, seeing that to the *Times* he writes as follows?

"We hardwaremen remain much as we were five years ago; we are too much used to fire, noise, and smoke, to heed either the thunder or the froth of the *Times*; and we can well afford to laugh at the self-importance of some who sit in a garret and write *we*."

The hit at the "garret" is worthy of a Brummagem Cyclops, who, by other men's heads and hands, has made his gold out of brass. The editor of the *Times*, however,—

"Begg to decline further controversy with an opponent who thinks it necessary to eke out his arguments with such a sneer as that in the last paragraph of the enclosed letter."

Whereupon, MR. MUNTZ sends his letter to MRS. GAMP, who does not sit in a garret; but, as it is well known, inhabits a marble palace, paneled with cedar, and hung with gold and purple in Shoe Lane, and writes *me*.

Polar Expeditions.

LORD PALMERSTON has always on going to the Poll Felt sure of his return;—the Fates bless his cheery soul—But we hope that won't dispose him to risk less-gifted souls In a work so clearly hopeless as going to the Poles.

A Great Comfort.

A FRENCH Art critic, hearing that the Department of Art had pressed on the Government the purchase of the "Soulazes collection," attributes the move to a wish to console PRINCE ALBERT for his recent disappointment in the matter of the Kensington Gore site for a National Gallery—remarking, "*Qu'il lui fait des soulagements.*"



A SKETCH DURING THE RECENT GALE.

FIVE MINUTES AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

THIS year's Cattle Show was attended by an immense conflux of people, which was swelled by us, anxious to assist at an exhibition at once ludicrous and laudable. Crossing from one side of Baker Street to the other, we encountered great peril from the rapid succession of omnibuses, which disgorged their crowded contents at the centre of attraction.

Amid a shouting multitude, we elbowed our way in front of a file of bill-distributors, who occupied the curb-stone, presenting their several puffs to all comers. We accepted a series of these, which did not, as we anticipated that they would, prove very violent experiments on the credulity of the agricultural mind. We were agreeably disappointed at not finding among them a single quack advertisement. One of them offered those whom it might concern the assistance of an "artificial mother;" an invention which we, too hastily perhaps, concluded to have been meant for a calf.

MR. STRATTON'S fat ox spoiled us for the rest of the horned cattle. Such was its corpulence, it panted in such a manner, that it rendered the remainder of the bovine exhibition an anti-climax. The sheep might have excited the sympathies of the butcher or the wool-stapler, but they caused us no emotion. But we were highly delighted with the pigs. The lines of beauty formed by their convolutions of fat over the head and face, struck us as exceedingly picturesque; their attitudes were most absurd; and their resentful cries were replete with comical expression. We heard one of these animals screaming as if in the direst agony. Its sufferings turned out to be occasioned by a young lady, who was patting it with mistaken tenderness.

We have heard many country gentlemen remark on the extreme inferior similitude between a pig and a Christian. It appears in nothing so much as in the circumstance that the pig, if teased or irritated, evinces anger and annoyance—thereby provoking repetition of insult and indignity.

We have not yet recovered from the wonder and amazement excited by the monstrous turnips, and gigantic specimens of mangold-wurzel, exhibited in the vegetable department.

As to the agricultural machinery—it was perfectly barrowing; and the various instruments for torturing the earth would, but for the

knowledge that the *genius loci* was eminently Protestant, have caused us to shudder with the idea of being surrounded by the appliances of the Inquisition.

Whilst this exhibition continues to draw so enormously as it does, the suggestion of any improvement may appear superfluous. Yet, if the cattle were adorned with fillets and garlands; if the stalls were decked with artificial flowers; if the necks of the pigs were decorated with pink and blue ribbons; if the animals were attended by herdsmen, shepherds, and swineherds, tastefully attired in the Arcadian fashion, the whole affair would present an æsthetical character which it at present lacks, and which would attract a still greater number of ladies than that which on this last occasion attended the spectacle. A plentiful spargefaction of Eau-de-Cologne, or of Rimmel's toilet vinegar would also much conduce to this desirable result.

