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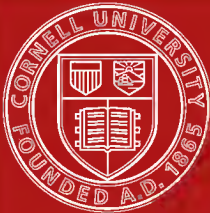
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THE HITHERTO UNIDENTIFIED  
CONTRIBUTIONS  
OF  
W. M. THACKERAY  
TO  
"PUNCH"









### THE EXCITEMENT IN BELGRAVIA.

JEAMES *and the* BUTLER.

*Jeames.* "'AVING NOW IGASAMINED MY SATIFFIGITE, AND FOUND MY FIGGER SATASFATORY, ELW ME TO HASK ONE QUESTION — IS SIR JOHN'S A HIGH CHUTCH FAMILY, MR. BROWN? AND DO YOU FAST, ACCORDING TO THE RUBRIC, HEVERY FRIDAY IN THE YEAR? BECAUSE IN THIS CASE, THE PLACE WILL NOT DO FOR *ME*."

*Butler.* "MR. JEAMES, WE WILL TRY AND GET YOU A DISPENSATION."

[See page 283

THE HITHERTO UNIDENTIFIED  
CONTRIBUTIONS  
OF  
W. M. THACKERAY  
TO  
“PUNCH”

WITH  
*A COMPLETE AND AUTHORITATIVE  
BIBLIOGRAPHY FROM 1843 TO 1848*

BY  
M. H. SPIELMANN  
AUTHOR OF “THE HISTORY OF ‘PUNCH’” ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS  
AND EXPLANATORY NOTES



NEW YORK AND LONDON  
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

1900

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A. 175358

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TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
JESSIE WIENER  
THIS BOOK  
Is Inscribed



## P R E F A C E

THE material for this volume—based on authentic and exclusive information—has been by me for some years. My first intention was to produce an Essay that might be printed in serial form, and this project had the cordial and practical sympathy of the proprietors of *Punch*, and the expressed approval of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. But as I wrote, the subject grew under my hand; my desire for absolute accuracy involved a greater degree of completeness than I had anticipated; and the result is a volume which, I hope, if only for the sake of the Bibliography, makes some claim on the lover of Thackeray and on the collector of his works. From the first, it seemed desirable that such a book should be given to the public; the fact that the matter has been trifled with in another quarter renders necessary the course which I have taken.

This new bibliography includes pieces not so much suppressed or forgotten as unrecognised as the work of Thackeray — pieces which are often quite as worthy of preservation as many of his lighter sketches and verses. Literary considerations

## P R E F A C E

apart, they are in the aggregate of real value and interest, for they show upon what topics of public concern Thackeray was writing during the years here dealt with, and what he thought about them; that is to say, his views on things in general, and on the major and minor events that passed in his day: opinions, in short, which help to reveal the man and which are as necessary to the biographer for the full understanding of his character as the books that he wrote or the letters wherein his own self is sometimes set down and sometimes, may be, concealed. This Essay, then, lays claim to a certain personal interest, and to possess something of the charm, it is hoped, that belongs to a genuine literary discovery.

Ranging from a short paragraph of a line or two, a mere epigram, to a long article of a page or more (say, 2500 words, journalist's measure), and from a couplet to a poem of 123 lines, these contributions contain many things that the publishers of Thackeray's Works must assuredly have included in their "Contributions to *Punch*" had they known of them; for among his comments on events, political and social, as well as among the simpler ebullitions of pure fun, there are many sketches, essays, and verses more interesting and important than many which have hitherto been published.

Of the hundred and fifty new items, I deal with nearly all—clearly stating that I here indulge in no speculations of authenticity, whether from internal



## PREFACE

evidence or otherwise, except where, quite at the beginning and towards the end of the book, such cases are expressly specified. My information is absolute, for the items are all entered against the author's name in a long-forgotten editorial day-book, and for these items he was duly paid. From the grand total of 428 *Punch* entries, I have carefully eliminated those which have been reprinted, or, with the exception of two or three duly indicated, those which have been in any way referred to by former bibliographers.

I may be blamed by some for not quoting *in extenso* every article and poem, and for omitting the less important or the less striking passages which might be sacrificed without disadvantage—or it might even be said, with advantage—to the original. But my desire has been to give prominence to nothing that might fairly claim the privilege of oblivion; and I have felt, besides, that I have no right to assume property in contributions that belong to *Punch* itself, where alone they may be properly seen and read in the surroundings for which they were composed and from which they took their tone.

I have not, then, dug up matter which is forgotten. I have dealt only with that which people are buying and reading every day, ignorant of the authorship of many of the most amusing and interesting pieces. If proof were needed of the degree in which Thackeray's authorship has been forgotten, or only half understood, even in quarters

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where it should be most familiar, I need but draw attention to a statement which appears in the Authorised Edition: "This edition of Mr. Thackeray's 'Ballads' will be found to include all the verses that are scattered throughout the author's various writings." Yet in this volume I introduce to the reader about a score of unidentified poems, many of very considerable importance, and half of them, at least, worthy of a place in Thackeray's Collected Works—which position, it may be believed, they will now secure in any new edition.

It is erroneously supposed by many of Thackeray's readers that the fact of his having illustrated an article or a set of verses is evidence of his having written the text which they accompany; or, again, that all articles touching subjects on which he was known to write with frequency, and with a relish that seemed to make them his own—such as "Jenkins," "Jeames," "Louis Philippe," the "poet Bunn," and the like—must necessarily be from the Titmarshian pen. Nothing could be more misleading. Indeed, it is this unfortunate belief which has from time to time betrayed the student of Thackeray. Several of the *Punch* staff were writing in a similar strain and with similar views in the traditional *Punch* manner on the self-same topics of political and social interest at about the same time; that their contributions are therefore often indistinguishable is not matter for surprise. For years, a couple of contributions by Matthew James Higgins ("Jacob Omnium")

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and Percival Leigh have been accepted as Thackeray's, and even so included in his "Collected Works." It is hardly less difficult, sometimes, even for the expert, to determine the authorship of certain drawings when—especially in the case of decorated "initial letters" and small sketches—Doyle, Leech, and McConnell were exercising their pencils on similar subjects in the same spirit, frequently with much the same touch and quality of caricature; when Captain Howard was imitating the three of them; and when Swain, the engraver of all four, was adding, as it were, the common denominator of his own handiwork.

A further cause for confusion lies in the inappropriateness of many of the undoubted Thackeray drawings to the text they embellish without, however, "illustrating." Almost from the beginning it was the habit of the Editor of *Punch* to commission decorative initial letters and small comic sketches by the dozen. The subject depicted was immaterial. These drawings, which usually dealt with some humorous idea, would be used without much sense of fitness or affinity between the ideas of text and picture. To an Oriental reference—such as "The Meeting of the Sultan and Mehemet Ali"—there might perchance be adapted an Oriental sketch, though no nearer in appositeness than Blue Beard demanding back the key;\* but it does not appear that

\* A whole series of Blue Beard initials by Thackeray is to

## P R E F A C E

the incongruity greatly afflicted the *Punch* Editor, or evoked a protest from the public. But even when Thackeray's sketch is really illustrative, there is in this occasional fact no argument in favour of his having been the author of the text as well. He illustrated scores of pieces by other hands—Jerrold's, Leigh's, Gilbert à Beckett's, and the rest—so that evidence more conclusive is necessary before one is justified in attributing authorship to Thackeray with anything like certainty.

The illustrations in this volume, therefore—cuts which Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Company have been so good as to make for me from the *original* wood-blocks drawn upon by Thackeray himself—belong in every case to the text they accompany. Of the many scores of his sketches, promiscuously thrown off, that dot the pages of *Punch*, I have of course taken no heed; for those which illustrate the writings of others are obviously outside the scope of this book. But it may be stated that, so far as I remember, not a single one has ever before been reprinted outside the office of *Punch*, except in the untrustworthy articles, since abandoned, to which I have already alluded. Those "socials"—pictures with explanatory text or conversation beneath—which have not been dealt

be found in *Punch*. Were these originally intended for the Blue Beard—"very sardonic and amusing to do so, but I doubt whether it will be pleasant to read or hear"—on which he was engaged in 1850, or does he, in this reference, once more use the title as a nickname for one of his characters?



## PREFACE

with previously are here described if not in every case reproduced.

A close examination of this side of Thackeray's work in *Punch* rewards the diligent inquirer with discoveries of minor importance. Thus Mrs. Richmond Ritchie is shown to be not entirely correct in thinking, as she says, in her delightful Biographical Edition of the Works of Thackeray: "For the Eastern adventures of the Fat Contributor Leech drew the only illustration, I believe, that he ever made for my father's writing." On several occasions Leech's hand embellishes the text of his old friend in the pages of *Punch*. Again, the drawing entitled "Bucks," in her introduction to "Contributions to *Punch*," is seen to be the study for "A Side-Box Talk" (No. 384, 1848), the chief head having been previously used in the sketch to Gilbert à Beckett's "Theatrical Astronomy" (No. 276, 1846). And, again, the little caricature of "Charles II. in the Royal Oak," on p. xviii., was not, as is half suggested, destined for an unwritten chapter of "Miss Tickletoby's Lectures on English History," but is a grotesque sketch of what was used on p. 267, vol. xii., 1847—"High Art in Westminster Hall." The letter quoted on p. 133 is printed by the permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

In setting these writings of Thackeray newly before the reader, I have thought it desirable to give some explanation of the circumstances under which they were produced, in order that topical

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allusions might be more clearly understood. Just so much comment, therefore, it seemed incumbent on me to offer as would helpfully elucidate the articles and verses attributed at length to their rightful author.

M. H. S.

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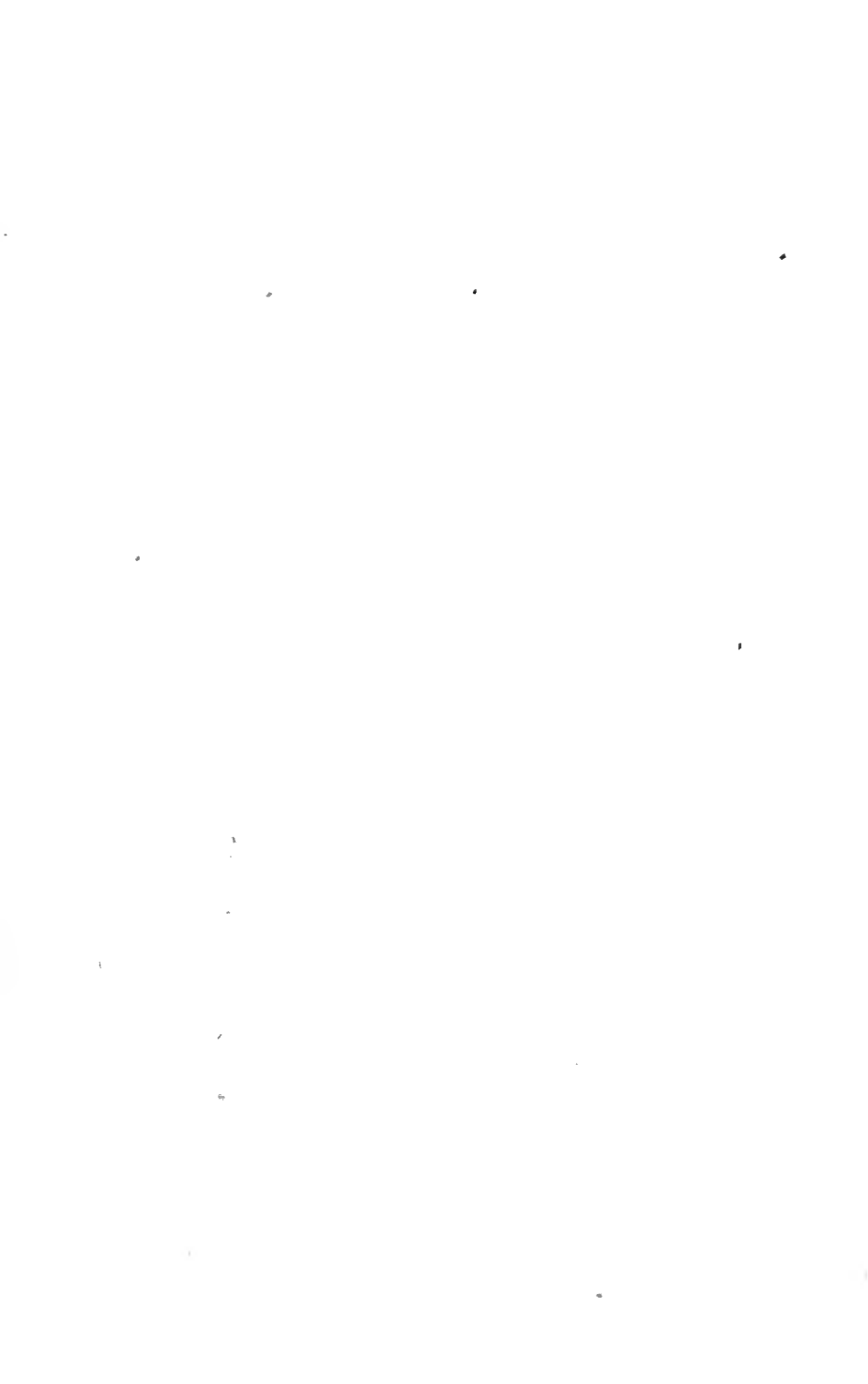
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CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH"





## INTRODUCTORY

IT is natural to believe that an author is most himself—that is to say, most honest and least self-conscious—in his anonymous writings; and that his opinions are expressed with the greater freedom and candour when his personality is not being put forward along with them. It would be unjust to say that “the real Thackeray” is only, or even chiefly, to be seen in those writings of which, at the time he produced them, he did not intend publicly to proclaim his authorship, because a man so open and sincere could have felt but little advantage in the cloak of anonymity. Yet upon some matters, political, social, and personal, he no doubt did express himself more fully and more bluntly than if he had to sign “W. M. Thackeray” or “M. A. Titmarsh” at the foot of the contribution, instead of, at most, “Mr. Punch,” “Hibernis Hibernior,” or even nothing at all.

In all of these writings we are struck with the honesty, earnestness, and common-sense of the critic, even though we may occasionally fail to recognise the big view of the statesman. Yet Thackeray was more of a statesman than his col-

league Douglas Jerrold, who for years was practically *Punch's* Prime Minister. It was, moreover, greatly on a question of statesmanship that he left *Punch* (just as Doyle had left it on a question of religion); for he did not choose to identify himself with the "savageness" of the particular colleague first-mentioned, whose political writings he believed to be against the interests of the country as well as against the dignity of the paper. Yet this repugnance of his for violence has been cited as a reproach. He was not fierce enough, we are told—not vehement enough in his denunciations of human folly; and it is evidently reckoned for unrighteousness that he preferred irony as a flail for the evil-doer, to burning wrath and hot denunciation. Perhaps the famous old lady who considered Thackeray "an uncomfortable writer" was the first who discovered him to be a Cynic. Perhaps she was right—but, in that case, a Cynic after Thackeray's own heart. "Ah, my worthy friends," he once wrote in "Philip," "you little know what soft-hearted people these cynics are! If you could have come on Diogenes by surprise, I daresay you might have found him reading sentimental novels and whimpering in his tub."

How far Thackeray was a cynic or a pessimist, and just how deeply he felt on things, moral and material, you may perhaps see better here from some of these unsigned contributions than from those papers to which, in his better-known writ-

ings, he put his name. In one notable particular they are of special interest.

These anonymous expressions of opinion reveal Thackeray as a politician far more thoroughly, perhaps, than his more deliberate utterances. By reason, partly, of their brevity, and partly of what was at one time considered to be their ephemeral character, they were, many of them, allowed to sink into oblivion. Although their literary merit is often relatively slight, their interest and value, when they are regarded in the aggregate, will now be recognised and appreciated for another reason, for they shed additional light on this phase of Thackeray's mind and work, and add to our knowledge of his personality. The events they recorded and discussed have now become, like Thackeray himself, a portion of our country's history.

I need make little apology, then—the better to complete the picture—for placing before the reader a recital of an event which has no immediate connexion with *Punch*, as it occurred three years after Thackeray's active interest in that journal was closed. I refer to his candidature for the representation of Oxford in 1857. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has already set before the public in the "Biographical Edition" of "The Virginians" an entertaining narrative of the struggle; but to no one has it heretofore occurred to appeal for his reminiscences to the gentleman who acted as Thackeray's election agent on that interesting occasion. This gentleman, the Rev. Charles Williams, of

Benson, Oxfordshire, has courteously responded to my request, so that the following brief notes may be accepted as supplementing those of Mrs. Ritchie:—

“ From 1857 to 1899 is a long jump, and only a very general impression remains with me. For the period, Thackeray was an Advanced Liberal, and especially was a warm advocate of Vote by Ballot. I have endeavoured in the following recollections to give you some idea of what took place and some notion of the impressions made on me. If I have never recorded them before, it is because such a record was never asked for.

“ My personal recollections of this distinguished man are confined to the short period when he visited Oxford as candidate for the seat vacated by Mr. Neate, unseated for bribery, &c. It was a short but very fierce contest, and public feeling ran high. Thackeray’s supporters felt that Mr. Neate had been dealt with very unfairly, and so far as my recollection serves Cardwell’s\* friends had in the first election been equally guilty of corrupt practice; certainly coercion and intimidation had been largely employed. On the other hand, in the second election, Cardwell’s friends felt that as the City would not risk disenfranchisement as the result of a second petition, they had a more free hand and could more safely use their favourite forces; and they did not scruple to do so.

\* Viscount Monck, Thackeray’s original opponent, it will be remembered, retired in favour of Mr. Cardwell.

“ Mr. Thackeray’s platform addresses made a good impression, but he made one unfortunate mistake. It was in the days when the question of ‘ vote by ballot ’ was coming to the front, and as he was speaking on the subject he was interrupted by some one in the audience who shouted—‘ That’s it, sir! and we’ll have the Ballot on polling day!’ ‘ No,’ replied Thackeray, ‘ we’ll fight them with their own weapons.’ This answer was wilfully misconstrued by his opponents who, by Press and platform, accused him of professing principles he would not put into practice, and it cost him many votes. For some reason all the Dissenting interest went against Thackeray and a great many of the old Freemen, Scot and Lot voters, were cheaply purchased and voted against him.

“ I spent one day with the great man canvassing in two of the poorer districts of the City and am always pleased to recall it as one of the pleasantest days in my life. We interviewed a great many people and it was an education to me to note how he adapted himself to all. With the intelligent he conversed as with equals; to the poor and untaught he was courteous, but not patronizing; to the rude, dignified without being unkind. Opponents he met frankly, arguing calmly, as one convinced of the justice of his own opinions. But for trimmers he did not hesitate to show his contempt. I remember one case in point. We searched awhile for one voter and at length ran him to earth in a beer-house. He was politely

asked for vote and interest, but at once began to hedge and talk of considering, making it very clear that he wanted a bribe. Thackeray turned away in disgust and rather sharply called on us to follow and 'leave the fellow alone.' Almost the next man on whom we called was a man of some position who, on being asked for his vote, at once said—'No, sir, I am a supporter of Mr. Cardwell.' 'Shake hands, sir,' said Thackeray, 'it is a pleasure to meet such a man as you, who can speak out plainly. Though you are an opponent I am glad to make your acquaintance. But as for such d——d shilly-shallying fellows as we have just left, I'd—kick them!'

"The election went against us, and the man who took the defeat most calmly was Thackeray himself. I had been engaged all day at one of the small committee-rooms, and when the polling was over went to the Mitre, which was our centre. From there we went to the Town Hall for the declaration of the poll, and I shall not easily forget the speech, so calm and dignified, made by our Candidate. He knew what arts had been employed against him, but he made no reference to them. He accepted his defeat in a manly spirit, and said, 'I shall now go back to my desk, which perhaps I ought not to have left.' Perhaps he was right, but many of us felt that Oxford had suffered a great loss in losing the services of such a man."

It will be remembered that the poll was declared

on July 21, 1857, when Thackeray was beaten by 67 votes — the figures being, Cardwell, 1085, Thackeray, 1018.

Thackeray's attitude on other absorbing topics of the day may be found in the following pages. Thackeray the Home Ruler and the "Advanced Liberal" is seen beside Thackeray the wide-minded Churchman. His seeming hatred of the Irish and the Roman Catholics is transparent enough—it was only those among them who did not "play fair" whom he hated. He loved the Irish; he had married an Irishwoman, and his affection shines out through every satire and most caricatures. He entertained some dislike of Americans, and more of the French; but equally in these cases it was the worst individual types, or the wrongness of their political acts that he attacked: and he was no more conciliatory to unworthy deeds, political and otherwise, at home. In similar fashion, he satirised the Prince Consort, while, all the time, as he himself explains, he was filled with admiration for his public and private virtues.

The additional ballads may reveal no new side to his genius for humorous verse, nor the social articles much that is unknown in regard to principle or practical reform; but that they will add to the completeness of the picture which we already have of the great writer and kindly thinker no one, I think, will fail to see.

The amount of work which Thackeray did for *Punch* is usually estimated by the volumes of his Collected Works that contain "The Book of Snobs," "Jeames's Diary," "Travels in London," "Punch's Prize Novelists," "The History of the next French Revolution," "Mr. Brown's Letters," and other series, as well as the numerous sketches and "Ballads," Irish, constabulary, and the rest, with which the public is familiar. How much busier he was than might be deduced by any such computation may be ascertained by a careful examination of the Bibliography appended to this volume. Even this Bibliography, absolutely complete as to the ground that it covers, does not include certain articles and verses which can be recognised by the expert, but which, in the absence of unquestionable documentary evidence establishing their authenticity, it has been thought better to ignore.

In "The History of *Punch*" I sought to give some idea of Thackeray's zeal for the paper which had brought him so much renown, by setting forth the exact figures of his contributions over stated periods. To the extent of these labours some reference should here be made. Taking nine consecutive volumes belonging to the years that saw Thackeray's least interrupted labour for the paper—namely, from the beginning of 1844 to 1848, we find the following record:—



HIS WORK ON *PUNCH*

Year.	Volume.	Columns Contributed.
1844	VI.	36 $\frac{3}{4}$ columns,
1844	VII.	24 $\frac{1}{2}$ “
1845	VIII.	24 “
1845	IX.	43 $\frac{1}{2}$ “
1846	X.	39 $\frac{1}{2}$ “
1846	XI.	51 $\frac{3}{4}$ “
1847	XII.	46 “
1847	XIII.	30 $\frac{3}{4}$ “
1848	XIV.	39 $\frac{1}{2}$ “
	Total	336 “
	Average per volume	37 $\frac{1}{8}$ “ or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per week.

This weekly average, of course, was below his appointed contribution. To the individual members of the staff was regularly appointed a certain amount of space which, theoretically, they were expected to fill. Thus Douglas Jerrold's share was 162 columns in each half-yearly volume (or 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  a week); Gilbert Abbott à Beckett's, 135 (weekly average 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ ); Percival Leigh's, Tom Taylor's, and Horace Mayhew's, 54 (weekly, 2 columns); and Thackeray's 46 (weekly 1 $\frac{10}{13}$ ). His space was the least accorded to all those who have been mentioned, for his work on *Fraser* and elsewhere prevented him from regarding *Punch*, as many of the others did, as the preponderant channel for his literary and artistic energy. As a matter of fact, not one of them came up to his average, for, dur-

ing the whole period named, Douglas Jerrold's total was 729 columns (average 81 per volume); Gilbert à Beckett's, 900 (average 100); Percival Leigh's, 348 (average 40); Horace Mayhew's, 280 (average 31); and Tom Taylor's, 175 (average 20). It has happened in Thackeray's case that, when occupied in preparing a series of articles, he would allow a month or two to elapse without appearing in *Punch's* page at all. Thus in the seventh volume, for the year 1844, when he undertook the trip which resulted in "Mr. Punch in the East," his record is as follows:

July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total.	Weekly.
8	$5\frac{3}{4}$	6	0	0	$4\frac{3}{4}$	$24\frac{1}{2}$	1 COL.

It is somewhat strange that a man of such quick and fruitful imagination should have achieved so little success in *Punch's* councils as a suggestor of subjects for the weekly cartoon. It will be remembered that the duty of *Punch's* staff-officers is not only to contribute each week their usual quota of texts and illustrations, but also to attend the Wednesday dinner in order that they may join in the political and social discussions that follow it for the evolution of a subject for the Cartoonist. Within the period here dealt with, Mark Lemon proposed five-and-thirty cartoons, Henry Mayhew twenty, Douglas Jerrold sixteen, Horace Mayhew fifteen, and so forth, while Thack-



Do you think  
Bis is in arrest  
Courage, man President,  
nearly all come



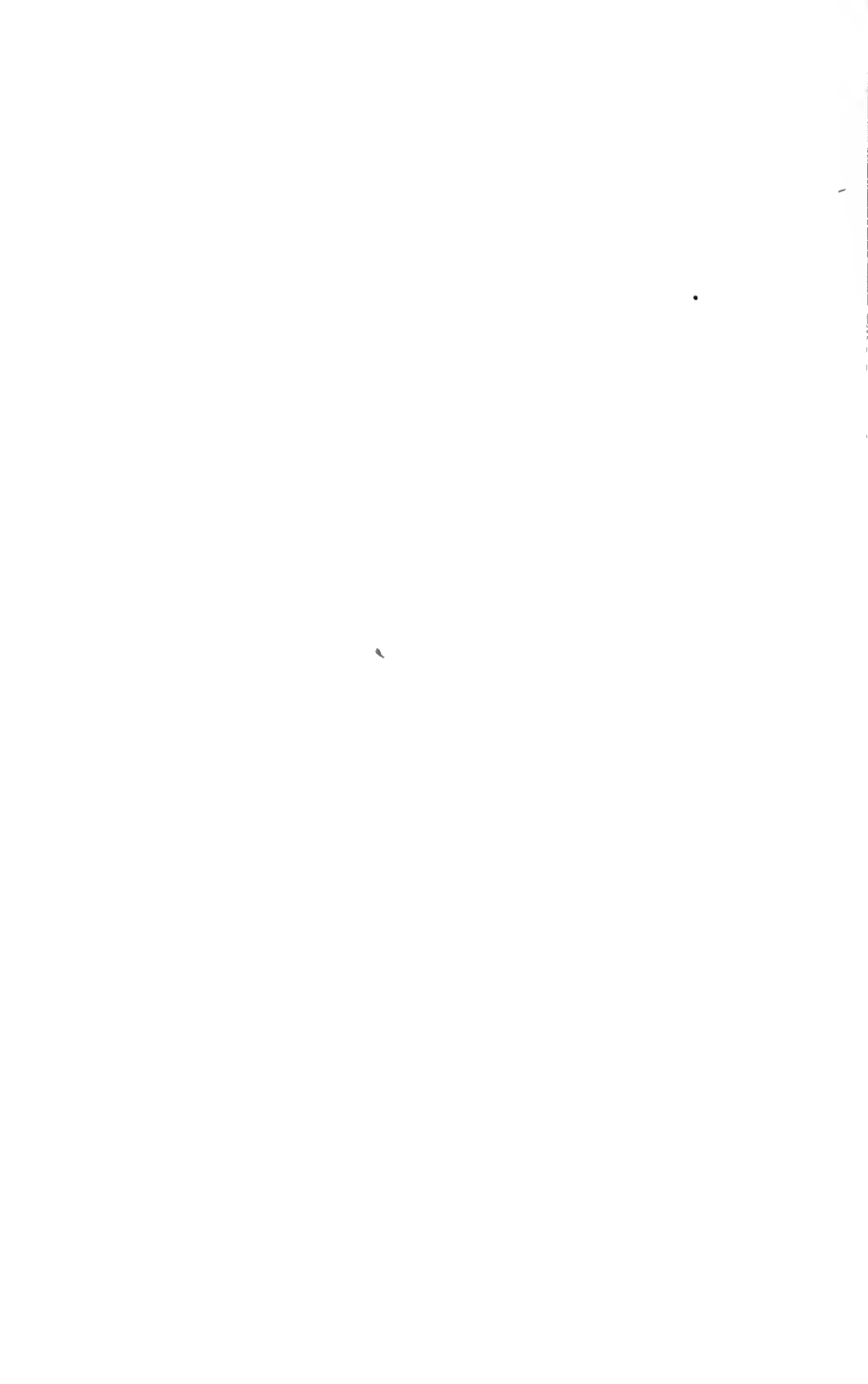
Send him out  
Booby





WHO'S AFRAID?  
OR, THE OREGON QUESTION

*Proposed by W. M. Thackeray. Drawn by John Leech.  
PUNCH, 12th April, 1845. Volume VIII.*



eray made only four suggestions which found favor at "the Table" and which were accordingly adopted.

The first of these was entitled "WHO'S AFRAID? OR, THE OREGON QUESTION;" drawn by John Leech and published in No. 196, on the 12th April, 1845. This dispute with America concerning the boundary line running through the Oregon territory had given grave anxiety; or, according to *Punch*, "some of the American statesmen 'talked loud' and frightened many old ladies on this side of the Atlantic." President Polk's Address was not calculated to allay public anxiety, and an American vote replied to British preparations. In this cartoon Sir Robert Peel and a typical American (according to Leech's notion) are on the ground preparing for a duel. Sir Robert Peel has his pistol in hand and looks mischief. He is seconded by the Leader of the Opposition, little Lord John Russell—an allusion to the solidarity of British opinion. In the background President Polk, or the agitated American figure who does duty for him, looks in alarm at his amiable second, King Louis Philippe, who offers him a pistol with the words, "*Courage, mon Président; visez au cœur.*" Without either removing his pistol-hand from his pocket or relieving his right of his cigar, the champion anxiously inquires—"Do you think he's in arnest?" It may be observed that by some strange oversight the drawing on this block has not been reversed,

so that every actor in it appears to be left-handed.

Nearly four months later (9th August, 1845) Thackeray helped Leech to one of his most popular hits. Douglas Jerrold's Mrs. Caudle was delivering her course of Curtain Lectures to the uproarious delight of the British public. To the eighth lecture Leech had contributed a small illustration, representing Mrs. Caudle in frilled night-cap, lying in bed, and holding forth to her weary, persecuted spouse on the wickedness of freemasonry in general, and on the keeping of its secrets in particular. It occurred to Thackeray one day to adapt this capital drawing to the illustration of the Curtain lectures habitually administered by Lord Brougham to the House of Lords, and, inductively, to its Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst. Leech carried out the notion admirably, and it is clear that Douglas Jerrold had a hand in the "cackle"—as the legend beneath illustrations is technically termed. The Cartoon is entitled "THE MRS. CAUDLE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS"—and the spectator who raises his eyes from these words to the caricature, and rests them on the alert and shrewish face of Lord Brougham looking out from the frills of his night-cap, can hardly resist—even now, after so long an interval—the burst of laughter which must rise to his lips. The point of the cartoon is accentuated by the text, "What do you say?" asks this political Xantippe: "*Thank heaven! You're going to enjoy*



*the recess—and you'll be rid of me for some months?* Never mind. Depend upon it, when you come back, you shall have it again. No: I don't raise the House, and set everybody in it by the ears; but I'm not going to give up every little privilege; though it's seldom I open my lips, goodness knows!"—*Caudle Lectures (improved)*. The happy blending of Mrs. Caudle's methods of speech and Lord Brougham's, and their felicitous application to the circumstances at the period of the prorogation, rendered this cartoon one of the most popular and most warmly-received that ever was published in *Punch*.

The subject of the next caricature is fully referred to where the "Extract of a Letter on the Late Crisis" is dealt with. When Sir Robert Peel resigned at the end of 1845, mainly owing to dissensions in the Cabinet over the measures to be taken to meet the anticipated failure of the Irish potato crop, and Lord John Russell responded to the summons of the Queen to form a new Ministry, *Punch* took two distinct views of the situation and expressed them in two separate cartoons on the same day (December 1845; but the Number is the opening one of the first half-yearly volume for 1846). The first, inspired by Henry Mayhew and drawn by Leech, represents Lord John, as the new page-boy admitted by the sulky ex-page-boy, Sir Robert Peel, to the presence of the Queen and Prince Albert; the Sovereign looks at him and remarks: "I'm afraid you're not strong enough for

the place, John." The skit hit off the situation and expressed the general feeling so exactly that it was loudly applauded. It was, besides, prophetically true, and it so neatly represented a not uncommon situation that it is quoted to this day. On the opposite page appears Thackeray's view, turned into a rival cartoon by Richard Doyle. On a race-course, with the winning-post marked "Free Trade," Lord John is "up" on "Abolition," and the owner, Richard Cobden, is giving the jockey his last instructions. These plain directions form the title to the caricature: "Never mind losing the First Heat: Go in and win." With this double cartoon *Punch* comfortably hedged; it was Thackeray's side that lost; for not only did Lord John miss the first heat but the second as well, inasmuch as it was Peel who ultimately rode "Abolition" to the winning-post.

Thackeray's fourth cartoon "Young Yankee Noodle teaching Grandmother Britannia to suck Eggs" (21 March, 1846), immediately followed on that representing little President Polk "showing fight" to old John Bull, who exclaims with a laugh—"What? You young Yankee Noodle, strike your own Father!" Both sketches were drawn by Leech, and heralded the compromise and final settlement of the Oregon boundary question.

That Thackeray might have achieved greater success had he chosen to devote more attention to political caricature can hardly be questioned. It is a form of art in which good drawing is not

## THACKERAY AS CARICATURIST

absolutely essential; indeed, at the present date we have seen at least one political humorist, whose pencil is not highly-trained, deservedly command wide popularity by reason of his ingenuity, humour, and concentrated power of good-tempered ridicule. Thackeray, moreover, had the faculty of reproducing likeness — witness his caricatures of Louis Philippe, which frequently contain the pictorial essentials of the full-dress Cartoon with an added sting that should cause few to complain, as some have done, of his “want of vehemence” in attack.

## CHAPTER I

VOLUME II. FIRST HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1842

THAT "The Legend of Jawbrahim-Heraudee" is to be accepted as Thackeray's first appearance in *Punch* cannot be positively asserted. It cannot even be said with authority that he wrote it. I am absolutely confident that he did; and besides pointing to its subject and style, I would adduce as circumstantial evidence the fact that he contributed at the same time a Fitzboodle Paper to *Fraser's Magazine*, in which, arguing that the cigar is a serious "rival to the ladies," he says, "while Mahomet Ben Jawbrahim causes volumes of odorous incense of Latakia to play round his beard, the women of the harem do not disturb his meditations." If, on the other hand, "The Legend" is not Thackeray's—a proposition which, such is "The Legend," I decline to admit—it does not follow that the initial chapter of "Miss Tickletohy's Lecture on English History" constituted his first appearance in *Punch*; for it must be pointed out that as many items from new or unknown contributors were at that time comprehensively entered to the "Editor," it is quite possible

that some of his earlier pieces are lost in the anonymity imposed. In consequence of the interest belonging to this contribution, it is here reprinted in full:

“THE LEGEND OF JAWBRAHIM-HERAUDEE



HERE once lived a king in Armenia, whose name was Poof-Allee-Shaw; he was called by his people, and the rest of the world who happened to hear of him, Zubberdust, or, the Poet, founding his greatest glory, like

Bulwer-Khan, Moncktoon-Milnes-Sahib, Rogers-Sam-Bahawder, and other lords of the English Court, not so much on his possessions, his ancient race, or his personal beauty (all which, 'tis known, these Frank emirs possess), as upon his talent for poetry, which was in truth amazing.

“ He was not, like other sovereigns, proud of his prowess in arms, fond of invading hostile countries, or, at any rate, of reviewing his troops when no hostile country was at hand, but loved Letters all his life long. It was said, that, at fourteen, he had copied the Shah-Nameh ninety-nine times, and, at the early age of twelve, could repeat the

Koran backwards. Thus he gained the most prodigious power of memory; and it is related of him, that a Frank merchant once coming to his Court, with a poem by Bulwer-Khan called the Siamee-Geminee (or, Twins of Siam), His Majesty, Poof-Allee, without understanding a word of the language in which that incomparable epic was written, nevertheless learned it off, and by the mere force of memory, could repeat every single word of it.

“ Now, all great men have their weaknesses; and King Poof-Allee, I am sorry to say, had his. He wished to pass for a poet, and not having a spark of originality in his composition, nor able to string two verses together, would, with the utmost gravity, repeat you a sonnet of Hafiz or Saadee, which the simpering courtiers applauded as if it were his own.

“ The king, as a man of Letters himself, pretended to be a great patron of all persons of that profession, inviting them to his Court, receiving them at first with smiles, and filling their mouths with sugar-candy and so forth. But smiles and sugar-candy do not cost much; and, in return for his compliments, His Majesty made the poets pay him very handsomely; for he sucked their brains, learned their beautiful poems of them, and then showed them the door. In fact, when he had heard their poems once read to him, he could repeat them without missing a word; and then he would pretend to be violently angry with the bards for daring to deceive him. ‘ This an original

poem!' he would cry; 'Oh, shame-faced rogues! I have heard it this score of years;' and repeating it, would forthwith call for his furoshes to beat the poets' heels into jelly. Thus he learned a great deal of delightful poetry, and at small charges. Now, strange to say, the king had a female slave, the far-famed moon of beauty, surnamed, for the slimness of her shape, Roolee - Poolee, who had almost as wonderful a memory as his himself, and would sit and cap verses with him for weeks together. She knew the works of all sorts of authors, and could repeat you a little lively erotic ditty of Thamaz the Moor, or a passionate tale by Byroon, or a long sanctimonious, philosophic, reflective poem by the famous old Dervish Woordsworth-el-Muddee (or of the lake), and never miss one single word. To be brief, she was the next person in the kingdom, after the king, for memory; for though she could not, like His Majesty, repeat a poem on hearing it *once*, after hearing it twice she was perfect in it, and would speak it off without missing a word. And as the poet touchingly observes, that 'Birds of one and the same feather, will frequently be found in one and the same company;' so likewise the Court of Armenia boasted a kindred spirit to that of Poof-Allee and Roolee-Poolee, in the person of the chief of the eunuchs, Samboo Beg. Samboo had been a Shaitan, or printer's devil in the printing-office of Buntlee's Mugazeen (the fashionable periodical of Constantinople), and thence, after acquiring a love of Let-

ters and a great power of memory, had been transported to the Armenian Court, where he held the important post before-named. After hearing a thing *thrice*, Samboo Beg would repeat it without a fault, as he had been frequently known to do with the leading article of the *Aurora-Po* (the fashionable Court newspaper of Armenia), which he would have read to him while he was being shaved in the morning, before he waited upon his Sovereign.

“ Thus, then, the matter stood in this singular court :—

King Poof-Allee	} could repeat a thing	{ once		
Princess Roolee-Poolee			} after hearing	{ twice
Samboo Beg				

and now you must be informed how they put this strange talent of theirs out to interest.

“ The king gave out that he believed there were no more original poems left in the world, that he believed men of letters were impostors, but that he would give its weight in gold for any original work which a poet should bring him. Those who failed were to suffer the penalty of the bastinado, and were to pay a fine to the crown.

“ Now what did he do? When any poet came to recite, Poof-Allee received him with courtesy sitting on his throne, with his eunuch, Samboo Beg, waiting behind him.

“ As soon as the poet had done his verses, he would assume a terrible air and say ‘ Bankillah,



Bismillah, Rotee - Muckun, Hurrumzadeh! (Mahomet is the true prophet, and Mecca the Holy City.) Slave of a poet, thou hast deceived me! this poem, too, is borrowed'; and then he would repeat it himself, and bid Samboo go and fetch Roolee-Poolee (who had been standing all the while behind a curtain and had heard every syllable)—and Roolee-Poolee appearing would also repeat the poem; and as if to put the matter beyond all doubt, Samboo himself would step forward saying, 'Nay, I myself have known the verses for years past! and would repeat them'; as well he might, having heard them thrice repeated already, viz., by the inventor, by his Majesty, and by Roolee-Poolee. Then if the poor bard could not pay a handsome fine, he was bastinadoed; in fact, to use the monarch's own vile pun, he was completely *Bamboozled*.

"It was a wonder then after some time, when the fate of all poets at King Poof-Allee's Court came to be known, that still literary men could be found to spout their verses, and to brave the inevitable bastinado, which was their reward; but such is the infatuation of men of letters in Armenia, Persia, and elsewhere, that they will make poems be they never so much belaboured for them, and there was never a lack of bards to come and sing before the Armenian throne. There was, for instance, the celebrated writer, Mollah Moongoomeree, who recited his poem of Eblis, and was beaten accordingly; there was Ulphabeet-Baylee, who sung his little

verses to the guitar, and whose heels were scarified for his pains; and a hundred others whose names might be mentioned, but that the heart grows sick at thinking of the fate which attended these geniuses, and at the atrocious manner in which Poof-Allee-Shaw treated them. His conduct you may be sure awakened the deepest indignation in all loyal bosoms, and many a conspiracy was hatched in order to put the monarch to shame.

“Now there lived somewhere on the peak of Mount Caucasus, a famous and wise old bard and prophet, who was chief of the SyncretEEK sect of philosophers, and much admired by his followers. They were, though not numerous, yet of undaunted courage, and cheerfully went down at the command of their master, the great JAWBRAHIM-HERAWDEE (may his shadow never be less!), to recite these poems before Poof-Allee, and assert their claims to originality. Alas! one by one they came back dreadfully bastinadoed; and the old man, revolving their wrongs in his mind, determined to avenge them. ‘This king,’ said he, ‘who repeats a poem, when one of my faithful children has uttered it—this woman, this rascally black slave who repeats it after the king, what can be their art? I am sure they must either take it down in shorthand, or that they must employ some other diabolical stratagem!’ Accordingly Jawbrahim Herawdee climbed up to the topmost peak of his mountain, and remained there for three weeks in tremendous meditation; he lay on his back there

in the snow, not caring for the burning noon sun, nor the icy night-wind, but he fasted, and gave up his soul to the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, and at the end of the three weeks came down to the huts and hermitages where the Syncreteeks inhabited, emaciated certainly, but still, to the astonishment of his disciples, wearing a cheerful aspect.

“‘My children,’ said he, ‘I will go down to Armenia, and confront this wicked king, who has put our brethren to shame.’ And though the disciples clung about him, he yet resolutely determined to go forth, and girded his loins, and mounted his dromedary, and descended the rugged sides of the mountain.

“He took nothing with him but a little bag of rice for himself and his faithful animal, his night-cap, and his harp, which he slung behind him.

“‘If I can’t puzzle Poof-Allee-Shaw,’ said the sage, ‘only Belzeboob himself can hope to overcome him.’

“In the six-thousandth year of the Hejra, it being the day Nishti, the thirteenth day of the month Ramjam, there was great gloom and despondency in the Court of Armenia—as when was there not, when the heart of Armenia’s king was sad?

“He was ill, and was out of humour—no literary man had appeared before him for many days; his great soul yearned for new poetry, and there was none to be had. He called upon Roolee-Poolee to recite to him in vain: could she com-

pose verses of her own? and did he not know every poem that ever was written? He flung his slippers at Roolee-Poolee's head, and the faithful girl retired sobbing. Then he called upon Samboo-Beg for a song; but Samboo too failed, and left the royal presence howling, after a vigorous bastinado. Then he told the slaves to bastinado each other all round—which they did; and afterwards dared not come near their august master, who sate in his divan alone. ‘By the beard of Mahomet's grandmother,’ said he (and that oath no believer was ever known to break), ‘if I do not hear a new poem to-day, I will levy an income-tax to-morrow upon all Armenia.’

“Just as evening fell, the curtain of the sacred apartment was drawn aside, and the head of the chief of the eunuchs appeared between the interstices.

“‘Grinning hound of a black slave, what wilt thou?’ said the King—flinging at the same time one of his top-boots in the direction in which the smiling sycophant appeared.

“‘Light of the world!’ replied the faithful negro, ‘there's a poet come! a poet of fame; no other than the great Jawbrahim Heraudee.’

“‘What! the shiekh of the Syncreteeks?’ cried the king, delighted; ‘bring sherbet and pipes—go, slaves, get a collation ready, set the fountains playing, bring flowers, perfumes, and the best of everything.’ And the delighted monarch himself rushed outside the court of the palace to welcome the illustrious stranger.

“ There stood indeed the great Jawbrahim; he was not on the back of his dromedary, but led the animal by the bridle: it seemed to bend under the weight of two huge baskets, which hung on either side of his humps.

“ ‘ Great bard,’ said the king, bending low before him, ‘ welcome to the court of Armenia; thy fame hath long since travelled hither, and Poof-Allee’s heart yearns towards the sage of Mount Caucasus.’

“ Jawbrahim-Heraudee, who knew the fallacious nature of his majesty’s compliments and welcome, made a stiff salutation in reply to this oratorical flourish, and thus said: ‘ The fame of Poof-Allee has reached to the summit of Mount Caucasus; the world cries that he is a lover of poetry, and a generous patron of bards—and is it so, O king?’

“ Jawbrahim spoke these words in such a queer, satiric way, that Poof-Allee did not at first know whether he was complimenting him, or merely laughing at his beard. ‘ Poetry I love,’ said he; ‘ poets I respect, if I find them original: but, O Caucasian sage! many poets have come before me, who were but magpies with peacocks’ plumes; who looked like lions, but lo! when they opened their mouths, brayed like donkeys: these I chastise as they deserve; but the real poet I honour with my soul.’

“ ‘ Am I a real poet, or a false poet?’ inquired Jawbrahim.

“ ‘ That I cannot tell, except from reputation, and can only be sure of when I have heard a speci-

men of your art. Be it original, I promise you that, though your work be twenty cantos long, I will pay its weight in gold; but be it a copy (as I shall know, for I know by heart every known poem in the world), I shall exercise upon thy heels the wholesome rattan.'

"'May my heels be beaten into calf's-foot jelly,' replied Jawbrahim, 'if the poem I shall sing before your Majesty be not entirely unknown to you. Only the moon has heard it as yet, as I lay upon the snowy peak of Caucasus — or, mayhap, an owl has listened to a stanza or two of it, as he flapped by my midnight couch upon his pinions white.'

"'Will you take a trifle of anything before you begin?' asked the king: but the sage only waved his head in scorn, and, tying up his dromedary to a post in the courtyard, said that he required no refreshment, but would commence his poem at once. Accordingly the monarch and his suite led the way, and seated themselves in the magnificent chamber of the palace which was called the golden nightingale cage, or the hall of song.

"'I have, sir, a choice of works which I can recite to you. Will you have a sonata to Swedenborg, an ode to Madame Krudner, or a little didactic, enclitic, æsthetic — in a word, synthetic piece, on the harmony of the sensible and moral worlds and the symbolical schools of religion?'

"'The subjects, sir, do honour to your morality,' replied the king, 'but strike us as rather tedious.'

“ ‘ My ode to my country?—

O for dear Little Britain—for dear Little Britain—my  
country.

Close to Goswell-street road,—closer to Simmary Axe,—

“ ‘ Simmary, my lord, is not the real, and, so to say, organic pronunciation of the term—but rather the synthetic and popular one.

O for dear Little Britain, that’s near thy row Paternoster,  
Near to the Post-office new, near to the Bull and the  
Mouth,

O for Aldersgate pump!”—

“ ‘ Those jaw-breaking hexameters and pentameters, O sage!’ here interposed the monarch, who had already begun to yawn, ‘ were never much to my taste; and if you will please to confine yourself to some metre more consonant to the Armenian language ’—(in which dialect, it need scarcely be stated that the poet and the monarch both spoke),—‘ if you will condescend to try rhyme, or at the worst, blank verse, I shall listen with much greater pleasure.’

