









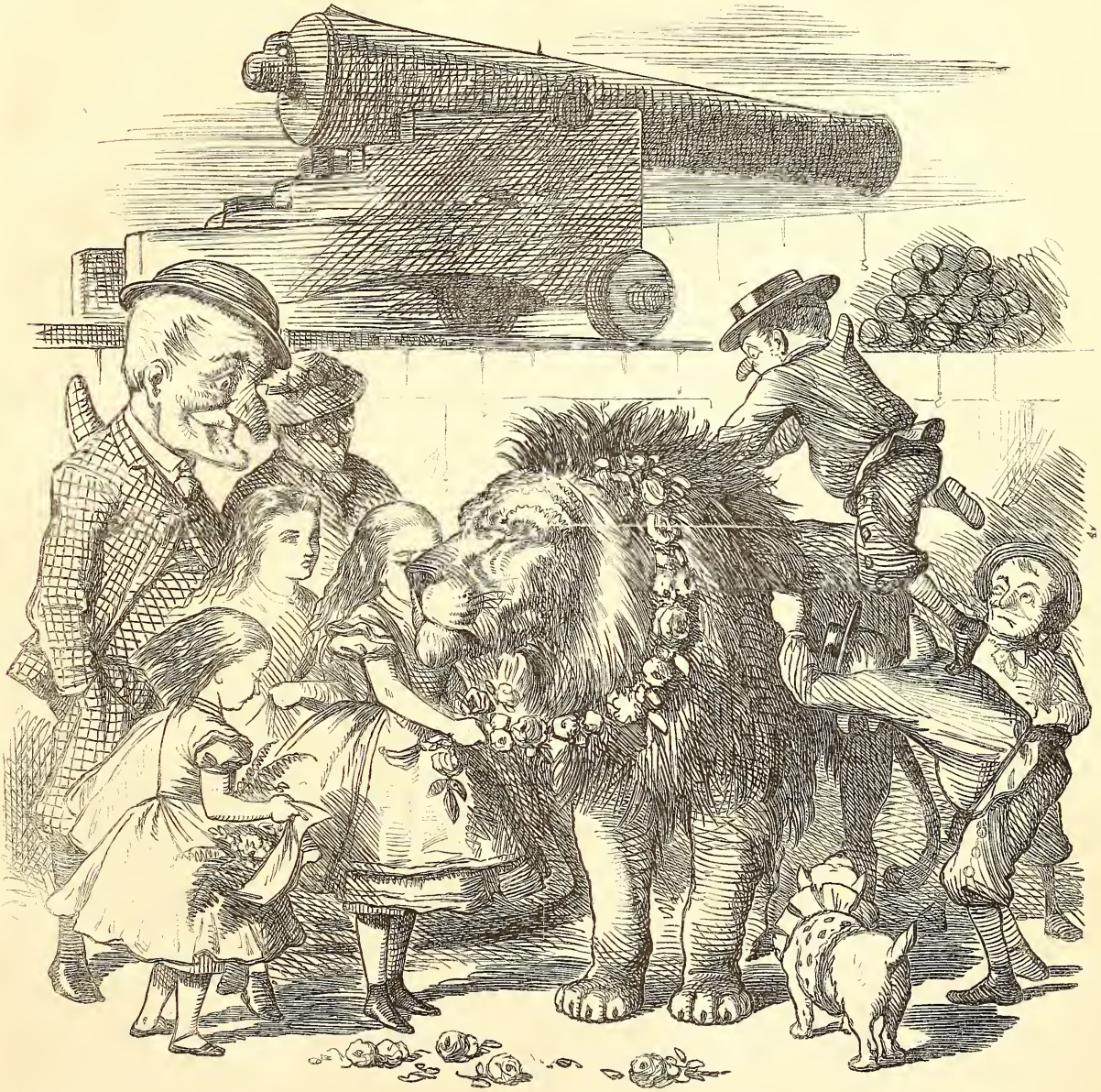


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PUNCH



VOL 46

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1864.

LONDON
BRADURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



(A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE FUTURE.)

THE Confederates having put down the Federal Rebellion, the American people had time to look round them, and consider how they could best reform institutions which had worked somewhat imperfectly. The executions of BUTLER and of JAMES GORDON BENNETT had tended to conciliate all parties, and the work of restoring good humour was completed by the publication, on the part of the ex-President, MR. LINCOLN, of a delightful volume, containing all the facetious anecdotes with which he had successfully met the various Federal disasters. MITCHELL and MANHATTAN having been judicially drowned in one mud-cart, and the fanatic war-preaching clergymen of all denominations, together with ninety-five per cent. of the newspaper writers, having been embarked in the old man-of-war, the *Nemesis*, which was then carefully scuttled off Point Comfort, there was little left to do in the way of punishment.

North and South being unanimous in regard to the necessity of a new constitution, Conventions were held, and the first step was to abolish universal suffrage. The next was to exclude from the vote all Irishmen, Germans, British Insolvents, and other voluntary and involuntary refugees. A further process of filtration disfranchised all war-contractors, telegram-manufacturers, stock-jobbers, liquor-vendors, and all persons who had ever assumed any of the nicknames of party. A property and education test was established, and a very tolerable electoral body, representing Honest America, was thus obtained. It was then seen that if a re-union of the States were possible, it could only be under a King, who must not be an American.

Like the eyes of the millions of pigeons who, in one of MR. FENIMORE COOPER'S stories, were suddenly brought down by the discharge of a cannon loaded with small shots, the eyes of all the Americans were suddenly upturned, and they rested on HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE GRAND DUKE PUNCH.

A Deputation from America crossed the Atlantic, and without waiting to comb its hair, or to be introduced by MESSRS. ADAMS, SLIDELL, and IRA ALDRIDGE (the North, South, and Coloured Ambassadors), entered The Presence.

"Guess, Highness, as you're the King for our money," began the Honourable WASHINGTON GREENBACK; "so order the smartest crown and fixings as can be produced, and state date for your coronation, yes, Sir."

"On the part of the Old Aristocracy of the New World," said the Honourable RICHMOND COTTONPOD, "I offer Your Royal Highness the opportunity of founding a dynasty that shall transplant the tree of chivalry into the rich soil of Columbia."

"Iss, Ighness, you berry good King, you outrageous good King, you dam good King," said the Honourable

POMPEY QUASHIBUNGO (slightly plagiarising from MR. CHARLES READE), "so you unliminate yourself out of dis here, and come and be nointed with werry best Macassar, yup, yup."

The temptation was one which few mortals could have withstood. KING OF AMERICA, with a domain of 2900 long miles by 1730, or 2,963,666 square ones, and with 30,191,876 (and a quarter, including TOM THUMB) of subjects. A despot, too, with a despotism untempered even by epigrams, for the article is not manufactured in the New World. Happily, for England, PUNCH is not Mortal.

He dashed away a tear, brighter than any of the 2783 diamonds in the 'diadem of his beloved Queen, cleared his voice with an effort and a Cayenne lozenge, and, after a pause, uttered one word :

"SHAN'T!"

His voice and language were courteous, but it was felt that his purpose was adamant. The Honourable MR. GREENBACK was going to spit, but remembered where he was; the Honourable MR. COTTONPOD muttered the shadow of the ghost of an oath; the Honourable MR. QUASHIBUNGO kicked out his foot at TOBY, and was incontinently bitten where the calf of his excellency's leg should have been.

"My duties are Here," said DUKE PUNCH. "But, Gentlemen, your King is There."

He pointed to a tall, vigorous, gaunt person who had accompanied the Deputation, unaccredited, and who had been silently listening to the proceedings.

The WEST strode forward, in the person of a powerful Backwoodsman, with the eye of an eagle and the muscle of a gladiator; but there was a dash of humour in the strong fellow's face, too.

"I ain't much of a figure for a crown and garter, Old Hoss, but I calculate as you've smashed the nut this time. These chaps ain't made no great count of me up to now; but now 's my turn, and may be they 'll knuckle down, or I 'll have to take off my coat."

"State your claims more graciously, my powerful friend," said DUKE PUNCH. "I believe that in the fresh and vigorous West will be found the Arbiter who should take America in hand, and the sooner he does it the better. Gentlemen, a slight banquet awaits you in the next apartment. Let us go in and drink to the prosperity of your Country, and to the dynasty of your King."

"But I'd like to be judgmatical, Old Hoss," said the new Sovereign; "and if you'd any bit of a book with the trew principles of a King's trade wrote out plain, you might loan it a fellow."

"It is yours," said H.R.H., smiling, and presenting his

Forty-Sixth Volume.





William Makepeace Thackeray.

WHILE generous tributes are everywhere paid to the Genius of him who has been suddenly called away in the fulness of his power and the maturity of his fame, some who have for many years enjoyed the advantage of his assistance and the delight of his society would simply record that they have lost a dear Friend. At an early period in the history of this Periodical he became a Contributor to its pages, and he long continued to enrich them, and though of late he had ceased to give other aid than suggestion and advice, he was a constant member of our council, and sat with us on the eighth day from that which has saddened England's Christmas. Let the brilliancy of his trained intellect, the terrible strength of his satire, the subtlety of his wit, the richness of his humour, and the catholic range of his calm wisdom, be themes for others: the mourning friends who inscribe these lines to his memory think of the affectionate nature, the cheerful companionship, the large heart and open hand, the simple courteousness, and the endearing frankness of a brave, true, honest Gentleman, whom no pen but his own could depict as those who knew him would desire.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

IF we wish to "see ourselves as others see us," let us look at *Harper's Weekly*, which thus holds up the mirror to us by a recent New York post:—

"It is to avoid a rupture with the working population that LORD PALMERSTON has refused to recognise the rebels. He doubtless honestly expects to see the United States destroyed; and calculates that, when that cheerful catastrophe occurs, he will crush out democracy in England. We think differently; believing that we shall succeed, and that our success will lead to more systematic, and at the same time we trust peaceful efforts for the recognition in Great Britain of the rights of labour. Time will show which is right. Meanwhile it is right we should understand that it is to the dread of the British working-men that we owe the present forbearance of the British Government."

Harper's Weekly calls itself a "Journal of Civilisation," and it is quite clear that this title is pre-eminently deserved by a newspaper which prefaces the statement we have quoted by a remark that British work-

men are Great Britain's "dangerous classes," and that they are quite prepared for revolution if the Government take any steps to recognise the South. In the case of their so doing, says the *Weekly*—or the *Weakly*—the throne and aristocracy of England would "crumble in an afternoon," and the civilising influence of mob-law and its concomitants would produce that recognition of labour to which the Northerners' success against the Southerners will lead. Then shall we see the British workman whittling underneath his fig-tree, with a bowie knife in one hand and a revolver in the other, prepared to make a "systematic" effort to maintain what civilising journals like the *Weekly* call his "rights."

CHORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE, it is said, produces the most obese effects; but they are nothing to those caused by taking *Punch's Almanack*. "Laugh and grow fat" is an admitted maxim, and the laughter that is caused by a glance at *Punch's Almanack* is, in its quality of fattening, equivalent to eating turtle soup six times a-day, besides taking cod liver oil and oyster patties between meals.

OUR PRECIOUS LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.



ON Saturday last week, in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, MR. THOMAS MORTON RIGG, proprietor and publisher of the *Sheerness Guardian and East Kent Advertiser*, was committed to prison by SIR R. T. KINDERSLEY for contempt of Court, judged to have been committed in criticising some affidavits which had been made on an open ditch at Sheerness, denominated, from being the subject of litigation in Chancery, the Chancery Ditch. The restraint of the Press, after all, is not one of those things that they manage better in France. French Imperialism might even envy British Equity the power of sending a man to gaol for a latitude of remark decided to be criminal by a Judge without a jury.

WHEN TO SHUT THE STABLE DOOR.

MR. PUNCH,

A QUESTION about which a controversy is raised almost as often as a man is sentenced to death, is, what degree of madness entitles a culprit to be acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity? Homicidal monomania, it is said on the one hand. On the other, nothing short of a state in which the madman does not know what he is about.

On both sides this question is argued with much temper and little logic. The dispartants sneer and scoff at each other, and call one another names. The party of severity calls the other the love-and-mercy school, and is stigmatised in return as friends of the gallows, and advocates of Jack Ketch.

Now, Sir, I am not one of the love-and-mercy school. If hanging a madman for murder were likely to prevent any sane person from being murdered, though there might be some objection to hanging the madman, I would not press it. I should not mind hanging thieves, if hanging would stop theft, because the cheapest way of disposing of a rogue is to hang him. But then I have no disposition to insist on hanging from a sentiment of manly sternness. Simply consult the public safety, I say. With that paramount object in view, Sir, let me direct your attention to a little point which seems to have escaped that of both the love-and-mercy school, and the destructiveness and self-esteem school. This it is, *Mr. Punch*. Is what the doctors call homicidal monomania a fact? Is it true that certain persons, knowing well what they are about, can be actuated by an irresistible impulse to kill? If so, it strikes me that waiting until such persons commit murder, and then hanging them is a very unwise course. Prevention is better than cure, even if hemp is anything of the nature of a cure for murder. If such homicidal maniacs exist out of confinement, it is probable that there are many people going about who ought to be shut up. Thus much I say, although it has no particular connection with plum-pudding, mince-pie, holly and mistletoe, because, while I do not want any other person's throat to be constricted, I am still more unwilling to have my own cut; and would much rather live and let live, and am, Sir,

Your thoughtful reader,

CAVETO.

P.S. If deficiency of the moral sense constitutes madness that may break out in murder, let those who labour under it be shut up too, if madhouses can be built large enough to contain them, and the conscientious portion of the public is numerous enough to master them. I am no Cynic.

Mistaken in his Vocation.

THIS advertisement is from a Dublin Newspaper:—

COOK (French).—A Frenchman wishes for a situation as Cook in a good establishment. None need apply but those who can afford him a person capable of cooking chops and kidneys, as he has a great objection to menial work.

So have we, and for that matter to all sorts of work. But this Frenchman is a Nass. He would delegate to an inferior the most delicate and important work of the kitchen. Any fool can make a *suprême à la volaille aux truffes*, but very few people can cook a chop. We shall not send over and engage this gentleman as our *chef*.

HOUSEHOLDERS TO THE RESCUE!

WHAT ho! what ho! stout Londoners,
Arm, arm against the foe!
The great Steam Giant stalks abroad,
To lay men's dwellings low!
By trench and mine and parallel
The Railway sappers crawl,
Still nearer and more near, till now
They breach each household wall!

Time was the Englishman his house
"His castle" called in pride;
But that was ere the railways ran
Their by-lines far and wide.
Yet, teach the invading engineer
That, though the assault be fell,
There still is shot and loophole left,
And battle meant as well!

As from the mæchieoulis' jaws
Besieged men of old
Rained molten lead and pitch and stones
On those who stormed the hold:
Rain on the foe hard type, hard words,
Vials of wrath upset,
And have hot water near, that they
Therein themselves may get.

Suburban villa-holders,
Through shrubbery and lawn,
Say, shall the invading chain-bearer
Stalk till his line is drawn?
Tearing you from your garden-beds,
Laying your flowers *par terre*,
Coming in squadrons, denec knows whence,
And going, denec knows where!

What is the villa of your choice,
The villa of your pride,
With tunnels through its basement floor,
And sidings by its side?
Embankments blocking out your view,
A Station, never still,
And through the hours, both great and small,
The railway whistle shrill!

For compensation they may talk:
But trust this word of mine—
Helpless you'll writhe, if once you let
Them get you in a line:
The man that in "a loop" is caught,
Perforce must come to grass,
While o'er his prostrate property
The dumpy-levels pass!

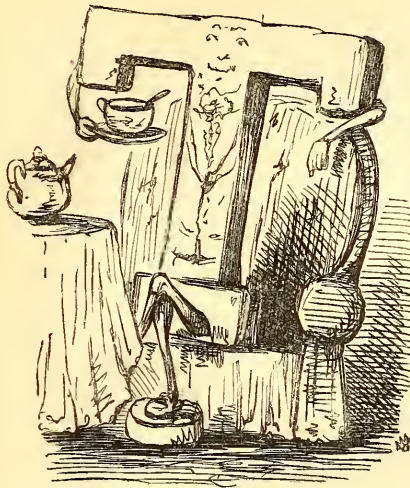
'Tis not alone each railway gash
Fair nature's front defaces:
Nor that their lines, denec take 'em, fall
In all the pleasant places.
Were it to serve true public need,
Our rights we might forego;
But for contractors', engineers',
And lawyers' projects, No!

Then up, ye knowing Londoners,
Who smell the burrowing rat,
Combine against the invading lines
That lay men's landmarks flat.
The iron's hot: strike, e'er 'tis cooled
'Gainst engineers' designs;
It may be men must needs be ruled,
But not by iron lines!

A Demand for an Execution.

COLONEL CRAWLEY has been "honourably acquitted" of the charges that were brought against him in the matter of the unfortunate SERGEANT LILLEY. The Court-Martial system has also been tried, and the result is its being sentenced to death at a very early date. We call upon the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and the military authorities not to show any misplaced forbearance, but to execute the sentence of justice as quickly as is consistent with humanity. That the System is insane we all know, without any nonsense from mad-doctors, and it is therefore that we call for execution. To spare it would be cruelty to our noble British Army.

THE COBDEN COURT-MARTIAL.



THE Court-Martial of Public Opinion, which has been sitting for so many days to try Mr. RICHARD COBDEN, upon the charges below stated, having concluded its inquiry, and having decided upon its sentence, and the latter having been duly referred to *Mr. Punch* for approval, the result may now be published.

CHARGES.

1. That the said RICHARD COBDEN did gratuitously, and without leave had and obtained, interfere in a question which chiefly affected one JOHN BRIGHT, of Birmingham.

2. That the said

RICHARD COBDEN did so interfere in a coarse and intemperate manner, bringing unfounded charges against several persons known and unknown, in retaliation for an alleged offence against the said JOHN BRIGHT.

3. That the said RICHARD COBDEN did manifest a desire to degrade the English Press to the level of that of America.

4. That the said RICHARD COBDEN did fabricate an allegation that the English journals are written by a person called "Anonymus," there being no such person in existence.

5. That the said RICHARD COBDEN is in complicity with the said JOHN BRIGHT and a knot of noisy but obscure individuals, to array class against class, and to persuade the illiterate that they are oppressed.

6. That the said RICHARD COBDEN, in similar complicity as above mentioned, desires to arouse the illiterate classes to revolution, in order to a seizure of the lands of the rich and a division thereof among the poor.

FINDING.

The Court of Public Opinion, with the approval of *Mr. Punch*, doth find the said RICHARD COBDEN guilty on the 1st charge, but with extenuating circumstances.

The Court doth find the said RICHARD COBDEN guilty on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th charges.

The Court doth wholly and honourably acquit the said RICHARD COBDEN on the 6th charge, but considers that he is indiscreet in addressing a certain kind of language to those whom he describes as the most illiterate people in Europe.

SENTENCE.

The Court cannot help taking into consideration the eminent services rendered by the said RICHARD COBDEN in the matters of the Corn Laws and the French Treaty. It also makes allowance for his infirmity of temper, and for a certain petulance and arrogance produced by his having attained public distinction without the usual previous preparation. It is mindful of the fact that his mind has not been cultivated by classical or logical education, as shown by his declaration that one number of a journal called the *Times* was worth "all the works of THUCYDIDES," and his subsequent declaration that he never reads the said journal. Taking all circumstances into consideration, the Court doth pronounce the following sentence; namely,—

That the said RICHARD COBDEN do cause the *Times* newspaper to be regularly delivered at his house, and do regularly read the same (advertisements, begging letters, and epistles from parsons excepted), for one year. That he do discontinue the perusal of his own journal, the *Morning Star*, until that journal of religion and prize-fights ceases to be an imitation of the vulgar Press of America. And that the said RICHARD COBDEN do, at all leisure hours and convenient seasons, try to cultivate a little jollity and good feeling, and a belief that a publicist, even though he writes like a gentleman and not like an American journalist, may possibly be as good a fellow as the said RICHARD COBDEN would have been if he had not been spoiled.

(Ratified)

PUNCH.

MEM FOR THE MUSICAL.—*The best Overture to the "Tempest."*—ADMIRAL FITZROY'S Signals.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

HERE we are again! revelling in the cakes and ale of jolly old Father Christmas! Begone dull care, and let the memory of past toil and trouble fade away! There was nothing in them. Surely this vacation is a pleasant time, and few enjoy it more than the weary student, who during the foregoing Term, has been expending the midnight oil, wax, sperm, or gas, as the case may be, in mastering that amount of learning sternly required of all those who would assume the bands, strings, gown, and hood of a fully developed Baccalaureus Artium. "None but the brave deserve the Christmas Fare," said my worthy friend Old DOUBLECHIN, the opulent stock-broker, as he laddled out the steaming punch into the tumbler of his nephew, JACK HOPPER the Cantab. Within five minutes after the expression of this sentiment HOPPER'S health was proposed by an esteemed friend of the family in terms that were intended to affect the young man to tears. The youthful object of the toast managed, however, to restrain his emotion, and winked stealthily at me when nobody else was looking at him.

Ask ye why this laudation and jubilation? Is it not written in the chronicles of the *Cambridge Calendar*, how that HOPPER, of Trinity, had taken his degree? Undoubtedly; with this eye from behind a glass have I myself seen it. "My son, Sir," Old HOPPER tells all his old cronies, with paternal pride, "went out in the *Poll*." He has picked up that bit of academical slang from the lad, and not having been at the University himself, has no very clear notions as to the precise meaning of the phrase. "The Governor," observes HOPPER junior to me, confidentially, "knows nothing about these matters. He thinks the *Poll* no end of a swell thing. I haven't told him that I had a near shave for the Third Class; so don't you let the cat out of the bag, there's a good fellow." I am a good fellow, and far be it from me to undecieve the venerable parent.

"How did you do the trick?" I ask of the successful B.A., when we are alone. "You didn't go in for reading?"

"Didn't I, though!" replies HOPPER. "I coached with old WHIFFIT of Caius all the Long and right through the Term."

"WHIFFIN'S a good man," I observe, remembering that I myself had been benefited by the services of that eminent private tutor.

"So he is," returns HOPPER, "but MARFIT'S a better. He's my Tailor."

"Your what?"

"My Tailor. He made an examination suit after my own design, and a very neat thing it was, specially in pockets. I reduced all my useful knowledge to the very smallest possible characters on circular bits of cardboard. For instance, the leading events in the History of the Reformation were condensed into two cards, each the size of a five-shilling piece. There was, however, a fault which occasioned me some delay and trouble on the first day. I had so many pockets, and so many subjects about me, that I couldn't for the life of me remember where each one separately was situated.

The consequence was, that when a paper on EUCLID was placed before me, there existed some confusion in my mind as to whether his amusing propositions were in my exterior or interior coat pockets, in the secret receptacles of my sleeve-linings, under the strings at the back of my waistcoat, or in an admirably contrived slit concealed beneath the third button of the same garment in front, or in any other part of my dress. Once or twice, when I wanted a translation of VIRGIL, I got hold of the *Beginning of History*, p. 46, and had to return it to its hiding-place. The *Peloponnesian War* was always turning up when not required; and as to the *Usurpation of Peisistratus* and the *Origin of the Greek Colonies*, it seemed to me that I was made up of nothing but information on these historical questions. I got over the difficulty by drawing a plan of my own person, like a surgical figure, marked all over with numbers, and I never had any bother after that.

ORDER OF POCKETS.

1. Beginning of Grecian History to p. 46.
2. Do. of Roman History to p. 102.
3. First and Second Books of Euclid.
4. Euclid finished.
5. Causes of the First and Second Punic Wars.
7. (*First round the corner*.) Virgil, First Half of Fourth Georgic.
8. (*ditto opposite side*) Do. Second Half of Do.
9. (*Cuffs*.) Persian Wars. Thermopylae.
10. (*Do.*) Salamis. Mardonius.
11. Algebra. Solutions of Probable Equations.
12. Arithmetic. Vulgar Fractions. Decimals.
13. History of Reformation, Part I.
14. Ditto. Part II.

It worked admirably. Let us suppose that question 1, was, "Give some account of the Causes that led to the Second Punic War?" Very good. On referring to my plan, there I found it. *Punic Wars*, No. 5, small pocket just over the heart. Out he came, out came the treble power magnifier, and down went the answer as right as ninepence. And so you see what I should advise any fellow to do, who can't cram up in the regular way, is, —

But at this moment enters the paternal HOPPER with the avuncular DOUBLECHIN, and the teaching of experience is for the present lost.



HAIR-DRESSING IN 1863.

Lady (looking at her watch). "DEAR ME, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SO LATE. I THINK, PERHAPS, PARKER, YOU HAD BETTER GO AND DRESS THE YOUNG LADIES' HAIR."
Parker. "OH, MA'AM, I DID THAT THIS MORNING, AND IT'S ON THE DRESSING TABLE READY TO BE PINNED ON!"

KING CHRISTMAS DISCOURSES THE NEW YEAR.

KING CHRISTMAS comes. Of his approach
 Nature reveals no trace—
 No frost is on the window-panes,
 No snow on earth's green face.
 The air is mild: in garden-bowers;
 I hear the thrushes sing;
 And but that boughs are bare of leaves,
 We might believe 'twas Spring.

And yet by all his social signs,
 I knew King Christmas nigh:
 By grocers' shops and tradesmen's bills,
 Waits, wassail-bowl, mince-pie,
 Plum puddings with the Pantomimes
 Upon the boards appear;
 And workhouse tables groan, that groan,
 Alas! but "once a-year."

But just before her bells rang out
 Upon the midnight-hour,
 I saw, in dream, King Christmas set,
 In a green holly-bower.
 In his snap-dragon bowl's blue light
 His face looked sad and long,
 The while he rocked the infant year,
 And crowed its cradle song.

"Sleep, Sixty-four, sleep while you may,
 Who knows, what sights await
 Thy waking, in the troublous times]
 That gather at thy gate.
 Since angels heralded my reign
 With "Peace, good-will to man,"
 More darkly ne'er closed old year's life,
 Or new year's life began.

"How can! I lift the wassail-bowl,
 Where I see blood for wine?
 How with my holly's glossy wreath
 Blood-watered laurels twine?
 How to snap-dragon or mince-pie
 Or fair plum-pudding fall,
 That seem to speak of mangled limbs,
 And shell and cannon-ball?"

"How hear the music of the dance
 While listing, near and far,
 Tumbril and gun and marching host
 Of nations bound to war?
 How with sweet carols greet thy birth
 That op'st thine infant car
 On sentry's challenge, charger's neigh,
 And trumpet ringing clear?"

"A heavy time hath Sixty-three,
 That now departs, lived through,
 Across the Atlantic, brothers' hands
 Seen brothers' blood imbue.
 Seen Russia's heel on Poland's neck,
 And Poland, in despair,
 Holding vain hands to powers of earth
 That turned them from her prayer.

"But sadder sights and bloodier scenes,
 I fear, thy youth await,
 New year, that fain to joy and love
 Christmas would consecrate.
 Oh, when will Heaven fulfil the words!
 With which thy reign began,
 And earth intone, o'er buried swords,
 'Peace and good-will to man!'"



LEAP YEAR.—LIBERTY UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "EH! NO! REALLY I! WHAT WILL MY WIFE SAY?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNOTUS.—Yes. By the English Law a woman is entitled to dower out of the estates of any man who has ever made her an offer. But she must have registered the offer in the Central Criminal Court, and given notice, verbally, and in open court, to Mr. Justice Wilde, or the judge in divorce for the time being. She is not bound to state the reasons for her rejection of the suitor, but it is well to mention them to the usher, who is a married man.

FANATICO.—You are wrong, and the *Musical World* has misled you. The words of the opera of *Faust* are selected from the writings of Dr. Watts, except the serenade, which was written by Fenselou, and translated by the Earl of Aldborough.

W. B. SIMPSON.—Timbuctoo is an island in the Adriatic, but we do not undertake to answer geographical questions of which a schoolboy should be ashamed.

AN ILL-USED ELECTOR.—Certainly he got in by bribery, and if he did not beat you, you were very foolish not to insist on your rights. As you call at his London residence, and state your wrongs to his footman, if that will give you any satisfaction. It is scarcely worth while to bring an action.

ASPIRANT.—Your hand-writing is quite good enough for the War-Office, so far as we have seen the autographs of the clerks there. We cannot read it, but that proves nothing. As you ask us to tell you your character from it, we should say that you are a mixture of flippancy and foolishness, with a strong dash of dishonesty, but you may have other defects which are not revealed by your writing. From the crowbar style of your downstrokes, we imagine that you are a burglar. We wish you every success.

HOME FROM SCHOOL.—(E. A.) The first line you quote, "To be or not to be, that is the question,"

is from *Manfred*, but we do not recollect the author of the pretty lines,

"Inwards, outwards, to the skies,
Men and beasts throw both their eyes."

Perhaps some of our readers can inform us.

TOUJOURS PRET.—If riding in a second-class carriage really makes you uncomfortable, and you can satisfy a station-master of the fact, the Railway Companies, are compelled, by their Acts, to let you ride in a first-class, for second-class fares. It is done every day.

A PROVINCIAL.—We know of no handy little pocket volume giving you the addresses of everybody in London, except Kelly's Post Office Directory. Ask for the Hydraulic Press edition, which weighs only two tons.

LYDIA P.—There is no law against smoking cigarettes in an opera box, but it is seldom done in the grand tier, or when the Royal family are present.

A PHOTOGRAPHER.—The lady might not have been handsome, and might have been hard to please, but you were scarcely justified in calling her a squinting old peacock with a sandy wig. We are quite sure that no such remarks are ever made by Mr. Watkins, Mr. Mayall, the Stereoscopics, or any other of the high class of photographers. Do you tout?

A POLITICAL STUDENT.—You are quite right. Federal Execution means Mr. Lincoln's intention of executing Mr. Davis. The slight and only difficulties in the way of that process are the facts that Mr. Lincoln has not yet caught Mr. Davis, and that three Confederate armies are in the way. We hardly know what "political text book" to recommend you, but any stationer will sell you small text copy books.

VERBUM SAP.—Our "word" in answer to your "whys" is the monosyllable "Go to Bath and get your head shaved."

A. B. F.—Procrastination is derived from the bed of Procrustes, and means what the pantomime clown means when he says "How do you do to-morrow?" We have no idea what that is.

A LOVER OF THE SWAN OF AVON.—Nonsense. The line is corrected in all good editions. It should stand, "Full of strange oaths and bearded like the Bard," alluding, of course, to Gray's Bard, whose beard "Streamed like a metaphor in the troubled hair."

ADOLESCENT.—We do not think that any person could learn German thoroughly in two hours, but we do not say that the advertiser is a quack, as new methods are discovered every day. It has taken us twenty-two years, and even yet we always prefer asking a friend to order our dinner in Germany, because the last time we boldly ventured on demanding some oysters the waiter brought us treacle.

AMBITIOUS (Yarmouth).—Your handwriting is very bad indeed, and the sentiments you express are worse. We do not think you fit for any situation at all, but get six months at the treadmill, and then write to us again.

SPARTACUS.—The Constitution can be seen in Downing Street on Tuesdays and Fridays, by an order to be obtained at a personal interview with Earl Russell. But if on any other day you lie down on the pavement before the Government offices, and look in at the kitchen windows, you can see some of the machinery at work.

JANE SUSAN V.—(Birmingham).—You wish to get your boy into the Royal Navy. We do not think you will, for his photograph, which you enclose, represents the ugliest little wretch we ever beheld, and he would frighten the horse marines. As his mother, you may think these remarks harsh and uncalled for, but it is the duty of a journalist to tell the truth. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*

ADELPHIITA.—A proper person can, without difficulty, get presented at Court, but we do not recommend you to ask her ladyship to perform that office for you until your husband has quite completed the negotiations for getting rid of your pork-shop. As there are no drawing-rooms just now, you will not lose time.

A CITY CLERK.—Always use red ink in writing to any gentleman who is in the Army. It is a compliment to the uniform, and the omission of slight and customary courtesies betokens a vulgar mind.

IVANHOE.—The celebrated novel of that name is a rather highly coloured story of Ivan the Terrible, of Russia. The author's name was Ivanhoff, and he was a bass singer at the Royal Italian Opera.

A GRATEFUL READER.—We are very much pleased at the good opinion you express of us. It happens that we never drink anything but water, but as we have many friends who are more moderate in their temperance, you can send the pipe of wine to 85, Fleet Street. Pay the carriage, or we shall doubt the completeness of your gratitude.

A COLOURER UP.—How many times are we to repeat that a gentleman bows first? Is it in accordance with civilisation to force upon the weaker vessel the duty of deciding whether an acquaintance is to be kept up or not? Bow to every lady you know, and every lady you would like to know.

E. X. P.—The same answer, stupid man. You are utterly wrong about the etiquette of taking wine. It is true that in the higher circles it is now customary to glance at the hostess when you drink, but, by a graceful compromise, you do not distinctly address her, but say, in an undertone, "Here's luck!" It may mean a good wish, or that you are fortunate in partaking of such wine—the latter sentiment is not usually ours when dining with the aristocracy.

A CHAPLAIN is respectfully informed that we do not keep a register of fighting-publicans.

DEJECTED says she sent a carte de visite and stamps to one of the fellows who advertise that they will copy such things, and she has never been able to hear any more about carte or stamps. Shall we give her a note of introduction to the excellent Secretary of the Asylum for Idiots?

NO BIOT.—We think with you that Don Giovanni would be much lightened, and rendered more in accordance with the taste of the age by the substitution of the dance of *The Cure* for the pedantic minuet, and we know that many theatre-goers are of your opinion. Perhaps some manager will take a hint so eminently based upon observation of popular feeling.

A CURIOUS BLOATER.—We know that the lady was married, and is a widow, but we are unable to inform you whether she drowned her husband or not. You had better ask her, enclosing stamped envelope.

SCRUTATOR.—Thanks for the information. We had not been aware that the word "and" occurs only twice in all the plays of Shakspeare. We have no leisure for verification of the statement, but have no doubt you are right.

AMABEL.—A diphthong may be obtained at any respectable saddlers. It is a thong used for horses in the habit of dipping their ears, and thus showing mischief.

BRIGHT EYES.—As a rule, we decline to promote matrimonial arrangements. We have said to persons about to marry, "Don't," and we agree with Inspector Bucket that marriage is a thing that most people had better let alone. But as you say that you have blue eyes, a good figure, no relations, and £800 a-year, we will mention you at the Clubs. You must not expect too much, when you have so little to offer. Husbands fetch a good price in these days. We might get you a Government clerk, or something of that kind? Can you cook?

ABDIEL WIMMOUTH.—Read the first part of our last answer. What do you want to marry for? Learn to play the flute. Your photograph represents a person quite foolish enough for that, but not, we should think, foolish enough to marry on £1000 a-year.

HERBERT DE LA TOUR.—We cannot inform you in what year the Great Fire of 1666 happened. Consult the Dictionary of Dates.

AN ADMIRER.—The name of Shakspeare has recently been discovered by a contemporary to be a corruption of Jacques-Pierre, and we consider the derivation the choicest bit of Shaksperianity. But as the immortal James Peter himself says, What's in a name? Alderman Rose by any other name would equally have been done out of his baronetcy.

APEX.—If you think that we are going to explain the system of Leibnitz and his Monads to you for three pence, you are much mistaken. It took us a week, with our coat off, to get at any idea of the things, and even now—but never mind that. We don't mind telling you that a monad is not anything to eat.

JOHN SHADDOCK wishes to emigrate. We have not the slightest objection, indeed we hate shaddock. But his proposal, that we should "in our elevated faith in human nature," supply him with the means of going, trusting to his "stalwart conscientiousness" to send us back the money, is a proposal which entertains us, but is not one which we can entertain.

MISERERIMUS.—We don't see what you have to complain of. The young lady had accepted you and your presents, but finding that you did not read *Punch*, dismissed you with contempt, and threw your presents out of window. We do not believe that there is a right minded girl in the United Kingdom who would have acted otherwise. The idea of your asking us to intercede!