The arrangements for ventilation were, however, admirable; and the state of things necessarily arising from a vast collection of oxen was duly provided for by the arrangements for the plenteous admission of oxygen.

SCENES IN THE CIRCLE.—MADAME CRINOLINE will, on the evening of her forthcoming *Soirée*, appear in her beautiful new dress of Lyons' *glacé silk*, the circumference of which is expected to exceed everything of the kind, the doors of her ball-room having been purposely enlarged to allow of the perfect ingress and egress of the said costume without fear of disarranging the elegance of its folds, or danger of an accident reducing the extremely liberal number of its flounces. In the centre of that large circle, MADAME CRINOLINE will remain for five hours (from 11 P.M. to 4 A.M.), and receive her fashionable friends. In addition to numerous other feats of agility, such as jumping through fifteen different hoops, of which her duck of a dress is composed, and alighting each time upon her feet, the accomplished Lady will, in the presence of the entire company, curtsy to every guest, drink a cup of coffee, devour a Vanilla ice, sing a French song, walk through a quadrille, and stand, without the least apparent fatigue, any amount of Batory from a noble Cavalry Captain present; and, moreover, before retiring to rest, MADAME CRINOLINE will graciously favour the company by dancing the Polka with an Hungarian nobleman of distinction, who has kindly promised to attend in his national costume. Cards will be sent in due time (through the Messrs. GUYTERS) to all MADAME DE CRINOLINE'S friends. Supper at Two. Astley's band will be in attendance, and will play several *morceaux* best adapted to the Circle in question.

UNACCOUNTABLE APATHY.—MORRIS MOORE has been ordered out of Berlin. We have not yet heard of any earthquake in the Prussian capital!



MR. TREMBLE BORPOWS A HINT FROM HIS WIFE'S CRINOLINE, AND INVENTS WHAT HE CALLS HIS "PATENT ANTI-GAROTTE OVERCOAT," WHICH PLACES HIM COMPLETELY OUT OF H-ARM'S REACH IN HIS WALKS HOME FROM THE CITY.

RAMPANT IDIOTS.

MR. PUNCH wanted an opportunity of making amends to the directors of that admirable Institution, the Asylum for Idiots, for an expression which, in the sensitive mind of its estimable Secretary, seemed calculated to injure the charity. In a suggestion from Calcutta touching that model soldier, patriot, and nobleman, LORD DUNKELIN, it was hinted that a Cell in the Asylum would be a fitting place for him. We are officially informed that the Asylum contains no cells, and that its inmates are all provided for in comfortable apartments. We are most happy to give publicity to the fact.

The Asylum for Idiots was naturally brought to Mr. Punch's mind by a piece of presumptuous folly on the part of the Board of Works. That remarkable set of scavengers, instead of attending to the drains, are scrambling up to the corners of the streets, and altering the names thereof. Now really this is a little too bad. We almost doubt its being believed. But the fact is so. One D'IFFANGER, junior, (who probably in moments of hallucination fancies himself as clever a fellow as one D'ISRAELI, junior,) with a Committee, has been drawing up a voluminous report upon street names in London. He discovers—as everybody who has read PETER CUNNINGHAM or JOHN TIMBS knew already—that there are numbers of streets bearing the same names; and so, with the presumption of vestrymen, DIFFY (we may be pardoned the liberty—we call the other great man DIZZY) and his lot have set to work to devise new appellations.

They have gone about it in the way that might be expected from their class. To a number of the streets members of the Board of Works propose to append their own dignified names, not one of which was ever heard of before, out of its owner's locality. These people suppose that BUGGINS, TOGGINS, and WIGGINS, are words that will instantly conjure up the train of associations which it is desirable a name should awaken. The only conceivable reason for having a distinctive name was to save the necessity of following it with a second reference. There is some inconvenience in having to designate King Street, as King Street, St. James's, or King Street, Covent Garden. So the modest Member of the Board of Works proposes to say Wiggins Street at once, as all the world must know where that is.