“ ‘ Sire, I will enunciate a poem in sixteen cantos, if you please, and written in the Dantesque *terzarima*.’ But the unconscionable Sovereign of Armenia, knowing the extreme difficulty of hunting up the rhymes in that most puzzling of metres, begged Jawbrahim rather to confine himself to blank verse: on which the Caucasian sage, taking his harp, sung as follows:

Eastward of Eden lies the land of Nod;  
 There grew an old oak in the vale of Ely—  
 Old as the world, in lasting marble dure.  
 The threefold serpents animating clasp  
 The mundaue egg, and wondrous trident coil'd,  
 The cataracts of everlasting heaven,  
 The fountains of the co-eternal deep,  
 Defined anon, and growing visible,  
 Undimm'd shone out clear as the hour of dawn!

Harmonious symmetry, proportion bland!  
 Visions were thine wherein the sculptile mind  
 Twin'd with the harmless serpent as in sport,  
 Till grew his aspect spectral, and his eye  
 Flitting athwart a place of sepulchres,  
 Hung o'er his shoulders broad and on his breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Consistency, eternity's sole law,  
 The indefatigable universe,  
 Substance with attribute. \* \* \*

“Then entering into his theme, the poet after these preparatory considerations gave utterance to his sublime epic, which is far too long to be noted here. He spoke of the vision of Noah, and the Book of Enoch; he spoke of the children of Cain, of Satan, Judael, Azazael; and when he arrived at that splendid part of his work in which he cries—

Oh, Amazarah! most majestic  
 Of women, wisest and most amorous!

he looked up at the king and paused, expecting no doubt that applause would ensue.

“The king bounced up on his seat—the black



eunuch suddenly started and opened his great goggling black eyes—the lovely Roolee-Poolee stretched out her fair arms and gave a yawn. The fact is, they had all been asleep for hours.

“‘Samboo—Roolee-Poolee,’ cried the Monarch, ‘I was a little overtaken and did not hear that awful long poem, but you can repeat it, can’t ye?’ Samboo and the lady could not repeat one word of it. They began to stammer ‘the catechisms of everlasting Heaven,’—‘the mundane egg in wondrous trident boiled’—‘the harmless spectral serpent with his eye flitting athwart a pair of spectacles’—but as for repeating the whole of the lines, that was impossible. The king was obliged fairly to give in, and to confess for the first time in his life that the poem he had heard was original.

“‘O sage,’ said he (in quite a new compliment), ‘your poem does equal credit to your head and heart. I cannot reward you as you merit, but that poor guerdon which my straitened circumstances permit me to offer to the original poet is justly thine. Take thy poem to my treasurer, have the book in which it is written weighed against the purest gold, and by the beard of the prophet’s relative, the gold shall be thine.’

“‘Will it not please you to hear the rest of the poem, sire?’ said the sage, ‘there are but forty thousand lines more, and having vouchsafed to give me a patient hearing since yesterday,’—

“‘Since *when?*’ exclaimed Poof-Allee.

“‘Since yesterday at sunset, when I began; and the stars came out, and still my song continued; and the moon rose, and lo! my voice never faltered; and the cock crew, but we were singing before him; and the skies were red, and I, like the rising sun, was unwearied; and the noontide came and Jawbrahim Heraudee still spake of Aza-rael and Samiasa.’

“‘Mercy upon us, the man has been talking and we have been asleep for four-and-twenty hours,’ cried lovely little Roolee-Poolee.

“‘Your Majesty paid me a compliment not to notice how the hours flew,’ said Jawbrahim, ‘and I will now proceed, by your leave, with the 44th canto: beginning with an account of the birds’—

Then came the birds that fly, perch, walk, or swim,  
 On trees the Incessorial station hold,  
 The Gallinaceous tribes must feed and walk;  
 The Waders \* \* \* \*

“‘Hold your intolerable tongue, O poet with a burned father!’ roared King Poof-Allee in a fury. ‘I can bear no more of thy cursed prate, and will call my slaves with bamboo canes if thou utterest another word.’

“‘Thou promisedst me gold and not a beating, O king!’ cried the sage, scornfully. ‘Is it thus that the Armenian monarchs keep their word?’

“‘Take thy gold in the name of the prophet,’ replied the king—‘go to my treasurer and he shall pay it to thee.’

“ ‘He will doubtless not pay without a draft from thy royal hand.’

“ ‘I can’t write!’ shouted the king; and then recollecting himself, and his reputation as a literary genius, blushed profusely, and said, ‘that is, I *can* write, but I do not choose to have my signature in the hand of every rogue who may take a fancy to forge it. Here, take my ring, and Samboo go thou with Jawbrahim; see his poem weighed by the treasurer, and its weight in gold counted out to the poet (may dirt be flung on his mother’s grave). Go, Samboo, and execute my commission.’

“ ‘On my eyes be it!’ replied the faithful negro; and, with Jawbrahim, whose face wore a look of exulting malignity, quitted the royal presence.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Some two hours afterwards, the hoofs of Jawbrahim’s dromedary were heard clattering over the paving stones of the court, and the king going to the window, had the satisfaction of beholding that renowned chief of the Syncreteeks pacing solemnly by the side of the animal which he led by the bridle.

“ ‘May I never see his ugly nose again!’ cried Poof-Allee; ‘the rascal’s unconscionable poem must have weighed twenty guineas at least.’

“ At this moment, and looking rather frightened, in came Samboo. He made a low salaam to his master and restored to him his private signet.

“‘How much did the old wretch’s poem weigh?’ asked Poof-Allee.

“‘O, him weighed a berry good deal,’ answered Samboo, still salaaming; ‘but, massa, treasurer had a plenty of money, and him paid him poet, and sent him about him business.’

“‘Did it weigh twenty guineas?’

“‘O berry much more—him poem in two columns.’

“‘Two columns? two *volumes* you mean, you black antigrammarian.’

“‘Well, two bolumns two columns, two columns two bolumns, him all de same.’

“‘How do you mean, ruffian?’ shrieked the monarch, when, with some hesitation the negro handed him a paper, thus written:—

“‘SIRE,—I acknowledge to have received from your treasurer, Cashee Beg, the sum of two hundred and fifty-five billions four hundred and nineteen thousand nine hundred and six tomauns, two rupees, and sixpence, being the weight of my splendid epic poem, “The Descent into Jericho,” recited to your Majesty last night.

“‘And lest, Sire, you should be astonished that such a sum should be paid for a poem (for which, in fact, no money can pay), learn that I had no paper whatever to write (which would have rendered the bargain a much cheaper one to your Majesty), but that I was compelled, at much pains, to engrave my epic upon two pillars which I found

in the ruins of Persepolis, and which now lie in your august treasury.

“ I have the honour to be, Sire,

“ With the utmost respect,

“ Your Majesty’s most faithful Servant,

“ JAWBRAHIM-HERAWDEE SYNCRETEEK.’

“ Fancy how poor Samboo Beg was bamboozed that night! how the treasurer was fustigated, how all the clerks of the treasury were horsed and swished!—

“ Anything like the rage of Poof-Allee was never known since the days when Achilles Khan grew furious whilst laying siege to the town of Shah Priam. As for Jawbrahim-Herawdee, he returned safely among the Syncreteeks, and spent his money in publishing several immortal works which have rendered his name beloved and celebrated; and never after that did Poof-Allee-Shah pretend to be a man of letters, or try to swindle poor literary gentlemen any more.

“ This story is taken from the ancient Chronicles, written in the Armenian language, and sung by the shepherds of the Caucasus as they drive down their flocks to water by the Red Sea. Praise be to Mahomet and the twelve Imaums!”

The reader will have observed a number of turns of expression as well as endowment of English names with pseudo-Arabic form, which are distinctive of certain other of Thackeray’s contribu-

tions which are dealt with hereafter. This Orientalising, as it were, of literary celebrities and their works is characteristic of the writer's fun; and the references will for the most part be at once understood. Some, however, may not so readily recognise Tom Moore in "Thamaz the Moor"; the *Morning Post* in "Aurora Po"; the Rev. Robert Montgomery in "Mollah Moongoomeree," and his poem of "Satan" in its Mahometan form of "Eblis"; F. W. N. Bayley (called "Alphabet Bayley," an early contributor to *Punch*) in "Ulpha-beet-Baylee"; or even Lytton's prodigious poem of "The Siamese Twins" in Bulwer-Khan's "Si-amee-Geminee."

## VOLUME IV. FIRST HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1843

"The Sick Child"—a rather poor set of verses upon an over-eaten little boy, with an illustration by John Leech (see No. 79)—we may presumably determine by the pseudonymous signature of "The Honourable Whilhelmina Skeggs," seeing that Thackeray certainly affixed the name of Goldsmith's creation to the letter entitled "A House at the West End," in 1845 (Vol. ix., p. 55), having already introduced the character into "Strange Insult to the King of Saxony" (Vol. vi., p. 243). A little later on (May 20) he protests in a characteristic drawing against the "Assumption of Aristocracy," illustrating an article by Gilbert Abbott à Beckett wherein the impudence of the

## A CUNNING ASSUMPTION

notorious "Baron Nathan" is amusingly gibbeted. That well-known and really popular dancing-master, who was for many years Master of the Ceremonies at the Rosherville Gardens, was originally



ASSUMPTION OF ARISTOCRACY

"Give that card to your master, and say a gentleman wants to see him."

known, we are told, as Mr. Nathan. The astute M.C. assumed the name of Baron, and in due time dropped the Mr., and requested his friends to do so too and to "call him by his first name," to the amusement of society and the awesome respect of

the groundlings. *Punch* found Baron Nathan out and was fond of making at his expense announcements such as this: "FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE: Baron Nathan has left Kennington for the West End, by the Paragon omnibus. The Baron, being unable to find an inside-place, took the oaths and his seat on the coach-box."

## VOLUME VI. FIRST HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1844

Under the heading of "Important Promotions! Merit Rewarded!" (p. 15) we have some characteristic fooling based on the idea that Jenkins (*Punch's* personification of his then *bête noire*, the *Morning Post*) has been made a peer and Duke of France, by the French King, Henry V., while Mr. James Grant, the journalist (not the novelist), editor of the *Morning Advertiser* and the author of a much-discussed book, "Paris and its People," has also been appointed Chevalier of his Order of the Pig and Whistle. In a Circular issued to the French nobility Jenkins invites them to celebrate the event at his rooms in Upper Camomile Buildings, Little Short's Gardens, fifth floor, when "La Noblesse est priée d'apporter son propre tabac." The Patent is thus expressed:

"NOUS HENRI ROI DE FRANCE ET DE NAVARRE, A  
TOUS PRÉSENTS SALUT.

"Voulant reconnaître les services de notre fidèle et aimé domestique"—[a sly stab, this]—"Jean



“AN AUDACIOUS FORGERY”

Thomas Jennekins, envers nous et notre couronne; NOMMONS notre dit ami, DUC ET PAIR DE FRANCE et de Navarre, avec les titres de Duc de la Pluche, Marquis de l'Aiguillette, Comte et Seigneur de la Sonnette-de-l'Antichambre.

“HENRI.

“Par le Roi, Le Secrétaire de l'Office, De la Fleur de Jasmin.”

Then follows in the next number, with an illustration by Leech, “The Ducal Hat for Jenkins” (p. 32), a bright sketch into which the Prince Consort, who had designed a new shako—then recently distributed to the army, and one of *Punch's* frequent butts—was good-humouredly introduced.

“We hasten to lay before our readers the following ill-spelt and worse-conceived communication. . . . We unhesitatingly pronounce the letter AN AUDACIOUS FORGERY”; while, as to the author of it, “we leave him *to the pangs of his own conscience* and the opprobrium of an indignant public.” The “forgery” is then printed:—

“AN DEN HERRN HERRN PUNSCH, HOCHWOHL-GEBOREN, STRAND, LONDON.

“Windsor, Jan. 7.

“Fielt-Marshal His Royal Highness Brince Albert, D.C.L., presents his gobliments to Mr. Punch.

“Having heard of the bromotion of Mr. Jenkins by H.R.H. the Comte de Chambord, the Fielt-

Marshal has retired to his study and gombosed for the use of Herzog Jenkins and the other Dukes who have been greated by the D. of Bordeaux, *a* DUCAL HAT . . .

“The dugal goronet, it vill be obserfed, will surmounts de hat, vich may be a livery hat, a beafer hat, or vat you call a four-and-nine, at bleasure.

“De gockade vill be vite (emblematic of videlity, burity, and the house of Bourbon):

“Vende hat grow old (or vat you call zeedy), Brinz Albert has arranged so dat it vil make a beawdiful and ornamental flower-bot for a drawing-room vindow. Dis vas also de indention of de military hat vich has obdained so much bobularity in de army.

“B.S.—I berceif dat Herr Grunt, de zelebrated liderary man, has been greated Ritter of de Order of de Big (pig) and Vistle. I afe no vistles, but I can subbly him from my farm vid some bigs very fine.”

The next contribution consists of a long and elaborate piece of chaff of “The Moral Young Man.” This was James Grant again. He had written another well advertised book—“The Great Metropolis”—which by its inflated tone, its indifferent style, doubtful accuracy, and tendency to snobbery, tempted Thackeray to this parody—a humorous sketch that might almost have taken its place as a chapter in the “Book of Snobs.” As Thackeray here introduces some grotesque allusions, not always pleasant, by the way, to some of

## A "LADY OF LITERATURE"

the aristocratic writers of the day, a special quotation from the article is desirable.

### "NOTICE.

"We mentioned, in a former Number of this periodical, that we had engaged, at immense outlay, and in accordance with the wishes of a numerous class of the British public, A MORAL YOUNG MAN, well known in the world of letters and newspapers, and enabled, from his experience, his opportunities, his learning, and his peculiar turn of mind, to impart to our little journal that tone of gravity and decorum which by some it has been found to lack. . . .

"In his literary lives the MORAL YOUNG MAN naturally (and gracefully, as we think) begins with the people of title who adorn both the Red Book, and the still more ennobling calendar of the Muses.

### "LEAVES FROM THE LIVES OF THE LORDS OF LITERATURE.

"BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PADDINGTON AND ITS PEOPLE,'  
'THE GREAT NECROPOLIS,' &c., &c.

"BLESSINGTON, THE COUNTESS MARGUERITE OF.—The author may be a proud man whose work commences with such a name as that of the above distinguished scion of the aristocracy. Sir Joshua Lawrence's portrait of her ladyship, which has been engraved several times, has rendered her

form and features familiar to the British public, and therefore I need give no portrait of them here. Suffice it to say, that both are (as far as poor human nature can be, and indeed which of us is?) faultless. Her ladyship's style of writing is ditto; and her works, both of history and fiction, are ornamented with a great number of phrases both in French and Italian, which sparkle through her English like gems in the night. To the merits of these works the whole British Press bears witness. 'Brilliant, charming, elegant, graceful,' are expressions, I may even say epithets, rung out in the fair Countess's praise by every critic in these dominions. Those gents who bestowed such laudatory *compliments* upon her ladyship's productions are, I observe, rather shy of quoting anything from them. And why? — from envy to be sure, as I have often found in my own case; the reviewers being afraid lest their criticisms should appear stupid and uninteresting by the side of the writer's delightful text.

“ My avocations as a member of the press and a leader of public opinion, have prevented me from reading any of her ladyship's works; and as I know nobody who has, I am not enabled to furnish the reader with a catalogue of them.

“ Her ladyship's house is at Kensington,\* and is named, I understand, after another fair author-

\* Gore House, which came into the hands of Alexis Soyer, as is set forth later on.

ess, who shall be mentioned in her place. I do not visit there, and therefore of course cannot describe the contents of the mansion; need I say I should be happy to do so?

“The Countess is a Peeress in her own right, and was elevated to that dignity upon presenting one of her delightful and successful novels to his late lamented Majesty George IV. Kneeling at the royal feet to receive the Countess’s coronet (which is always placed on the head of the nobleman or lady at their investiture), the fair Countess dropped one of her gloves; on which his Majesty, picking it up, observed to Mr. Bentley, the respected publisher, who attended with a copy, ‘*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*’ This was the origin of the Guelphic order. I have this story from undoubted authority—from a gent indeed, who has written a good deal in Mr. B.’s Miscellany, where I should be very glad to furnish articles at the usual remuneration per line. . . .

“BROUGHAM, LORD HENRY.—His lordship is, as the world very well knows, a political, or what the admirable *Morning Herald* calls lego-political gent. He was educated at Edinburgh, where he became acquainted with little Jack Horner, Judge Jefferies, Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Admiral the Reverend Sir Sydney Smith, of whom more anonymously. Having finished his studies, he was brought to the bar in London, where he has distinguished himself in various ways ever since. Being born and bred in the

North, his accent has stuck to him like a burr, and he has used that tongue of his to more purpose than any gent of the long robe. During the Session as the *Times* has remarked of him, his labours are tremendous. You may see him in the morning at the House of Lords, or in the Privy Council, the eagerest among the judges there; and all the time writing off articles for the *Edinburgh Review*. In the evening, he is at the Lords again, backing up his friend Lord Monteagle, to whom he is tenderly attached. At night I have myself enjoyed the pleasure of his company at the Garrick's Head, in Bow Street, where he astonishes the world by his eloquence. Such is only a part of the life of this restless though brilliant genius! . . .

“But it is as a literary man that we are called upon to judge him; and as such he has been at everything. ‘His lordship is as a bird that has hopped upon every branch of the tree of knowledge,’ as Goëthe observes: as Mr. S—m—l R—g—rs remarks, rather coarsely, he has been at everything in the literary way, from p-tch and t-ss to man-sl—ghter. A politician, a theologian, an historian; on classics, optics, physics, metaphysics, he has wrote, and with unbounded applause. All his works are to be had on all these subjects, and at immensely reduced prices.

“He is a corresponding member of three hundred and ninety-six philosophical societies. He is the inventor of the Brougham carriage, for which

## LORD BROUGHAM

every man that uses a cab may thank him. In fact, an equestrian statue of him is to be set up in



St. Martin's Lane, in a Brougham carriage, as soon as anybody will subscribe for the purpose.

“He is equally distinguished in France (about

which country, its capital, Paris, and its people, Messrs. Saunders & Ottley have just published a remarkable work). In France he is a member of the National Institute, and also Drum-Major of the National Guards. King Louis Philippe has had the above portrait of him put up at Versailles. He has in that country a château at Cannæ, where Bonaparte landed, and where Cannibal the Carthaginian was defeated by Scipio (no doubt another African) in the Roman service; and there he cultivates the olive-branches which he is in the habit of presenting to King Louis Philippe and our gracious Sovereign.

“Lord Brougham, unlike other great men, has no envy; no uncharitableness; no desire to get his neighbours' places, or to oust his friends. Indeed, his very enemies admire him more than anybody else. . . .

“EDWARD, Earl LYTON BULWER, who is the next noble on my proud list of fame. As an Earl—and his title was actually conferred upon him at his baptism—he could not sit in the House of Commons, and therefore relinquished the vain rank of an hereditary aristocracy to serve his country in Parliament, which he did as member for Liskeard. He was made Baronet for his services there; in compliment to which he wrote his eminent work, ‘The Last of the Baronets.’ Messrs. Saunders & Ottley will, I daresay, be happy to supply any of my readers with a copy of that performance at the usual moderate charge.



“ Sir Edward’s labours as an author have been multivarious. He has written history, poetry, romance, criticism, politics, the drama. He has had detractors—what great man has not? I can speak myself from bitter experience. . . .

“ Among the celebrated authors in this family may be also mentioned His Excellency Lord Henry Bulwer, the Ambassador to Madrid, whose work on Paris and the Parisians is, however, altogether inferior to a late work, published by Messrs. Saunders & Ottley; viz. ‘ Paris and its People;’ and which that admirable journal, the *Morning Herald*, says is to be found on every Englishman’s bookshelf. . . .

“ In person, I may add, he is stout and swarthy. He wears a blue coat and brass buttons; boots named after the famous Prussian partisan, Prince Blucher; silver spectacles, and drab trousers, very much crinkled at the knees. He is about sixty-nine years of age, and lives in Tibbald’s Row, Holborn—at least a gent going into a chambers there was pointed out to me as this above-named pride of our country.”

What a description of Tennyson’s “ padded man that wears the stays ”!

“ Lady L.’s Journal of a Visit to Foreign Courts ” (p. 52) was the diary of Lady Londonderry that created some stir among “ the fashion ” of the day\* and, in spite of the derision of the critics, secured

\* It appeared serially in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

a considerable circulation among readers who care greatly for the doings of smart people. Thackeray's sense of snobbery was tickled, and he ridiculed the airs as well as the matter of the "Journal" in his "Letter from Lady Judy Punch to Her Grace the Duchess of Jenkins." The Lady Guiddita describes how the Duke of Jenkins, Lord St. Paul's, Lady Friarbridge, and Lord Billingsgate read and discuss the Diary and its affected use of French—the whole consisting of two pages of scornful review.

"What *malheur afflige* my dear Duchess?" So the letter begins, in the spirit of the Journal. "I looked for you in vain last night at Lady Smithfield's. I sent Lord P. to all your accustomed *séjours* of evenings—l'Hôtel de l'Aigle, Route de la Cité; la Maison de la Conduite Blanche; le Château de Jean de la Paille, à Hampstead—in vain—your Grace was absent. The nobles of the land were without their brightest ornament; and the dear Duke of Jenkins (who joined us afterwards) was seen at his club taking his ordinary *rafraîchissement* of *moitié et moitié* alone."

Thackeray, in a merry vein, revels in the errors and absurdities of "Lady L.'s Journal," and uses Lord St. Paul's to apply his scourge. When Lady L. complains that few things annoy one more "than the appearance of one's maid by one's bedside at four o'clock in the morning," he not only expresses delight with the composition ("one only finds people of fashion ever use one's language in

the proper way—does one?”), but points out that it must be still more annoying for the maid who must get up at three. When she deplores that railway-tarvelling brings one “into contact with all sorts and conditions of people” he objects to “this dangerous sort of writing nowadays,” this “shuddering at being brought into contact with fellow-creatures.” — (“Fellow-creatures! No, no. For Heaven’s sake moderate your expressions!” cries the Duke.) When she says that at Aix, “I took a bath, but cannot say I liked the experiment,” the reviewer smiles—*experiment!!* When she explains that Ehrenbreitstein is “bristling with its embrasures,” he laughs outright—“it is as if we were to say,” remarks Lord St. Paul’s, “indented with pikes.” “As you say,” responds the Duke; “it is only the very highest nobility that can think of such expressions.” When she speaks of stopping at a dirty inn at Langenfeldt “where nineteen years ago, returning from Vienna, we bought and carried off all their china, of which they neither knew the beauty nor the value, but which turned out to be the finest old Dresden, and once the property of the Margraves of Anspach. The landlord remembered us all”—“No wonder he did,” cries Lord St. Paul’s, and suggests that perhaps her ladyship put up with the inn again as she suspected there was “more *china to be had* at Langenfeldt.” After an exposure of the French with which the book is so freely garnished, Lady Guiditta ends: “It was one o’clock;

one's maid had been in waiting with one's pattens, I don't know how long; and when one got home, one was quite glad to get to one's bed and dream of one of the most delightful *soirées* one ever enjoyed."

Under the title of "Biographical and Literary Riddles" and over the signature of "A Young Gent. at Jowell and Hames's" (p. 129) we have a trifle hardly worthy of the author. One of these riddles, at least, may be quoted: "When may the late celebrated Dr. Jenner (whose memoirs I have perused with unfeigned delight) be compared to a certain kind of potato? When it's 'a vaxy natur'." In the same number he begins his amusing chaff of Bulwer Lytton, whom for years he bantered in a good-natured way. On this occasion (as in others later on), under the heading of "'The Author of Pelham'" the novelist's name is the point of attack, and Thackeray, in the character of an illiterate correspondent, "Bonosmores," inquires whether it is now "Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer" or "Sir Edward George Earl Bulwer Lytton," or "Sir Edward Bulwer Earl Lytton George," or "Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Lytton Bulwer Lytton Earl," and so on; adding, "We doant wish to be hanswered in joax but *seriatim* in earnest." "Gems from Jenkins" (p. 153) deals with the dog-French advertisements in the *Morning Post*, and points out, in respect of a selected announcement, "that little boys of six years old will remark with pleasure that out of the last twenty-two words

in the paragraph only four are right. "We are inclined to think," continues the caustic critic of the aristocracy, "that Jenkins writes bad French, not because he knows no better, but because in the fashionable world good French would not be understood. They don't like it there. They like the French loaded and doctored like their wine." The reader should here be reminded that of the many Jenkins papers in *Punch* only a few were from Thackeray's hand; the vast majority were by Jerrold.

In the same number (p. 155), we have Thackeray's first mock-Irish contribution. This consists of a letter, signed "Your obajient Servant, A Mumber of Parliament for Oppressed, Degraded, Miserable, but Beautiful IRELAND," on "What should Irish members do in regard to the Ten Hours' Bill?" The ingenious writer contends that inasmuch as the mill-owners oppose the measure on the ground that by slicing off the last two hours from the day's labour, those two hours on which their profit depends, the difficulty may be solved and the ruin of the masters averted, by taking "off the TWO FIRST HOURS, which are not in the laste profitable, and the matther becomes aisy and comprehensible!"

The next week—"The History of the next French Revolution" was running the while—there appeared an advertisement, "To Persons of Fortune," headed "An Eligible Investment," an illustrated comment on a *Times* announcement. A far more important contribution (April 27, 1844)

was entitled "Les Premières Armes de Montpensier; or, Munchausen out-done," which dealt, in a column and a half, with the fantastic despatch forwarded to the French Queen by Colonel Thiery, the aide-de-camp, or tutor, of the young Duc de Montpensier, in which the Colonel ludicrously exaggerated the heroic gallantry of his young master, magnified the terrific wound which gave no anxiety and would leave no scar, and enlarged on the unaccountable panic which seized several hundred of the enemy, lodged on a height considered by the Arabs to be impregnable, when they beheld the astounding courage of the youthful warrior and of his brother the Duc d'Aumale. Mr. Punch expresses the hope that so imaginative a courtier as M. Thiery, at the approaching visit of the French King, will follow at the sovereign's august back, and make himself known to the Sage and to certain imaginative English worthies who, however, cannot claim to be quite his equals in historical romance.

The most important, hitherto, of Thackeray's metrical contributions appears on p. 189, entitled "Great News! Wonderful News! Shakspeare compressed." It is a celebration of a reading given at Court by Charles Kemble of *Cymbeline* "in an abbreviated edition," and is to be taken as half attack on, half encouragement to, the Court, rather than as a lampoon on Charles Kemble, one of *Punch's* frequent butts. It consists of eighteen verses, and is printed with marginal notes in black-letter.

## SHAKSPEARE COMPRESSED

“GREAT NEWS! WONDERFUL NEWS!”



### SHAKSPEARE COMPRESSED

Duncy wondereth that  
Shakspeare hath at  
length appeared before  
ye Queene.

WHAT wonderful news from the Court,  
Old Will's at the palace a guest,  
The Queen and her Royal Consort  
Have received him “a little compressed.”

He saith her Grace will  
heare no more Italians  
nor Almayne fiddlers,  
but take the right  
Englishe waye.

Who'll venture to whisper henceforth,  
Her Grace loves the Opera best?  
Our QUEEN has acknowledged to the worth  
Of SHAKSPEARE a little compress'd.

Neither will her Grace  
see Amburgh his  
beastes never no mo.

Who'll talk of VAN AMBURGH again?  
No more are his beasts in request;  
*They're* good but for poor Drury Lane,  
At home She has SHAKSPEARE com-  
pressed.

Nor ye littel Thumbe  
(a sillie vaine fellowe).

Away with the tiny TOM THUMB,  
Like mighty NAPOLEON dress'd;  
For SHAKSPEARE a courting has come,  
Like TOMMY “a little compressed.”

THACKERAY AND PUNCH

Punch sees (in  
Imagination) the  
courte assemble, and  
Master Kemble the  
Player with his boke.

The Court in its splendour assembles  
(The play gives its dullness a zest),  
And the last of the Royal old KEMBLEs  
Reads SHAKSPEARE a little compressed.

They forme round  
Master Kemble a  
ring royall, and ting,  
ding, ding! ye Playe  
beginneth.

Behold them all diamonds and jewels,  
Our QUEEN and our PRINCE, and the rest ;  
As they sit upon gilded fauteuils,  
And listen to SHAKSPEARE compress'd.

ACT I.

The firste Acte.  
(After this ye servants  
hand muffinnes  
aboute.)

Great CYMBELINE'S Court's in a gloom,  
Rash POSTHUMUS' flame is confess'd;  
Poor IMOGEN'S locked in her room,  
And her love is a little compressed.

ACT II.

The seconde Acte.  
After the which an  
Interlude of Ginger-  
Beere.

Fair IMOGEN sleeps in her bed,  
IACHIMO lurks in a chest ;  
What, locked in a drunk? the PRINCE said,  
I think *he's* a little gompress'd.

ACT III.

The thirde Acte.  
A strange incident of  
Imogen.  
Flourish  
of Trumpets.

Now IMOGEN, flying the Court,  
Appears in boys' trousers and vest ;  
O fie, Mr. KEMBLE stops short,  
And the act is a little compress'd.

ACT IV.

The fourthe Acte.  
The Queene's Grace  
weepeth for Imogyn,  
poore mayde !

When the QUEEN heard how IMOGEN died,  
(Poor child! like a dove in a nest),  
She looked at the PRINCE at her side,  
And her tears were a little compress'd.



— AND PRESENTED AT COURT

ACT V.

The Queen's Grace  
rejoiceth that Imogen  
is not dedde.

But O! how HER MAJESTY laughed,  
When she found 'twasn't dying she saw,  
But fainting, brought on by a draught  
From IMOGEN's mother-in-law.

The Play draweth nigh  
to a close.  
Virtue is rewarded.

And now come the Romans in force,  
And POSTHUMUS comes in their train;  
With their foot, and their chariots, and horse,  
They come over England to reign.

Britannia ruleth ye  
wayves.  
The play endeth.

Impossible! here says the QUEEN—  
Our lady, with pride in her breast:  
O bring me the lovers again,  
And pray let the fight be compress'd.

The curtain falleth.

GRAND TABLEAU.

Master Kemble boweth.

The lovers are happy as just;  
The lecturer closes his book,  
And bows from the presence august,  
Well paid with a smile and a look.

**Punch Moraliseth**

Great Lady! the news of thy court  
Poor *Punch* has oft read as a pest;  
But with this he inclines not to sport,  
As he solemnly here does attest.  
If it please you our bard to cut short,  
It doubtless is done for the best.  
Be pleased, too, we pray, to exhort  
SIR BOB with your royal behest  
To shorten his speeches, and for 't  
Your Grace shall be heartily blest;

THACKERAY AND *PUNCH*

And fiercely I'll joke and retort  
On all who your peace would infest.  
And, though joking is known as my forte,  
I never will jibe or will jest,  
If you'll list to our Poet immortal  
Al, and love him complete or compress'd."

## CHAPTER II

VOLUME VI. (*continued*)

THACKERAY's review of the "Academy Exhibition" appeared the following week (May 11, 1844, p. 200). Those who know Turner's passion for rendering such meteorological phenomena as would enable him to deal to his heart's content with light and colour, while attaching to his titles scraps of poetry—chiefly his own, from "The Fallacies of Hope"—will appreciate Thackeray's burlesque catalogue-entries under "TRUNDLER, R.A.":

"34. A Typhoon bursting in a simoon over the whirlpool of Maelstrom, Norway, with a ship on fire, an eclipse, and the effect of a lunar rainbow.

O Art, how vast thy misty wonders are,  
To those who roam upon the extraordinary deep;  
Maelstrom thy hand is here.

*From an unpublished Poem.*

"4. (Great Room). HIPPOPOTAMUSES at play in the river Scamander.

"1311. The Duke of Wellington and the Shrimp\* (Seringapatam, early Suarin).

\* Suggested by the Napoleon picture—"The Exile and the Rock Limpet."

And it can be, thou hideous imp,  
That life is ah! how brief, and glory but a shrimp!  
*From an unpublished Poem.*

“ We must protest against the Duke’s likeness here; for though his grace is short, his face is not of an emerald-green colour; and it is his coat, not his boots, which are vermilion; nor is it fair to make the shrimp (a blue one) taller than the conqueror of Assaye; with this trifling difference of opinion, we are bound to express our highest admiration of this work. It is the greatest that the English school of quiet landscape has produced. The comet just rising in the foreground, and the conflagration of TIPPOO’S widow in the Banyon forest by the sea-shore, are in the great artist’s happiest manner.”

Maclise is bantered for his numerous pictures from “ The Vicar of Wakefield,” and Landseer is satirised for his realistic accuracy in small things. The (alleged) work that most tickles Thackeray’s fancy is—

“ 25. The Highland Luncheon.

’Gin a’ the binks that fa’ your body,  
Your bubbly Jock and winsome poddie,  
Your liling, filting, linkum doddie,  
Should gar your ee.

“ The words of the Ayrshire bard were never more admirably illustrated. The tail of the Kelpie in the distance is, perhaps, a *little* out of drawing;

## A BALLAD OF MALBROOK

but the Stot is the very picture of life; and the mutton-ham with which the sheep-dog (both are likenesses of eminent political characters) is running away, is unparalleled."

In the same Number we have "A Rare New Ballad of Malbrook, To a new tune," in a prologue and eleven verses, in the manner of "The Fine Old English Gentleman." As will be seen, it was a bitter attack on the Duke of Marlborough of the day. An election had been proceeding at Woodstock, and a portion of the electoral ammunition against the Duke's part in it consisted in a list of alleged mean and cruel persecutions of the poor of his neighbourhood. Jerrold had already produced a scathing article upon the text the week before; and Thackeray followed it with his "rare new ballad." It was remembered at the time that Woodstock was the scene of painful elections. Only six years before, in 1838, Lord John Churchill had contested the seat against his brother Lord Blandford, and had lost it by only five votes, after an extremely bitter struggle. On the present occasion, when the anger of *Punch* and of the country had been aroused by the painful revelations, the contest was carried on by Mr. Humfrey, the opposing candidate, hardly less vigorously or acrimoniously for the fact that the Duke had rejected the candidature of Mr. Thesiger in favour of his son, Lord Blandford.

"A RARE NEW BALLAD OF MALBROOK.

To a New Tune.

TO BE SUNG AT WOODSTOCK, AT THE ELECTION DINNER THERE.

---

Last evening I did sup at Joy's Hotel,  
Where, to the merry clinking of the can,  
Great EVANS (who can troll the chorus well)  
Did sing "the Good Old English Gentleman."  
A gallant song it is, of moral plan,  
And somehow always makes my bosom swell.

Strange visions in my sleep that evening ran;  
I was again a boy of Oxenford,  
And, all unheeding of the Proctor's ban,  
To famous Woodstock town had driven my tan-  
Dem, and was strolling upon Blenheim sward:  
Whom should I see approach but Blenheim's Lord.  
He, too, the tune I heard at Joy's began,  
And thus he sung—

The  
Good Old English Gentleman.

---

I'll sing you a good old song, about England's days of splendour;  
JOHN CHURCHILL was the famous Duke that did our race engender,  
And as he beat the French, and was our country's best defender,  
Why he took money from Queen Anne and likewise from the Pretender.

Like a brave old English nobleman,  
Of the good old honest time.

## A BALLAD OF MALBROOK

Lord, Lord, it is a dreadful thing to think what my sires  
got thro' in  
A century or so of reckless life, and made extravagant  
doing;  
With building, racing, dicing, eating, drinking, courting, Jew-  
ing,  
They emptied Great JOHN CHURCHILL's bags, and left poor  
me to ruin.

Those brave old English noblemen, &c.

This nation was ungrateful, and so I plainly tell them,  
Why give us CHURCHILL's park of trees, and then not let  
us fell them?  
Why give us gold and silver plates, and then not let us  
sell them?  
Plate we had, but mutton and beef we could very seldom  
smell them.

We poor old English noblemen, &c.

As the people treated us so base, why it is my maxim,  
Whenever I get a poor man down, never to relax him;  
Whenever I have a tenant safe, how I squeeze and tax  
him;  
Whenever he will not pay his rent, I sells him up and racks  
him.

Like a true old English nobleman, &c.

My ancestors an almshouse built\*—(the greater asses they)  
For a score of poor old women, as could eat but couldn't  
pay;  
And they used to come and crawl about, in my great park  
way;  
Hang their eyes! like so 'many flies, all in the sunshine  
gay!

What a sight for an English nobleman, &c.

\* \* *Vide Punch*, No. 147" [*i.e.*, Douglas Jerrold's article aforesaid.]

Their rags and wrinkles made me sick, as sure as I wear  
ermine;  
To turn them out of Blenheim Park I graciously did deter-  
mine;  
So I bricked the Almshouse gate up, and I read my keep-  
ers a sermon:  
Says I, No more let into my door that poor old crawling  
vermin!

For I'm a true old English nobleman, &c.

There was JOHN BARTLET,\* who picked up a half-eaten  
rabbit—  
How dared JOHN BARTLET for to venture for to go for to  
grab it?  
I sent him to Oxford Gaol because he dared to nab it.  
No more, I warrant you, he'll indulge in that there villain-  
ous habit,

And steal from an English nobleman, &c.

Before he went to Oxford Gaol, this BARTLET had the  
cholera.  
I promise you, when he came out, his cheeks looked paler  
and hollorer.  
Fourteen days he lay in gaol, his conduct was intolera-  
ble; and such as practices vice will rue it if they foller her,  
Says a moral old English nobleman, &c.

There was JOHN HARRIS,\* too; and sir, what d'ye think,  
He was a-riding on his old horse, and actually gave him  
drink—  
Gave him drink in Woodstock Pond, at which I could not  
wink;  
For I am Lord of Woodstock Town, and will suffer no  
such *think*,  
As sure as I'm a nobleman, &c.

“\* *Vide Punch*, No. 147” [*i. e.*, Douglas Jerrold's article aforesaid.]



## THE PUBLIC CLOCKS

The parker might have let him off, but I was firm to hold  
out,  
I committed and fined him myself, and so his goods were  
sold out.  
Ruined he was and turned out of doors, with nought to  
keep the cold out,  
And the knackers got his silly old horse, and so John Har-  
ris was bowled out  
By a true old English nobleman.

So now let's sing God save the king, and the house of bold  
Malbrook,  
Take this here example, rogues, of a gallant English Duke,  
And voters all of Woodstock, let all grumbling be forsook,  
And let my son the marquis, for your parliament-man took.  
For he's a true young English nobleman,  
And loves the olden time."

A protest—one of many made at that time—  
against the state of the public clocks (May 25) is  
in Thackeray's characteristic vein:—

### "THE CLOCKS AGAIN

[*We are authorised to publish the following Ex-  
tract of a Letter from a Young Gentleman who  
lives in the New Road, opposite Marylebone  
Church.*]

"16th May, 1844.

"Great heavens! how long is the clock influ-  
enza to continue? Invited to dine yesterday with  
LADY MARY SCRAMJAW, at half-past seven, in H-rl-y  
Street, I entered that street, *viâ* New Road, pre-  
cisely as the Clock of M-ryl-b-ne Church indicated

the hour to be twenty-five minutes to eight. Two minutes afterwards I knocked at LADY MARY'S door—'t was opened, not by the page, that youth attired in green all over yellow buttons like the cowslip meadows in May—not by her footman, a large man with scarlet whiskers and powder—not by her butler, a person whom I have frequently known to be mistaken for a dean;—but by a maid-servant—a person in curl-papers and red elbows, who stared at me from either side of her smutty nose as she bade me ascend to the *salon*.

“I did so, unannounced; and what was my astonishment on entering the drawing-room, to find a female in a camisole with no front of hair, standing on the centre table and picking out the bits of wax-candle from the chandelier that hangs in the middle of the room!

“Heavens! how she screamed as she saw me. It was LADY MARY SCRAMJAW herself!!

\* \* \* \* \*

“When her fainting form was carried out of the room by the footman (who had his hair in papers) and the butler (without his coat), I found, on glancing at the ormolu clock on the mantle-piece, that it was only SIX O'CLOCK. I had come too early. I had been misled by the Marylebone impostor. Is this not too bad—too gross? What *are* we to trust, if even Church Clocks deceive us?

“Adieu—Your distracted, but affectionate

“FREDERIC DE MONTMORENCY.

“P.S.—Saturday. I shall never be asked by

LADY MARY again. The Clock is still at 35 minutes past 7 (hang it!)"

A lively report, dated from Washington, of the "Animated Discussion of the Pork and Molasses Bill—Glorious Discomfiture of Jer. Diddler's Party," appeared in the same number. This grotesque document, representing the debate as consisting chiefly of abuse, knives, and pistol-shots, after a suitable introduction proceeds:

"SOLOMON CROWDY was great in his speech on the Pork and Molasses Bill, and showed up JER. DIDDLEL of Bluenose county, as a swindling do-tard, and NICK RUDGE, of Little Jericho, as a murderous ruffian.

"NICK RUDGE said SOL. CROWDY was a liar; and pretended to laugh to scorn the assertions of a forger and a bankrupt.

"SAM BLOOD said that forgery was a misfortune, and bankruptcy no disgrace. He had been bankrupt twenty-three times himself. He gloried in it. (*Cheers.*) He would not see his friend the honourable SOL. CROWDY attacked with starving calumny for such a trifle.

"JER. DIDDLEL accused SOL. CROWDY of letting off a man who had helped a nigger to escape.

"At this shameful charge, SOL. took out a knife and cut at JER. DIDDLEL, who, drawing a pistol, levelled at CROWDY, but missed him; the members on either side rushed in to the rescue; in the

flurry of which knives were used freely, and blood rose above par.

"ENOCH RAM, of Guinea Pig Island, was left in possession of the floor; and, unless a surgeon has doctored him up by this, I doubt will keep the floor a lengthyish time. He was knocked down in a mistake by the Hon. JOEL BRAWN, with a lead ink-stand, which came a little too handy.

"As JER. DIDDLE was going home, CROWDY'S son the Major sprung off his board where he was tailoring, and fired a pistol at the Hon. JER. DIDDLE, saying, 'Take that, you old rascal, for firing at my father.' It is said the Major is going as Secretary of Legation to one of the old Courts of Europe,"—that "enfeebled old Europe" which the report imagines will feel rather abashed at "the august spectacle" of this "free and independent debate."

Thackeray threw his heart into his next contribution. This was the half-bantering but eloquent denunciation of "The Prince de Joinville's Amateur-Invasion of England" (p. 234)—an open letter "From Punch to Joinville," full of scorn, patriotism, and righteous anger, much what might have been addressed at a later date to the Prince Henri d'Orléans. It is so serious an effort that it should be quoted in full, although Thackeray, in his disgust at the Prince's absurd pamphlet, shows himself more of a France-hater than he really was.

“PUNCH TO JOINVILLE”

“PUNCH TO JOINVILLE.

“DEAR MONSEIGNEUR,

“WHEN the bones of the hero, who left a legacy to CANTILLON for trying to assassinate the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, were given back to the France which he loved so well—it was you, dear JOINVILLE, who were despatched to remove the sacred ashes from the rock where they lay. I always had a good opinion of you after your conduct on that expedition.

“It must be confessed, the brutal tyrants who murdered the meek apologist of CANTILLON, behaved pretty handsomely in the matter of giving up his Imperial bones. You, Gentlemen of the *Belle Poule*,\* were feasted with the best of wine and victuals: you were received with all the honours that such a brutal and uncivilized nation as ours could invent; our Government acceded to the request you made; our men dug up the body you wanted; our soldiers carried it down to your ships; our guns fired salutes in its honour and yours; our officers and governors did their utmost to please and welcome you, and held you out, at parting, the hand of fellowship.

“The next thing we heard of you, dear JOINVILLE, was, that you had flung your best cabin furniture overboard; turned your ship into a fighting monster—all guns; and had made a solemn

\* *La Belle Poule*—the name of the Prince's ship.

vow to die—to sink to a man—'ods marlinspikes and lee-scuppers!—*rather than strike to the English.*

“ Nobody asked you to strike to them. They had just been treating you with every imaginable kindness and courtesy; in reply to which you shook your fist in the faces of the brutal Islanders, and swore you would never be bullied by them.

“ It was a genteel and grateful way of expressing your sense of a kindness—a polite method of showing gratitude worthy of the most civilised nation in Europe. It had not the least bluster or bad taste. It did not show that you had a propensity to quarrel—that rancour was lurking in your heart—that your return for hospitality was hatred and rage. Your conduct was decent and dignified, and worthy of a gallant sailor, a gentleman, and a king's son.

“ The gratitude of your nation is proverbial. The fondness of the Carlists of France for the men who sheltered them and fed them, when their countrymen would have had their heads off, is known by all persons who read a French newspaper. You, of the younger branch, seem also to possess the same amiable quality.

“ What a compliment to our country is this new pamphlet you have been publishing! a compliment still greater than that of proposing to fight us with the *Belle Poule*!—You were kindly received in our perfidious Island last year. You

visited our cities, towns, and country, our towns inland and seaboard. And your benevolent patriotism instantly pointed out to you, while considering the '*Etat des Forces Navales de la France*,' that it would be very easy to burn all these fair quiet towns, lying so peaceful and confiding along the water side. They were entirely defenceless, and their unprotected condition touched your great soul, and suggested to your Christian spirit easy opportunity of plunder.

“ Brave Prince: bold seaman: good Frenchman!—You can't see your neighbour comfortable, but you long to cut his throat. Prudent Statesman—you are at peace: but you must speculate upon war; it is the formal condition of the nation you represent; the refined and liberal, the honest and unsuspecting, the great and peaceful French nation.

“ You want a steam marine for your country, because with it the most audacious aggressive war is permitted. You don't want 'brilliant successes' any more; your chivalrous spirit suggests more agreeable conquests. 'With a steam navy,' say you, 'nothing will prevent us from inflicting upon the enemy's coasts losses and sufferings unknown to them hitherto.' The riches accumulated upon our coasts and in our ports would no longer be in safety. Our arsenals are crowded with ships: how they would burn! Our warehouses are full of wealth—what is it for, but for Frenchmen to plunder? Our women are the most beautiful in the

world. *Sacrébleu!* how they would scream as five hundred jolly lads from the *Belle Poule* came pouncing down upon them!

“Dear JOINVILLE, I can fancy you dropping down the river Thames, and the generous thoughts filling your bosom as (the QUEEN perhaps by your side, all smiles and kindness,) you look at the millions of merchant-ships lying round about you. While the sun is shining, the people are shouting welcome, the QUEEN smiling on his arm—the dear fellow is thinking how glorious it would be to burn all those ships and destroy that odious scene of peace, plenty, and confidence. Dear fellow! nice Prince—God bless you!

“I declare I never read a paragraph more creditable to the writer’s head and heart than this:—  
*‘Our present packet-boats would, from their great swiftness, form excellent corsairs in time of war. They could come up with a merchant-ship, PILLAGE IT, BURN IT, and be away before the war-steamers themselves could reach them!’* It is quite noble—Christian, thoughtful, princelike, and Frenchmanlike—it ought to be printed in large letters, in letters of blood for preference. The beautiful reflection of a French philosopher, suggested by a scene of plenty.

“By heavens! the extravagances of mad old GILRAY [*sic*], the severed heads and reeking axes, the hideous mixture of grinning and murder with which he was wont to typify a Frenchman, are



feeble compared to this. Here is a lad—the hope of the nation—anxious to maintain ‘the honour of France’—and how? by murdering, pillaging, burning, butchering in England. His argument is—You are at peace; therefore, had you not better get ready for war? ‘*Employ,*’ the dear boy says, ‘*the leisures of peace to prepare and sharpen a blade which will strike effectually in time of war.*’ Of course, that is the end of peace.