FIT, NON NASCITUR.—Your poem is sweetly pretty, and original in idea, and we regret we have only room for a verse or two. It is far better than most of the poetry in the periodicals of the day.

TO THE MOON.

"I see thee shining in the sky,
And casting down a silvery light,
Like some fair lamp hung up on high,
To cheer the night.

"So bright thy beam that I can read
The smallest print with perfect ease,
And sweetly falls thy ray indeed
Upon the trees.

"Thou dost not shine when all the earth
Is gilded by the beauteous sun,
But comest in transcendent mirth
When day is done."

We have rarely seen a theme treated with so much freshness, and truth, and power, and we predict for you a high place among the bards of Britain.

A PROVINCIAL IN TOWN.—Since the substitution of the Bronze Coinage for that of Copper, the coins of George III. have greatly risen in value. If you have, as you say, several halfpence of the year 1859, take them to the British Museum and ask for the Coin and Medal Department. The officials will gladly give you seven-and-sixpence for each.

LOVING LOUISA.—His remark seems rude, but as it is, upon reflection, capable of a complimentary interpretation, we think that a truly devoted, affectionate, and ladylike girl, as you describe yourself, should have preferred accepting it in that sense to emptying the dripping-pan over him. Your hand-writing betokens the thorough lady, but "impudent" is not spelt "impident," and there is only one "e" in beast.

A NOBLEMAN.—The best physicians recommend you to allow no day to elapse without washing your face and hands. Some persons wash the latter twice in the twenty-four hours, but we can lay down no rule, all depends on your constitution.

REINALD.—Quite correct. Rizzio was smothered in the Tower of London for offering to marry Gory Mary, who was beheaded in Berkeley Castle by Richard the First on his return from the Battle of Hohenlinden.

TUNING FORK.—We are obliged by your invitation to set your "comic" lines to music, and present you with the copyright, but we are unequal to the task of doing justice to melody like this:—

THE COVE THAT'S LOST HIS LATCH-KEY.

My spicy gents come list to me.

And I will tell you brief,

How a stunning swell as ever you see

Did come to awful grief.

For precious tight did he come home

And thought he was in Kamtschatky,

"O dear," says he, and gave a groan,

"I've been and lost my Latch-key."

Latch, patch, catch, scratch, match,

hatch, batch.

"And I've been and lost my Latch-key."

It is very clever, as are the other nineteen verses, and we recommend you to take them to any of the Music Halls, at which they cannot fail to be acceptable, being exactly in the style of the great hits at those respectable establishments.

MISS ST. CLAIR OF THE AISLES is a pew-opener, and complains of the meanness of twoladies to whom she gave seats before the sermon begun, but who gave her one shilling only. We hope that it was a bad one, but that the ladies did not know that. We always keep bad money by us for the benefit of pew-openers and box-keepers, extortionists whom we detest.

AN ANGRY OWL.—We can but answer your abuse with a Scotch remark: "Hoot awa!"

B. B. B. Does not bark.—**ALIQUID.** We don't chew tobacco; thanks.—**MARIA-MATILDA.** Squint, of course you do.—**PETER QUINCE.** He was right to kick you.—**LUCY SPARKLER.** Bats are not insects.—**A BAD SLEEPER.** Soap is not a soporic, but a letter like yours is.—**A LOVER OF VIRTUE** is at least not egotistic.

—**KING'S CROSS.** Then he had better recover his temper.—**VISCOUNTESS.** Black lead your stove well, and then rub as if your mistress was looking on.—**A SERIOUS HANSOM.** If your fare whistles on a Sunday, poke at him with the handle of your whip through your trap, and charge him too much.—**A MODEST INQUIRER.** Find out, and then you'll know.—**GOSH.** Bosh.

ANSWER FROM MISS ELLEN LYTTLE HUMBUG

TO HER COUSIN MISS FRANCES LYTTLE HUMBUG.

Tulip Cottage, Dec. 15, 1863.

MY SWEETEST FAN,

Nothing could have been more welcome to me than your kind and dear letter, you sweet girl. I have read it at least six times in the evenings before I went to bed, and I hasten to answer you a few lines, my dear. Before I turn to the fashions I must tell you that you are quite right in hating that flirty FLORA MACGREGOR. Be not ashamed of hating, dear! O! she is the most deceitful creature I have ever known; and she looks just like a dairy-maid, you are quite right, my dearest and sweetest FAN. And that MR. MACINTOSH with his dry face and his ugly ginger whiskers,—I am sure no other girl would have liked to have him for her husband. But, FLORA! And now I'll tell you he wears a wig; but don't tell, and burn this.



You cannot imagine how deceitful that FLORA is. Last Christmas, when we were staying at the Grange, FLORA was invited too, and we girls, even old Miss MEGGY (who would not tell her age at the last Census), used to loop our



skirts as then was the rage, but FLORA would not do so. Now she is so very fat (fair and f— is she?), and cousin ROBERT, who is a charming fellow with his little black mustaches, found it out. Can you guess, dear, why? What fun we had about it! ROBERT obtained one of FLORA's stockings and filled it with chaff, and then we measured it round the ankle, and it measured 13 inches! Did

you ever, dear —! I should be ashamed of myself, if I had such an ankle.



I am so glad you told me of the fashions, for we have not even yet got our new bonnets. Since our Squire's wife went away, we all are sadly lost for patterns. I am going to have a black velvet bonnet with a scarlet feather, FANNY has a brown round hat with two Blackbirds, MILLY a white hat with a little white pigeon.—O! so nice, dear—and AUNT LOUISA, is going to have an amber-coloured bonnet with bunches of plums and little cucumbers. Don't



you think it very nice? I hope you will come to see us a little after Christmas. We think of having two parties, and I have made lots of yule-cakes and mince-meat. Do come, dear, we shall be most happy to see you, for you are such a good-humoured and cheerful girl, and I wish to tell you some other things about FLORA MACGREGOR; and burn this, dearest FAN, and give my love to your dear Mamma, to JULIA, LYDIA, and LILLY, and believe me to remain, ever your most affectionate and loving cousin and friend,

ELLEN LYTTLE HUMBUG.

P.S. We have the washing-day, so I shall hear some more news. Can you send me a nice pattern for a tight sleeve, dear?

UNSEASONABLE FESTIVITIES.

OUR Yankee friends (if they will condescend to let us call them so) appear most thoroughly inclined to spend a merry Christmas, judging by the following account of their festivities, which appeared the other morning in the *New York World*.—

"Irving Hall is already engaged for dances five nights in the week, from the present writing until the 18th of February. Prominent among these is the Ball given by the Hebrew young men on Monday evening; the Evacuation Ball, on the night of the 25th, by the Marion Hose Company; the Thanksgiving Ball, on the night of the 26th, by the shipwrights of this city; the Hebrew Ladies' Bikam Cholom Society's Ball, December the 2nd, usually one of the most brilliant halls of the season; the Ball of the Young Men's Catholic Association, on the 14th of December; the Ball of the Caledonian Club, on the 12th of January, the finest Scotch Ball of the season; the Biemon Coterie, also a very elegant affair, occurring annually on the 25th of January; the grand New England Ball, on the 4th of February, beside very many others of less prominence."

We learn, besides, that at the City Assembly Rooms, "upwards of fifty balls" will enliven this unusually festive season. Among them our attention is especially directed to—

"The 'Longshoremen's National Benevolent Association Ball, on the 25th; the Steam Boilermakers' Benevolent Association, on the 30th; the Machinists' Union Protective Society's Ball, on the 2nd of December; the Ball of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, on the 8th of December; Ball of the Thistle Benevolent Association on the 10th of December; Ball of the 5th Regiment National Guard on the 22nd of December—one of the most magnificent affairs to take place during the season; on the occasion of this Ball a military temple, composed entirely of muskets, and reaching from the floor to the ceiling, will be erected in the centre of the grand ball-room; the Father Mathew Temperance Ball on the 30th of December; the grand costume and character Ball of the Liederkranz, to occur, on the 2nd or 3rd of February, and to surpass any previous efforts."

At the Father Mathew Ball we presume that the refreshments will be thoroughly teetotalish, and that not even a brandy-ball will be by any means procurable. So that here, at all events, there will be none of the "intoxication" to which this paragraph alludes in its concluding sentence:—

"The Apollo Rooms are engaged for dances for upwards of eighty nights, reaching to the 1st of April. In fact, all the public halls are engaged for every night to the end of February, and some of them far into April. Private halls and parties were never so numerous, and as for theatres, they were never so thronged. It is quite safe to say that this winter will see twice the money spent on balls, parties, theatres, opera, and dresses to attend them of any former season in the metropolis. This state of things cannot last always. The intoxication the country is now labouring under will be followed before long by a season of profound depression."

Considering the war in which the country is engaged, one might have guessed that rifle-balls and cannon-balls were thought of in New York just now a good deal more than dancing ones. Judging by the gaieties which are at present going on there, one certainly would fancy that the ladies of New York were most of them Knownothings, in respect of knowing nothing of the bloodshed that is near them. They can surely have no friends or relations in the army, or they would hardly cut their capers while those dear to them perhaps are lying dead upon the battle-field, and the news thereof may come just in the middle of the ball.

Punch loves a merry Christmas, and enjoys nothing so much as seeing young people enjoy themselves. But if *Punch* were far from home, and fighting for his country, he would scarcely find much pleasure in thinking that his girls were capering in ball-rooms at the time when he perhaps was lying dead, or dying, with a bayonet between his ribs or a bullet through his brain.

THE PANTOMIMES OF THE WORLD.

THE sort of entertainment now in course of performance at all the principal theatres presents many points of analogy to the tricks that serious fools are actually playing in earnest in both hemispheres.

When the clown burns the legs of the pantaloons and others with a red-hot poker, he must remind every observer, who is endowed with the organ of comparison, of MOURAVIEFF and DE BERG torturing Polish captives to wring confessions out of them. What are the Russian generals but truculent zanies perpetrating extravagant cruelties with the knout and the stick, and perhaps the rack and the thumbscrews, and the boots to boot? And what a regular clown's trick it was of the Muscovite Governor to have a man hanged before his pardon could reach him, lest he should reveal the torments which had been inflicted on him. "Hang him, or else he'll say we've been cruel!" What a hint for MR. BOLENO!

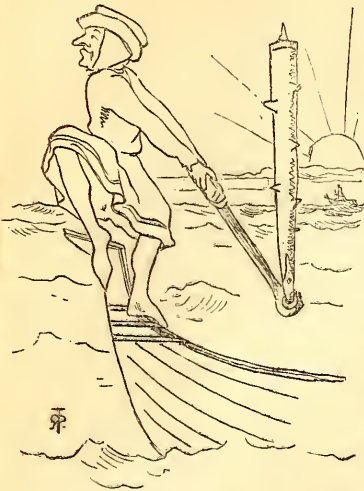
The incendiary shells which GENERAL GILMORE is pitching into Charleston are hideously like the fireworks which are let off on the stage, and the carnage in both Poland and America seems represented by the people who are knocked down and pelted with turnips, cabbages, carrots, and other vegetable missiles. The plunder that goes on is dramatised by clown and pantaloons in their division of the spoil of fish-mongers' and pork-butchers' shops.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the clowns who play with the red-hot poker in the pantomime of real life will burn their fingers.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIOUS WHISKERS? If so, you had better purchase *Punch's Almanack*. Do not stop to ask us why, but run at once and buy it, or you may be too late, and some one else may grow the whiskers that you court.

"CHAMBERS (NOT) LET OFF."

SHAKSPEARE.



IN a recent case, before MR. DIVORCE-JUSTICE WILDE, a gentleman admitted that he occasionally joked with his wife about the pretty faces in *Punch*—"chaffed" was the military party's word. On this, MR. MONTAGU CHAMBERS, who was against him, was good enough to say that "a man who chaffed his wife out of *Punch*" was just the person to be guilty of certain atrocious conduct that was imputed. When SERJEANT PARRY, the other day, was making the Court roar with fun against poor CHAMBERS, the Serjeant described him as "all behind his age." We incline to think that this must be so. Perhaps he cannot read anything but legal manuscripts. At any rate it is clear that he does not read *Punch*. For

if there is one title that *Punch* is prouder of than another it is that universally conceded to him, of the Friend of Woman, the most beautiful lessons as to behaviour to Woman drop a gentle dew over his sparkling diamonds, and he invariably holds up Woman as the Superior being. CHAMBERS had better retire to his Chambers, and study *Punch*. It may improve him in many ways, and tend to sharpen his forensic wits. For he lost the cause in aid of which he was unfortunate enough to utter the above ridiculous speech, and serve him uncommonly right.

HISTRIO ANGLICANUS.

THE mock-monk who goes about calling himself "Brother IGNATIUS" on Sunday evening last week made his appearance in character, and preached in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, Regent's Park; "a Church," says a reporter of the reverend mimic's performance, "celebrated for some time for its ultra-ritualism." The service which preceded the monologue delivered by Brother IGNATIUS was sung to the music of real Vespers; and the account of the evening's entertainment already quoted presents the following picture of Mr. IGNATIUS's make-up as a friar:—

"During the service Brother IGNATIUS sat in the chancel seats appropriated for the use of the priests, vested in his gown of serge, with cowl and sandals; and though, as a monk, he has of course received the tonsure, yet it was noticed to be much smaller than that of the monks in the Romish Church."

By way of apology for his tonsure, if necessary, Brother IGNATIUS would perhaps plead that it is only a little one. As is his tonsure, so, we may imagine, are the rest of his monastic accoutrements, the rope's-end with which he disciplines himself, the knots in it, and the hairs of the hareskin, or "dickey" of camel's hair such as pencils are made of, which may be conjectured to do him duty for a horsehair shirt. Indeed he appears to be a monk travesty on a small scale altogether; the miniature mime of a friar: for, in continuation of the foregoing account of him, we read that:—

"He is small of stature and apparently under 30."

The following slightly altered language of a juvenile poem may be not inapplicable to Brother IGNATIUS:—

There was a little man,
And he had a little fun,
So fantastic was the life he led led led,
He went to Church, and played
The monk in masquerade,
'Twas thought that he was touched in the head, head, head.

Little Brother IGNATIUS, in short, seems to be engaged in making a display which may be described as the whimsical personation of a member of the regular Romish Order of Fratres Minores.

And it Does Look Like it.

SOMEBODY says, that judging from appearances, the National SHAKSPEARE Committee seems to think that the most appropriate tribute to the author of the grandest of Scotch tragedies is a Great Mull.

THE TWO MESSAGES.

Condensed for the inhabitants of Countries where Time is an object.

LINCOLN.

ENGLAND is behavin' right,
So indeed is France:
Money ain't by no means tight
And our troops advance.
In Arkansas and Tennessee
The Union banner waves,
Maryland and Mis-sou-ree
'S ejecting of their slaves.
Near one hundred thousand blacks,
Free, are in our ranks,
Lots of others making tracks:
For All we offer Thanks.
To such as will submit to us
I promise Pardon free,
Except to DAVIS (who's a cuss)
And friends of high degree.
But till they own me King and Lord
Nor set me at defiance,
We'll pound away, for in the Sword
Must be our Main Reliance.

DAVIS.

England is behaving ill,
So in fact is France,
Showing towards the North good-will,
Viewing us askance.
Treating the blockade as good,
Though it's no such thing,
Stopping English friends who would
Succour to us bring.
Latterly we licked the foe,
Made the beggar fly,
Now we've had an awful blow,
But we won't say die.
When we first began the fray
O, we little thought
North would fight in such a way,
Which it didn't ought.
Still we'll fight, while we can show
A man to pull a trigger.
All our hope's in pluck, you know,
And Unabating Vigour.

TRULY AWFUL.

FALSE Quantities in the Westminster Prologue! Well, if the world has the assurance not to come to an end after that, it is a world of which the less said the better. We should as soon have thought of hearing bad English from MR. GLADSTONE or good from ALDERMAN SIDNEY. In the name of THUCYDIDES and all his works, let MR. COBDEN bring this fact before Parliament even before he impeaches any editors or anybody else. Talk of illiterate masses, after this. We have not been able to eat more than two pounds of plum-pudding at a sitting since we read the awful fact. We presume, of course, that the school has finally broken up. If we had eleven hundred sons there we would take nearly all of them away, and flog the others twice a week till further notice. We cannot trust ourselves to write on such a subject.

Naval News.

THE great advance which our Admiralty has made in the art of navigation is not thoroughly known to the tax-paying public. In the hope of making people more ready to receive the tax-gatherer, we subjoin a line which we have just cut from the *Edinburgh Courant*:—
"We understand that the British Fleet is going to Madrid."

"THE GLASS OF FASHION."

OUR Theatrical Managers, who adapt MESSRS. PEPFER and DIRCKES' patent to dramatic purposes, find their best authority in the greatest of Dramatists himself, who distinctly states that the first object of the Stage is to "Hold the Mirror up to Nature."

THOSE WHO ARE BLEST WITH AFFLUENCE should spend a portion of their wealth in buying *Punch's Almanack*, and distributing it among their poorer fellow-creatures, who otherwise might only see it in shop windows. A thousand pounds or so, if expended in this way, would give a great deal of amusement to a number of poor persons, and would prevent the pavements being blocked up as they are before the *Punch* Office in Fleet Street, and wherever else the *Almanack* is publicly exhibited.



SHOEBURYNESS.

Captain Limber, R.A. "HAVING PLACED OUR BURSTER AND PREPARED OUR PERCUSSION FUZE, WEIGH YOU REMEMBER, EXPLODES BY THE SIMPLE FALL OF THE NEEDLE—WE PROCEED TO * * * *"

[PROFESSOR DABBLES quite sees that the Artillery is a Service of itself, and having an appointment at the Megatherium, hurries off by the Train.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY WILLIAM BARLOW.

Lo! another year hath ended,
Numbered with the changeless past.
Will my clothes, if they are mended,
Through another twelvemonths last?
Since when last I sought a tailor
Longer 'tis than I can say;
Yet these garments must grow staler
Ere for fresh I'll choose to pay.

Faded cloth will hold together,
Due repairs preserve old suits;
But, though skill will clout shoe-leather,
Oh, how soon we wear out Boots!
Ah! what art avails to cobble
Uppers, cracked and full of holes,
Though we may contrive to hobble
On and on by cure of soles?

Here's a hat, which hath exuded
Pinguid ooze by length of wear;
Of its nap 'tis all denuded:
Hats as well as heads grow bare!
Our corporeal forms, obeying
Not our own, but Nature's will,
Year by year go on decaying,
But our clothes go faster still!

Good for years, yet this old raiment
May outlast this mortal clay,
May I so have no more payment
To provide for new array!

They must spare, whose means are slender,
What they best without can go;
That which grieves me to surrender,
Least of all, is outward show.

Food and liquor cheer and cherish
Us in passing through this Vale,
Yield us pleasure whilst they perish,
As, for instance, beef and ale.
Unconsumed apparel shields us
Best against sharp atmosphere;
Its consumption no good yields us,
Only costs so much a-year.

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE."

Is it? Well, in feudal times it may have been; but now-a-days assuredly we cannot so consider it. If the Englishman at least be a resident in London, he certainly can scarcely call his house his own, and, in point of mere stability, it would clearly be sheer mockery to view it as his castle. What with Railways and Main Drainages and Holborn Valley Elevations, his house is anything but being in the least degree impregnable, and may be taken and demolished without a chance of his preventing it. Indeed, if the Railways are allowed to go on knocking down our houses about our ears much longer, we poor Londoners will hardly have a roof to cover us; and we shall have to advertise that London is removed to the middle of Salisbury Plain, or the interior of Africa, or somewhere else where we can live secure from town "improvements."

"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER." All who wish to be so should purchase *Punch's Almanack*, which quickly removes freckles, gives a lustre to the eye, changes red hair into black or brown, whichever is preferred, and imparts the bloom of youth to the ancientest of cheeks. One trial will prove the fact; or, if you find it won't, buy another *Almanack* or two, and try again.



The Rev. Oriel Bland (who has come to perform the duty for an absent friend, at a small Country Church). "I SUPPOSE A HYMN IS SUNG IN THE USUAL SIMPLE MANNER."

Clerk. "OH DEAR NO, SIR; WE HAVE A VERY EFFICIENT CHOIR OF SINGERS, BESIDES THREE VIOLINS, THREE FLUTES, A CLARINET, ACCORDION, HORN, AND MY BASS FIDDLE; AND WE SING FOUR HYMNS, BESIDES CHAUNTING THE PSALMS AND LITANY; WE KNOW MOZART'S TWELFTH SERVICE, AND TO-DAY WE PERFORM PURCELL'S TE DEUM AND JUBILATE, BESIDES OUR USUAL ANTHEM; AND, SIR, YOU NEED NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF TO READ THE BELIEF, FOR WE SING THAT TOO; AND, SIR, WOULD YOU PREFER OUR TUNING-UP FOR THE LAST PIECE DURING YOUR EXORDIUM OR AT THE BLESSING, FOR MY BASS FIDDLE WILL DROP HALF A NOTE DURING SERVICE, AND—" [The Rev. O. B. turns pale and asks for a Glass of Water.

THE HOUSEHOLDER'S VOICE CONDUCTOR.

A VOICE Conductor, constructed after an old pattern, but on a new principle, has just been patented. Instead of being similar in form and size to a miniature ammonite, and small enough to be carried in the waistcoat pocket, it resembles in shape, and exceeds in dimensions, the good old ear-trumpet of our grandfathers and grandmothers, and approaches the magnitude of such an acoustic instrument as would suit the character and purposes of a deaf sovereign in the introduction to one of those intellectual performances which at this season constitute the principal attractions at the theatres. The use to which his Pantomimic Majesty would apply his ear-trumpet would be principally that of beating his courtiers about the head with it. That for which a Voice Conductor has been designedly fabricated on a scale of exaggeration, is different. The Householder's Voice Conductor as it is named by its inventor, is intended to be carried to the Clerkenwell and Central Criminal Court, by householders who may have the misfortune to be summoned away from their businesses and the bosoms of their families to perform the useless functions of Grand Jurymen at the Old Bailey and Middlesex Sessions. The householder who has had the wisdom to provide himself with this ingenious contrivance, should apply it to his ear with conspicuous alacrity whilst the jury-list is called over, and, when the jury are to be sworn, he should get close to the clerk who administers the oath, and insist upon thrusting the Voice Conductor against his mouth. By thus attracting the attention of the presiding Judge, he may happily succeed in obtaining his discharge; although, to be sure, the Judge may justly consider stone-deafness itself to constitute no impediment to the discharge of that limited duty, for the farce of whose performance the necessity of attending to be cooped up in a filthy place, and brought into contact with disgusting brutes, is imposed upon the Middlesex Grand Jurymen.

A PANTOMIME MEDLEY.

AIR—"Billy Patterson."

Solo. 'Tis at Covent Garden at this merry time,
Chorus of Children. Oh, PYNE and HARRISON!
Solo. St. George and the Dragon is their Pantomime.

Now I tell ye,
Now I tell ye,
That splendid Prince! I see
Him smiling now on me,
Of course the "He"'s a "She."
And then the Scenerce!
The PAYNES on hobbies ride;
From laughing at their fun,
You'll have pains in your side.

Chorus of Everybody delighted. Oh, PYNE and HARRISON!

Solo by Paternfamilias. At Old Drury Lane we must all
of us show.

Chorus of Enthusiastic Juveniles. Oh, F. B. CHATTERTON!
Solo. Where Sindbad the Sailor is really a "Go."

So I tell ye,
So I tell ye,
A child, a baby wee,
Plays very cleverlee
The Old Man of the Sea,
'Tis wonderful to me!
To Drury ride or walk,
But stop there till 'tis done,
Then loudly call for FALC-
-ONER and CHATTERTON!

AIR—"Gentle Zietta."

At the Adelphi,
Lady Bella Belle
Goes after Leah
Uncommonly well,
And for the title,
We'd say 'tis the thing
Which in the ears of
The Town ought to ring.

AIR—"Ole Dan Tucker."

I came to town the other night
I asked the people for a Christmas Sight:
"To the Princess's Theatre you should go," said they,
"To see Tom Tucker, 'tain't out of your way."
Quite in my way,
Is Tom Tucker! (bis.)
Quite in my way
Is Tom Tucker,
Then go back to EVANS's for supper.

AIR—"The Bold Marco." MR. FECHTER'S Popular Song in 'Bel Demoni

"Soho! Soho!" Dean Street, Soho!
You will see such a "glorious" sight;
For Ixion he'll
Still remain "at the Wheel,"
For many a winter's night.
Soho! Soho! 'tis the place to go!
[Da capo with a long run.

KNOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL!

In these days of startling and puzzling advertisements, it is pleasant to find that the Go-a-headers in the fourth quarter of the world are introducing an elegant and pleasing style of literature into their advertising columns. We extract the following from an American paper:—

"LIGHT AND BECOMING.—It is very desirable at this season to have the head furnished with a light, cool Hat; but at the same time we must not ignore beauty, or sacrifice appearance to comfort, especially when there is no occasion for it, while KNOX, of No. 212, Broadway, has such elegant and becoming styles of soft and straw Hats suitable for all heads, as light as air, and as cool as cucumbers."

The conjunction placed between "soft" and "straw" suggests a difficulty. Are the Soft Hats not of straw, or are the Straw Hats not soft? We should advise this talented maker not to put his name in the crown of every hat, lest some sharp rival might take occasion to observe that, whether the material was hard or soft, 'twould be inconvenient to walk about with perpetual KNOX on the head.



THE MORNING AFTER.

Mamma. "WELL, MAGGIE, WHO DID YOU DANCE WITH LAST NIGHT?"

Maggie. "REALLY, MAMMA, I QUITE FORGET. I'VE LOST MY CARD."

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.

(A Christmas Love-episode in the life of a Comic Contributor.)

It was the night on which I had made up my mind to propose to ADELINA PETTITOE, and for ever cut out that abominable DE YAWYAW of the Dragons, or something else, hang him! Where should we go? in what place could I tell my love?

"Oh, MR. QUIP!" said the fair creature, "you owe me several pairs of gloves."

I did: for hadn't I, sly fox that I was, been shamming sleep in an arm-chair before the fire, until I was nearly done to rags, for the sake of being daintily saluted on the forehead by a sweet, pouting pair of lips.

I boil over with anger while penning this account, as I subsequently found, that that infernal DE YAWYAW had bribed the boy in buttons to perform the above-mentioned operation on my forehead, while he, the crafty Dragoon, was kissing my ADELINA—I mean *his* ADELINA—in a dark corner of the same apartment. But no matter—ahem!

"MISS PETTITOE," I said, believing her to be true as steel, "what is your number?" Even PIVER himself stood amazed when I repeated to him the fairy-like size of my sweet one's hand.

"Here, MISS PETTITOE," I said, not daring to call her ADELINA (Oh! had I but known!), "here are your gloves, and will you—I mean that is—would you—"

She bashfully looked down.

"Would you—?" Ah! what was I going to say?—"Would you—like to go to the Pantomime?"

It was a capital idea, for old MR. PETTITOE had just entered the room.

"I can't go myself," he said (who'd asked him?). "But if you don't mind taking charge of a young puss like—"

His venerable mouth was stopped by one of my elfin gloves, with a hand in it.

At the present season I selected *Little Tom Tucker* as a suitable performance, for I saw by the bill that there was to be a "Grand Fairy Congress on a Lake of Real Water," and what more poetical opportunity could there be for a display of my gushing affections, in a very torrent of flowing eloquence, which should even put to shame the bubbling reality of the Transformation Scene. Our Stalls were in the back row.

"Oh, MR. QUIP, how nice this is!" said my ADELINA.

Gratitude, and from *Her!* I forget what was my exact reply, but I took her observation entirely to myself.

She undeceived me.

"I don't mean that," she whispered, turning towards me as we were squeezing over the people's feet to our seats; "but look—there's CAPTAIN YAWYAW next to us."

And so there was; I anathematised him, and immediately had to apologise for treading on the tender corn of an elderly spectator.

We took our places; MISS PETTITOE between YAWYAW and myself.

"My intellectual conversation," thought I, "shall show MISS PETTITOE the superiority of Mind over Matter;" matter in this instance being exclusively YAWYAW.

I made myself very agreeable, and talked a great deal until the gallery shouted "Hush!" and some vulgar enthusiast in the pit suggested that I should be turned out. I smiled defiance at them. They couldn't see my scorn in consequence of my face being towards the stage. Now I come to look back, I don't think *she* said much. The Real water came at last. Fairies grouped themselves about; a glorious, soothing, calm-inspiring scene; now was the time for my proposal.

"My dear MISS PETTITOE," I began, with a hot throat and a husky voice, not at all like a lover's. "My dear MISS PETTITOE—ahem—"

"Ulloo!" exclaimed a voice behind me, "I thought as you'd be 'ere, MR. QUIP."

The voice came from the front row of the pit, and belonged to my plebeian bootmaker, who unfortunately presumes upon the fact of my general affability, *his* ideas of equality, and a long unsettled account.

I was obliged to say "Ah, MR. STRETCH, how d'ye do?" LA PETTITOE turned to YAWYAW; and the fiendish bootmaker "held me with his glittering eye," or his glittering I. O. U. as it unfortunately happened.

"Yer've something to do with the funny papers, ham't yer?" Not for worlds would I have had my ADELINA know of this; ADELINA who had heard me reason with her learned parent on pre-Adamite existences and German philosophy. I had always felt that her ethereal nature would despise the grosser particles composing a Comic Contributor. I dared not look at her. I thought she made some movement, perhaps of horror, perhaps of disgust, may be, both together; at all events I looked not at her, but gave myself up to that rattlesnake of a bootmaker in the front row of the pit.

Often had I affably allowed him to joke with me in his shop. Hang me if ever again I will unbend to my tradesmen; that is, after I've paid them.

"I've got a riddle for yer," whispered the brute, quite loud enough to be heard by his admiring friends, and nobody cried, "hush," "order," or "turn him out."

"This'll do for your paper better than anythink yer've 'ad for a age."

I smiled; not yet did I dare to look towards ADELINA. Even the bootmaker was pitying the Comic Contributor.

"Vy" (if he had only used a W, I'd have partially forgiven him)—"Vy does the manager o' this cre theayter always seem to be miserable ven he's happy? eh?"

Of course I gave it up, though I'd made the joke myself scores of times before in a better form, and of course he asked me to guess, taking no refusal.

"I thought 'twas vun too many for yer." (Yes: *he* pitied me!) "Vell, this is it," says he, pointing to the Manager's name in the bill, "Cos even when he's laughing, he's always *Vining*."

He told me that I could "use it" if I liked, and he wouldn't charge anythink for it; vulgar dog! The infliction for the present was over. I determined to take MISS PETTITOE home, and in the fly perhaps I might be able to re-establish myself in her good opinion, and then—

"Oh, my ADELINA! Oh, my PETTITOE! Goue, gone from me for ever!"

While my head was turned (ay, in more senses than one!), while the real water was bubbling over the stage (oh, my streaming eyes!), while the Bumptious Bootmaker was communicating his confounded comicalities in my ear, she, he, He and She, had departed.

I went out into the raw gashlighted night.

"Ack's fly from Hishington!" shouts Waterman No. 2.

Everybody's carriage drives up in its proper course: 'Ack's fly, I am told, is coming.

Everybody went in everybody's carriage. The Theatre was closed.

'Ack's fly was no longer "coming," it had gone; long, long ago, perhaps to Gretna Green, or wherever cloping couples do go in these days, and the other morning the bill was sent in to me. I forwarded it to CAPTAIN YAWYAW at his Club, and on that same afternoon settled finally with my bootmaker, and quoted to him the ancient Latin maxim, the heading of this story, which being in a language "not understood of the people," produced no effect upon the man, save making him snigger. And so I left him, as ADELINA had left *me*—for EVER.

RIDDLE BY A SHUFFLER.

WHEN does a Card Sharper meet with his match?
When he "faces" a Knave.

VOLUNTEERS AND VICTIMS.



CONTINUALLY has *Punch* complained of the practice that exists with certain Volunteers of returning from a march at nearly twelve o'clock at night, and disturbing peaceful people by the braying of their bands. Now, Volunteer corps were created not to break the peace, but to keep it; and their duty is to stop a row, and not to kick one up. If they cannot march without a band, by all means let them have one; but in that case let their marching be accomplished before nightfall; or, if they want to march at midnight, let them do so without music, or where they won't disturb people who want to go to sleep. As their business simply is to act on the defensive, they should not use their drums and trumpets as weapons of offence, and this they certainly

become when blown and beaten before houses in the middle of the night. Possibly such music may be sport to those who march, but it may perhaps be death to those who are awakened by it. If every Volunteer, when next he goes upon a night march, would as he passes through the streets just think how many people may be lying fever-stricken, or worn out with overwork, in the bed-chambers above him, he would, if he possess any right and proper feeling, vote at once for stopping the "drum's discordant sound," and refuse to march again with music in the middle of the night.

The Waits, whose mission is to make night hideous at Christmas time, may have some slight excuse for it in the fact that they earn money—more 's the pity—by their music, and at any rate their torturing comes only once a-year. But Volunteers have no such pleas as these to offer for their noise, and the sooner they are bound over to keep the peace the better. What with banjo brutes and barrel-organs to torture us by day, and Volunteers to victimise us with their bands by night, people with good hearing have rather a bad time of it, and one begins to envy people who were born stone deaf.]

DOGERRY IN PRINT.

THE Public may expect some very amusing articles on the "Holstein Difficulty" from the Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. We were led to this conclusion by the subjoined paragraph in his Letter which appeared on the twenty-ninth of December last. Says the Special Correspondent:—

"I think I told you in my last—though really one writes amid such a bustle and commotion that there is no recalling the memoranda noted on the asses'-skin tablets of one's brain," &c. &c.

The italics are ours. If ever man wrote himself down an ass, this is the modest individual. Editorial kindness, not to mention self-respect, might surely have razed out the stultifying epithet, and allowed the tablets to remain; or the line might have been treated as containing a literal quibble, and been harmoniously understood as "the asses'-skin tablets of one's brayin'." This interpolation of a "Y" would not have had much of a "Wherefore" to account for it; but the charitable Editor could have boldly quoted the example of certain Shakspearian Commentators, who take every opportunity of inserting an *l* here, an *m* or *n* there, as the case may be, without the slightest regard to either rhyme or reason. We doubt not but that every Special Correspondent is judiciously chosen from among those whose powers of quick accurate discrimination and ready discernment have been strengthened by that experience which partly comes by length of days, or as we may say in this particular case, by length of ears.

FROG HE WOULD A-WRITING GO.

THE following is the real text of the letter which the EMPEROR OF FRANCE has sent to the little Pretender who has been proclaiming himself in Holstein. The latter, it may be remembered, wrote to NAPOLEON, compared himself and his early misfortunes with the EMPEROR and his mishaps, and asked for aid on the ground that, like L. N., the Pretender was appealing to the principle of nationalities. COUNT DE MORNAY kindly got us a copy of the letter, which we have translated literally.