But, dismissing these ambitious snobs, whose names have already been trailed before the town, to the immense amusement, we should think, of the districts in which it is proposed to stick them up, let us look at some of the rest of DIFFY's nomenclature; against which, by the way, protests have already been made by persons whose names he proposed to use. It displays the kind of educational process through which the parochial mind passes. Some names of great and good men could not fail to have struck even members of the Board of Works, whose children probably bring home MANGNALL'S Questions from school for evening lessons. Some such happy accident accounts for the presence in the report of suggestions in favour of men usually more honoured anywhere than by "parochials." But we want to know by what sentence of British law Londoners are to be compelled to live in streets christened after

MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH,
"POOR" POWER, the Actor,
MR. MIAL of the *Nonconformist*,
BOOKER, the Protectionist,
ADLER, the Hebrew Rabbi,
CAMERON, supposed of the British Bank,
SOTHBY, the Auctioneer,
SIR CULLING EARDLEY of Exeter Hall,
And MORLEY, of the Administration Reform Association!

Here are nine names which DIFFY & Co. solemnly propose to stick up at the corners of our streets. Could one suppose that the absurdity would go much further, the owners of the property thus to be adorned had better consult their solicitors, as we conceive actions for wilful depreciation would lie against the Board. Fancy dating a dance invitation from "Culling Eardley Street," or asking a Quaker to dine in "Poor Power Street," or trying to effect a mortgage on a house in "Cameron Street."

We are sorry to trouble SIR BENJAMIN HALL again upon an unpleasant subject, but he really must restrain the vagaries of the Central Board—this *Centre*—very *Gauche*. Unless he does so forthwith, and if he has not the power, he had better get it in February (the House will suspend standing orders on emergency), Mr. Punch must become

a Life Governor of the Asylum for Idiots, with a view to the benefit of the Board.

In the meantime he would ask this question—"Whether the Board is such an Idiot as to suppose that London will permit itself to be called names by D'LEFANGER and his allies?"

Should the answer be in the affirmative, *Mr. Punch*, drawing his bludgeon, has but two words more to say to London:
"Semez-moi!"

A STORY OF COMMON CLAY.



HERE is a tale of thrilling interest told by a morning paper of that renowned personage the great DUKE OF BRABANT. It commences with the statement of the following significant fact, which lately occurred at Brussels:—

"On Thursday his Royal Highness, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, rode on horseback slowly into town."

What a picture of combined simplicity and grandeur! It will be readily imagined that a narrative thus commencing would proceed to relate something extraordinary, if not a circumstance quite so stupendous as this:—

"On approaching the Porte de Cologne, he suddenly stopped his horse, and, accosting a humble labourer employed on the road side, politely asked permission to light

his cigar by the pipe which the poor man was then smoking."

A Royal Duke asking a labourer for a light—only fancy that! What is there to pattern it in the history of the world? The condescension, perhaps, of a few angels, who, as we read, accepted of mortals' hospitality. Nothing else: nothing less. It beats the romance of the *King and the Miller of Mansfield hollow*.

The historian proceeds:—

"I need scarcely say that the request was acceded to with the greatest pleasure and alacrity."

The pleasure was, doubtless, more exquisite than that experienced by the gentleman on being spoken to by his sovereign, when the monarch told him to get out of the way; and the alacrity with which the light was supplied to the Duke was perhaps almost as remarkable as that with which the obstacle took itself away from the face of the king.

Now for the sequel of this exciting story:—

"The Duke having enkindled his cigar in the way designated, familiarly returned the pipe into the hands of the labourer, and, thanking him for the kindness thus rendered him, raised his hat from his head while graciously bidding him farewell."

An English nobleman under similar circumstances would probably have given the man sixpence, and the pleasure of the recipient would have been precisely limited by his idea of the sum. But the DUKE OF BRABANT gave the "humble labourer" a far higher than a sixpenny recompence. He returned the pipe a very different thing from what he received it. He received it mere clay, he returned it as good as aluminium—if not gold. "Pipe"—perhaps exclaimed the peasant, paraphrasing unconsciously a line of SHAKESPEARE, and apostrophising the "cutty" which had been sanctified by the suction of a Duke—"Pipe, I will hallow thee for this thy deed!" This, of course was his thought, if not his speech, as he watched the departing apparition of the Royal Highness who had honoured the tube. Of course, in so doing, the Duke put the poor fellow's pipe out, never to be lighted again, but to be preserved evermore as a sacred relic, and transmitted to posterity as an heir-loom.