“Suppose His Royal Highness Field Marshal Prince Albert, after his visit to Eu the other day, had taken advantage of his vast military experience, and on his return to England had addressed a report to the War-office suggesting a ‘Plan for burning Cherbourg,’ ‘Hints on the practicability of bombarding Toulon,’ ‘Slight suggestions for a general massacre of the inhabitants of the French coast between Dunkirk and Bayonne;’ our neighbours would have thought it a delicate compliment no doubt—a pleasing manifestation of opinion from a person closely connected with the throne; a kind proof of the good feeling between one country and the other.

“But no; *we* don’t do these things, dear Prince. We are perfidious Englishers; brutal in our habits, vulgar in our notions; absorbed by gross pursuits of commerce, and coarse lust of gain. We are not civilised: we do not care for glory. There is only one nation that really cherishes glory and possesses civilisation. It is yours, dear JOINVILLE! There is only one nation that prides itself in its rapacity,

and glories in its appetite for murder. There is only one nation that boasts of its perfidiousness, and walks the world in the sunshine, proclaiming itself to be an assassin. We may be perfidious, but at the least we have the decency of hypocrisy. We may be sordid, but at least we profess to worship Christian peace—not Murder and Napoleon.

“ It is for you to do that: for you to fulfil the mission given you by Heaven, which made you as it made an animal of prey. It is only you who shout daily with fresh triumph your confession of faith, that you will rob when you can; that when at peace you are meditating aggression; that statesmanship for you is only the organisation of robbery; you who call rapine, progress—murder and pillage, ‘the propagation of French ideas,’ and massacre, ‘the maintenance of the rank of France in Europe.’ Go pander to the vanities, JOINVILLE, of your sage and reasonable nation! foster their noble envy, recreate their angelic propensity to work evil—inflame their Christian appetite for war. The King’s son of such a nation can surely not be better employed than in flattering the national spirit. If he love peace, they say he is a bad Frenchman. Commerce is brutal and English, unworthy of the polished intelligence of the French people. Their *culte* is glory. Continue, JOINVILLE, to minister to that noble worship; the more you insult your neighbours, the more ‘national’ your countrymen will think you. Don’t spare your insults, then, but suggest fresh plans of invasion with the calm

assurance which renders your nation so popular all the world over. Assert your claims in the true, easy, quiet, unambitious, gentle, good-humoured French-polished way, so little querulous, so calmly dignified, so honestly self-reliant! Do this, and you can't fail to become more popular. Invent a few more plans for abasing England, and you will take your rank as a Statesman. Issue a few more prospectuses of murder, and they'll have you in the Pantheon. What a dignity to be worshipped by those, who, if not the leaders, at any rate are the Bullies of Europe."

"Agrééz, Monseigneur,

"Les sentimens de Reconnaissance respectu-  
"euse avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,  
"de Votre Altesse Royale le profond Admira-  
"teur.

"PUNCE."

Thackeray was now well launched in political writing, and on the 8th of June he dealt with both home and foreign affairs. On p. 243 is a long set of "RULES, *To be observed by the English People on the occasion of the Visit of his Imperial Majesty, NICHOLAS, Emperor of all the Russias*"—a potentate whom, on his arrival, *Mr. Punch* actually declined to receive at his office, No. 194 in the Strand. The Emperor, however, consoled himself by visiting many other private establishments, as well as some of the chief public institutions. These "Rules" are really a passionate appeal to the na-

tion to receive him with frigid politeness, but "Don't touch his money"—except to hand it over to the Polish fund: for the wrongs of Poland were at that moment arousing the pity and kindling the indignation of the country. Thackeray's prophecy that the Emperor "will be dropping his money wherever he goes" was fulfilled: the Tsar, splendidly received and entertained, visited Storr and Mortimer's in Bond Street and purchased jewellery to the amount of £5000; subscribing also five hundred guineas a year for the "Emperor's Cup" afterwards run for at Ascot until the prize was withdrawn at the time of the Crimean War. To this extent, therefore, Thackeray's appeal, here partly reprinted, was disregarded. "It was politically done," said Douglas Jerrold, when he and John Leech concocted between them a tragic design for the Cup. The following are the chief of the "Rules."

- "As the Imperial Autocrat of all the Russias will doubtless make visits to numerous public institutions in this country, it behoves *Punch* to instruct the people, as to their manner of behaviour.
- "Remember, the man is a stranger—his visit is a surprise (and, perhaps, not an agreeable one—but that, as the poet observes, is neither here nor there), and we must meet this surprising incident with presence of mind.
- "Britons! NICHOLAS is here: and as he is here, it is our duty to make the best of him.

“If you love *Punch*, be peaceful. You have obeyed me as yet: listen to me now. No hissing; no rotten eggs; no cabbage-stalks; no howling; no mobbing—no nothing.

“Only SILENCE! All the institutions of the country which he is desirous to see, let him see—if he wishes to examine the *Punch*-office, our boy has orders to show him over the premises. If he is hungry or athirst, beer from the opposite public-house, buns from Messrs. Partington’s, the pastry-cooks’, will be provided—and at our own expense. But all shall be done with a politeness so frigid, that, by JUPITER AMMON! the Autocrat shall consider himself in Siberia. If he leaves money, the Order of ‘the Swan with two Necks,’ for the united publishers—snuff-boxes and stars for our chief contributors—we shall know what to do with the same.

“ALL ENGLAND must do as *Punch* does. Listen! When NICHOLAS comes, receive him well. Let the manufacturers open their doors, and show him where they lie, work, working, in their factories—*our* emperors of the world. Let our railway people set their engines to work as hard as they like, to convey his Imperial MAJESTY. Let our race-horse keepers show him their studs—even the teeth of their horses—if he have a wish to look that way. Let COLONEL BULDER be civil to him at Woolwich: let the Port-Admiral be polite to him at Portsmouth: let the keeper of Golden Square show him

over the green labyrinths and perfumed glades of that delightful resort of enchantment. If he have a mind to eat white-bait at Greenwich, let not LOVEGROVE balk him.

“ But mark! he will be dropping his money, snuff-boxes, brooches, orders, and what not, wherever he goes. Money costs *him* nothing, remember, and he can afford to lavish it. Friends, Countrymen, swear with *Punch!*—Carry every shilling the man leaves to the Polish Fund. Remember what is the hand that offers those honours. Don’t touch his money. Hand it over to LORD DUDLEY STUART.

“ But why speak? I *know* you won’t touch his money. *You* are not mercenary: *you* never traffic money against honour: *you* don’t care for titles—no, nor your wives either: the caution is quite needless in our country.

“ At Ascot, in the Park Reviews, at the Opera, wherever people congregate, the order of behaviour to be laid down is simply this: Any person who hisses or hoots, is to be held as a snob—he does not understand good manners, nor the decencies of hospitality; but if any person hurras, or takes off his hat, you have *Punch’s* instant orders to lick him. “ Bonnet” that miscreant! Flatten his beaver over his miserable eyes. Tear his coat tails up to his cowardly shoulders. Seize, brethren, seize his trembling legs, and away with him. Ducking was meant by Nature for that man. Pumps

long for that man—why call him a man?—that thing, that KICKSHAW, in a word. Friends! you understand what I mean!

“You must not be inveigled into a foolish admiration on account of his Imperial MAJESTY’S personal qualities. He is very tall, but the Horse-Guards are as big; very handsome, but WIDDICOMBE is as good-looking; very athletic, but can he do as much as MR. RISLEY or his little boy? He can ride very well, but we offer to back the MARQUIS OF WATERFORD against him; very slim, but he wears stays; he is very broad-chested, but he pads enormously. When the Guards with their silver trumpets play the Russian National Air—beautiful as that melody is—let no man cheer. Remember the trumpets that played it when the Cuirassiers of PASKEWITCH rode into burning Warsaw.

\* \* \* \* \*

“As for the Press—there is, between ourselves, our friend J—NK—NS—but Heaven help us! never mind what *he* says. We know the poor fellow’s state of brains under that powdered scone of his. Let JENKINS, then, have full liberty to be as complimentary as he likes.

“And if his Imperial Majesty does anything handsome for RIGB . . .

“*[The Printer respectfully states that Mr. Punch’s MS. stops abruptly here, nor has he heard of at the Office since he went away, it is believed, to Greenwich, to dine with a party of Young England, who are thinking of making him their leader.]*”

On the same page is a jokelet having reference to the comparative neglect with which the King of Saxony was treated during a visit which unfortunately coincided with that of the Emperor Nicholas. The paragraph is chiefly remarkable for introducing the character of Lady Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (see *ante*).

The conviction of Daniel O'Connell, with the heavy fine imposed and the sentence of imprisonment, brought from Thackeray an important open letter addressed to the confined leader. It is a generous article, proving once more the warmth of Thackeray's heart and his real sympathy with Ireland, and may well be given in full:—

“TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

“CIRCULAR ROAD, DUBLIN.

---

“DEAR SILVY O'PELLICO,

“One of my young chaps had got ready a caricature of you, with about three hundred-weight of chains on your old legs and shoulders, and you in a prison-dress.

“But when he heard that you were *really* locked up, he said he would not for the money's sake (though I pay him well for it), publish his paltry picture, or do anything just now that would give you pain.

“Neither shall I crow over you because it has come to this, and because having played at bowls,



you have at last got the rubbers. If you did not organize a conspiracy, and meditate a separation of this fair empire—if you did not create rage and hatred in the bosoms of your countrymen against us English—if *you* did not do, in a word, all that the Jury found you guilty of doing—I am a Dutchman!

“But if ever a man had an excuse for saying hard things, you had it: if ever a people had a cause to be angry, it is yours: if ever the winning party could afford to be generous, I think we might now: for we have won the rubber, and of what consequence is the stake to us?

“Though we may lock you up; yet it goes against our feelings somehow to think that THE GREATEST MAN IN THE EMPIRE, (for, after all, have you not done more for your nation than any man since WASHINGTON ever did?) should be put in a Penitentiary ever so comfortable, in a road ever so circular.

“Though we may lock you up; yet for the life of me I don’t see what good we can get out of you. As I said to *Mrs. Punch* yesterday, ‘If any friend from Ceylon were to make me a present of an elephant—what should I do with it? If a fine Bengal tiger were locked up in my back-parlour—what would be my wish? Out of sheer benevolence I should desire to see the royal animal in the Strand.’

“Though we may lock you up, let us remember that there are seven out of our five-and-twenty

millions of fellow-citizens to whom your punishment is a shame and a bitter degradation; and it is ill to set so many hearts rankling against us.

"Are they not bitter enough already—the fourth part of the men of our empire—and have they not cause? Does the world show a country so wretched as yours? If you were to send over the Lion of Judah to Lambeth, and the Dove of Galway to London House, wouldn't we turn their Lordships out; and shall we be too hard upon you for trying to do likewise, and failing?"

"No. And though your sentence is a just one in spite of all they may say, yet, please God, let it be inflicted with a gentle heart. I like the judge who burst into tears when he passed it.

"Vulgar triumph over such a man as you—chuckling over such a great discomfiture as that—is the work of low-minded, sordid knaves. If ever I laugh, it shan't be because a great man falls. I wish you would come out of prison, for how can I poke fun at you through the bars?"

"Why did you invent stories of murder and massacres which we never committed? Why did you brag and swagger so much? Why did you tell so many untruths regarding us Saxons? The Truth was bitter enough and hard enough to be told. We are mighty angry with NICHOLAS about Poland;\* but, until lately, has somebody else treated Ireland better?"

\* Leech's cartoon of the following week represented Queen

“ I tell you what is to be done. It was arranged in a Cabinet Council last night—where the Right Honourable *Mr. Punch* was called in—it was arranged that her MAJESTY should take a trip of pleasure in the summer (after a certain interesting event), and that her steps were to be directed to a kingdom called Ireland, which I have occasionally heard described as the greenest and most beautiful spot in the world.

“ She is to go suddenly, and without beat of drum. She will take the first car at Kingstown Pier: and LORD DE GREY will be disgusted, and the people of the city surprised, to see the Royal Standard of the Three Kingdoms floating on the tower of the seedy old Castle of Dublin.

“ After a collation, another car (or ‘cyar,’ as you call it in Dublin—and a confounded vehicle it is) will be called; and her MAJESTY, stepping into it, will say, ‘Car-boy, drive to the Circular Road.’”

“ He will know what it means. THE QUEEN HAS COME TO IRELAND TO TAKE DAN OUT OF PRISON.

“ ‘Let bygones be bygones,’ Her MAJESTY will say, (only more elegantly expressed,) a fib or two more or less about the Saxons won’t do us any harm: but try now, jewel, and be aisy: don’t talk too much about killing and eating us: don’t lead

Victoria and the Russian Emperor conferring. Behind the head of the Tsar is a map of Poland; behind the Queen’s, that of Ireland. And the legend is: “Brother, brother, we’re both in the wrong.” The title at first intended was, “Two of a Trade.”

poor hungry fellows on to fancy they can do it. The Irish are strong men, and won every battle that ever was fought. That is very well. From Fontenoy upwards, we give them all to you. I have no objection to think that CÆSAR'S Tenth Legion came out of Tipperary; and that it was three hundred of the O'GRADYS who kept the pass of Thermopylæ.

"Nevertheless, have no more of that talk about bullying JOHN BULL. Keep the boys quiet, and tell them they can't do it. It's no use trying; we won't be beaten by the likes of you.

"But we have done you wrong, and we want to see you righted; and as sure as Justice lives, righted you shall be.

"Such are the words that I wish to whisper to you in your captivity,—words of reproof, and yet of consolation; of hope, and wisdom, and truth!

"Punch."

A long set of verses (p. 252) entitled "The Dream of Joinville" returns to the savage, fire-eating pamphlet afore-mentioned, in which the amiable Prince urged his father to invasion—a literary effort which was generally received in England with laughter and derision. These dozen stanzas contain such characteristic examples of Thackeray's peculiar form of humour and humorous rhyme, that it is surprising that this poem, at least, had not been rescued by the bibliographers.

“THE DREAM OF JOINVILLE”

“THE DREAM OF JOINVILLE

“CONTINENTAL gossip says, that the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE having had a row with his royal father, concerning his famous pamphlet, rushed away to Saint Cloud, where he slept at an inn, and dreamed the following dream :—

\* \* \* \* \*

Stealthily we speed along  
I and my black steamers,  
None can see the colours three  
Painted on her streamers.  
Not a star is in the sky,  
Black and dull and silent;  
Stealthily we creep along  
Towards the wicked Island!

Ne'er an English ship is out  
Somehow to defend it;  
So we reach the Thames's mouth—  
Swiftly we ascend it.  
Then I give a lesson fit  
To Albion perfidious;  
Properly I punish it,  
For its treasons hideous.

Swiftly down the Thames we go,  
All pursuit outstripping,  
Blowing every village up,  
Burning all the shipping.  
Fancy Ramsgate in a blaze,  
Margate pier a-dropping,  
Woolwich burnt, and red-hot shot  
Plunging into Wapping!

London town 's a jolly place,  
 England's pride and wonder;  
 Mortal eyes have never seen  
 Such a place for plunder.  
 Lord! it is a glorious night  
 As my steamers pretty  
 Moor there, and my lads and I  
 Pour into the City.

“Here's enough for each, says I,  
 Whatsoe'er his rank, lads,  
 PIERRE shall rifle Lombard Street,  
 And JEAN shall gut the Bank, lads;  
 Every seaman in my crews,  
 Shall take as much as suits his  
 Wish, and needs but pick and choose  
 From JONES and LOYD's to COURTS's.”

When my speech the seamen hear,  
 Each man does salute his  
 Admiral with loyal cheer,  
 And then begins his duties,  
 Some burn down the Monument,  
 And some the Tower invest, sir;  
 Some bombard the Eastern end,  
 And some attack the West, sir.

Gods! it is a royal sight,  
 All the town in flames is  
 Burning, all the way from White-  
 Chapel to St. James's!  
 See the Mayor, in cotton cap,  
 Asking what the blaze meant!  
 When we hang his worship up,  
 Fancy his amazement!

“THE DREAM OF JOINVILLE”

Kill me every citizen,  
But spare their pretty spouses;  
Hang me the policemen up  
At the station-houses.  
Beat St. Paul's with red-hot balls,  
Set Temple Bar a-blazing;  
Burn me Paper Buildings down,  
And Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn.

List to no man's prayers and vows,  
Grant to none their pardons:  
BLOMFIELD hang at London House,  
PEEL at Whitehall Gardens.  
Apsley House is stormed and won,  
Seize the Iron DUKE, boys;  
Have him out, and hang him up  
To the lantern-hook, boys!

Gods, it is a noble flame!  
Now my fellows thunder  
At the gates of Buckingham—  
How the PRINCE does wonder.  
Out he comes with sword and lance;  
Boys, stand back, impartial,  
See an Admiral of France  
Pink an English Marshal!

Tell us who's the best at blows,  
The Army or the Navy?  
Carte and Tierce! and down he goes;  
Albert cries, “Peccavi!”  
“Spare my precious husband's life:”  
The Queen upon her knees is,  
The little Princes kneeling round  
In their night-chemises.

\* \* \* \* \*

THACKERAY AND *PUNCH*

Just as I had raised my arm  
To finish Albion's ruin,  
Came a cock, and crow'd a cursed  
Cock-a-doodle-dooing.  
It was morning,—and I lost  
That delightful vision—  
Cruel morning, to dispel  
Such a dream Elysian !”



## CHAPTER III

VOLUME VII. SECOND HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1844

THE alleged violation of the letters of Mazzini, then a refugee in England, by Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, afforded *Punch* material for a terrific and continuous attack upon the Minister, who for some while was probably the most unpopular, and the most bitterly ridiculed man in England. On the 29th June, 1844 (vol. 7, p. 7) the weekly cartoon had for its subject "Paul Pry at the Post Office;" it was signed by Leech, and one of the papers lying on the floor bears the name of "M. A. Titmarsh." For Thackeray had written in the same number, an address entitled "Punch to the Public," in which he works himself up into a fine frenzy, such as so often moved Douglas Jerrold. "As Lord Lyndhurst," he begins, "is Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals, Sir James Graham is a Breaker of the same. . . There never was a more absurd complaint than that of Count Oysterowski lately. He said something uncomplimentary of the Emperor of Russia, or the Imperial Trousers, for which the police seized the Count, his paper-knives, and the papers in his

desk. If a man chooses to talk disrespectfully of an Emperor's breeches, it is a natural consequence that his papers should be seized. If his papers are seized, it is a natural consequence they should be read. If they are read, and contain anything treasonable, the fault lies with him. Why did he write or receive anything improper; and what business has he to abuse the breeches of any crowned head? The only Emperor one can speak of with safety is the Kaiser of Timbuctoo, for he wears none—but this is not to the purpose." And then the author turns serious and declaims against the outrage with sustained warmth and generous illustration.

"Now, Governments are like men," he continues; "more or less suspicious, according to their temperament. Hence, the more a Government is hated, the more suspicious it will naturally become, and the more it is its duty to open letters. What a happy knack at letter-burglary some folks may get at this rate, and what an enlarged sphere of agreeable 'duties'! It was the duty of the Council of Ten to clap any gentleman under the Plombes if they suspected him; it was the duty of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON and Louis XVII. to have a Cabinet Noir, and to open everybody's letters. . . . The only monarch who perhaps does not open letters is TIMBUCTOO before mentioned: and why?—See the paragraph concerning the pantaloons."

"A Hint for Moses" (p. 19) is one of the numer-

“A HINT FOR MOSES”

ous not ill-humoured quips in which Thackeray indulged at the expense of E. Moses & Son, the tailors, who were at that time one of the greatest advertising firms in the City of London. This sketch, for which the author drew a couple of illustrations, deals with a supposed incident outside, and ultimately within, the shop of Messrs. E. Aaron & Co., when a country gentleman, loudly



addressing his little boy (a “simple pair,” who have been gazing, “astonished and charmed,” into the shop window), speaks as follows:

“*Country Gentleman.* Wawns lod, we’ve seen Loonun thro’ a’most; but ifackins we’ve see noo-thin like this.

“*Boy*. No, dear papa, this is indeed a galaxy of splendour to which the other magnificences of this proud metropolis bear no parallel.

“*Country Gentleman*. What would they say in t’ village to see thee in sooch a coat as that, my lod? Ai’m blest if moother would know thee!

“*Boy*. Dearest father, ’tis hard to deceive the keen eyes of a parent, and my mamma would recognise her boy in any guise; but I think with you that she would rejoice to see her child attired in one of Aaron’s fashionable suits.” To the interested delight of the spectators they enter and the boy is duly measured. A few days afterwards the author is amazed to hear, on the self-same spot — “the Majories” — another country gentleman and another son indulging in a dialogue beginning thus:

“*Country Gentleman*. Wawns lod, we’ve seen Loonun thro’ a’most.”—and so on, *da capo*. Consequently, “Philo Justitiæ Amicus,” who recounts the story, proceeds to comment unfavourably on human nature. On the same page he exultantly provides “A Nut for the Paris Charivari,” in which, referring to the Prince de Joinville’s contempt for the Emperor or of Russia’s subscription of £500 to the Wellington and Nelson statues, he is made to ask, “What is it compared to what *we* did? Didn’t we contribute *the Bronze?*” “Interesting Meeting” (p. 22) is a skit upon the Westminster Hall Competition, in which the Duke of

## "A HINT FOR MOSES"

Wellington and his companion *Punch*, burst out laughing at a portrait of "their mutual friend Lord Brougham" between two sleeping nymphs.



"'Egad, it's the best thing he can do,' whispered the noble Duke."

Referring to the original catalogue of the Exhibition in question I find the following entries, which explain the joke:

166. Nymph Sleeping . . . . . E. H. Baily, R.A.  
 167. Lord Brougham . . . . . Edgar Papworth  
 168. A Sleeping Girl . . . . . Edgar Papworth

In the following week (p. 23) we have Thackeray's comment on one of the greatest turf scandals of the century.

"Maccabeus," a three-year-old, had been passed off as the two-year-old "Running Rein," and after winning the race the horse was killed and buried. The animal's head was subsequently exhumed and produced in evidence. In commenting on this case Baron Alderson gave "noblemen and gentlemen of rank" a lecture on the natural consequence of their consorting with persons below them in station. Thackeray snorted at the snobbery and was up in arms at once. Under the title of "Running Rein Morality" he closes with the judge, whom he dubs "Mr. Justice Jenkins," and throws him heavily. Noblemen consort with blackguards, he says in effect, in order to make money out of them, and noblemen and gentlemen are not necessarily convertible terms.

"'Avoid the Turf blackguards,' says the Baron. 'My son,' I say to you, 'avoid the Turf gentlemen, too.'"

"Punch's Fine Art Exhibition," a column of mock review, not of the Academy Exhibition, but of a series of humorous drawings by John Leech, is in the same number (p. 26), as well as "Moorish Designs. (*From the National*)"—a parody of the

sensationalism of the French newspaper in question. The London Correspondent of this well-informed and intelligent sheet, knowing that the Emperor of Morocco was raising troops in England, and hearing that Englishmen were *off to the Moors* next month, announced the 12th of August as the date for the declaration of the war! And, finally, we have the article and illustration which caused *Punch* to be excluded from France for some time. This was “A Case of Real Distress,” in which Louis Philippe is represented as a “pauvre malheureux” — which Thackeray, by an unusual slip, misspells “malheurex”—out



at toes and elbows, begging with his hat, to which a tricolor cockade is attached. “. . . His cousin, Charles Dix by name, left him a pair of shoes, which he has worn ever since 1830; another cousin, Antony Condé, died and left one of his sons a decent maintenance. But there are a dozen left quite unprovided for,” &c., and a ridiculous subscription list is opened in which the humblest articles are contributed by Dan O’Connell, Lord Brougham, Benjamin Sidonia, Esq., and Pecksniff. To those who remember the facts, and the irritable

state of the King's nerves, the galling character of this scornful half-column will be manifest, and the exclusion of *Punch* from French soil will be matter for little surprise.

During all this time Daniel O'Connell was in prison. *Punch* had kept his word and had treated him kindly the while. The Liberator's son now publicly stated that "the prisoners were looking right well and getting fat" and that admirers outside were providing them with dainties. Thackeray celebrated the occasion with a set of verses entitled "Punch to Daniel in Prison" (p. 38, 20th July, 1844). They accompany Leech's cartoon representing O'Connell, swollen to enormous proportions, beaming with contentment as he sits in his great chair, sipping his wine after dinner. *Punch* is glad at heart, and Thackeray carols forth:

"PUNCH TO DANIEL IN PRISON.

IMMURED in Dublin's prison base,  
Great DANIEL, while thou smartest,  
'Tis thus thy venerable face  
Appeared to *Punch's* artist.  
He reads those weekly bulletins,  
Which of your health informs us.  
And thus the prisoner paints, who grins  
Contented and enormous!

Perhaps the wicked limner shows,  
Inclined to laughter spiteful,  
That certain patriots' vaunted woes  
Are not so *very* frightful.



TO O'CONNELL IN PRISON

Perhaps he would insinuate,  
By that stupendous figure,  
That those who free are Truly Great,  
When wronged are Doubly Bigger!

I know not which: but love to read  
Each speech of DAN the younger,  
Which tells us how your people feed  
Their chief's imprisoned hunger.  
How matrons cook you soups and broths,  
How cakes are baked by virgins,  
How weavers weave your table-cloths,  
And fishers hook your sturgeons.\*

Says Dan, "My father's cheek's as red  
His mood as blithe and merry,  
As when at morn his dogs he led  
Along the hills of Kerry.  
His mighty lungs were free to talk,  
His body stronger waxen,  
Than when at Tara or Dundalk,  
He bullyragged the Saxon."

Amen! I hope the tale is true,  
Thus brought by Irish rumour;  
May each day's prison bring to you  
Good health, sir, and good humour!  
Amen, cries Lord Chief Justice *Punch*,  
Approving of your sentence,  
It is, I swear it by my hunch,  
A jovial repentance!

\*MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL, jun., thought the prisoners were looking right well and getting fat, they had just received an enormous cake weighing 45 lbs., a sturgeon from Limerick, weighing 200 lbs., and table-cloth of Irish manufacture, &c., &c."

No chains shall in his prison clink,  
 No ruthless jailor urge him,  
 With lashings of the best of drink  
 I'd pitilessly scourge him,  
 'Tis thus that noble Justice *Punch*  
 Would treat his Celtic neighbour,  
 And thus at dinner, supper, lunch,  
 Condemn him to "hard labour."

Nor you alone but good son JOHN,  
 And RAY, and STEELE, and DUFFY;  
 Ye dire Repealers every one,  
 Remorselessly I'd stuff ye!  
 I'd have you all, from last to first,  
 To grow such desperate gluttons,  
 That you should eat until ye burst  
 Your new Repealers' Buttons!"

The expressions "Truly Great" and "Repealers Buttons," have of course their special significance.

In the same number (p. 42) under the heading of "Literary Intelligence," Thackeray continues the theme, and announces that O'Connell in prison is devoting his leisure to a new and important work—a second series of "The Epicure's Almanac: or a Dish for Every Day in the Year." A couple of pages further on he rebukes the Editor of the *Nation* for the suggestion that O'Connell should bestow on "T. B. C. Smith and Abraham Brewster for obvious purposes" the pair of Irish-made razors which had been presented to him. Thackeray is playfully shocked, and declares that *Punch* "declines (from a regard

to his fingers) to meddle with edge-tools; he would, therefore, only suggest to his *confrère*, the Editor of the *Nation*, to try upon the amateur assassin who wrote that dastardly joke, not the razor, but the *strap*." It should be borne in mind, however, that the bitterness of the jest, such as it was, was the result of the state of burning indignation and resistance to remorseless persecution in which he habitually lived. The title of this item is "Irish Razors" (p. 44).

Thackeray's Irish sympathies reveal themselves again and again. On August 17th, just after the birth of the Duke of Edinburgh (referred to in *Punch* as the Duke of York), Thackeray expressed in *Punch*'s name the national regret that Prince Albert had not accepted his suggestion to sojourn with Her Majesty the Queen in Ireland for a while, so that the Duke "would have been born in Dublin on the birthday of Daniel O'Connell, and the little New-comer might have asked a holiday for the old one, and the Queen might have numbered ONE LOYAL IRISH SUBJECT MORE." Thackeray was probably serious when he entitled this little contribution "A Chance Lost" (85).

"To the Napoleon of Peace" (p. 90, 24 Aug. 1844) is a long letter of warning addressed by *Punch* to Louis Philippe, beseeching him to act up to his *sobriquet*. "Pritchard has been cast out of Otaheite, and *Punch* has been banished from France," and the King's operations against Tangiers—which, he declares, was only bombarded in

order that his sons, the Prince de Joinville and the Duc de Nemours, might receive pensions and so be provided for—alarm Thackeray lest Gibraltar should take fire from the African conflagration. A little later on France was to apologise for its outrage on Mr. Pritchard, our consul at Tahiti, and to make him a handsome indemnity, but *Punch* was still smarting under the King's act of retaliation on himself. Moreover, he did not believe in the King's protestations of peace, and he abominated what he regarded as the impious war which the French were making on the Emperor of Morocco. "If this goes on much further," *Punch* concludes, "with all our love of quiet we shall be forced to speak out. The Missionaries are already gone over to the war-party. Have a care, great Sir, that *Punch* don't join them too. Dire will be the day when that event occurs; and we shall be compelled to perform the sad and painful duty of POKING UP THE BRITISH LION."

"Fashionable Removals" (p. 94) refers to the announcement "that that hardened old sinner Mehemet Ali" is about to retire to Mecca and expresses a wish that "a certain law-lord," Brougham Hadjee, might accompany him. "The Last Insult to Poor Old Ireland" (p. 95) tells how the author of "The Great Metropolis" [James Grant, the Elder] is engaged upon a book about that most unfortunate country. And "Revolution in France" (95) makes public the fact that a Female Revolution in Paris has ordained the suppression

## LORD MAIDSTONE'S CHALLENGE

of flounces and of "elastic crinoline petticoats" (p. 95).

"Jenny Wren's Remonstrance" (p. 96) is another instance of Thackeray's combined good humour and good sense. Young George James Finch-Hatton, Lord Maidstone (father of the late Earl of Winchilsea), bursting with patriotic ardour, contributed to the *Morning Post* of 14th Aug. 1844 a furious fire-eating salt-petre-breathing set of verses, in which defiance is hurled at the French. It is necessary to quote this spirited but tactless outburst in order to appreciate Thackeray's reply.

"SHALL WE WHO CRUSHED THEIR FATHERS.\*

SHALL we who crushed their fathers at Cressy and *Poitiers*,  
And bade their guard at Waterloo "be off," and "clear the  
way,"

Sit tamely by and tremble when swords have left their  
sheath,

And Gallic threats are bandied in the British lion's teeth!  
*'Tis thus they prate of honour, and spit upon the hem  
Of Britannia's regal vesture and shame her diadem.*

No, by the soul of EDWARD, by the triumphs long ago  
Of the strong Norman lance and gallant English bow,  
We will not cower before them while yet a bosom stirs  
At the tale of CRISPIN'S Morning or the Battle of the Spurs,  
*And yet they, &c.*

\* *Vide* MORNING POST, Aug. 14th, 1844."

Their ships are rolling in our ports, their banners deck our  
 walls,  
 The tri-color is sighing in the breezes of St. Paul's.  
 For fear of us a hundred forts gird Paris with a chain,  
 And Jacobins and Anarchists look on, and daren't complain.  
*And yet they, &c.*

They begged of us a favour, and we yielded them their  
 plea,  
 The ashes of NAPOLEON from the island in the sea.  
 We gave them all they asked for, but we could not give  
 them back  
 The glory which departed when we thundered in their track.  
*And yet they, &c.*

The mark of England's heel is trampled on the neck  
 Of Paris and her citizens, of this they nothing reck;  
 But though her youth may bluster, and swear they felt  
 it not,  
 There are other youths in England can make the brand  
 as hot.  
*And yet they, &c.*

Then DUPIN cease to prattle, and JOINVILLE cease to write;  
 The ancients had a custom to hold their tongue—and fight.  
 Pray to the God of battles for a strong heart and hand,  
 And a better sword than HOCHÉ'S to decimate our land.  
*And cease to prate of honour, and spit upon the hem  
 Of Britannia's regal vesture, and shame her diadem."*

Thackeray reprinted the whole in *Punch* and in a parallel column set beside them his parody, in which he laughed at them one by one. As Lord Maidstone was a "Finch," it is to Jenny Wren that *Punch* is supposed to have confided the task of "inculcating peace." The reply runs thus:

## THACKERAY'S PARODY

### "JENNY WREN'S REMONSTRANCE.

HAVING perused with wonder LORD MAIDSTONE'S poem, in the *Morning Post*, JENNY WREN indites a humble remonstrance.

JENNY does not consider it necessary to teach the genteel reader that one of my lord's respected names is Finch.

### SILLY LITTLE FINCHES.\*

SILLY little Finches, have silly little ears,  
Make *Poitivy* to rhyme with way—little boy, it is *Poitiers*.  
Why sit by and tremble? when swords *have* left their sheath,  
Then will British lions begin to show their teeth.

*Spitting is a nasty thing, which French people do,  
Little lordling, don't begin expectorating too.*

ROYAL EDWARD'S in his grave—he and his long shanks—  
Did he do our people good—butchering those Franks?  
HARRY FIFTH won Agincourt—won it at a pinch—  
What became of HARRY SIXTH—silly little Finch?

*With your wiggle waggle, &c.*

“\* This poem was ordered from the young lady who writes the chief lyrical effusions for our establishment, and who received the strictest injunctions to inculcate peace. Hence the slaughter of LORD MAIDSTONE by JENNY WREN.

The bombardment of Tangiers has taken place since his Lordship was sacrificed. That event has much altered our opinion, and, indeed, our desire of maintaining terms of politeness with the chief of the French Government. And (though we laugh to scorn the pretension of any man who would question our right to contradict ourselves as many times in a column as we please), yet we condescend to own that our opinions *are* considerably altered by the brutal onset on Tangiers.

LORD MAIDSTONE, then, has been untimely sacrificed. But his Lordship's mangled corpse will serve to show that we had a sincere desire to maintain the peace; and, at the same time, it may be looked at as the first victim of what may be a long and fatal war.”

THACKERAY AND PUNCH

He's a silly fellow of rotten things who brags,  
At church best look at your prayer-book—not those bloody  
flags.

What! the Paris forts were built all for fear of *you*?  
Silly little Finch, so to cockadoodledoo!

*With your wiggle waggle, &c.*

Was it then so generous, granting them their plea?  
BULL-FINCH! are not islands *always* "in the sea?"  
Better read the story of the fight of Mount St. John,  
He robs us half our glory who says the French had none.

*With his wiggle waggle, &c.*

The march of English Wellington-heels has trampled French-  
men low,

Swaggering young poet, pray Heaven it be not so.  
Trampled men will turn and hate, that full well we know  
*We* should never trample on a fallen foe.

*O you wiggle-waggle, &c.*

Then MAIDSTONE cease to rhyme, and JOINVILLE cease to  
write,

Better 'tis to hold your tongue in order *not* to fight.  
Better 'tis that little boys remember the old rules,  
Nor cut their little fingers while playing with edge-tools.

*And cease to poke at Frenchmen with your wicked lit-  
tle pen;*

*So, to little FINCH, cries peaceful JENNY WREN."*

There was undoubtedly felt at this time consid-  
erable irritation against France, soon to be dis-  
pelled by the visit of friendship of the French King  
—the first visit of amity ever paid to England by  
a monarch of France.

Before this event happened, however, Thack-  
eray printed (p. 110) "The Wooden Shoe and the



Buffalo-Indians"—supposed to be a chapter "by that eminent traveller, George Jones." [Mr. George Jones, the author of "Tecumseh"—an absurd book—wrote a letter from the British and Foreign Institute in defence of that society and of its founder and manager, Mr. John Silk Buckingham, both victims of *Punch's* attack. That letter was a very grotesque document and *Punch* published it. Mr. Jones declared it a forgery; *Punch* facsimiled it and circulated it among Jones's fellow members, just to show how good the forgery was, Jones began an action which was duly defended, and he then withdrew, paying all expenses and admitting the genuineness of the document.] The Wooden Shoes, as will be seen, represent the French (Sabots) and the Buffaloes the English (Bulls). The article is accompanied by a cartoon by John Leech, entitled "The War-Dance of the French Wild Men: as at present Performed," containing the portraits of Joinville, Guizot, Soult, Thiers, and the King—the last of whom is squatting and beating the tom-tom for the dancers. The main portion of the paper is as follows:

**"THE WOODEN-SHOE AND THE BUFFALO-INDIANS.\*"**

"All travellers agree in stating that the powerful tribe of Wooden-Shoe Indians occupies a

"\* From 'Walks and Wanderings in the Wilderness and Wigwams,' a forthcoming work upon the Virgin Forests of North America, by that eminent traveller, GEORGE JONES."

large tract of territory on the Great Salt-water Lake, opposite the island inhabited by the Roast-Buffalo tribe. The two tribes have been at war from time immemorial; the Wooden-Shoes hating and cursing the Roast-Buffaloes, and the Buffalo having, in turn, the greatest contempt for his neighbour across the Lake.

“The Wooden-Shoes are particularly bitter against the Buffaloes, because the latter are the only tribe in America over whom the Shoes have not obtained an advantage. The Shoes are the most violent and quarrelsome people of the Continent: they live by robbery and pillage: they are little skilled in trade; hence, probably, their dislike to it, and their extreme fondness for war.

“A Chief, to have any authority over them, has hitherto been in a manner obliged to lead them to the war-path; for, when left to themselves, they are so quarrelsome that they are sure to be cutting each other's throats; and the Sachems wisely consider it is best their braves should be employed against the enemy than in the ruinous practice of internecine slaughter. Many moons ago, there was an unlucky Chief of the Wooden-Shoes, the *Manchon Blanc* or *White Muff* by name, who was of rather a peaceful disposition. The Wooden-Shoes scalped him and his wife, lifted the war-hatchet, burst into the territories of the neighbouring tribes, and such was the vigour of their onset, that at first all the Continent was subdued by them, and made to pay tribute to the victorious Wooden-Shoes.

## LE PETIT CAPORAL

“ They were led, at this proud period of their conquests, by a chief who was called in their language, *Le Petit Caporal*, a warrior of undaunted courage and amazing savageness and cunning. He conquered all the Continent; and, though of a low origin himself, carried off from the Great Father of the Pipe-Smoking Indians a daughter, whom he brought home to his wigwam, putting away his first wife for the purpose. But the successes of the *Petit Caporal* were of brief duration. The tribes allied themselves against him; and, headed by the Roast-Buffalo Indians, whom he had never been able to master, they overcame and utterly annihilated him.

“ They held a council after the victory, and determined on restoring the government of the Wooden-Shoes to a younger brother of the Sachem who had been scalped by the tribe. The Wooden-Shoes, however, indignant that foreigners should intermeddle in the concerns of their government, determined to get rid of the family so imposed upon them; and, though they allowed the first chief (he was called the *Fat Turtle*) to reign and die unmolested, they took occasion to seize upon his brother, who succeeded the *Turtle*, and turned him out of the government, and out of their territory.

“ We now come to the chief subject of the present memoir—the famous old chief who has been called by his countrymen *La Vieille Poire*, and who has reigned over them for fifteen years.

“*La Vieille Poire* was a relation of the *Fat Turtle*, and his family (a younger branch) had incessantly been quarrelling with the elder for the chieftainship. The *Poire's* father conspired against the old chief, who was scalped in the outbreak, and had hoped to seize the government when the *Vieux Manchon* was murdered, but the people scalped the pair of them; on which the *Poire*, who was then a young warrior distinguishing himself in the trail of the enemy along with the other braves of the Wooden-Shoes, fled away from his native tribe, having no fancy to leave his top-knot to dry on the pole alongside of his father's.

“*Vieille Poire* then rubbed off the war-paint of the Wooden-Shoes, and joined the Buffalo Indians, tattooing himself as much as possible after the manner of that tribe. He lived about among the Buffaloes as well as he could, and finally came back to his own tribe with the *Fat Turtle*, when that chief was restored. In the delight of his heart, the *Turtle* forgave the *Poire* all the evil his father had done, and restored to him the paternal wigwam. The people revolted for a second time against *Fat Turtle*, when the *Poire* persuaded them that he was the very man for their purpose, and accordingly they elected him their Sachem.

“Since then the *Poire* has attained a position vastly too secure to be ever ousted from it, and now governs the Wooden-Shoe tribe in spite of themselves. As they were a very rebellious, capacious race, the *Poire* surrounded the principal vil-

lage of the Wooden-Shoes with blockhouses, which he filled with his own braves, who are ready to fire upon the other Wooden-Shoes if they make the least disturbance or revolt.

“In the last 15 years, the *Poire's* children have grown up, have taken squaws of their own, and the *papoosey* now begin to swarm about their lodges.

“Last year the *Poire* sent one of his sons, called the *Belle Poule*, or *Fat Hen*, on a visit to the Buffaloes. They showed him their Island, and he thought it was very rich, abounding in game, firs, and wealth of every kind—the young braves who went in the canoe with the *Belle Poule*, looked upon the Virgins of the Buffaloes and panted for the day when they should set their wigwams blazing, scalp the young men of the tribe, and carry off the girls to their own lodges.

“The young men of the Buffaloes—who have been thinking too much of their hunting and trapping, their fishing and trading, and who, from a long habit of beating the Wooden-Shoes, have got to despise them perhaps too much—are meanwhile beginning to awake and get angry too. ‘Shall we who crushed their fathers,’ they say, ‘allow these little savage Wooden-Shoes to bluster and threaten? Are they to go on for ever whirling their tomahawks, singing their war-songs, firing their rifles within an inch of our noses, and the Buffaloes never to show their horns?’

“To this, there is an *Old White Bison* among

the Buffaloes who replies. He is very old, very white, very wise, and very brave—perhaps the bravest chief now known in the world—for he has been more often on the trail of the Wooden-Shoes than any known warrior, and he it was who took the scalp of the Great Brave of the Wooden-Shoes, the cruel and terrible *Petit Caporal*. ‘The Wooden-Shoes,’ says he, ‘sing and chatter like women; the Buffaloes are men. He who is silent can see and hear better than he who talks. He who is still can take better aim than he who is running. If the Wooden-Shoes dig up the hatchet, the Buffaloes will take it up; and they know how to wield it better than any brave among the Wooden-Shoes. But it is better that their young warriors should brag, than that our lodges should burn. The yelping of curs only frightens children. The Buffaloes are men. I have spoken. Hech!’”

In an effective short story contributed to the same number (p. 117) Thackeray succeeds in striking at two of his pet aversions—Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, and Mr. Buckingham’s Society. This is entitled:

“SHAMEFUL CASE OF LETTER OPENING.

“A TALE OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

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“We have received from a member of that absurd place of meeting the two following letters, which we print at his request:—

“ August 16, 1844.

“ SIR,

“ You will see by the stamp on the paper, that I am a member of a club which shall be nameless—but spose its in George Street, Anover Square.

“ I ave friends, lovers of litteryture and members of that club. HALDERMAN CODSHED is a lover of litteryture and member of that clubb; MR. X-SHERIFF SPETTIGUE is a ditto ditto—and hah! what tremulous ixitement and dalicious hinfux of joy I ave ad, when SELINA SPETTIGEW, in her kinary bonnit and pink muzzlin dress, attended our president’s last lecture on Jericho! I was introdewst to her by the sheriff that day. It was but the fomation of a *wild inheffable tremendous* passion on my part.

“ I’m not the honly member of our club of the name of JONES, has you well know. I’m not only not the only JONES, but I’m not the only SAMUEL JONES—there’s another S. J. (ang him, or if you will allow the stronger word, *pray don’t bawk yourself*;) there’s another SAMUEL, the capting, late of the Oxillary Legium, a great feller of near six foot high, with emence beard and mistaches, who always smoax his filthy sigars, and *swells and swaggers* hup and down the club-room as hif it was his own. Heven when BUCKINHAM comes in, this great beast don’t stir hissself or take hoff his at. You may then fansy what a *rood monster* he is. They say he killed two gents in jewels in Spain: and though he’s *perpetuly hectaring* over me, of

course I ain't a going to run the risk of gitten myself angled for the pleasure of shootin' him. Besides I never fired a pistol hoff in my life—but to my porpoise.

“ You must know this *beest* is always opening my letters. He's at the Hinstitute from morning till night, and has I can only stepp in of an evening when my estabblishment (SWAN and EDGAR'S) is closed—of coarse he has *the pick and chews* of the letters that come in. And I have *my* letters directed there as well as he has. It's more fashnable.

“ In this way the blaggerd has red many scoars of my letters—those from my Ma and Sisters—those from my Aunt COWDY in Liverpool—from all my friends in fact: for his curiosity is perfectly *insashable*. But once when I opened one of *his* letters by mistake, the great *broot* snapt his fingers close to my nose, and swear he'd pull it if he ever found me meddling with his corspondance again! The consquance now is, that I am halways ableeged to wait now until he has opened *both* our sets of letters, before I venter to look at mine. So that I hoff'n say (in bitterness of sperrit) 'there's two on 'em at my letters, SAM JONES and SIR JAMES GRAHAM.'

“ Well! When I say I made a favorable impression on the art of SELINA SPETTIGEW, on the night of that Lectur on Jericho—I bleave I may say so without fear of going wrong.

“ Old SPETTIGEW, who had been asleep during



the lecturer with his bandanner over his face, woak up where BUCKINGHAM came to a stop, and said to me,

“‘You’ve taken care of my SELINA, MR. JONES.’

“‘Sir,’ says I, ‘I ave,’ and SELINA’s i’s and mine met; and we blushed, *my* how we did blush!

“‘I’ll tell you what, JONES, my boy,’ says he (he knows my fammaly,) ‘I’m blest if I don’t ask you to dinner.’ My art beat an hunderd a minute; I went and called a cab, and put the dear ladies in for Hunter Street, their fammaly manshan, and SPETTY and I ad some supper at the Hinstatute, which I stood—the appiest of human beings!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Days roaled on—SPETTY never asked me to dinner—I pined and pined as I thought of SELINA. I didn’t call in Unter Street. Pride pravented me: and bisness hours isn’t over till eight. I saw SPETTY at the lectur on the tomb of Cheops’ grandmother (dalivered by Mr. B.), but he evoided me. I was too proud to notice him—*I* am not poor—*I* am not an adventurer seaking for favours. My father is an aberdasher in the west of Hengland, I am in London honly for my heducation.

“Fansy then my disgust one day at hearing that other SAM JONES—confound him—a standin’ among a score of other chaps, roaring with lafter, and making no end of fun—and imagin my luxry at overearing him say—

“‘You know that little beast my namesake who

comes to this infernal hole. He's a haberdasher's apprentice. I open all his letters by mistake—and have read every word about his mama, and his sisters, and his aunt COWDY. Well sir, six weeks ago, old SPETTIGUE was here with his daughter at Buck's lecture. The gal's a monstrous fine gal. I heard SPET say he would ask the little brute to dinner. I got his invitation;



answered it, and by Jove, sir, I *went*. Real turtle—and plenty of port after dinner.'

"Hearing this, I was halmost busting with indignation. So I goes up to the other SAMUEL JONES and I says, 'Sir,' says I, '*your umble servant*.'

"At this sarchasm the *beest* bust out laughing

## THE DÉNOUEMENT

again—and all the other fellers as well—and has for me—I, sir, can bear it no longer.