To my Cousin the Frog.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE charming fable about the Frog that wanted to blow itself into the size of the Bull is familiar to you, for all princes are told fables. Well, my dear little Frog, you are fancying yourself like me. Now we have no enmity against you for being a frog; indeed, as you know, frogs are favourites with Frenchmen, and our dear Bull over La Manche may be said to have worked out that theme with more pertinacity than politeness—however, we make ourselves amends by always harping on his Beer. But, cousin Frog, I must really warn you against certain dangers. Frogs, like men, should look before they leap. I fear you have been in a hurry to leap into Holstein. You know how frogs are served when wanted for the purposes of high cookery. They are laid on a block, and their hind legs are chopped off for the stewpan. My dearest cousin, you know best how many legs you can spare. But it is due to cousinhood and all the finer feelings to tell you that if the KING OF DENMARK should have reason to complain of ill-treatment, and France, whose wishes I live but to obey, should suggest that you mount the block instead of the throne, it will be with cousinly tears in my eyes, but with an uncommonly sharp chopper in my hand that I shall be forced to execute her behests. Good is my only motive, as everybody knows, and as I said, indeed, only the other day. So, without dwelling upon your indiscretion in drawing a parallel between the petty miseries of an illegitimate little German frog-duke, and the splendid misfortunes which hallowed the early years of yours truly, look out for your hind legs. And may Jupiter, who sent King Stork to a certain nationality, have you in his best keeping. In parenthesis let me add, that I hope you will not be more hurt than is needful, should I ask my friend John of the Beerbarrels to give me his advice as to the best form of chopping block. He has not much delicacy, but is great at inventions, and he thinks with me on this Danish business. And so, my dear cousin Frog, wishing you all the compliments of the season, and strongly advising you not to burst, believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

LOUIS NAPOLEON,

Elected of the Millions.

Paris, Vendredi soir.

PUNCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

MR. PUNCH answered so many Correspondents last week that he intended to have done with those bothering parties for some time. But here is a genuine communication, for which he must find room. MR. WILLIAM JONES, late of Foregate Street, Chester, who resembles LORD PALMERSTON in being a cabinet-maker, writes to the *Chester Record* (which we hope in no degree resembles its Presbyterian namesake of London) to say that when about 2,000 miles from civilisation, that is to say at the W. (west, Mr. Cox) foot of the Rocky Mountains, among the Blackfoot and Flathead Indians—

"We (MR. JONES and another Englishman) picked up a whole leaf of *Punch*, and had a great time over the camp fire."

No doubt. We are very glad that two worthy men lighted on the leaf in question. Thus doth *Mr. Punch* present himself, ubiquitously. In what part of Creation is he not found, ready to be guide, philosopher and friend? Such testimonials are nothing new to him, nevertheless they are welcome. We learn that MR. JONES and his friend, with their minds elevated by *Mr. Punch's* wisdom, and their hearts cheered by *Mr. Punch's* wit, went manfully on their way, and we trust that they are making their fortunes. Nuggets may be addressed, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

SPIRITUAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE Ecclesiastical Commission has endowed benefices permanently to the amount of £160,000 a-year. Their income is more than £250,000 a-year. What becomes of the difference? A part of that is paid for the management of their funds. The sum applied to this purpose is nearly £60,000. The rest does not appear to be accounted for; but nobody but a too insinuating fellow would on this account exclaim, Who would not like to be an Ecclesiastical Commissioner? A poor fellow, however, with a wife and several children, or with expensive personal wants, may be permitted to express the wish that he had the management of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' fund.



POOR COUSIN CHARLES.

Juvenile. "WHY DO THEY CALL THOSE THINGS COUSIN CHARLES SMOKES CIGARETTES. EH, POLLY?"

Polly. "WELL, DEAR; BECAUSE THEY ARE LITTLE CIGARS, I SUPPOSE!"

Juvenile. "OH THEN, WOULD COUSIN CHARLES BE CALLED A CAPTAINETTE, BECAUSE HE'S A LITTLE CAPTAIN?"

[JONES, who is a Volunteer, but is six feet high, twirls his moustachios with mild complacency.]

THE ANTI-SAUSAGE LEAGUE.

SAYS bold MR. BEEF to brave MONSIEUR BORDEAUX,
"I didn't care much for that Congress, you know,
But you see you and I are old Europe's police,
And charged with preventing a breach of the peace.

"These small German Sausages kick up a shine,
And when bad men conspire, Monsieur, good men combine,
So I think it becomes us, as vigilant Bobbies,
To tickle the various Teutouical tobies."

SAYS MONSIEUR BORDEAUX to his friend MR. BEEF,
"To take what's not ours is the act of a thief;
And I've mentioned the fact in a way he will feel
To that little Augustenburg beggar at Kiel.

"I've hinted beside, that, although I respect
The right of a people its King to elect,
If Denmark is wronged by this thing they're about,
The Sausages party had better look out."

Now, if Beef and Bordeaux in opinion unite,
That the fat little Sausages musn't show fight,
And the fat little Sausages won't be denied,
They musn't complain if they find themselves *fried*.

Respecting Youth.

THE old maxim, "*Maxima debetur puero reverentia*,"—a precept that should be received with childlike trust, since it comes from JUVENAL—is only another confirmation of the solemn injunction that is always being laid upon us, that if we wish to live to a good old age, we musn't abuse our youth.

JUSTICES' MERCY.

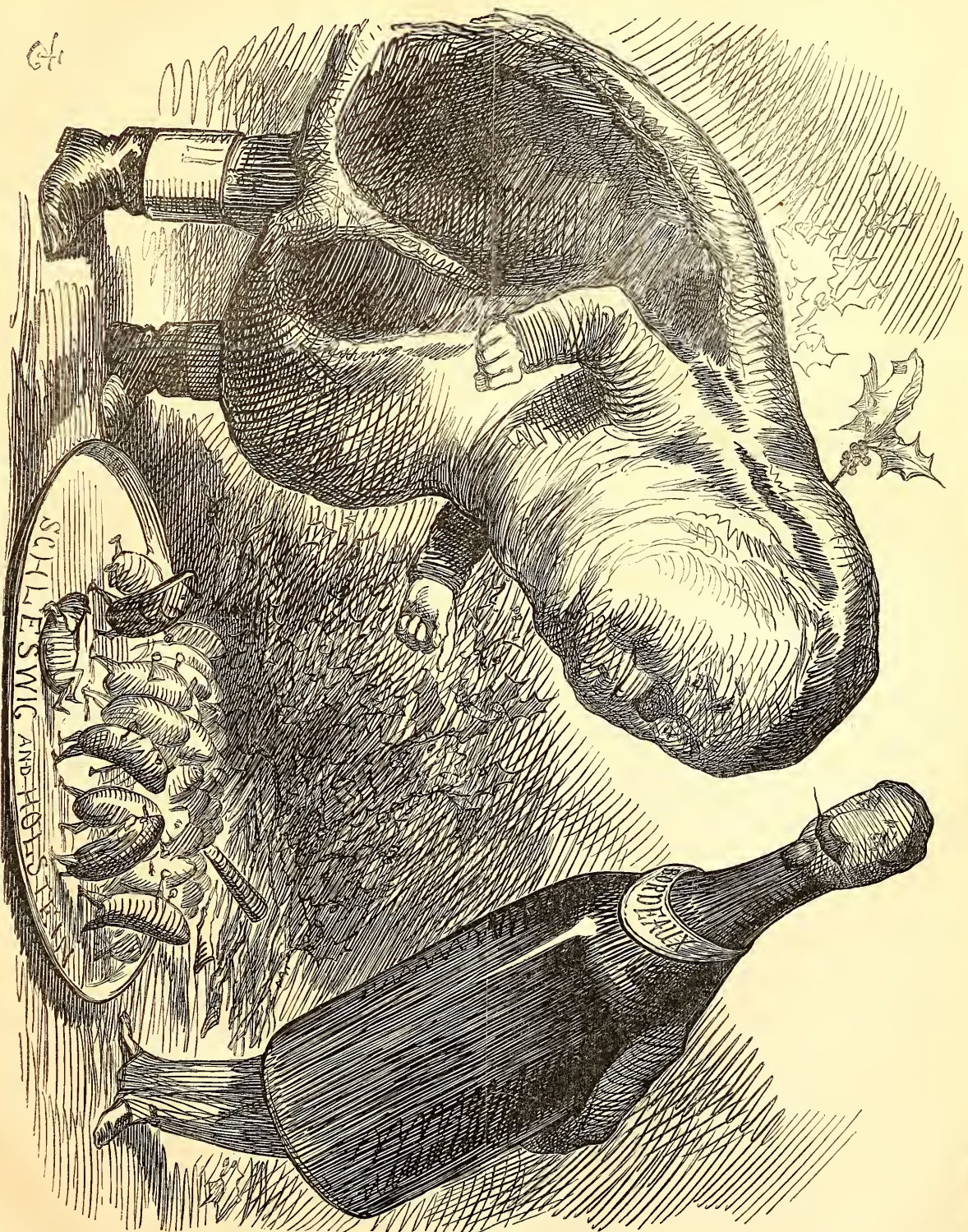
THE subjoined statement, which has appeared in the *Brighton Examiner*, will be read with large allowance for the hard necessity by which British Magistrates are obliged in the administration of justice:—

"PUNISHED FOR LIVING TOO LONG.—A pauper in the Uckfield Union, named WILLIAM NOVIES, aged 82, was charged before the Magistrates with refusing to work. The poor old man, who had lived twelve years beyond the threescore years and ten allotted to man, said he was unable to work, but their worship thought differently, and sentenced him to twenty-one days' hard labour."

Everybody must sympathise with the kind-hearted Justices in the sorrow with which they felt themselves constrained, bound as they were by their official duty, to commit a poor old boy of eighty-two to twenty-one days' hard labour, a sentence that includes a diet as bad as workhouse-fare, for declining work on the ground of inability to do it at his time of life, which must have been manifest. That they "thought differently" from the aged prisoner on this point is mere surmise; there could not have been two opinions about it. It is not difficult to suggest a parallel to the grief with which they were agonised in enforcing the law irrespectively of natural feeling. BRUTUS felt much the same when he sent his sons to the block, or whatever the ancient Romans used instead of one. Or these tender Beaks experienced anguish similar to that which rends the hearts of benevolent Russian soldiers, compelled by DE BERG and MOURAVIEFF to whip, hang, and torture captive Poles. Poor Justices! Yes; we pity them very much, and hope that the cruel law which has cost them so much pain will be mitigated. We wish them very many happy New Years, and the ability to do work, if necessary, at eighty-two.

Ingratitude of the Future.

THE POPE has recognised JEFFERSON DAVIS. Our friend VICTOR-EMMANUEL says that one of these days (*France volente*) JEFFERSON DAVIS may have to decline to recognise the POPE.



THE ENGLISH BEEF, THE FRENCH WINE, AND THE GERMAN SAUSAGES.

THE BEEF "NOW, LOOK HERE, YOU 'SMALL GERMANS; DON'T JUMP OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE—THAT'S ALL!"

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(DECEMBER 24TH, 1863.)

HE was a cynic : By his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words and gentle ways :
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.

HE was a cynic : you might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair ;
In those blue eyes with child-like candour lit,
In the sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

HE was a cynic : by the love that clung
About him from his children, friends, and kin :
By the sharp pain, light pen and gossip tongue
Wrought in him, chafing the soft heart within.

HE was a cynic : let his books confess
His *Dobbin's* silent love ; or yet more rare,
His *Newcome's* chivalry and simpleness ;
His *Little Sister's* life of loving care.

And if his acts, affections, works and ways
Stamp not upon the man the cynic's sneer,—
From life to death, oh, public, turn your gaze—
The last scene of a cynical career !

These uninvited crowds, this hush that lies,
Unbroken, till the solemn words of prayer
From many hundred reverent voices rise
Into the sunny stillness of the air.

These tears, in eyes but little used to tears,
These sobs, from manly lips, hard set and grim,
Of friends, to whom his life lay bare for years,
Of strangers, who but knew his books, not him.

A cynic ? Yes—if 'tis the cynic's part
To track the serpent's trail, with saddened eye,
To mark how good and ill divide the heart,
How lives in chequered shade and sunshine lie :

How e'en the best unto the worst is knit
By brotherhood of weakness, sin, and care ;
How, even in the worst, sparks may be lit
To show all is not utter darkness there.

Through Vanity's bright-flaunting fair he walked,
Marking the puppets dance, the jugglers play ;
Saw Virtue tripping, honest effort baulked,
And sharpened wit on roguery's downward way ;

And told us what he saw : and if he smiled
His smile had more of sadness than of mirth—
But more of love than either. Undeified,
Gentle, alike by accident of birth,

And gift of courtesy, and grace of love,
When shall his friends find such another friend ?
For them, and for his children God above
Has comfort : let us bow : God knows the end.

TO OUR JEWISH FRIENDS.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR, from whom *Punch* had reason to expect better things, has, according to the American Correspondent of the *Standard*, adopted the philo-Tartar tone of MR. SEWARD, and applauds the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, not for slave-emancipation, but for his cruelties to the Poles. And MR. BAYARD TAYLOR is reported by the same authority, to give a curious reason why Polish men should be hanged, Polish ladies flogged, and Polish children piked or kicked to death by the Cossacks.

"Out of every hundred Poles, [ninety-nine are Jews, and the hundredth is a Russian."

We strongly commend this humane argument to the respectful attention of the Barons ROTHSCHILD and other Hebrew capitalists. Perhaps, when the clean-shaved, cat-eyed, high-heeled emissary of St. Petersburg next comes to fawn upon the great Jews and to ask money for his master, he may receive a pleasant answer. We should like to know that MR. BAYARD TAYLOR had been mis-represented, but as he writes for the *Tribune*, which is all for exterminating the Southerners, we fear that his admiration for the Cossack Federals and their doings in Poland, has really been illustrating itself in the above charming passage.

THE FECHTER FARCES.

MR. FECHTER's system of production seems to have taken a hint from the *Pantomimes*, in which a tenebrious opening scene almost invariably prefaces the discovery of a fairy region. Purely we suppose on a principle of contrast, he always commences the entertainment with an execrable Farce, in order to sharpen our enjoyment of an interesting drama. There is something classic in this notion. The Eleusinian neophyte, it will be remembered, was always tortured in the first instance, in order duly to prepare him for a state of enlightenment and transport. If we cannot believe that at the Lyceum we share the raptures of the *Esoterici*, we are strongly inclined to think we get some knowledge of their sufferings. Two of the dullest Farces in our knowledge have been produced at this theatre, as its accustomed introductions, which if belonging to the category that on the French stage is described as being merely played "to raise the curtain," were sadly deficient in the English requisite of being able to raise a laugh.

Of course the illiberal vulgar, who have nothing of the artist in their nature, refer the badness of these pieces to the circumstance that MR. FECHTER does not act in them himself; but his proceeding is susceptible of a much profounder interpretation. It is just possible that he has something in his design that is educational, that he punishes us in this fashion only in order to reform us; that in fact, he gives us the worst of Farces merely to disgust us with their class, and so to elevate our taste to a due reverence for Melodrama. Willingly as we fall into this view; which however we must confess we have too recently escaped from beef and pudding to discuss with perspicacity; we regret that the last specimen of this style of piece which he has given us, is obnoxious to the charge of something more than excessive dullness. We are constrained to say, that its features are peculiarly photographic—they are not only flat, but coarse.

The *Lost Child*, as it is called, produced at this house as the Christmas novelty, makes out its claim to newness in the fact that it presents a pair of MR. SMITHS, who are mistaken for each other, and a modern English sailor, whose only exclamation consists of "shiver my timbers," touches of truth and ingenuity which we doubt not convulsed the public in the time of COLLEY CIBBER, whilst its humour exhibits the force of being embodied in a stuffed baby, which is handed in succession to every character in the Farce, and thus creates the pleasantry not only of exposing each of its guardians to the suspicion of being its parent, but of enabling the gentlemen to say, that they are unable to give it nutriment!

Now we have the utmost possible sympathy with a writer who is hard up for a joke, or with a dramatist who is in a state of temporary mental embarrassment, and can find no friendly MR. MARSHALL to relieve him from his difficulty; but we shall scarcely be thought intolerant if we object to a class of subject that necessarily involves indelicacy, or to a style of treatment that gives its spirit the most unscrupulous distinctness. We are not the fanatics or the fools, (that is, supposing they are not identical) to deny the drama a certain freedom that is really essential to its spirit, but if this freedom is not to be limited by a tolerable respect for decency, we cannot understand the ground on which we are to pay so high for it. Grossness and indelicacy are to be had in the streets for nothing, and are among the cheapest matters possible for those who need their stimuli, but if they are to be sold in theatres, we must consider them rather dear at five-and-sixpence for the boxes and six-and-sixpence for the stalls!

At the same time we must own that our bewilderment at this occurrence is quite as great as our annoyance. Here is the theatre, which, *par excellence*, boasts of its aristocratic patronage, pandering to the gallery in a manner which would scarcely be done at the Marylebone. Here is an Actor-manager, who has won his laurels as an exponent of our exalted SHAKSPEARE, doing his best to sustain a taste which it should be his chief task to improve. True it may be said that this infliction only lasts till eight o'clock, and that if we are disgusted for the first hour, we are delighted for the remaining three; but this is an extenuation that would only deepen our perplexity. This would be to say, that coarseness is an allowable portion of the Lyceum entertainment, and was to be taken in advance like the Yankees take tobacco before dinner. It would be to affirm that eight o'clock was a boundary hour at this house between vulgarity on one side and good taste on the other. Up to which point the gallery was acknowledged as the only audience present, and after which it was the rule to discover that there were also ladies and gentlemen: such an arrangement we are quite aware would not be without certain conveniences. It would be particularly advantageous for our fast young country visitors; it would enable them in one evening to pass into two distinct spheres of society. Up to eight o'clock they could fancy themselves at the Coal Hole or the Alhambra, and afterwards enjoy an elegant drama at the Lyceum.

CALCRAFT ON THE CONTINENT.

THE Federal Execution in Holstein is certainly a most demoralising spectacle.

THE VERMIN FAMINE.

MR. PUNCH,

THE "Fox-Famine," which is said to exist in Ayrshire, might, by a natural mistake, be supposed to be a scarcity of geese and other poultry, as a rats-and-mice famine would be understood to mean a scarcity of cheese. It used to be a true saying that "the fox carries the goose," but this hardly holds good in Ayrshire, and will soon cease to be applicable to circumstances in that county, unless the measures which, under the auspices of the EARL OF EGLINTON and the MARQUIS OF AILSA, have been adopted in regard to the vulpine race, answer their purpose. The Fox Famine means a dearth of foxes; and if the disappearance of these useful animals before advancing agriculture and civilisation cannot be arrested, there will soon be no foxes in that division of Scotland to steal any geese, if there are any there besides those which may or may not abound among the bimanous mammals.

To attempt to demonstrate the utility of foxes otherwise than by taking a brush and ramming it down a gainsayer's throat, would appear more ridiculous to those who hold it than to those who do not see it. Who would have thought of arguing with a learned and venerable nobleman if he really had been such a monoduce as to say that he thought SHAKSPEARE an overrated man? Foxhunting is like poetry; is, in fact, a part of the poetry of the nation. So is every field-sport, and all the animals of the chase are poetic things. But so, too, is all woodcraft, with every creature that it concerns. Foxes are vermin; but they are fancy-vermin; and let those who deny the claims of fancy be anathema. There are, however, other fancy-vermin besides foxes. There are eagles, golden and other, falcons, hawks, owls, and other birds of prey; besides badgers, polecats, weasels, stoats, and otters, of which one was seen the other day in the valley of the Ithen, and has probably been since killed by some curmudgeon, lest it should destroy a few trout. These fancy-vermin were formerly numerous enough; not too much so: they were kept under. But now that the successors of the old English gentlemen have become poulterers, the British *fauna*, under the name of vermin, are getting exterminated, in order that the greatest possible quantity of game may be sent to market. In such a county as Hampshire, for instance, you now scarcely ever see such a thing as a kite, or a buzzard, or a sparrowhawk, or a raven.

The Fox, I know, is a sacred animal. He is dedicated to the rites of Horse-Worship. I have, I trust, a proper respect for that form of devotion, and for the Fox which it adores in subordination to the superior quadruped. But let me also stick up for the divinity of the fields and forests altogether, for old Pan, and the *fauna* at large, which I take leave to call fancy-vermin; and so no more at present from your faithful Medium, who begs that you will accept this communication as transmitted from the spirit of

Museum Street, January, 1864.

LINNÆUS.

LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You know how happy and honoured I always feel in communicating with you, whether upon Chinaware, Taxes, or the Homeric poems.

Of those three courses, the second is pleasantly open to me [at the present festive period.

You will remember—for you remember everything—that in my last Budget I proposed sacrifices of national income to the amount of about Three millions and one-third.

But there is really no calculating the amiable elasticity of our resources, The national balance sheet (of which I send you the earliest copy) shows that I have lost but half a million.

It is, I know, needless to say to you that a Penny of the Income-Tax represents a Million.

It is, I hope, equally needless to say that I shall, on the strength of this gratifying result, propose, in April next, to take off Two-Pence from that tax.

Will you kindly make that announcement, in order to increase the happiness of the present season, and will you believe me, with my best regards to yourself and your estimable family (regards in which SIR STEPHEN GLYNNE begs to join),

Yours most faithfully,

Hawarden Castle, Flintshire,
New Year's Day, 1864.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

Wonderful Agreement Between the French and English.

THERE is a plan in agitation to make a raffle of the *Great Eastern*. The lottery is to be organised and drawn at Frankfort, and the first prize is to be the Big Ship itself. This will be designated—as is usual with all lotteries on the Continent—"le gros lot," and there is no denying that the lucky winner, when the monster vessel is handed over to him, will receive "a great lot" for his money.

CRIME ITS OWN EXCUSE.

SIR,

As a medical man, who has had much experience in lunacy cases, I beg to call your attention to the following Police report:—

"An impudent looking girl named BROWN, who had been remanded for stripping children of their clothes, was brought up again before MR. HENRY. In one case she had taken off every article worn by a little girl except its shift, and left it to perish on a cold winter's evening in the doorway of a shop. Two children of five and seven years old, who had been sent to the Victoria Theatre to attend a special Religious Service, had also been stripped by her. Other cases were proved. MR. HENRY fully committed her for trial."

Now, Sir, I sincerely trust that this poor girl will not be punished! I have no morbid sympathy with crime, but I think that we ought to inquire into the state of her mind. There are several things that may be urged as extenuating reasons why she deprived these brats of their clothes. She may have visited the Crystal Palace and been struck with the beauty of the undraped infantine figure to such an extent that she may have been unable to resist the impulse to reproduce the objects that had impressed her ill-regulated mind. More probably, however, she had seen objects of greater necessity than these well-cared-for children, and in the impulse of uneducated benevolence had resorted to this rough-and-ready plan of clothing the former, a course that would denote a bewildered sense of justice, but not depravity. Again, as the robbing children is a crime against which, when it is committed by a sane person, Society revolts, we may suppose that a female who would so act must have been driven out of her senses by some real or imaginary wrong sustained from the parents of these children or of others, and that she was wreaking an insane revenge. Lastly, Sir, she may have been in love, which is in itself a species of madness, and may have stopped at no means by which she could purchase some Christmas offering for the object of her affections.

Surely, Sir, Society will not allow this poor girl to be sent for three months' hard labour for stripping a parcel of children, who have probably been re-clothed by this time. In the name of our profession, I call upon you to publish this protest, and am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Crotchet Lodge.

CRANKEY CRACKER, M.D.

A CACKLE FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR BUT UNBELIEVING PUNCH,

IN your admirable *Pocket-Book* I read a clever letter from an able Correspondent, proving quite conclusively that SHAKSPEARE was a Spirit-rapper, or at any rate had faith in the existence of the Spirits. That another divine poet—need I name poor dear LORD BYRON?—was also a believer in them, is fully shown, I fancy, by the words his *Manfred* uses, when about to summon the fair *Witch of the Alps*. MR. PHELPS I hear, omitted them; but the words, you know, are these:—

"I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the plaiice divide
The homage of these waters."

What with the sole and the plaiice (LORD B. misspells it "place") this passage may perhaps appear a little fishy. But to my mind it conveys the most distinct assurance that LORD BYRON was a Spiritualist; and when such men as he and SHAKSPEARE are thus *proved* to have believed that Spirits *do* exist, surely it is time for *Punch* to be converted.

In hope of this, believe me, yours, with the profoundest sympathy,

Clapham Common, Tuesday.

ANN OLDGOOSE.

A PULL AT A ROSE.

WE have sympathised with ALDERMAN ROSE upon his having been ill-treated by the Government, who refused him a baronetcy because he is a Tory, and beat them at Southampton. But we shall not sympathise with him any more if he supports cabmen in demanding double their fare. A Hebrew gentleman and his friend took a cab a certain distance, which being measured was found to be under a mile, and therefore the fare was sixpence. Cabby demanded a shilling, and ALDERMAN ROSE is reported to have said that Cabby "ought to have had the shilling, as there were two persons," and the Alderman rather snubbed the Hebrew, who said, fairly enough, that he had resisted the cheat on principle. Now, really, Alderman, you must not do this sort of thing. We rely upon the Fathers of the City to help the Mothers of the GRACCHI, and everybody else's mothers, against cab-extortioners, and if Justice goes over to the wrong side, we shall take the liberty of submitting her scales to the Jury that goes round seizing bad weights and short measures. We hoped better things of you, MR. ROSE, and we are afraid that you almost deserve to be a baronet—no, that's harsh, at Christmas time, but don't do this again.

PAINT-POT ADVERTISEMENTS.



WILL somebody please do something to induce SIR RICHARD MAYNE, or the LORD MAYOR, or VISCOUNT PALMERSTON to smash and put a stop to the abominable practice of painting tradesmen's names on all the dead walls about London, not excepting even those which border Kensington Gardens, and other spots that should be sacredly kept free from such defilement? The notice "Stick no Bills" is entirely disregarded by these puffers in white paint, who indeed appear to seize precisely on those places where bill-stickers are warned off. The big posters upon hoardings do not add much, it is true, to the charm of a street-landscape: still there is something picturesque and quaint in their cross-readings. The white paint puffs, however, have no redeeming feature, and are the greater eyesore because protruded in the spots you would

have thought most safe from puffery. When one is enjoying, say, a sentimental saunter with one's sweetheart, one hates to be reminded of the cares and cost of housekeeping by seeing notices advising one to "Go to Smough for Baby Linen," or to "Try BUGGINS'S Spring Bedsteads." Nor does one want to be perplexed by questions asking one "Who's GRIFFITHS?" or to be told that MR. MUGGINS'S "Emporium of Fashion" is somewhere in the wilds of Shoreditch or 'of Stepney, where you as much expect to go as to Cayenne or Chimborazo.

What with ugly Railway Bridges disfiguring our streets, and Electric Wires like clothes-lines carried along our house-tops, we Londoners have certainly few prospects to be proud of. But if this paint-pot puffery be suffered to extend itself, we shall expect to see or church-towers disfigured like the Pyramids with the names of snobbish Englishmen, who so long as they can puff themselves, care little what they spoil thereby. We really almost wonder a Street Advertising Company has not long since been established, which should utilise our public buildings by covering them with trade advertisements. If the dome of St. Paul's were only let out for this purpose, we think a very handsome rent might be obtained for it. The Houses of Parliament might also serve in this way, and be valuable on account of their extensive river frontage: while Pillars like the Monument, Duke of York's, and the Nelson Column would do famously for tradespeople to paint their names on in large letters, to clap the "Gent's Half-Guinea Trousers" on the statue at the top, and group a lot of cheap and n-ot nice tailors' dummies at the base.

THE RUSSIAN GAME OF JACK KETCH.

ACCORDING to one of REUTER'S telegrams from Warsaw, the *Chiola* gives the following description of a bit of fun which the Russians had the other day at Wielun with a Polish prisoner named SZUSTERSKI:—

"First they slowly strung him up, as usual in Russia; the halter then broke, and the victim, half strangled, fell on the ground. Another halter was procured, and that broke also, the victim falling this time on his head, and inflicting a terrible wound. He was then tied by the neck to the lower part of the gallows by a third halter, and four soldiers pulled him by the legs till he was dead. The officers who were present at this shocking scene afterwards went to a grand dinner, where they drank and sang far into the night."

The Russians are keeping up the good old European amusements which in these degenerate days are thought barbarous by the other nations of Europe, and are practised in no other part of the world, except the dominions of the KING OF DAHOMEY and other parts of Africa. They play with a prisoner whom they execute much as the French somewhat more than a century ago played with DAMIENS the would-be regicide, or as our ancestors used to play with a condemned traitor in putting him to death. Only they play thus with Polish prisoners of war, and not criminals, and the belligerents of Poland who fall into their hands may rejoice in that they are not drawn and quartered alive as well as hanged *à la Russe*. The sportive Scythians who obey the CZAR will soon perhaps begin, just by way of reviving an amusement which good old European society was accustomed to enjoy at the expense of malefactors, to break their captives on the wheel.

Why did we break off diplomatic relations with poor BOMBA? Not half the good old European games were performed in his name that are now practised under the authority of ALEXANDER? Why did we cut BOMBA and don't cut ALEXANDER? Because BOMBA was weak and we are afraid that ALEXANDER is strong? Oh! Perish the base suggestion. Of course we do not believe that DE BERG and MOURAVIEFF are such funny fellows as they are made out, and are satisfied that they are not in the habit of playing any practical jokes of a painful nature on captive Poles.

FRAUDULENT FACES.

THE subjoined advertisement appeared the other day in a periodical which it would be hard to name without a previous warning that this sort of thing will not do:—

TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.—Miss E. JEZEBEL, thirty years
Lady's Maid in the highest circles of England, Paris, and Spain, will forward, on receipt of twenty-four stamps, full directions in the new and beautiful art of getting-up the FACE and EYES in the most brilliant style, with other recipes for the Toilette standing unrivalled. Address, Miss E. JEZEBEL, &c.

An advertisement of this kind will not do to appear on the wrapper of a publication addressed to ladies, and accustomed to lie upon any table where it is likely to be observed by PATERFAMILIAS. For if that gentleman should chance to take up and inspect such a publication, and find it to be the vehicle for introducing such an advertisement into his house, he would most likely throw it behind the fire, and decree its discontinuance instanter. He would as soon allow his sons to take in a miscellany of which the advertising columns contained offers to give them lessons in forgery, as let his daughters read one by whose means they might be corrupted with instruction in the art of falsifying their own faces.

There is nothing objectionable in getting up a face when that feat is performed by a fly, or a spider, or any other insect that a young lady may allow to do it for fun, and such creatures, although unable to get up the eyes, might get into them, and at least get up the nose, where they would produce peculiar if not pleasant sensations. Yes; this is a very nasty idea, but not half so nasty as getting up the face with camelline and the eyes with belladonna.

At the present festive season of the year, boys may be excused for indulging in the practice of making faces, if they can find no more humorous amusement, suitable to the time. If girls choose to make similar faces, let them too, for the exuberant spirits of the Christmas holidays might be permitted to produce the phenomenon of a female clown, and grinning through the horse-collar might be practised in the boudoir to be performed in the drawing-room. But the trick of making faces with pigment is filthy and repulsive; and the best, and bad is the best, that can be said in its favour, is that, being palpable, it is a safe protection for a young lady from any gentle violence to be apprehended under the mistletoe.

PRESIDENT'S ENGLISH.

ANOTHER Yankeeism nearly as illiterate as "reliable" has just been imported by the *Etna* from New York, in one of REUTER'S telegrams. This communication, one of those evil ones which corrupt good language, informs us that GENERAL GRANT is very ill, and that, "as the army is about to settle into winter quarters, it is urged by GENERAL GRANT'S physicians that he should go home to recuperate." Some years ago MR. BUCKSTONE, in a farce, acted a Yankee's part, in which he had to say, "If I live from July till eternity, I never shall oblivate this here go." The formation of "recuperate" from *recupero* may be more defensible than that of "oblivate" from *obliviscor*, but still "recuperate" is a needless corruption of Latin. Why not stick to "recover?" Besides the French word *recupérer* has a distinct meaning, and signifies to retrieve. An American might, without any impropriety beyond that of affectation, talk about taking action to recuperate his dollars, but how can people who call themselves members of the Anglo-Saxon family, use such language? As for you who owe allegiance to HER MAJESTY, and are in duty bound to maintain the purity of the QUEEN'S English; consider all such English as "Recuperate?" President's English, spurious, base, villainous; pray you, avoid it.

New Shakspearian Reading.

SIR,—When did *Hamlet* express a desire to become a member of the Hebrew persuasion?

When he wished that his too too solid flesh would resolve itself into a Jew.

Yours truly,
Mr. Punch.

A YOUNG COMMENTATOR.

THE TUNE FOR THE GERMAN WAR-DANCE.—"The Kiel Row."



SCENE IN A TUNNEL. HOW TO CLEAR A CARRIAGE FOR A CIGAR.

Ferocious Looking Passenger (to Old Gent who objects to Smoking). "THAT'S A PRETTY KNIFE; AIN'T IT? THAT'S THE SORT O' THING WE USE IN CALIFORNIA! JOLLY THING TO STICK INTO A FELLOW, EH?"

[OLD GENT fears his Companion is not "quite right," and changes his Carriage at the next Station.]

MATRIMONY UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

A Lay of New Year's Eve.

THERE were lustres on the ceiling, there was music in the hall :
The fine old room was lighted up for the happy New Year's Ball. †
The walls and the chandeliers were hung with sparkling evergreen,
And the single eye-glass of the high-bred ass was fixed in a smile serene.

The young were there, and the beautiful, the gallant and the gay,
And they danced, and they talked and flirted, and they laughed in life's
heyday,

And they took no heed of the elderly and the stout around who sat,
Who had waists once slim and ankles trim, alas now gummy and fat!

But some of the stout and elderly looked on with leaden eye,
And compared themselves with the blades and belles as they went
bounding by,

Fair faces, fine figures, clean limbs, thought they. How much, when
Time has fled,
Will their sides be about; will their soles, trod out, like our own
abroad be spread?

Among those stout and elderly ones there was one who had sat her
down,

A lady who bore a humble name, for her husband's own was BROWN.
She smiled on the youth and damsels fair, but cared not them to scan,
For her eyes and thought but one object sought, a rosy short round man.

That short round man was her own JOHN BROWN, her true and loyal
mate,

Though BROWN was grey, and not only that, but bald upon his pate,
But she held him the handsomest man alive in country or in town;
And of all womankind there was none in his mind to compare with
MRS. BROWN.

JOHN BROWN had finished his gossip and chat, and the night was well
nigh o'er,
And Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-three was verging on Sixty-four.
Like an old buck gay, he had wandered away from his buxom and
blooming old bride,
And now he had done with his jokes and fun, he returned him to her
side.

He made her a bow, like a cavalier, as he drew on a white kid glove,
Saying, "Will you allow me the pleasure of dancing with you, my
love?"

"I am sure I shall be most happy," was the glad wife's prompt reply,
"And a good example, faith and troth, we'll set the standers-by."

Down the middle and up again, down, up again and down.
Hands across, round about, in and out danced MR. and MRS. BROWN,
And a noble Earl to his Countess said, "In fact they are lovers now;
And by Jove I'm told some years have rolled since they plighted the
nuptial vow!"

So they danced and danced till midnight's tongue the hour of twelve
had tolled,

As the bells were ringing the New Year in and ringing out the Old,
Till they danced beneath the mistletoe bough and mingled nose and chin,
So will you no doubt, dance the Old Year out, young folks, and the New
one in.

By Permission of Mr. Benjamin Webster.

Change of Name at the New Theatre Royal, Adelphi.

At this establishment the Boxkeepers and other servants are not
allowed to receive any fee whatever from a visitor. In consequence of
this excellent arrangement it has been proposed that the final syllable
of the name shall be dropped. It will still remain *Adel* without the
usual fee.



FEATS ON THE ICE.

PRETTY FIGURE CUT BY MR. DE BOOTS WHEN ATTEMPTING ONE OF HIS FASCINATING BOWS ON THE ICE."

A NEW VERSION OF THE POPULAR AIR, THE KIEL ROW.

(As sung by L. N., the great basso profundo, in the Imperial Concerts at Compiègne, with unbounded applause.)

WEEL in the Kiel row, the Kiel row, the Kiel row,
Weel in the Kiel row, I see my way to win;
I'll lay my life upon it, upon it, upon it,
I'll lay my life upon it, soon that pie my finger's in!

JOHN BULL might trust to JOHNNY,
If words were current money;
But he's no match for BONEY,
This letter-writer fine.
He snubbed my scheme so lightly,
And I felt angry slightly;
Now I retort, politely,
"Your Congress? What of mine!"
Chorus. Then weel in the Kiel row, &c.