Brutal Assault.

WE regret to hear that DR. LIVINGSTONE, the African explorer, was attacked the other evening in so brutal a manner that he is still suffering from the shock his nervous system has sustained. Taking advantage of the Doctor's long disuse of English, a facetious ruffian contrived, before the worthy Doctor could find words to stop him, to discharge in his ear this appalling riddle:

Q. What African lake derives its name apparently from an elderly fence-few, that has been hanging up a fortnight in the hottest of the dog-days?

A. *Hen gamey!* (By which it is supposed the Cockney miscreant meant to say *Ngami*.)

GERMANISM IN JOURNALISM.

WE very much wish that our contemporaries, in alluding to the pictures about to be exhibited at Manchester, would cease to denominate them Art-Treasures. Why not call them Treasures of Art? Suppose we were to talk of Imagination-Works, meaning works of Imagination, should we not be deemed to talk very affected stuff? You might as well say Science-Discovery as Art-Treasure: or describe a learned or a virtuous person as a learning-character, or a virtue-man. A joke, on the same principle, might be termed a wit-speech, or a fun-saying. It is all very well to say mince-pie and plum-pudding: these are pleasant compounds, and not hashes of abstract and concrete, disagreeable to the sense of fitness. What, however, makes Art-Treasures a peculiarly disagreeable word is that it is a vile Germanism; and the same objection applies to all the various phrases consisting of "Art" skewered to some other word with a hyphen. Let us hear no more of art-coffee-pots, art-cream-jugs, art-fenders, art-fi-e-rons, art-cups, and art-saucers, art-sugar-tongs, and art-spoons: in short, no more art-bosh, art-humbug, and art-twaddle. Stick to the QUEEN'S English, and there stop. Carry it not by adulteration with German slang; do not teach the freeborn British Public to adopt the idioms, or rather idiotisms, of the language of despots and slaves.

THE POOR BLACKS.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the gallant explorer of Africa, returns after sixteen years of adventure, with a tale worth a QUEEN'S attention—could he not have been asked to meet the Americans, who came with the rescued exploration ship from the north? This by the bye. We chiefly desire to deplore the frightful barbarism into which some of the tribes, of whom DR. LIVINGSTONE otherwise reports favourably, have fallen. The Doctor says that "the men are entirely under the control of their wives;" that when anything is proposed to a man he replies, "I will ask my wife," and her decision is final; and, worse than all, "a man" (more unhappy even than *Caliban*) "is obliged to cut and draw legs for his Mothers-in-Law."

We have sometimes thought that our missionary zeal might perhaps find work at home, but we shall henceforth have no word to say against the African Mission—in fact we shall send in our subscription.



THE BIRTH OF CRINOLINE.

FASHION was plotting how to shape
A garment for the Fair,
When she bethought her of the cape,
Which jarveys used to wear.
In mode thereof her dress she piled
With skirts of huge extent,
Then danced around her work, and smiled,
In bland enravishment.

Deleterious Compound.

THE Incorporated Law Society proposes a concentration of the Courts of Law and Equity. Dreadful! Law is bad enough by itself, and Equity is too bad, but Law and Equity combined and concentrated will be as bad as bad can be. If their respective courts are congregated under one roof, as is recommended, their pernicious atmospheres will mingle. The resulting compound will resemble a mixture of carbonic acid gas and sulphuretted hydrogen.

CRINOLINEOMANIA.

TREATED PATHOLOGICALLY BY DR. PUNCH.