“ Ham I to be robbed, my letters to be opened, to be bullied, laughed at, in this dastardly way? No sir, as you have taken the affares of the Hinstitute in hand—I imploar you pint out the shameful inpydince practised upon

“ Your constant reader,  
“ SAMUEL JONES.”

“ *B. & F. I. August 18, 1844.*

“ Sir,

“ It’s too late now. You needn’t put in that fust letter I wrote. It’s no good: no ballsem to a broken art. Send me a straight waste-coat, for I’m dizzy-stracted. I’ve jest read in the *Morning Post* the following:—

“ ‘Married at St. Pancras, by the REV. DR. GOLIGHTLY, SAMUEL JONES, Esq., K.S.F., K.S.T., M.B. & F.I., late a Lieutenant in the service of her Most Catholic Majesty, to SELINA SCRAMJAW, only daughter of MORTIMER SPETTIGUE, Esq., of Hunter Street, Brunswick Square.’

“ It’s his reading my letters that has done it. *This* is the consequence of the spy system.

“ No more from your unhappy  
“ SAMUEL JONES.”

## CHAPTER IV

VOLUME VIII. FIRST HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1845

THACKERAY spent the winter of 1844-5 on his Egyptian tour. "Travelling Notes" and "Punch in the East" were the result, and not until the 22nd of March of the latter year did he resume his miscellaneous commentary upon men and things. The first little contribution, a protest against that ever-recurring scandal of the time—the circularising criminal barrister, is entitled "The Honour of the Bar" (p. 129). It consists of a circular addressed "To the Unfortunate," wherein it appears that "Mr. Oily Gammon, Q.C., still continues to give his valuable assistance," to prove or disprove anything, to bully any witness, cut jokes, shed tears, provide sentiment, with a fine assortment of religious appeals, &c., on terms to be pre-arranged with his clerk. Thackeray makes no comment, but, after the presentation of the heading to his readers, prefers to let the satire work without enforcing the moral. "Disgusting Violation of the Rights of Property" (p. 142) comments on the arrest of poachers on a field belonging to Sir Robert Peel; and "Historical Parallel" (p. 149) compares

the *Standard's* description of Peel's onslaught upon Disraeli ("the most terrific castigation" ever delivered by man) with the claim of the *National* of Paris—that "Soult thrashed Wellington dreadfully at Toulouse."

There are not fewer than six items in the next week's paper (5 April 1845). "Liberal Reward"



(p. 151) refers to Lord Ellenborough's presentation of his own sword to Sir Charles Napier, and suggests that Lord Brougham as well, Lord "Ellen's" backer at home, is anxiously "looking out for something handsome."

Then follows the important contribution—"Mr. Smith's reasons for not sending his Pictures to the Royal Academy." The artist, Mr. Sebastian Smith, in the course of a long letter to his aunt, explains that he prefers to exhibit only at his native village

than run the risk of receiving the distinction of having his picture bought at a quarter of its value by the Prince Consort, or of being directed to decorate his new kennel with frescoes at a ruinous loss to the painter, with the contingent slight of having his work torn down later on to make way for the productions of some inferior artist. This sarcastic utterance is founded on a false announcement that Prince Albert had turned Titian out of the palace in order to make room for modern work.

The circumstances were simply these. When Prince Albert built the "The New Summer Temple"—that "Pimlico Pavilion" which Thackeray celebrated in *Punch* four months after his first assault—he determined to have the eight semi-circular lunettes of the little irregular "Octagon Room" decorated by eight different artists in the new method at that time so much discussed in connection with the new Palace of Westminster: that is to say, in fresco. He desired to encourage an art which was being so successfully practised in Germany; and as he regarded the matter in the light of an experiment, as indeed it was, he offered only a nominal price to each artist, namely, £40. This, no doubt, was but a fraction of what each artist might otherwise have claimed; but the experimental nature of the undertaking was readily accepted as putting the matter outside commercial considerations. The subjects were to be taken from Milton's "Comus," and the artists who finally

illustrated them, taken in the order in which their works appeared, were Stanfield, Uwins, Leslie, Ross, Eastlake, Maclise, Landseer, and Etty—the latter afterwards superseded, unwillingly, by Dyce. Etty, then at the very height of his fame, had selected “*Circe and the Sirens Three*” and “*The Daughter of Hesperus*.” But his work was out of harmony—as well it might be—with that of the others: he would not give the high finish or the more subdued and tamer colours that his comrades loved; and, above all, he worked away at fresco as if it were water-colour or oil painting. There is little doubt that, although the two “*Corner-Sylphs*” that filled the spandrels were altogether admirable, he himself was not satisfied with the result; and contemporary criticism sweepingly condemned it. Nor was the Prince more content. He ordered the fresco to be taken down, and the commission, as I have said, was transferred to Dyce. Etty was ignorant of this decision when he sent in his second fresco; and, to complete the misunderstanding, the Prince was not aware that the artist had proceeded with the “*Hesperus*” and had delivered it, when he sent him a cheque for £40.

Etty took his mortification with pathetic dignity; but when the facts, more or less, leaked out, his friends and admirers gave noisy vent to their indignation, and Thackeray, as is here seen, and Jerrold were amongst the most emphatic. That the former was not much out of his estimate

of the money-value of the works is proved by the fact that when the two lunettes were soon afterwards offered for sale, Mr. Wethered, who owned many of Etty's works, bought them for £400. It is interesting to observe that at the Wethered sales (1856 and 1858) the sketch of the "Hesperus" was knocked down for £105, and the "Circe," at the Gillott sale (1872), for not less than £600. Finally, it should be remarked that Thackeray's suggestion in "A Painter's Wish," here reprinted, to the effect that the Prince had removed Etty's picture on account of the nudity of the figures, had no foundation in fact.

"Genteel Christianity" (p. 153) calls attention to a sentiment in the *Court Circular* to the effect that "The Bishop of London held a confirmation on Maunday Thursday of the *juvenile nobility and gentry, &c.*" "Who," asks Thackeray, "can say the church is in danger after this?" On page 154 appear the following verses which are here printed *in extenso*, being as true to-day as when they were written; they refer, of course, to the Etty incident, already explained.

#### "A PAINTER'S WISH.

I WISH that I could ETTY be,  
 A mighty man methinks is he;  
 And strong enough to try a fall  
 With TITIAN or with PETER PAUL.  
 And yet, why deck a palace wall  
 As gorgeously as PETER PAUL?



“A PAINTER’S WISH”

*He’d* love and honour from his prince,  
*My* gracious lord would blush and wince;  
And so I would not ETTY be,  
To shock my Prince’s modesty.

I would I were the great LANDSEER,  
To paint the best of dogs and deer;  
I would not care for glory, since  
I pleased my Queen and charmed my Prince.  
And yet I must not wish for that,  
To paint my gracious Prince’s hat,  
To paint his cane, his gloves, his shoes,  
To paint his dogs and cockatoos,  
And nought beside, would weary me;  
And so I would not LANDSEER be.

Let famous EDWIN still be free  
To paint his Queen’s menagerie;  
Let ETTY toil for Queen and Crown,  
And princely patrons spurn him down,  
I will not ask for courtly fame,  
When veterans are brought to shame—  
I will not pine for royal job,  
Let my MÆCENAS be a Snob.

PAUL PINDAR.”

In the printing of these verses, “spurn” was misprinted “spoon”—a blunder which Thackeray corrected later on (p. 170) in a special paragraph.

“Dog Annexation” (p. 159) is a mock report of certain police-court proceedings in which an American adventurer named Polk is supposed to have stolen from a Brazilian gentleman a carriage-dog called “Texas,” which he had sold to him in America. The defendant escapes on convincing

the magistrate that he had only "re-annexed" the dog, and is discharged—annexing, as he withdraws, his worship's hat and stick. Bearing in mind that the President of the United States was named Polk, that the English Foreign Secretary was the weak minister, Lord Aberdeen, as well as the dispute between the United States and Mexico, the reader may seek out for himself such political allusion as he choose. The essential portion of the "Report" is here quoted:—

"DOG ANNEXATION.

"JOHN POLK was put to the bar charged with robbing the Mexican minister of a favourite dog, named Texas. The circumstances of the case DON BERNARDO MURPHY stated to be simply these:—

"Some months since, JOHN POLK sold his EXCELLENCY the dog (a very large animal, spotted black and white, that used to run under his carriage), subsequently a fellow, by the name of HOUSTON, a countryman of POLK's, who had been in his EXCELLENCY's service, absconded with the dog, and he had that day seen it at Greenwich Fair, whither he had gone in company with CHEVALIER BUNSEN. The animal was tied to a van, belonging to the prisoner, and from which he was haranguing and psalm-singing to the company at the fair.

"POLICEMAN, X. 21, said—Please your Worship, there has been more picking of pockets round

that 'ere psalm-singing wan, than in any part of the fair.

“MR. ABERDEEN. Silence, Policeman. What has that to do with the complaint?”

“The Mexican Minister continued, in a very agitated manner, ‘I instantly recognised my dog, and gave the scoundrel yonder in charge to a policeman.’

“‘Scoundrel!’ the prisoner cried, (*a very sanctimonious-looking fellow, who held the dog in his arms*)—‘Am I in a Christian land, to hear myself called by such names? Are we men? Are we brethren? Have we blessings and privileges, or have we not? I come of a country the most enlightened, the most religious, the most freest, honestest, punctualest, on this airth, I do.’

“MR. ABERDEEN (with a profound bow). You are an American, I suppose?”

“POLK. I thank a gracious mussy I am! I can appeal to everything that is holy, and, laying my hand on my heart, declare I am an honest man. I scorn the accusation that I stole the complainant’s dog. The dog is *my* dog—mine by the laws of heaven, airth, right, nature, and possession.

“DON BERNARDO MURPHY, very much agitated, here cried out—‘How yours? I can swear to the animal. I bought him of you.’

“POLK. You did. It’s as true as I’m a free-born man.

“DON BERNARDO. A man who was an old servant of yours comes into my service and steals the dog.

"POLK. A blessedder truth you never told.

"DON BERNARDO. And I find the animal now again in your possession.

"POLK (*cuddling the dog*). Yes, my old dog—yes, my old Texas, it did like to come back to its old master, it did!

"DON BERNARDO (*in a fury*). I ask your worship, isn't this too monstrous?

"MR. ABERDEEN. Your excellency will permit me to observe that we have not yet heard MR. POLK's defence. In a British court justice must be shown, and no favour.

"POLK. I scorn a defence. The dog returned to me by a lor of natur—it's wicked to fly against a law of natur. If I sold the dog, and by the irresistible attraction of cohesion, and the eternal order of things, he comes back to me — am I to blame? It's monstrous, heinous, reglar blasphemy to say so.

"MR. ABERDEEN appeared deeply struck by the latter observation.

"POLK (*continued*). I didn't steal the animal. Steal? Is a man of my character to be called a thief? I *reannexed* him — that's all. Besides, what jurisdiction has this here court? what authority has any court on airth in a question purely American? My bargain with DON BERNARDO MURPHY took place out of this country—the dog came back to me thousands of miles away herefrom.

"MR. ABERDEEN. In that case, I really must dis-

miss the complaint. Allow me to state my opinion, MR. POLK, that the dog is yours; I have no business to inquire into questions of annexation as you call it, or of robbery as his Excellency here (very rudely, I must think) entitles your bargain. I entreat rather that gentlemen so respectable should live together in harmony; and—and, I wish you both a very good morning.

"MR. POLK then left the office whistling to his dog, and making signs of contempt at DON BERNARDO MURPHY, who slunk away in a cab. . . ."

On the same page "The '82 Club Uniform" shows how Smith O'Brien declared that costume to be the proper military uniform of Ireland, only now requiring a sword to complete it—a suggestion which "dreadfully frightened MR. O'CONNELL."

Thackeray returns to the subject the week (p. 168) with a characteristic verse, entitled "The Irish Martyrs: 'The Martyrs wore the uniform of the '84 Club'":

"AT Kilkenny King DAN and his Marthyrs  
 Sat down to their platthers and jorums,  
 In lovely green-coats and goold garthers—  
 Och sure they are sweet uniforums!  
 But there's martyrs besides those repairers  
 Who on the occasion displayed them—  
 The martyrs I mean are the tailors,  
 The tailors at Dublin who made them."

The author seems somewhat out of temper this week; in "For the Court Circular" (p. 167) he

twits Disraeli for not retaliating on Peel; in "Royal Patronage of Art" he once more animadverts on the financial rout of artists honoured by the Court; and again, in "Gross Insult to the Court" (p. 170) he pointedly refers to the offer by a Birmingham tradesman to Mr. Turner of £5000 for three pictures. To this *Punch* adds a Note: "We have our private opinion of the tradesman who made, and the artist who *refused*, the above offer, but that is neither here nor there."

Returning to the gossip to which he alludes in "Mr. Smith's Reasons" and "Royal Patronage of Art," Thackeray deals yet again with the matter a week later in a pretended address by *Punch* to "the Commission of Fine Arts" (p. 172)—a body which had first been gazetted in November of 1841. He cannot believe the story, he says, and begs the Commission to inquire into and denounce the truth of it. It is, he says, "impossible," yet he continues: "A great prince insulting a poor artist, is like a lifeguardsman bullying a little baby. There is something cruel in the mere idea. The poor thing can't resist: it was only meant for caressing and kindness, to be dandled on the giant's knee, not pommelled by his great fist. . . . What is a royal Prince who knows his business? . . . We place him glittering above us; his part of the job is to shine and be splendid like the sun—the sun, which shines not only on mountains, castles, elephants, and such big things, but kindly illuminates a cock-sparrow in a gutter, and warms a worm on

a dunghill." They are, he says, "allegations which I myself totally disbelieve. I don't believe that a generous British Court asked for a picture, didn't pay for a picture, and ended by removing it from the wall.' . . . Here amidst a great uproar of shrieks, yells, hisses, cries of 'treason,' 'turn him out,' &c., *Mr. Punch's* Speech was concluded by his being hustled out of the committee-room by the policeman." It is clear from the whole of this long article that Thackeray thoroughly believed in the charge he was bringing, and that the chivalry of his nature roused him to unusual indignation. But it was only when it was too late that *Mr. Punch* regretted the injustice of his criticism of Albert the Good.

Under the title of "Literary News" (p. 184) Thackeray compares two recent journalistic events: "Louis Philippe makes Victor Hugo a Peer of France, and the Duke of Wellington calls the *Morning Post* a liar. In France the Journalists think that the King has bestowed a deserved honour on one of their profession. In England, the *Morning Post* feels much obliged because the Duke accuses it of falsehood. In return for this compliment, the brave Briton cringes down to the testy old nobleman's feet. . . . In France, then, a literary man is made a Duke; in England he is happy to be kicked by one."

The facts are these: On leaving the House of Lords the Duke gave his arm to a short-sighted member, and the reporter, not properly discriminating, thought it was the Duke who was being

led away. He hastened to Apsley House and on being informed that the Duke was well, reported to his paper the "facts" of the illness and convalescence. The Duke, with characteristic brusqueness, wrote to request the editor "to give directions that when his (the Duke's) name is inserted in his paper in future, care should be taken that it is not made the matter for a falsehood."

Colonel Sibthorp, the member for Lincoln, was one of *Punch's* favourite butts by reason of his almost unique persistence in wearing whiskers, moustache, and beard—then an unheard-of fashion in England; but his kindly nature secured him against anything like ill-natured attack in any portion of the comic press. Notwithstanding, he was ridiculed good-humouredly in every paper. On this occasion Thackeray seized the opportunity of poking fun at both Sibthorp and Wordsworth, on the strength of a widely-quoted rumour that the Colonel was about to shave! On page 188 we have his "Ode to Sibthorp, by the Poet Laureate," preceded by a "Notice" in which "W. W.'s" manner and practice are alike felicitously parodied.

"ODE TO SIBTHORP, BY THE POET LAUREATE.

**NOTICE.**

"IN the distant solitude of my mountains, the echoes of the great world reach me faintly and seldom. But as the storm sometimes ruffles the placid bosom of my lakes, the political tempest



## COLONEL SIBTHORP'S SACRIFICE

breaks over the Poet, too, occasionally, and blows into commotion the placid depths of his soul.

“It was on reading in my paper (the *St. James's Chronicle*, which, with some friends, I have taken in for thirty-three years) the announcement, by my admirable friend COLONEL SIBTHORP, that he was



about to sacrifice his life and his whiskers upon the altar of his country, that I felt a tumultuous movement to me very unusual.

“I bathed twice in the lake, and, having ascended Mount Rydal, I lay down upon the topmost peak there, and flung my feelings into the following lyrical shape. I chose the Anapæstic measure, as best suited to express the agitation

of the subject of the sacrifice. The other metres employed in the ode are of a calmer tendency, as the reader will see.

“ The Genius of Britain is made to interpose between our CURTIUS and the sacrifice he meditates. That she may be successful, is the earnest hope of

W. W.

“ P.S.—I cannot but think the accompanying design of singular significance and beauty.

### Ode

ON MY FRIEND COLONEL SIBTHORP PROPOSING TO SACRIFICE  
HIS LIFE AND HIS WHISKERS.

“ ‘In the cause of my country, who says I’m afraid—’  
Says WALDO of Lincoln, ‘to cut off my beard?  
Her rights to maintain, and her honour to save,  
Who questions how much or how little I’d shave?  
A Protestant born, and a gentleman bred,  
I’d cut my mustashes with pitiless gashes—  
I’d shave off my whiskers, my tuft, my eyelashes—  
I’d shave off my beard, and I’d shave off my head.’

*Pleased with the Colonel and his courage wild,  
The British Lion wagged his tail and smiled;  
And Britain thus addressed her wayward, whiskered child:—*

“ My bold Dragoon, my favourite son,  
With heart as bold and manly  
As beats the ribs of WELLINGTON,  
Or warms the breast of STANLEY:

Thou art my boy, my pride and joy,  
Of chivalry the model;  
And yet the sense is not immense  
In that poor honest noddle;

What cause hath wrought thy rambling thought  
This martyrdom to think on?  
There's many here that I can spare,  
But not my man of Lincoln.

What would they in the Commons do,  
And in the strangers' gall'ry,  
Were they by death deprived of you,  
My model of chivalry?

That head, now fixed on your body,  
Is wondrous small of profit;  
But smaller yet the good would be,  
My son, when shaven off it.

Retain your head, my son, and prize  
Your face above all money:  
That face so vacuously wise,  
So dolorously funny.

Ah, never cause those meagre jaws  
To lose their tufted glories;  
And never shave that face so grave,  
My Champion of the Tories.

Keep on your beard, your head keep on,  
My orders are explicit;  
*You* might not know that it was gone—  
But *I*, my son, should miss it."

*"Thus spoke Britannia's genius excellent;  
The British Lion wagged his tail intent;*

THACKERAY AND PUNCH

*And SIBTHORP, blushing deep, and loth to risk her  
Displeasure, humbly at her footstool leant,  
And swore he would maintain both head, and tuft, and  
whisker."*

The author's remaining contributions for the week are two political items of little importance: "Humours of the House of Commons," illustrating the difficulties of Mr. Law, the Recorder, in grappling with his speech, and "You're Another," the charges made by members against certain of their colleagues of the very faults usually charged against themselves.

## CHAPTER V.

### VOLUME VIII. (*continued*)

“THE Excellent New Ballad of Mr. Peel at Toledo” (p. 195) is one of Thackeray’s longest and most elaborate set of comic verses in *Punch*. Appearing on the 3rd of May 1845, they deal with an adventure—unimportant, but a good deal laughed at—of the second Sir Robert Peel, then Attaché at our Embassy in Madrid, Mr. Bulwer (afterwards Lord Dalling and Bulwer) being at that time Minister. As is stated in the note, in each of the eleven stanzas the word Toledo is made to rhyme alternately with “aydo” and “eedo.”

#### “THE EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD OF MR. PEEL AT TOLEDO.<sup>1</sup>

SAYS BULWER TO PEEL,  
“This note where my seal  
And ambassador’s<sup>2</sup> arms are displayed O,  
Is big with a freight  
Of secrets of weight,  
Concerning a town of Tolaydo.

<sup>1</sup> *Toledo, Tolaydo.* As in our country, the name of that famous city is always pronounced in the former manner, *Toleedo*, whilst in Spain it is invariably called *Tolaydo*, I have thought proper to make a compromise in my little poem, and to give each method of pronunciation a chance in the course of the stanza of twelve lines.”

<sup>2</sup> MR. BULWER is only our minister at Madrid, but I have thought it more respectful to give him the ambassadorial title.”

THACKERAY AND *PUNCH*

'Tis a delicate job,  
And I've chosen you, BOB,  
And beg you will hasten with speed O,  
And deliver the note  
Where you see that I've wrote  
The address,—at the town of Toledo.<sup>1</sup>

“So quit your cigars,  
And your twangling guitars,  
And the beautiful dames on the Prado<sup>2</sup>;  
And haste and fulfil  
Your Ambassador's will,  
By posting away to Tolaydo.”

“Some pangs I may feel  
To part,” says young Peel,  
“From music, and women, and weed O!  
But to honor my Queen,  
I would run to Pekin,  
And shall I not go to Toledo?”

So he uttered a roar<sup>3</sup>  
For his carriage and four.  
The order was straightway obey'd, O,  
And he bade his young man to  
Pack up his portmanteau,  
And was off in a trice to Tolaydo.  
“My pistols I'll load;  
(Says he,) for the road,  
And make the banditti to bleed, O.  
With powder and ball,  
I'll massacre all  
The rogues between this and Toledo.”

<sup>1</sup> I consider this mystery as very fine—you see the address is not specified—I only say *at the town of Toledo*—whereabouts in Toledo? *that* remains a secret between his Excellency and his Attaché.”

<sup>2</sup> The Prado, the Hyde Park of Madrid, where the nobility drive about in their tertullias, and the idlers pass their time in dancing the Muchacha, &c., and amusing themselves with “cigars” and “guitars,” as above described.”

<sup>3</sup> *A roar for his carriage and four.* As indicating impetuous youthful haste, I must be permitted to consider this expression very fine.”

“MR. PEEL AT TOLEDO”

Now galloping fast,  
The journey is past  
As quick as four animals may do,  
Till at length the postilions  
(Those faithful Sevillians)<sup>1</sup>  
Drive up to the gates of Tolaydo.  
They pull up their mules,  
(For such do the fools  
Employ, and not horses as we do),  
And say—“Monsignor,  
We are now at the door  
Of the elegant town of Toledo.”<sup>2</sup>”

Some carabineers  
Kept guard it appears  
At the gate, and imagine what they do?  
The rascals approach  
To examine the coach  
As it stops at the door of Tolaydo!  
“Let go my barouche,”  
With a scream and a push,  
Says PEEL, as they ventur'd the deed, O.  
And, inspir'd with disgust,  
His pistols he thrust  
In the face of the men of Toledo.

“Have a care, my signors,”  
The gentleman roars,  
As fierce as a Western tornado,  
“Approach my coach panes,  
And I'll blow out the brains  
Of each carabineer in Tolaydo.

“<sup>1</sup> Though Toledo is not in Seville, yet as the postilions *may* have been of that city, I conceive myself quite authorised in using the expression.”

“<sup>2</sup> And it *is* an elegant town, as may be seen by ROBERTS's delightful sketches.”

THACKERAY AND *PUNCH*

I swear with an oath  
To murder I'm loath,  
But if ever you venture on me do;  
With powder and ball  
I'll murder you all,  
As sure as you live at Toledo."

The Carabineers,  
They heard him with fears,  
And stood, in their glory arrayed, O  
All formed in long lines,  
With their big carabines<sup>1</sup>,  
Across the main street of 'Tolaydo.  
"Be hanged to his shot,"  
Says the Captain. "For what,  
'Gainst fifty can one, such as he do?"  
His pistols PEEL cocks,  
(They were MANTON's or NOCKS'),  
And prepares to encounter Toledo.

But what sudden alarms  
Make the soldiers ground arms,  
As if they were told on parade, O?  
What angel of peace  
Bids the hubbub to cease  
Twixt PEEL and the guard of Tolaydo?  
Inform'd of the rout,  
And what 'twas about,  
As quickly as if he were fee'd O<sup>2</sup>,  
At double quick trot  
There comes to the spot  
The POLITICAL CHIEF OF TOLEDO.

<sup>1</sup> *As they form in long lines with their big carabines.*—Surely this is a noble way of expressing the armament of the gallant fellows, and gives a fine picture to the imagination."

<sup>2</sup> Can haste be more dexterously described?—as quickly as if he were *fee'd.*"



“MR. PEEL AT TOLEDO”

He beseeches his sons  
To fling down their guns,  
With a voice like the canes of Barbado<sup>1</sup>,  
“Why seek, silly boy,”  
He says, “to destroy  
The peace of the town of Tolaydo.”  
Young PEEL, at his frown,  
Was fain to look down,  
As mute as a fish or torpedo;  
And, looking sheepi<sup>2</sup>sh,  
Says “It wasn’t my wish  
To kick up a row in Toledo.”

It wasn’t for quarrels  
That these double-barrels  
From out my coach-door were displayed O  
But to ask if a pistol  
Was subject to fiscal  
Or custom-house dues at Tolaydo?  
The Political chief  
Expressed his belief,  
BOB grinned at the simpleton’s credo<sup>3</sup>,  
The Carabineers  
They uttered three cheers,  
And bade the young hero proceed, O!  
And the name of the youth  
Is famous for truth,  
Henceforth, in Madrid and Toledo.

“<sup>1</sup> I mean *sweet*, like the well-known sugar-cane, which renders our tea agreeable, and is so indispensable an adjunct to our puddings.”

“<sup>2</sup> I have made him look like a sheep, a fish, and a torpedo in two lines. This is by way of giving an idea of doubt, perplexity, hesitation—all incidental to the young gentleman’s situation.”

“<sup>3</sup> I need not tell my accomplished friends that *credo* in Spanish means ‘I believe—’ and a great many monstrous fibs, humbugs, and absurd statements those Spanish simpletons *do* believe, according to the authority of travellers.”

## MORAL

My tale it is said,  
 And now it is read,  
 My jolly philosophers say do,  
 If BOBBY the old,  
 Isn't sometimes as bold  
 As BOBBY the young at Tolaydo?

Yes, the sire and the colt,  
 Both know how to bolt,  
 'Tis the chivalrous blood of the breed O,  
 And we see in the youth  
 The Man of Maynooth,  
 And in Parliament House *his* Toledo."

A fortnight later (p. 220) the author had to admit that in his notes he erroneously described a "tertullia" as a coach, instead of as an evening party, and "Muchacha" as a dance instead of a girl—as if he did not know.

The next number of *Punch* contains two good-humoured references by Thackeray to the numerous portraits of Prince Albert. The first is spoken of as "the forty-fifth this year," a photograph, and the forty-sixth, Thorburn's fine miniature just exhibited in the Royal Academy, (No. 795 in the Catalogue—"painted by especial command")—and they are hailed as a "Delightful Novelty" (p. 205). The second reference is that of a beadle who expresses his intense gratification at his "Rile Iness Prince Halbert (bless him!)" holding "*my particler staff* in his &." The letter is dated from

## PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE CONSORT

the Quadrant, "Hopsit the Fire Hoffis." The picture is thus described:—

"His RILE EYENESS (womb Evins preserve) is a painted in his Feel-Martial Youniform. . . . his Is a rollin about like hanythink. . . . he olds his Cock-At and phethars. He has his horders on—the Garter on his breast, and the Golden Fleas round his neck. A huzza is coming up to him with his Ryal oss, and Whinzer Carcel is drawn up at the Back of the Sean, with a quanty Ham-younition and canning-balls.

"In his rite-& he olds my staf—so—



O is the Oss. H is the Huzza. C is Windsor Castle, (*where I've introjuiced somebody a looking out a winder*), and S is my own identical staugh as hever was.

Praps now this complymint has been pade our horder, you'll seece bein quite so *abewsisif* about Biddles."

Society now became greatly moved at the announcement of the Queen's *Bal Costumé*, for which invitations were already sent out. It was not the first that had been held, but this *bal poudré*, which was to illustrate the decade following 1740, had the curious effect of inordinately exciting the minds of the bidden guests over the monstrous charges which the *élite* of the hair-dressers were reported to be making. Ten guineas *par tête* were talked of and the "artistes" were so busy that "heads" were to be made days before the event. Under the felicitous sub-title of "Powder and Ball" Thackeray, who was very wroth with the whole affair, attacked alike the entertainment and those who took part in it, and suffered from it. Introducing the subject with the question—"Isn't it noble to think of the great and proud British aristocracy tricked out, like *Pantaloön*, in the ugliest, most foolish, most absurd costume that ever was invented since the world began?"—(for hoops were to be worn)—he writes a long letter purporting to be addressed by Viscountess Rubadub of 152, Grosvenor Square, to her sister Lady Fanny Fantowzle, then residing in Paris. She points out that as she and her six daughters are invited the expense of hair-dressing would be enormous, and she asks her sister, at her son's suggestion, to send her over a French barber "who has dressed hair for

the low theatres, and the low balls” for which “all the grisettes in Paris; all the tipsy apprentices of the Carnival; all the shop-girls, medical students, pickpockets, and worse people still, have been powdering and patching any time these ten years.” Truly, Thackeray was no courtier. Indeed, he emphasised his point three weeks later (7 June, 1845) when, under the title of “Her Majesty’s Bal Poudre” [*sic*] he recommended a variety of costumes for celebrities, and made suggestive hypotheses such as these:

“If his Royal Highness THE PRINCE wears the dress of GEORGE THE SECOND—who despised and bullied artists as we know in HOGARTH’S case—we engage to find a painter who will be delighted to be kicked down-stairs by His Royal Highness.

“If PEEL will go to the Bal Poudré in the costume of his grandfather, we will not make a single joke at him for six weeks.

\* \* \* \* \*

“If WILL. HOGARTH and HARRY FIELDING could wake up and witness the scene, and behold respectable old men befooling themselves in masquerade dresses, modest old matrons forced to begrime themselves with powder, and disfigure their persons with monstrous hoops and furbelows: if they could see grave statesmen and generals obliged to dress up with wigs like *Pantaloons* in the Pantomine; and high-bred English gentlewomen ordered to powder and rouge like moun-tebanks in a fair: Good Lord! what an opinion

they would form of the taste of our court, and what a satire they could make between them!"

On May 24th, (No. 202) Thackeray devoted a whole page to one of his powerful and earnest appeals in favour of Sunday Opening of Museums, which was not less effective for being conceived in a sarcastic vein. He took two letters to the *Times* as his text. In the first, "A CLERK, Who never leaves business until dusk" wrote to ask why, if "their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cambridge, Prince George," and many others, as quoted from the daily papers, were permitted to visit an exhibition of the Royal Academy on a Sunday, it was unrational, un-Christian-like, and improper for him to do the like, after attending Divine Service in the morning." "ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED CHRISTIANS" replied that these titled personages "violated their duty to God and society" by "an act immoral and indecent in itself," which certainly would bring about, &c., &c. —"as in Paris." Thackeray proceeded to comment upon the latter document which, he declared, had thrown MR. PUNCH into a fury: "STIGGINS — it's STIGGINS — I know it is — the rascal! to say the Royal Family is immoral and indecent" exclaimed the Sage, who, next day indited an "ironic letter" to the clerk aforesaid. In the course of it the writer draws a very charming picture of the poor clerk's happy home, and then reproaches him for the unnatural desire to elevate his thoughts with Art on a Sunday—

## SUNDAY OPENING OF PICTURE GALLERIES

“and a very liberal and kind Christian he must be who warns you. It is a mistake to fancy that an examination of works of art, though they may ennoble and improve your mind on Saturday, is not an odious and wicked action on Sunday! . . . As for the GRAND DUCHESS STEPHANIE OF BADEN, her Royal Highness is a Frenchwoman by birth, and a Princess living in a country where sad errors prevail—this dreadful one among others:—of admitting the public to recreation after the hours of devotion on the Sabbath, and flinging the galleries and museums open to the poor who can see them on no other day. Make up your mind, my lad, and console yourself for living in the only country in Europe where you are debarred from such godless enjoyments . . . We are right, depend upon it—and all the world for ages and ages is wrong. . . . I can't think of a company of French or German peasants (I have seen very many such) dancing under an elm-tree, with *Monsieur le Curé* looking on, very likely, without a feeling of horror at their criminality—tempered, however, with pleasure in remembering that we in England are free from such crime. . . . Some of these unfortunate creatures believe it is wrong to eat mutton-chops on a Friday—and the wretched bigots will tell you that it is ‘immoral and indecent and an insult to Heaven and Society’ to do such a thing. Blind and miserable superstition! You must not amuse yourself on Sunday with pictures—but as for chops on a

Friday, eat as many of them, my good friend, as you can buy. . . . It might be rest to your weary eyes, that have been bleared all the week over the blue lines in a ledger, to look at such a picture as the *Catherine* of RAPHAEL in the National Gallery, or the *Claude* that hangs beside it. . . . Who knows whether the sight of GOD's beautiful world might not awaken as warm feelings of reverence and gratitude as the talk of the REV. MR. STIGGINS indoors, who was howling perdition at me over his pulpit cushion for not being present sitting under him? It is very probable that he thinks his sermon a very much finer thing than a fair landscape, and can't understand how a picture should move any mortal soul. . . . Depend on it, STIGGINS knows best what's good for you. . . . Never mind all Europe, but stick to STIGGINS. . . . And if doubts and repinings *will* cross your abominable mind, read over his letter." There is more of the sort, in which Thackeray reminds STIGGINS that his logic is weak—that "you might go out for a walk of an afternoon, but it does not follow that you should stay out all night. . . . And our admirable legislature has provided that only the gin-shops should be opened on Sunday—not the wicked theatres." Had Thackeray only known that not until a half-a-century later would that opening be granted for which he so stoutly pleaded!\*

\* It is interesting, now that the Sunday opening of museums is regarded as an established boon by an important sec-



“FATHER MATHEW’S DEBTS”

The same number contains a couple of stanzas on “Father Mathew’s Debts”—which, to the amount of £7000, had to be defrayed by sympathising and appreciative friends in England. The second verse develops an attack on Daniel O’Connell :

“Who paid Big DAN?  
I, says starving PADDY,  
Though I’m a poor laddy,  
But I’ll do all I can  
For that sootherin man,  
Who discoorsis so gran’  
Och DAN !”

But four years later (September 1849) *Punch* turned on Father Mathew for having, when in

tion of the more serious-minded of the population, to note that the last Return with respect to the British Museum shows the following figures :

256 ordinary week-days, 454,998 visitors ; 8 hours open ;  
222 visitors per hour.

44 Sundays, 37,886 visitors ; 3½ hours open ; 239 visitors per hour.

Similarly, during the incomparable exhibition of Turner’s works held at the Guildhall of the City of London in 1899, the average attendances numbered 300 *per hour* on week-days, and 348 per hour on Sundays. Again, during 1898 (the last report available at the time of writing) the daily attendance at the National Gallery of British Art (“The Tate Gallery”) averaged between 700 and 800 on week-days, and 1000 on Sundays. It is therefore possible—in view of this practical expression of opinion on the part of the public—that the Royal Academy may come in course of time to share Thackeray’s views and to take action upon them.

Boston, abruptly declined an invitation to attend an Anti-Slavery meeting on the ground that "he was not aware of any passage in Scripture forbidding the existence of slavery."

For some while past Sir Robert Peel had been engaged in the pleasing occupation of "dishing the Whigs," and this Liberal tendency of the Conservative Government had naturally not escaped the usual criticism. Mr. Cobden had declared in the House that, in the circumstances, "a Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy," and in *Punch* Leech had pointed the like moral in his admirable Cartoon of the "Pas des Miroirs; or, the Power of Imitation"—in which he showed the Conservative Cabinet aping the Liberal leaders in "a very ingenious dance which has for some time past excited the admiration of all who have witnessed it." Thackeray treated the matter very happily from another point of view. About this time the fountains of Trafalgar Square, which had already come in for the sarcasm and ridicule so long continued on account of their absurd inadequacy, had begun to play, and it was found that the Union Club, which stands on the west side of the Square, was entirely deprived of water from the well which it had sunk some time before at great expense. Thackeray did not fail to note the parallel, and in "The Allegory of the Fountains" (No. 203) he neatly drew it, for the benefit of his readers.

“THE ALLEGORY OF THE FOUNTAINS”

“THE Clubbists of the Union sank a well  
Deep, deep into the bowels of Pall Mall;  
The rushing water gurgled in the shaft  
And all the footmen washed, and all the members quaffed.

Two wondrous fontanelles arose to grace,  
Lord NELSON’S column and Trafalgar Place;  
Deep in the bosom of the earth below,  
The builder digged to make his fountains froth and flow.

Up, up to heaven Trafalgar’s Fountains rose,  
Their spray bedewed the DUKE OF BRONTË’S nose,  
GEORGE’S fat statue, and St. Martin’s Rail,  
And bathed in silver dew Northumbria’s Lion Tail.

Down, deeper down, the Union’s water sank,  
No more the footmen washed, the members drank:  
Ask ye the fatal reason of the drought?  
The Union wells were sold, and up Trafalgar’s spout.

A moral from those Fountains twain I drew,  
(Each thing in life a moral hath, or two,)  
And thought St. Stephen’s Chapel could compete  
With those two aqueducts of Cockspur Street.

The Liberals sought and found the spring and sank it—  
It was the cunning Tories came and drank it;  
'Twas RUSSELL bade the waters rise and flow,  
Lo from PEEL’S brazen pipes it issues now!

Thus recognising Whig and Tory types  
In voluble and brazen water-pipes—  
I’m thankful that the stream at last is free;  
BOBBY or JOHNNY what’s the odds to me?

'Tis hard for JOHN, no doubt, that stealthy BOB  
His stream of fame should thus divert and rob;  
And that for which he toiled through seasons hot,  
Should fructify another’s garden-plot.

Let us, not caring for the strife a dump,  
 Accommodate ourselves with PEEL for pump;  
 And so the liberal waters to compel,  
 Pump freemen, day and night! AND WORK THE HANDLE  
 WELL!

On the same page we find two other, very unimportant, contributions—the one on the “Split in Conciliation Hall” (that is to say, the public beginning of the great quarrel between “Young Ireland” and “Old Ireland”) ascribed to a master-stroke of policy on the part of Peel; and the other is a further double-barrelled shot at the Bal Poudré and the Prince Consort. It is playfully suggested that the ball was instituted “in order to accustom his Royal Highness the Prince-Field Marshal to the smell of powder.”

Irish politics now engaged Thackeray’s attention far more often and more fully than his published works suggest. To the fulminations of Dan O’Connell he ever lent a good-natured ear. Yet he replied with warmth, entertaining all the while feelings not unkindly towards the Liberator; and to the more sincere and disinterested violence of the Young Ireland party, led by Thomas Davis and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy, he retorted with some show of contemptuous irony. It was not till later that he understood how pure was the flame that burned in the breasts of these ardent, seditious young patriots, and how real and brilliant the genius of certain among them.\* In

\* When Thackeray went lecturing in the United States in

No. 205 Thackeray printed a two-column letter, headed "Young Ireland" and addressed by "Mr. PUNCH (of *Punch*) to MR. DAVIS (of *The Nation*)"—that colleague to whose memory his fellow-worker, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy afterwards devoted one of the most touching and passionate tributes that ever were conceived by an admiring mind and a noble and tender heart.

"I write not to DAVIS," says Thackeray, "of whom I never heard until now; but to the great leader of the Irish nation." This dedication is ironical, and the writer proceeds to develop his satire. "Fools that English statesmen are, and ignorant of the state of affairs in Ireland! It is DAN we fancy is still regnant. We don't know

1852, with Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., to take care of him ("Crowe is my immensest comfort," he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield), he there came upon Thomas Francis Meagher. Mr. Crowe records in "With Thackeray in America" that they met in the railway car him whom, as "Meagher of the Sword," Thackeray had so unmercifully mauled in PUNCH. Meagher was delightful and entertaining. "It was interesting to see," says Mr. Crowe, "this impromptu meeting of the now genial rebel and the author of the 'Battle of Limerick,' written in *Punch* in 1848, and to think of its well-known lines . . . Needless to add that these were not adverted to . . . One of the incidents which delighted his interlocutor was heard subsequently. Some one, in the presence of Meagher, spoke disrespectfully of Her Majesty the Queen, which so roused the anger of the rebel that, but for friendly interference, he would have given the unmannerly lout a sound thrashing." But whoever denied the sense of chivalry of the group that gathered round Duffy, Davis, and *The Nation*?

that you have come quietly in and deposed him. 'How the deuce shall we appease the old fellow?' says PEEL to me. 'How the dickens, Duke, are we to satisfy him?' says I to an illustrious warrior. We are still thinking about O'CONNELL, when—fiddle-de-dee—the pea is not under the thimble at all. It is no longer DAN, but DAVIS!... 'The garrison of Dublin,' you go on to say, 'was paraded. Its cartridges were ready, its battalions concentrated, to meet—unarmed citizens. Viceroy of the Alien! your precautions were cowardly.' This is not merely fine eloquence, but very noble, courageous conduct, too. I like the spirit of the fellow who goes up to a soldier, and shakes his fist in the tyrant's face, exclaiming—'You dastardly coward! you armed ruffian! you miserable bully! I could thrash you if I liked, but I don't choose;' for though the soldier has precise orders not to move out of his place, yet it is evident he *might* move, the blood-thirsty assassin!—and what right has he to be interposing his great bayonet and cartouche-box in the society of peaceful men?... Ah! dear Sir, don't fancy we are all indifferent to your wrongs. Europe must contemplate with horror the atrocious tyranny under which you labour. Three or four hundred thousand of you can't meet as in other countries, and hurl defiance at an iniquitous government,—but troops must get ready their cartridges forsooth! You can't make little attempts to disunite the empire, but some of you are clapped into prison. Every nation and

every regular government in Europe must look down with profound pity upon this tremendous oppression, and join with you in your appeals for liberty. . . . In the mean time, and until young DAVIS has mastered old DAN, let us see fairly the state of things:—The Irishmen assemble by millions, and the British tyrant does nothing. O'CONNELL reigns and levies taxes, and the British tyrants let him. DAVIS calls the QUEEN an alien; the army cowards; instigates 'triumph;' has no objection to blood; incites, infuriates, simple folk; and the British tyrant has not a word to fling at him. If his eloquence should bring about commotion, be the blood on the British tyrant's head, not on DAVIS's. I feel assured that this is the feeling of every just man in Europe; and that all governments. . . . detest the monstrous despotism which bows your meek spirit down."

In his book on "Young Ireland" Sir Charles Gavan Duffy refers to this letter, in which, he says, that Davis "was graciously assured that since Marat there had not been so objectionable a person; and turned into contemptuous ridicule for presuming to maintain his conviction against Mr. O'Connell. The writer of this homily was understood to be Mr. Thackeray." Now, it is interesting to recall the fact that two years before Thackeray had himself contributed, though anonymously, two drawings and sets of verses to *The Nation*. One of these, full of sympathy and character, bore the title "Daddy, I'm Hungry," and purported to rep-

resent "A Scene in an Irish Coachmaker's Family, Designed by Lord Lowther, July 1843." The verses are not without their sting, and as they find no place in the latest edition of Thackeray's works the most striking of them may be quoted here—

A sweet little picture, that's fully desarving  
 Your lordship's approval, we here reprisent—  
 A poor Irish coachmaker's family starving  
 (More thanks to your lordship) is dhrawn in the print.

See the big lazy blackguard! although it is Monday,  
 He sits at his ease with his hand to his cheek,  
 And doin' no more work than a Quaker on Sunday,  
 Nor your lordship's own self on most days of the week.

\* \* \* \* \*

He turns from their prattle as angry as may be,  
 "O daddy, I'm hungry," says each little brat;  
 And yonder sits mammy, and nurses the baby,  
 Thinking how long there'll be dinner for that.

For daddy and children, for babby and mammy,  
 No work and no hope, O! the prospect is fine;  
 But I fancy I'm hearing your lordship cry—"Dammee,  
 Suppose they *do* starve, it's no business of mine."\*

It should not be forgotten, too, that when Sir Charles left England to begin his great career in Australia, Thackeray, whose friend he had become, sent him the kindly God-speed that is printed in his "Life."

\* The verses appear in the reprint of "Sultan Stork" (George Redway, 1887), but without the illustrations.



## CHAPTER VI.

VOLUME IX. SECOND HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1845

A "SOCIAL" drawing, unsigned and unidentified—chiefly, no doubt, on account of its likeness to Leech's work—appears in the first number (207) of the ninth volume of *Punch*. In one of the London squares the tattered proprietor of a potato-can accosts a small and evidently inexperienced urchin, to whom a great broom has been confided, along with all the responsibility it signified to him. The sketch, slightly but very skilfully drawn, is full of character, and deals with a type of subject that was not less a favourite with its author than with Leech. It should here be stated that in John Leech's "Pictures of Life and Character" this drawing was included; and, indeed, it almost appears as if Leech had touched up on it. But there is no doubt that the drawing came from Thackeray and was duly credited to him in the Editorial book. (See next page.)

On the same page, in "Stiggins in New Zealand," Thackeray attacks Colonial land-grabbing conducted by the British Propaganda under the cloak of religion and missionary work. He quotes

some startling examples, and alleges, apparently on the authority of Mr. Charles Buller, M.P., that Father Kendal paid for "forty square miles of land with thirty-six axes." This he declares "a miracle;"

THE ASCOT CUP DAY



"WHY ARE YOU ON THE CROSSING, JAMES? IS YOUR FATHER HILL?"  
"NO. HE'S DROVE MOTHER DOWN TO HASCOT."

but he hastens to explain that unlike "the admirable Fathers (bless them for their benevolence and Christian good-will!)," "the Roman Catholics of New Zealand have not asked or taken an acre." This article was inspired by the three-night debate

over Mr. Buller's motion, ultimately rejected, that the case of the New Zealand Company should be considered.

Although the publication of "The Snobs of England" was not begun for seven months from this date, Thackeray was as eager now as afterwards to indulge in a tilt at snobbery. Harrison Ainsworth had assumed the editorship of Colburn's "New Monthly Magazine" and announced that he had secured the aid of several writers "eminent not only for talent, but for high rank." Under the heading of "Immense Opportunity," Mr. Punch, by Thackeray's pen, falls upon the novelist—as he so often delighted to do, in spite of personal friendship, out of dislike for his vanity, his snobbishness, and cosmetics. "MR. AINSWORTH can't mean," he says, "that the readers of his Magazine care for an author because he happens to be a lord—a flunkey might—but not a gentleman who has any more brains than a fool. . . . Don't let us talk about high rank in the republic of letters—let us keep *that* place clear."

Thackeray's fearlessness, even when dealing with friends, is as noteworthy as his loyalty, straightforwardness, and good nature. Writing to Ainsworth on the 30th of June, Thackeray refers to this very article. After saying—"Of course I'll come to dinner on Sunday, and we are just as good friends as ever. Wasn't it much better to complain and explain? I think so—and the imperial house of Titmarsh is now satisfied"—Thack-

eray goes on in his most charming vein: "There's one thing I regret very much too, and must be told to you now in making a clean breast of it—is a certain paragraph in the next *Punch*, relating to a certain advertisement about contributors, 'not only of talent *but of rank*.' This moved my wrath; and has been hardly handled—this was before our meeting and explanation—I always must think it a very objectionable advertisement—but shouldn't have lifted my hand to smite my friend, had explanation come earlier, so that now *you* must be called upon to play the part of forgiver, in which I'm sure you will shine. Ever yours, my dear fellow." "Such a letter," it was said when his note was first printed, "deserves a place in D'Israeli's 'Quarrels of Authors.'"