Let Austria lean on RUSSELL,
Let Prussia brag and bustle,
But Deutschland's flabby muscle
No terrors has for me;
No Spree they'll find the Eider;
When Denmark sees beside her
Armed France, and me to guide her,
Then whose will Rhineland be?
Chorus. Then weel in the Kiel row, &c.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

SORR,

MISTHER ADMIRAL FITZROY, writing to the *Times* about the Storms and thim great nautical pests, the Timpests, and such like divarsions, says,—

"There is usually about a day's interval before Irish weather reaches England, &c.

And who's to blame for this? Sure 'tis the mismanagement of the Saxon. What's to prevent them letting the Irish weather start the day before, and then 'twill be here in time.

I am, Sorr, yours contimptuously,
AN IRISH OWL.

THE NEW BABY.

"THAT'S DONE IT!" said *Mr. Punch*.

The fact is, that he was breakfasting in his elegant and luxurious apartment in the shadow of the Church of Saint Bride, the handsomest spire, bar one, in London. And he does not read the papers until after breakfast, for he gets so indignant with bad English, brutal relieving officers, base husbands, and puffing advertisements, that it is not giving fair play to his cook to mix such things up with an artistic breakfast.

So he takes them with his subsequent cigar, and meantime reads BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The bells of St. Bride suddenly dashed out into a wild chorus of metallic jubilation.

"Hallo!" said *Mr. Punch*, recalling his fine mind from BURTON'S celestial devils to terrestrial topics. "Have I been publishing another new volume, that the world is in ecstasies?"

His Secretary entered.

This young Nobleman, who is the heir-apparent to a dukedom, and is qualifying himself, under *Mr. Punch's* training, to be Prime Minister when PAM resigns in 1884, had divined his chief's puzzledom, and at once said, with the most highly-bred composure, and as if continuing a conversation,

"The PRINCESS OF WALES presented us with a Prince about nine o'clock last night."

"The telegram must have been sent to my private residence," said *Mr. Punch*. "How is the dear young lady going on?"

"Excellently."

"Hooray! And a Prince?"

"A Prince," said the young Nobleman.

"THAT'S DONE IT," said *Mr. Punch*.

"I see what you mean," said the young Nobleman.

"I should be sorry, my dear Marquis, if you did not. Explain what I mean."

"You would say that this most opportune event has clinched the nail. That we previously felt it a duty to prevent KING CHRISTIAN from being robbed by the Sausages, but that now it is also a pleasure to

aid him. That the darling Princess having given the QUEEN a grandson, the Prince a son, and the nation a pet, we are not going to let Schleswig be taken from her father."

"Very well said, Marquis, but call it Slesvick for the future. That is the good old title, and we won't have the duchy Germanised, even in name. Send beer to those ringers. I must write a nursery song for the new baby."

The Secretary withdrew, and in ten minutes had made a beautiful copy, on pink paper, of the following ditty, and was hurrying away with it to Frogmore:—

NURSERY SONG FOR THE NEW BABY.

O'slumber, my darling, thy sire is a PRINCE
Whom Mamma beheld skating not quite five hours since.
And Grandpapa CHRISTIAN is off to the fray
With Germans, who'd steal his nice duchy away.

But slumber, my darling, the English are true,
And they'll help him for love of Mamma and of you,
And the Channel fleet's coming with powder and shot,
And the Germans must run, or they'll catch it all hot.

We have only to add that the infant PRINCE will be christened EDWARD CHRISTIAN PUNCH ALEXANDER JOHN BULL SLESVICK.

A Star in the Ice.

THE *London Star* and *New York Herald*, in an article which describes all England as in mourning because the HOME SECRETARY has not reversed another verdict by a jury, says that TOWNLEY has "escaped Scot free." We do not know what is considered freedom in Scotland, but in this country the being imprisoned in a lunatic asylum for life, with the alternative of coming out to be hanged, is as mild an allowance of freedom as even MR. LINCOLN would inflict on a Confederate. This gushing provincial *Star and Herald* should be a little more truthful.

TWO VIEWS OF ONE SUBJECT.



MONITORY DISCOURSE BY AN HONEST HAMPSHIRE LAD, AND A COMMUNATORY DENUNCIATION BY A LAD WHOSE HONESTY WILL BE AN ACQUIRED TASTE.

I.

HARD LINES IN WINCHESTER GAOL.

Now all you rogues and vagabonds that comes from far and near, Particular down from London town a prowling about Hampshire, You makes a joke of imprisonment; but you 'll tell a different tale If you gets a time for the wages of crime to be spent in Winchester Gaol.

I tell 'ee what 'the Magistrates o' the County o' Hants ha' done, They've passed a resolution by purty nigh two to one, Proposed by the EARL o' CAERNARVON, whose motion did prevail For to 'stablish a strange terrecable change in the system o' Winchester Gaol.

Ten hours a-bed you rascals will no moor be 'low'd to lie, As snug as e'er a fattun pig a snorun away in his sty, But you 'll ha' to rise wi' the labourin' man, and your senteuce you 'll bewail, When you're forced to turn out and bustle about in the moruun at Winchester Gaol.

In lieu o' them easy mattresses whereon to stretch your shauks, You 'll lie upon wood for the time to come; your beds 'ool be good hard planks. And zo you 'll git boath bed aud board; moreover your diet-scale Wun't be not what it used, for you 'll have it reduced zummud like in Winchester Gaol.

Hard labour there wun't mean mat-makun but tough and tiresome toil, Stiff oakum-pickun for indoors work, light fingers fit to spoil, Besides the crank aud the treadmill too, whicli 'ool make you steam exhale, And you 'll have your fill of severe shot-drill if you goes to Winchester Gaol.

Theu arter hours o' labour to study they 'll make you turn, Readun, writun, 'rithmetie and religion for to learn, No entertainn litteratoor your lazure 'ool regale; Good books confined to improve the mind will be zuffer'd in Winchester Gaol.

From intercommunication you 'll strictly be debarred, Not only in the zilent cell, but out in the prison yard, Aud no more zingin' in chapel for the 'prisoned nightingale, Sheer sorrow and grief awaits the thief committed to Winchester Gaol.

It isn't for eddication that thieves to prison are sent, In the first place, LORD CAERNARVON says, but 'tis for punishment; And zince the plan of indulgence has been tried and vound to fail, Penal discipline due will in futur' ou you be enforced in Winchester Gaol.

II.

A CONVICT'S COMPLAINT.

MY cuss light ou you, LORD CAERNARVIN, And the Winchester Beaks in a row— That wotes us poor convics for starvin' Into Ampshire jugs druv' for to go!

Wunee Winchester Gaol was nice lodgin', As a party could wish for to see, For poor coves which the law failed in dodgin'— As the ease with the sharpest may be.

The grub it was hampel and waried; The beds they was cozy and warm; And a story-book, when a cove's wearied Of oakum, don't do him no harm.

There was noue o' your uasty crank labour: The spells at the wheel, warn't too 'ard; And 'twas heasy to chat with your neighbour, In chapel, or exercise-ward.

The Chaplain warn't stiffer to gammon, Than Chaplains in general we finds; And the Doctor when we'd put the ham on, The infirm'ry was quite to our minds.

In short, that 'ere jng was a moddle Of what county-jugs ought to be— Just the place a poor convic to eodde, While the Beaks is reformin' o' he.

Now along of this 'ere LORD CAERNARVIN, A motion they 've passed on the Bench, Which us poor convics' comforts a' harvin, Work 'll double, and wittles retrench.

From our cribs we must turn of a mornin', Like labourin' men ou the square; I ne'er thought, while such poor chaps a scornin', I should ever be brought to that 'ere.

We ain't to have no more nice books, For improvin' our minds aud all that; And at chapel they 'll queer all our flukes, And cut off a cove's cozy chat.

In short, if the Peaks don't objee To do as CAERNARVIN advises, No convic as feels scif-respec, Will come up at the Ampshire Assizes.

This I calls the reverse o' improvement, For parties in my situation; In short, it's a retrograde movement To punishment, from reformation.

Give me bub, grub, and lodgin' well warmed, And I don't care how much I'm admonished; I rayther likes bein' reformed, But I very much 'ates bein' punished.

SUBTERRANEAN POETRY.

WE do not regard very highly, from a poetical point of view, the following stanza, which is affixed in the carriages of the Underground Railway:—

PASSENGERS ARE EARNESTLY REQUESTED,
NOT TO OPEN THE CARRIAGE DOORS,
UNTIL THE TRAIN STOPS AT THE PLATFORM;
OR THEY 'LL COME CROPPERS ON THE FLOORS.

It is rather jumping in the rhythm, but by laying the emphasis in the first line on "ly," and in the third upon "til" and "at," we may make it read tolerably well, and as easily as most of the sensational poetry of the day. But we have a more practical objection to it. So very much of the notice is mere surplusage, or impertinence, in the legal sense of that word. We begin with "Passengers." Now, to whom else can the request be addressed except to passengers, therefore why their nomination? It is not meant for the porters, who indeed look as if they were wrouged when you tell them to open a door. Nor is it addressed to the world at large. "Earnestly requested" is very civil, but foolish. A much stronger phrase must be needed to impress any fool who would open a door except at the proper place. The "carriage" doors. Why carriage? What other doors are there to open? The same objection, that of verbiage, applies to the stopping at the platform. The train has no business to stop anywhere else. The last line we admit to be both precise and elegant. But for the idiots who can commit such an absurdity as that against which the public is warned, a short, peremptory notice would be far better. The Under-ground people should adopt the form which *Mr. Punch*, who travels a good deal by the line, invariably uses when he sees an impatient fool trying to get at the handle before the proper time,

"DON'T TOUCH THE DOOR TILL THE TRAIN STOPS,
YOU ASS."

This is registered copyright, but the Directors may use it, on forwarding us a free ticket for a year.

A TRIFLE FROM INDIA.



HANTING to himself, *Mr. Punch* announceeth his satisfaction with something.

“Over the sea, over the sea,
Cometh a bit of good sense to P.
Which he’s been missing too long.”

He has been reading, for a good while, a great many criticisms, as they are politely called, upon music. And it appears to him that the critics, as they are politely called, who write these things, have been driven, by the profound contempt which all decent people must feel for the music of the Music Hall, into an unwarranted dislike for everything that is simply pleasant. Now, no person will accuse *Mr. Punch* of wanting appreciation for really High Art. Nothing can be too high for him, except game. But he denies, in the face of certain critics, as they are politely called, that everything you Don’t Like is high art, and he also denies that everything you Do Like is not high art. And having for sometime meditated a great kick at folks who cannot be content with applauding HAYDN and BETHOVEN (whom no man can applaud so vociferously as *Mr. Punch*) but must abuse such men as write real music that appeals more easily to the sympathies, *Mr. Punch* finds something like what he meant to say, said over the sea.

In the *Bombay Saturday Review* there is a very clever article on Pseudo-Germanism, and this passage *Mr. Punch* inclines to pitch at the critics, as they are politely called :-

“It is utterly ignored that harmony is an exact science, that, a given note being sounded, it is a mere matter of trouble and time to produce every variety of chord or accompaniment of which it is capable. That the modulations, from one key to another, can be reduced to a table, like any other calculation, and that VERDI is a perfect master of this sort of thing, but neglects it occasionally for a strain of melody, which sometimes equals that of MOZART. And yet it is fancied often that FLOROW, because he is a German, is profound, and VERDI uneducated as a musician! FLOROW simply writes ballad operas, however. MEYERBER has written more in the Italian melodic style than in the harmonic, so called German, and without his ravishing melodies all the harmony in the world could not have made him what he is. Melody is the sum of musical genius. This is quite uncontested amongst those who know anything of the subject. BETHOVEN’S, MOZART’S, HAYDN’S melodies are just as much Italian as they are German.”

Here be truths. And we should like to hear the *Musical World* which nevertheless can sometimes say a thing which is not utterly and altogether away from the purpose, answer this before we hear anything more against *Il Trovatore*. We are doubly pleased to advance these views just now, because we are thoroughly enraged with the Germans. No people with harmony in their souls could have played the thorough bass part which is indicated by the tenor of German policy, and we are discontented with their Execution, with their Pretender’s overture, and in fact with the whole German Band.

THE PLEASURES OF A PRISON. ?

PLAYGOERS may remember that the *Prisoner of War* gives a not unpleasant picture of the way men somehow manage to enjoy life when made prisoners; but a still more attractive sketch of the delights of prison-life has been lately furnished by a Transatlantic paper :-

“THE RICHMOND PRISONERS.—The Richmond Correspondent of the *Atlanta Appeal* describes a recent visit to the Hotel de Libby. He found the passages and ante-rooms of the prison piled up with boxes and bales of clothing and provisions which had just been received from the North by flag of truce. Upon ascending to the upper storeys of the building occupied by the prisoners, he saw the greatest profusion of comforts and luxuries in the way of provant that even a riotous imagination could conceive. Hams, smoked beef, Bologna sausages, hung from the rafters; tin cans of potted meat, oysters, sardines, green peas, &c., were arranged on shelving against the walls; while the finest pippins rolled along the floors. Immense packages of new publications, sets of chessmen, backgammon boxes, &c., which had apparently just been opened for distribution, proved that the Yankees did not intend their unhappy brethren should die of *ennui*. The prisoners themselves were variously occupied, some lying at full length on the floor, deeply involved in the tragic incidents of Miss BRADDOX’S novels; others playing whist and euche, or deeply pondering the gambits; others asleep; others again eating their dinners.”

It is whispered that the Northerners have had some little trouble in recruiting for their army, and that Yankee volunteers have not been flocking quite so readily to fight for their dear country as the Government might wish. Surely this must be the fault of the recruiting sergeant chiefly, in not pointing out the benefits of being taken prisoner, and then treated in the sumptuous way described above. If it were our business to find soldiers for the Northerners, we would go about the country with a big drum and a trumpeter to call a crowd around us, and then we would invite them to behold a picture painted in the very brightest colours, representing Prisoners Carousing in the South. “Look

hyar, boys,” we would shout (adopting Yankee dialect, and speaking through our nose), “jest you heave a squint at this hyar lovely pictur! Hyar you see how you’ll enjoy yourselves, ef ye go whar Gloory waits ye, an’ what a heap o’ luxury the battle-field will bring to you. Air you fond o’ ham an’ beef, an’ prime Bologn Sassedges? Hev you a tooth for a sardine? Air you whales at swallirin’ eysters? See hyar, boys, go an’ fight, and all them dainties will be given you; and arter bustin’ yourselves out with peas an’ potted fixins, you may hev a game o’ chess or pitch-an’-toss ef you prefer it, or may improve your mind by readin’ A Sensation Novel. All you’ll hev to du toe git a hold on these here delicacies is jest to come an’ fight fur your geloriotus country, an’ then ef you’re taken prisoner (as I dessay you may be), ye’ll jest be carted deown toe Richmond, an’ thar ye’ll live like fightin’ cocks, an’ that without the fightin’.”

A SEASONABLE GLEE.

(To be Sung in Bed on any Frosty day.)

AIR—“The Cough and Crow.”

WITH Cough and Cold to bed I’ve gone,
My boot is on the tree;*
The weather out of doors this morn
Is co-ol-d as charity.

(With a Shiver.)
(With several Shivers.)

Is co-o-o-old as charity.
The bright fire sparkles, sparkles o’er the fen-
-der with its steel array-ay-ay,
-der with its steel array,
-der with its steel array.

(Shake with cold ad lib.)

(Rings for the }
Servants.) }

Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men,
I’ll not get up to-day;
Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men,
I’ll not get up to-day.

Beneath the blankets full three deep
All snuggled up I cower,
All snuggled up I cower,
Above the counter-pane I peep
To see what is the hour,
To see what is the hour.
My watch I find says half-past ten,
Then dow-ow-own myself I lay,
Then down myself I lay,
Then down myself I lay.

(To the Footman.)

Bring tea and toast, my merry merry men,
I don’t get up to-day;
Bring tea and toast, my merry merry men,
I don’t get up to-day.

Some friends drop in to ask me “how
I am,” (pray shut the door);
Drop in! Their frost is melting now,
And deluging the floor,
And de-lu-ging the floor!
“Get up!” No! no! I trust them when
They say ’tis an ice day,
They say ’tis an ice day,
They say ’tis an ice day.
I’ll house me then, my merry merry men,
Abuse me as you may;
I’ll house me then, my merry merry men,
Abuse me as you may!

[Turns in bed, and goes to sleep till dinner time.

* On the Boot Tree. This is a poetical intimation that the singer does not intend going out for a walk.

AMERICAN VALOUR.

AN American telegram, in the *Telegraph*, states that—

“FORREST has made a raid on the Memphis and Charleston Railway, but was driven away.”

If this FORREST is a great, that is to say, a big actor who bellowed at Drury Lane some years ago, and afterwards was supposed to have promoted an anti-MACREADY row in America, when several persons were killed, we cannot understand his being repulsed. He had only to shout, like ACHILLES, when—

“Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raised,
And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed.”

If the Federals could stand that, and drive him off, they are the brave fellows we believe a great many of them to be. His voice would have wakened the very railway sleepers.



THE BITER BIT.

First Cobby. "I'M WAITIN' FOR THE MEEGER, YOUR HONOR!"

Second ditto (in an audible whisper). "B' LIEVE ME, 'TIS THE GENERAL, AND I'M HIS KYAR."

Green (?) Ensign. "AW—BORE THAT—CAN'T TAKE ME, I SUPPOSE? I'M ONLY A CAPTAIN."

[*Hibernians decidedly sold.*]

DINNERS FOR POOR CHILDREN WANTED.

THE friends of M. VICTOR HUGO, and his foes too, for that matter, must consider his *Les Misérables* as being a good work: but a still better work of his was thus the other day recorded by the *Guernsey Star*:—

"On Thursday last, being Christmas eve, M. VICTOR HUGO entertained at Hauteville House the poor children who, for about two years, have been the constant recipients of his bounty. The party consisted of 40 children and several of their parents, for the whole of whom M. Hugo provides a substantial dinner once a fortnight, 20 being received each week. These children are entertained without any regard to their nationality or religion, English, French, Guernsey, and Irish—Protestants and Catholics—being equally welcome, poverty being the only qualification required.

"The party assembled on Thursday having been regaled with a solid dinner and a dessert of cake and wine, were taken into the billiard room, where several visitors were assembled, and where, much to their delight, the children saw the table spread with a liberal supply of useful apparel, such as jackets, gowns, shirts, caps, bonnets, stockings, and shoes."

Thus the outer child was cared for not less than the inner one; the latter being comforted by M. VICTOR HUGO as often as once a fortnight during all the year. His motive for this systematic course of charity the author of *Les Misérables* thus explained:—

"In 1848, a commission of medical and other scientific men had been appointed by the French Government, to inquire into the causes of diseases, such as scrofula, rickets, and impoverishment of the blood (*angine couennense*) to which the children of the poor were exposed, and which produced so much mortality among them. The committee reported it as their opinion that these diseases were caused by the children being almost totally strangers to animal food, and that they might be checked by their having a meal of fresh meat once a month. Owing to political events, this report remained without effect, but it made a strong impression on his (M. Hugo's) mind, and he determined that when circumstances should permit he would test the soundness of the theory propounded. He had, therefore, about two years ago, commenced the humble little work of which the present meeting was a part. He had selected 40 young children from the most necessitous classes of Guernsey, and to these he had given, not once a month, but once a fortnight, a sound meal composed of fresh meat and a small glass of wine. And he had the satisfaction of finding that his humble experiment had been undoubtedly success-

ful. Many of his poor little children who had been suffering from one or the other of the diseases he had mentioned had been cured, and the physical constitution of nearly the whole of them sensibly improved."

A meal of fresh meat once a month is not a very costly gift to make to a poor child, and yet this little present may be productive of great benefit. The stronger a child is, the greater is the chance that he will grow up a strong man: and the stronger a man is, the more work can he do, and the less chance will there be of his coming on the parish. So putting charity aside, it would be a wise economy to give the children of poor people now and then a meal of meat, and strengthen thus their sinews and their constitutions. There is, besides, the fact that duty should oblige us to take care of the poor, and on this point M. HUGO thus forcibly insists:—

"He wished it to be clearly understood that he assumed no merit for what he had done, for it was a part of his creed that it was the positive duty of the rich to care for the poor—a duty imposed alike by Christianity and common sense—and that the rich had no right to spend their superfluity on their own enjoyments, when they saw their fellow-beings suffering around them. He had, he repeated, called these poor children together with the view of carrying out an important experiment, but he had also done it for the purpose of giving an example. He had the gratification of assisting 40 children; if 20 persons would do the same, 800 children would be cared for, and it was impossible to say what amount of good might thus be done for the population of the island."

We most heartily commend M. Hugo's good example, and should be glad to see steps taken by which it might be followed. Folks in general perhaps might not find it quite convenient to invite a score of children once a fortnight to their dinner-tables, for we fear there are few cooks in this enlightened age who would condescend at any price to cook for them. But surely folks might club together to hire a children's dining-room, where little people with large appetites might have a good meal set before them once or twice a month. Public dinners are in general most execrable nuisances, and *Mr. Punch* has long since ceased to have anything to do with them. But if poor children's public dinners were established in this country, *Mr. Punch* would be most happy to assist



MIRANDA AND PROSPERO.

MIRANDA (EUROPE). "IF BY YOUR ART, MY DEAREST *LOUIS*, YOU HAVE PUT THE WILD WATERS IN THIS ROAR, ALLAY THEM."



towards their support by giving them the benefit of his world-wide publicity. Juvenile parties have for some while been in favour with the rich, and we think that juvenile dinner-parties on the plan we have proposed, would speedily find favour with the children of poor people; and we hope for their health's sake, to say nothing of their happiness, the scheme may be adopted.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S ECHO.



HERE is perhaps a little obscurity in the sub-joined extract from a letter in the *Post* relative to the pest of street-music:—

“The law as it now stands, even if sufficient in itself to abate the above nuisance, seems from the recent decisions of the Magistrates, to be impracticable; for, if I understand those decisions rightly, it appears that the moment a person is giving an organ-grinder into custody a policeman must be within sight of the nuisance at the time the nuisance is in course of commission, so that if the grinder has discontinued grinding (which, of course, he will have done) at the time the policeman or constable is in sight the organ-grinder cannot be legally given into custody.”

At the moment when a person is giving an organ-grinder into custody a policeman is necessarily within sight of

the nuisance, because he must be sufficiently near it to put forth his hand and collar it, or take it by any other handle that it may afford him in the place of a collar; and here we may suggest that policemen should, in consideration for their natural repugnance to filth, be provided with tongs for the purpose of taking hold of a nuisance so disgusting as an Italian organ-grinder, whose clothes are always saturated with dirt, and, who, if he wears a collar, has probably a state of things underneath it into which the idea of putting the ends of your fingers is revolting. The nuisance would hardly continue in course of commission whilst the person annoyed by it was giving it in charge; it would hardly have the impudence to commit itself to that extent. What the Magistrates mean to say, apparently, is that for an organ-grinder to be liable to be taken into custody he must have been playing within the sight of a policeman. In this view of their ruling, however, everybody but Midas, and the female of Midas, and colts the foals of Midas, will agree with the writer above-quoted in the remark that:—

“Now, if that be the law, the sooner it is amended the better.”

Because a policeman with street-musical proclivities has nothing to do but to keep his back constantly turned to the quarter whence his ears are regaled with organ-grinding in order to enjoy that abomination, the perpetrator of it remaining all the while out of his sight.

What follows has in substance been said before, but a nuisance is no joke, and the complaint of it will bear repetition until it is abated:—

“The trifling nuisances of old times, such as the dustman's bell (and I believe even the muffin bell), the newsmen's horn, the cry of 'sweep,' and many others have been prohibited. Why not at once forbid street-music—or at least give the power to any inhabitant within hearing to order the removal of the nuisance?”

The only reply this question has as yet received is that which has been given to it by a “nymph unseen.” There is something to be said for the dustman's bell, the muffin-bell, the newsmen's horn, and the cry of sweep. These noises were occasional, temporary, not atrocious and absolutely intolerable; and they were useful noises. The organ-grinder's noise is constant, protracted, execrable, distracting, besides being most injurious to those whom it interrupts in the pursuit of intellectual occupations, to say nothing of the sick whose rest it destroys; whilst it is of no use to anybody, affords no one much gratification, and only serves a little to amuse the idleness of a few idiots. Every sane man ought to be empowered to insist on not being subject to be driven mad by organ-grinders, and to have his serious interests sacrificed to the slight diversion of his silly neighbours. These considerations suggest that an Act of Parliament should be made enabling any one who is annoyed by organ-grinding to prohibit it everywhere within the compass of his hearing. Indignation asks “Why not?” and the voice of Echo is the only one that responds to the appeal. Echo answers “Not!”

ADVERTISEMENTS:

RENDERED NECESSARY BY THE RAILWAY INVASION.

THE KING OF TIMBUCTOO PRESENTS HIS COMPLI-ments to his nobility, gentry, and public, and begs to say that in consequence of his palace being required by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, he is removing to a temporary wigwam over the way. Justice and executions as usual, and cold missionary on the table every day at 2.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ISLE OF STAFFA RESPECT-fully announces that the Cave having been purchased by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, as a store-house for gunpowder and other dangerous goods, no more excursions from Oban or elsewhere can take place. Iona is, however, still available, and extremely pleasant for pic-nic parties this weather.

TWO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY. YOU ARE REQUESTED to make that arrangement somewhere else than in the Church of St. George, Hanover Square, which has been purchased by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

LAST WEEK! LAST WEEK! LAST WEEK! THE DEAN and Chapter of St. Paul's advise their friends who are partial to fine sights to lose no time in visiting the above sacred and splendid edifice, as it will be closed after this week, in compliance with the contract with the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, who have bought this fine Cathedral for a Central Terminus. No charge at the doors, and only Four and two-pence to see everything.

STONEHENGE. THE LORD OF THE MANOR OF STONE-henge begs to inform archaeologists and others, that he has transferred his rights to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and that this famous Druidical remain will be on view until the 1st of April, when it will be put into thorough repair, and converted into an engine-house for the above company.

COLOSSEUM. THIS IS THE LAST YEAR OF THIS WORLD famous place of exhibition, which will become a booking office for the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. Therefore come at once and see all the various and delightful sights. There is no such Bob's worth in Lud's town.

YOU BEASTS! YOU BEASTS! YOU BEASTS! THIS IS not meant as an address to readers, which would be in the highest degree unpolite, that is the warning which has been addressed to the animals at the Zoological Gardens, who have received notice that the London, Chatham and Dover Railway would like the gardens as a coal depot. The railway has not yet got the place, but there is no saying what may happen, so the sooner visitors come the better.

THE LONDON, CHATHAM AND DOVER RAILWAY gives Notice, that having completed negotiations with PRINCE KUNG for a branch line from the Great Wall to the Porcelain Tower, the bricks of a mile of the former and the whole of the china of the latter are to be disposed of by private contract.

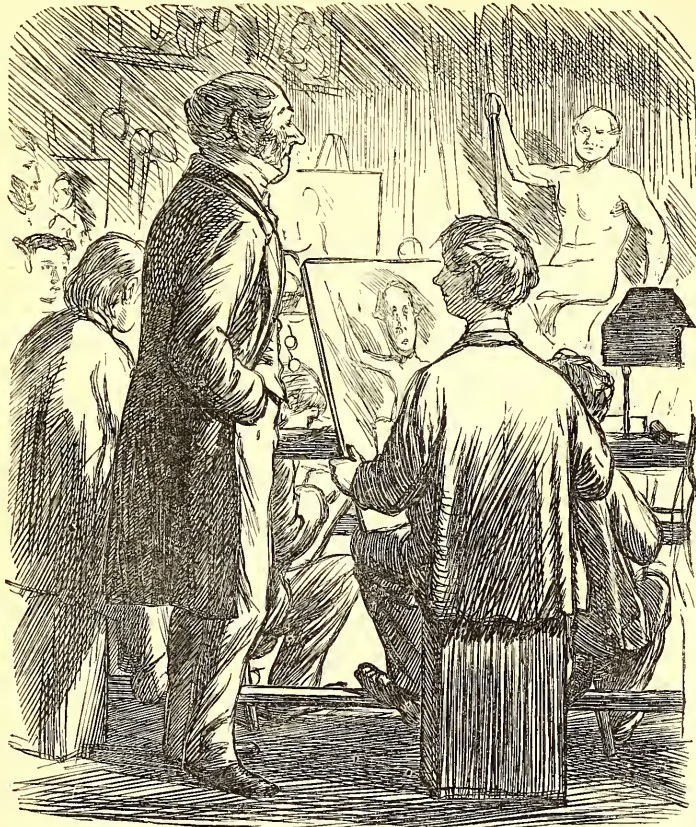
MEMBERS OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB ARE INFORMED that they had better get themselves ballotted into BOODLE'S, the GARRICK, or some other Club, as the present edifice has been taken by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and there is no time to build another.

PERSONS WHO ARE INTENDING TO DIRECT BY WILL, that they shall be buried in the new Cemetery in the mountain opposite Inverness, are requested to change their minds, as the said mountain has been purchased for a signal station by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR DEEPLY REGRETS THAT her husband has come to life again, and also that he has sold the royal domain to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. Should either state of things be altered, the Queen will give due notice.

THE BALL WHICH WAS ANNOUNCED AS TO TAKE place at the COUNTESS OF BATTLEAXE'S on Tuesday next, is unavoidably postponed, in consequence of the Earl having parted with his side of Beldragon Square to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company.

BY ROYAL COMMAND. THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER of St. George, who had been summoned to hold a Chapter on Saturday, are hereby informed that the same will be held at the room of MR. P. GREEN, Covent Garden, in consequence of Windsor Castle having been ceded to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.



A GOOD EXCUSE.

Professor. "HEAD 'S A GOOD DEAL TOO LONG, SIR. DON'T YOU SEE?"

Pert Young Student. "PERHAPS SO, SIR. MUST HAVE APPEARED SO TO ME FROM HIS MOVING IT UP AND DOWN SO CONSTANTLY, I BELIEVE!"

JUVENILE NOFUN ASYLUM.

THE anniversary fête of this lugubrious Institution was celebrated yesterday in one of the Adelphi Arches.

More charming weather for such a festival could not be imagined, a pure November fog diffusing an air of mystery, and awakening tender reminiscences of gunpowder treason and plot. Several distinguished members of the *miserable monde* were present, whose countenances seemed in perfect unison with the atmosphere, to which they lent a tone of deeper blue.

Shortly after noon four-and-twenty blue-nosed boys entered the sequestered shade, their doleful band of husky fifes and muffled drums playing, "*Blow, Blow, thou Winter's Wind,*" with considerable variations.

Having walked several miles without rest or refreshment, the pupils were allowed by the laws of gravity, to stand still for an hour with their hands behind them, while their generous Patrons derived a melancholy satisfaction from contemplating their mottled hue. In due time sea-biscuits of extreme antiquity (made edible by stamps) were lavished upon the children of the mist, followed by copious draughts of soft water from Trafalgar Square, impregnated with substances, chiefly carboniferous, but entirely exempt from any taint of magnesia or steel.

The Governor, MR. JEREMIAH GROANAWAY, with spasmodic emotion, addressed a laboured exhortation to his voracious audience, in which he warned them to curb their appetites, and shun contact with those who were mere creatures of common sense.

A blue-nosed boy in tight clothes, with rigid hair, pink eyes, and cheeks resembling masses of aerated dough, then recited a didactic poem called *The Lark and the Croaker*, written for this occasion by a gifted hypochondriac. It described a conversation between a young bird and an old bull-frog, and was listened to with unfeigned sorrow, relieved only by involuntary yawns. The lark, who has just commenced his matutinal carolling, is suddenly interrupted by an

SINGING IN THE KITCHEN.

WONDERFUL are the wants one sees announced in newspapers! For instance only look at this:—

WANTED, in a Clergyman's Family in the Country, a good Plain Cook, who understands Baking, with the usual branches of Cooking. A Church Woman indispensable, and one that can Sing preferred. Age between 30 and 40.—Address, &c.

Singing chambermaids, we know, are sometimes wanted for the stage, but we never before heard a wish to hire a singing cook. What sort of voice, we wonder, does this clergyman require? and what proficiency in singing is deemed useful in his kitchen? If his housemaid be soprano, he may possibly prefer a good contralto for his cook: then with a tenor for his footman, and his butler a deep bass, he might get up some delightful quartettes down below-stairs, and practise now and then an anthem for his church.

In making choice of a new cook, we suppose he lets the candidates all stand up in a row and sing a song a-piece: and then, after picking out the one whose voice most pleases him, we presume he next proceeds to ask her what she knows of cooking, and puts her through the catechism of the culinary art.

"Compliments Passes when Gentlefolks Meets."

WE don't know when we have been so touched as by an article in the *Standard* last week. We should have cried, but were afraid of the tears freezing on our innocent nose. After a most gratifying recognition of *Mr. Punch's* genius and all that, the *Standard* says that he "scarcely ever" forgets that he is a gentleman when addressing ladies. "Never," would have been exacter truth, but we suppose that the slight qualification was in the interest of two ladies whom we should scorn to name on such an occasion, indeed we would not hint that their respected names rhyme to lamp and to the capital of France. We will do anything in return to please the *Standard*, except tell him that the Tories are coming in again, which we know he would not believe, and we hereby invite him to liquor to the health of MANHATTAN.

APPROPRIATE CIVIL AND MILITARY AUTHORITIES FOR PRUSSIA.—FIELD-MARSHAL WRANGEL and GENERAL UNRUH (*un-rest*).

admonitory croak from the oldest inhabitant of the marshes, who marvels hugely how any two-legged mortal can be so void of decorum, as to go singing about the universe when all well-regulated frogs (and toads too, for that matter) were at home and in their watery beds. The result of the remonstrance is, that the conscience-stricken reveller drops gently down to earth—hushes its reckless strains, and seating itself beside old MR. CROAKER, promises to amend its ways, and renounce those flights of fancy which are so intolerably painful to croakers of every denomination.

MARTHA MAGG, a child only nine years of age, but whose care-worn expression would have graced a crone of ninety, then related her experience, embracing authentic anecdotes of infants (under twenty-one years of age), who had gone to the bad, and whom she had vainly struggled to wean from their insane love of gambolling. One promising youth, whose principal crimes originated in an ungovernable passion for "eye spy eye," was blinded by mud splashed from a coal waggon. Another still more vicious juvenile, while recklessly pursuing the ephemeral attraction of a butterfly, received a kick from a contemptuous cow, of which he would carry a memento on his head so long as memory held her seat in that distracted globe.

MARTHA MAGG having withdrawn in deep dejection, a rosy gentleman, whose name we understood was MERRIMAN, rose up and wished to be informed by what patent process, the capacity of enjoyment had been eliminated from the singular specimens of youthful inanity before him. He had been present some time, and not one smile had been exhibited by any of those little mouths in round pinafores. "At Pekin (observed MR. MERRIMAN), toes are fiercely pinched by Tyrant Fashion, and you denounce such base oppression. (*Shuffles of assent.*) Here understandings are more cruelly cramped—more barbarously cabined, cribbed and confined, and their gaolers look for subscriptions and applause. (*Feeble ejaculations of No!*) Cherokees, Choctaws, and similar savages, flatter their offspring's heads, and you point to them with philosophical derision. (*Shuffles.*) After which you solemnly proceed by means of whip-cord, and other stringent appliances, to make still

greater flats of your own. (*Groans of oh! oh! capped by a stern command to turn him out.*) Order being restored, MR. MERRIMAN, putting on his spectacles and looking at a slip of paper, announced that he should move—when a rush was made at his legs by four-and-twenty exasperated pupils of the Nofun Asylum, and amid sereeches of grim delight, the reformer and his motion simultaneously fell to the floor.

The festivities terminated with a collection of broken biscuit.