CRINOLINEOMANIA may be said to be essentially a female complaint, although many of the other sex—husbands in particular—are continually complaining of it. Men, however, though it cannot be denied that they occasionally suffer from it, do so not so much in person as in purse. Although not absolutely of a contagious character, the disease is certainly a widely-spreading one; and but small success has hitherto attended the attempts which have been made to check its

progress. In his capacity of mental adviser to the State, *Dr. Punch* has been as usual most voluminously consulted; and, if need were, he could point to several perambulator-loads of correspondence, in which his advice has been most urgently requested. It would ill accord with *Dr. Punch's* reputation for philanthropy were he any longer to keep his opinion to himself, and he therefore, at the small fee of threepence, now gives it to the nation.

That Crinolineomania is of foreign origin *Dr. Punch* considers there is little room for doubt; indeed, if he were called upon to fix the spot precisely where the malady broke out, without hesitation he would point to Paris. *Dr. Punch* has ample grounds for his belief that the persons first affected were the ladies attached to the Imperial Court; and it is a more than mere surmise with him, that symptoms of the mania were primarily betrayed by the young and lovely EMPRESS. Of its introduction to this kingdom, *Dr. Punch* can scarcely speak with any certainty, but he assumes that it may be attributed mainly to the milliners, who in their intercourse between the two capitals are pretty sure to communicate whatever may be catching. The alarming way in which the malady has spread among our countrywomen *Dr. Punch* assigns to the authenticated fact that the female intellect is prone to imitation; and it is to such influences as Crinolineomania that the weaker-minded of the sex are peculiarly sensitive.

Although the disease is at root a mental one, the symptoms which denote it are always most perceptibly developed in the person. These are attended with but small variety, their chief feature being the distortion of the figure, by a most unnatural increase, or excrescence, which deprives all those who are afflicted with it of their natural ease and freedom of motion. Unsightly although they may appear to the male eye, these protuberances it is thought are pleasing to the female, a discrepancy which *Dr. Punch* is unable to explain, further than by stating that there is proverbially no accounting for taste. With the maniacs themselves these excrescences seem rather to be prized than otherwise, for a vehement resistance is generally made to any attempt that may be offered to reduce them. The protuberance is not found to vary much in size, although perhaps it may be noticed that it is with persons of the thinnest figure it attains its greatest magnitude. But in colour it is quite chameleon-like in changing, displaying in the daytime the most variegated hues, while at night it more frequently assumes the appearance of a mere white swelling.

Like other insane people, the Crinolineomaniac is difficult to approach—indeed it may be said that even her nearest relatives have to stand some distance off her. And it is in this respect that the disease is so destructive to domestic comfort; for when a married lady is afflicted by the malady, her husband is compelled to keep at arm's length from her. Whether, as the mania thus leads to a virtual separation, it might not be regarded as sufficient grounds for a divorce, is a point for the consideration of Doctors' Commons perhaps more fitly than of *Dr. Punch*.

That Crinolineomania is contagious in its nature has been proved in many well-authenticated cases, where an attack has been brought on by a visit to a milliner's, a locality which is always to be shunned as dangerous, but which no amount of warning will suffice to keep a lady long away from. *Dr. Punch* would therefore recommend that the patient be removed as far as possible from these infected places; and he would further prescribe a total abstinence from those exciting causes, such as walks down Regent Street and illustrated books of fashions, which are found too frequently to be inducive of the mania. *Dr. Punch* would also suggest the propriety of putting the patient on a low diet of pin-money, so that her straitened means might act in some way in the nature of a straitwaistcoat, and restrain her in some

degree from giving vent to the extravagance which is inseparably a part of the complaint. This restraint, however, *Dr. Punch* would only recommend in extreme cases, for he much prefers the moral force treatment to the purely physical. It has been urged, indeed, that as the mania is attended with a marked determination of folly to the head, which, in consequence, becomes completely turned, the appliances of argument are set quite at defiance; but although the Crinolineomania may, in common with their sex, betray a deafness to reason, it by no means is a *sequitur* that they are blind to ridicule; and trusting therefore gradually to get them laughed out of their insanity, *Dr. Punch* will continue to dispense this wholesome medicine, in weekly doses, at the small charge of threepence—or at fourpence, with the Government Stamp.