Very soon after, it may be added, with this topic still in his mind the Editor of *Punch* published the following epigram, the author of which, even in his private note-book, he prefers to leave anonymous:—

Says Ainsworth to Colburn,  
 "A plan in my pate is,  
 To give my romance as  
 A supplement, *gratis*."

Says Colburn to Ainsworth,  
 "'Twill do very nicely,  
 For that will be charging  
 It's value precisely."

The Repealers' threats of violence awakened Thackeray's indignation and contempt; but what

perverted in some measure his real sympathy with the wrongs of Ireland, was the angry suspicion aroused when the religious aspect of the quarrel involved Rome in the dispute. In this Number Thackeray quickly takes up the words incautiously let fall by John O'Connell—"Appeal to Rome!"—because Dan's son had foolishly declared that when Repeal had been obtained and the Catholic Hierarchy re-established, the Bishops would be controlled only "by the Sovereign Pontiff." "Look here, gentlemen Repealers," cries Thackeray, "at the kind of freedom which your Liberator has in store for you. . . . Here is the O'CONNELL creed for the nineteenth century:—Down with the British, and on your knees to the Pope. Away with the Saxon, and put your trust in the Roman.' . . . There is MR. DAVIS, of the *Nation*, who pants for freedom, and would not mind a little blood-letting to procure it. Well, MR. DAVIS, suppose the Saxon done for, and see what comes next. . . . Dare you preach against this as you preach against English tyranny? Dare you rebel against DAN and his supreme Pope, as you would against us oppressors over the water?"—and much more to the like vigorous purpose.

Upon the same page appears, from Thackeray's pen, a half-column upon the social topic, "Where are the Hackney-coaches gone to?"—being a letter purporting to be addressed by "C. F. M'Q. R." to the Editor of *Punch*. The gist of it is that the

writer, Mr. Charles &c. Ralledge, complains that there were then "*only three Hackney Coaches in all London.*" "Is this, I ask, tolerable? Are we Britons, or are we not?" A few remaining coaches remained, on the London streets some sixteen or seventeen years longer, for in 1861 one such vehicle still plied for hire. It should be remembered that these public carriages—(named "Hackney," by the way, from *haquenée*, "a sorry nag")—had first been introduced in 1625; ten years later they were voted a nuisance by law and controlled by enactment; in 1771, they had multiplied to a thousand; and were challenged in 1814 by "hackney-chariots," and in 1820, by the cabriolets, or cabs, from Paris, which were destined in a very few years to drive the heavy lumbering coach altogether from the road. The coach had two horses and the cab only one; but I do not remember that the fact has been anywhere recorded by *Punch's* pencil.

The "MOST NOBLE FESTIVITIES" at Londonderry House and at Holderness House, and the inflated language in which they were announced and reported in certain daily papers that were supposed to toady Society once more pricked Thackeray to sarcasm—although he frankly admitted that a mere commoner could not approach "this most noble style of writing." And as usual he falls foul of the blunders of French which used so often to characterise (and do still, occasionally) the more pompous announcements of society journals.

"A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK"

When the Government Bill for the Establishment of New Colleges for Ireland was up for second reading, not a little violence attended the debate, and Mr. Somers, the member for Sligo, challenged Mr. Roebuck to a duel, by reason of certain hurtful observations which that gentleman had let drop. Leech, at Mark Lemon's suggestion, had already treated the matter in a Cartoon ("A Chip of the Old Block," p. 6), but Thackeray saw a new way of handling the subject. Heading the half-column which he devoted to it "THE EUREKA," he pointed out how this notable new invention, otherwise called the "Latin Verse-Grinder," had been tried before a committee of public school boys and that when they had selected the little parliamentary difference already alluded to, for their experiments, they set the wondrous instrument in motion, and the following lines were ground out:—

"Sligonis membrum, BUCKI vult pullere nasum,  
Transfugit ARCTURUS Rhetoris in gremium.  
Hunc pius ASHLEIUS laudat, decus Exeter Aulæ,  
Pontificumque comes BOBBIUS INGLISIUS", &c.

The material from which the machine was supposed to have manufactured this inspiring example of pure Latin is appended:

"When Sligo's member aims at ROEBUCK'S nose,  
The frightened BUCK to Speaker's bosom goes.  
Him ASHLEY praises, piousest of Lords,  
And INGLIS, known at missionary boards:." &c.

The "Eureka," it should be explained, was really put forth as a device that could arrange words into their proper verse-order.

In the next number (209) Thackeray gives his own version of "The Abdication of Don Carlos," in favour of his son the Prince of the Asturias. The relation of the ceremony is supplied by one "Lancelot Greaves, Knt.,"; it is two columns in length and, dwelling chiefly on the bombastic poverty of the pretender, is neither very generous nor very comic. After describing the miserable shifts of the shoddy Court to keep up appearances when distributing illusory "rewards" to the few faithful followers of the exile at Bourges, the absurdity of the ceremony is brought into relief. One of the more effective passages is the following:

"My excellent MARIQUITA, waiting-woman of my august Queen, and chief intendant of my kitchen, whose fidelity to my royal race, but especially whose skill in cooking my favourite dish of Garbanzos in oil, has touched my august heart, I propose to reward suitably. When my fleets arrive from the Indies, I shall present her with a diamond stomacher as big as any *omelette* she ever fried for me, and a kitchen service of rubies and gold. I hereby give her an estate in Peru, whereof the title-deeds shall be made out in her name, so soon as the revolted province has returned to its allegiance. Meanwhile, I create her DUCHESS OF OLLA-PODRIDA."

"The Duchess declined, however, to take the



title, because the Royal Chancellor wanted fifteenpence as a fee for entering it in the Golden Book of the Grandees of Spain." This article appeared on July 12, but the abdication of "Henry the Fifth" in favour of his son had taken place on the 18th of May. It is for this reason that Thackeray opens with "We have taken our time about publishing the only authentic account of that august event," &c.

In a short article on "British Honour" Thackeray protests against the quibble in which the English Government, he says, is indulging at the expense of Spain. It takes the form of an extract from "a private and confidential" letter addressed to "DEAR BOB" (that is, Sir Robert Peel, the Premier), alleged to have been found in the precincts of the House. "The Spaniard SOTOMAYOR says England is pledged by treaties to consider Spain as the most favoured nation. If the most favoured nation, why are her sugars taxed at a higher rate than those of the United States and Venezuela? SOTOMAYOR asks for fair play for his country. Our friend ABERDEEN [Foreign Secretary] replies—'Yes, England *is* pledged by treaties; but the obligation imposed upon us is, to treat as the most favoured nation THE SUBJECTS of Spain, but not to treat THE PRODUCE of Spain. . . . When LORD STANLEY, at the Colonial Office, can thimble-rig the New Zealand Company—when LORD ABERDEEN, as a British Minister and gentleman, can sign his name to an argument like this—good

Lord! why is the Cabinet scrupulous?" This little explosion in favour of fair-dealing was the outcome of the publication of Papers, for in the summer of this year Spain, as a retaliatory measure, removed England from the "favoured nation clause" which she had enjoyed since the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

The last contribution to this number is a short paragraph entitled "Tremendous Sufferings of the Household Brigade," bearing allusion to the "heroic hardships" involved in their march from Regent's Park to Hyde Park; from Windsor to Regent's Park, and so forth. A similar reference to the privileges and "forced marches" of "the pampered Guards," with an illustration, by Thackeray, appeared in 1849. ("The Guards and the Line." P. 243, vol. xvii.)

Peculiar interest is attached to the next article (No. 210), "REASONS WHY I SHALL NOT SEND MY SON, GUSTAVUS FREDERIC, TO TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE," by Mr. *Punch*, for Trinity had been Thackeray's own college, and evidence is supplied in the course of the paper, as will be seen, that the author had some cause to resent an affront offered by the Master, Dr. Whewell. But it was doubtless his hatred of snobbery, for which he had so delicate a scent, that dictated the composition of the protest:

"The young men of Trinity College, Cambridge, assume greater rank than the members of other colleges in that University. . . . Old

LICKSPITTLE, from Baker Street, sends young LICKSPITTLE to Trinity that he may form 'connections' there. . . . And yet, from accounts which reach me, I won't send my son GUSTAVUS FREDERIC FORRESTER CHESTERFIELD D'ORSAY *Punch* to Trinity; I wish GUSTAVUS FREDERIC to see good society, certainly, but not at such a price as he must pay under Dr. Whewell's Mastership. Suppose Dr. Whewell were to take a fancy to that dear child, as I have no doubt he would; he would invite him to the lodge to tea, which is a very wholesome drink for my darling boy. But he would not be allowed to *sit down and drink it*. NO; THE MASTER OF TRINITY DOES NOT ALLOW UNDERGRADUATES TO SIT DOWN BEFORE HIM. If a raw lad dares to take a chair, there's a kind sub-tutor in the way, who whispers to the young gentleman the wish of the master. . . . Even when I see ladies and gentlemen standing behind PRINCE ALBERT and HER MAJESTY, I blush. . . . I pity the poor devils of White Rods and Aides-de-camp when I see them at the Opera, and the Prince in his chair. I feel ashamed somehow. . . . The Doctor has written a Bridgewater treatise, and I'm sure only acts from humility; it is for his office sake, and not his own, that he degrades young gentlemen so. . . . But my beloved boy's proud spirit would burst over the lodge muffins and tea, if obliged to swallow them standing. He has not been accustomed to take his victuals in that way; no, nor to stand before

any person—not even his own father. And suppose I were to go down to see him. His tutor would ask me to dine in the hall, no doubt, as Mr. S—— asked Mr. JERDAN and a party the other day. DOCTOR WHEWELL sees a party of *distingué*-looking fellows dining with Mr. S——, and invites him and his friends to the lodge. But he hears that in the party is a literary gentleman by the name of *Punch*, on which the Master writes a letter, to say—‘Dear S——, I expect all your party *except Mr. Punch.*’ Dr. WHEWELL did this the other day to the editor of another eminent literary periodical. Suppose such a thing were to happen to me, what would GUSTAVUS FREDERIC do? What would I do? I might be angry. I might use strong language. I shudder to think what I might say or do. Neither of us can afford to mix with good society at that price.”

“Military Intelligence” (p. 40) is a playful comment on the appointment by the Emperor of Russia of his grandson, a young Prince of three months old, to the Colonelcy of the Imperial Guard. Thackeray describes how two Captains, Mrs. Bibski and Mrs. Tuckerwitz have been appointed to dress and nurse him; how the whole regiment has adopted the Colonel’s uniform—long petticoats and lace cap, which look splendid but impede their manœuvres on field days; how the field officers ride in go-carts and how silver pap-boats have been presented to the regimental mess—and other pleasant fooling of the sort, winding up with

a rather cutting allusion to "a certain eminent and Royal warrior."

When all Europe was shuddering with horror at the action of the French Colonel Pelissier and his troops, who suffocated and burned to death in their cave at Dahara eight hundred Arabs, men, women, and children, who would not accept his terms; when eloquent pens throughout the whole civilised world were giving expression to indignation and disgust; when even French papers were joining in the general denunciation and cried, "What will England, what will Germany say? How henceforth will our Government appear in the eyes of Europe?"; and when in the pages of *Punch*, others besides himself were expressing their reprobation, and Coventry Patmore contributed his famous "Vive la Guerre!"—Thackeray's generous anger was not likely to go unspoken. But he would have no cant. In "Soldiering" (p. 49), he refers to it scornfully as "the late glorious victory of the 18th of June. . . . These poor rascals . . . having retreated into their hole of refuge, the brave Colonel PELISSIER put firewood at either end of it, and then told them to come out and submit to terms. These must have been hard indeed: for the Arabs—with death before them, and a knowledge of the imperial butcheries, rapine, and cruelty of the French in Algeria for the last fifteen years . . . —preferred to die rather than come to terms. Then fire was lighted at the two ends of the cavern for two days, and eight hun-

dred of God's men, women and children, were by Colonel PELISSIER stifled and murdered there. The whole of the tribe is exterminated; and the French flag, that rainbow of liberty, as BERANGER calls it, doubtless flaunts over the now quiet scene. . . . The wholesale completeness of this murder has somehow been too strong for the French gorge; and Marshal SOULT is actually made to say that he '*deplores and disapproves of it.*'" Thackeray—declining to enter into the sickening details which were well remembered in England when the same Pelissier, who, instead of being cashiered and prosecuted, afterwards commanded in the Crimea and rose to be the Duke of Malakoff, proposed to pay a visit to this country—then at once turned his attention to "a great *English* military achievement, which might humble *our* pride a little." This consisted in the shameful punishment of two soldiers of the Foot Guards for refusing to submit to an immodest order. "So," says Thackeray, with more of the intemperate spirit of Douglas Jerrold than of his own usually moderate expression of his convictions: "for pleading the common privilege of modesty, the savage military law, which would have exposed them like brutes, tied them up and lashed them like brutes; and having glutted itself on their mangled and bleeding shoulders, sent them to hospital to be cured, and to be ready for future service." His passion was certainly not unjustified, for these two men, who bore good characters, had received not fewer than a hundred

lashes each, and the blood was already trickling down their backs when the first score of lashes had been delivered ; and when the men were cast loose, after having received their punishment with great fortitude, the whole regiment on being dismissed—say the contemporary reports—“gave vent to *one loud simultaneous hiss.*”

Besides “A Lucky Speculator” which is reprinted in the volume of “The Great Hoggarty Diamond,” Thackeray had but two short contributions, and those of slight importance, in the next number (212). The first, under the heading of “Scholastic,” commiserates the boys who are enjoying their holidays on seeing the advertisements in the papers that their respective school-masters “expect their young friends” on such-and-such a date ; a subject to which he returned on the 18 January 1851, for Thackeray never tired of showing his sympathy for schoolboys. The other is a protest in the name of “Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs” (a pseudonym which Thackeray had assumed on a former occasion, it will be remembered)—against the system practised by auctioneers of advertising houses situated in common neighbourhoods as being in aristocratic districts. On this occasion, “a street leading out of a fashionable square in the West End—Rent £65 per annum,” turns out to be Silver Street, Golden Square. “A House at the West End” is the title of the contribution.

“The Pimlico Pavilion” chiefly occupied Thack-

eray's pen in the following number (p. 66); but a long article entitled "War between the Press and the Bar: Mr. Punch to the Gentlemen of the Press" (p. 64) has been ascribed to Percival Leigh as well as to him. It is difficult to determine the authorship. "The Professor," as Leigh was commonly called at *Punch's* Table, cultivated a style which oftentimes, both in prose and verse, resembled that of Thackeray; indeed, as I have mentioned, his poem of "The Flying Duke" is to this day included among Thackeray's "Ballads," even in the latest edition. Moreover, in the editor's own book there is confusion on this point, the article being entered to both writers. It may be stated that in this trenchant retort *Punch* makes a spirited appeal to the "Gentlemen of the Fourth Estate" to resent the affront offered to it by the Bar, as implied in the rule that any of its members degrading themselves by reporting law cases for the papers should be treated as unworthy of their cloth and be banished from the Bar mess accordingly; and he summons the Press to accept the challenge and expose to the public the whole bag of tricks of the advocate. Basing his philippic upon an obituary panegyric on Sir W. W. Follett, the Attorney-General then recently dead, he exclaims: "They do not expel a man for disgusting hypocrisy; for bearing false witness; for the 'artful dodge'; for keeping 'fraud and falsehood' out of view—they load him with honours for it. . . . If QUIRK, GAMMON and SNAP prescribe the 'artful



dodge,' SERJEANT BUZFUS performs it in Court. If an honest man is to be bullied in the witness-box, the barrister is instructed to bully him. If a murderer is to be rescued from the gallows, the barrister blubbers over him, as in TAWELL'S case;\* or accuses a wrong person, as in COURVOISIER'S case.† If a naughty woman is to be screened, a barrister will bring Heaven itself into Court, and call Providence to witness that she is pure and spotless. . . . This is a Law adviser to Ministers; that was a Minister of the Crown; the other went to the grave with five hundred weeping reputable gentlemen at his back—honest gentlemen who will have no connection with the Press." It reads exceedingly like Thackeray, to be sure; and a good deal less, I think, like Percival Leigh.‡

The subject for the cartoon in this number was suggested by Thackeray and drawn by Leech. Reference is made in the Introductory chapter to this happy political squib, and to its enthusiastic reception by the public who were, of course, unaware to whom the credit of it was due.

An important ballad of not fewer than twelve stanzas and 108 lines was published in No. 215

\* John Tawell, murderer of Sarah Hart (1 Jan. 1845).

† Courvoisier, murderer of Lord William Russell (6 May 1840).

‡ The Bar mess of the Oxford Circuit rescinded their regulation against barristers reporting for the Press, on the 18th of March following.

(23 Aug. 1845) embellished with a drawing by Richard Doyle. It is called—

“*Punch's Regency.*”

INTRODUCTION.

The only man of any mark  
 In all the town remaining,  
 I sauntered in St. James's Park,  
 And watched the daylight waning.  
 ‘The *SPEAKER's* lips,’ I said, ‘are sealed,  
 They've shut up both the Houses;  
 Sir *ROBERT's*\* gone to Turnabout field,  
 Sir *JAMES* † to shoot the grouses.

The *QUEEN* and all the Court are out  
 In Germany and Flanders,  
 And, happy midst his native *kraut*,  
 My princely Albert wanders.  
 No more the dumpy Palace arch ‡  
 The Royal Standard graces;  
 Alone, upon his lonely march  
 The yawning sentry paces.”  
 Beneath an elm-tree, on a bank,  
 I mused, (for tired my hunch was,)  
 And there in slumber soft I sank,  
 And this the dream of *Punch* was.

THE DREAM.

I dreamed it was a chair of gold,  
 The grassy bank I sat on;  
 I dreamed *SAINT EDWARD's* sceptre old  
 I wielded for a baton.

\* Sir Robert Peel.

† Sir James Graham.

‡ The Marble Arch, which at that time stood in front of Buckingham Palace.





## THE MRS. CAUDLE C

“What do you say? *Thank heaven!* You’re going to enjoy  
upon it, when you come back, you shall have it again. No: I do  
to give up every little privilege; though it’s seldom I open my lip



## THE HOUSE OF LORDS

ecess—and you'll be rid of me for some months? Never mind. Depend  
raise the House, and set everybody in it by the ears; but I'm not going  
odness knows!"—*Caudle Lectures (improved.)*

*Proposed by W. M. Thackeray. Drawn by John Leech.*  
PUNCH, 9th August, 1845. Volume IX.



"PUNCH'S REGENCY"

Men crowded to my throne, the elm,  
In reverend allegiance ;  
And *Punch* was publish'd through the realm,  
The jolliest of Regents.

Back came the ministerial rout  
From touring and carousing ;  
Back came SIR BOB from Turnabout,  
And back SIR JAMES from grouching.  
I turned upon a scornful heel,  
When GRAHAM asked a favour ;  
I sternly banished BOBBY PEEL  
To Turnabout for ever.

To courtly ABERDEEN, I sent  
A mission influential,  
To serve the Yankee President  
As Flunky Confidential.  
Lord BROUGHAM AND VAUX in banishment  
I ordered to Old Reekie,  
And STANLEY\* to New Zealand went  
Ambassador to Heki.†

And KELLY,‡ whom the world assails,  
But whom the bar takes fame from  
I made Lord Viscount New South Wales  
Which poor JOHN TAWELL § came from.  
And then I asked His Grace, the Duke,¶  
What ministers to go to,  
On which he generously took  
The Cabinet *in toto*.

\* Lord Stanley, then Colonial Secretary.

† Heki—the New Zealand Chief who defeated Colonel Despard and his 500 men (1 July 1845), before being driven finally from his stronghold.

‡ Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Solicitor-General and M.P. for Cambridge, whose behaviour at his election was much criticised.

§ John Tawell, the murderer of Sarah Hart.

¶ The Duke of Wellington.

THACKERAY AND *PUNCH*

O then! all other reigns which shine  
Upon our page domestic,  
Were mean and dim compared to mine,  
That Regency majestic.  
And ages hence the English realm  
Shall tell the wondrous legend  
Of *Punch*, when at the nation's helm,  
HER MAJESTY'S High Regent.

Around my empire's wide frontier  
No greedy bully swaggered,  
Nor swindling Yankee buccaneer,  
Nor savage Gallic braggart.  
For threats and arms were flung aside,  
And war-ships turned to traders,  
And all our ports were opened wide,  
To welcome the invaders.

At home the collier coursed his hare,  
Beside the Duke his neighbour;  
The weaver got his living fair  
For his ten hours of labour.  
And every man without employ  
Got beef—not bones—to feed on,  
And every little working boy  
His page of *Punch* could read on.

And Irishmen learned common sense,  
And prudence brought them riches;  
Repeal ceased pilfering for pence  
In PADDY'S mended breeches.  
Old DAN was grown too rich to beg,  
And in a Union jolly  
I linked MAC HALE \* with TRESHAM GREGG, †  
And BERESFORD ‡ with CROLLY. §

\* Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.

† Rev. Tresham Gregg, Grand Chaplain of the Orangemen of Ireland.

‡ Lord John G. de la Poer Beresford, D.D., Primate of Ireland, 1822  
to 1855.

§ Dr. Crollly, Primate of the Irish Roman Catholic Church.



“PUNCH'S REGENCY”

Then gentlemen might earn their bread,  
And think there was no shame in't;  
And at my court might hold their head  
Like any Duke or Dame in't.  
A Duchess and her governess  
The same quadrille I clapt in ;  
I asked old WELLINGTON to mess,  
And meet a half-pay Captain.

The Bar and Press I reconciled  
(They thanked me one and all for't),  
Benignantly the Thunderer smiled  
On Mr. SERJEANT TALFOURD \* \* \*  
I know not where my fancy strayed,  
My dream grew wilder—bolder—  
When suddenly a hand was laid  
Full roughly on my shoulder.

It was the Guardian of the Park,—  
The sun was sunk in Heaven ;  
'Git up,' says he, 'it's after dark,  
We shuts at half-past seven.'  
And so I rose and shook myself,  
And, *satiatus ludi*,  
Resigned the crown to ROYAL GUELPH,  
And went to tea with JUDY.”

## CHAPTER VII

VOLUME IX. (*continued*)

“THE Stags. A Drama of To-day,” is a “social” cut which appears on the last page of No. 216—another of Thackeray’s numerous commentaries on the company-promoting of the day and on the facilities enjoyed by penniless rogues and bogus shareholders and “directors” for carrying on their “business” of fleecing the public. Two thread-bare rascals sit in a coffee-house concocting a prospectus: the play itself is short but expressive.

On the same page Thackeray elaborately assails the Bar for touting, not for briefs, but for certain Courts of Request judgeships, to which the “Times,” a short while before, had in a jocular manner drawn attention. Thackeray bears witness to the activity of the touters, with the more zest that he had so warmly resented the indignity offered by the Bar to the Press, as already set forth. He gives examples of the proceedings, showing “The Genteel Canvass,” “The Pathetic Canvass,” “The Houndsditch Canvass,” together with specimen testimonials from Mr. Justice Humdrum and Mr. Baron Mauley.

THE STAGS. A DRAMA OF TO-DAY



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TOM STAG, *a Retired Thimblerrigger.*

JIM STAG, *an Unfortunate Costermonger.*

(TOM dictates to JIM.)

NAME IN FULL . . .	“ <i>Victor Wellesley Delancey.</i> ”
RESIDENCE . . .	“ <i>Stagglands, Bucks.</i> ”
PROFESSION . . .	“ <i>Major-General, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.S.W.</i> ”
REFERENCE . . .	“ <i>His Grace the Duke of Wellington.</i> ”
	“ <i>Sir Robert Peel, Coutts &amp; Co.</i> ”

“That’ll do. Now, MARY, a vafer: and, JIM, I don’t mind standing a pint of alf and alf!”

The visit of the Queen and Prince Albert to Coburg, where on the 26th August the Prince Consort celebrated his birthday in the Castle of Rosenau, his natal and hereditary home,\* afforded Thackeray another opportunity for merry-making. Under the title of "Serenade" (No. 217), he contributed a burlesque poem of six verses of triplets, supposed to be written by Dr. Prætorius and sung by that gentleman under the windows of the Royal Pair. As Thackeray very truly suggests in his introduction—"They show considerable aptness in a German:"—

"Sleep, softly sleep, O royal pair! and be your slumbers  
 cosy now;  
 Watch round their pillows, angels fair, and give their eyes  
 repose enow;  
 And summer flowers and summer air breathe soft around  
 Schloss Rosenau!

No jealous gates are locked and barred around the Dame  
 and Ritter here,  
 No sentinels keep watch and ward, save wakeful stars  
 which glitter here,  
 Or larks (which come relieving guard at morn,) and sing  
 and twitter here.

Though England is an Empire grand, and but a humble  
 Duchy's this;  
 And though the realm which you command a thousand  
 times as much as this;  
 You cannot take, in all England, a pleasant slumber such  
 as this.

\* Two or three years before, Turner had immortalised this castle in his celebrated picture, somewhat modifying the topographical facts, however, for the sake of pictorial beauty.

## SCHLOSS ROSENAU

As calm as in his infancy the royal ALBERT dozes here;  
Forgetting cares of royalty the Stranger QUEEN reposes  
here,  
Though citizens and peasantry come walk amid the roses  
here.

In Pimlico there roses blow, if true the papers write of  
you,  
But 'tis not thus in Pimlico your people take delight of  
you;  
Were ever English people so allowed to take a sight of  
you?

Then softly sleep, O royal pair, and pleasantly repose ye  
now,  
In England there is state and care, and weariness and  
woes enow;  
But summer wind and summer air breathe gently round  
Schloss Rosenau."

Dr. Prætorius was greatly esteemed by the Queen and Prince Albert, and his name frequently appeared in the official Court Circular as being present at Her Majesty's dinner-parties.

On the next page (107) the author declares that much good humour was created by a small boy, one of the Coburg children whom the Doctor had trained to sing the National Anthem, piping out—

“Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
DOCTOR PRÆTORIUS.”

And again (p. 113), Thackeray declares that in the Schloss is shown an interesting relic—the iden-

tical silver spoon, with the English arms embossed on it, which Prince Albert had in his mouth when he was born. "The Correspondent of the *Morning Herald* fainted when he saw this admirable relic."

In the same number there was considered M. Carbonnel's letter to the Académie des Sciences in which he had announced the discovery of a means for producing oysters in fresh-water ponds and basins. Thackeray seized upon the basins, and here in *Punch* issued a Prospectus of the "Oyster-Bed-in-your-own-Basin Company; (*Sec. pro. tem.* GEORGE DANDO, Esq., Basinall Street)." This prospectus points out the advantages of the discovery—how, by this mode of cultivation of the oyster, every man who thus uses his basin is reminded of, and therefore encouraged in, personal cleanliness; how this invention, when oysters are sown "in a tin dish and fed with bran will, by warming, instantly produce the most admirable scalloped oysters," and much more to similar effect. This half-column article is entitled "Oysters in your own Basins."

"Meditations on Solitude. By our Stout Commissioner" (No. 218) has hitherto been only mentioned by the bibliographers; but as it has never been reprinted in this country, and as, in point of length, it is of some importance, some allusion may be made to it here.\* This article serves as

\* Except a reference later on to "Beulah Spa," and "The

introduction to the Brighton papers (reprinted in "Contributions to 'Punch'") and describes how the writer fared in deserted London in August time, and what he pondered on. It is chiefly interesting for his savage confession of that curious dislike of the French which called forth from du Maurier, in his "Social Pictorial Satire," a good-natured protest and reproach. This sentiment often enough displayed, is never more bluntly set down than here. He has been resenting what he considers the impudent patronage by two French gentlemen of the view from Richmond Hill. "'*C'est joli,*' says one; '*c'est pas mal,*' says the other. . . . And then one of the little dwarfs curled his waxed moustache, and leered at MRS. BLOBBY'S handsome nursery-maid, who was passing with about eleven of B.'s youngest children." Then he goes on:

"It can't be helped. Do what you will, you *can't* respect Frenchmen. It's well of us to talk of equality and amity. But we can't keep up the farce of equality with them at all. And my opinion is, that the reason why they hate us, and will hate us, and ought to hate us for ever, is the consciousness of this truth on one side or the other. It is not only in history and battles, but we are domineering over them in every *table d'hôte* in Europe at this moment. . . . We can't be brought to believe that a Frenchman is equal of an Eng-

New Forward Movement," I do not propose to deal with any unprinted pieces which have been previously identified.

lishman. Is there any man in England who thinks so in his heart? If so, let him send his name to the publishers." Du Maurier shrugs his shoulders at the prejudice, and says in his "Social Pictorial Satire": "He [Leech] hates the foreigner—whom he does not know, as heartily as Thackeray does, who seems to know him so well—with a hatred that seems to me a little unjust, perhaps: all France is not Leicester Square; many Frenchmen can dress and ride, drive and shoot as well as anybody; and they began to use the tub very soon after we did—a dozen years or so, perhaps—say after the *coup d'état* in 1851." But it should not be forgotten that Thackeray had lately been moved to passion by Joinville, the French king, Colonel Pelissier, and the rest. And it should further be remembered that he elaborated the same sentiment in the "Paris Sketch Book," in "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," in "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," in the "Snob Papers," and elsewhere.

During the Royal visit to Coburg afore-mentioned, the Prince Consort had indulged his national love of sport and enjoyed a numerically successful *battue*, forty-eight fine stags being killed. *Punch* was shocked: Leech drew two cartoons comparing the Court of Elizabeth and its bear-baiting with that of 1845—showing the deer, dead and dying, piled up before the Royal tent, within which one lady turns away her weeping face; Douglas Jerrold wrote his stinging "Dainty



Dish” and “Tears at Gotha;” and Thackeray contributed a “Sonnick” by “Jeams”—“Sejested by Prince Halbert graciously killing the Staggs at Sacks-Cobug-Gothy.” (No. 219, p. 133.) It runs thus:

“Some forty Ed of sleek and hantlered dear  
 In Cobug (where such hanimmles abound)  
 Were shot, as by the nusepapers I hear,  
 By HALBERT Usband of the Brittish Crownd.  
 BRITANNIA’S QUEEN let fall the purly tear;  
 Seeing them butchered in their silvn prisns;  
 Igspecially, when the keepers, standing round,  
 Came up and cut their pretty hinnocent whizns.

Suppose, instead of this pore Germing sport  
 This Saxn wenison which he shoots and baggs,  
 Our Prins should take a turn in Capel Court  
 And make a massyker of ENGLISH STAGGS.  
 Pore STAGGS of Hengland! were the Untsman at you,  
 What avoc he *would* make and what a trimenjus battu!”

The next place of call of “Punch’s Commissioner” was “Beulah Spa” (No. 220)—a contribution indexed by Shepherd and his followers, but not otherwise referred to. In this long contribution, for which he made two drawings, Thackeray revisited the spot which, five years before, he had made the scene of his July sketch in “Cox’s Diary,” for “Cruikshank’s Almanac”—when Lady de Sudley organized the charity fête in the Spa Gardens in aid of the “British Washerwomen’s Orphans’ Home.” On the present occasion Thackeray visits the gardens in company with his

young friend Lieutenant Rawbold, because the Lieutenant possesses, "as he says (in his clever facetious way), 'the most hactionest hoss and the most himpidintest tiger in the village of Lunding.'" He describes the journey down in the "well regulated cab and horse . . . and AUGUSTUS FREDERIC, RAWBOLD'S groom, who was clinging on behind like a spread-eagle."

The observations as to the road, it must be admitted, are a little strange for so pronounced a snobbery-hater: "Placid villages of cockneys adorn each side of the road—stock-brokers, sugar-bakers—that sort of people. . . . All the people walking were women, except puny stock-brokers in the arms of nursery-maids . . . or the blue-clad butcherling arriving with the fillet of veal." The once fashionable Spa is vividly portrayed in the days of its decline—the verdant trumpeters, the wizened old Italian troubadour, the impostor Sagittarius in Lincoln Green on the archery-ground, the one picnicing party in the almost deserted gardens, so soon to be closed, handed over to the builders, and added to the residential quarter of Upper Norwood.\*

"A Seasonable Word on Railways" (No. 221) was one of Thackeray's half-mocking, wholly serious warnings to the country on the railway craze. In the character of Vice-President of the Middlesex Junction Railway (FitzJames de la Pluche, Esq.

\* See *ante*, p. 174.

being in the chair), he delivers a long speech full of good sense, supporting the proposed Order in Council "to prohibit the further issue of railroad prospectuses;" points out that there are already more bills before Parliament than can be dealt with; that there is no time to carry out the new lines; no chance of getting the necessary iron at possible prices; little likelihood of obtaining labour at any cost; and that, if the country is to be saved, a check must positively be put on railroad speculation. "If I were an enemy of my country," he cries,—“If I were an aristocrat bent on the maintenance of my Order . . . I would rejoice to see the capital of the country engaging itself beyond its means—plunging into speculations which must end hopelessly—and then the ruined land would come under my sway again.” And more common-sense of the sort. The report concludes: “After this and other eloquent speeches, *Mr. Punch* went home; but, in spite of his own injunctions to caution, and gloomy predictions regarding over-speculation, the infatuated gentleman wrote two-and-twenty fresh applications for shares before he went to bed that night.”

Besides the reprinted pieces "Brighton" and "The Georges," Thackeray contributed to No. 222, p. 163, a paragraph giving comic expression to the popular indignation at Fleet Street being "up," and remaining up. It professes to report the discovery of a brandy-bottle with an inscription within it, showing that the *Celerity* omnibus

has been stranded off Temple Bar; "every passenger lost; great distress." She arrives in safety, however, being piloted through the narrow straits in the dangerous channel of Fleet Street by Policeman C 21, after the longest passage on record.

"PUNCH'S TRIBUTE TO O'CONNELL" is a scathing attack on the Irish leader by reason of his cynical conduct during the Irish potato famine that marked the late autumn (No. 227). While Ireland starved, the Liberator "played the buffoon," and again sent round the hat. Leech denounced him as "The Irish Jeremy Diddler," but Thackeray's "Tribute" was far bitterer. In the course of this open letter we read:

"Not that I quarrel with a joke, my dear professional friend, or am jealous of yours; but I think, of these latter days, you have been a trifle too facetious. That excessive good humour the which you have flung into the discussion of the Starvation Question—or rather the airy gaiety with which you have eluded it—hopping facetiously away from it when pressed upon you, and instead of talking about the means of preventing your countrymen's ruin, telling a story about the coolness of the LORD LIEUTENANT'S rooms, or having a fling at the Saxon, or telling a lie about the *Times*' Commissioner, struck me as rather out of place. A joke is a joke, and nothing can be more pleasing than a lie (we will call it a hoax) in its proper place—but not always. You wouldn't cut capers over a dead body, or be particularly boister-

ous and facetious in a chapel or a sick-room; and I think, of late, dear Sir, you have been allowing your humour to get the better of you on occasions almost as solemn. For isn't Hunger sacred? Isn't Starvation solemn? And the Want of a nation is staring DANIEL O'CONNELL in the face, and the LIBERATOR replies with a grin and a gibe." And so he proceeds with his remonstrations with "my brazen old brother buffoon!", following them up with a paragraph which seems to have the ring of autobiography in it: "During the Consulship of PLANCUS, when I was green and young, I had a dear friend, who for some years made a very comfortable income out of me, by cheating me at cards. He was an exceedingly agreeable, generous, social fellow, and professed and felt, no doubt, a warm regard for me; for he used always to win and I to pay with unalterable confidence and good humour. I furnished his house for him, I paid his tailor's bills, I kept the worthy fellow in pocket-money. Win what he would, I *wouldn't* believe he was a cheat. At last, as I insisted on not discovering his practices, my jolly friend did not give himself the trouble to hide them; and one day, when we were playing a friendly game at *écarté* together, I saw him with a selection of eight or more trumps and court cards comfortably spread in his lap from which he supplied his hand as he wanted." And Thackeray asks who it is that is so blind across the Channel, "whose confidence and blindness are so inconceivable, that the old sharp-

er who takes their money scorns even to hide the jugglery by which he robs them."

The hard case of "Miss Malony and Father Luke"—as represented in a letter addressed by the lady to PUNCH, and dated from "Patrick Street, Cork," enables Thackeray to make another strong attack upon O'Connell. The lady complains that she went to Mass in her new fur tippet and muff and was, in consequence, singled out for attack by the Father:

"'Women of Ireland,' says he, 'women descended from those three hundred virgins whom the



bloody Saxon CROMWELL slew at Wexford; women who inhabit a land whose vallies are the greenest, whose rivers are the clearest, whose mountains are the highest in the world. What sacrifices are you prepared to make to that bleeding, that beautiful

countree? The wicked Saxon has blighted the potato-crop, and rejoices in the prospect of the national famine. The agonies of our children feast his heart with hellish joy. . . . Are you not prepared to do everything to rescue your starving countrymen? Our Sublime Liberator permits it:

enjoins it. That Great Philanthropist cannot subscribe himself, for he is poor—but he calls upon you, his children, to make every sacrifice. . . . Can you talk of sacrifices, who have spent fifteen guineas on a muff and tippet? . . . You, who are flaunting in gorgeous apparel when Ireland is naked and cold? . . .” Was it quite fair, Miss Malony asks pathetically, considering that she has paid her thirty-shilling note to the Tribute—puts her shilling regularly in the plate—and subscribed, too, to the gift of a silver tea-service for Father Luke—who made no objection to *that*?

The quarrel between *Punch* on the one hand, and Mr. James Silk Buckingham (of the “British and Foreign Institute”) and his adherent Mr. George Jones, on the other, had hitherto been conducted almost entirely by Douglas Jerrold. Into the question whether Mr. Buckingham was a benefactor or an impostor, and his “Institute” of real value or only a little feathered retreat for his own nesting, there is no need to enter. But Thackeray, with his unfailing good sense and just appreciation of proportion, now entered the discussion, which had become bitter and heated beyond a joke, in order to calm it, and in a letter entitled “John Jones’s Remonstrance about the Buckingham Business” (p. 261) he seeks to bring back the matter from angry recrimination to good humour: “BUCKINGHAM is so angered. . . . He bawls out rogue, forger, impostor . . . and at this you be-

come virtuously indignant! At page 241, you are absolutely serious. That page of *Punch* is a take in. *Punch* ought never to be virtuously indignant or absolutely serious. His two great, blundering, roaring, stupid enemies, in the show, the Policeman and the Beadle, are always calling him thief, rascal, and knave. *Punch's* good humour is never interrupted. . . . Ought this clumsy rage and stupid obloquy to disturb my hunch-backed martyr? Ought you to be angry because Dulness can't take a joke?" Mr. Buckingham had in self-defence published a solemn and imposing list of his efforts for the public weal, of which these are some :

- "7. Free Trade for Englishmen in China.  
Accomplished.
- 8. Opening of the Overland Route to India.  
Accomplished.
- 9. Immediate Emancipation of British Slaves.  
Accomplished.
- 16. Abolition of Impressment for the Navy.  
Accomplished.
- 20. Voyage of Civilization and Discovery. Not begun."

Thereupon Thackeray says: "With the latter scheme alone I was acquainted. I did not know that the former projects were owing to this great man. I should as soon have expected to behold written—



21. Magna Charta and the Fire of London. Accomplished.
23. Inoculation for the Small-Pox and Passage of the Pons Asinorum. Accomplished.
24. The Art of Printing by Moveable Types and the Conflagration of the River Thames. Accomplished.
25. The Battle of Waterloo and the Invention of Steam-Carriages on Iron-roads. Accomplished.
26. The new Process of Oval Suction (with the aid of the spirited conductors of the *Morning Herald*). Accomplished."

The last contribution to this volume—(I take no heed here of the series of "Jeames's Diary," which began in No. 226 and ran into the next volume, No. 239, Feb. 7, 1846)—is that entitled "The Old Duke" (p. 263), Thackeray had become impatient of the Duke's retention of the post of Commander-in-Chief and especially of the weight he exercised in public affairs—for which he considered the veteran was no longer fitted:

"But let it be conceded that he is getting old. . . . It is nonsense to say that because he won the great Waterloo Stakes in 1815, he is able to run with other horses now—it is not fair that others should slacken their pace out of regard to him. We want to move on. . . . It may be perceived that we are writing with the utmost gentleness. Great and strong ourselves, we reverence the brave who

lived before us. We are not going to bully the old Duke, but we assert that his time for going to grass has arrived. . . . Suppose that statue of his which is turned with its horse's tail to the Exchange, should be removed by his adorers in the City, and placed, for greater honour, let us say in the middle arch of Temple Bar. It might look very well there . . . but the street would be incommoded . . . the moral is obvious. *Punch* means that the old Duke should no longer block up the great thoroughfare of Civilisation—that he should be quietly and respectfully eliminated." Nevertheless, the Duke held his appointment until his death seven years later; and then, after an interval of four years, during which Lord Hardinge filled the post, the Duke of Cambridge succeeded him—only to hear, some forty years afterwards, the same demands for resignation, to which he, at least, was forced to submit.

## CHAPTER VIII

VOLUME X. FIRST HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1846

IN Volume X, for the first half-year of 1846, there appear but three contributions from Thackeray which have not been reprinted, and of these two are of no importance whatever. The satirist was occupied with some five chapters of "Jeames's Diary" and eighteen of "The Snobs of England," the first of which was published in No. 242, the 28th February.

The first article to be noticed here is "Extract of a Letter on the Late Crisis" (p. 23). Sir Robert Peel while still at the head of what was generally thought to be a strong and united Government, suddenly resigned. Lord John Russell (to Thackeray's delight) attempted to form a Cabinet; indeed, as I have mentioned, Thackeray it was who gave Doyle the idea for his Cartoon (in No. 233, 27th December 1845), "Never mind losing the first heat: go in and win"—words supposed to be spoken by Cobden to Lord John, the jockey, who is mounted on "Abolition" [of the Corn Laws]. It was, therefore, with much chagrin that he heard of Lord John's failure, owing to the fact

that Lord Grey refused to serve with Lord Palmerston as Foreign Minister, so bringing about Peel's resumption of office—although for only a couple of months. In a long letter, signed "T. B. MacPunch," he directs his sarcasm against the haughty exclusiveness and egotism of the handful of dictatorial political leaders. Addressing "P. MacFarlane, Esq., *Edinburgh*," he says :

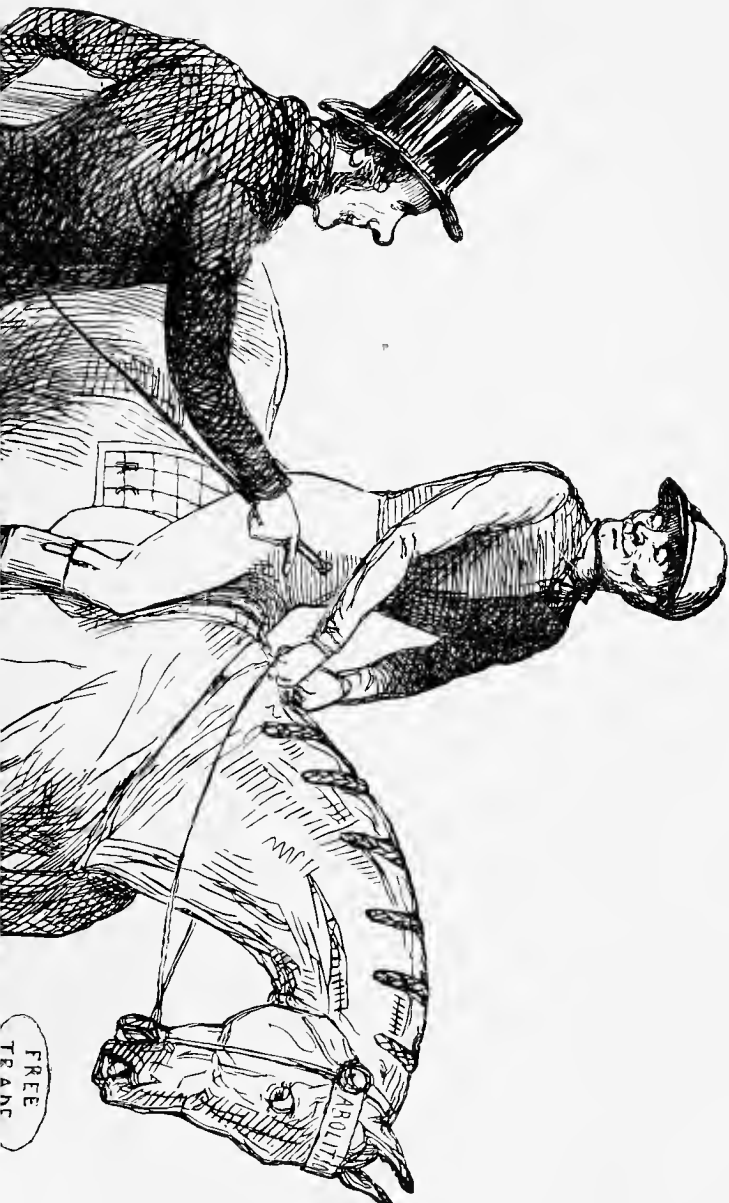
"You do not seem to understand that the Whigs are our natural leaders—appointed by Heaven and the Red Book to rule and govern us. There are about a dozen of this privileged class of noblemen—set apart from the rest of the world—having government vested in them, as priesthood is in the Brahmins, or was the tribe of Levi. Read the *Court Circular* about these Whigs—these great irrevocable rulers of ours. . . . They see only one another, these great Signors. They decide in their conclaves what is good for us, no doubt. The working people, headed by your COBDENS and VILLIERS's, work and toil and strive—organise the forces of the country against the Corn Laws—beat it down; and then LORD JOHN comes nobly in, and says, 'Well done, my heroes; you have conquered in this battle, and I place myself at your head. . . . I condescend to lead you. I am your natural aristocracy, I and PALMERSTON, and GREY. . . . We intend to come into the Ministry upon your shoulders.' It was in this way that LOUIS PHILIPPE walked into Paris after the three days' fighting and revolution in 1830; and blessed

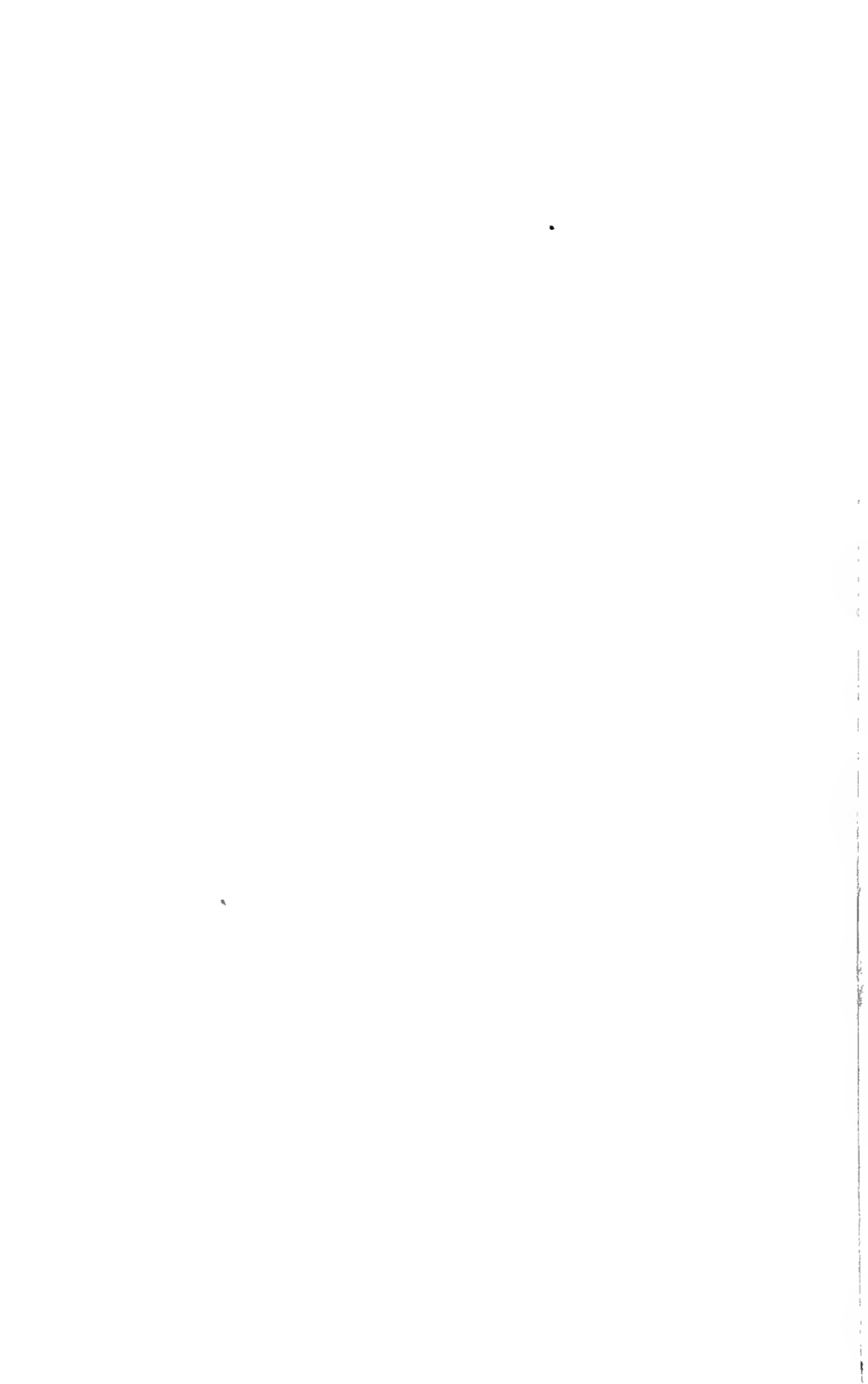




“NEVER MIND LOSING THE FIRST HEAT: GO IN AND WIN”

*Proposed by Mr. M. Thackeray. Drawn by Richard Doyle.  
PUNCH, 27th December, 1845. Volume X.*







the people; and took the profits, and has ruled ever since as Managing Director of the French Nation. . . . LORD JOHN . . . conceives the Country can't be governed without LORD PALMERSTON and LORD GREY. . . . Office he resigns; it is impossible without LORD PALMERSTON—the country may go to the deuce; he can't preserve it without LORD GREY.” A few months later, however, the two noble lords did consent to serve together under Lord John.