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY.



AKING example from the numerous gentlemen, known and unknown to Fame, who are busily engaged in getting up a Tercentenary Festival to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, several eminent persons have formed themselves into a Committee, "with power to add to their number," in order properly and with due solemnity to celebrate the Quintimiltoet-sexoetuearian Anniversary of ADAM, known as the Father of all Poets and of the Human Race generally speaking.

The following is a correct report of the fifth meeting recently held in furtherance of the above mentioned excellent object, at the

Rooms of the Society, Paradise Row. Precisely as the clock struck four, the room being tolerably well-filled, the Chair was taken by an elderly gentleman totally unknown to anyone present. MR. CHICK, the energetic promoter of the Scheme, was seated at the Chairman's left hand, while a mild individual, acting as Under-Secretary, was on the Chairman's right, but in consequence of being placed behind several large volumes, he was not visible to the majority of the members.]

The CHAIRMAN on rising, said that—

A Member of the Committee here observed that he was sorry to interrupt, but what he wanted to know was, how that gentleman came to occupy the chair? (*Hear, hear!*)

MR. CHICK rose to explain. He begged to say that since the last meeting, he had come to the unanimous resolution of electing himself Secretary, and that he now, of course, held that position. In discharge of the duties of this office, he had received and answered several letters from various influential personages in the United Kingdom, who had expressed themselves favourably with regard to the present National movement. Also, in bearing this onerous but, cheerfully self-imposed burden, he had had the pleasure of calling on a few of his friends, whose names he would now read to them; the DUKE of TURNHAM GREEN,

His Grace the DUKE of KENNINGTON,

The MARQUIS of ISLINGTON, with whom he had spent an hour or so at luncheon,

LORD ELEPHANT-AND-CARCEL, who expressed himself in the strongest terms possible of admiration (*hear, hear!*) for him personally, MR. CHICK (*disapprobation*),

His Excellency KARUT SING, Ambassador from the Undiscovered Islands of the Pacific,

The EARL of MARCH AND APRIL, to whom he, MR. CHICK, had been lately introduced, and was proud to acknowledge as his dearest friend,

MR. CHICK was proceeding to read a long list of his aristocratic acquaintance, dividing them into Five Classes, *i. e.*, Those whom he knew well; those with whom he was on speaking terms; those who knew *him* well, but were not on speaking terms; those whom he knew by sight; and the remainder consisting of those whom he wanted to know, when—

MR. MIVINS interrupted. He (*MIVINS*) didn't want to hear the self-glorification of MR. CHICK. (*Order, order!—Hear, hear!—Chair!*) He pressed the original question, "Who was that elderly person in the Chair?" (*Hear, hear! Order!*)

MR. CHICK, in explanation, said, that the inhabitants of the County of Surrey had at first contemplated the celebration of a distinct Festival in honour of ADAM, founding their right on the existence of a small

colony, not far from Richmoud, entitled Ham, which they asserted, could trace an unbroken descent from the Noachian era. MR. D'HUMMY was the President of the Ham Council; that distinguished body, so far from opposing the National plan, had sent in their adhesion to it, and he (*MR. CHICK*) felt sure that he had done nothing but carry out the wish of every well-wisher to the present Great Festival, in electing, on his own responsibility, to the office of their Chairman, the late antagonistic President, MR. D'HUMMY.

MR. D'HUMMY, [on being nudged by MR. CHICK], rose and said, Ladies and Gentlemen—I mean Gentlemen—the—um—present occasion—is one—on which, you—that is I—(*Hear, hear!*) and in fact the National Committee—I must state, however, that I've come all the way from Ham by the omnibus—

VOICE. Better go back again. (*Order! Chair!*)

MR. D'HUMMY continued; And being unaccustomed to public—no—I should say, this sort of thing—(*Speak up! Order! Chair!*) I can only remark that I wish—(here MR. CHICK handed the Chairman a small piece of paper)—eh?—where are my spectacles? Oh, yes, (*reading what MR. CHICK has written*)—ah!—quite so—yes—thank you. The Secretary—no, the Under-Secretary—(*looking about*)—I don't exactly see where he is. (Here MR. CHICK attracted the Chairman's attention to the Under-Secretary, who emerged from behind the big books.) Ah, how d'ye do, Sir?—then, yes—

At this point the Chairman imagining that he had done everything that was necessary, sat down.

SEVERAL MEMBERS. What's the question? What's going to be done?

CHAIRMAN (*roused by MR. CHICK, smilingly*). Oh yes, I forgot to say that the Minutes of the former Meeting—I wasn't here you know—will be read. (*Hear, hear.*)

The reading of the Minutes led to an animated discussion as to whether they were framed in grammatical language, and a good deal of language that was neither elegant nor grammatical was exchanged. A Member proposed that a copy of LINDLEY MURRAY should be provided for the use of the meeting, and offered to go out and buy one at the expense of the Secretary.

MR. WICKINS observed that such a course was unprecedented.

The CHAIRMAN (*rising*). What I want to say is, that I've come all the way from Ham by omnibus—(*Order, Order, and cries of "WICKINS."*)

MR. WICKINS (*angrily*). Is this proceeding to stifle discussion?

MR. SPLUFF (*rising and attracting the Chairman's eye away from MR. WICKINS*). I ask to be allowed—(*Order! Chair! Chorus of "WICKINS."*)

The CHAIRMAN (*who has all this time been talking, apparently, to MR. SPLUFF, continues*). And I must say that at Ham—(*goes on talking inaudibly*).

MR. WICKINS (*violently*). Is this conduct intended to stifle—to stifle discussion?

Here MR. CHICK plucked the Chairman by the sleeve, who on turning and seeing MR. WICKINS on his legs, bowed to that gentleman, and after smiling affably, was about to proceed with the discourse, in which he had been just interrupted, when MR. CHICK handed him a slip of paper. After inspecting the writing,

The CHAIRMAN (*politely to MR. WICKINS, before sitting down*). I didn't know that you were speaking, MR. WIGGINS.

MR. CHICK, in explanation, regretted to inform the Meeting that MR. D'HUMMY was slightly afflicted with deafness. (*Hear, hear!*)

MR. WICKINS. Sir, I must protest against being called WIGGINS.

MR. SMITH said he was sorry to interrupt the last Speaker, but as a practical man—he repeated as a practical man—he wanted to know what they were going to do about the Adamite Festival? *That* was their object in meeting together. They had been there for nearly three hours doing nothing. (*Hear, hear!*)

MR. WICKINS was understood to protest against being called WIGGINS.

MR. CHICK said he would read to them a little poem that he had just written in honour of—

MR. SMITH. Question! (*Hear, hear!*)

MR. CHICK. Well then, he would read to them a list of every one who wished his name to appear in public print, commencing with those who had forwarded a guinea specially for that purpose.

This occupied about three-quarters of an hour, during which most of the members left the room. At the conclusion, MR. CHICK wished to know whether they'd like to hear the names of several members of the aristocracy who had not yet been asked to join the movement. This question having been replied to in the negative, MR. CHICK proposed a vote of thanks to himself, and moved that he should act for the Committee in the interim before the next Meeting. This proposal having been also negatived, MR. CHICK said that he should do what he liked without reference to any of them.

MR. WICKINS. When and where do we meet again?

MR. CHICK. Don't know.

MR. WICKINS. Don't care.

After this the Meeting separated, and the amiable Chairman went back to Ham by the omnibus.



Swell (to his Juvenile Partner). "I SUPPOSE THIS IS YOUR FIRST BALL, MISS FLORA?"

Flora (indignantly). "OH, DEAR NO, I'VE BEEN TO AN IM-MENSE NUMBER!"

RAILWAY EXCLUSIVENESS.

SIR, MR. PUNCH,

AVIN card as You are the Friend of hall men Right these few lions to say it appear Mite makes Rite in this rotting old country wich will appear Wen i State as me and jim the Slogger and sum other Parties wich shall be Nameless being all what you mite call Burglars aplied to the Sow heast Rail for a speshal trane as we wished to transackt a little peace of business in a Rich gent's ouse wich is nigh that line and Not to intrupt Reglar tranes wor Agreeble to Start at 3 in the morn^g like KING and the Camel. Sir Mite makes Rite for no sooner was the wurdz escape my Lips wen Manager says to Porters kick this here howdacious and Demaulized willain into the street and if he honely Looks cross and him to the bobbies which I cut in course but Sir Mite makes Rite in this beestly old country and Shall hemmi-great please the Piggs that a Jobb or two now in and Turn up Trumps butt i hope you will Slog that Railway for KING and the Camel was going clean agin Law and arf the gallowsbuds out of quod wos of That party and Yet could have trains and Bobbies wich i call I Lore for the wretch and another for the pure and am

Your respectful Servant,

Fetter Lane.

W. CRACKSMAN.

True to Instinct.

THE "Earthly Vicar's" holy mouth
Praises JEFF DAVIS and the South
For all their pious bravery.
Our Orangemen were not so wrong
Who, in their fierce King-William song
Linked "Popery and Slavery."

"A RAP FOR A RAPPER.

MR. HOME, the Spirit-monger, has set up at Rome, as a Sculptor. He may succeed there, but certainly he never cut a pretty figure here.

A PATRON OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

GENTLEMEN of the United Kingdom Alliance, be pleased to ponder the following extract from the report of MR. GLADSTONE'S speech at Buckley, Flintshire, on the working classes and savings' banks:—

"The public-house, after all, ministered to the wants of mankind; and it was not to be expected—whether to be desired or not—that the use of stimulants by whole communities could be altogether dispensed with. At all events he was sure it did not become those who were in his own condition, and felt that it was necessary to have some assistance of that kind to enable them to go through their labours, to denounce the moderate and rational and Christian-like use of those things. (Hear, hear!)"

Yes, hear, hear! gentlemen.

A preacher of Temperance hear,
Saying, "Take care to keep your heads clear,
But unjust and unwise
Is the bigot who tries
To rob a poor man of his beer!"

Beer is a good familiar creature, if it be well used, and, with the same proviso, the public-house is an excellent institution. No doubt when used overmuch, it is too much of a good thing; and when the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER says:—

"But still the public-house was not a desirable place for the workman to spend that portion of his life which was not absorbed by labour and sleep and food."

Hear, hear! we cordially cry too. The words of sobriety on the subject of drink pronounced by MR. GLADSTONE, to whom we are indebted for that light Claret which bears his name, and which, if it cheers, at any rate does not inebriate, present a refreshing contrast to the intemperate language of those miserable monomaniacs who would saddle JOHN BULL, if he were ass enough to let them, with a Maine Law.

Legal Distinction.

Q. What is the difference between Attorney and Counsel?

A. One is a lawyer, and the other a jawyer.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE JEWS.—The new Greek Minister is GENERAL PETMOSES.

THE NEWEST LORD.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Navan, County Meath.*

You may have thought that I was fidgety and capricious about the selection of my title. I have certainly been hovering over several names, but the fact is, old boy, I was determined to have one which should defy even your powers of rhyme.

See what you can make, (ha! ha!) of a rhyme to the name of

Your jolly old friend, ATHLUMNEY,
Late SIR WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

MY DEAR LORD,

O, that's it; is it?

You're not just a boy, but a hearty old man,
With a decentish ankle, good calf too, and some knee,
And so get a garter as soon as you can,
From the PREMIER, whose place is near Romsey, not Romney;
And, how are you now, our dear BARON ATHLUMNEY?

Yours perpetually, PUNCH,
Late UP THIS MORNING.

THE NATIONAL SHAKSPEARE COMMITTEE.

It was stated at a recent general meeting of this Committee, that a record of its proceedings would be deposited in the British Museum. Many persons may desire earlier information as to one portion of those "proceedings." It should therefore be known that upon the first occasion on which the great body of those whose names have been procured for the Committee list, had an opportunity of expressing their feelings as to previous "proceedings," such of those proceedings as resulted in the exclusion of MR. THACKERAY'S name from the list of Vice-Presidents were condemned by the following Resolution of Censure:—

"That the General Committee deeply deplore the premature decease of MR. THACKERAY, and regret that circumstances should have occurred to prevent the enrolment of his name in the list of Vice-Presidents."



Country Boy. "WHAT'S HE A DOIN' OF."

Town Boy. "WHY, A VINDIN' UP THE CHURCH CLOCK, STOODID."

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

(A German Drunken Song.)

SCHLESWIG!—grand word, sounds of swipes;
Schleswig-Holstein—beer and pipes.
Dutchland's claims are just and clear;
Schleswig-Holstein—pipes and beer.

In tobacco clondland dim,
Fill the beerpot to the brim,
Downsides up at one pull drain;
Schleswig-Holstein we will gain!

Schleswig-Holstein shall be free,
Just about as much as we.
Any fool may understand
Freedom's home in Fatherland.

Therefore Schleswig-Holstein, mates,
Must be added to our states,
Bloodshed never mind how much,
Danish ground we'll make High Dutch.

England can't conceive what for
We're about to plunge in war.
With Teutonic mind to think
Needs Teutonic smoke and drink.

Visions, through these fumes that rise,
Are concealed from British eyes;
There a German Fleet appears—
Schleswig-Holstein—drink your beers!

No such sailors, fleet to man;
Truer tars ne'er emptied can,
Floods of swipes with us agree,
So we're safe to stand the sea.

"Lubbers!" though BRITANNIA cries,
"Hit a foe of your own size,
Let that little boy alone."
Schleswig-Holstein we will bone.

Schleswig-Holstein, gallant band,
Go and win—when you can stand.
Lie and sing, to stand unable,
Schleswig-Holstein under table.

CONTRABAND SPIRITS AT ROME.

It seems that MR. HOME, the Medium, is at present studying sculpture at Rome, unless he has by this time been conducted out of the Papal premises, not to say dominions. The Spirits in which MR. HOME is so large a dealer, are regarded as contraband by the Government of the POPE. We are indebted to the Roman correspondent of the *Times* for an extract from MR. HOME's diary, being the record of an examination which he underwent in the presence of the police, before whom he had been summoned to give an account of that wonderful autobiography which he has published under the title of *Incidents of my Life*, and which incredulous JOHN BULL has received with extended fingers, and a thumb applied to the extremity of his nose. The Papal authorities, however, take a different view of MR. HOME's book from that in which it presents itself to the British sight. They are evidently inclined to make an *auto da fé* of his autobiography, and the result of his interview with them was an order that he should leave Rome in three days. But for the interference of the British Consul, an involuntary egress from the Flaminian Gate, or some other outlet of the Eternal City, would have added another incident to the life of MR. HOME. He has, however, obtained permission to remain in Rome on condition of discontinuing that business in the spirit line, which, however, he disowns, alleging that he does not call spirits from the vasty deep, but that they will come when he does not call for them. As MR. HOME was giving this account of his mediumship to his official interrogators, the spirits, according to the subjoined extract from his own minutes of what occurred, had the timely kindness to suit their action to his word:—

"Do you see the spirits asleep and awake?—Both. Why do the spirits come to you?—As a consolation, and to convince those who do not believe in the after existence of the soul. What religion do they teach?—That depends. What do you do to make them come?' I was about to reply that I did nothing, when on the table where he was writing there came clear and distinct raps. He then said, 'But the table also moves!' Just as he was saying it the table did move."

At present we must be content to say that this statement requires confirmation. Who are its sponsors? Roman police officers, perhaps; but we would rather have had the phenomenon which they may suppose

themselves to have witnessed submitted to the inspection of a British Inspector or two, of the Detective Division. The motion of inanimate objects, naturally fixed, is represented as being so ordinary an occurrence at Rome, that we might well expect to hear of the movements of moveables. Where pictures and statues are apt to wink, it is not astonishing that tables and other furniture should be given to turn. The Papal Government apparently ascribes these several marvels of motion to a spiritual cause; the image-winking, however, to the agency of superior spirits, and the table-moving to that of inferior sorts, too bad for rectification. There is reason to apprehend that the former class of spirits will prove to be far above proof, and the latter as far below it. Otherwise the POPE might order an *experimentum crucis* for the extraction of truth, and the conversion of heretics. At all events, if tables are found to turn in MR. HOME's presence, notwithstanding that of the officers of the Inquisition, it would be worth while, with a view to see whether they would stop, to try holy water. In saying this, however, let us not be understood as wishing to cast any aspersion on MR. HOME, whose ambition to be a sculptor we highly applaud. We are sure that we wish him every success in chiselling marble at any rate, and hope that his celebrity as a Medium will be exceeded by the fame which he will acquire by the production of works above mediocrity.

The Two Dromios.

MONS. MATHIEU DE LA DRÔME is to France what ADMIRAL FITZROY is to England. He is the French, as our Admiral—who so nobly weathers the storm—is the English, Clerk of the Weather. He is often wrong, but oftener right, for many of his predictions have met with most signal success. The two sharp-sighted seers into the middle of next week agree on most points, especially those of the compass, and there is but one little difference between them, and that is merely nominal, for whereas MONS. MATHIEU is the meteorological Prophet of the Drôme, ADMIRAL FITZROY may be called the Prophet of the Drum.

N.B. A Literary Correspondent is informed that the Author of the Tragedy of *Ion* was not STEELE.

BRUMMAGEM LOYALTY.



ONE of our readers may have heard that in a certain part of England there exists an unfrequented market-town called Birmingham, where pistols, swords, and toasting-forks, and other savage luxuries are vended for the use of semi-civilised mankind. This town some five years since, was brought into some notice by a visit that was paid to it by HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, who, attended by her loved, and now lamented, good PRINCE CONSORT, was pleased graciously to go there, for the purpose of opening a place of public recreation and pure open-air amusement for the benefit of

people residing in that town. It may be known perhaps, to some half-dozen of our readers that the place of recreation which thus royally was opened was, and is still, called or known as Aston Park; and those of the half-dozen who are blest with the best memories may remember certain words in the address read to the QUEEN upon the day the Park was opened, which words, we may remind them without offence, were these:—

"In some towns in your Majesty's dominions public parks have wisely been provided by wealthy corporations; in others, by the munificence of philanthropic citizens: here, also, we are indebted to private liberality for two places of recreation for the people; but to Birmingham alone has it been given to secure, by her own exertions, an ancient park for the physical relaxation—an ancient hall for the mental cultivation—of her variously employed and laborious population."

From the wording of the phrase "to Birmingham alone has it been given to secure," people who speak English might be induced to fancy that the purchase of the Park had been actually completed, and to strengthen this belief, the address proceeds to state that the Park "has been acquired," and of course one might have added, one would fancy, "has been paid for." This it secures, however, by no means was the case; and although the address was "signed by the then Mayor and other gentlemen of local distinction," the statement that the property called Aston Park "had been acquired" was, in point of fact, a most egregiously tittyhopper, not to use a shorter word. The truth is that HER MAJESTY was swindled out of the patronage which she bestowed upon the Park, which, of course, she opened under the impression that it had been bought and paid for; and we now learn that:—

"A number of gentlemen (including the REV. DR. MILLER, the rector) feeling deeply the disgrace which must fall upon the town if the purchase of the hall and park is not completed, have endeavoured to relieve the town from such a stigma by raising a sum of money—£7,000—with the view to stimulate the Town Council to provide the remainder."

A memorial to this effect was the other day presented to the Birmingham Town Council, and the following resolution accordingly was moved:—

"That, in order to secure the realisation of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY'S expectation and desire that Aston Park (which was publicly opened by the QUEEN) shall be permanently secured as a place for the healthy exercise and rational recreation of the industrious classes, and in commemoration of the auspicious visit of HER MAJESTY and her illustrious Consort the PRINCE ALBERT to this borough, on the 15th day of June, 1858, it is expedient that the park be purchased by this Council; and for this purpose that the Estate and Buildings Committee be authorised and instructed to treat for and buy (at a sum not exceeding £26,000) the said park and the hall, and other buildings standing thereon, as now or late held and occupied by the Aston Hall and Park Company, and to do and execute all necessary acts and deeds that may be necessary to vest the same in the corporation, under the provisions of the Birmingham Parks Act, 1854."

The report which we are quoting here becomes so very clearly incorrect that we cannot ask our readers any longer to give credence to it. Surely no one can believe that an amendment was proposed to the effect that the Town "was not pledged to purchase the Park," and it is equally preposterous to put faith in the assertion that "no vote was taken on the original resolution, and any decision was postponed until the next meeting of the Council." We much prefer to think that the trifling sum required for the purchase of the Park was immediately voted by the Members of the Council, who indeed would but have had to put their hands into their pockets to find loose cash enough there jingling to make up the sum required. Then of course a vote of censure

was unanimously passed by the Town Council on itself, for its culpable neglect in not having raised the money ever such a while ago; and the humblest of petitions was directed to be forthwith presented to HER MAJESTY, acknowledging the impudence wherewith she had been swindled into honouring the Town, but praying that, in mercy to their wretched wives and families, the Members of the Council should not at present be beheaded, for their treasonable villainy in swindling thus their QUEEN.

THE MODERN SAM HALL.

(In Prisons and such places where they enjoy themselves, here followeth the ditty.)

Attr—"Sam Hall."

My name it is SAM HALL,
Villain great, villain great,
I've done both big and small,
Now into gaol I fall,
Rewarded after all
By the State, by the State.

The Grub's sufficient quite
For a man, for a man,
The work so very light
Just whets the appetite;
My bed too's warmed at night
With a pan, with a pan.

The Parson walks in, glum,
Tracts he shows, tracts he shows,
Tho' I sits first quite dumb,
I'm gently overcome,
When gone, I put my thumb
To my nose, to my nose.

Repentant I appear,
All my eye, all my eye.
My time to leave is near;
But as there's such good cheer,
I'll soon be sent back here,
So good bye, so good bye.

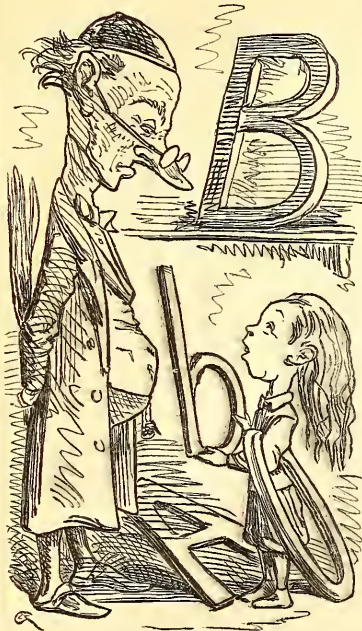
"STARVATION PARTIES."

UNDER the above title the ladies of the Confederate division of the American States are giving parties upon a principle which *Mr. Punch* heartily wishes could be tried here. Friends assemble for a social evening, music, dancing, conversation, but money being precious in the present condition of things in the South, a hostess gives simple refreshments, and does not think it necessary to squander a large sum in luxuries. To the British matron, who cannot ask a few friends without hiring a band, laying out a costly supper, engaging a half a dozen waiters, and causing champagne to flow like water, such an expedient as that of the Confederate ladies must be as revolting as are the Southern States themselves. But to the British matron who thinks that her friends come to see her and one another, and not for the sake of what they can get to eat and drink, and who has the pluck to offer simple hospitality instead of indulging in sumptuous extravagance, the Starvation Parties, as they are pleasantly called, will seem sensible things. Why should not young housekeepers, and some who are less young, take the hint from the beautiful ladies of the South—or, if preferred, from the beautiful *Mr. Punch*. He hereby encourages them to try. We won't talk of Starvation, but suppose he honours such assemblies with a title from his own household. Let a Judy Party be the name for an evening arranged in the rational way described. Husbands will be found far more pliable, in the matter of party-giving, when wives point out that everybody has gone away pleased, and yet the cheque wanted for the expenses of the night is a very small one. *Mr. Punch* hardly knows, whether he dare add that the Richmond ladies attend "in simple dress"—but he hazards this second hint, with a full sense of its audacity. But he strongly believes that the happiness of society (and he lives but to promote this) would be materially increased by the Judy Party becoming a Domestic Institution.

Atrocious Outrage on Mazzini.

THE French Police have been guilty of a diabolic attempt. They have sought to throw into the house of M. MAZZINI paper shells filled with poisonous charges. Luckily these missiles struck against the column of an English printing-house, and exploded without harm to the intended victim, but with damaging effect upon the conspirators. We believe that their extradition has been demanded by the British Government.

A MECHANICAL DONKEY.



Y way of improving his mind, a person who signs himself J. PASSMORE EDWARDS, and who writes from the office of the *Mechanic's Magazine and Journal of the Applied Sciences*, has been applying all the science he knows in concocting an amusingly abusive letter to *Mr. Punch*, which that gentleman hereby acknowledges. MR. PASSMORE EDWARDS complains of something which we have published, but as he describes it as a "characature," we hardly know what he means; and we also find it difficult to reconcile the facts that PASSMORE EDWARDS cannot spell, and that there are so many charity schools in London. He sends, however, the usual piece of Billingsgate about a "hireling scribe," from which we gather that his own literary exertions for the *Mechanic's Magazine* are rewarded at what—judging from his spelling—they must be exactly worth. But there

is always something to be learned, even from an idiot, and PASSMORE EDWARDS sends us a new fact. He states that his friend the Member for Rochdale "has flung his name into the Stars to blaze for ever." Still, even this novel fact is not stated with the precision desirable in scientific statements. MR. COBDEN has, undoubtedly, flung his name into a great many Stars—we think that so late as yesterday there was an article about him—but they do not blaze for ever, but only for about three minutes, while the domestic blows them to make the wood in the grate catch fire. However, we are thankful for any information, and have enclosed a spelling-book to MR. EDWARDS, and when he shall be a little advanced in rudimentary knowledge, we will ask him to learn this couplet—all easy little words:—

"In . This . World . There . Is . One . Ass . More .
Than . *Punch* . Had . Known . And . That . Is . PASS . MORE."

PROTECTION FOR GATEPOSTS.

SIR,

FOR a long term of years I have been subjected to an annoyance, which has kept my temper in a constant state of irritation. I occupy a suburban villa, with a gate and posts in front of it painted white, but, as often as fresh painted, scribbled and drawn over by boys, passing, or coming from tradesmen to the door. I am not one of those testy persons who care about seeing their name scrawled under the sketch of an irregular oval figure with toasting-forks for legs and arms, or the imperfect attempt of youthful art to delineate a man hanging on a derrick. My dignity is not offended by those juvenile caricatures of my person, but my sense of order is greatly afflicted by the disfigurement of my premises. Now, Sir, I have at last contrived to rid myself of this vexation; and your readers may like to know how.

I procured a large board, Sir, had it nicely whitewashed, and affixed to the pailings close to my gate. To a nail, by a long string, I caused to be attached a lead-pencil, and on the top of the board to be painted, in large black letters, "Please to write and draw on this board." The board is fresh whitewashed regularly every morning, or oftener if the embellishments and inscriptions are of an otherwise than unobjectionable nature. It answers admirably; and I think the authorities who preside over the School of Design should give some credit for the encouragement of juvenile genius to

Yours truly, CIVIS.

The Royal Baby.

MR. PUNCH thinks that the most appropriate title for the little Prince would be "DUKE OF CORNWALL," seeing that he must necessarily remain so long a minor (*miner*).

ART NOTE.—*The Early Italian Style*.—An Organ-grinder at five o'clock in the morning.

TOPICS WITH TEA.

You can't have Topics without T, that's evident, the same remark applies to Toast; though in this case, Tea must be taken twice. The late lamented MRS. RAMSBOTHAM used to observe, in her own inimitable style, that "there was nothing she liked more than taking a quiet cup of tea in the evening, with a friend, while talking over and otherwise disgusting the 'Topics of the day.'" Now I think of it, I fancy she called them Toothpicks, not Tropics; words, however, are at the best but arbitrary, and her meaning, under either mode of expression, remained the same. With the opinion of this respected gentlewoman I do most certainly coincide.

Dinner-time, to rightly constituted minds and well ordered digestive organs, affords no opportunity for discursive conversation. Between the courses, a few well-turned observations upon the comparative merits of certain dishes, and concerning the time and seasons to be regarded in the matter of imbibing the lighter and the heavier wines, may be, indeed, judiciously admitted. Let not a subject of Foreign or Domestic politics be even so much as thought of; and let not a scandalous story be present with you, as becometh *meu* gifted with the talent of duly appreciating the science of health.

I pass over Dessert, a mere barbarous excrescence which, I take it, will disappear with the last bottle of the "Fine Old Crusted." My Christian dinner-eaters, what is this Dessert? Why does it yet hold a place in your well-regulated households? It is an unblessed meal. I appeal to any head of a family. Is it not so? There are thanksgivings ante-prandial, and thanksgivings post-prandial; but from the moment of its introduction to society, a curse has, as it were, rested upon the institution of the Dessert. It is as if we said, Heaven made the Dinner, *mau* the Dessert. Look to it, ye dinner-givers. Think not that we, the dinner-eaters, judge of you by your fruits. Trust not the proverb that says, "Speak of a man according to his Desserts;" you know, as well as I, that the majority of our friends speak of us according to our Dinners. Now we come to our time for topics. Topics with T, undoubtedly. Drawing-room topics with the Ladies' Tea. But for men there is another and a better T, which mingles well with coffee, and is of all things most suitable to topics, I mean the T, initial of Tobacco. Come to the smoking-room; strike the light cigar! Fill up your pipes, and clear your pipe if need be, to join me in my *bacca*-role.

AIR—"The Sea! The Sea!"

The T! the T! the T, A, B, A, C!
The new, the fresh, the drawing free,
The Clay-ay-ay Pi-ipe for me!
Without a mark, without a stain,
I'd smoke it and fill it u-up again.
Then came a She! Then came a She!
My friends who made with my house so free,
Who blew above as they blew below,
Were told to the kitchen that they must go!
My wife has her tea,
And so will we,
What, 'bacca? What, 'bacca?
Will you come and smo-oke with me?
Chorus. What 'bacca? What 'bacca?
Will you come and smo-o-o-o-oke with me?

After the introductory chorus comes the recitative of topics: very true, but on referring to the time, I find that, to use a Huguenotically operative illustration, our conversation would be "interrupted by the watch," and therefore we'll allow the Tropics, for this occasion, to end in smoke. Whiff! Whiff!

Excuse for Late Hours.

"HE was as wild as he was good-natured, and had such a lot of spirits that, not being able to exhaust them all in one night, he was forcibly driven to encroach upon the next morning to enable him properly to get through them."—*Extract from an Unpublished Irish Novel.*

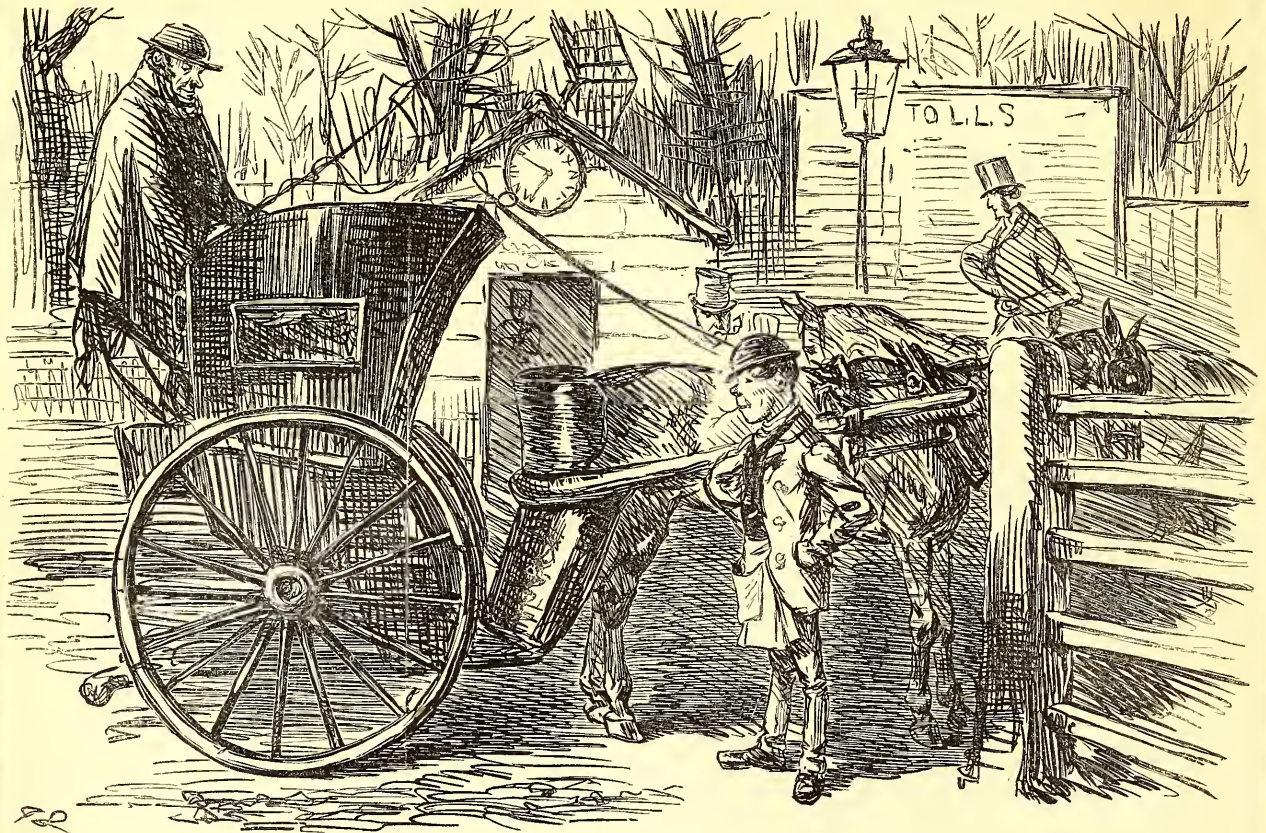
HONOUR TO LETTERS.

SIR ROWLAND HILL ought to be the best informed person living, as he must necessarily be (as the Yankees would express it) well "posted up" in all the movements of the day,—and night.

A QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED.

WE observe an advertisement beginning, *Home's without Hands*. Well, we know that the POPE has forbidden MR. HOME to do his juggling with the hands, but why is it advertised?

FASHIONABLE TRADE REPORT.—Materials for Ladies' Dresses, of all colours, are in brisk demand, and fetch good prices per acre.



THE TOLL-BAR NUISANCE.

Cabby (to impudent Boy at Gate). "AH! YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN A SAUCY YOUNG DOG; BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE DONE AWAY WITH, THAT'S ONE COMFORT—AND YOU CAN'T GROW INTO A TURNPIKE MAN!"

A WELCOME TO THE BABY PRINCE.

BY THE POET LAUREATE T-PP-R.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little Star,
That's precisely what you are,
Star of England's hopes, and mine,
Destined on her throne to shine.

Pretty little royal boy,
Father's pride and mother's joy,
How I long to see thee toddle,
And to kiss thy pinky noddle!

Haply if thy praise I sing,
Old England's small but future King!
Pa and Ma will ask me down
To Frogmore, nigh to Windsor town.

Therefore, hail! auspicious child!
Who upon our laud hast smiled!
And let thy parents read my rhymes
A hundred thousand million times!

ECCLESIASTICAL.

ON the occasion of DR. PENHRYN STANLEY'S taking his stall for (we hope) several seasons in Westminster Abbey, the learned and reverend gentleman had to hear certain formal addresses, and make the answers common to these ceremonies. One novel question was, we hear, put; it is supposed to have been framed by DR. C. WORDSWORTH, with a view to test the depth of the new dignitary's research. It was as follows:—

Q. What were the first two specimens of fruit in Paradise?

DR. STANLEY promptly replied, My dear Canon, the Serpent was the first *Meddler*: ADAM and EVE were the first *Pair*.
After this the Canon went off.

THE INNISKILLINGS AND THE LILLEYKILLINGS.