RULES FOR INCREASING THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE POLICE.

INCREASE the number of tickets-of-leave.

Render prisons more comfortable, by augmenting the diet of wine and beer, spirits and tobacco, with occasional concerts, private theatricals, and *soirées*.

Annihilate all changes of beats.

Make the infliction of punishments ordered still more uncertain.

Lengthen the hours of duty of the Police, so as to make their occupation more irksome, as well as extend the area of their acquaintances, be they hilarious, burglarious, culinarious, or otherwise.

Make it penal for policemen to change their routes, so that the thieves and garottemen may safely calculate at what particular minute they will pass a certain point selected for robbery or assault.

Surround the "Superannuation Fund" with increasing annoyances and difficulties.

Were these rules enforced to the letter, or rather every letter in all the Police divisions, there might be some chance of the inefficiency of the Police being so effectually increased that no ratepayer would dream of placing the smallest reliance upon them.

N.B. All salaries should be reduced, and the deductions usually made for clothing and boots proportionately augmented.

AN EPITAPH (CONSIDERABLY) AFTER MILTON.

On that admirable, but lately maligned Dramatic Poet, the divine WILLIAMS.

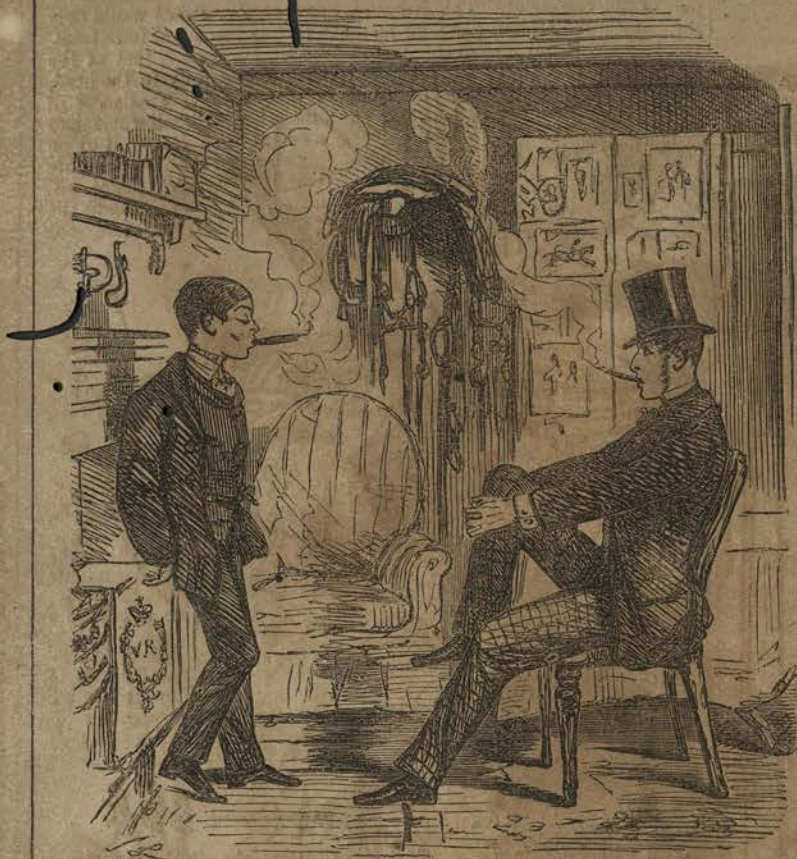
"WHAT needs my SHAKESPEARE for his honoured bones,"
The veneration of SMITH, BROWN, and JONES?
Or that his hallowed genius should be hid
From dunces by pedantic Form bestrid?
"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,"
What matter if PONSARD asperse thy name?
That is no wonder, no astonishment:
All are not pedants on the Continent.
For whilst Teutonic poetry and art
Esteem thy numbers, and the German heart
Prizes the leaves of thine unvalued book,
What, if thou by a booby art mistook?
Thou, a dull coxcomb of his rules beaving,
Hast stupified him by too much conceiving.
Calling thee obsolete *bonhomme*!—the fly
Has buzzed about thy glory—let him die.