A two-line paragraph in No. 238 (p. 61) announces, under the heading of “Promotion for Brougham,” that on the night of the Address, the old statesman made “so entirely foolish and unreasonable” a speech in the Lords “that it is said he is to be made a Duke.” *Punch* was very hard on Dukes and their follies just then—especially on the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham. In No. 249 (p. 174) appears a four-line paragraph, “The Irish Curfew Bell,” in which Thackeray asks Lord Lincoln (the First Commissioner of Land Revenue) how those Irishmen who have no houses are to conform to the proposed new law—(Lord St. Germans' Coercion Bill, which was soon to wreck the Ministry)—that “no person in Ireland is to be allowed to leave his house after a certain hour.”

The Cartoon by Leech in No. 245, “Young Yankee-Noodle teaching Grandmother Britannia to Suck Eggs,” was proposed by Thackeray (see Introductory Chapter). Young America stands

on a stool before his helmeted grandmother, and lectures the aged lady on the deglutition of the egg "Oregon," which he holds in his hand: a reference to the Oregon frontier difficulty which had just been solved and settled by mutual compromise.

VOLUME XI. SECOND HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1846

The volume opens with a breezy, bustling burlesque in three acts, based upon a strongly represented Order against tobacco-smoking in the Navy anywhere but in the galley. It is headed thus:

**"A NEW NAVAL DRAMA.**

*THEATRE ROYAL, WHITECHAPEL ROTUNDA.*

---

"SMOKING HAS BEEN FORBIDDEN IN BRITAIN'S NAVY.  
TARS AND ENGLISHMEN! UP AND RALLY ROUND  
FITZ-BRICK'S NEW DRAMA,

**THE SEAMAN'S PIPE!**

OR, THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE."

ACT I. proves "A Seaman's Loyalty." Tom Clewline, an heroic tar, on emerging with his newly-married wife from the village church, is de-





YOUNG YANKEE-NOODLE TEACHING GRANDMOTHER BRITANNIA  
TO SUCK EGGS

*Proposed by W. M. Thackeray. Drawn by John Leech.*  
PUNCH, 21st March, 1846. Volume X.





## A NAVAL BURLESQUE

nounced by the jealous Screw to the Press-gang, who summon him for further service on board the *Blazes*—Captain Chainshot, whose life he had saved by “cutting him out of a shark at Jamaiky.”



Susan gives him a pipe and a baccho-bag as he departs to “do his duty to his King.”

“ACT II. ‘*The Breeze.*’ SCENE I. *The quarter-deck of the ‘Blazes’ off Tobago. The American ship ‘Gouger’ lies N.N.E. by S.W. in the offing.*” American officers are on board and insidiously drop tempting words into the ear of Clewline, who is at the wheel. He treats the officers and their offers with polite contempt. After an affectionate scene between the Admiral and his saviour Tom, finished off with a hornpipe *pas de deux*, the Admiral announces the new regulation and calls on

the crew, for whom his heart is bleeding, to fling their pipes upon the deck. "*They dash them down to a man.—National Anthem.—Grand Tableau.*": all but Clewline, who, a little later on, explains—"I wouldn't, I *couldn't* break SYOUSAN's pipe . . . my pretty SYOUSAN's last gift!—No, not if I were to die for it." (*He puts it in his mouth.*)

"Captain (*coming unperceived out of the bin-*



*nacle.*) 'Ha! smoking!—you shall have five hundred lashes. . . . Ho, bos'n! pipe all hands for punishment.'"

But Tom will not be flogged: "Farewell, Admiral! Farewell, my country! SYOUSAN, SYOU-



SAN!" [*Jumps overboard. Cries of "A man overboard! He's swimming to the American Frigate!" &c.*] The act concludes with the stage directions: "*This is a beautiful scene. The 'Gouger' with all her canvass set, her bowlines gaffed, and her maintop-halyards reefed N.S. by S.N., stands out of the harbour, and passes under the bows of the 'Blazes.'* . . . TOM is seen coming up the side of the ship."

In ACT III. we are on the main-deck of the U.S. line-of-battle ship *Virginia*, Commodore —. "*In the offing, the 'Blazes' is seen in full chase, with her dead-eyes reefed, her caboose set, and her trysail scuppers clewed fore and aft.*" Susan asks the Commodore if he will fight against his country. For answer he orders her below, and hearing from the Master that the wind is North-South by East, tells Mr. Brace to "ease her head a little," and decides to do his duty to the Stars and Stripes, and to show Britons how Britons can fight. They dance the national hornpipe to bring up their spirits, for they must meet the *Blazes* stern to stern and poop to poop. The *Blazes* luffs, and her crew board the Yankee. But Captain Chainshot is struck down by the Commodore, and the British yield, while the Commodore, throwing open his cloak, reveals Tom Clewline with stars and epaulettes. He spares the Admiral — declines to take his sword—and as a "tag" rubs in the moral well: "Drive not loyal souls to desperation. GIVE THE SEAMAN BACK HIS BACKY, or, if you refuse, you will

have thousands deserting from your navy, like TOM CLEWLINE."

In the same number Thackeray records, under the expressive title of "Black Monday" (p. 12), Sir Robert Peel's superb leave-taking of office (29 June 1846), four days after having been beaten on the Coercion Bill. Thackeray's heart went out to the fallen Minister whose farewell was so dignified, frank, and good-humoured, and whose generosity so unselfishly accorded to Richard Cobden the whole credit of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, although it was his Government that had carried it at the cost of self-immolation.

"He is gone, dear friends," says Thackeray. "We saw him drive down to the House, and rolling in his gold coach like KING PIPPIN, but his heart must have been cheered by the roar of thousands of voices, which said 'God bless him!' Did he catch sight of *Punch* up in a lamp-post, yelling, 'Bravo, PEEL! PEEL for ever!' fit to crack his lungs? Dear old PEEL! We have had many a tiff—but he is gone, and the Whigs are in. . . . My dear friends, I think of PEEL, and what he has done, and what he has undone. Let by-gones be by-gones. I should like to shake the hand that floored the Corn-law, and gave HAYDON fifty pounds" — Haydon, the poor, harassed painter, who had committed suicide a few days before, and a week earlier had written in his Diary: "Sat from two to five o'clock staring at my picture like an idiot, my brain pressed down by anxiety and the

anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to—&c., &c. Who answered first? Tormented by Disraeli, harassed by public business, up came a letter from Sir Robert Peel." It was this letter which enclosed £50—"from a limited sum I have at my disposal, I send, as a contribution for your relief from these embarrassments."

In another paragraph, "Signs of the Times," the somewhat cryptic statement is made that, whatever the clubs may say, "the omnibuses go with Sir Robert Peel."

A "social" cut appears in No. 264 (p. 52, 1 August 1846)—"May difference of opinion never alter Friendship." It is one of those mild domestic satires which the author-artist was fond of drawing. A tall, simply-dressed young lady and her dumpy, fussy young friend are trying on clothes in their room. The latter, ridiculous both as to attire and attitude, as she stands on tip-toe before the glass, says: "Well, for my part, Matilda, I like long waists and flounces." It is often difficult, when a fashion has passed away, accurately to appreciate the flavour of contemporary jokes made at its expense.

The visit of Mehemet Ali, the heroic Pasha of Egypt, to the Sultan whom he had so often and so thoroughly defeated on sea and land, engaged Thackeray's pen and pencil in Number 266 (p. 72). This description is a piece of capital fooling, professing to come "From our own Correspondent."



"HIS HIGHNESS THE VICEROY OF EGYPT was dressed in a simple bulbul, with little ornament, save his venerable white beard, and a few tulips and polyanthuses (sent from the Gardens of the Sweetwaters, and a present from the SULTANA VALIDE), arranged taste-

fully in his cocked hat. A papoosh (or pink diamond) of tremendous brilliancy, glittered in the hilt of his yatabal. HOKY BEY and BOSH PASHA attended the Egyptian Sovereign. The eight-and-forty rowers lay to their oars; and the narghile cut rapidly through the waters of the blue Bosphorus amidst the shouting of the people from the twenty thousand caciques that followed in the wake of the gilded barge of state.

"The ladies of the Harem lined the walls of the Seraskier's tower, and waved their shulwars in the air to welcome the illustrious vassal of the Porte. One of them, lifting her veil incautiously to look at the *cortège*, was seen by the Chief of the Eunuchs and instantly sewn into a sack and flung into the Bosphorus. Her struggles and ludicrous contortions caused a great deal of laughter, and served to *égayer* the crowd. . . .

"At the stairs at Seraglio Point the Dromedary

Aga was in waiting . . . to receive the renowned MEHEMET ALI. As soon as he mounted, a catharine-wheel fixed at the crupper of the animal was lighted, and thus he rode into the great gate of the Seraglio in a perfect blaze of glory. . . . The DIPLOMATIC BODY appeared in full uniform, the Chief Secretary of each Legation bearing a superb banner, with the national arms, such as the British Lion, the Cock of France, that interesting and extremely rare bird, the double-headed Eagle of Austria, the Ducks of Russia, &c. The American Minister flung about a shower of Illinois and Pennsylvanian Bonds; which, however, were received with utter disregard by the Turks—for the most part unable to read, and ignorant of their value." This allusion to the worthless stock of the insolvent States is in true Titmarshian vein.

Mehemet is then received. "Bring Coffee—*black coffee*," said His Highness the Sultan to the Cafidge Bashi. 'BLACK COFFEE!' cried MEHEMET, looking wildly round; 'it—it don't agree with me.' A ghastly smile played upon the lips of the Sultan, as with a demoniac look he \* \* \*,"—and here the fragment closes. Thackeray doubtless rightly interpreted the Sultan's feelings towards his so-called vassal; but the expected tragedy was not enacted, and Mehemet returned to Egypt, to resume his rule—to madness, and death.

On the same page we have another of Thackeray's "social" cuts. It is called "The Heavies,"

in which two ill-drawn swells, in horribly *outré* clothes, are represented talking.

“The Speaking Machine” is Thackeray’s next contribution (p. 83). This machine, at that time the talk of the town, was being exhibited at the

THE HEAVIES



CAPTAIN RAGG AND CORNET FAMISH. (SCENE—*The Park.*)

*R.* “SEE THAT DEM MULLIGAN DWIVE BY, WITH THAT DEM HIGH-STEPPING HAWS? IWISHMAN MULLIGAN—HATE IWISHMEN.”

*F.* “*I* HATE THEM BECAUSE THEY DRESS SO LIKE TIGERS. HATE A MAN THAT DON’T DRESS QUIETLY.”

*R.* “DEM ’EM, SO DO AY.”

## "THE SPEAKING MACHINE"

Egyptian Hall by its inventor, Professor Faber, of Vienna. It was played upon like a pianoforte and gave forth several words; and it was said that the sound of the letter E had taken the Professor not less than five years to produce. This machine, it may be remembered, made its reappearance in London in 1870. It could say a few words in English, French, and German, in a shrill unnatural key, and laughter could be produced by pulling down a lever. The instrument naturally gave occasion for numerous jocular suggestions such as were made, nearly forty years later, at the expense of the phonograph. Thackeray proposed that it should be combined with the Euphonia, or verse-making machine (alluded to on a previous page) and with Babbage's Calculating Machine, and pointed out the startling uses for such a combination.



(See p. 201.)

Among others: "A clear saving of ten thousand a year might be effected by setting up a machine *en permanence* in the Speaker's chair of the House of Commons. Place the mace before it. Have . . . a simple apparatus for crying out 'Order, order,' at intervals of ten minutes, and you've a Speaker at the most trifling cost, whom Sir William Gossett might keep going all night. The elocution of the Euphonia is not at present very distinct. . . . In our presence the Euphonia gave vent to a sentence which

nobody understood but ourselves, and our hearts perhaps divined the cry. It was 'HOURRAH FOR



THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE. (See p. 201.)

FIGDORIA.' So the machine (a German instrument) pronounced the venerated name of HER



THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE. (See p. 201.)



MAJESTY. . . . The machine laughs—but we are bound to say not in a hearty and jovial manner. It is a hard, dry, artificial laugh; such as that . . . of Sir Robert Peel, when he is amused by some of Mr. Disraeli’s good-natured jokes against himself.”

“What’s Come to the Clubs?”—Thackeray’s next unidentified contribution (No. 271, 19 Sept. 1846)—deals with his annual grievance of the summer blocking of the streets, and the closing, or desertion, of the Clubs. It consists of a letter of complaint (illustrated with three drawings) addressed to *Punch* by “Alured Mogyns de Mogyns,” requesting that journal to remedy the state of things—“and if you will call any day at the hotel for CAPTAIN DE MOGYNS’S servant, my man will give you something handsome for your trouble.”

“The Household Brigade” sets forth and illustrates a letter addressed by Miss “Amanda Gorgon,” of Knightsbridge, to *Punch*, to complain that she has detected her neighbours’ servants



“What’s come to the Clubs?”

kissing their hands unblushingly to "two horrid *whiskered* guardsmen making signals with their odious fingers" from the barrack windows opposite. It is curious and characteristic that Thackeray, who illustrates his own text, has drawn the warriors with moustaches only (No. 276.)

"Kitchen Melodies—Curry," with an illustration of a fat cook struggling with a monster gridiron, is the text of a very domestic little poem; but although the title suggests a series, no others of the sort were subsequently published. Is there not an Horatian flavour in the lines?—

"Kitchen Melodies.—Curry



Three pounds of veal my darling girl prepares,  
 And chops it nicely into little squares;  
 Five onions next procures the little minx  
 (The biggest are the best her SAMIWEL thinks),  
 And Epping butter nearly half a pound,  
 And stews them in a pan until they're brown'd.

## GASTRONOMICS

What's next my dexterous little girl will do?  
She pops the meat into the savory stew,  
With curry-powder table spoonfuls three,  
And milk a pint (the richest that may be)  
And, when the dish has stewed for half an hour,  
A lemon's ready juice she'll o'er it pour:  
Then, bless her! then she gives the luscious pot  
A very gentle boil—and serves quite hot.

P.S.—Beef, mutton, rabbit, if you wish;  
Lobsters, or prawns, or any kind of fish  
Are fit to make A CURRY. 'Tis, when done,  
A dish for Emperors to feed upon."

The verses read as if they were addressed to the author's daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

## CHAPTER IX

VOLUME XII. FIRST HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1847

THE "Snob Papers" and the "Prize Novelists" occupied Thackeray's pen for the most part in *Punch's* Twelfth Volume, but not exclusively. Here we have "The Mahogany Tree," with its exquisite tenderness (No. 287), the second verse of which is suppressed in its reprinted form and need not here be restored; and here, too (p. 59), the "social" cut, representing a "Horrid Tragedy in Private Life"—an enigmatical picture, the meaning of which remained absolutely unintelligible to the beholder for more than fifty years until, in 1898, in the Biographical Edition of her father's works, Mrs. Ritchie gave the solution. On returning home one day Thackeray found his little daughters dressed up and "playing at Queens." The elder was ordering her rival to instant execution—and Thackeray sketched them as they stood. But neither in drawing nor text is there any clue to the situation; nor, if there were, could the joke be considered a very funny one. We have, besides, the "Love Songs Made Easy" (p. 101), and "Love Songs of the Fat Contribu-

## A CRYPTIC TRAGEDY

tor" (pp. 125 and 227), with humorous explanatory introduction and epilogue which are unaccountably omitted from the reprinted versions, for they undoubtedly heighten the effect of the poems.

We next come to an important set of satiri-



### HORRID TRAGEDY IN PRIVATE LIFE

(*Thackeray's Daughters playing in their Father's Study.*)

cal verses, entitled "The Cambridge Address to Prince Albert" (No. 296). The Prince Consort had lately been elected to the Chancellorship of the University on the death of the Duke of Northumberland, beating his opponent, Earl Powis, by 953 votes to 837. *Punch* laughed over

the election in cartoon, article, and verse, taking mainly as his text the encyclopædic knowledge which the election presupposed the Prince to possess; for his Royal Highness, still a young man, had recently also been created a Field-Marshal and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. Thackeray not only wrote his paper on "Mr. Jeames's Sentiments on the Cambridge Election," already republished, but he contributed the seven ten-line stanzas here given. The verses purport to come from one "Gyp" of Trinity College, Cambridge, and seem to aim less at the Prince than at the Public Orator, the Reverend Mr. Crick. "The enthusiasm of the gownsmen," it was said at the time, "knew no bounds, and was only tamed within the bounds of sanity by the dulness of the Latin oration of the Public Orator."\*

**"THE CAMBRIDGE ADDRESS TO PRINCE ALBERT.**

Stern fate hath clipped, with cruel shear,  
 In spite of all physick,  
 A worthy duke, a noble peer,  
 To virtue and to Cambridge dear,  
 (Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)  
 He ruled us but for seven short year,  
 His death was all too quick;  
 We howl, and drop the briny tear  
 Upon his lamentable bier,  
 (Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)

\* See *Annual Register* for 1847.

PRINCE ALBERT AS VICE-CHANCELLOR

About his venerated dust  
Our tear-drops tumble thick ;  
He was our champion kind and just,  
In him was all our hope and trust,  
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)  
But weep and blubber though we must,  
For this of dukes the pick,  
We must not cry until we bust—  
Such conduct would inspire disgust,  
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)

My GRANTA ! wipe your weeping face,  
And be philosophick ;  
Look round and see can we replace  
In any way his poor dear Grace,  
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)  
Who is the man to meet our case ?  
Who enters in the nick,  
To take Northumbria's vacant mace ?  
There is a gent of royal race,  
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)

There is a gent of royal breed,  
There is a princely brick,  
Who doth on every virtue feed,  
As wise in thought as great in deed ;  
To him we'll fly, (says CRICK.)  
O Prince ! come succour at our need,  
This body politic ;  
Heal up our wounds, which gape and bleed ;  
Prevent us running quite to seed,  
(Cries REVEREND MR. CRICK.)

On thee our hopes and faith we pin ;  
Without thee, ruined slick ;  
To thee we kneel with humble shin ;  
Stand by us, guide us, hem us in,  
Great Prince ! (cries Dr. CRICK.)

THACKERAY AND PUNCH

Thou bright exemplar of all Prin-  
ces, here your shoes we lick ;  
Kings first endowed us with their tin,  
Why mayn't we hope for Kings agin ?  
(Says independent CRICK.)



CRICK Y<sup>R</sup> PUBLIC ORATOR SPOWTS BEFORE Y<sup>R</sup> PRINCE'S HIGNESSE.

Our tree is of an ancient root,  
And straightway perpendic-  
ular to heaven its boughs will shoot,  
If you but listen to our suit,  
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)



## A TRIBUTE TO THE DUKE OF VICTORY

We grovel at your royal boot ;  
Ah ! don't in anger kick,  
Great Prince ! the suppliants at your foot,  
See how our lips cling fondly to 't,  
(Cries that true Briton, CRICK.)

From faction's sacrilegious claws  
Keep Church and Bishopric ,  
Support our academic cause ;  
Uphold our rights, defend our laws,  
(Ejaculated CRICK.)  
The speech was done. He made a pause  
For ALBERT and for VIC ;  
Three most vociferous huzzaws  
Then broke from mighty Whewell's jaws,  
Who, as a proof of his applause,  
Straight to the buttery goes and draws  
A pint of ale for CRICK."

A pompous, absurdly-worded wedding announcement of a singularly inflated character—badly phrased so as to be open to several equally grotesque interpretations—afforded a quotation to Thackeray by which (in No. 305, p. 204) he was enabled to elaborate what was almost, in effect a supplementary "Snob Paper." It is called "A Disputed Genealogy" and is in the form of a letter, dated from Tugglesham Rectory, and addressed "To the Editor of the PATRICIAN, London," by "BRIAN TUGGLES TUGGLES."

VOLUME XIII. SECOND HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1847

In "Punch to the Queen of Spain," Thackeray addresses in *Punch's* name a letter, "favoured by

Boldomero Espartero, Esq.," of more than a column in length, dealing with French and Spanish politics. He recommends her Majesty to become reconciled to Louis Philippe, and in particular dwells on the impending return to Spain of "General the Duke of Victory," of whose dignified bearing when impecunious and an exile in England he expresses warm admiration. "Madam, a bawling martyr . . . is worse than a criminal in the eyes of English Society—he is a bore: whereas a gentleman who bears his wrongs honourably, merits our respectful sympathy, and a cordial hand-shake when he goes." The former portion of the sentence is probably the original of du Maurier's much-quoted answer of a lady to her little boy, who wants to know if it isn't wicked to swear—"it's worse than wicked—it's vulgar." The opening of the article is noteworthy, as it shows that the ban which Thackeray's attack on the French King had invited had not yet been removed, in spite of his proffered "reconciliation" when Louis Philippe visited this country.

"Excuse, Madam, the liberty I've taken in addressing your Majesty: but I believe I am not dismissed from Spain as yet, although I am not allowed to cross the French frontier any more than the NAPOLEONS or the BOURBONS." Espartero, the Regent, who had been driven from Spain by Narvaez in 1837, and had taken refuge in England, had now been pardoned; and his recall undoubtedly afforded not less satisfaction to the general public than to *Punch* himself.

The eccentricities of Mr. Chisholm Anstey, the extraordinarily prolix Member for Youghal, are hinted at in the paragraph entitled "Signs of a Move" in No. 327 (p. 143). It is suggested that that gentleman is about to take over the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary from Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, and will provide his constituents with the places for which they may invoke his patronage.

The same Number (p. 147) contains a long and effective attack on a literary gentleman who had for some time been advertising in the *Times* that "he could secure literary fame to any party who would apply to him under the seal of inviolable secrecy—" over a bootmaker's in the Haymarket. Thackeray explains how not he but "Mrs. Punch" wrote in reply, setting forth her desire to extract appreciation from an unwilling public for her new "volume of poesy, 'Moans of the Nightwind,' for which she has in vain attempted to find a Mæcenas." The advertiser, who had employed the letters "X. Y. Z.—" here used as the heading of the article—took the bait, and revealed himself as one Smithers—whose "Rumbuski" had been pronounced by certain obscure journals as distinguished by merits variously comparable with those of Shakespeare, Milton, Schiller, Goethe, and the Elizabethan poets. He offered to produce "sterling poetry" for his clients at £5 5s. per hundred lines and "first-rate prose" for £8 8s. per octavo sheet of 16

closely printed pages; and so on. Thackeray protests against the principle:

“But,” he asks, “has he any right to do so?—that is the point. No young author has the right to go and purchase a hundred lines of sterling verse, written by a *Rumbuski*, and buy a claim to immortality for five pounds five. The tickets to that shop are not transferable, so to speak. It may be very well for a SMITHERS to throw off a few thousand sterling lines or reams of first-rate prose, and secure his own seat; but he can't keep places for ever so many friends besides. It is not fair upon us who are struggling at the door. . . . There must be no making first-rate verses for other parties at £5 5s. per hundred lines; at which rate, any man with a £50 note (for SMITHERS would, no doubt, take off the discount) might be a first-rate poet, and get a claim on the Government for a pension. No, no. You may touch up a man's drawing, SMITHERS; but you must not do every line of it. You may put a few feathers into a jackdaw's tail, but do not send him out into the world as an accomplished peacock. It is not fair upon the other jackdaws. . . . What? the poet of other ages—the author of the great *Rumbuski*, a literary smasher, and vendor of illicit coin? O fie!”\*

\* This matter touches an interesting point concerning Thackeray himself. More than once the question has been debated in the United States and even in England,—did John P. Kennedy write Chapter IV. Vol. II. of “The Virginians”?

Finally, we have a chuckle from Thackeray, entitled “Caution to Tradesmen” (p. 150), over the victimising of certain Liverpool shop-keepers by “a fellow calling himself the HONOURABLE MR. FITZCLARENCE, and representing himself as son of the RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF AUCKLAND, residing at 41 Carlton Gardens;” for had these snobbish tradesmen, who were said to have trusted an “Honourable” merely because he said he was one, consulted “*Snooks’s Peerage and Court Guide*” they would have found that the Earl’s family name is Eden and that there is no 41 in Carlton Gardens.

After his sharp criticism of the Public Orator of Cambridge already referred to, Thackeray—

General James Grant Wilson, the editor of “Appleton’s Cyclopædia of American Biography,” relying on the high character of Mr. Kennedy, as well as of Mr. John H. B. Latrobe who reported him, admitted the claim to the Cyclopædia in an article written by the latter gentleman. It has been modified in a later edition, and it now stands that Kennedy is the author of a portion of the chapter; but those who read the article “X. Y. Z.,” and realise what was Thackeray’s opinion of men who admitted cuckoos to their literary nests, will probably doubt the soundness of the claim, and will be inclined to agree with Mrs. Richmond Ritchie’s pathetically simple reply: “No doubt Mr. Kennedy gave him some facts about the scenery, but I am sure my father wrote his own books.” Furthermore, the whole of the manuscript is in Thackeray’s handwriting; is it likely that he who is supposed on plea of laziness to have deputed another to write his chapter would have taken the trouble to copy it out—even for unintelligible purposes of imposition?

writing in the name of "Adolphus Littlego"—turned his attention to the Oxford official (No. 329, p. 170). That divine had given utterance to a ponderous, vague, ill-constructed, and extremely involved sentence in the course of a speech on the subject of the extension of Empire. Thackeray swoops upon it, tears it to tatters, and exposes its four "remarkable propositions." He also wants to know why the extension of Empire is called, by the Oxford Public Orator, "a mixed boon." What is a "mixed boon?" he asks, and then proceeds gaily:

"Suppose a kind friend were to offer you a glass of brandy-and-water, that would be a mixed boon, and the liquor might be so compounded that you should not know which prevailed in quantity, the brandy or the water. So with the extension of empire: the P. O. is awfully puzzled to know whether it is a good or an evil. . . . Again, I want to know what the P. O. means by '*We may almost say* that the extension of Empire has been forced on this Country.' How do you almost say a thing? Suppose I say a man is a donk—or a goo—, or that such and such an opinion is a humb—, I almost say a thing, to which the laws of politeness forbid me to give full utterance. But I can't say a sentence, and say at the same time that I only almost say it, any more than I could say of a mixed boon, if I turned the glass containing it to the ground, (an absurd proposition), that I had almost spilt the

liquor. Once out of the goblet's mouth, down goes the boon somewhere; and it is with words as with spirit-and-water.” And he continues playfully to the end, finally declaring that if such is the language put forward by the Old University, he will send his son AUGUSTUS FREDERIC to the New.

In the following number (p. 172) the question of “The New Peers Spiritual” is dealt with on the occasion of a projected visit to London of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops—who had been “recognised” three years before. A burlesque programme for the occasion is drawn up by Thackeray after a dig at Lord Clarendon, the new Lord Lieutenant. The article concludes: “Some difficulty is made about His Grace the Lord Chief Rabbi, who claims to take precedence of every one of the new nobles [the Roman Catholic Hierarchy] and from the fact that both His Grace and the Lords Quakers persist in keeping their hats on in the presence of Royalty.”

This contribution is followed (p. 179) with a comic despatch from the seat of the American-Mexican War which was then proceeding. The consistency with which both sides claimed the victory and the heroism of Santa Anna, the Mexican President, in spite of his oft-reported wounds, gave Thackeray ample material for fun.

“GENERAL GROWDY's division yesterday came up with the main body of the Mexican force under GENERAL CABANAS, at Rionogo, where the

*New Orleans Picayune* informs us that a severe engagement took place. Both parties won the victory, and were repulsed with severe slaughter. SANTA ANNA was present in the action, in the course of which his head was shot off. He subsequently addressed a heart-stirring proclamation to the Mexican nation, in which he described the action of the 27th, which ended in the utter defeat of the Americans, whose victory, however, cost them dear.

“Immediately after their success, they proceeded to evacuate the town, which they bombarded next day. The Mexican troops were annihilated after a trifling skirmish, in which SANTA ANNA lost his leg, which was amputated on the spot, before the retreat of the Americans upon Cacapulco. . . . A deserter from the enemy came in yesterday. He says that PRESIDENT SANTA ANNA received a twenty-eight-pounder through his body, after which he renewed the action. The bombardment of Los Leperos is not confirmed. SANTA ANNA received a congreve-rocket in the left knee there, and has ordained the formation of a similar corps. . .

“The Legion of SAINT NICHOLAS, under O’S CRAGGS, performed prodigies of valour on both sides. Plunging into the thickest of the *mêlée* at Pickapockatickl, O’S CRAGGS engaged personally with GENERAL RAGG, whose pocket-handkerchief, after a severe struggle, he succeeded in carrying off. . . . In the engagement at Santos Ladrones,



## MEXICAN HEROISM

so creditable to both sides, O'SCRAGG, whose Legion was then acting with the American army, had almost taken prisoner SANTA ANNA, who had both legs shot off by our brave bombardiers; his silver snuff-box, however, was captured out of the General's coat pocket, as he fled from a field where he had covered himself with so much glory. CAPTAIN SCRAGGS used the snuff-box on the last day of his brilliant existence, when he died the death of a hero, being hanged before the American lines, to the delight of both armies."

Arista subsequently became President, but on his resignation in 1853, the sadly-mauled Santa Anna resumed power with the title of Dictator.

## CHAPTER X

VOLUME XIV. FIRST HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1843

DURING the six opening weeks of 1848 Thackeray's contributions consisted exclusively of his "Travels in London," and not till the 26th of February (No. 346, p. 81) did he send an "occasional" article. This was a whole page, with two illustrations (one of which is entirely unconnected with the subject), entitled "Mr. Punch for Repeal." Herein Mr. Punch makes the mock confession of his conversion to Repeal, basing it upon John O'Connell's letter to "My dear Ray"—to whom "Punch" also addresses this article\*—on the subject of the generous collection made in Notre Dame, in Paris, on the occasion of a service held there in memory of his father. Daniel O'Connell had died in the previous year, and the Abbé Lacordaire (who soon after emulated the Vicar of Bray) had pronounced an eloquent funeral sermon in honour of the de-

\* Thomas Matthew Ray—Secretary of the Loyal National Repeal Association, and organiser for O'Connell, with whom he was charged with exciting disaffection in Ireland, and condemned. The verdict was afterwards reversed. He died in 1881.

## THACKERAY AS A REPEALER

ceased. John O'Connell, relatively to his parent was a poor foolish creature, wholly without tact. He took occasion, while giving utterance to his gratitude to the French subscribers, to express his scorn of "the heartlessness of the statesmen, and



legislators, and press-writers of wealthy England, who, after plundering us for centuries, refuse us the smallest assistance in the extremity of that misery which has been brought upon us by English misrule."

Himself a subscriber to the Irish relief fund,

Thackeray was very wroth at the abuse and indignant at the ingratitude of the charge. He confesses himself converted to Repeal, because—"I am for a quiet life, and a Parliament where you may compliment one another. What is the use of meddling? It is expensive and not useful."



Archdeacon Laffan's appeal had met with generous response by heartless England, and here was the result! He then draws a comparison:

"The infernal artifice and shrewdness of English gentlemen in distressed circumstances induces them to keep their tongues quiet when they are actually in the begging business, and never to

curse those from whom they hope to beg again, until they are out of hearing. The English are naturally niggardly and timid villains. We are obliged to coax and wheedle them into charity: they are too glad of a pretext of buttoning up; and the natural cowardice of our almsgivers will no more face a little abuse and foul language, than an Italian sailor will put out to sea in rough weather.

“We cannot help it. We are—as you kindly and constantly show us—naturally cowardly and deceitful. You are open and courageous in Ireland. I admire the frankness of a man who holds out his hand and says, ‘For the love of Heaven, you infernal scoundrel, give me your money, and I should like to dash your brains out.’ I admire him; and that, I say, is why I am and declare myself a Repealer. I am for not being abused, for not having to pay money any more, and for not having my brains dashed out. . . . It is clear that the English press-writers and others have been plundering Mr. J. O’CONNELL and friends for centuries; that we have brought a potato-disease upon you and denied you the smallest relief; that four or five hundred thousand pounds paid over honestly, squeezed out of all sorts of pockets . . . is not the smallest relief at all, and, indeed, is a much less sum than five or six thousand francs collected in the plates of Notre Dame. . . . P.S. The ruffian Saxon Ministry, in bringing forward its measures of finance, has again spared you the Income Tax

—another dastardly slight of Old Ireland.” Wherefore Thackeray, ignoring the fact that O’Connell was repudiated by “Young Ireland” and by the *United Irishman*, and denounced for sending round a dead man’s hat—a posthumous begging-box—“declares himself a Repealer and—his purse strings close up. Tipperary shall have no more of it. We can lay it out at better interest in this country.”

Four unimportant two- or three- line paragraphs appear in No. 348. The first, “Heroic Sacrifice” (p. 96), chaffs Alexandre Dumas, whose “bounce” and strange productiveness were to *Punch* a constant source of sarcastic comment; the second, a riddle under the title of “What has Happened to the MORNING CHRONICLE?” (p. 100); the third (same page), “The Worst Cut of All,” a double stroke at Disraeli and the ex-King Louis Philippe, then in full flight to England under the assumed name of “John Smith;” and “Old England for Ever!” (p. 105) a comparison between the physical power of endurance in debate of M. Lamartine and Mr. Chisholm Anstey.

In “A Dream of the Future” (No. 349, p. 107) Mr. Punch falls asleep and, his mind full of the newly-proclaimed Republic in France, dreams of a burlesque topsy-turvy English Government with its ministries filled by the most unsuitable “Citizens” enjoying renown, popularity, or mere notoriety. Citizens and “Citizenesses” receive all the appointments, and “a large amount of specie arrived yesterday at Liverpool, on board the Irish

Imperial Steamer *Tareanouns*, in payment of the debt of ten millions contracted during the time of the famine. The Council of the Kings of that country assembled at Dublin last week, and were magnificently entertained by the Emperor at his palace of Stoneybatter. Her Imperial Majesty is progressing very favourably, and rumour says, that a marriage is in contemplation between their Majesties' nineteenth daughter GAVANINA, and a prince of the Royal house of MULLIGAN."

"The ex-King at Madame Tussaud's" (No. 350, p. 128) reveals Louis Philippe visiting the wax-works under the name of the Comte de Neuilly, and expressing satisfaction, as he regards the effigy of himself, with the words — "*Ici je suis encor Cire.*"

The Chartist effervescence, coinciding with the revolution in Paris, put it in the heads of certain French "patriots" to send agitators over to England, if not exactly hoping to disaffect the populace and show them how to throw up barricades, at least to *embêter les anglais*. One "Citizen Cornichon" played an amusing part: counting on the general discontent which he imagined to exist in London, as in Paris, and depending further on the active assistance of the Irish in the metropolis, he harangued the multitude in Trafalgar Square, told them they were "cowards" not to rise—and promptly got his head thoroughly well punched by a butcher-boy for his pains. Mr. Punch was delighted at the exploit and expressed the since

oft-quoted hope that "no one would ever think of such a thing as putting the French Agitator into the Fountains."



THACKERAY had his say in a long two-column article entitled "French Sympathisers" (No. 354, p. 171). When the revolutionary in question was knocked down by the young butcher, said he, certain documents fell from his pocket and could now be had by the owner

on personal application at the office. Meanwhile *Punch* took it upon himself to translate and publish them. They are addressed: "*The representative of France, CORNICHON, to the President of the Tyrannicide Club, LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY! DEATH TO DESPOTISM!*" The first purports to be a report submitted to his chiefs by this envoy, and is dated the 8th April—the 10th being the day appointed in London for the general rising, when indeed certain riots did take place. The tenour of this contribution may be realised from the following excerpts:

"I have the honour to announce my arrival in the modern Carthage, and to report as to the measures taken by us in conferring liberty upon an island whose treachery has passed into a prov-



erb, and who groans under a hideous aristocratic despotism.

“The traject from Boulogne was made in two hours; a strong wind agitated the waters of the Sleeve (*la Manche*); unaccustomed to maritime motion, I suffered frightful anguishes. . . . My sack-of-night was passed without difficulty at the Douane. My commissary-scarf was not remarked by the supervisors, or if so, treated with insular scorn. Glorious emblem! In three days, in the midst of bayonets and battles, it shall gird the heart of the patriot. WELLINGTON shall see that signal, and PALMERSTON kiss the foot of the wearer. . . .

“The principles of our glorious Revolution I saw everywhere progressing: in almost all the shops in the neighbourhood of the [“Lester”] Squarr pancarts announced that French was spoken by these commercials. They are evidently prepared to declare themselves after the great day; when the nation shall be ours, and the stain of Waterloo wiped away. . . . This, the fashionable quarter, *is entirely in the possession of the Frenchmen.* . . .

“I have consulted with the Citizens who are to blow up the Bridge of Waterloo. A select band is appointed who is to take possession of the Lor Maire. With him in our hands, the Town is ours. The QUEEN has fled. The Chartist Citizens are to be invited to join the demonstration. We shall lead them against the troops. They are

clamorous for the day when this island shall become a French department."

The writer is then shown the famous "Monster Petition" which, through its fraudulent character, covered the Chartists with ridicule and led to the collapse of their movement. He takes it all seriously and continues his report:

"'Who are these, SNOOKS's,' asked the Citizen Commissary, 'whose names I read so many times? It must be a numbrous family of patriots that of SNOOKS: and merits well of the country. I should think there must be five hundred SNOOKS's at least on the parchment.'\*

"My informant, smiling archly, said, 'he thought there were.'

"'And will they all be in the field of honour to-morrow?' I asked.

"'Behind the barricades, my brother Citizen,' responded BROWN, giving me a grasp of a hand, dirty, but friendly. And putting his other hand to his nose, he playfully extended its fingers."

A more noteworthy contribution, also occupying a whole page, appears in No. 355 (p. 182). Entitled "An After-Dinner Conversation," it also deals with the Chartist principles, and is chiefly remarkable for its clever imitation of Disraeli's manner. "Colonel Sibby" (Colonel Sibthorp) is supposed to be entertaining at dinner "Mr. Ben-

\* An extraordinary proportion of the 3,600,000 signatures were proved to be fraudulent.

jamin Dizzy," " Mr. Y. Doodle, a gentleman from Philadelphia," and " Mr. Cuffee, a Delegate." The latter was Cuffey, the journeyman-tailor, one of the noisiest though most honest of the Chartists, who afterwards succeeded in getting into prison, whence he was subsequently released on a pardon. His wife, to whom allusion is made, worked hard as a charwoman; but she lost her place when her employer ascertained that her husband was the notorious Chartist—a circumstance of which the Chartists very properly made great capital, and which brought them no little sympathy. The parody is so good that the whole of it is reprinted here :

. "AN AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION.

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COLONEL SIBBY, *an English Gentleman and Member of Parliament.*

MR. BENJAMIN DIZZY, *Ditto.* *Ditto.*

MR. Y. DOODLE, *a Gentleman from Philadelphia.*

MR. CUFFEE, *a Delegate.*

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" *Gentleman from Philadelphia.* THAT cider we had at dinner was tarnation good, but d—— your pickles, COLONEL. Why the stones on 'em's fit to choke a body.

" *Colonel.* Cider! Pickles! The cider was champagne, and the pickles are olives, MR. YANKEE. [*Aside.*] What an ignorant son of a gun it is!

“*Mr. Benjamin.* I never could understand, MR. CUFFEE, why an olive tree should have been selected as an emblem of peace. It has an ungainly trunk, a scanty foliage, and a bitter fruit. It grows where no other trees will grow; I have seen it, SIBBY, lining the bleak hill sides of my native Syrian hills, and speckling the mangy mounds which they call hills in Attica. BROUGHAM cultivates oil yards at his place in Provence—a comfortable box enough, where he and I have speared a boar many a time. But the Greeks were fools in their choice of imagery. They call an olive tree peaceful, which neither gives shade nor fruit fit to speak of; as they call an owl wise, which only knows how to whoop in the dark, and is a beast unfit for daylight. Peace is a palm tree, Wisdom is the sun.

“*Colonel.* What the deuce are you a driving at, about suns, palm trees, owls, and emblems of peace? Pass round the claret, DIZZY, and give MR. CUFFEE a glass.

“*Cuffee.* Thank ye, Colonel; I stick to Port. And yours is uncommon rich and strong, to be sure. My service to you, gents. I suppose now you ave a reglar fish and soup dinner, as we ad, and wine every day?

“*Colonel.* Ha, ha! Here’s MRS. CUFFEE’S health.

“*Cuffee.* Thank ye, gents. She’s gone out engaged professionally, with MISS MARTIN, or I’m sure she would like to ave ad er legs under *this*

maogany. What's the use of keeping the cloth on it? You ain't ashamed on it, Colonel, are you?

"*Colonel.* Good for washing, you know. Ha, ha! had him there. How are you off for soap?—Has your mother sold her mangle. Good for trade, don't you see?

"*Mr. Dizzy.* We wrap up everything in this country, my worthy CUFFEE. We put a wig on my Lord Chancellor's head as we do powder on the pate of that servant at whom I saw you winking at dinner. We call a man in the House an honourable gentleman; we dish up a bishop in an apron. We go to Court dressed in absurd old-fashioned bags and buckles. We are as lavish of symbols as the Papists, whom we are always abusing for idol worship. And we grovel in old-world ceremonies and superstitions of which we are too stupid to see the meaning, the folly, or the beauty. Do you apprehend me, CUFFEE?

"*Cuffee.* I'll take a back-hand at the Port—hey, neighbour?

"*American Gentleman (shrinking back).* I wish that man of colour would know his place.

"*Mr. Benjamin.* You complain that the cloth is left for dessert; why was it on at dinner? The Colonel's soup would have been just as good on a deal-table.

"*Sibby.* But where would MRS. CUFFEE and her mangle have been? No table-cloth, no washer-woman.

"*Cuffee.* Washin and luxuries be blowed, I say.

What I want is that every man should have a bellyful, and (here's my health to you, Colonel) that there should be no superfluities. I say we ave ad victuals and drink enough to support twenty men. Look at this table and all this your plate. This year gilt fork (don't be afraid, I ain't a going to prig it, Colonel) would keep a family for a week. You've got a dozen of 'em. Why should you? I once ad two teaspoons marked with a C; but that was in appier times, and they are separated now. Why are you to ave dozens? What ave you done for 'em? You toil not, neither do you spin. You ain't a SOLOMON in all your glory, certainly. You are no better than me; why should you be better hoff? And not you only, but those that is higher than you. The time has come for doing away with these superfluities, and that's the great Principles of Freedom. Your health, Citizen.

"*Mr. Dizzy.* If our friend the Colonel had no security for his spoons, those articles, which are indeed very elegant, would lose half their worth. My horse may be worth twenty pounds in London now; but if I am certain that the Government will take possession of him to mount the cavalry, my tenure in the brute becomes hazardous, and his value instantly drops. And suppose you were to make a general distribution of all the spoons in the kingdom—what would happen next? He would exchange his silver for bread; that is, the man who had the most bread would come into possession of the most spoons, as now. Would you

commence the process over again? You propose an absurdity, MR. CUFFEE. No: our friend and host has as good a right to his forks as to his teeth; and may he long use both in the discussion of his meals.

“*Mr. Cuffee.* The law of man and nature is—that a man should live, and that he is as good as his neighbour. No honest Chartist wants your rights, he only wants his own. The Aristocracy have managed matters for us so badly: have made themselves so rich and us so poor, by managing for us, that now we’re determined to manage for ourselves. We can’t be worse—

“*Mr. Dizzy.* Yes, I say you can.

“*Mr. Cuffee.* I say, again, we can’t be worse: and that we are the strongest, and mean to have it. We’ll come down in the might of our millions, and say we will be heard—we will be represented—we will be fed—or if not—

“*Mr. Dizzy.* That’s your Convention talk, CUFFEE—don’t talk to *us* in that way.

“*Sibby.* No, no, you may wish it, and you may wish you may get it; but since the 10th, I think that cock won’t fight—Ay, my boy? I say, wasn’t that a glorious sight, MR. DOODLE, to see a people rally round their Queen in the way that the citizens did?\*

\* Allusion to the self-enrolment of 150,000 of the citizens of London as “special constables”—with Prince Louis Napoleon amongst the number—in order to cope with the Chartist demonstration and expected riots, 10th April, 1848.

"*Gentleman from P.* Rally round the Queen! You would have had to go to Osborne to do that.

"*Cuffee (with a satirical air).* Where His Royal Highness, the Prince, was a taking care of HER MAJESTY.

"*Dizzy.* Pish! The flag-staff was here, on Buckingham Palace arch,\* with the crown on the top—What matter that the flag was down? My dear Sir, Monarchy is but a symbol, by which we represent Union, Order, and Property.

"*Sibby.* Our Glorious Constitution, dammy!