THE nation must be a very unreasonable, not to say impolite nation, if it is not perfectly satisfied with the very gentlemanly way in which H.R.H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has arranged the CRAWLEY business. Nothing could be in better taste. COLONEL CRAWLEY having been honourably acquitted on all the charges which the Horse Guards thought could in fairness be brought against a gentleman, the Duke pleasantly re-iterates the fact, and in replacing COLONEL CRAWLEY at the head of the Inniskilling Dragoons, gives him just that friendly hint about tact and temper which one veteran soldier might offer to another. All the persons who were so rude as not to like COLONEL CRAWLEY, or to give evidence in an ungentlemanly manner, are severely wigged and menaced, as such conduct justly deserves, and SIR HUGH ROSE is apologised to for having been rebuked under a misapprehension. But the noble generosity of the Horse Guards does not stop here, and as if to confute the base and public-house charge that the humble soldier is less considered than his superiors, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE makes the most complete atonement to the *manes* of SERJEANT-MAJOR LILLEY, by frankly admitting that there is no particular proof that he was not a sober man "up to the period of his arrest." This generous, soldierly, and unstinted compensation must be more than satisfactory to LILLEY'S relatives and to the nation, and in the interest of the Army, and especially of the recruiting service, a copy of the Duke's remarks should be largely distributed. As for the ridiculous, lawyer-like objections, that LILLEY was kept under arrest in violation of the Articles of War, and that he and his wife died under painful circumstances, we really feel that it would be lowering the tone in which military matters are discussed by gentlemen, to enter into explanations of such miserable details. The Horse Guards have behaved as might have been expected.

Interesting Problem.

GIVEN—any two servant-girls in a neighbourhood gossiping—to find—the conversation lasting sixty seconds without the occurrence of the following sentence—"So sez she to me, sez she."



WHAT THE NATION HOPES SOON TO SEE.

SCOTTISH ECONOMY.



“This half bad?” The Scottish people have always asserted themselves to be frugal and economic, though *Mr. Punch* has never, when seated at the hospitable boards of the north, been able to detect the slightest evidence of the fact. However, Glasgow has just given a signal proof that economy is a Scottish virtue. Everybody knows, or ought to know, and be it said to the confusion and shame of London and her foul cisterns and abominable water-tubs, that every house in Glasgow is supplied, from basement to sky-parlour, with the beautiful water of Loch Katrine, which is so pure that it stands next to distilled water in the Health people’s reports. But it seems that the Water Committee of Glasgow have discovered that “great increase is being made in the consumption of water,” and the Lord Provost has been presiding at a meeting at which

“Conversation took place as to the waste of water, and the propriety of having an efficient staff of officers to see that no undue waste took place throughout the city. It appeared in the course of the conversation that the increase in the consumption of water was ten per cent., and the increase in the receipts five per cent., which, it was argued, showed that considerable waste took place.”

We are happy to add, that the practical character of the Scottish people was demonstrated by the resolution to which the meeting came, and of which the following is a copy:—

“That in order to set a good example to our fellow citizens, and to prevent an entirely needless waste of the element, this Meeting pledges itself for the future to take its whiskey in the form of drams, or as neat as convenient, and that in any case, after the fourth tumbler of toddy, the water shall be diminished to one half, and, in the case of an eke, to one-third of the contents of the glass.”

We are truly glad to hear this, and heartily wish that in London we had the opportunity of making our grog with water like that laid on to Glasgow. If companies would give us that, which we do want, instead of Railways which we don’t, such associations would not be the objects of hatred and scorn (unlimited) which they now are.

WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

(An extract from the Police Reports of 1865.)

WILLIAM SMASHER was yesterday charged with dashing a large stone through the plate-glass window of MESSRS. ROSE AND TABLECUT, jewellers, destroying property to the amount of £15, and stealing a handful of rings, value £150.

The case having been clearly proved, DR. CRANKY CRACKER, the eminent mad-doctor, was called, and said that the prisoner was suffering under hallucination. His third cousin had gone out to the gold diggings and failed, and this misfortune had given such a shock to his mind that he had conceived an insane dislike of shops where gold was exhibited.

The Magistrate said that the prisoner must of course be discharged.

OCTAVIUS SHANNY was charged with having gone to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and having stabbed and cut to pieces MR. MILLAIS’ noble picture of *Aaron and His holding up the hands of Moses*. Being asked what he had to say, the prisoner made faces at the Magistrate.

Medical evidence was adduced to show that the prisoner, about eighteen years before, had bought a coat of MOSES & SON, with which he had been, for some reason, displeased, and that the name of MOSES had since been enough to excite him to the wildest acts.

The Magistrate regretted that under the circumstances the police had taken the poor fellow into custody, and ordered his immediate discharge.

LARRY M’TWOLTER, an Irish lad, was charged with dashing large handfuls of mud into the carriages of ladies who were going to the QUEEN’S Drawing Room.

The prisoner showed the lamentable condition of his mind by taking a sight at the worthy Magistrate, who said he need not trouble a

medical gentleman ready in attendance, and humanely added, “Go away, poor boy; but don’t do it again if you can help it.” The prisoner took another sight of gratitude, and retired.

JANET DRABBER, a domestic servant, was charged with beating the infant children of her mistress, and with frightening one of them into fits with a hideous mask, because the child, who was in bed, cried, and disturbed a friendly little supper in the kitchen.

The prisoner pleaded guilty, but said she couldn’t bear children. They were such tiresome little wretches, always wanting something or other.

A medical man said that the prisoner’s mind had been warped in her youth, by her mother’s taking away from her a doll which she had stolen, and returning it to the shop, and from that time she had always hated babies and children.

The Magistrate said that for a poor creature not to like children was in itself punishment enough, discharged the prisoner, and hoped her mistress would take her back into her service.

GEORGE FLASHINGTON, a clerk in a bank, was charged with embezzlement. His defalcations amounted to about £1,500.

There was no defence to the case, but DR. SNEAKER WEASEL, a practitioner of two years’ standing, unhesitatingly declared that the prisoner was not responsible for his actions.

The attorney for the prosecution asked whether DR. WEASEL had received or expected a *douceur* for giving such evidence.

The Magistrate, with some warmth, desired the witness not to answer, and said that the attorney himself would probably not have attended unless he expected to be paid.

DR. WEASEL said that the prisoner had lost heavily by the breaking down of *Birch Broom* in the Derby, and that the witness knew this, having been at the races with him. Coming home, the prisoner said it was enough to drive a fellow wild.

The Magistrate said that the evidence was perfectly conclusive, and discharged the prisoner.

LOUISA MATILDA FITZMOUNTCHARLINGTON, a young lady of good connections, was charged with stealing a diamond brooch from the toilette table of another lady who was staying at the same hotel.

A chambermaid deposed to having seen the prisoner enter the room stealthily, secrete the article, and glide out. It was discovered in her trunk, which was carefully locked, and had to be forced open, the prisoner refusing to give up the key.

Two eminent physicians attended, and certified that they had talked to her, and had no doubt of her being irresponsible. She had no idea as to the constitution of Switzerland, believed that diamonds were discovered in a polished state, had never heard of an Artesian Well, or of SAVONAROLA, or of the differential calculus, and thought that it was unlucky to begin things on a Friday, or to see the new moon, for the first time, through glass.

The Magistrate said that it was extremely harsh to bring such a person into a Police Court, and ordered her to be let out by the private entrance.

JEREMIAH GRUMPH, labourer, was charged with setting fire to a stack, whereby the entire farm-buildings of his employer were burned to the ground, and the lives of several persons lost.

Being asked for his defence, the prisoner began, in a rich Somersetshire dialect, to sing—

“What a pity such a vine young vellar should go to Bot’ny Bai.”

The Magistrate, with much kindness, assured him that there was no fear of that, and asked him how he came to burn the stack.

The prisoner was apparently about to make a rational answer, when a wink from his attorney, MR. MEFIBOSHETH, recalled him to his proper line of defence, and he shouted—

“I did it afore his very sight, lor, how the chap did stare,
For it’s my delight of a shining night, to make the hay-rick flare.”

Medical evidence was about to be called to prove, as we understood, that the prisoner’s mind had been fearfully excited about fires, ever since an itinerant lecturer had recited in his presence LORD MACAULAY’S poem on the kindling of the Armada-beacons, but

The Magistrate said that he should expect and deserve to be mobbed as he went home if he detained such a man, and ordered his immediate discharge.

The prisoner asked, very quietly, for money to take him back to the place where he had been in service, and this was at once given him out of the poor-box.

A Jacobite Rhyme Revived.

BY A MUDDLED STUDENT OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

BLESS Holstein’s rightful King, the State’s defender,
Bless,—there’s no harm in blessing the Pretender.
Which the Pretender is, and which the King,
Blest if I know; that’s quite another thing.

ENVY.—The Dyspepsia of the Mind.



PERILOUS POSITION OF OUR TURNCOCK THE DAY AFTER THE FROST.

THE COMING ELECTION.

THERE will probably next summer be a general election, and we really think that during their vacation our M. P.'s would be wise to spare a small slice of their leisure to prepare and ponder over their next year's election speeches. The toils of hunting, shooting, fishing, and other highly necessary senatorial occupations, are of course, we know, of far superior importance to any mere political study or employment; and we are aware that many Members consider their best to do their duty to their country by living out of town, and out of troublesome Saint Stephen's, as much as ever their constituents will suffer them to do so. Still in the finest sporting season there must sometimes be wet days when in-door labour is acceptable, and the preparing of a hustings speech is just that easy sort of work, which when one is in the country, one feels competent to do.

Now there are two subjects which seem just now of paramount importance, and on which, when any candidate appears upon the hustings, it is pretty certain that he will be sharply questioned. Street Music is one of them, and Railway Inroads the other: and it is clear that on the views which he maintains upon these subjects his election or rejection will in chief degree depend. Do you like Street Music? will be the first question proposed to him. Will you oppose new Railway Inroads? he, no doubt, will next be asked; and if he misplaces his affirmative and negative, we shall, in point of Parliament, regard him as a cherub, and would give little for his chance of getting a seat there. Unthinking persons possibly may argue, that these matters are mere London subjects, and that country candidates will not be bored about them. But *Punch* hereby gives notice that he will not give his support to any candidate who shirks the test-points he has mentioned: and any Member who gets in by holding wrong views on these subjects, *Punch* intends to bully, browbeat, joke, quiz, ridicule, make fun of, and turn into contempt, until that Member gives up his opinions or his seat.

A Brace of Dictators.

ONE Dictator at a time might be thought to be even a model Republic; but according to REUTER:—

“The iron-clad Dictator has been successfully launched at New York.”

So that there is an iron-clad Dictator at New York, whilst there is also a shoddy-clad Dictator at Washington.

A DUCK DISHED.

(See French Newspaper Reports of the latest “Assassination Plot” *passim*.)

MADAME LA FRANCE is tossing
Uneasy, in her sleep;
The opiates she's been dosed with
No more bring slumbers deep.
“*La Gloire's*” morphine, for which she used
To crave, is waved away;
She kicks against the chloroform
Of “*L'Empire c'est la Paix*”;
And even rejects the opium pill
Of “*La Prospérité!*”

The “little games,” that used to cheat
Her sick hours, lose their charm;
“Saving Society” won't chouse,
Nor “*Spectre Rouge*” alarm.
She looks at her strait-waistcoat;
Feels where she has been bled;
Puts her hand with a dreamy look,
Up to her shaven head—
Feeling for Freedom's aureole,
Finds *le tricorne* instead!

Has doubts whether these *douches*
Of debt and tax and loan,
Prescribed by her kind doctor,
Were not best let alone;
Feels that her pulse beats steady;
Finds her limbs want free play;
Is hungry, but would like her food;
Dressed in another way:
“Not à *l'Impériale*,” she cries,
But “à *la Liberté*.”

If this go on, Madame may soon
Of her *régime* complain;
May e'en insist on getting up
And going out again!
Burst, Samson-like, the safety-bands
That swathe her, limb and side,
Tear her strait-waistcoat, e'en kick out
Her Keeper true and tried—
Against such dangerous symptoms,
’Tis urgent to provide.

What's to be done—bleed? blister?
No; first, our Congress bolus—
But Europe's M.D.'s shake their heads,
And leave our Doctor *solus!*
Try *Avertissement*-anodyne—
It don't work as it used:
DE MORNY's tonic bitters—
They're scoffed at and refused:
Quick—Madame grows more restless—
The Doctor she's abused!

Ha! an idea! History tells
How Rome escaped the Gauls,
Thanks to a timely goose that hissed
From Capitolian walls.
But Paris has so many geese
Hissing into her ears,
Their voice may well be impotent
To stir or still her fears;
But she trusts Quacks: let fly a Duck!
And lo that Duck appears!

No common *Canard*, weakly fledged
From the Press hatching-pen:
From REUTER's office flown at nine,
To be knocked down at ten:
No Bourse lame-duck that waddles out,
But scarce its legs can feel,
Till it's caught, neck-wrung, plucked and pickled,
Yet barely makes a meal—
UN CANARD COLOSSAL! to set
Weak eyes and brains a-reel!

Blood-red the colour of its wings,
(They'll loom large in the air);
Stuffed full of bombs (they won't be charged
But look as if they were);

A huge six-shooter in each foot,
A poniard in its bill,
Steeped in corrosive sublimate,
The deadlier to kill;
And 'neath its wing "*des preuves écrites*,"—
La Police wields the quill!

To crown the Imperial *canard*,
And force its terrors home,
Tie to its head, legs, wings, one name
The Triumvir of Rome!
That our *canard* where'er it fly,
May brand the assassin's shame
Upon MAZZINI's bloodless brow
In characters of flame.
Ah! *Quel rouge-dragon de canard!*
MADAME LA FRANCE 'twill tame!

"*Le Spectre Rouge!* Look in the air!
See where old Bogie flies!
Beware his bombs, revolvers,
Daggers and saucer-eyes!
Boh! Hide your head beneath the clothes,
Bogie shan't catch you—no!
I'll keep MAZZINI at arm's length,
I'll save LA FRANCE! Holloa!
"*Connu!*" shouts FRANCE, with thumb to nose,
And finger-tips arow.

Like other Bogies *Spectres Rouges*
Have either had their day,
Or the Police *canards* have lost
Their old imposing sway.
Spite of our large expense in lies,
Carried through thick and thin,
Projectiles, plots, MAZZINI's name
Tacked on, fool's faith to win—
This last and crowning Duck of ours
Won't e'en the Geese take in!

QUACKERY CRYING OUT.

THE Quacks are greatly alarmed by the prospect of an additional clause to the New Medical Bill, which threatens to deprive them of what they call their copyright in those notorious names under which their specifics are advertised. One of these fellows, the other day, had the impudence to write to one of the bronze papers, in vindication of the craft by which they get their wealth, a letter, which thus commences:—

"THE NEW MEDICAL BILL
"To the Editor of the 'Daily Telegraph.'

"Sir,—In fair play, and also 'in the interest of humanity,' I trust you will allow me, on behalf of the patent medicine vendors, a reply to 'J. R. W. S.,' as regards his statement on the compounding and prescribing of patent medicines. In the first place, it is a fact known to every one that it has been chiefly by eschewing the use of those violent remedies to which he refers that patent medicines have generally been so successful; and as regards that old stereotyped objection of the one remedy for so many forms of disease, I ask, in reply, why so many remedies are necessary for the one simple object—the correction of the stomach and intestines; for it is upon the right function of these organs that health and disease depend."

It is perhaps allowable to answer a quack's question, for the benefit of those whom it is meant to humbug. Why are so many remedies necessary for the correction of the stomach and intestines? Because there are very many different states of the stomach and intestines, and the other digestive organs not mentioned by the Quack, to the correction of which different remedies are adapted. Moreover there are other organs of the body, besides the digestive, upon whose right functions health and disease depend, and on which medicines may be required to act, so that the 'one simple object' of remedies is not 'the correction of the stomach and intestines,' for which purpose the Correspondent of the newspaper above quoted is doubtless the proprietor of some compound advertised as infallible.

The Quack goes on to cite certain admissions on the part of medical lecturers of the imperfection of medical science; whereon he remarks:—

"If this is a true reflex of the medical science of the present day, it is high time that this gigantic medical monopoly should be abolished, and that the efforts of legislators should be exerted, not in fettering the hands of men who do understand the theory of cause and effect, and can comprehend the nature and action of the remedies they employ, but rather in instituting a fair inquiry into the merits of the several systems; and the patent medicine proprietors will not fear the result."

The men whose hands legislators should not try to fetter, because they do understand the theory of cause and effect, by which the Quack probably means the connection between cause and effect, and who can comprehend the nature and action of the remedies they employ, are, according to him, the proprietors of patent medicines. They "will not

fear the result" of an inquiry which would be dreaded by some other persons. Those others, of course, are the regularly educated physicians and surgeons, who differ from the patent medicine proprietors only in having first received a general education, and then having carefully and minutely studied anatomy, physiology, chemistry, nosology, and therapeutics, instead of having confined their studies to the practice of puffery.

The conclusion of this fellow's epistle is a fine example of that flatulence which is incurable by any medicine:—

"After that public avowal, before referred to, of professional incompetency, is it 'in the interest of humanity' that these self-constituted guardians of the public health should be allowed wholly and solely to monopolise the practice? Medical science, Sir! is this the only result of the accumulated knowledge of the medical body, that 'they are still living in the dark ages of medicine?' Then to whom are the afflicted to look if patent medicines are abolished?—I am, Sir, yours, &c., J. P."
"Kensington Park, Jan. 9."

It is not difficult to understand whom the Quack speaks of as the "self-constituted guardians of the public health." They are the medical profession in general, and in particular the members of the Council which regulates its affairs. But these gentlemen are constituted guardians of the public health by Act of Parliament, and what the Quack fears and deprecates is the enlargement of their authority, at his cost. "To whom are the afflicted to look if patent medicines are abolished?" To a respectable practitioner, who will prescribe for them what is suitable for their complaint, and who will know what is the matter with them. That is more than they know themselves, so that when they take a specific remedy, supposing there is one, they must doubt whether they are taking the right, unless they are such fools as to be incapable of thought, or to be capable of believing in a patent medicine which cures all diseases, a panacea like that which Mr. J. P. is most likely interested in the sale of.

UNTHINKING BEGGARS.

MR. PUNCH,

THE numerous beggars who, at this inclement season, are accustomed to appear in the streets, suggest the inquiry, what is the cause, which most generally reduces people to poverty? The answer that may too readily be given is, their own fault. This is a mistake. I would rather say, their own stupidity. What strongly impresses me with the belief that pecuniary destitution is chiefly attributable to want of sense, is the utter absence of all consideration which beggars usually exhibit in the very act of soliciting charity of passengers.

A stout old gentleman, of an appearance which his friends may style apoplectic, is walking along the street, tightly buttoned up in an overcoat without pockets. Around his neck a railway wrapper is folded several times, and his hands are enveloped in thick worsted gloves encircled with a large roll of fur at the wrists. What possible inducement, think you, shall prevail upon this old gentleman to undo his accoutrements, throw himself open, and let the cold air into his bosom and the pit of his stomach? Yet a street-beggar will get in the way of this old gentleman, and without one thought of what he is asking him to do, will say, "Gentleman, please yer honour, har yer got ar a copper to give a poor man to buy 'im a bit o' bread." Have I got a copper!—he means a bronze. Where, does he suppose? A copper!—that is all he conceives that his request amounts to. A copper in an old gentleman's pocket is a simple copper to him; a *Peter Bell* of a beggar. How is it to be got out? Does he expect this old gentleman to unbutton his overcoat—for which purpose he must previously take off his gloves and put them into his mouth, or else let them drop, and then unwind the wrapper from around his throat—next to unbutton his undercoat, and fumble in his waistcoat pockets, first in one and then in the other, then in each of his coat pockets, and lastly in the pockets of his trousers, to see if he can find a penny or a halfpenny—probably without success?

The deficiency of observation, perception, reason, and judgment, the total vacuity of mind that alone could admit of so absurd an expectation, would render any person labouring under it incapable of managing the commonest affairs, of preserving any property, or earning any subsistence. Imagine to yourself this old gentleman taking himself to pieces before the public in the manner above detailed; a spectacle to the bystanders! It is what he is asked to do a dozen times every day in the course of his constitutional. This has taught him rather to pity the obtuseness than to blame the depravity of beggars. He is

Your humble Servant, SENEX.

** There is much acuteness in our correspondent's remarks on the thoughtless importunity of beggars. They ought to know that he has subscribed, as much as he can afford to soup-kitchens, and put all his spare coppers into the poor-box.—PUNCH.

HOME IN ROME.—On the usual day for such applications; MR. HOME applied to the Ecclesiastical Authorities of the City for a Licence to deal in Spirits. Licence refused.



FLUNKEIANA.

John Thomas Gorgeous. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, COOK! I'M A'MOST WORE OUT WITH THEM LEGS O' MUTTON AND LEGS O' PORK, AND I THINK IT'S 'IGH TIME SOME NEW HANIMAL WAS INWENTED!"

THE LONGEST JOKE ON RECORD.

MR. FALCONER must be regarded as the most stupendous of modern jokers. He has concocted a *Jeu d'Esprit* which it takes two hours and a-half to utter. He has written a drama called *Night and Morn*, the sole purpose of which is to show that solitary confinement for twenty years is a piece of experience that may be laughed at!

The ignorant world has fancied hitherto, that solitary confinement, even for a year or two, has something horrible about it,—that it tends to turn a bad man into a savage, and a good one into an idiot. There have been philanthropists who have gone so far even as to denounce it as a prolonged murder,—the mere withering a man to death, by which society indulges in a brutal revenge upon a criminal instead of endeavouring to bring him to some sense of his misconduct. Whether these views be true or not, it has been pretty generally believed that such a punishment tends at least to numb the faculties, whiten the hair, and rather effectually damp the spirits.

MR. FALCONER, however, assures us that we are entirely wrong upon the point. He contends that solitary confinement, even for the space of twenty years, may be endured without any damage either to the person or the feelings. His hero, a worthy fellow, who has been unjustly caged by an Italian duke, effects his escape from his dungeon without a grey hair on his head or a wrinkle on his brow, and a decided feeling that his long entombment was, after all, a pleasant adventure. So far from being troubled with the ordinary feelings in such a case—the dulness, sadness, or vindictiveness, that one would think proper to poor humanity—he has not even a sense of annoyance. He jokes with his gaoler on the eve of his escaping; he enjoys heartily the wonder of the governor at the disappearance of his bedding, which he has turned into a rope ladder, and he wonders with a grave chuckle, how his family circle, the mice and spiders, will possibly get on without him. He gives us in fact, the idea of a fast young Italian who has been shut up for a night or two in some mediæval round-house, and who on getting free, considers the matter as rather an exciting bit of life.

Indeed the case is somewhat stronger. This philosopher regards his punishment as a positively beneficial process. Solitary confinement for

twenty years, and endured by the victim of a tyrant, sharpens the enjoyment of fresh air, and the salutary privilege of exercise. It is a temporary retirement which really invigorates the senses, and has but the one inconvenience, that it forbids the luxury of a barber. In fact, according to MR. FALCONER, there is something cryptical in the nature of a man, and he can only develop properly by being thrust into the dark.

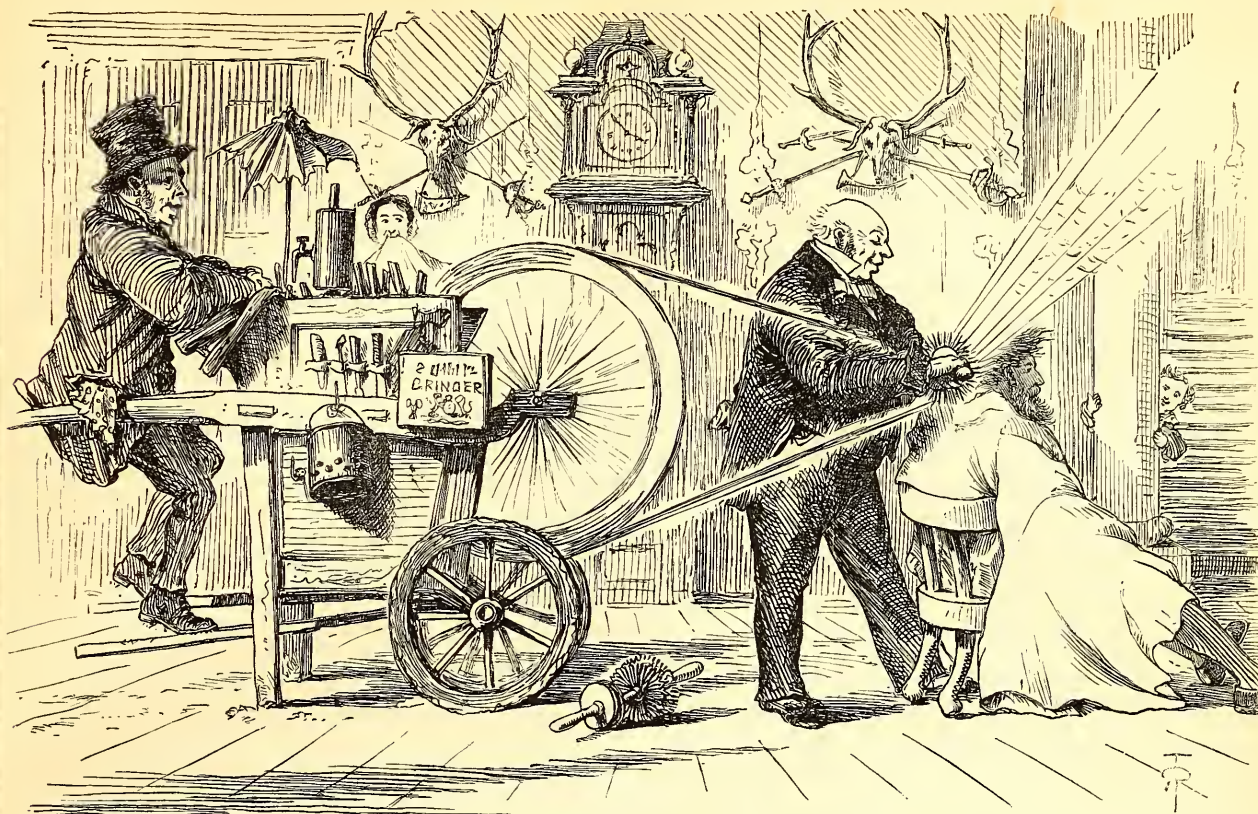
Now we think it will be conceded that this is rather a new view of the case, and possibly one that might be submitted with some little advantage to Parliament. When it next discusses the penal system, in addition to all the usual objections that have been urged to solitary punishment, here is the fresh one furnished by MR. FALCONER, that it may even be considered an enjoyment. However, let us be just to him. He intends the whole affair as a joke, and its chief originality consists, not merely in its requiring two hours and a-half for utterance, but in its taking the shape of a drama, which has actually deceived our contemporaries into the belief of its serious purpose.

THE NATIONAL SHAKSPEARE COMMITTEE.

IN order to complete the record of certain "proceedings" which have come under the unfavourable notice of the General Committee, it should be stated that a so-called Report was issued by the Secretaries without the sanction of the Committee. That in one of the paragraphs of this report the following words were used:—

"In connection with this list of names, it is impossible not to express the profound regret which every one must feel at the sudden removal from among us of a man of genius, about whose *form of invitation* there was a passing difference of opinion. His claims to a place in the Committee had been expressed in a formal vote and in a special invitation. Of his sympathy, and of his co-operation, had he been spared to us, no sort of doubt can be entertained."

The Vote of Censure, which we recorded last week, as having been passed by the General Committee in reference to the "proceedings" which excluded MR. THACKERAY from the list of Vice-Presidents, has been followed up by another vote of the General Committee. The so-called Report containing the above disingenuous passage has been *Rejected*.



NOTHING LIKE A MECHANICAL TURN (FOR HAIR-BRUSHING).

TAKE A HINT FROM THE INGENIOUS SWELL, WHO NOT BEING ABLE TO EXIST WITHOUT THIS LUXURY IN THE COUNTRY, IMPROVISED THE ABOVE, TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE GRINDER AND OTHERS.

THE LONDON AND SUBURBAN IRON AND MUD MINERS' COMPANY (LIMITED).

CAPITAL - NOTHING.

IN ANY NUMBER OF SHARES OF UNCERTAIN AMOUNT.

PROSPECTUS.

The great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of first-class Scrap Iron for the manufacture of Armour Plates, Soup Kettles, Armstrong Guns, Home Secretaries, and other Marine Stores, has directed the attention of certain members of our Scientific bodies, to the possibility of recovering the large amount of metal deposited by wear and tear of tires of wheels, horse-shoes, &c. in the Mud of the London streets, and now allowed to lie useless.

The fact of the existence of a large metallic deposit in London Mud being established, experiments have been made to test the proportions in which this deposit exists, and the localities in which it mostly abounds.

PRINCIPAL VEINS HITHERTO DISCOVERED.

1. "The Wheal Oxford," running the whole length of Oxford Street and Holborn from the Marble Arch to the Bank. Good.
2. "The Wheal Crawley" commencing on Cornhill, running westwards through the Houses of Parliament, and terminating at the Horse Guards. This is an immensely deep vein of Mud.
3. "The Wheal Mary Ann," lodes of considerable richness of which are found to exist on the area-steps of houses in quiet streets, where a plain cook is kept. The richness of this vein is supposed to be attributable to the quality of the Iron used in the heels of the Policemen's boots, and in the ammunition boots issued to Her Majesty's Foot Guards, being exceedingly good.

Other veins of equal value are also noted for experiment, the only failure yet recorded being that of the "Wheal CRESSWELL," samples of which obtained from the Divorce Court, proved to be too full of dirt to be of any practical use.

The Company has for its object the working of these and other veins; and as the mud is regularly collected by the street scavengers, no regular staff will be required by the Company. It is confidently expected that the most eminent iron-founders in the Metropolis will contend for the privilege of smelting the ore thus obtained; so that no expense to the Company on that score need be apprehended.

Under these circumstances the Company will be freed from the necessity of raising any Capital, and the profit on its Shares must therefore be enormous: a state of things quite unique in the history of public undertakings.

The Promoters being anxious to benefit the mass of mankind rather than to add to the accumulated wealth of a few, no capitalists or other wealthy persons need apply; but the Shares of the Company are offered to poor Widows, Clergymen with large families and small means, Elderly Maiden Ladies in reduced circumstances, and others in a like position.

Allotments of Shares upon application by prepaid letter, enclosing 2s. 6d. in postage stamps will be made to all parties eligible.

An early application is recommended.

A. SWINDELER,
Secretary.

London, January 1, 1864.

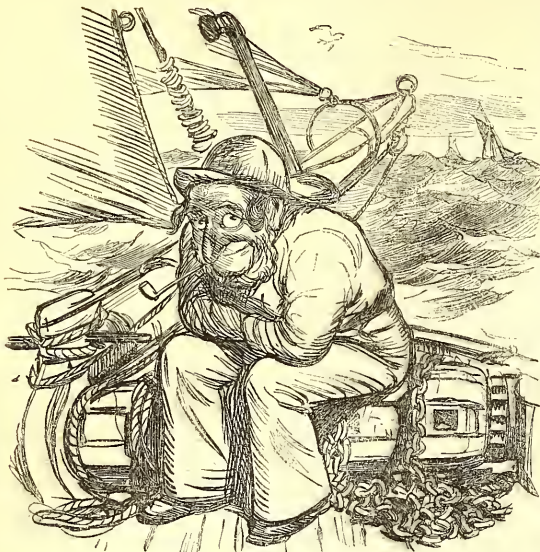
The Rock Assurance.

THE Spaniards bellow loudly for Gibraltar;
'Tis ours, and safe as guns and hearts can make it,
Still, with politeness which Spain cannot alter,
All we reply is, "Please to come and take it."

TRULY SWEET.

"WHEN I am in pecuniary difficulties," said a pensive bankrupt, "my garden, my flowers, all fresh and sparkling in the morning, console my heart." "Indeed!" asked his sympathising friend. "I should have thought they would remind you of your trouble, for, like your bills, they are all over dew."

“IT IS AN ANCIENT MARINER.”



received his baronetcy in 1794 for his conduct as Captain of the *Queen Charlotte*, Lord Howe's flag-ship, in the battles of May 22nd and June 1, 1724."

Longevity, it seems, runs great lengths in the family, and it was just like old Tory Governments to let a brave sailor wait exactly seventy years for the reward of his valour. We may remark, too, that it does great credit to LORD HOWE that he fought his battles exactly a year before he was born. But these exploits are nothing to those of our new Admiral, as described by the *Hampshire Chronicle* :—

"The present Baronet was born in 1716, entered the Navy in 1715, and commanded the *Magicienne* at the Isle of Bourbon. He became Captain Jan. 22, 1806; Rear-Admiral, June 28, 1838; Vice-Admiral, Sept. 15,

1842; and Admiral, July 9, 1855. He succeeded his father in 1816, having in the previous year been appointed a C.B."

WE quite agree with MR. COBDEN, that one can always learn something from the worst newspaper. We do not mean to say that the *Hampshire Chronicle* is the worst, indeed it seems to be a very respectable journal. But we have certainly learned something from the number which lies before us. It refers to the promotion of SIR LUCIUS CURTIS, Baronet, to the high position of Admiral of the Fleet, and assuredly if length of service can entitle a man to honours, the awful and terrible age of SIR LUCIUS gives him claim to be Very First Lord of the Admiralty, or anything he pleases. Be kind enough to observe the statements made by the *Hampshire Chronicle*. First, as to the Admiral's father :—

"SIR LUCIUS is the eldest son of a distinguished Admiral of the Red, who rendered great services at the Siege of Gibraltar, and

So that this extraordinary Ancient Mariner had the goodness in the first place to be born before his father, and in the next place to enter the Navy a year before he himself was born, a noble act of devotion to his country's service. But even those achievements are as nothing compared to his rushing back in the most valiant manner into ancient history, and becoming an Admiral in the time of HENRY THE THIRD, then retiring for a few centuries into honourable obscurity, and modestly coming out again as Captain, soon after LORD NELSON's death, when remarkable sailors were much wanted. Histories like these make us indeed proud of our brave Navy, and we have every reason to hope that SIR LUCIUS CURTIS may live to command the Channel Fleet in the year 2864.

THE SQUABBLE ABOUT THE NILE.

WITH CAPTAIN GRANT and CAPTAIN SPEKE

At odds is learned DR. BEKE About the Sources of the Nile. Sure DR. BEKE's oppressed with bile. Strange that such heat of bilious ire Should scientific minds inspire! Let COCKLE be invoked, to check The bile that urges BEKE to peck At SPEKE with such a dogged will; For BEKE appears to own a bill, Which he right into SPEKE did dig, Because the latter called him Bigg, And by that name did little make, ('Twas a reporter's plain mistake) Gregarious birds are of one feather : What birds with BEKE should flock together? Nay, worthy Docteur, do not rage: Those wherein onion blends with sage.

“THE SAME CONCERN.”

"MR. HOME, the eminent Spiritualist, has been ordered to leave Rome in three days."—*Correspondence from Rome.*

WHAT, turned out of Rome,
Spirit-conjuror HOME?
What more crying injustice could be?
But pictures that wink,
And statues that blink,
Can't stand spirits that rap, don't you see?
Why seek demonstration,
Or new illustration,
That "two of a trade can't agree," my dear HOME,
That "two of a trade can't agree."

"There's no place like Home," says the song,
But the ditty is certainly wrong;
For while 'tis set thick
With imposture and trick,
There's one place like Home, and that's Rome, my dear HOME,
Yes, there's one place that's very like Home.

MALICIOUS INTERFERENCE.

MR. PUNCH,

I LIKE to travel in a first-class railway carriage, with comfortable arms and cushions, to enjoy the society and the conversation of my betters, and to grab the newspapers they leave behind them on getting out. But I do not like to pay for these luxuries.

Having invented a way of obtaining them, on the Underground Railway, at a small price, I have read in the *Telegraph*, with ineffable disgust, a mean letter in which the writer endeavours to get me cheated out of the reward of my invention. I consider the writer to be a very dishonest man.