A REVIVAL FOR RANK AND FASHION.

LADIES of rank and fashion will be glad to hear that the reappearance of GENERAL TOM THUMB is advertised for the 26th instant. The levees of this interesting dwarf are to commence at an Exhibition Hall which was, at the date of the advertisement, wanted. The Surrey Music Hall naturally suggests itself as calculated, by its enormous dimensions, to contain a crowd likely to exceed that attracted by Mr. SPURGEON, and to take up infinitely more room by reason of the prodigious extent of the circumferences of the dresses of females so fashionable as those who would constitute TOM THUMB'S congregation. But then, unfortunately, the Surrey Hall is on the vulgar side of the water, whither an attraction so powerful as even that of stunted humanity might fail to allure the beauty and intelligence of the superior classes.

Rogues and Registrars.

At a numerously attended meeting of thieves, held yesterday at the Abershaw's Arms, it was determined to petition Parliament for an Act empowering all prisoners, indicted for theft or swindling, to demand a jury chosen from the officials of Doctors' Commons, or some other Consistory Court, in order that rogues may be enabled to be tried by their peers.



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Lieutenant Fopson (of the 121st, to his Elder Brother, who is home for the Holidays).
—"A-SAY, OLD FELLAH!—DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD LEFT SCHOOL?—IT MUST BE SUCH A HORRID BAW TO BE FLOGGED FOR SMOKING!"

A SHORT WAY WITH TICKETS-OF-LEAVE.

In this time of terror, with, at least, a hundred thousand affectionate wives beset by nightly anxiety deepening into terror as the half-hours pass, and their husbands do not come home,—let no proposition be scoffingly received and contemptuously dismissed, that shall provide against the ravages of the social dragon of the hour, Ticket-of-leave. We therefore unhesitatingly publish the proposition of a most respectable, most affable elderly gentlewoman; a proposition which, growing eloquent the other afternoon over her tea and muffins, she pronounced as showing the only certain means of safely and comfortably providing for all ticket-of-leave men.

In a word, our amiable gentlewoman proposes to billet all ticket-of-leave men upon the ministers of the Church. And, truly, there is something very deserving of respectful attention in the notion.

The gentlewoman sets out with a flattering description of the functions of all ministers of the Established Church. She asks—Are they not the real curers of souls? As Christian teachers and admonishers, who so fit to teach and admonish the ticket-of-leave man; and by daily precept and daily example, to bring him from the crooked path unto the straight one?

The gentlewoman does not profess to know either the statistics of the Established Church, or of the institution of Ticket-of-Leave; but has a lively confidence that, with very little expense to the state, the erring sheep might be so allotted among the shepherds, that not one wanderer might remain untended.

The gentlewoman proposes to begin by allotting, say one hundred ticket-of-leave men to the care of each of the archbishops. With the vast estates of either see, there would be ample accommodation, she verily believes, for the unfortunates; whose labour might be made at least self-supporting; whilst the morals of the men must benefit even beyond an expectation by the influence of their spiritual and material guardians.

WAITS.

THE Waits this Christmas are as numerous as usual: but as the 'bus conductor said of ladies in full dress, we have only room for one or two of them. For instance, then—

The Russian Government waits—with its duplicate Bolograds, to try and "come the double" over us.

The KING OF PRUSSIA waits—for a slice of Neufchâtel, if they won't give him the whole of it.

LOUIS NAPOLEON waits—a little longer for that good time coming, when he hopes to hold the Scissorship of the British press.

KING BOMBA waits—to see if the divinity that "doth hedge a king" be a fence against atlettos.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL waits—to turn over a new leaf, and perhaps a strawberry one.

The Conservative small party wait—for a nice young Coming Man, who can "give them the office" as to how they may get into it.

The British Museum readers wait—for the day (before Doomsday) when the Catalogue will be published.

The unprotected British Public wait—to be guaranteed against garotting, and to see the last of the small profits that have attended the early returns of the ticket-of-leave Convicts.