"*Dizzy.* And we can rally round a stick just as well as a living sovereign. The times are gone by when kings turned out with white panaches, and tilted against their enemies like so many dragoons. Would you have had HER MAJESTY, on a side-saddle, haranguing the police, and His Royal Highness the Prince carrying a baton?

"*Cuffee.* He is a Field-Marshal, ain't he?

"*Sibby.* Ha, ha! Had him there, CUFFEE!

"*Dizzy.* His Royal Highness is, so to speak, only an august ceremony. He is an attendant upon the Ark of the Monarchy; we put that out of danger when commotions menace us.

"*Cuffee.* If a stick would do as well as a sovereign, why not have one? It don't cost as much—it never dies. It might be kep in a box lined with erming, and have a stamp at the end to sign the

\* The Marble Arch, removed to its present site at Cumberland Gate, 29th March, 1851.



warrants. And it might be done for less than four hundred thousand a year.

“*Gentleman from P.* We can do it for less in our country—our President, MR. POLK, for instance.\*

“*Dizzy.* Your President, MR. POLK, cost you a Mexican war: how many millions of dollars is that? If in this country we were to have an election every year, a struggle for the President’s chair every three years, men taking advantage of the excitement of the day, and out-bidding each other on the popular cry, we should lose in mere money, ten times as much as the Sovereign costs us. Look over the water at your beloved France, MR. CUFFEE.

“*Cuffee.* Veeve la liberty (*drinks*).

“*Dizzy.* They have already spent two hundred millions of our money in getting rid of old ULYSSES. What is the value of the daily produce of a nation? When MR. CUFFEE is professionally occupied, he earns—how much shall we say?

“*Cuffee.* Say five bob a day, you won’t be far wrong; and here’s your health.

“*Dizzy.* He loses thirty shillings every week, then, that he does not work; and either of free will or necessity spends it. If he does not work himself, if he prevents others from working, if

\* What was considered as the inadequacy of the emoluments paid to the highest officials of the United States had lately been criticised in the English press.

he frightens customers, our worthy friend ties the hands of labour, and stops the growth of bread.

“*Cuffee*. You mean by all these grand phrases that there will be a convulsion, during which the labour of the country will stop temporary?—of course there will. But then see how much better we shall be after, and how much freer to work! Why, give us our six pints (and have 'em we will) and this country becomes a regular Eutropia.

“*The Colonel*. Explain—MR. CUFFEE—explain!

“*Mr. Cuffee*. I will, Gents, I will: but the bottle's empty, and, if you please, JOHN shall bring another, so as not to interrupt me.

[*The Colonel rings for more wine.*”

A fortnight later (No. 357) Thackeray commented in a long communication on the extraordinary character of Lord Palmerston's despatch interfering with the internal affairs of Spain, which only resulted in the indignant protest of the Duc de Sotomayor and in the breaking off of diplomatic relations between the two countries for two years, when, through the good offices of Belgium, Lord Howden was accepted as British Ambassador in substitution for Sir Henry Lytton-Bulwer whom, as that Minister who had presented the offending despatch, Spain had incontinently expelled. Lord Palmerston had instructed Sir Henry to “recommend earnestly to

the Queen of Spain, that she "would act wisely . . . if she were to strengthen her Execution Government by," &c. &c. This amazing interference was not only presented, but issued by the Ambassador to Opposition journals. The Spanish Cabinet replied that they could "not see without the most extreme surprise the extraordinary pretensions of Lord Palmerston to interfere with the internal affairs of Spain"—with much plain speaking of an equally unequivocal character, ending with the return of the despatch and the threat that if the Minister again went "beyond the bounds of his mission" the Duke would be "under the painful necessity of returning your despatches without further remark." In the result Sir Henry Bulwer was expelled two months later, after Lord Palmerston had expressed himself "satisfied" with the whole affair and not "in any way offended at the return of his notes." Great dissatisfaction was felt in England with the action of the Foreign Secretary, and Thackeray took delight in paraphrasing a despatch the impudence of which could hardly be caricatured. Under the title of "The Portfolio" he wrote four "despatches:" the first "*From* VISCOUNT PUMICESTONE *to* H.E. *the English Ambassador at Constantinople,*" with the reply from the Grand Vizier; and the third "*From* VISCOUNT PUMICESTONE *to* H.E. *Lord Tapeworm, at St. Petersburg,*" with the reply from the Russian Minister.

In the first "Lord Pumicestone" makes de-

mand for the suppression of polygamy in the Imperial Harem, the substitution of the Thirty-Nine Articles and Catechism for the religion of Islam—which “you will have the goodness to inform the Grand Imaum is an exploded superstition. . . . The Mollah of Exeter, an English Bishop, will go



out to conciliate the Turkish clergy, and will be Patriarch of Constantinople.” He also requires that the Ambassador should “mention our desire that the Turkish Government should establish Gas-lamps, Trial by Jury, Weekly and Sunday Newspapers, Harvey Sauce, two legislative Chambers, and the Ten Pound qualification for voting.” The Grand Vizier’s reply is a good specimen of Thackeray’s pretty taste in burlesque Oriental poetic expression. It begins:

“In the name of Allah! The Grand Vizier has

received the chaplet of roses from the Paradise of Downing Street. The eloquence of PUMICESTONE sings out like a nightingale from amongst the flowers. It is sweet to listen to his music.

“But the nightingale, though sweet, is melancholy; and who does not know that there are thorns in roses?—they have been pricked the fingers of the Grand Vizier. The notes of the British bulbul have made the Padishah sad in spirit.

“Why should he part with any of his wives? Let him who has too many sew them in a sack. The children of the Father of the Faithful will not be so costly to his country as are the many rose-buds of the Joy-Gardens of Pimlico.

“The Exeter Mufti shall be welcome to the holy men of Constantinople. If PUMICESTONE PASHA will change his religion, the Grand Vizier will be baptized. If the English Mollah is constant why should the Turkish Imaum be a renegade. Let them come and each have his say. If they brawl and quarrel too much, let either be accommodated with a bastinado. . . .

“Do we not also know how to suck eggs, O, Ambassador? So write to PUMICESTONE PASHA, and bid him to operate on his own henroosts.—KABOB PASHA.”

In the course of his despatch to Lord Tape-worm, Lord Pumicestone says:

“You will have the goodness to communicate to H. E. COUNT GROGENOFF the opinions of this

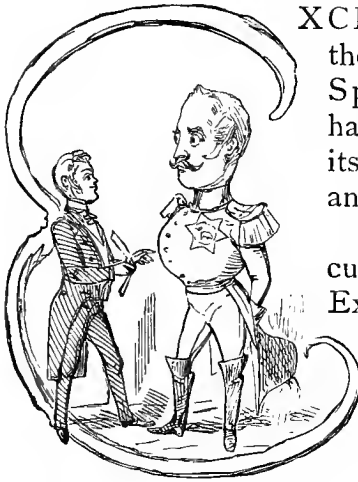
Government upon some late acts of Russian policy. They by no means meet with the approval of Her B. Majesty's advisers.

"The treatment of Poland can never be looked upon by this country but with feelings of indignation and pity. You will urge upon the Councils of His Imperial Majesty, the instant necessity of changing his method of administering the affairs of that unhappy portion of his empire. . . .

"The cut of the Emperor's whiskers has been viewed in this country with the deepest grief. . . .

"The usage of the knout is not viewed in this country with pleasure; nor the practice of eating tallow-candles, in which some of the subjects of H. I. M. fatally indulge. . . .

"The dinner-hour of the Court of St. Petersburg might be advantageously changed; the censorship of the Press ought to be abolished; the serfs ought to be represented in Parliament; the fares of droskies in St. Petersburg diminished. Gas should be laid down in Siberia; the Empress's maids-of-honour reduced in number; London Porter, Missionary Meetings, New Policemen, and Daily Papers, should be established in all the principal towns of the Empire, and it is very desirable that the middle-classes of St. Petersburg and Moscow should eat shoulders of mutton and baked potatoes on Sunday, instead of their present unwholesome meal of fish-oil and hemp-brandy."



XCEEDING in courtesy the genuine reply of the Spanish Cabinet, yet hardly more emphatic in its nature, the Russian answer runs as follows:

“I have the honour to accuse the reception of Your Excellency’s letter, containing the proposals of His Excellency, MILOR PUMICESTONE, for the better regulation of this Empire.

“H. I. M. is profoundly touched by the interest which H. E. designs to take in the affairs of Russia. . . .

“H. I. M. hopes that the state of the country will soon permit him to abolish the use of the knout, and at the same time desires to know when flogging will cease in the English Army? . . .

“H. M. will not enter into the other questions which are touched upon in H. E.’s agreeable letter; but H. M. cannot enter into reforms of his own states at this moment, so deeply is he interested in the affairs of Ireland—which, before all things, he wishes to see tranquil. As soon as that country is quiet and industrious, His Majesty pledges himself that he will withdraw his garrisons from Warsaw; that he will grant a free press, to preach rebellion and inculcate the murder of

the Government authorities. But, in the meanwhile, H. I. M. submits to LORD PUMICESTONE that . . . even against English laws there are some people who complain, and would rebel; and that H. I. M. feels himself strong enough for the present to manage his own affairs, without the obliging interference of H. E. VISCOUNT PUMICESTONE."

One of the most personally interesting and valuable of all Thackeray's contributions to *Punch* is that entitled "On the New Forward Movement" (No. 358, p. 207) in which, in the course of its two columns, the novelist sets forth what are obviously his own views on the subject of the Crown. It is true that R. H. Shepherd identified this piece as the work of Thackeray; but in view of its peculiar importance I quote from it here, in spite of my self-imposed rule to deal with no such identified contributions even though they be not reprinted. The article, similar to one or two others of kindred import, purports to be "*A Letter from our old friend, MR. SNOB, to MR. JOSEPH HUME.*" The latter Member had been busy moving for Returns—an occupation in which he persisted from February, 1848 until the same month of the following year. The expense to the public incurred in satisfying these Motions, it may be mentioned parenthetically, was very great—so much so that the subject formed the topic of a Motion made, but ultimately withdrawn, by Lord Drumlanrig in March, 1849.

Declaring his adhesion to the principles of Mr.



Hume, and promising him his support in "any peaceful and constitutional line of agitation," Thackeray says :

"I can even go some length with MR. COBDEN in his dangerous speech about the barbarous splendour surrounding the Crown. It is not the money, as some people object, so much as the sentiment. It will make very little difference to any man in England whether there is a silver stick or groom of the dust-pan more or less in the service of the Court, of which we all admire the modest English merits. But there are barbarous splendours about the precincts of Pimlico," [*i.e.* Buckingham Palace] "that are ridiculous and immoral, rather than costly, against which MR. COBDEN has a right to cry out. Who could not name a score such ?

"It is very well for LORD JOHN to cry out and say that the British people love their QUEEN, that they will not grudge her any of the state which belongs to her dignity, that she is a model of private virtue, and that to meddle with her privileges is to meddle with the Constitution. What is the Constitution, my dear Sir, *d'abord* ? If the Constitution of to-day is the Constitution of the PRINCE REGENT'S time, every gentleman connected with this periodical would have passed twenty years in gaol, as MR. LEIGH HUNT did. Good Laws ! how have we ridiculed a certain august hat, for instance ; not because we are disloyal, but because the object was laughworthy. In QUEEN ANNE'S reign, we should have had our ears cut off ; by QUEEN ELIZA-

BETH, we should have been hanged without any mercy, and all under the exercise of the same Constitution. The Constitution roasted us indifferently for being Catholics or Protestants. If the Constitution is at the head of the nation, it is not BRITANNIA'S helmet, as it were, but her hair: it renews itself perpetually: it is cut off and grows again, and is curled in a thousand fashions—fashions is the word—the Constitution is the political fashion. The country may wear what she likes—ringlets, or powder and a tail, or a Madonna bandeau, or a Brutus crop.

“And as for insinuating that a man is disrespectful to his QUEEN because he wishes to alter some of the appurtenances of Royalty, I take the liberty to deny that charge with indignation. For instance, I love and respect my grandmother; but suppose she took it into her head to walk in the Park with a hoop and falbalas, and the second head-dress above described, should we not have a right to remonstrate with the venerable lady? COBDEN has a right to look at the Court and say that many parts of it are barbarous and foolish. Beef-eaters are barbarous. Court Circulars\* are

\* Thackeray, as has been seen, was never tired of ridiculing the “Court Circular” of his day. His almost morbid hatred of snobbery led him to consider and re-affirm it “barbarous and absurd.” In the light of this circumstance it is interesting to recall the fact that one Thackeray—perhaps the author of “L’Abbaye de Penmarch” (which some incompletely-informed bibliographers have attributed to the novelist)—was

barbarous. Gentlemen-Pensioners are barbarous. JONES with a black-satin bag going to Court with his sword between his legs, is barbarous. My old friend JEAMES, with his stick and bouquet, is an eminent and absurd barbarian. I hope to see them all sacrificed. . . .

“ It was exactly the argument pursued in France

twice prosecuted for libel in 1840, along with his partner Lawson. The confusion is pardonable, for W. M. Thackeray is known, according to Mr. Leslie Stephen, to have been editing a paper in Paris in opposition to *Galignani's Messenger* in 1836, and, about three years afterwards, to be writing for the latter journal. Moreover, Lady Bulwer, who on the 17th and 22nd March, 1840, recovered £50 against the aforesaid publishers of the “ Court Circular ” for having stated that she had conducted herself offensively towards Sir Henry Bulwer at a ball in Paris, sought also to bring an action against the same defendants on the 23rd and 30th of the same month, before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Paris, when the defendants' plea that the plaintiff's husband was not a consenting party to the proceedings secured them a verdict on the technicality. In the “ Gazette des Tribunaux ” there is nothing to be found ; from Monsieur Bulot, the Procureur de la République, I learn that the archives were all burnt in the troubles of 1871 ; while the official journal does not give the initials of the defendants. The matter is further complicated by the fact that Thackeray, though always a sharp critic of Edward Bulwer Lytton (see “ The Author of Pelham, ” &c.), might well have sided — or by Lady Bulwer have been thought to side — with him, as a man of letters, against the lady. More difficult still does it become to ascertain the identity of Thackeray's double, and, indeed, his triple, if we remember that when in 1849 his death was falsely reported in *Galignani* he wrote to remind Mrs. Brookfield that “ two W. Thackeray's have died within the past month. ”

by other little statesmen and ministers of a moral monarch. 'LOUIS - PHILIPPE is a model husband and father; therefore don't let us have any more reforms. Who dares say that this monarch does not sympathise with the country, when it is known that he takes tea and plays his rubber in the bosom of his family like the simpliest *bourgeois*? What can the people want with public meetings, when the king sleeps on a straw mattress, and is a pattern of domestic propriety? Reforms, forsooth! Haven't we a Chamber, and an immense majority?' This was the argument up to the twenty-third day of last February; but it had ceased to be very cogent on the twenty-fifth, when majority, monarch, and ministers had all disappeared from the scene.

"And this point being, rather brutally, disposed of, there comes another argument, which people are very fond of putting, and is used by your Conservatives and Whigs with a triumphant air. 'Yes; they have got rid of their monarch and ministers,' says LORD JOHNNY or LORD TOMMY; 'but what have they taken in exchange? . . . A howling democracy; and furious tyranny of 500,000 bayonets; a ruined Exchequer; a national bankruptcy; a general cessation of labour, and conspiracy to organise famine . . .' The meaning of which is, that it is better that a man should forego his undoubted rights for the sake of peace and quiet, than that he should bestir and endanger himself to gain them.

"But in this case MR. BANCROFT would never have been here as American Minister, that is

clear; and the American Colonies would be still paying their tax upon tea. We might still have had STEWARTS on the throne, chopping off heads of LORD RUSSELLS for treason. The cause for which HAMPDEN and SIDNEY still occasionally perish after dinner, in those weak assemblies where the Whigs muster, was a rank rebellion; and Mr. BARRY should design a Star Chamber in the new Houses of Parliament, where the dandy dealers in middle-age gimcracks were afraid to set up CROMWELL.\* . . . Of course, no revolution is good for trade. . . .

“ In a country where there is a Press, Railroads, and Free Discussion, there is no need to fight at all. There must be two parties to fight; and the weaker one, which would lose most by the battle too, never will. And they may talk of a good cause as inspiriting a man to battle; but what can be more inspiriting than to know not only that your cause is good, but that your enemy is sure to run away without fighting?

“ It is to this I look, this which brings me with ardour to your ranks, and this prophecy, which I beseech you to remember in the hour of victory.”

Thackeray's declaration of loyalty and his anxiety for it to be known that the attacks which he made on the Prince Consort (whom he greatly ad-

\* Referring to the burning question, which had recently been decided in the negative, “Should Cromwell have a statue?” Just fifty years the Protector had to wait for that decision to be revoked.

mired) imported neither disrespect nor blindness to his noble qualities, were perhaps hastened by Shirley Brooks's biting satire—"Our Flight with *Punch*," published in *The Man in the Moon* in November 1847. These verses, which afford perhaps the chief claim to remembrance of that comic miscellany, were a parody of a set of *Punch's* own. Brooks entertained at that time a reverence for Thackeray as deep as his hatred of Douglas Jerrold; but not always identifying the writings of the former sometimes attributed them to the latter. It was to Jerrold that he ascribed *Punch's* chaff of the Royal Family when he wrote:

"We'll clear thy brain. Look westerly. See where yon  
 Palace stands;  
 Stains of the mud flung there by thee are on thy dirty  
 hands.  
 We will not brand thee Atheist — we know dread'st that  
 sting—  
 Yet, vaunting loud thy 'fear of God,' how honourest thou  
 the King?  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Give us the truthful, social sketch, drawn with Titmarshian  
 skill,  
 With colour bright as Dickens's, and pencil keener still."

To the Spanish indiscretion Thackeray returns in Number 363 (p. 257, June 24th) in the paragraphs entitled "A Dilemma." Referring to what he calls, curiously enough, "the ill-treatment which SIR H. BULWER experienced from the Spanish Government," he pertinently asks whether the

rupture of diplomatic intercourse by a resident English Minister is not likely to harm England more than Spain; and if not, why "second-class men"—by which he means *Chargés d'affaires*—may not always be employed, and money saved? "An answer, post paid, will oblige." But none was forthcoming for many months—not for two years, in this Spanish business, as has already been set forth.

## CHAPTER XI

VOLUME XV. SECOND HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1848

"THE Hampstead Road: A Comedy in Four Tableaux," is Thackeray's first unnoticed contribution to Volume xv. It is signed "SPEC," and comprises four "social" cuts, more carefully drawn, perhaps, than were the majority of the author's sketches.

Here is another pretty example among many of how little scenes in humble life would touch the heart and arouse the sympathy of the observant man whom, even at the present day, some persist in considering a Cynic.

The changes that were made in military uniforms in the summer of 1848 were extremely unpopular, not in the army only, but in the Press. The introduction of a particular form of garment—the "shell jacket"—gave particular offence to officers who, either from stoutness or the reverse, vehemently objected to the sacrifice of their tails and skirts. In No. 369 Leech drew a cartoon of "The Tailor's Goose—The Terror of the Army" bearing a flag inscribed "Nothing but the Bill;" and Thackeray contributed four drawings and text (p. 62), covering



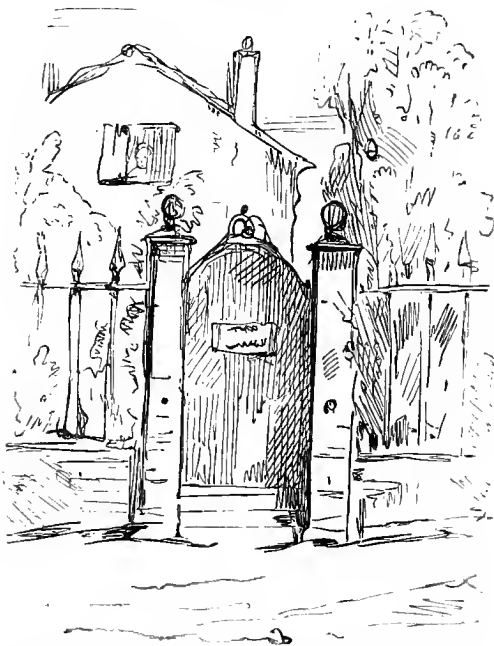
## A SUBURBAN SKETCH

nearly two pages, under the heading of "Military Correspondence." The letters addressed to *Punch* by "Captain Heavysides," "Lieutenant Twenty-

### "THE HAMPSTEAD ROAD

A COMEDY IN FOUR TABLEAUX.

#### TABLEAU I.



"THE MAGNOLIAS," MR. SMITH'S NEAT COTTAGE IN  
THE HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

*Nurse (behind the shrubbery)* O you darling tooty pootsy.

*Baby* Gllgrllwglgrlluggle.

*Nurse* Baby see pooty flowers?

*Clock (from cottage)* Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting.

TABLEAU II.



*Enter* POLICEMAN X 21.

*Clock goes on* Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting.

*X 21 (Whistles)* Whew-e-oo-o-oo!

*Nurse.* Come and see pooty osses in the zoad, baby.

“THE HAMPSTEAD ROAD”

TABLEAU III.



*X 21.* Well, I declare ! it's MISS MARY.

*Nurse.* Law ! Mr. Pleaceman ; who ever expected to see you here !

*X 21.* You do look so . . . .

*Baby.* Googlegloogrr.

*Mrs. Smith (from window).* Well, if it isn't that good for nothing hussy of a nurse speaking to the policeman.

*Nurse.* Lor, it's Missis !

*Baby.* Gloogloogr.

*X 21.* Blow her old hi's !

} *Exeunt omnes.*

THACKERAY AND *PUNCH*

stone," and "Lieutenant Campbell Leppard," deal with the matter with humour and vivacity. "Our

TABLEAU IV.



THE HALL OF MR. SMITH'S COTTAGE.

*Mrs. Smith.* Get out, your impudence. Give me the child; you pollute it, you vicious wretch, you do. Take your wages and go.

*Baby.* Boo-ooo-ooo-wah-wah-wab.

*Page (Snivels).*

*Mary (with a last look at the child, exit).* [*Exeunt omnes.*

MARY becomes Mrs. X 21; at first she often walks up the Hampstead Road to look at the baby she has left. Then she has domestic cares of her own, or will have; for the truth is, I only saw the first three Tableaux of this comedy last Saturday as ever was. SPEC.

Skirts," says the Captain, "are to be cut off, by an insidious movement of a certain distinguished per-

## THE SHELL JACKET

sonage upon our rear. The decent undress blue frock, which lent a grace to portliness, and a concealment to obesity, is to be discontinued, and we are henceforth, when not in full fig, to appear in *shell-jackets*! Do your readers know what a *shell-jacket* is? It is a scanty garment, barely reaching the waist! The humiliation it is calculated to produce among officers like myself is indescribable." "If it is scarcely decent for the fat fellows," deposes Campbell Leppard, "I know it is very ridiculous for us thin ones." But the bitter cry was unavailing.



People became accustomed to the shell-jacket and forgot to laugh at it; but it is safe to say that no foreigner ever beheld it for the first time without wonder, without a joke, or a smile at its expense.

"Latest from the Continent" (No. 372, p. 87) is a long letter from "Samuel Guttler Swilby" to his father the Alderman, who has sent him traveling with his tutor. It is an illiterate epistle, in which a full and careful report is made of the food and drink that young hopeful has indulged in;

neither he nor his mentor having eyes or thought for aught else.

“This town [“Ostend”] is very ugly to look at, but strongly fortified, and has oysters all the year round. Aving to wait



for the train, I thought our best amusement would be to try a few dozen of their *famous natives*, which *we did so*. But law bless you Pa, there no such great things after all. . . . The county all the way to Brussels is as flat and green as our billiard-table at Camberwell — the towns quite old and ugly. They sell fruit along the road; we ad some — plumbs sower, cherries ditto, aypricots so so, cost one frank.

At all the Stations they were drinking beer which I had some, but o lor! Pa! such sower stuff! Why they wouldn't drink it in our servant's hall! . . . We were at a most comfortable Inn, the Hotel de Paybaw\* as it is

\* Thackeray stayed here—the Hotel des Pays Bas, Spa—in the earlier part of this same month of August, and wrote thence one of his most charming letters to Mrs. Brookfield

pronounced. I remarked the ladies at the *table d'hôte* used their knives to their vegetables and things, and I like the practice *very much*. . . . When we got on board took coffy, and went and had a good snooze in the cabbin again. Didn't wake till ten, when, as I heard, we had passed all the pretty part of the Rhine, and it couldn't be helped, (and as for me, give me *a good sleep before all your landskips*). We had a meat and egg breakfast and got to Mayence at one o'clock."

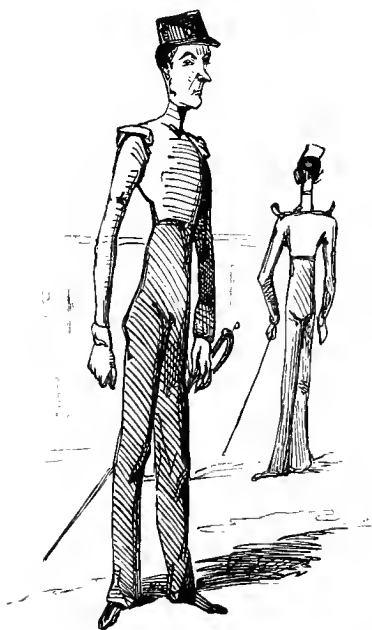
A fine epigram on Ledru-Rollin—one of the members of the Provisional Republican Government on the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe—appears in the same number. The announcement which afforded a text is this: "Ledru-



(pubd. Smith, Elder & Co., 1887), in the course of which he says: "I went to the *table d'hôte* with perfect affability, just like an ordinary person; an *ordinary* person at the *table d'hôte*, mark the pleasantry." He speaks of the "good things, fifteen or sixteen too many," which were served, and of himself giving in "at about the twenty-fifth dish," although a Flemish lady, who used her knife for lobster salad, far out-stayed him. It is obvious that "Latest from the Continent," was inspired by this interesting invalid, as she proclaimed herself, "so weak and delicate that she could not walk." No wonder.

Rollin, defending his conduct in the Chamber of Representatives, said,—‘*Je monte sur le Calvaire, pour sauver la République.*’” Thackeray, disgusted at the sentiment, drew the following “SIMILE,” as the verse is entitled, which if not entirely original in idea is as felicitous in expression as in application:

We read, LEDRU, that there were three  
Who perished upon Calvary.  
The one—but stay, that Name Divine,  
Thou wouldst not couple, sure, with thine;  
And convict knaves the other two—  
Blasphemer, which of these are you?



Two “Letters to a Nobleman visiting Ireland” (in Nos. 373 and 374) have been noted by Shepherd. It may be mentioned, however, for it is important in connection with Thackeray’s attitude towards Irishmen—that in the first of these papers the author comes back once more to John O’Connell’s ingratitude, which, since the sturdy denunciation of it to which attention has already been drawn, had manifestly



been rankling in his breast. "I wish," he says—

"I wish the Irishman every possible freedom and prosperity. . . . Last year I gave him money out of my pocket, and was cursed for my pains. I will do so no more: never more. I prefer a quiet life, and have my own kindred to help out of my superfluity. . . . Why am I to keep an Irishman? He threatens me as he clutches my bread; he hates and insults me as I try to do him good. . . . There is your Irishman as you have made him under English laws, English landlords, English juries, English press, English Parliaments. . . . Fancy our persisting in governing Celts by Saxon laws, and that horrible figure of Irish beggary and ruin follows the march of our history into the future, hangs on in piteous chains and rags, preventing her progress—it is frightful to look at."

The second Letter to a Nobleman visiting Ireland is particularly interesting, as it shows Thackeray in the light not so much of a Repealer as Home Ruler—not a Home Ruler from love of justice, however, but from disgust: "The great point now is," he says, "to begin granting money as quickly as possible, so as to enable our friends to carry on the year comfortably. . . . There's TIM has not been able to earn anything in England this harvest, being engaged in honour to stop at home and liberate his country in the 'War.' There's PAT has sunk all his capital in the purchase of a 'dainty rifle.' . . . And while you are arranging

your plans for the relief of this fine peasantry, which is now pretty quiet, being about to ask you for money, you will remember that their beautiful pikes, scythes, and dainty rifles. . . are all comfortably hidden away. I say it behoves an English statesman to remember that PADDY has a weapon somewhere at hand, with which he proposes to 'rise in the might of his freedom' some day, or in other words to cut your throat. . . .

"I don't say this is particularly blameworthy on the part of our Irish brethren. I don't say that they can do otherwise—miserable as they are, and instructed as they have been—but that you are bound to take account of it. . . .

"Why, sir, I say, are we to turn out and work the pump for the Irish conflagration, and not allow them [the orderly and sensible portion of the Irish] to put out their own flames with their own buckets? Why shouldn't the Irish have a Council House or an Administrative Assembly of their own? You never condescend to give reasons or entertain the question. And yet there are only phrases against it. Mr. CANNING says, 'Restore the Heptarchy!' Mr. MACAULAY says, 'Let the whole Empire go down together, rather than a separation ensue;' Mr. CARLYLE says, 'The British Lion will squelch the Irish Rat, but separation must not be.' I hope to see a great party in England before long, which shall say, 'Why not?' At any rate, that it shall be a question open to fair debate; and that, when our Irish friends bawl out

‘Repeal,’ some people will answer, ‘With all our hearts!’ from this country too. . . . We are tired of your brawling, your bawling, your bullying, your bragging, your begging. You stop our kindness with your curses, our pity with your hideous menacing and boasting; you render our confidence impossible with your double dealing. . . . I think we should begin to show that we are in earnest, and to prepare our Irish friends for the change they look for, by stopping the subsidies which they have been in the habit of drawing from this country.”

Thackeray’s further views upon this subject will be referred to when the remaining letters over the same signature, “Hibernis Hibernior,” are reached.

*Punch* had for years before enveighed against the impertinent intrusion upon the Queen in her family life by inquisitive journalists—men who sought to collect “Court news” by backstairs and still less reputable means. Against such spy-journalism Gillray and Cruikshank had protested in earlier days. On the occasion of the Queen’s first visit to Balmoral the nuisance became almost a scandal, and Leech, among others, drew ironical attention to it. In Number 376 (Sept. 23, 1848) appears his Cartoon representing a Paul Pry reporter-artist at the key-hole—under the heading of “Gross Outrage: or, Paul Pry in the Highlands, making a sketch, &c.,” while the accompanying text, “by our own Halfpenny-a-liner” purports to be cut short by the scandalized and indignant

Editor, who declares himself "so disgusted by the vulgar and inquisitive intrusion upon the pleasure and amusement of Royalty, that we omit the remainder of his account." It must be admitted, however, that the report, read in the light of modern journalism, appears neither vulgar nor impertinent.

Now, Thackeray had gone through this phase of indignation before, and had, as we have seen, denounced the "Court Circular" itself, official though it was, as a barbarity.



HEN, however, the *Globe* expressed its horror at the announcement of the imminent publication of a paper to be called the "*Balmoral Gazette*" (adopted as the title of this article)—a journal to be devoted to following the movements of Her Majesty, with de-

scriptions of the places she would visit—Thackeray took another view and denounced a protest which appeared to him to savour of cant (16 Sept. 1848, p. 119). If the Court Circular may be published with all its minor details when the Court is in London, why is the same thing gross and outrageous when the venue is changed to Scotland?

"In fact," he says, "we have been for all our lives

## THE COURT CIRCULAR DEFENDED

so accustomed to read a Court Circular every morning for breakfast, that we can't do without it now: and it is absolutely as necessary to us to know what PRINCE ALFRED did yesterday, and whether the PRINCESS ALICE rode out in a pony chaise, as it is to know the price of the Funds, or who spoke in Parliament, and what was the division. . . .

“Loyal subjects rally in spirit. If the Court were up a tree, as in CHARLES II's time, everybody would like to be informed of its sylvan retreat, and a Court newsman should be perched on the bough somewhere, to scribble down the occupation of the Sovereign and the other branches of the Royal Family.

“Now the *Globe* newspaper is an excellent print, and always remarkable for its loyalty: whereas a very contrary charge has been whispered (by calumniators) against this present journal, which they have accused of turning august things into ridicule, and speaking disrespectfully of regal institutions, beef-eaters, gold-sticks, and what not.”

The *Globe* had, in a sudden fit of levity, remarked upon the im- or Balmorality of the paper announced by one who called himself “a Highland *Littérateur*.” “To hold him up to ridicule,” proceeds Thackeray, “because he intrudes upon ‘illustrious privacy’ at Balmoral is a monstrous instance of envious persecution. Why are we not to know what HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT do at Balmoral as well as at Windsor?”

. . . We want to know, for our parts, what our Princes and our Sovereigns do. We are not like other people in Europe (who, very likely from having no *Court Circular*, have been taking sad liberties with their monarchs); we are accustomed to know the Royal where and whatabouts. Why, we spend eighteen thousand a-year in mere salutes and gunpowder for the Royal Family; and what is a salvo of twenty-one guns from all round a fleet but an immense roaring *Court Circular*? . . . If it was not good for us, it would not be told to us. If the Sovereign did not think fit to graciously authorise the publication of the account of the royal venerated movements, we should never know them at all. JONES has lived next to us for twenty years, for instance, and we have not the slightest notion when he goes out or comes in. . . . But about Royalty it is different. It is beneficial for us to know, therefore we know.

“We say to the Highland *Littérateur*, ‘Go on and prosper, my boy. Never mind the *Globe* . . . You are doing your duty to us and the Sovereign, and a little abuse need not deter you.’ What? Squeamish about disturbing illustrious privacy at Balmoral! Highty-tighty! *Mr. Globe*—are you to have it all your own way in the Strand? You take your fill of it. *You* are loyal enough. So are we all—all loyal hearts—gallant, freeborn souls. . . . For shame, *Globy!* for shame!” It apparently did not occur to the writer at this moment how much the life of George IV might

have been modified had all his goings and comings been fully and truthfully recorded by the journalists, as well as picturesquely by the caricaturists, of that day.

Nearly a page is devoted in Number 376 to a paper entitled "Sanitarianism and Insanitarianism." The campaign which had been vigorously carried on at the time with no little success against the abominable condition of Smithfield, the Serpentine, and the Thames itself, had borne the usual fruit. Sanitation was in the air—it had taken hold of society, and poison, adulteration, and death were imagined in every quarter and in every article of consumption. In a letter headed "Poison! Poison! Poison!" Thackeray professes to give an example of what the outcome might be of so widely discussed and disturbing a craze. This, as the punning title suggests, is supposed to be written by a person whose mind has been turned and who meditates suicide, under the intolerable croaking of the alarmists. It is not lively reading; it is, in fact, strained and painful, and hardly humorous, but it is useful in reminding us of the mischievous character of these intermittent scares.

In the following number (377, pp. 143 and 145), Thackeray warmly attacked a movement to which in a moment of misguided philanthropy Lord Ashley, afterwards Lord Shaftesbury, had given countenance. This plan, although more or less embryonic, or at least, unorganised, was

unhesitatingly denounced by most practical people; for, devised by charitable persons who felt pity for out-o'-works, it helped them to emigrate without sufficient inquiry having been made into their character, their antecedents, and especially their state, whether married or single. The discovery of the abuse to which such a movement was liable, and, indeed, to which it had already given rise, awakened Thackeray's anger. "Hemigration made Heasy: To Lord Hashley" is the heading of a letter supposed to have been indited by a Cabman signing himself "Ninethow-sndnunderdanninety-nine," and dated from "The Cabbys Hinstatute, Blue Postes." This worthy has been looking over the *Times*, he says, and finds "that 2 wimming have come up Before MR. HARNOLD, the Wushup Street Beak (whomb I ope he is quite well and know very hintimit) quarrelen quite outragus (as there is no satisfyink some of em) about their usbands hemmygrating without them. Has I thought it mite interest I prigd the hextrack out of the paper, and send you the sam."

Then follows the gist of the evidence as related in the *Times* report, from which it appears that a subscription was started at a meeting by Lord Ashley and others—"to send out a number of reformed and repentant thieves and criminals, and that both of the brothers LOFINCK had represented themselves as convicted felons, and, therefore, *qualified as the objects intended at the meeting.* Numbers of such characters had waited upon



him." This was the evidence of Mr. Jackson, the "Manager," whose explanation failed to satisfy his hearers that the scheme provided adequate protection to the wives and children of the assisted criminals who, in fact, simply deserted their families. Indeed, it was stated in court that the said manager had assured the woman, whose application to the magistrate had brought the whole matter before the public, "that rather than thwart her husband's prospects it would be much better for her and the child to enter the workhouse." Indeed, "her husband had now gone off to America in an emigrant ship called the *Victoria*, leaving his family entirely destitute;" while, in the words of the Cabman—"the other woman's husband went off without so much as with your leaf, or by your leaf." Mr. Jackson's inquiries into these men's past was proved to have been extremely summary; in fact, he judged by what the men told him, and instead of their being "thieves and felons of seven, eight, or ten years' standing, and repeatedly convicted," and so qualified claimants upon the sympathy, charity, and patronage of himself and his employers, one of them, at least, was merely an honest shoemaker with a desire for a change. Mr. Jackson explained that his judgment in these matters seemed to him "satisfactory."

"Satisfactory—werry as far as it goes," says Thackeray's Cabby. "But please let it be hall explained—for I think I'd like to take advantidge of this hadmarable charaty. I ham myself in the

cab line, No. 9999 by name, my life is ard, my work arder still, my wife scolds like a wixen, and my children heats like hoguers. Will it be necessary for me to commit a bugglary before I await myself of the charaty, or will larsny du, or 3 weeks which I ad for hovercharging a passinger and itting him hafterwoods about the Ed? Robbery I never yet dun—to ouse breaking I'm awuss; but hif by a little on it I can git rid of my Missus and famly, and make myself comftable for life, present best compts to your Lordship, and saye Hime your Mann, and your Lordship's grateful Servant."

This comment was thrust home by the other reference:—

#### "EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

"Under the patronage of LORD ASHLEY, and many other influential persons.—*See Times' Report.*

"Parties having wives and families to desert, are provided with a free passage to America, and every comfort, on application to MR. STIGSON, Scotch Ragged Schools, Minorities.

"Honest men cannot be received, as this enterprise is only for the benefit of thieves and felons. Every attention paid to Burglars, and gentlemen already returned from the hulks. A fine opening for a few experienced cracksmen." It need hardly be pointed out that the name of "Stigson" is a compound of Jackson and "Stiggins"—the latter

a character whom *Punch* has ever held in abhorrence and disgust.

The disturbed state of public affairs in Europe was fruitful of despondency and pessimism in most thoughtful minds, and depressed Thackeray not a little. There is a note of intense seriousness, of unusual gravity, about his comment on the general discontent, everywhere apparent, which he published in the same number (p. 144), under the title of—"Is there anything in the Paper?" The particular Paper was the *Times*, and the particular issue that of the 23rd September 1848; and the gloomy forebodings it awakened occupied, along with a cut (see next page), a whole page of *Punch*.

"Whither are we marching?" he asks. "Whereabouts are we now, and when are we going to stop? What is France, Germany, our dear little England, and all Europe about? And what is the Future preparing? What is to come of the institutions, faiths, ranks, honours, truths of the Old World; and are we coming to general smash? Is the system by which the Past went on, found so incompetent to govern the Present, that we are going to repeal and abolish it utterly? If yesterday is all a doubt and an error, what a bewilderment to-day is, and what an awful perplexity to-morrow! Is it not time to think of emigrating to the United States, where some order is still left, or of retiring to the North Pole or the Desert, for quiet?"

The writer is supposed to be making these re-

flections in a railway carriage, dismayed by the sheet in his hands, when the lady sitting opposite, with whom he "had some trifling acquaintance," aghast at his haggard countenance and the wildness of his eyes, anxiously inquires—"Is there anything in the paper, Sir?"

"Anything in the paper!" echoes the writer. "All the world is in the paper. This express train travels fast, but the world travels faster. Why, Madam, if you will but read what is written in the *Times* of this very day, it is enough for a year's history, and ten times as much meditation. If we have such a *Times* every day, life wouldn't bear it. How can we follow and remember such changes? The whole of Europe sends news, and every state is in revolution. States—we can't call them states any more: nothing is stable; it is overthrow after overthrow, a succession of convulsions. It is struggle, battle, barricade, murder, conspiracy, abortive or active everywhere."

Then he proceeds to give a picture of the seething discontent that was finding outlet in effervescence in nearly every country of Europe—how complete the disturbance-map of that period which was published not long since well illustrated. In Frankfort, in Spain, in Paris, in Petersburg, in Sicily, in England, in Ireland, in London, there is violence, and Thackeray sketches all the upheavals or attempted upheavals, with masterly brevity. On the London "conspiracy," the activity of a violently frothy band, he dwells at great

er length; for the murderous programme, inept though it was, shocked him the more by the cold-blooded proposals adopted in it by its Irish adherents and allies. Luckily, the seizure of Rose's papers by the police (who were to be the chief, or at least the first, victims of the uprising) disclosed the intentions of the conspirators. "Yes, it was all up with them; but it might have been all up with us, but for the Government and its myrmidons. These gallant Clubs, those true-hearted patriots, those dear, good, kind Irishmen, whom, as we know them better, we should learn to love and bless more and more, would have peppered us with fire-balls, burnt our shops and houses about our ears, butchered our police, and set up a republican form of government. All this is in the paper, Ma'am," I said.

"And anything more?" asked the opposite.

"Yes, indeed,—one thing more:" continues Thackeray with a strain of infinite pity and regret



for the loss of Lord George Bentinck who, two days before, had been found dead from a spasmodical attack in one of the Welbeck Parks, when on his way to visit Lord Manvers. “‘ There is the history of a nobleman cut off in the vigour of his life, powers, and fame—of one who had a great name yesterday, and was the chivalrous leader of a great English party. All the broils and battles of the Session were over; the triumphs, the turmoil, the excitement of attack, the cheers of friends, the discomfiture of enemies; a truce was sounded, and he was taking his rest after his labour. We were caricaturing him but yesterday, and his manly nature was the first to join in the good-natured laugh: to-day, and all is over, and he is to laugh, and cheer, and battle no more. No more jovial sounds of hound and horn for him; no more shouting on the course as the race passes by like a storm; no more cheering of companions in the House of Commons: in the midst of life, strength, and triumph almost, lo, the end comes, and the Loyal GEORGE goes down.

“‘ The next day there appears that fatal notice in the *Times*—that column of inevitable history. Is it not awful to think of that necographer who sits in some crypt in the *Times* office, and who, as sure as you die, will have your history in print! What will the sunrise be to you then, or the fame of a newspaper, or all the fights, revolutions, and conspiracies of all this struggling world.

“‘ I think here is quite enough, then, in the

*Times* paper of the 23rd. Besides, there are the advertisements and the Court Circular.’”

At this point (No. 377) my documentary authority as to Thackeray’s authorship of the articles, poems, and illustrations, here dealt with, comes to an end. But there follow other pieces as to which one may express absolute certainty, moral, if not documentary. Such a piece is that entitled “Traitors to the British Government” (No. 384, p. 218, 18 Nov. 1848) which, continuing the subject of the “Letters to a Nobleman visiting Ireland,” in the same vein and the same manner, is signed like them, “Hibernis Hibernior.” This article, together with a later one, has, curiously enough, escaped the attention of all previous commentators.

“Before quitting his beloved Ireland,” writes Thackeray, “Mr. *MAGEE*\* did his best to plunge her in anarchy, ruin, and murder. It was not his fault if a bloody Government thwarted his designs and those of the great men with whom he acted. . . . Gentlemen interested in murder and rebellion, may inspect, at Mr. *MAGEE*’s offices, the beautifully bloody and authentic plans ordained for the late revolution. . . . As the people are starving, as usual, and the begging season is to be uncommonly well attended, Mr. *MAGEE* begs to warn the people of

\* An Irishman resident in America. Thackeray takes as his text a letter addressed by Mr. Magee to a New York paper.

England, THAT THE TWO STRONGEST FEELINGS OF THE IRISH, ARE HATRED TO ENGLAND, AND A SANGUINE HOPE OF IRELAND.

“ This will be sure to make the English people more willing to help their Irish brethren. The dignity of the latter is preserved, while their destitution is made known. ‘D—n you, I hate you!’ says poor, prostrate, bleeding, but honest Ireland; ‘but give me some money for all that.’ ”

Then follows Thackeray’s remedy: “ If there ever was a moral pointed to a story, there is one to the amiable tale of Mr. MAGEE, and that is—PAY THE CLERGY. What force of policemen in green coats have you in Ireland? What horse and foot artillery, and what do they cost? Will it be worth your while to have 3000 black policemen—the best soothers, detectives, preventives in the world? From the very indignation of the Roman bishops against the scheme of payment, why, the Empire should see the goodness of the scheme. Give these 3000 clergymen a stake, not in Ireland merely, but in the Empire, and will they be less averse to rebellion and its consequences, than now? Protestant landlords of Ireland, combine together, and pay your best friends, the Catholic Clergy; I say that Lord CARDIGAN, and all his hussars, will not keep the country so well as those 3000 scattered black horsemen who would garrison every village in Ireland for the QUEEN; and to well-meaning persons in this country, who cry out against the wickedness of endow-



"A SIDE-BOX TALK"



ROGUY AND POGUY.

*Roguy.* "SEE THAT GIRL LOOKING AT ME, POGUY?"

*Poguy.* "DON'T I? I DECLARE SHE CAN'T KEEP HER EYES OFF YOU."

*Roguy.* "WHAT WOMEN CARE FOR, POGUY, MY BOY, IS NOT FEATURES, BUT EXPRESSION." [*He pokes POGUY in the waistcoat.*]

ing Popery, I humbly point *Mr. Punch's* attention, begging him to ask them whether they prefer an immense costly army in Ireland, and hatred therewith, to the maintenance of a small ecclesiastical force, which would do ten times the service at a tithe of the present charge?"

On the same page appears "A Side-Box Talk," here reproduced. The villainous, ogre-like face of "Roguy" was one of Thackeray's favourite types. He used it—as is mentioned in the Preface—in the drawing which Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has given in the Bibliographical Edition of "Contributions to *Punch*" under the title of "Bucks" (p. xxx.); and in other places, notably in the illustration to "Theatrical Astronomy. Sudden Appearance of a Star," by Gilbert à Beckett—in which the figure also appears in an opera-box.

VOLUME XIX. SECOND HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1850

Towards the close of 1850, when the nation was convulsed by the terms of the Papal Brief, constituting a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England and Wales, Lord John Russell led the cry against the "Papal Aggression," until his sudden withdrawal of the Bill he had introduced gave John Leech the opportunity for his famous "No Popery" cartoon. Thackeray took his share in a controversy in which *Punch* played no inconsiderable part.

He first sought to remind his readers of the

## “THE HISTORY OF CASHMERE”

struggle whereby the Reformation was brought about and the Church of England was established; but as direct appeal and entirely serious discussion were foreign to *Punch's rôle*, he adopted a favourite device of setting forth his argument in mock-Oriental garb. It was thus that Thackeray came to write the following historical chapter of our land of “Cashmere,” with its comparison of the strife of Henry the Eighth’s reign with that of “the magnificent Empress Kohinur” :—

### “FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF CASHMERE.

BY THE ARABIAN HISTORIAN KARAGOOZ.

CHAP. 222.