My plan is very simple, like all great plans. I was obliged, for once, to incur the expense of a first-class ticket, but this, once obtained, will answer for all time. Every day I travel, I buy a third-class ticket; but as I go down-stairs to the platform, I put the third-class card into my pocket, and take out my first-class one, which, of course, I carefully preserve. You have to show tickets to the official at the wicket. I show my first-class card. Of course there is no time, or it does not occur to him, as I hurry past, to ascertain that it is an old one—he can

see that it is a first-class, and that's enough. I take my seat in the patrician carriage, and enjoy myself as aforesaid. I need not say that as the tickets are taken away at the gate, I there give up my third-class ticket, and go my way with the smile of virtue leaning on the arm of talent.

That a writer should seek to take away this cleverly and honestly earned privilege is so monstrous that I cannot trust myself to say more than that I am,

Yours very truly,
DIDDLEDUM DOO.

A SKETCH IN SCOTLAND.

SINCE the immortal meeting of the Brick Lane Temperance Society, at which the Messrs. Weller and the Reverend the Shepherd attended (after refectio elsewhere), and the latter, in response to the Chairman's fat smile and invitation to address the Meeting, declined, on the ground that the meeting was drunk, we have seen nothing so good as this, which we take from the *Dundee Courier* :—

"On Sunday last, the minister of a large Congregation in Dundee was interrupted in the course of his forenoon sermon by the repeated coughing of his auditors. Pausing in the midst of his observations, he addressed his Congregation to the following effect :—' You go about the streets at the New Year time—you get drunk, and get cold, then you come here and cough, cough like a park of artillery. I think I must give you a vacation of six weeks, that you may have time to get sober, and to regain your health again.'"

This lenitive application did good, for the Congregation sat quiet, and coughed no more than they would have dared to do had they been in presence of the QUEEN, or any other great person, instead of being in a mere Church. But one seat-holder, though he held his seat, could not hold his tongue, and declared that the Congregation was insulted. We suspect that the Minister knew best. In fact had the incident occurred anywhere but in Scotland, where every man is proverbially sober, we should have been sure that the Minister knew best. Hurrah, for the toddy of Bonnie Dundee!

Jesting out of Place.

AS the EARL OF D-BY was walking down St. James's Street with MR. B-N-J-N D-SR-LI the other evening, the noble Lord remarked to the right honourable gentleman that the days were getting out, when his companion promptly replied, "I wish the Whigs were."

AWA', WIGS, AWA'!

I SAY *Punch*, old boy, do you want luxurions whiskers? does your hair get thin atop? Because if so, I'd recommend you to say nothing to nobody, but just go quietly to work, and take a leaf from the French fashion-books. See here, this is how Madame la Mode now teaches her fair votaries to make up for what by Nature may unluckily be wanting to them in the matter of hirsuteness. The words I quote are taken from the *Illustrated News*, and refer to what is now the way of wearing hair in Paris; but I believe the fashion is invading London also, for we are never safe in England from French fashionable invasions:—

"The quantity of hair worn is considerable, whether natural or borrowed, and the catogan especially should be very thick. A goodly amount of hair is required to be coiffed à la mode. If you have not sufficient, purchase some, says Madame la Mode. There is not even much advantage in possessing a fine head of hair; the wearing of *faux cheveux* is so generally admitted and permitted that ladies sufficiently rich in the capillary ornament usually pass for having had recourse to the fashionable importation, which is not considered in the least derogatory to the wearer's beauty or attractions."

I haven't the least conception what a "catogan" may be, though I have heard of cattish whiskers, and perhaps they are related to it. But I say, what a beastly shame it seems that a girl who's got good hair should be suspected to have bought it. Hang it all, I think if I were a young lady and had a lot of hair, I'd wear it dangling down my back all loose to show that it was real. As for any girl's imagining that buying her back hair is "not considered in the least derogatory to her attractions," that's a very neat idea for a *perruquier* to promulgate, but I doubt if men in general would be willing to endorse it. I am not myself much tempted towards committing matrimony by the knowledge that girls now-a-days are in the habit of wearing wigs. Indeed, I think that she who tries to add to her capillary attractions by wearing on her head a lot of other people's hair should, if she thereby wins a husband, be deemed guilty of obtaining marriage under false pretences, and, if not punished more severely, at least should have her head shaved, and be shown at evening parties for a month without a wig.

Some old classic chap has said that Venus could not charm even her Vulcan were she bald, and I have certainly some doubt whether a beauty without hair would have many offers made to her. But total baldness is by no means common with young ladies, and I don't expect to see a Venus Calva here in England, although they stuck a statue to her once in ancient Rome. But a lady with sparse hair would assuredly be more attractive to my eyesight if she had the courage to wear it unadulterated, than if she picked the locks which once adorned another to decorate herself. First catch your hair by nature, Miss, and then dress it as you please, provided you don't add to it what is not your own. But if you try to beautify yourself by wearing *faux cheveux*, I hope that nobody will ever mistake you for a hairress.

As a gentleman, of course, I can't bear being rude—especially to ladies. But if I were introduced to a partner in a ball-room, and had any thoughts of asking her to be my partner for life, I should take care by some means, before I popped the question to pull down her back hair that I might see if it were home-grown or of foreign importation. If bachelors in general were to act upon this plan, just fancy what discoveries might be made at evening parties, and what a sweeping up of curls there would be the morning afterwards!

I don't know who the fellow was of whom it is recorded that—

"Beauty draws him with a single hair."

But I have not such faith myself in mere capillary attractiveness, and I don't think any lock of hair will ever draw me into wedlock. Still I am "free to confess" (as I shall say when I'm in Parliament) that I think a hirsute head looks better than a bald one, and, if I ever lose my own so far as to get married, I shall account it so much gain if, as my own hair's getting thin, my wife's should be so thick as to make up for my deficiency. But then hers must be genuine, and in no way adulterated; for I hate to see young ladies giving themselves hairs that by nature don't belong to them, and a girl who wears a wig shall never share my wigwam.

With which determination I cry, Down with borrowed tresses! *A bas les faux cheveux!* and remain, my dear *Punch*, yours in all serenity (while single),

CHARLEY CŒLEBS.

More Confusion.

This telegram is not "reliable:—"

"Washington telegrams report that the Confederates are retreating from the neighbourhood of Petersburg."

We thought that it was the Federals who had thrown themselves into the arms of Russia for protection and patronage. Have the Confederates been trying the same game, and been repulsed. Both the telegrams, they are more trouble to us than all our money.

A RATING FOR THE BANK RATERS.

WILL the Directors of that Bank of England oblige us so far as to let that Rate of Discount alone? They really fidget with it in a most unbusiness-like way, and they can have no idea of the trouble they cause. Up one day, down the next, and then up again, until one does not know what to do. It is very trying to have to consider in the morning, while dressing, whether one ought to send another collar to the wash, or whether, on the chance of the rate of discount going up on Saturday, one ought to turn the collar one has worn the day before. We know a case in which a prudent young man has actually declined to take a pocket handkerchief out of the drawer, and has gone about sniffing to that degree that the Bank ParLOUR ought to be ashamed. We ourselves have been drinking La Rose for more than a week, instead of Lafitte, solely because we wished to set an example of forethought to our boys, and for the same reason, while the Rate of Discount has been played with, we have never given more than tenpence for a cigar, except when we have smoked fewer than nine in the twenty-four hours. Moreover, though the interference is avowedly against the export of gold, it affects, in some subtle manner, the issue of silver, and we had four rounds with a buss conductor in the Edgeware Road on Tuesday night, because he gave us two-and-fourpence in coppers when we paid him half-a-crown on account of his lawful twopence, and if he took his black eye into the Bank ParLOUR, the Directors would be astonished. There is nothing more wicked than trifling with the national currency, and we shall look into the ParLOUR ourselves, and Parlay, as INSPECTOR BUCKET says, in a way that will make the Directors look nine ways for Sunday.

MR. MILTON MODERNISED.

WHAT needs my SHAKSPEARE for his honoured bones,
The sov'reigns of BROWN, ROBINSON, and JONES?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a HEFORTH-DIXON pyramid?
Dear son of memory—great heir of fame,
Why all these little names tacked to thy name?
Thou may'st feel wonder and astonishment
At all this row about thy monument,
While to the shame of our dramatic Art,
Thy plays of our stage-banquet make no part.
Methinks 'twere well, blushing, to bring to book,
Praises so empty, though so big they look,
And, with our Stage ungraced of thy conceiving,
Own ourselves arrant humbings, self-deceiving:
Meanwhile do thou in quiet Stratford lie,
Heedless of all this buzzing of small fry!



LAW OF DIVORCE.

SIR,—A "BARRISTER" who lately wrote to the *Times*, in order to draw public attention to the existing anomalies in the Law of Divorce, omitted all mention of one of its most glaring absurdities. Allow me to state a case in point. Mr. A. runs away with Mrs. B., very good, I mean of course very bad; well, Mrs. A. sues for a Divorce from Mr. A., and obtains an order for alimony *pendente lite*. Mr. A. objects to pay this amount for the support of his wife, whereupon the Judge "orders an attachment to issue." Now, Sir, if it be, as it certainly is, in the power of the Judge Ordinary to order Mr. A.'s attachment to *Issue*, why should he not be able judicially to order Mr. A.'s attachment to *Wife*? I remain, Sir, yours thoughtfully,

A REVISING BARRISTER.



THE JUVENILE PARTY.—A GREAT LIBERTY.

Juvenile. "MAMMA, DEAR! DO YOU KNOW THAT GENTLEMAN TICKLED ME WITHOUT BEING INTRODUCED!"

NOT A BAD IDEA OF KING WILLIAM.

SAYS the King to the Kaiser,
I think 'twould be wiser,
Since soldiers are stronger than sermons,
To leave off entreating,
And take to brow-beating
Our large batch of small (cousin) Germans.

With the bit in their muzzle,
O'er this vexed Duchy-puzzle,
So long and so loudly they've wrangled,
That Europe feels gravelled,
How a skein so sore ravelled
Is e'er to be got disentangled.

Diplomacy fumbled,
Till through it has tumbled,
And the knot all its pains keeps defying :—
So at last to save labour,
They've snatched up the sabre
To cut it, instead of untying.

Now though swords, my dear Kaiser,
(Drawn with sense for adviser)
May lead to short-cuts out of trouble,
Still a blade in its swing
Is a dangerous thing,
And its edges are apt to cut double.

So, as you, Coz, and I,
Must have hands in the pie,
And the pear of delay gets no riper,
Leave small Germans the word-play,
And We'll take the sword-play,
As 'tis WE must, at last, pay the piper.

Our *schlägers* we'll flourish,
And *Vaterland* nourish
With the froth and the wind she delights in ;
But we'll take deuc'd good care,
Though the sword may be bare,
Its polish shan't suffer true fights in.

If BISMARCK-SCHÖNHAUSEN,
My Prussia can cozen,
Surely, we, King and Kaiser together,
All *Deutschland* can gammon,
Its will clap a dam on,
And conjure this storm to fair weather.

REALLY NECESSARY LINES.

THE following are amongst the Railway schemes for which application might as well be made by various Companies to obtain the sanction of Parliament :—

The General Exhibition Railway, from MADAME TUSSAUD'S to the Tower, with branches to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the other principal public buildings, the theatres, and all places of public amusement.

A Railway from Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, to the Temple, and the different Inns of Court, to be called the Cheshire Cheese Railway.

A line from Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, to Hatton Garden.

A line extending from the Royal Exchange, Cornhill, to the Bank.

The Monument and London Bridge Junction Railway.

A line connecting London Stone with Aldgate Pump.

A NEW GAME.—The pleasantest game of forfeits is that at present played at the Adelphi theatre, where MISS BATEMAN "cries" to you, and you forfeit all claim to intelligence if you don't "guess" that she is the finest artist that ever came from America.



SHAKSPEARE AND THE PIGMIES.

BALLOONING EXTRAORDINARY.

A Letter from MESSRS. COXWELL AND GLAISHER'S aëronautical Dog.

DEAR TOBY,

Bow'ow are you? Bow w'ow d'ye do? When this letter comes to paw, you'll rather wonder what I've got to bark about, eh? I'm going to astonish you, rather. I've got such a tale! Ah! 'twill make your hair stand on end "like squills upon the fretful Proserpine," as the Poet says. I know all about WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. Didn't he immortalise our race? P'raps you, with something of the wag about you still, (tho' it wouldn't be "still" if something of the wag—eh? Bow, wow, wow!) will ask me how on earth I came to know anything about Proserpine? Not on earth, *Toby*, my boy; but on a certain well-intentioned pavement where our old friend Cerberus has his kennel. Oh! don't I wish I had three heads! and three mouths! wouldn't I just eat! None of your nigger minstrel amusements of *playing* with bones for me. To my subject.

Do you remember how when we were puppies together, we heard our juvenile friends being instructed in "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are," and so on? At this point, you, if your politeness as well as your patience is exhausted, and a particle of your dog-latinity still remains to you, will say, "Why do you mention all this? *Cur*, why?" Because, Sir, I have been up to see the Star that twinkles, no longer wonderful to me. It has been my lot to emulate the acrobatic Cow, who, as runs the ancient legend, o'ertopped the silvery Moon, and instead of wasting my time in the idiotic proceeding of manely "laughing to see such sport" (what sport? pooh! I growl at the notion!) I have been far, far away, to those regions ever so high above the cobwebbed clouds, where we part to meet no more, or something of that sort, and we may be happy yet. Do I carry you with me? It may be not: at all events, They did. "Who?" say you. Why COXWELL and GLAISHER, the aëronauts. Do you read your *Times* regularly? Very well, then, if you did you must have noticed that MR. JAMES GLAISHER in writing about his seventeenth Balloon Ascent, says:—

"We took a Dog and three rabbits, to note their behaviour when above the Clouds, and the effects of low temperature and sudden changes upon them."

I was the Dog. But oh, those rabbits! MR. GLAISHER would soon have seen the effects of a sudden change upon them, if he'd only let me get at 'em, as I wanted to do from the first moment of starting. A pair of dullards; why will you believe it, the dolts both fell fast asleep; oh, shouldn't I like to have been down upon them; but COXWELL wouldn't let me, nor GLAISHER either. I know *now* that their conduct arose entirely out of envy, jealousy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, because they ate those rabbits themselves, with onion-sauce in the evening, and I didn't even come in for my share of the bones.

Rabbits are game now, as you are aware, and when the Balloon reached 13,000 feet above the earth, they must have been, as COXWELL observed, pretty high game.

At 2h. 45m. by GLAISHER's watch, I growled.

At 2h. 46m., by the same, COXWELL kicked me.

At 3h. 31m. I tried to bite GLAISHER's calf, but couldn't comfortably.

At 3h. 36m. I thought I saw the moon, and howled.

At 3h. 37m. "Kick him!" says COXWELL, kindly. GLAISHER's a bold man, but he is also a wise one, and he refrained. "No," says he, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, And scratch and tear and Howl, Let bears and lions dance and fight—" "But don't let that dog growl," says COXWELL, finishing the verse offhand.

At 4h. 9m. it was so dark that I couldn't see the rabbits. I scented them though, the two little plump bunnies.

We were getting unpleasantly near the sea. "Aha!" says COXWELL, who can condescend to a jest when he's not too lofty; "we've got the two Rabbits and a little fresh Hare." I started up at this, and whined, for I expected another animal to be added to our small collection. A Hare! I thought I to myself, and I looked upon a good chivey after the sly puss all round the car as a matter of course. In order to suggest this to my masters, I whined again. "Kick that dog!" says COXWELL. But GLAISHER pretended he couldn't see me, and didn't lift his heel against me. Then suddenly the full meaning of the joke blazed upon me. "Fresh H'air!" Oh, COXWELL, says I to myself, who ought to be kicked now?

We landed at a Warren. I don't mean the Master in Lunacy, with whom you are, doubtless, acquainted, but an open place where the rabbits do mostly congregate. MESSRS. COXWELL and GLAISHER were hospitably entertained by MR. PHIPP, and my personal thanks are due to his cook, who showed me every possible attention; though I regret to state that the kitchen cat somewhat disturbed the harmony of the evening. GLAISHER wants me to go with him to see the Dog Star. I won't go if that COXWELL's to be of the party. What do you think were the last words he uttered on that memorable evening?

"Good night," says GLAISHER, taking his chamber candle.

"Good night," says COXWELL, yawning.

For the life of me I couldn't help yawning too; something between a yelp and a howl, call it a yowl.

"Kick that dog!" says COXWELL, going into his room. He didn't

dare do it himself. GLAISHER and myself were left alone in the passage. I looked at GLAISHER, and he at me. I observed GLAISHER's toe moving dubiously upwards. I growled. The next thing I saw was GLAISHER's heels as he disappeared within his own bed-chamber. Adieu, dear *Toby*.

I remain, yours truly,

THE SKY TERRIER.

ADVICE TO FEDERAL AMERICA.

You've now got a navy of iron,
And to man it your Yankee lads,
But you haven't yet taken Charleston
With your navy of iron-clads.
'Tis defied by Secessia's power;
And your bluster we take at our case:
The Eagle won't frighten the Lion
Whilst a SEMMES can sweep your seas.

You Yankees, whose sires left our fathers,
Your brothers forsake you to-day,
Your menacing overgrown Union
In vapour is passing away;
Let those that shall rise from its ashes,
More wise than itself was before,
Shake hands with the miscalled old tyrant,
And trade with JOHN BULL at his door—

And where in the wide world's the nation
That you'll harm with your Iron Ducks?
You can scarce hold your own seas and harbours
With your *Ironsides* and *Keokuks*.
Don't talk of your navy of iron,
But fling your brag to the breeze;
Give ear to the counsels of Europe:
And Commerce restore on the seas.

THE FIRE, AGAIN.

ANOTHER victim has been sacrificed to the grinning Moloch. Another young girl has been burned to death to make an evening's show. MARIA CHARLES, a dancer at the Pavilion Theatre, is the sacrifice. Her dress caught fire from some unprotected gas-lights used in the Pantomime, and she has since expired. A puff paragraph, in which it was stated that the means of extinguishing fire on such an occasion were ready at hand, has been contradicted by the poor child's sister. We shall of course read more puff paragraphs about the sorrow of the management, and how nothing could exceed the kindness of its inquiries, and the like. But why are not the lights protected, or if that cannot be, why is it not made impossible for a girl, in her eagerness to help a theatrical picture (and knowing what sort of gentle rebuke will reward her for being out of place) from approaching the flaring gas? A stage-manager will of course say that this is impossible. So said the factory people, when they were asked to screen their machinery, and prevent children from being torn to pieces; but the factory people found it easy enough when the alternative was a heavy fine, and the evidence was to be given by no sycophantish servant of the establishment, but by a Government inspector. Something of the same kind, enacted in reference to the theatre, would prevent these oft-recurring burnt sacrifices; and English mothers in the boxes, with their laughing children, would be spared the thought that when the scene is the most brilliant, the chance is greatest that a shriek will announce that some one else's child is in the agony of burning. If some remedial measures are taken, poor MARIA CHARLES will not have died entirely in vain. We may say, with almost literal justification, Peace to her ashes.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

THE VISCOUNT DUNDREARY, G.C.B. (Grand Card for BUCKSTONE) is entertaining a large circle of the nobility and other distinguished persons at his seat—and in their seats—in the Market of Hay. Several *battues* have taken place, and the noble Viscount has been very fortunate with his piece, and has frequently brought down the whole house. Theatricals are also provided for the amusement of the guests, and the favourite play, *Our American Cousin*, is being nightly performed to the immense delight of the brilliant assemblage. We believe that an addition to the party will soon be made in the person of the noble Viscount's brother, the HON. SAMUEL DUNDREARY, who has been for some time on his travels, of which we understand his account is much coveted by the Row—all the rows in fact. We venture to predict that it will be a thing which every fellah will be able to understand.—*Punch's Court Journal*.

NOTICES FOR THE COMING SESSION.



ETROPOLITAN Members of the Imperial Parliament have already given the following Notices of Motion, and *Mr. Punch* cordially hopes that every one of the subjects will be not merely pressed, but rammed right home into the waistcoat of

the Minister concerned, or unconcerned:—

To call attention to the disgraceful manner in which London has been blockaded for months and months by the emissaries of Mr. THWAITES, to the injury of trade, the hindrance of traffic, and the great expenditure of bad language by the drivers of and riders in vehicles, and to move that Mr. THWAITES be ordered to keep the said emissaries at work night and day until his sewers shall be finished.

To move that the law-officers of the Crown be required to prosecute the owners of Vans, and the ruffians who drive the same over everybody and everything, a state of things more worthy of the votaries of Juggernaut than of a civilised metropolis.

To call attention to the insufficient provision made for the houseless poor, especially children, and to invite the House to a resolution that the parishes which have disgraced themselves by turning away unfortunate persons, during the winter months, be disfranchised, until ample accommodation shall have been provided.

To move for leave to bring in a Bill enacting THAT THE GRINDING AN ORGAN IN ANY STREET WHERE THE HOUSES ARE RATED AT MORE THAN £10 IS A FELONY, AND PUNISHABLE AS SUCH; THIS ENACTMENT BEING INTENDED TO LEAVE THE HUMBLER CLASSES IN POSSESSION OF THEIR MUSIC, WHILE THOSE WHO CAN PROCURE BETTER SHALL NOT BE TORTURED BY THE ABOMINABLE NUISANCE AT PRESENT PREVALENT.

To move that no Sermon in any Church, Chapel, or other similar edifice shall last more than twenty minutes, and that any Minister offending against this rule shall be severely rebuked by the Ordinary, and compelled to dine at an ordinary, or slap-bang, until he shall have done penance in a sheet of JEREMY TAYLOR.

To move that any Pew-Opener, Box-keeper, Stall-keeper, Cloak-keeper, or other servant who takes a fee for doing a duty that should be performed without one, shall be liable to the penalties of the law against obtaining money under false pretences.

To call the attention of the House to the fact that the system of cheating the poor by means of false weights and measures is largely on the increase; that though the Magistrates are incessantly fining batches of rascals who rob in this way, they boast that such fines are made up by another week of similar cheating; and that exposure, unless it were in the pillory, has no terror for these mean thieves.

To call the attention of the House to the invasion of London menaced by the Railway schemers, and to move to refer the whole question to a paid and permanent Committee out of the House, composed of architects in whom the public has confidence, and who shall be chosen by the votes of the occupiers of respectable houses.

To call the attention of the House to the National Shakespeare Committee, and to move a resolution that the same, while it survives, be placed under the surveillance of the medical officers who attend the Asylum for Idiots and that at Hanwell.

THE NEW GUN.—The "Infant Prince," the six-pounder.

POLITICAL PLUCK.

A GREAT Mill has been a standing symbol of passive prowess ever since DON QUIXOTE first made his appearance on those boards. It is only recently, however, that a great Mill—such for instance as that between South Mims and Wootton Bassett—has engrossed any large amount of public attention; until the wind set in from a certain influential quarter, nobody worth notice had any conception of the fancy which paints a Mill all *couleur de rose*. Our present intention is not to tilt at the Mill, but simply to point out one conspicuous cause which may partly account for its sudden elevation.

Undoubtedly so long as Britons never—never will be slaves, there will always be a market for muscles. The transactions, however, in that market will to some extent depend upon competition in other markets. If pleasure-seekers rush eagerly to see the *Miller and his Men*, represented by barn-storming strollers, it is because the company at the Theatre Royal St. Stephens are so addicted to gag, that they have made a perfect farce of the once popular play, the *School of Reform*. We want political pluck as an antidote to Kinglike pugnacity. Let our parliamentary Athletes instead of spending so much time in tossing for choice of corners, and in tying their colours to the stakes, set to work in earnest. JACK RUSSELL, though he hasn't much left of the chicken about him, requires no training to improve his condition, and will not want supporters if he shows as much bottom now, as he did in the famous year when he knocked Old Sarum out of time. Since then he has had ample opportunity for adding to his science and improving his delivery. PAM again is still a judicious bottle-holder, and will cheerfully lend a leg, we are assured, to any young man from the country who, in sporting lingo, means business. As for BRIGHT, the Birmingham Slasher, though he has metal in him, we fear from recent ebullitions of temper, that he can't take punishment, and as, like COBBY, he excels chiefly in fibbing, those who admire the noble art of national self-defence have very little expectation of seeing him the champion of England. We sincerely regret that they are not equally distrustful with reference to America.

DICK LOGIC *alias* COBBY has, we freely admit, done some clever bruising on the Corn Exchange. His present Lancashire up and down style of fighting, however, and his vicious practice of gouging his opponent, are not at all creditable to the sphere in which he lives and moves. The only sphere, in fact, to which such tactics are suited is the *Dog Star* (his natal planet, as we learn from ZADKIEL) by whose influence his reputation as an ugly customer is mainly kept alive.

There is some talk among the flunkeys at the Carlton of BEN THE DARKY, whose career has been a chequered one (he was matched not many years ago against GLADSTONE, the flowery Chancellor, and forfeited) coming forward again as a candidate for the belt. BEN, it will be remembered, is an ex-waiter at the Queen's Head. Though not remarkable for science, he has lately won golden opinions by his civility and good conduct. The DARKY's friends are very anxious to get up a benefit for DERBY's pet Pug, which (if it ever should come off) will no doubt be of service to him and them too, considering how long they have all been out of place.

TOASTS BUTTERED À L'IRLANDAISE.

(To be handed round at all Irish Convivial Meetings.)

MAY the wing of Friendship ne'er want a friend, or a bottle to give him!

May our endeavours to please always bear the morning's reflection!

Let us persistently keep our eyes shut, but our mouths open!

May we ne'er be at a loss for a bottle, or a head, to crack!

Here's to a cloudy wind and southerly sky, and all absent friends, who do good by stealth, and do not blush to speak of a man as they find him, and not forgetting the brave pilot who has weathered the storm, nor the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, may the present moment, Gentlemen, be the worst of our lives!

"As He has Made His Bed."

"UNEASY lies"—so SHAKESPEARE wrote,

"The head that wears a crown;"

But more than average *mal-aise*

Makes Prussia's monarch frown,

Who fluds *his* bed stuffed full of thorns,

In shape of *Eider*-down.

"OFF, STANLEY, OFF!"

We have the utmost admiration for DEAN STANLEY. But sometimes he goes a little too far. He stated in a recent lecture that "the world could not now show a SOLOMON." The Dean's library must be getting out of order—shall we send up a young man to complete Dr. STANLEY's set of *Punch*?

A MATTER OF FACT VERDICT.



RECENTLY a somewhat extraordinary verdict was reported in a newspaper paragraph, as having been delivered by a coroner's jury, touching the cause of death in a case wherein a boy accidentally hanged himself till he was dead, in consequence of having been induced, by some stories which he had heard, to try how long he could hang without choking:—

“The deceased on hearing these stories, laughed at the idea of the boy not being able to release himself from the rope, and he no doubt then mentally resolved that he would try the experiment himself. He did so, and was hanged. The jury took this view of the case, and returned a verdict accordingly.”

He certainly was hanged, and the jury were doubtless right in taking this view of the case. Only this view of the case was one which it was impossible for anybody

not to take. It did not require a coroner's jury, come from behind their counters, to tell us that. The wording of the above verdict might naturally be imputed to its reporter; but really coroner's juries are apt to make such fools of themselves, that we cannot be sure that this one did not really return the very simple verdict above recorded. Should they ever sit upon the body of a person whose throat has been cut, perhaps they will content themselves with taking this view of the case.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BEER.

How not to do it is what we are so accustomed to instances of, that whenever we meet with an example of how to do it, we rejoice in calling attention to that extreme rarity. It is, then, with the greatest pleasure that we present the public in general, and the United Kingdom Alliance in particular, with the edifying item of current information which follows:—

“The Barclay and Perkins of Vienna, HERR DREYER, died suddenly a few days ago. He was the best producer of Vienna beer, and died worth from 6,000,000 fl. to 8,000,000 fl. (£800,000). His heir is his only son, a boy of fourteen. The boy, after finishing school, is to go for three years to England to BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S establishment, work there till the age of twenty-one, and then assume the patrimony.”

The cause of both sobriety and exhilaration is promoted by whatever tends to the production of good liquor. Most of that drunkenness, with whose steady and spontaneous decline officious agitators are trying to interfere by what they call a “Permissive Law,” arises from indulgence in a quantity of liquor, which, if it were good, would enliven and not stupefy, and would not exceed the measure of Temperance. A very little bad beer is sufficient to cause drunkenness and incapability. Brewing is a scientific art, and attainment of a high standard of malt liquor can only be based on a sound and special education. The establishment of MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS may be regarded as a sort of College, to which the guardians of the youthful heir of HERR DREYER have done well and wisely to send that young gentleman for the completion of his studies. Together with the other large brewing-firms of London it constitutes a University of Beer, in which the successor to the house of DREYER will doubtless take high honours, besides the little go and great go to be encountered in the distillery line. It may be that he will also pass through a short course of reading at REIDS: and if also at MEUX'S, *tant mieux*, with a view to the degree of double stout. We wish every British Brewer who wishes his son to succeed him, would send the young man to finish his education at the University of Beer.

More Shakspearianity.

(From the “Athenæum.”)

WE are happy to state that the following gentlemen have given their consent to have their names added to the National Shakspeare Committee.—PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, MESSRS. MOSES AND SON, MR. MILES (sixteen shilling trousers), MR. CLOSE, the Poet, CAPTAIN ATCHERLEY, REV. DR. CUMMING, MR. COX, M.P., the VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, MR. JACKY SANDERS, and the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade.

RAILWAY AGGRESSION ON LONDON.

EVERY Englishman's house is his Castle, is it? Then—

“Up drawbridge, grooms; what, warders, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.”

Or, what should come to the same thing, “MARY, bar the door, and JOHN go up-stairs with the blunderbuss, ready to fire out of window on the emissaries of the Railway Company, if they attempt to break into the premises.” What, if we shoot a set of catiffs in defence of our own castle, shall we be liable to be hanged? Go to.

There may have been a time when the house of every Englishman was so secured by the law of England against all invasion as to be a building really equivalent to and deserving the name of a fortress; though there is reason to doubt whether the old saying which so calls it, was not somewhat of the nature of one of those remarks made by COKE upon LITTLETON, and meant to be jocular. Now, at any rate, when a society of speculative adventurers, pursuing self-aggrandisement under the pretence of the public advantage, has acquired the right to buy our lands and tenements up on its own terms, and pay us at its own time, in the mean time turning us out unceremoniously neck and crop, to say that every Englishman's house is his castle, is to utter a most bitter and cutting sarcasm at the expense of every man in England, and particularly of every one who has fallen a victim to the legalised burglary of the Railway Companies.

Are there no means of averting the imminent destruction of the little beauty which our capital possesses, and the injury, both in comfort and in business, with which its inhabitants are threatened by the various gangs that, under the name of Railway Companies, are about to apply to Parliament for that private legislation which will constitute them legalised housebreakers? There is a very obvious one, and the only wonder is that it has been neglected. Why do not all the householders in every district of London or the suburbs now in danger of devastation or disturbance by a projected Railway, at once get up a petition and present it to the Houses both of Lords and Commons against the proposed scheme? Let them lose no time in taking at least that precaution for the protection of their property, and the preservation of the quiet and repose of their neighbourhood. Of course they will be argued to be willing subjects of the outrage with which they are menaced, if they don't cry out.

Fancy a railroad cut through Kensington Gardens! We have fancied it as the utmost conceivable atrocity of sordid Vandalism. But the abomination is actually contemplated. The horse-ride which the equestrian orders wanted to establish there would be preferable to such an eyecore, and earsore too, as the Iron Road among the flowers, and the engine-scream and whistle mingling with the song of the thrushes and blackbirds—if it didn't drive them away. Such a desecration is impossible, we are told. Not at all. Parliament is likely enough to permit it. Then the wretches who meditate it would certainly perpetrate it. As for them, they would not hesitate to make a railway in the Garden of Eden.

It was all very well to run a line through the broad lands of a bloated aristocrat, and break the deep silence of his ancestral hall by sending a train rattling every half-hour under the eaves of the mansion in his park, afflicting his ears, affronting his pride, molesting his deer, and scaring the birds from his rookery. But when the levelling agency of the dumpy level is brought to bear on the homes and shops and warehouses of the middle classes, we then feel that Railway aggression is an insufferable nuisance.

Petition, therefore, petition, petition! And be quick about it, unless you want your business broken up, your abodes demolished, your hearths profaned, and all your household gods shivered round you by the confederate money-grubbers who are now exerting all their energies to obtain permission to inflict these injuries on you by Act of Parliament.

“BABY'S NAME.”

THE Honourable MR. DUTTON, M.P., in a speech at Portsmouth, the other day, made a pretty allusion to the New Baby, but said that “he could not name him, because he had appeared so suddenly that his name was not yet ready for him.” MR. M. F. TUPPER, who has been loyally prompt with his tribute upon the occasion, has thoughtfully provided for this want. The Laureate of Albury, in his new poem, calls the PRINCESS OF WALES:—

“Thetis of our Northern Water.”

With poetic reticence, he does not precisely propose a name for the Hope of England, but if our—*Lemprière*—serves us rightly, the son of Thetis was called Achilles. There's a splendid name! PRINCE ACHILLES OF ENGLAND. And it would be a delicate compliment to the PRINCESS'S brother, GEORGE OF GREECE. In favour of this name, *Mr. Punch* withdraws his own claim to name the infant, as he did with even greater promptness than MR. TUPPER.



Short-sighted Captain of Company to Dirty Private. "YOUR BELTS ARE ALWAYS DIRTY, SIR, WHAT THE D—CE DO YOU MEAN BY IT, SIR!"

Dirty Private. "PLASE, SIR, I THINK IT RATHER HARD FOR ME TO CLEAN ANYTHING WITH MY NAKED H'EYE, AND HAVE THEM INSPECTED THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS."

A LADY ON [SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Tuesday.*
OF COURSE, like everybody else, loving and admiring our darling PRINCESS OF WALES, I felt shocked and hurt at the wicked attempt to take away her father's duchies. I do not pretend to understand the question, not being a strong-minded woman, but I should not like any body to come and deprive me of a large piece of my garden, though a horrible railway threatens to do so, and my husband, who has no more feeling for flowers than a blind man, is quite delighted at the idea of compensation, as if a few hundred pounds could compensate me for the taking away my beautiful little beds which I have laid out so carefully, and watered so regularly that I have caught at least twenty colds, one on the top of another. But men are so inconsistent.

But I was going to say that I read in the *Times* that the Duke with the long name, Augustus like, is one of the most splendidly handsome men in the world, tremendously tall, with a most princelike air, and a little sadness, poor dear fellow, arising from his early misfortunes, at which the EMPEROR (whom you may call handsome if you like, but I won't and shan't) made such unfeeling fun in that letter which you had no business to print. Now you must see that it is impossible, for a woman at all events, to feel animosity against a noble-looking creature like that.

What I want you to do is, to use your influence to arrange things pleasantly. I do not know whether this magnificent Prince, whom it is a shame to call Pretender (and you might say Chevalier at least), is married or not. Perhaps it could be arranged for his wife, if he has one, to retire in some way, on a morganatic pension, don't they call it?—you know. Then he might marry some Princess of Denmark, and rule over the Duchies as dear LORD CARLISLE does over Ireland. I am sure this is practical, though you men never allow that women can suggest anything. Because it is not to be endured that LORD RUSSELL (whom I dare say you will call a beauty, it would be just like you) should be allowed to persecute that beautiful Duke. Please give your mind to the subject, and oblige,

Gloucester Crescent.

Your sincere admirer,
ROSA MATILDA SPOONS.

THE NATIONAL SHAKSPEARE COMMITTEE.