The Ratepayers of London wait—upon the Board of Works, for an answer to the sewage question, which appears at present only to be talked of.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER waits—to embrace every opportunity for "writing himself down" in the opinion of the public.

And, finally, the Russian diplomatists wait—for the Spring, which may enable them to see which way the Persian cat will jump.

A Mere Surmise.

A CONTINENTAL JOURNAL states that MILANO, the soldier who missed the heart of KING BOMBA (his Majesty's subjects have done so for some years) had formerly been in the diplomatic service. We believe this is simply a guess, prompted, naturally enough, by the fact that he blundered his work. The writer should remember that diplomacy Sticks at nothing contemptible.

ONE GOOD TURN FOR ANOTHER.—During the War we threatened, but could not get at, St. Petersburg. On the other hand, the CZAR, in the proposal of his railway scheme, has made an abortive attempt on our own capital.

To every bishop she would assign from thirty to forty Tickets-of-Leave, according to the income of the bishop selected.

To every dean so many Tickets-of-Leave; so many Tickets-of-Leave to every prebend; and so down to vicars, rectors, and at length to country curates, who should receive a certain stipend from the state for every Ticket.

The amiable gentlewoman expressed herself very hopefully on the result of her proposition, if fairly put into practice; and reserving his own opinion whether the Bench of Bishops would altogether agree in the wisdom of the old lady's suggestion, *Mr. Punch* promised to put it into print, and has done so.

BLACK AND WHITE SAVAGES.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the African missionary and traveller, has encountered great perils in Central Africa; but we apprehend that these would be much exceeded by the danger he would incur if he were to attempt to explore the Southern States of America. He relates that the natives of the former region expressed their vague idea that he was an Englishman by saying, "Oh, we know who you are; you belong to the tribe that loves the black man." This, of course, was a very excellent character to bear among the Central Africans; but among the American savages it would probably draw on the bearer the bead of the revolver, bring the point of the bowie-knife, and superinduce the uncomfortable investment of tar and feathers.

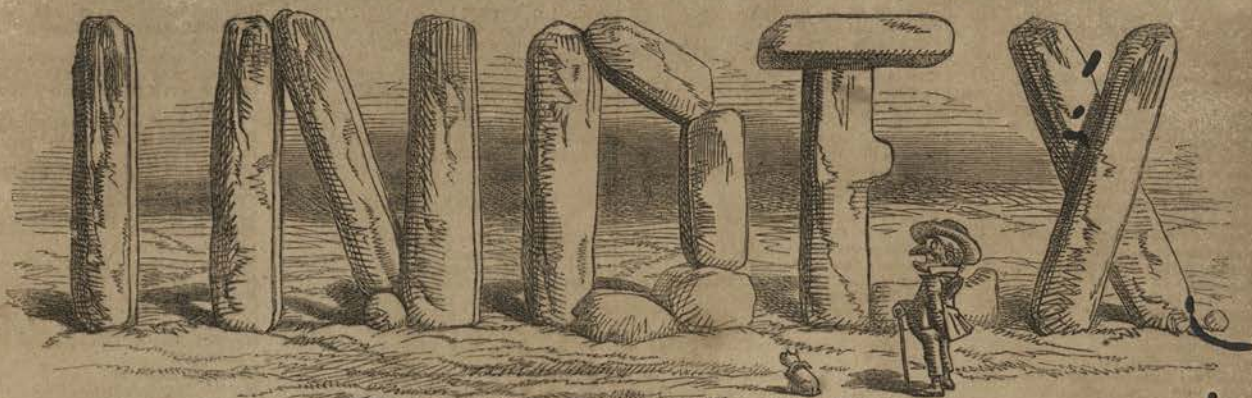
Conversation in Chancery Lane.

Dull Youth. I say, what's a Legal Digest?

Bright Youth. Why, you fool, it forms part of the legal course—for instance, every barrister, after he has eaten his Terms, has to go through his Digest!



BRITANNIA AND JONATHAN—MOTHER AND CHILD ARE DOING WELL.



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