“The beautiful kingdom of Cashmere was, it is very well known, governed by the magnificent EMPRESS KOHINUR, a sovereign so renowned for beauty, virtue, and an heroic disposition, that all the kings of the earth paid court to her, and her banner was respected wherever it was beheld. She gave her empire in charge to Viziers of great fame. RUSSOOL JEHAUN, a statesman, matchless for wisdom, was the President of her Divan, and administered the interior affairs of the Empire; while the foreign relations of Cashmere were upheld, and her enemies made to tremble by the wisdom and valour of the undaunted PULMERSTOON. By the Cashmerian laws, the husband of the Empress is forbidden to take a part in political mat-

ters: that Prince, therefore, passed his time in the chase, or in the pursuits of literature, and exercised his genius in beautifying the city of Lundoon. It is to him that the Lundoonees owed the beautiful turban which they wore for many ages; and it was he who, with the aid of two genii, *PACKISTUAN* and *FOOX*, raised up in a single night that extraordinary palace of crystal, which brought all the people of the earth to visit Lundoon,—and made it the eighth wonder of the world.

“The kingdom of Cashmere was peaceful and happy: the ports were full of ships; the bazaars were thronged with merchants and goods; the roads were covered from one end of the empire to the other, with people travelling in security; the *Cadis* did their duty;—in a word, Lundoon was the greatest city, Cashmere the noblest empire, and *KOHINUR* the happiest sovereign in the world but for one drawback—the constant rows of the *Mollahs*, who were perpetually quarrelling among themselves.

“It is known that for a long time the Cashmerians were followers of *OMAR*, the successor of the Prophet; and that the Chief *Imaum* of Mecca had the appointment of the Chief *Mollahs* of Cashmere during many ages. The Cashmerian Sovereigns, jealous of their independence, had always done their utmost against that arrangement which made their country a sort of spiritual dependency upon the Holy City of Arabia; and the pretensions and quarrels consequent upon

this assumption, kept the Cashmerians in constant trouble and hot water. The country swarmed with Dervishes from Mecca; Arabian zealots came and took possession of the Cashmerian Mosques, and preached to the people in a language they could not understand; the boldest of them called upon the Sovereigns of Cashmere themselves to pay homage to the Chief Imaum of Mecca for their thrones: for they said that the High Priest of Mecca was the Vicegerent of the Prophet, that the Prophet had given him power over all thrones and kingdoms, and woe betide those monarchs who disobeyed him. When one of their Mollahs, by name THAMAZ UL BUKEET, was murdered by one of the Kings of Cashmere, they made him go on his bare knees to the slaughtered saint's tomb; they declared that miracles were worked there: that the sick were cured, the wicked made sure of Paradise, that the statues round the tomb wagged their heads and talked, that the pictures winked—who shall say what other wonders were performed?—I have read them in the Ancient Historians—round the tomb of THAMAZ! Who shall believe the stories? Let him do so who will.

“After some thousands of years, and when not only the people of Cashmeria, but those of many other countries, began to doubt about the sovereignty which the High Priest of Mecca claimed, and to declare that not only OMAR, but that ALI, but that HASSAN and HOOSSEIN, but that other

good men could interpret the Koran for themselves; and that the claims of the Imaum of Mecca were, in a word, all bosh, and that he was a priest and a man, like another: it chanced that there ruled a king in Cashmere, who was called KING SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH. And he wished to put away an old wife of whom he was tired, (her name was ARAGOON), and to marry a beautiful young houri who was called the PERI ANABULANE.

“ The Imaum of Mecca would not dissolve the marriage between KING SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH and poor old ARAGOON, and threatened him with curses if he divorced her. But the viziers and nobles of Cashmere, who trembled before KING SULYMAUN, a magnificent prince, who made nothing of cutting their heads off, said the king might marry his new wife; accordingly he did so, snapping his fingers at the beard of the Imaum of Mecca, who had complimented him upon his religious principles a short time before, and sent him a robe of honour, with the title of Defender of the Faithful.

“ The king was in such a rage at the Imaum’s curses, that he caused a proclamation to be made all through his empire that he, SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH, was supreme in his own dominions, Vicegerent of the Prophet, and Defender and Commander of the Faithful; that the name of the Imaum of Mecca should never more be heard in any house or mosque in Cashmere; that any man who denied that he, SULYMAUN, was the Chief of

the Faith, should have his head cut off, his tongue cut out, his body chopped in quarters, and his goods confiscated. And he seized upon all the mosques, caravanserais, hospitals, houses, belonging to the old Meccaites (who were grasping and greedy, but withal good to the poor), and partitioned them amongst his lords and viziers, who made no bones about accepting the plunder.

“As for the Cashmerians, it mattered little to most of them: they were as glad that the King at Lundoon should be styled Vicegerent of the Prophet, as that the Imaum of Mecca should hold that title: they did not like that their king (for they are the vainest people in the world) should be doing homage to any other potentate in Mecca, Medina, Constantinople, Abyssinia, Jericho, or any other country. And they fell into the new order of things without difficulty, excepting some few rebels and obstinate, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered accordingly. For in these good old times, when Faith was stronger among us than it is now, everybody cut everybody else’s head off: thinking rightly that it was better to stop an unbeliever’s tongue, than let it wag to the detriment of religion, and the perversion of simple persons from the truth.

“Before he died, SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH cut off ANABULANE’S head too, and married somebody else. And his son, and then his daughter, reigned after him in Cashmere.

“The king’s son was but very young, and did

not reign very long over Cashmere. And all the time of his reign, his sister MARIAM, who was daughter of poor old QUEEN ARAGOON, kept her mother's faith very stoutly, and gave up her whole heart to the Imaum of Mecca. So that when the young Prince, whose subjects loved him very much, died, and the QUEEN MARIAM succeeded, everybody knew that Mecca was to be in the ascendant once more; and the Meccaite priests, dervishes, mollahs, and imaums came swarming back into Cashmere again, and the mosques were handed over to them; and the late king's mollahs and ulemas began to see that the time for eating dirt had arrived."

But Thackeray was as ever on the side of common-sense and of the true Liberalism of the day, and in "Domestic Scenes—Served with a Writ" (which I believe to be by him—p. 243, Vol. xix., 14 December 1850) he spoke with clearness and, considering the passionate excitement of the time, with remarkable moderation. "Cardinal Wise-boy" is supposed to have called upon Mr. Punch to present him with a writ and is thereupon threatened by Toby. *Punch* first remonstrates with the dog, and then continues:

"Now, listen to me, *Toby*, my dog. You were going just now to bite the calves of that gentleman in the red legs, and very good calves they are.—But you must not bite, *Toby*, though I give you hearty leave to growl a little. You see he comes here neither with my leave nor by my leave:



announces himself as spiritual pastor and master of my country, and produces his commission to govern over us, signed by the POPE OF ROME. Now, my dear *Toby*, I care just as much about the POPE OF ROME as I do about the Mufti of Ispahan; and my desire for a quiet life is such, that if the latter were to come to this country and build himself a mosque and minaret, and bawl out thence that there was no Prophet but Mahomet, and that he the Mufti was the Mufti of all England, and his mosque the only place where a man could say his prayers with any advantage, I would let the Mufti speak; making, when need was, a strong protest against his bawling, and stating now and then, with all my heart and conscience, that I didn't believe a word of it.

“But I'll have no persecution; *Toby*. I say, keep your teeth out of the Cardinal's legs. . . . He has as good a right to his crimson as a Quaker has to drab, and must have free leave to set up his pulpit, as you and I have to act in our booth. Do him no harm. When those Irishmen battered, and half or quite killed the poor policeman the other day, do you think they advanced their religion by the assault? No, nor can we by expugnation or persecution hope to make converts to ours. The railroad, the newspaper, free thought, and free discussion, all of which privileges we have won in spite of my Lord Cardinal's petticoats, we intend to keep; and when he brags about the progress of his Church, we'll say to him, ‘See, Sir,

how freedom grows! That flourishes and increases for all you can do: that will have books for all your Index Expurgatorios. Why, you cursed and excommunicated England once—but the sun shone on it the next day all the same: and the Armada went down: and the island grew, and continues to grow, in Strength, and Truth, and Freedom. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!”

Sentiment and manner are entirely characteristic, and the matter is so clearly marked with Thackeray's individuality of thought and expression that it is included here.

## CHAPTER XII

VOLUME XX. FIRST HALF-YEARLY VOLUME, 1851

THE "Papal Aggression" excitement lasted well through the year, and Thackeray set himself to show that all of it was not disinterested, nor everywhere popular—at least in the lower strata of society. He drew two "socials" satirising "The Excitement in Belgravia," both of which are here reproduced. The first appeared on the 4th of January 1851, and the second three weeks later. (See Frontispiece, and page 285.)

Among Thackeray's special delights, as has already been seen, was the grotesque presentation of a Frenchman's comic misapprehension of English life and of London sights, ways, and customs. He would accentuate, perhaps exaggerate, the hatred of the French for England, but he certainly extracted a good deal of fun out of the venomous Count Smorltorks he invented, especially when their observations were of a political character. So he created, or adapted, a ridiculous personage, "Gobemouche"—the French equivalent of the English "Muff."\* This name is not new to read-

\* The signature of "Muff," it will be remembered, was

ers of Thackeray inasmuch as "Monsieur Gobemouche's Authentic Account of the Grand Exhibition" (contributed two months later than the article now under consideration) has been duly reprinted in the Collected Works. But both the first and the second appearances of Gobemouche have hitherto been overlooked.

M. Gobemouche is delightful. Sent to England by his paper, he puts up at a "hotel in the neighbourhood of L—st—r Squar, the centre of the fogs, the fashion, the commerce of this city." He calls for the newspapers, which he understands so well, and sends his first despatch to Paris after reading certain items of news—such as a carriage accident of Mr. Disraeli, or the burning in effigy, by the Irish, of Lord John Russell. Priding himself upon his knowledge of the English, he adorns his comments with reflections not less valuable than profound.

"Intimately acquainted," he explains, "with the English language and history, the contents of these journals is not a mystery to me—I give my views and shall transmit you other letters of time in time.

"A singular process, illustrative of English manners and life, appears before me in the journal which is laid upon my table. You may not, per-

adopted by Thackeray in two instances—"The Lights of London" (Vol. XVIII., p. 132) and "A Delicate Case" (p. 89, Volume XX.) and elsewhere.



## THE EXCITEMENT IN BELGRAVIA.

MR. BUTCHER *and* MASTER BUTCHER-BOY.

"NOW, BILL, HAVE YOU TOOK THE LEG OF MUTTON TO 29, AND THE SWEETBREAD TO 24?"

"YES, MASTER."

"WELL, NOW YOUR WORK IS DONE—YOU'LL TAKE THIS BIT OF CHALK AND CHALK UP 'NO POPRY.' DO YOU EAR?"

"WHY, MASTER?"

"WHY? BECAUSE 'POPES IS ENEMIES TO BUTCHER'S MEAT ON FRIDAYS,' AND BRITONS WILL HAVE NONE OF 'EM."

[Exit BILL.

See Frontispiece.]

haps, have heard of an English writer of merit, M. DISRAELI. In his first novel, called the *Curiosities of Literature*, he made proofs of esprit: his *Letters of Junius*, published subsequently, were sufficiently picquantes, and caused their publisher, WOODFALL, more than one prosecution: his *Life of Vivian Grey* was a bleeding satire upon the celebrated Whig Earl, head of the powerful family the members of which have, for 20 years, governed this country.

“The Whigs, since that satire, have vowed to him an undying detestation. Lay your heel upon one member of the English aristocracy, and the whole body writhes and turns, encircles you in its enormous folds, and crushes its poisoned victims.

“Having quarrelled with the Whigs and PEEL, that transfuge to their camp, DISRAELI, the littérateur, suddenly appears as the man politic. He enters the Chamber of Commons. He attaches himself to the party opposed to the Whigs. He defies the huge aristocratic dragon, lancing at the sweltering and venomous monster the shafts of his sarcasm, and piercing its scales with the brilliant glaive of his wit. PEEL, the champion of the oligarchy, falls under his blows — DISRAELI, like PEEL a man of the people, like PEEL rises to the command of a great aristocratical party in the state; he is unanimously elected as member for the Bucks, and leads them in their battle against their Whig enemy.

“What arrives? The aristocracy of England

never pardons—it resorts to assassination rather than forgets. The death of DISRAELI was resolved upon, and very nearly put into execution but a few days past.

“Would you know how? By a stratagem brutal yet deadly. An infernal machine was invented by English treachery to destroy the first Consul: an omnibus is employed to crush DISRAELI.

“Being in his brougham traversing the streets of London, an omnibus, waiting its opportunity, dashed into the vehicle of the illustrious author, burst the armoriated panels of his light carriage, and cast him to the ground.

“The name of the proprietor of this omnibus was NELSON. Does not this explain the attack and the mystery?

“A NELSON does not retreat before armed force, brutal violence, and murderous stratagem.

“It was a NELSON who bombarded the peaceful city of Copenhagen.

“It was a NELSON who struck, like an assassin and an incendiary, amidst the midnight flotilla of Boulogne; whence he was flung back by the strong arm of our braves. It was a NELSON who would have destroyed the member for the Bucks.

“SIR DISRAELI, escaping by a miracle, carried his plaint before the tribunals of the first instance. And in this country of England, where everything judges itself by money, where the chastity of the spouse, the purity of the daughter, pays itself at so much; what do you think, what does France think,

was the fine imposed upon the agent of NELSON, the bravo of the box, who, in fault of a dagger, would have driven the pole of an omnibus and two horses into the dauntless bosom of the Member for the Bucks.

“SIR BINGHAM, the magistrate at the Court of Marlborough, (remark, Marlborough!—another name full of fatal recollections to France, another name suggesting blood, retribution, vengeance!) sate under the Statue of outraged Themis, and delivered the astonishing verdict.

“SIR BINGHAM fined SIR STANTON, the driver of the omnibus, SIXPENCE.

“—For the attempted murder of a poet, SIXPENCE!

“—For the assault on a statesman, SIXPENCE!

“—For the assassination of genius, SIXPENCE!

“Do you know what it is, sixpence in this City of London? The drive in an omnibus (without correspondences) is sixpence. The waiter at the tavern where you eat the bleeding beef, grumbles at the gratuity of sixpence. The maid at the hotel, who makes your chamber, scornfully flings you back sixpence—it is not enough for her service; it is not enough for the smoothing of a bed, for the passing of a *bassi noire* for the jug of hot water. The very pint of *hafanaf* costs sixpence; the beggar in the street expects sixpence; and the life of the greatest man in England is rated at the value of a chopine of ale, of a drive in an omnibus, of a waiter's fee, or a beggar's gra-



tuity! Note, that this is true; that this is patent; that I read this in the public journals in the nineteenth century, in superb England, that builds palaces of crystal, and pretends to dominate the civilisation of the world!

“SIR DISRAELI’S menaced life is valued at sixpence then: but his broken coach panel is rated at—how much think you—£8 10s.—at 212 francs 50 centimes!

“A life, 65 centimes!—a coach panel, 212 francs 50 centimes!—Oh, Albion!

“Yes: but the coach panel is armoriated: the coach panel has a blazon. It is an insult to attack a blazon in England: it costs 65 centimes to attempt a murder.

“To attempt to assassinate an unpopular statesman is the same cost to you as a cigar.”

M. Gobemouche is equally acute in his understanding of the other incident. He reads the report in a Limerick paper of the harmless insult offered to Lord John Russell and of course makes up his mind at once that it is the statesman himself who is assaulted—who “has met with a still more melancholy fate, and has succumbed.” He repeats—

“The EX-PREMIER seems to have escaped, however, from the roasting at Ennis: and probably fled in disguise from that beautiful city: for we find, by the *Tipperary Free Press*, that he was at Clonmel the next day ‘*most ludicrously attired*, carried on the back of a brawny fellow, a number of men following and belabouring him with huge wattles.

They conveyed him through several streets, and, at length, having suspended him from a lamp-post, it was set on fire, amidst the groans of those assembled.'

"Is not this an awful picture—a haughty nobleman ludicrously attired—carried before the courts where the judges of the land are sitting, belaboured with wattles and hanged, and burned à la lanterne? O LEDRU ROLLIN! you said well that this country was hastening to dissolution, and was to pay a speedy penalty for historic crimes! The indignant people rise in their wrath upon the minister who has designated their beloved rites as superstitions,\* carry him to the doors of the Protestant temple which they respect, dress him in ludicrous disguises, and slay him in the public place!

"Were these facts not narrated in a newspaper I should hesitate to believe them. But they are in print, and cause neither denial, nor surprise, nor indignation! The shops are not closed; the tocsin is not sounding; the phlegmatic people are not in arms, but move with restless egoism on the affairs of commerce. I feel that I am about to gaze on awful convulsions in the midst of a great, a doomed, a terrible people!"

In recognising the satire the reader will recollect that France has sent us other, and real, Gobemouches as Correspondents since Thackeray's time.

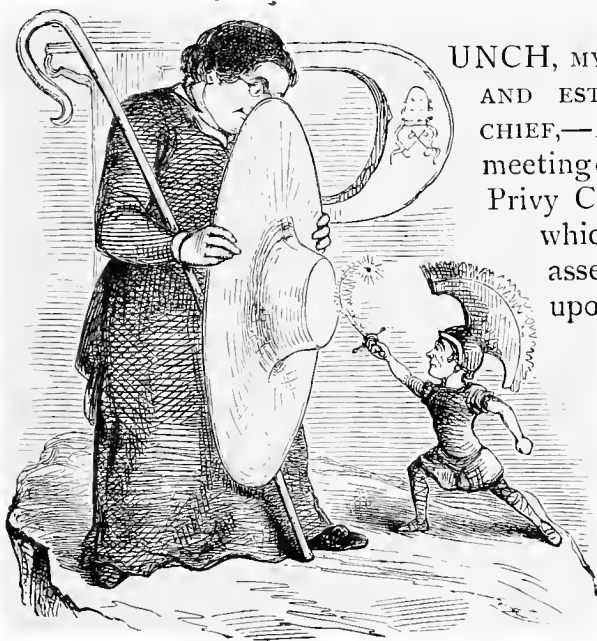
A contribution of the greatest interest appears

\* See Lord John Russell's Letter to the Bishop of Durham on "The late Aggression of the Pope."

on page 115 of the volume (22 March)—of so much interest, indeed, that it is here quoted in full. Its importance lies in the fact that in the course of it Thackeray announces and explains the withdrawal of Richard Doyle from the paper on account of the vigour and, as he thought, the unjustifiable brutality of *Punch's* anti-Roman Catholic campaign. How it comes that this article has never been reprinted is a mystery, for the subject makes a strong appeal, and as to the authorship there is no shadow of doubt.

“JOHN BULL BEATEN.

*In a Letter from a Contributor to Mr. Punch.*



PUNCH, MY DEAR  
AND ESTEEMED  
CHIEF,—At the  
meeting of your  
Privy Council,  
which you  
assembled  
upon the

appearance of CARDINAL WISEMAN'S first letter, dated from the Flaminian Gate, the course which *Mr. Punch* was to pursue, under the circumstances of the Papal aggression, was debated eagerly at your Board.\* What was to be done? Would we stand it? Would we allow a foreigneering Prince to appoint officers, and confer titles, in England? It was too bad—too insolent—we would not have it at any price, and so forth. The Council was very stormy. I see our friend the Professor of Theology† battling with clenched fists, and thumping and defying the POPE and all his crew.

“Our friend, the Professor of Belles Lettres‡ sate by; sneered at the agitation; said it was absurd, and that we could do nothing, and was the only one of the conclave who seemed to be undisturbed by the general commotion. And our dear friend, the Professor of Mediæval Design, § whose faith and whose affections were with the party which we were met to oppose, quitted us to join the banner displayed now for the first time these 300 years, and under which the Cardinal was marching upon our country. For this is amongst the consequences of religious debate: it separates brethren; estranges parent and child; parts dear friends; angers and embitters honest hearts. By JUPITER AMMON, Sir, rather than have lost our

\* That is to say, at *Punch's* weekly dinner.

† Douglas Jerrold. ‡ Percival Leigh. § Richard Doyle.

friend the Professor of Mediæval Design, I would have foregone a bench of Bishops and a whole conclave of Cardinals—the POPE can make *those* any day.

“ To continue: amidst parties assembled at your table there was one Right Honourable Gentleman, the learned Professor of Gastronomy—your humble servant, indeed \* — whose opinion with respect to the present crisis was, he believes, as follows:— ‘The insult,’ said that gentleman, ‘that we Englishmen, we lords of the world, have received from an Italian bishop, reviving pretensions as absurd and antiquated as those of the priests of Jupiter, or the Druids, is clear. How can we be otherwise than indignant? The indifference of the Right Honourable Gentleman, Professor of Belles Lettres, shocks me. With all our might, and with all our hearts, we must show that we are English citizens; and, since these Roman priests *will* have a procession among us, we must greet them with a jeer and a growl. For toleration has its limits: if gentlemen choose to wear pigtails, or beards, or hats as broad as washing tubs, against the custom of my country, I’ll laugh at them—and have a right to laugh; if they bring a winking statue into the Strand, I’ll sneer, and say, ‘Stuff!—away with your rubbish of winking pictures and miraculous dolls!’ If LORD SMOLLETT (let us call him) were to walk down Pall Mall, with a jack chain round his neck,

\* W. M. Thackeray, himself.

his footman after him, I would join the mob that hooted him. Carry on these rites, friends, at home. Dress, undress, kneel, chant, shave, or not, as you like; but don't bring your vagaries into our streets—we don't believe in them—we flout them utterly to scorn. My poor winking statue!—you may wink for a week, and what do I care? Narrate that legend to the marines—go and wink at Rimini, not here, *sub Jove*, in Fleet Street, in the year 1851. And, as in Rome, when a procession passes, or the POPE blessed the city and the world, every man of good feeling would take off his hat and bow his head with the crowd, so do you, of your part, respect our manners and religion—take off your hat to it decently, and don't keep on that absurd Cardinal's broad-brim in public.

“‘What then was our duty,’ asked the Professor of Gastronomy, ‘when His Eminence marched on us from the Flaminian Gate? To fling stones at his procession? No. To subject any single person who was carrying a banner, or tossing an incense pot, or twanging a chant, to imprisonment or violence? No. To laugh at the whole business, to meet it with denial, with scorn, with every imaginable PROTEST. Yes. To that public assertion of the Catholic party it was assuredly the duty of the Protestant party to shout a denial—and, if *Punch*, and LORD JOHN, and all England did not bellow, Heaven help our lungs.’

“‘But why protest when you can do nothing more?’ says the Professor of Belles Lettres.—I

say, if we do nothing more than protest, that protest is good and wholesome. You do not knock a man down who insults you in the street, but you have a right to feel angry—or, suppose a lady boxes your ears, you do not, in reply, hit her on the nose, but it is quite consistent with good morality that you should feel indignant at the outrage, and say, ‘Madam, I protest that your behaviour is monstrous, and your aggression an impertinence.’ And so we have protested, and done right to protest. It is a sentimental satisfaction—a record entered—a medal struck, as it were—as when POPE WHAT-DO-YOU-CALL-EM struck a medal in commemoration of the murder of the Huguenots, he did not cause thereby the slaughter of any single Calvinist more, but simply recorded his ghostly satisfaction at that victorious assertion of his principles, and at that event so triumphant for his faith.

“My counsel then, to you, Sir, was to protest once or twice as loudly as possible, and there’s an end on’t—to chalk up ‘No Popery’ in as large letters as you could, and so to leave the business. We can’t persecute. We can deny. We can say pooh! phsa! bosh! stuff and nonsense! protesting, by various ways and arguments, but no more. And to some Right Honourable Professors at your table, who inclined to repressive measures, I had to offer a respectful opposition.

“We can’t use repressive measures—has not the agitation of the last three months proved it? *Lord Punch*, LORD JOHN, LORD ASHLEY, the

*Times*, the whole country are in wrath; and we find we can do nothing but protest! We can't go back to religious, any more than to any other kind of Protection: and having once announced free religion, and taken the duties off faith, we have not the means of setting them on again. We can't fight Roman Catholicism by enactments—Oh, me! and our enormous Establishment of Custom House officers is still on foot!

“But that is a question, (painfully interesting to the Bench of Bishops perhaps, and the rest of the ecclesiastical *douane*,) but not at present in debate. The case at present seems to stand—so.

“We are insulted; we are angry; we are beat. That is to say, if we want to retaliate for an insult committed upon us, we can't—and LORD JOHN, menaced by foe ecclesiastic, *has* stepped back, *has* lifted his mighty arm to defend himself, (or rather to hit out) and has dropped that muscular weapon—not of defence, but offence.—We can't strike. And thank heaven, we can't. Thank heaven, I say, that a great nation, stung, outraged as it has been, by a monstrous insult, and perfidy of priestly aggression, has in its imperial armoury no weapon of offence upon which it can lay a hasty hand to punish the outrage; and can't persecute though ever so angry. A few scores of years hence, when *hæc certamina* come to be described; when that struggle is over, whereof we are but now at the beginning; when that battle is fought, for which we are taking our sides, and the ground seems to



be getting cleared every day—when it shall be decided whether free thought, free speech, and free commerce among men are to exist—and we are to have railroads and Ross's Telescopes, and books for all—or a *régime* of Russian Grenadiers, Index Expurgatorius, and LORD WISEMAN'S hat,—I say on that, when this present one comes to be chronicled, I wonder how history will go?

“It will say perhaps:—

“‘At the commencement of the second half of the nineteenth century, the ancient faith was suddenly revived in England by the pious energy of SAINT NICHOLAS, of Seville. Landing in the country amidst the almost frantic hostility of the islanders, the most powerful in arts, arms, and commerce, although the most benighted of the inhabitants of Europe, SAINT NICHOLAS was assailed on his first arrival by the Sovereign (styled Head of the Sect calling itself a Church, and dominant in that part of Britain); by the Prime Minister a deplorable fanatic of Calvinistic opinions; by the Legislature, and a vast majority of the nation. The country rose against him; persecutions were threatened; tortures were in preparation; chains, fines, and imprisonment were devised for SAINT NICHOLAS and his clergy. But aid was at hand, and the arm which the powerful Minister raised to smite the meek cheek of the Cardinal, was staid by an influence which we must, &c. &c. The clergy of the neighbouring Island of Ireland (since removed by the application of scientific means a

thousand miles into the Atlantic,) headed by the profound CULLEN and the gentle MACHALE, the Hibernian members of the Britannic Legislature, men remarkable for the polish of their manners, and the fervid piety of their lives—above all, the dissensions among the English themselves, caused the uplifted arm to fall powerless, which was about to descend upon SAINT NICHOLAS, and averted the glaive which would have found a willing and joyful martyr. SAINT NICHOLAS and his clergy were suffered to live unmolested, and continued, in and about London, to make many converts, until the invasion of the great Austro-French Force, under the two Emperors, accompanied by the POPE in person, when religion was established, finally, in this country, to be disturbed no more. The unmarried Bishops of the late establishment were generously admitted *ad eundem*, &c. &c. &c.’

“Will this be the tale, or will it be one of a different tendency and moral, which the reader of future times will peruse—MR. MACAULAY’S New Zealand Traveller, let us say,—looking at the remains of Westminster and surveying the ruins of St. Paul’s?”

## CHAPTER XIII

VOLUME XX. (*continued*)

“No Business of Ours” (29 March ; p. 125) deals again with the Roman Catholic Church and discloses a policy which in 1851 was regarded as extremist in point of tolerance and moderation. It should be explained that, in the words of *Punch's* commentator, “Miss Talbot, a ward in Chancery and niece of the Earl of Shrewsbury was placed as a postulant in a Roman Catholic Convent at Taunton, and but for the interference of her stepfather, the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, would have taken the veil, when her fortune of £80,000 would have passed to the use of the Convent. A controversy of a very unhappy nature arose upon the case, and the young lady was subsequently married to Lord Edward Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk.\*” The violence of the passions aroused by this historic case in the public mind and Press, already inflamed by the “Aggression,” even surpassed that excited by the will and bequest of Monsieur Carré, which were made known

\* Augusta, Lady Howard, who died in 1862.

at about the same time. Before reminding the reader of the result achieved by the trial of the action "*Metairie v. Wiseman and Others*," I set before them Thackeray's further contention, in which he very fairly stated his case to the public:—

"Dear Mr. *Punch*, I hope that the little anecdotes connected with the Roman Catholic Church, which have been occupying a good deal of public attention, and which have had the effect of making some folks angry, will not tend to disturb your own serene judgment and temper.

"What has happened? A young lady, twenty years of age, a ward of Chancery, with eighty thousand pounds for her fortune, has been for education to a convent at Taunton, and, in the course of her residence there, has been so charmed and edified by the conventual life, that it is said she feels incline to adopt it altogether; and, taking the Church for her bridegroom, will possibly endow her mystic spouse with her eighty thousand pounds.

"Has she not a perfect right to do as she likes with her own? If she were poor, would there be any great outcry made? Has she not a right to her opinions and convictions? Suppose that she likes better to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning, than to dance polkas at that hour in Belgrave Square? Suppose she is of opinion that that retreat at Taunton is far nearer heaven than any residence in London could be; and prefers a

spiritual to a step-father—how are you to prevent her from having her way?

“You have no more right to force her to eat beef on a Friday, than to compel me to dine on a slice of bread and a carrot. It is a question of tastes which ought surely to be left open in a free country.

“And where there is liberty of opinion there must of course be expression of it. Everybody who speaks, proselytises more or less. You engage to make converts just as much as His Eminence or dear FATHER HOLDSTOCK. . . . I have been in a convent myself—perhaps in that very one of Taunton. I believe on my word and conscience that if that system is virtuous, Sutteeism in India is virtuous: I believe that if those twenty-four ladies were married to twenty-four railway navvies, they would be better employed than they are in their present business. I believe that many of the duties which occupy them and in which the poor souls are taught to take a pride, are meaner and more frivolous than waltzing with the dullest dandies in May Fair—that the scheme of life held out to them as the highest and most virtuous of which human creatures are capable, is neither more nor less than despicable and shameful, and scorn the doctrine and the doctors inasmuch as they preach it. We laugh at the doctors then: and they pity us, and send us—you know where. They can't do otherwise, and we are perfectly content. Sir, they are all alike. Disagree with FATHER ATHANASIOS or JACK THE COBBLER, who is bawl-

ing on the common, and he can do nothing but consign you to the deuce. As far as he stands there, and to the best of his belief, he is the administrator of your ultimate happiness or perdition. Bawl on, JACK THE COBBLER; curse away, FATHER ATHANASIOUS! Curse us and each other. You believe yourselves right; and if you are right, we are done for. Show us that you are right, one or the other of you, and the rest follows as a matter of course. But, holding your premises to be as absurd and monstrous, as their consequences would be, I, for my part, take leave utterly to deny one and the other.

“But, give clerical gentlemen fair-play. If I don't believe that FATHER ATHANASIOUS can absolve me, or the contrary; or decline to adopt the views of JACK THE COBBLER, who has pretty much the same pretensions, at least those divines have as good a right to be heard as we: and conclusions and consequences must come out of their opinions as out of all others.

“If, for instance, a young lady is of opinion that FATHER ATHANASIOUS is invested with powers to curse and bless her into eternity; is the holder of an absolute truth of which he is the authorised and heaven-transmitted expounder; and if the Father says, ‘My dear, for the good of your soul and the benefit of the Church, you had much better take the habit of a nun, and pay over that matter of eighty thousand pounds, which can be of no use to you;’ of course she has a right to follow the dic-

tates of her conscience, and the keeper of her conscience; and you and I have no right to object to the disposal of her money.

“Take the other case again, about which there has been such a brawl and talk in the VICE-CHANCELLOR’S Court. An old French refugee and miser, who has scraped together ten thousand pounds, is on his death-bed in Somers Town. Shivering and starving on the brink of the grave and without the heart to spend a shilling for a pint of wine to warm his wretched carcass—his landlord finds the Roman Catholic Clergyman of the district, and, of course, brings him to administer consolation to the dying old wretch.

“Enemies may say that the old man, drivelling and trembling in the grasp of death, might fall an easy victim to an interested person disposed to exaggerate the terrors which already were agitating him; and take advantage of the weakness which had stretched him on his miserable couch. What does the REVEREND MR. HOLDSTOCK do on the contrary? He exhorts CARRÉ to good works—for what better work than charity? What cause more sacred than that of education? Those dear little girls of Saint Aloys’ School want spelling-books and samplers, and if the old miser, by screwing, by French lessons, by whatever means, has amassed a sum of money which he can’t take away with him to the place whither he is going, let him give seven thousand to the school, and he will be no worse for the donation.

“The Catholics like pictures and admit them as incitements of devotion. Here’s a nice subject for a pious artist! Let it hang up in the school among the little children—the miser dying on his miserable pallet—his wretched life flickering out—prostrate by ghostly terrors, by accumulated remorse, by mental and bodily weakness and imbecility—and the priest and the priest’s friend, the barrister, hanging over him and getting the donation from the almost corpse—look up at that, little girls! Count your little beads; sing your little song in chorus for the repose of the soul of the late MONSIEUR CARRÉ!

“It is true that CARRÉ, for this pious purpose, gives his money away from his family; but what does this prove? Does this not prove how good an Englishman FATHER HOLDSTOCK is, in reply to those wicked assertions that the Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics are subjects of a foreign power? CARRÉ’s relations are Frenchmen. He made his money in this country. Why should it go out of this country? He lived in Somers Town; let his piety enrich the suburb in which he practised the virtues of economy. If he had not lived so avariciously as he did, he could not have saved at his trade more than three thousand pounds. Let his family have that. A soul is saved; a school is built and improved, by which thousands of souls more are probably succoured. And I, for my part, say that FATHER HOLDSTOCK performed A GOOD MORNING’S WORK.



“ And this testimony which I give, is at least impartial. I no more believe that the POPE OF ROME or any officer of his has power to save (or the contrary) my soul, than that the beadle of St. James’s can do so; I have a right to my opinion and to publish it too; and so repeat that the REVEREND MR. HOLDSTOCK did a good morning’s business. A *coup* of seven thousand pounds in the course of a forenoon’s conversation is very seldom made; and many a clergyman has passed six hours in taking a confession not worth twopence-halfpenny. MR. HOLDSTOCK would, no doubt, and has done; and would give his ear to the fetid breath of a beggar dying of typhus, as readily as listen to the last quivering directions of a perishing miser.

“ And if clergymen of his persuasion have a persuasion of their own so marvellous, that they can alienate young girls from the world, sisters from sisters, dying old men yearning for their relatives from their natural affections, and the ordinary proofs of them—if they can get MISS TALBOT’S money to build a cathedral, or CARRÉ’S to found a school—if they can enter families, close doors and hold secret councils, remit, confirm, soothe, terrify, divide, govern—what call have *we* to complain? If Catholic families choose to submit to this, how can we help it, or how interfere?

“ There is a pile of buildings at Taunton, say—there is a door. Who is to forbid you to enter and mount the steps? And as a young English

lady all but a minor, imaginative, beautiful, tender in years and intellect, attended by the devout and influential friends of her family, by pious relatives, by a crowd of priests, with shaven polls, singing round about her, and pointing out the joys of heaven to her, has a perfect right to mount those steps, and disappear from the world—why is a lady in Bengal to be prevented from joining her spouse, whom her relations, the practise of the country, and the advice of the most eminent fakeers and Brahmins of her church, concur to press upon her?”

“ AN OPPRESSED HINDOO.”

As to this case, it may be added that the action at law was brought by the family to contest the testamentary paper given by Monsieur Mathurin Carré (by which £7000 was bequeathed to the Church and Schools of St. Aloysius, Somers Town) chiefly on the ground that the testator, although of Roman Catholic parentage, had all his life shown a great dislike to women and clergy. The will was disputed under the English Law of Mortmain, and a compromise was effected, the Church and Schools agreeing to accept the sum of £4000.

The last of the Irish letters, over the signature “ Hibernis Hibernior,” appeared on the 5th April (p. 135) under the title of “ If Not: Why Not?” It deals less with the familiar spectacle of armed resistance to distraint, than with the quaint semi-

justification of that resistance and quaint inversion of responsibility—as it seems to the ordinary mind—implied by a question asked by an Irish member in the House of Commons in respect to the Banbridge disturbance. After quoting an eloquent guide-book extract celebrating the natural beauties of the neighbourhood and the industry of the population, “what,” asks Hibernis Hibernior—

“WHAT more peaceful and beautiful sight can be conceived: and isn’t it cruel to think that the comfortable inhabitants of such a sweet district should be driven, by the ferocity of our law, into armed rebellion?” After a passionate soliloquy on the iniquity of the “cursed Saxon



law” and the outrage of demanding rent, the writer proceeds to discuss, from what Thackeray judges to be the view of the typical Irish journalist and Member of Parliament, the villainy of a

gentleman who, it was reported, "having a tenant at Banbridge, who owed, and refused to pay, four years' rent, took with him the sub-sheriff and a bailiff, and proceeded to distrain."

"The bloodhounds of the law, the sub-sheriff and his attendant, armed with a writ; the landlord with the rascal-rapacity of his race, and urged with a fiendish lust to get his four years' tribute; were met, close to Banbridge, by two hundred gallant men armed with guns; and, so just and universal was the indignation of the people against them, that the whole of the two hundred opened a fire upon the landlord and the myrmidons of the bloody law. Nothing can be more simple or fair than this:—A dastardly attack, upon the part of the law, is met by an honourable and manly resistance on the part of the finest peasantry in the world. One of the law bloodhounds, at whom a gallant peasant fired, taking a coward advantage of the honest fellow, *when his gun was gone off*, sprang at him and tried to collar him; but the brave PADDY slipt out of the ruffian clutches of the bailiff, and escaped with agility; and, finally, bailiff, and sub-sheriff, and landlord were obliged to retire before an indignant population.

"Let English landlords, who are grumbling about their rents, just look at this example, and take warning. Here is a tyrant in Ireland, who does not get a shilling of rent for four years, and when he asks for it, the whole country turns out to shoot at him. How would the DUKE OF RICH-

MOND like to let his land upon such leases—and get (from behind one of his own hedges) such a pepper-corn rent? It is manifest that land held upon this tenure ought to fetch a good price, for tenants must be so eager to have it.

“The Irish legislators are worthy of the legislation. One of them gets up in the House of Commons and puts a series of questions to the Irish Secretary. He wants to know—First, Whether the report is true? Secondly, Whether there is an official report? Thirdly, Whether the Secretary will lay that official report before the House?

“‘Fourthly, *Whether he considered it fair towards the misguided people of that country, on the one hand, or the Lord-Lieutenant on the other, that process of the kind in question should be issued by the sub-sheriff, without apparently taking the slightest trouble to ascertain whether the process would be opposed by the people; and, if so, whether he had taken a sufficient force to overawe the misguided people?*’

“What would poor old Ireland do if she hadn't her real friends and representatives to stand by her? Here's the real state of the case. The Government is in fault, of course, and acting unfairly towards the people of Down. If a man wants his rent, after four years, he ought to ascertain whether the process of obtaining it 'will be opposed by the people.' If it will be opposed by the people, as of course it will, the landlord ought to get a sufficient force to overawe the people. A bailiff should march with a couple of companies at his

back, and, if convenient, say a field-piece. The sharpshooters of the peasantry line the outlying hedges, of course, in advance of the main body, and open a fire at the Regulars. Regular skirmishers dislodge (with a considerable loss amongst the Red-Coats and Peelers) Peasantry's advanced men, who fall back on the principal column: the action becomes general. Having the advantage of artillery, the Peelers and Red-Coats finally get the uppermost, the gallant Peasantry retires in good order, after severely punishing the invading force. The firing from the stables and out-houses ceases: the garrison is withdrawn; the hall-door is burst open; the wounded officers are brought in and laid on the drawing-room sofas, and the men are amputated on the billiard-table; and the sheriff (if not picked off) enters and puts in his execution. This would clearly be the 'fair' way of doing things. It is savage, cruel, and unmanly for a sheriff and his officer to advance unarmed upon two hundred brave men and ask for rent; it is a sheer premium to murder. What honest and ardent Patriot, knowing the wrongs of his country, and maddened by centuries of oppression, could resist the opportunity of shooting a bailiff? A fellow who comes out on such an errand is no better than an amateur bull's-eye: and a Government that employs him is merely provoking an honest man to revolt.

“ In England I own the case would be different. In England, a landlord would most probably want

his rent at the half-year, and if he waited for four years, and then distrained for it, it is probable that his officer would not be fired upon by two hundred of the tenant's friends, assembled on a rising ground, with their picquets in advance. Nor would an English member for a Devonshire borough, let us say, hearing that such a disturbance had taken place in Yorkshire, rise up and ask the Home Secretary whether the conduct of the Sheriff's officer was 'fair' towards those misguided Yorkshire folks—as a Munster gentleman spoke about the Ulster men the other day. Here, as yet, rent is considered to be fair, and it is not thought to be altogether unfair that a man should have to pay it. If my landlord were not to get his quarter and to put a distress into my house (both of which may Fate forbid!) the rest of the inhabitants of the street would not turn out with double-barrelled guns to shoot MR. LEVI or MR. SLOMAN. If LEVI and SLOMAN came unarmed, save with their writ, and were fired upon by two hundred men, no English Member would inquire in Parliament, why a regiment was not sent with MESSRS. L. & S., and ask if the sending them unaccompanied was 'fair' upon my two hundred friends, armed with pike and gun. If LEVI and SLOMAN were shot by my two hundred friends, people would use a stronger term than 'misguided' to describe the ten score champions. If even one score of armed ruffians were to attack a lawyer's clerk in his lawful and peaceful calling, fire at him from behind hedges,

and deliberately attempt his murder, the sympathy of the public would, to say the least, be with the single and unprotected man: but this is not Ireland, this is the sister country—our sister's morals, her religion, her virtues, her vices, her views of right and wrong, of black and white, are quite different from ours.

“Oh, *Mr. Punch!* when our own sister's children wanted a Parliament of their own, why, why did we baulk our eloquent cousins? Why shouldn't they have their own Commons, their own Lords, their own Bench of Bishops, and settle their own disputes their own way? Will you please to agitate for a Repeal party here? If you do, I suspect you will find many an Englishman ready to join it; and, in the matter of Repeal at least, like your very humble servant,

“HIBERNIS HIBERNIOR.”

Here then, we have yet another declaration by Thackeray that he is a Home Ruler—not persuaded, it is true, by the “Union of Hearts,” but simply by expediency.

Monsieur Gobemouche made his last unprinted appearance in “THE FRENCH CONSPIRATION. From GOBEMOUCHE, *Man of Letters*, to SIR WORTLEY, *Member of Parliament*.”

The conspiracy which Gobemouche so loudly proclaims consists, this time, not in armed invasion but in that peaceable and friendly incursion which was so rapidly Gallicising English manners and



tastes. The visit of French soldiers, amorous warriors of Gaul, each of whom, armed with the bow of Cupid, would lead away some Britannic Briseis, affords a text to the complacent Gobe-mouche, who is careful to explain once more that he is well equipped for criticising by reason of his genius for observation.

“Already,” he says, “a letter from the important journal of which I was correspondent, has appeared in these columns. Although the *Moniteur de Boulevardes* [*sic*] has ceased to exist, I am a man of letters still, and not idle. I study. I observe. I reflect. Educated with care, I write English with native purity. . . . I have formed profound conclusions; I interview enormous changements for this country. . . . Where our arms have not conquered, our arts have vanquished. The old England Frenchifies itself all the days.”

All this leads up to the announcement that the notorious Alexis Soyer—the lately resigned *chef* of the Reform Club, to whom *Punch* had devoted pen and pencil on more than one occasion before—was going to open a restaurant of the highest possible excellence, more *recherché* than anything that had ever before been known or attempted in London. The reader need hardly be reminded with how much good-humoured interest Thackeray—self-styled the Professors of Gastronomy—would regard such a delightful enterprise.

“An exploding proof of this worthy appreciation has lately been conferred upon ALEXIS SOYER. The

magistrates of the county of Middlesex have summoned before them ALEXIS. He appeared with the courage of his nation, of his genius, before the grave administrators of the Britannic Themis. But it was not tortures, it was not imposts, it was not Botanibay, which they offered to him; it was to confer upon him the rights of citizenship, and to present him, in the name of QUEEN VICTORIA, of the LORD MAYOR, of England entire, with a splendid testimony of the national gratitude.

“In the neighbourhood of London—by the gigantesque Palace of Crystal,\* the fresh meadows of Hyde Park, and the sombre avenues of Kinsington’s Gardens—little removed from the Octroi (turnspikes)—there stands, amidst parks and prairies of its own, a château called the Château of Gor.† The Château of Gor has been purchased with the money of the municipality by this grateful nation, by these grave magistrates, and has been conferred, with the patent of baronnet, upon ALEXIS SOYER, Frenchman. SIR SOYER, in a warm allocution, responded to the LORD MAYOR, when this title, this domain, were conferred upon him—and asked all the magistrates to dine in the palace of which he has become master.

“A palace of fairies he is making of it—truly a Symposium of all nations, as SIR SOYER (faithful to

\* The Crystal Palace was just then being completed in Hyde Park for the Universal Exhibition of 1851.

† Gore House, which had till then been the home of the beautiful Lady Blessington, and the scene of her receptions.

his Bacchanalian tradition, and proud of his religion of the apron) has styled it. . . . The Saloon of Italy, the Saloon of Turkey, the Saloon of Spain, the Hall of France, the Hall of Old England. You may consume here the cockaliquet of the mountains of Scotland, the garbanzos of Castille, the shamrocks of Ireland, the maccaroni of Vesuvius, the kari of the Ganges, and the cabob of the Bosphorus; you may call here for the golden juice of the Rhine, and the purple draught of the Garonne, as for the whiski of the Liffi, and the Afandaf (liquor which I adore) of the Thames. SIR SOYER will soon be prepared to furnish you with all these. Already his pavilions glow with the rich colours of the lavish pencil.\* Already banquet halls and feudal towers rise among his parterres: already quiet alcoves and particular cabinets twinkle from among the bosquets, where they will be covered by discreet and beautiful foliage of Spring and Summer;—yet a few weeks and the palace of SOYER will be opened. This, Milord, is the Conspiracy by which France hopes to conquer you—this is the representative whom the Republic sends to Albion!

“Agree the hommages of profound consideration with which

“ I have the honor to be, Milord,

“ GOBEMOUCHE.

“ *Leicester Squar, 10 April. “Man of letters, man of progress.”*

\* George Augustus Sala was employed on these mural decorations.



UCH are Thackeray's chief contributions during the period with which I am now dealing. On p. 212 of Volume XXI. (5 Nov. 1851) appeared an article to which the accompanying illustration served as initial—but why the

keen wit of Steele should be represented in mortal menace of *Punch* cannot well be explained. The article is entitled "Mr. Molony on the Position of the Bar and Attorneys," and is signed "Thaddeus Molony," belonging, apparently, to the series of Molony papers. But, in spite of such *primâ facie* evidence, I have refrained from including it here, as it is difficult to believe that a sketch so deficient in interest and humour can really be from Thackeray's pen—or, if it be, that it is to Thackeray's advantage, or the reader's, that it should be resuscitated.

The articles and verses reprinted in this volume, and here brought to an end, comprise the cream of the novelist's unacknowledged work in *Punch*; for, to the making of the selection has been brought such discretion as a profound admirer is capable of—an admirer, moreover, keenly sensitive to the odium properly reserved for the tactless and injudicious enthusiast.

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Those items which have never before been identified, and which are fully dealt with in the body of this book, are printed in *italics*.

Those items for which I have no official authority, but which may confidently be ascribed to Thackeray are placed within *square brackets*—[     ].

The numbers, and page and date figures refer, of course, to *Punch*.



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† Signed "Gobemouche." See Nos. 509 and 513.

‡ Signed "Hibernis Hibernior." § Signed "Gobemouche."



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