De mortuis nil nisi Verum. The National Shakspeare Committee, if not actually dead, is *in articulo*, and the article is in the last *Athenæum*, the organ of the dominant executive. The Memorial absurdity is at an end, or, as its originators say "may be left to time." This result was a certainty, after the statement which the seceding members of the Committee submitted to the public, after the *Times* had delivered a crushing condemnation of the scheme, and presented a pleasant physiological sketch of "animalcules," and after the *Daily News, Telegraph*, and other journals had expressed either pity or contempt for the condition of the Committee. The leading journal of Scotland observes:—

"The London Committee has split up; all its best members having seceded from it; and the rump is far too weak to wriggle itself into public favour even to the amount of £30,000."—*Scotsman.*

But it is well to die decently, and not with untruths in one's mouth. The *Athenæum* cannot disband its men without falsely charging the seceders with having retired because a plan of their own was not adopted, such plan having in fact been merely a suggestion of three out of the retiring body, and having been formally declared by them to be only a suggestion, to be considered at a future time. And the *Athenæum* offers a long list of names which it pretends are those of the executive, the fact being that they are names of distinguished persons, scarcely one of whom has ever taken the slightest part in the proceedings, or set his foot in the committee room. That, it will be seen, can by no possibility be a description of the executive that has ruined the scheme. It is enough to record these two mis-statements, and to wish the moribund cheque a better frame of mind.

KENSINGTON.—WANTED, in the neighbourhood of this delightful suburb, a few good, civil, honest and obliging tradesmen, who are not above attending to a customer, and are generally capable of minding their own business. The present tradespeople in this district being either millionaires or muffs, the inhabitants are hardly so well served as they would wish to be; and, as they are charged the best of prices for the articles they purchase, they think they ought by rights to have the best of goods supplied to them. Further particulars as to the sort of shops required may be obtained at any dinner-table between Hammersmith and Knightsbridge any evening in the week.



RAILWAY GRIEVANCE.

DREADFUL OLD FEMALE, WHO, ALTHOUGH SHE WOULD BE HORRIFIED AT THE IDEA OF A CIGAR IN A CARRIAGE, SOLACES HERSELF BY CONSUMING NO END OF PEPPERMINT LOZENGES DURING HER JOURNEY.

THE SHAKSPEARE INCAPABLES.

We don't particularly care to kick a man when he is down, or a committee either: and as the "Shakspeare National Committee" is down to zero nearly in the national estimation, we have no great willingness to lift a pen against it. Else we might remind its members that the utter want of confidence wherewith their acts are now regarded is an entirely natural consequence of their preposterous misdeeds. A committee that commences with cliqueism and cabals, and then proceeds to speechify and squabble about "forms of invitation," instead of properly attending to the work that is required of it, can never gain the confidence of people, nor their cheques.

The Committee talk of raising the pleasant little sum of thirty thousand pounds, to build some sort of monument, they have no notion what. We may wish that they may get it, but we rather think they won't, unless indeed they fork it out of their own pockets. SHAKSPEARE needs no statue, all the world will say: and even if he did, the Shakspeare National Committee are not fit to be trusted with the business of erecting it. So if the Committee still persist in their delusion that a monument is wanted, the chances are, we think, that they themselves unhelped will have to find the money for it.

This being so, they will no doubt feel grateful for a hint as to a way by which their resources might be aided: and since there is some talk of having "Shakspeare performances" for the benefit of the Fund, we would in all humility suggest to the Committee that they might get a little money by going about the country, and appearing in the parts which they have lately been assuming. The Farce of a Committee Meeting, if presented in the manner they have recently been acting it, would be a splendid comic novelty, and, if its squabbles and absurdities were acted to the life, it would be certain to amuse. A sort of Shadow Pantomime might also be performed, to show the shadowy conceptions entertained by the Committee of their duty to the nation, whose name they have assumed without asking for permission, so far as we can learn. Were a Pantomime produced, we think that one of the old women who sit on the Committee might be readily selected to take the part of Columbine: and there need surely be small labour in looking for a Clown, when so many of the Committee have been known to play the fool.

TIDDY PRATT.

(Song for a Friendly Society.)

TUNE—"Billy Taylor."

TIDDY PRATT is a supreme Odd Fellow,
And Forester as well as that,
Drink, before you go to bed mellow,
Health and wealth to TIDDY PRATT,
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Self-created by a resolution,
Which no authority can forbid,
Yet we shouldn't have a legal constitution,
If we hadn't the approval of our good friend TIDDY,
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Previous to incorporation
There must be a scrutiny,
Of the scheme that asks formation,
Under TIDDY's watchful eye.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

To be licensed and permitted
By the Government and State,
We must be confirmed and fitted
With TIDDY PRATT's certificate.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

All our rules and laws inspected
Duly must by TIDDY be,
That the brotherhood projected
Is a legal club, to see.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

This is no unlawful meeting
To assemble and carouse;
Drinking, no ways less than eating,
Is what TIDDY PRATT allows.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

TIDDY PRATT can put no muzzle
On our mouths against good cheer,
TIDDY can't deny us guzzle,
He can't stint us of our beer.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Never mind how much in liquor
What we ought to save is spent;
Toss your pots off all the quicker;
'Tis what TIDDY can't prevent.
Tiddy, iddy, &c.

OLD ABE'S PENULTIMATE.

A TELEGRAM from Yankee Land has doubtless gratified the Anti-Slavery Society with the information that:—

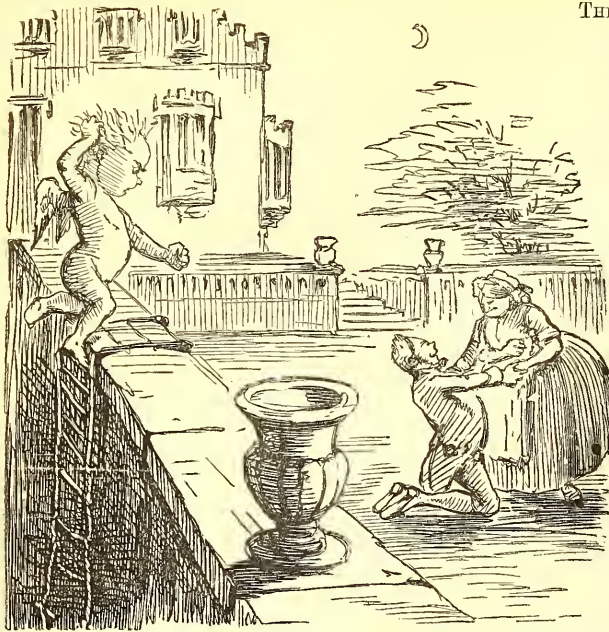
"Four negroes called at the Executive mansion on New Year's day, and were presented to MR. LINCOLN. This is the first occurrence of the kind in American history."

But when these negroes were presented to ABRAHAM he probably said to the gentleman at whose hands he received them:—"Thank you for nothing. What am I to do with these Africans? I reckon I had already more on my hands than I knew how to dispose of. So, if you want really to obligate me, take back your gift."

TYPOGRAPHICAL SECRETS.

A MADAME DE PAULA, who keeps some kind of a Servant's Office, whereof divers complaints have lately been made, complains, herself, that one of the journals would not say anything in her favour, although "many ladies and several clergymen" wrote on her behalf. We know nothing of the merits of the case, but would respectfully hint that the complainant has not indicated exactly the correspondents whose letters invariably tend to convince those hard-natured creatures called Editors. We prefer to be addressed by masculine laymen, because we can kick them, morally, if they offend us, and because they do not want an unlimited supply of *Italics* and *SMALL CAPITALS*.

DOMESTIC DEMONS.



THE partial revival of superstition which has occurred in this latter half of the nineteenth century may suggest to minds not constitutionally incredulous the question whether, after all, there was not some foundation for the belief which our ancestors entertained in witchcraft. There are said to be "strange things among us" in the form of talking tables, and "spiritual manifestations." Spiritualism and necromancy are convertible terms. If necromancy is possible may not sorcery be? This sort of reasoning may end in attempts at conjuration on the part of some people who are no conjurers. They will go chalking circles and cabalistic figures on the floor, and endeavouring to repeat the celebrated exploit

of DR. FAUSTUS; and all this without getting themselves sent to Bedlam, unless they should happen, for example, to murder a baby in order to use some of it in their incantations.

Nobody possessing a rational soul can be conceived capable of making that disposal of it which tradition ascribes to DR. FAUSTUS. But if any earthly inducement could prevail on any one to enter into that transaction, it is one which is peculiarly prevalent in the present time. If the horns and tail and cloven hoof could be exchanged for the mediæval *chaussure*, slashed doublet, cap, and cock's tail feather, so they might for the powdered head, the laced coat, the plush, the calves, and the pumps. The Ancient NICHOLAS could as easily take the

form of the modern JEAMES as that of *Mephistopheles*. His subordinate demons—who, we know from MR. MILTON, "can either sex assume,"—would find no difficulty in turning themselves into servant-maids, and thus the greatest plague in this life would be avoided by those willing, if able, to "jump the life to come." Consider the comfort of being waited upon by servants up to their work, and content with their wages, capable of executing all your commands, and even anticipating your wishes, whilst they would have no followers such as would give you any trouble. Of course they would be honest and respectful according to their bond. Oh! if it were possible to be waited on by such familiar spirits!

Hints to Chairmen.

THE following are a few useful questions to be put to the witnesses in Railway Cases by any Chairman of a Committee:—

Is a Trunk Line only intended for luggage?]
In the London, Chatham and Dover extension will the *Main Line* be over the *Sea*?

A SONG FOR SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

How happy could I be with Eider,
Were Denmark allowed her own way;
But no matter what ill may betide her,
She'll ne'er be afraid of a fray.

"O Robert, toi que j'aime."

At last we have found out part of the secret of the awful amount of slaughter "said" to be committed in the Confederate ranks by the Federal soldiery. One of the Yankee leaders is named GENERAL KEELEY. Of course *he* makes a great success out of *Twice Killed*.

MRS. DURDEN ON FOREIGN POLITICS.

THE dickens take them foreigners! they're always kicking up some bother,
A quarrelin' among themselves, or else along with one another,
First French, Hungarians next, then Poles, and sitch, no rest, nor peace, nor quiet,
And now all this here trouble's caused by that there nasty German Diet.

Diet! I'd diet 'em, indeed, for makin' all this useless clatter,
And physic 'em besides I would, by Job, the rebbles! for that matter,
A goun' for no bit o' good to stir up general war and slaughter,
Their vittuals should be all dry bread by rights, and all their drink ditch-water.

Yah! German Diet, sad sour krout and sausidges which there's no good in,
Give me old English fare, I say, roast beef, baked taters, and plum-puddim'.

Diet! in course it disagrees, and that perduces indigestion;
And so it is as I explains this plaguy Schleswig-Holstein question.

Them Horstrians and Prooshans too, with them I han't got common patience,
A givin' into the do of them there petty smaller nations,
Ah there! they'll find out their mistake in havin' made themselves sitch minnies,
With BONYPART about their house, and them there KOSSUTHS and MAZZINIS.

I shouldn't mind if we was sure o' keeping clear of all their hobbles,
But when war comes as sure as fate the price of tea and sugar doubles,
And there's more Income-Tax to pay by all that fills a decent station,
The tag-rag gettin' off Scotch free, and that I calls confiscation.

And so as to that Yankee war, although for my part I despises
Both sides alike, but then the price of calico and cotton rises,

Each other they might shoot and stab, for all I care, with guns and sabres,
But when they consequence comes home we feels the quarrels of our neighbours.

"FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, under the signature of "A CORNISH MINER," makes a statement whence it appears that, in the Parish of Beer Ferris, Devon, within a circuit of half a-mile, there are, within two feet of a pathway, some four-and-twenty unfenced mining shafts or holes in the ground, from 100 feet to 200 feet deep, and that, during the last few years, several people have killed themselves by walking into them unawares. If Beer Ferris, is worthy of its name, being a beery district, the zigzag course which would be very generally pursued by its inhabitants in walking home at night on a pathway such as that above referred to, must almost inevitably bring some of them to grief, if not to an end of all sorrow, in the chasms that yawn close beside them.

It further appears that these murderous pit-falls are all situated "on the estates of the same noble proprietor." Here, surely, the "CORNISH MINER" is in error. The proprietor of an estate in which unfenced shafts are allowed to gape for victims by the parsimony that grudges to rail them in, is a proprietor who cannot be noble. Whosoever owns those estates, if there are any, in Beer Ferris, on which these open-mouthed pits of Acheron beset the wayfarer, he is a base proprietor; unless, indeed, his astounding negligence may be imputed to idiocy.

Furthermore it seems that, whilst there is an Act of Parliament which prescribes fences for the mouths of ironstone and coal-mines, no law exists to necessitate the like enclosures for lead, tin, and copper-mines, at the bottom of which, as certainly as at that of the others, the body of a person falling would be dashed to pieces.

"A CORNISH MINER" justly observes, that the lords of the manor whereon shafts are left without fences, "ignore the moral law that property has its duties as well as its rights." They may indeed be said to be regardless of the distinction between mine and thine; the mine down which they let other people tumble, and the bones of those other people that are broken at the bottom of them.

THE PUFF POETICAL.



OMPASSIONATING the exceeding dulness of the authors who are kept by tradesmen to draw up the Puff advertisements and paragraphs by which the newspapers are vulgarised, *Mr. Punch* has prepared a few of these articles, in the style of the day, but of a more literary and graceful texture. They are at the service of anybody who may send *Mr. Punch* a handsome specimen of the advertised ware, and a Bank of England note for £100.

THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE has remarked, in one of his sparkling plays, that "any man who can write can answer a letter." This is one of the profound truths with which the gigantic genius of SHAKSPEARE was studded thick as quills upon the frightful porcupine, but he

might have added; that the answering a letter becomes a labour we delight in, if we use the new ELECTRIFIED ALBATA SELFCROSSINGTEA AND EYEDOTTING PEN, TO BE OBTAINED, &c.

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, the ardent yet languishing votary of the latter tender passion desired that it might play on, but did not decide the question. There can be no doubt, however, that the listening to music while food is being taken is extremely healthy, and therefore the proprietor of the SLAP-BANGERY REFRESHMENT ROOMS begs to announce that he has secured three Italian organs, which will perform while dinners are going on every day from 3 to 7.

OLD MAN, 'TIS NOT SO DIFFICULT TO DIE, says *Manfred* in LORD BYRON'S drama, so admirably represented by MR. PHELPS and Company at Drury Lane. His respected Lordship would have said that it was not only not difficult but quite easy to dye, whether you are an old man, or a young one, if he had visited SCRATCHUM AND SCIZZORS' celebrated Hair Cutting and Dyeing Rooms, Low Holborn.

HEARTS ARE NOT FLINT, AND FLINTS ARE RENT, wrote the poetical SIR WALTER SCOTT, in another sense than that in which the line may be read, but MR. FLINT begs to say that he shall be happy to COLLECT RENTS for any house-owner who may honour him with confidence.

SHE'S ALL MY FANCY PAINTED HER was a bold assertion to be made even by an infatuated lover, but lovers are invited to bring the beloved ones to SMUTCHER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS, and may be assured of going away repeating, in reference to the endeared object, She's all my SMUTCHER photographed her.

WE MET, 'T WAS IN A CROWD, and I had no time to ask his address or tell him mine, and how foolish in us both not to have gone to COPPERPLATE AND BITE'S establishment, and had our names and addresses engraved on a hundred enamelled CARDS for one-and-ninety.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES was a sweetly worded if slightly sentimental expression of feeling, by the late BENJAMIN JONSON, and the subject has been pictorially treated with much success by MR. CALDERON, but the "sweetest eyes were ever seen" will wear in time, and then comes the question where to go for SEETACLES, to which the answer is, go to SQUINTUM AND WINKER'S.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE improve each shining hour, is an inquiry which has never been answered, but those who are desirous to improve all hours, whether they be shining or sloppy, should provide themselves with one of ENGINE AND TURNER'S celebrated WATCHES, warranted for eight-and-forty hours.

HOW SMALL OF ALL THAT HUMAN HEARTS ENDURE, the part that Kings or laws can cause or cure, wrote the great Lexicographer, SAMUEL JOHNSON, but if that admirable man had ever tasted the hams cured at BRINE'S establishment, he would have said that the latter had added to the harmless gaiety of nations.

WOULD THAT WE TWO WERE LYING was, we thought, scarcely a wish for a Clergyman to utter, because he must know that lying is wrong; but upon a second perusal of the REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY'S beautiful lines, we perceive that he refers to a physical position and not a moral error. We therefore wish that he and the public generally would come and inspect FLUFFYBOY AND STUFFER'S monster collection of Beds, Bedding, and Bolsters.

WHY SHOULD THE GIRL OF MY SOUL BE IN TEARS, or why, if she will indulge in the luxury of woe (and indeed you look so lovely in your tears I almost bid you shed them still) don't she wipe them away on one of MRS. FLIMSICAL'S beautifully embroidered pocket handkerchiefs, worked by the mermaids of Madagascar, and price elevenpence halfpenny.

SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING SOUTH, especially when you are flying to Brighton or elsewhere in that direction, per rail, and are not likely to be in time for the family dinner. In this case buy a box of the Hydraulic Sandwiches, which are prepared with concentrated mustard, and may be bought at all the stations.

LOVE ME IF I LIVE, but if I don't, by reason of any accident to the railway on which I travel, you will find the ticket of the Accidental Insurance Company in the empty cold cream pot in left-hand drawer of the washing-stand in my dressing-room, and you will receive the money without any botheration to add to the natural tears you'll drop, but wipe them soon.

SOFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT you will hear mice running about the bed-room, and attempting to get at the candles, or the almond cake which, like a loving mother, you have brought home to give totiscums in the morning. Why not provide yourself with one of CLICKER'S Patent Mousetraps, which catches the mouse, extinguishes him painlessly, throws him out of window (open or shut) and sets itself to catch another?

ANOTHER SHAKSPEARIAN.

By way of promoting what it has pleased somebody to call Shaksperianity, *Mr. Punch* begs to subjoin a portion of a circular which has been issued by a provincial artist, who devotes himself to the elevated art of—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—of pointing the hair. The true poet is modest, and therefore we conceal this writer's name, but, to adopt the style of the provincial press, he resides not a hundred miles from a town where a sovereign, who had not his hair cut off, but his head, surrendered himself to the Scotch, who sold him.

"POETRY.

"Poetry is of two kinds—Descriptive and Real—the former expressively apperels the noblest existencies of Nature in all the graces of captivating beauty. In this kind of beautiful Poetry SHAKSPEARE, from his indescribable sublimity and charming expression stands unrivalled. The real Poet, however, has another sphere of action, he contributes literally to the Embellishment of the Human Frame; the fascinating effect of which is demonstrating on the sensuous organs. Of all external objects, a Graceful Person and a Beautiful Head of Hair is the most agreeable—is the beau ideal of Poetry—the unerring appealer to the heart; winning our regards, fixing our esteem, and riveting our affections. This Poetry of the person can be cultivated in every department by visiting

"PETER PINDAR'S HAIR-CUTTING AND CURLING ESTABLISHMENT.

"PETER PINDAR'S Perukes are unquestionably the most unique of their kind, they will fit the head so as to defy the detection of the greatest connoisseur; in short, they only require to be seen to be styled the archetype of Nature. N.B. Private Rooms. Ladies' Maids taught Hair Dressing."

Surely, surely, MR. PINDAR ought to have been placed on the National Shakspeare Committee.

A Medal of Protection.

AMONG the Italian decorations is one, worn by SIGNOR CRISPI and others, called "The Medal of Marsala." If this signifies that the brave fellows have drunk much of that liquid, we have no words strong enough to express our admiration of their courage. And we know what we are talking about, often dining in "genteel" districts, and we have some thought of sending for the medal, and wearing it at dinner-parties as a graceful hint. When certain smiling hosts say to us "I hope you like that sherry, it comes from a first-rate fellow's cellar," we shall simply turn our medal—thereby meaning "Quite the Reverse."

For the Use of Schools.

CLASSICAL Note, to be prefixed to any future edition of the Latin Poets:—

Carpit iter. This phrase came into fashion on the occasion of CÆSAR'S paying a state visit to one of the Roman nobility. The space between his chariot-wheel and the house-door was covered with a rich drugget, upon which the Emperor walked, and hence the expression "*Carpit iter.*"



A HINT TO JOBSTERS.—THE SUBURBAN FLYMAN.

Maid. "OH, COACHMAN! MISSUS SAY, YOU'RE TO COVER YOURSELF WITH THIS RUG, AND NOT TO MOVE OFF THE BOX; BECAUSE YOUR GAITERS AND LEGS AND THINGS ARE REALLY SO VERY SHOCKING."

DRESSING THE WINDOW.

QUOTH that Prince of Shop-walkers and Principals, PAM,
To his book-keeper GLADSTONE, and JOHN, his head shop-man,
"I *should* know the public, yet puzzled I am,
What article's best in the window to pop, man.

"Last year trade was languid; there seemed nothing doing,
Then our stock didn't take, and the public held off it,
Till on striking our balance, for all GLADSTONE'S screwing,
There appeared on the books scarce a penny of profit.

"From *us* those unprincipled chaps o'er the way,
How to dress their own window have managed to learn;
And don't mind (from *our* shop to draw custom away),
That untradesmanlike falsehood—*you* know—'same concern.'

"What is to be done? Here's the Season beginning,
And unless we find something the public to fix,
I'm afraid, gents, that so far a fortune from winning,
The concern will be bankrupt, and dividend nix.

"Our book-debts are heavy; on sev'ral occasions,
Thanks to *you*, MASTER JOHNNY, we've largely o'er-bought;
That lot of Reform checks—*your* recommendation's
Been on hand ever since: not a penny they've brought.

"There's an awful back-stock, in those pigeon-holes yonder,
And of bad bills, I know, there's a box at the bank full;
How to save the concern when I ask you to ponder,
All *you* can suggest to one's, 'Rest and be thankful.'

"As for GLADSTONE he *does* try to keep down expenses,
But he is *such* a beggar to argue and reason,
He'll prove black white, spite of a customer's senses,
And to carry his point, would risk losing the Season.

"If it weren't for my mauners, my style of shop-walking,
And shaving the ladies—or gents, for that matter;
Of PAM & Co.'s smash soon the town would be talking,
Spite of JOHNNY'S smart letters, and GLADSTONE'S glib patter.

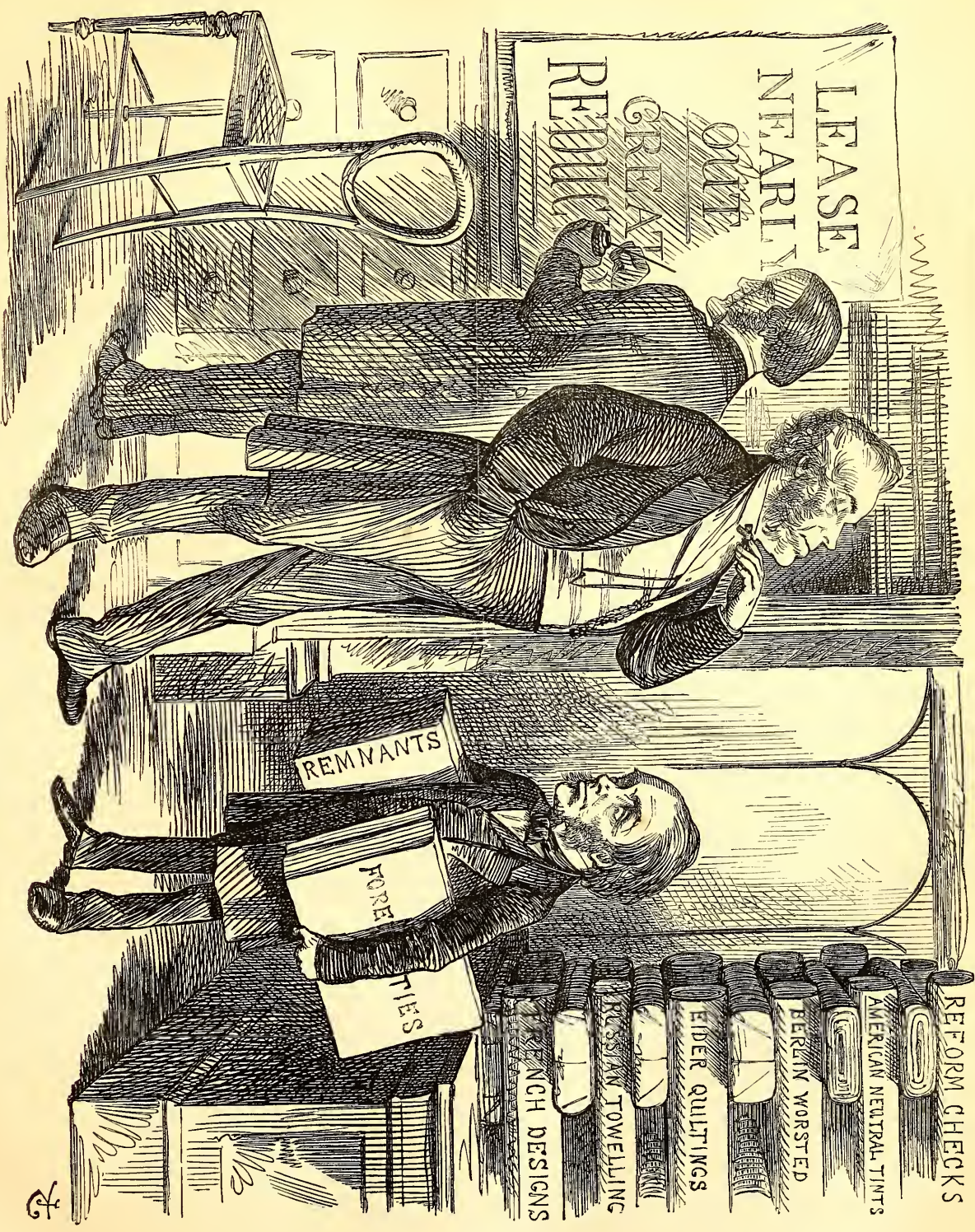
"There's one comfort, if people our goods ain't quite nuts on,
They fancy still less that chap's over the way:
Though the very same patterns the counter he puts on,
And tries all he knows, he can't make the thing pay.

"We *do* keep a conscience, (if it's a rusty one),
But a conscience don't suit DERBY, DIZZY & Co.;
Their shoddy stock's worse than our fly-blown and fusty one,
And where we've one dummy, they sport a whole row!"

RATHER SIGNIFICANT.

AN enterprising theatrical speculator was being dissuaded by some friends from going to Australia and establishing a playhouse in the wilds. "You'll have nothing but kangaroos for audience," he was told. The undaunted if imperfectly educated manager replied, "Well, I suppose Kangaroo money is as good as anybody else's money." Whatever Kangaroo money may be worth, it is quite clear that Federal money is not as good as English. The Great Western Railway of Canada has reported that its losses during one half-year, last past, by taking KING ABRAHAM'S bad money, and turning it into QUEEN VICTORIA'S good ditto, amount to £29,460 13s. 6d. The sixpence may be dismissed as *Mr. Mantilini* dismissed the halfpenny, but a loss of nearly £30,000 in a half-year is not quite so easily treated. And we find the statement in the *Morning Star*, of all places. *Et tu, Brute!*

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—There can never be Peace as long as there is a GENERAL WRANGLER.



DRESSING THE WINDOW.

PAT (THE VETERAN SHOP-VALENT), "NOW THEN, MR. RUSSELL! WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO PUT IN THE WINDOW?"
 MR. RUSSELL, "WELL, SIR, THERE'S SOME REFORM CHECKS, AMERICAN NEUTRAL TINTS, FOREIGN TIES, BERLIN WORSTED, EIDER QUILTINGS, RUSSIAN TOWELLING, FRENCH DESIGNS, LOTS OF REMANANTS, AND ANY QUANTITY OF RED TAPE."

A PLEBEIAN GRIEVANCE.



Of course *Punch* knows nothing of the Pit of a theatre, but with the aid of his ivory double-opera-glass he has sometimes amused himself while reclining in his velvet arm-chair in his private-box, by examining the creatures who inhabit that part of the house, and they appear to have made certain advances towards civilisation. They listen very earnestly to the play, they are intolerant of any disturbance, they never talk while the curtain is up, and they seem to derive a rational pleasure from the cuter-taintments. They clearly do not go there to see other visitors, or to show their dress, or because they are bored at their clubs or homes, but be-

cause they like the theatre. It has reached him—some person of the pit class may have mentioned it to one of *Mr. Punch's* footmen, who may have told it to *Judy's* lady's-maid, who may have spoken of it to *Mr. Punch's* valet—that the pit is the best place for seeing and hearing. He has further noticed that between the acts, the unfortunate pittites are subjected to a horrible penance. Dreadfully ugly women, with huge baskets, shove themselves between each row, are scowled at and abused, but force their way by ramming their baskets into the stomachs of their victims, and thus charge from end to end of the lines, uttering uncouth noises.

It seems that these women sell "refreshments," and the excuse for permitting the practice is, that a person may want an orange, or a glass of ginger-beer, but is afraid to leave his seat lest he should not get it again. Therefore, in the interest of a dozen persons of ill-regulated appetites, a whole pit is made miserable ever so many times during the evening.

Ever anxious to be humane to the inferior creation, *Mr. Punch* has read with satisfaction that MR. BUCKSTONE, at the Haymarket, MR. GEORGE VINING, at the Princess's, MR. FECHTER, at the Lyceum, and MR. WEBSTER, at the Adelphi, have abolished the nuisance. He hopes that other managers will do the same.

But while we steal plays from the French, why can't we steal play-house arrangements also? It is possible that a person may really need refreshment during a performance—there are many performances which it requires a good deal of refreshment to be able to sit out. In France, the right of property in a pit seat is respected, as also the right of property in a handkerchief. If an individual, leaving his seat, lays his gloves thereon, or ties his handkerchief round it, other persons would as soon think of punching his head on his return, as of taking his place. Or, if a coarse rude brute did commit that vulgar act, his neighbours, interested in preserving the usages of the theatre, would promptly kick him out, or invite the unfavourable notice of a policeman to his conduct. Why can we not have a similar arrangement here? Let notices be put up in the pit, calling the attention of the public to so easy a remedy for the alleged grievance? However, the matter is in the hands of the pittites themselves, and having given them the hint, *Mr. Punch* apologises to the aristocracy for having intruded such a topic on their notice.

Arithmetical Hierarchs.

BISHOP COLENSO has been deposed, in effigy, by other ecclesiastics at the Cape. The Bishop deposes that his judges are incompetent to decide the question, and he appeals. In fact the great arithmetician insists on their proving their sum. He insists metropolitan and suffragans only make a unit and fractions, the latter slightly vulgar.

KING AND QUEEN

LAST Wednesday, MISS BATEMAN—(Get out, we shall speak of her as often as we like, and who are you? besides, we've got a joke)—played *Leah* for the hundredth time. So you see *Queen Leah* is luckier than was *King Lear*, as she was allowed her Hundred Knights, and he wasn't. Now then!

TO POSTERITY. A CARD.

As *Mr. Punch's* volumes will be referred to in future ages for lucid explanations of obscure passages in what will then be history, he begs respectfully to inform Posterity that in January 1864 England was, in spite of appearances, a Christian country, fitted up with all the best civilising apparatus in the way of churches, chapels, schools, bishops, preachers, good books, female influence, and *Punch* himself. He admits that Posterity may have a difficulty in believing this when reading in the newspapers for the month in question that in the finest Exhibition Hall in London, that one up at "merry Islington,"

"A MR. CROCKETT daily performs a series of dangerous feats in a large cage of lions and lionesses."

That it happened—such things will happen in the best regulated wild-beast cages—that screams were heard one morning, and it was discovered:—

"That one of the larger lions had an unfortunate man's right hand in his mouth, whilst another had seized him by the thick part of the forearm, and had dragged the limb through the bars of the cage nearly up to the armpit. Having no hot irons the men at once set to work belabouring the lions over the skulls and eyes, in order to make them loose their hold. These proceedings at the outset only tended to increase the ferocity of the animals, who with loud yells commenced tearing the flesh from their poor victim's arm and hand with their claws. It was not until the brutes were nearly blinded with the blows inflicted upon their eyes that they were induced to relinquish their grip, when the poor man was drawn away, with his mangled limb, with great difficulty, and fell fainting into the arms of those who had rescued him from his horrible position."

He was not thought likely to recover. Posterity will next read that—

"During the afternoon MR. CROCKETT and the lions went through the usual exhibition, during what is called the morning performance, but nothing out of the ordinary way transpired, only that the two lions that had been beaten looked heavy and more gloomy than the others."

And finally, that like practical people, as we are, we use due and humane precautions for the future. For—

"It is now felt—"

What? That such brutal and dangerous "entertainments" should be discontinued. Dear us, no:—

"It is now felt to be desirable that red-hot iron rods should always be kept at hand, as had they been so, the animals would have been made to let go their hold of the unfortunate man instantly."

That is all. And in spite of all this, *Mr. Punch* has again to assure Posterity that we were in 1864 Christian and civilised people, who shuddered at old tales of gladiators, loathed Spanish bull-fights, and even sent folks to prison for setting cocks to combat. But what we most piqued ourselves upon was our consistency.

A SUGGESTION FROM SHAKSPEARE.

DEAR PUNCH,

THE great interest created by the proceedings of the Committee engaged in making arrangements for the proposed Shakspeare Commemoration, and the lively discussion in progress on the subject of insanity in relation to crime, may warrant me in taking the liberty to offer your readers a suggestion appropriate to the former of those subjects, and, I sincerely trust, not impertinent to the latter.

If anybody will take the trouble to look carefully over the map of England, he will perhaps find four rivers delineated as emptying themselves into Southampton Water, the Hamble and Titchborne rivers; the Itchen and the Test. It is to the last mentioned of these streams that the Shakspeariau idea, which I would venture to propose with respect to the difficult and recondite question of lunacy, relates. That idea amounts to nothing less than an expedient for the unerring determination of the sanity or insanity of an individual whose health of mind is doubtful. Let me, without further preface, state it in the very words of *Hamlet* the Dane, which, at a time when the Schleswig-Holstein difference is raging between Denmark and Germany, to speak idiomatically, like mad, will be allowed to be particularly germane to the matter:—

"It is not madness; bring me to the Test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from."

Very well, then. Why not, when a man's sanity is in question, simply do what the immortal SHAKSPEARE, by the mouth of *Hamlet*, recommends? Bring him, as the Danish Prince says, to the Test, induce him to say something, and, when he has made the remark, get him to try and repeat it.

Consideration of space necessitates the abridgment of observations on a subject which I intend to treat more copiously in a paper to be read at the next meeting of the Archaeological Society, whose attention it will occupy not much longer than two hours.

Yours truly,
CHRISTOPHER SLY.



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

(We can only hear the words, "You're a—" on account of the noise; but the rest are supposed to be)—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!"
 "THE SAME TO YOU, AND MANY OF THEM!" [Perhaps they imply something else.]

TALLY-HO!

THE cry of "Tally-ho!" is one which, if raised in Parliament, would probably awake responsive echoes, unmingled with roars of "Order!" Prefacing a speech, it would at least attract attention. It may be hoped that this shout will be heard on an early day in Parliament, not as preliminary to a proposal for legislation relative to fox-hunting, but as the introduction of a motion concerning a kind of more noxious vermin than foxes, and not tending to their preservation. The vermin in question are glanced at in a presentment adjoined to the verdict of a Coroner's Jury in conclusion of an inquest held at Falmouth on the body of one MARY ANN ANGOVE, who had poisoned herself in a state of mind caused by some tallmen, who, under a County Court judgment, put a bailiff into her house to recover a debt, which she had run up with them for clothes, unknown to her husband. The finding was "Temporary Insanity," and the observations which accompanied it, unusually sensible for their source, were these:—

"The jury cannot separate without expressing a strong condemnation of the tally system as at present carried on, and would hope that the Government would be induced to pass some stringent measure to stop the same, this jury believing that the death of the deceased is clearly traceable to the anxiety brought on by proceedings taken by the tallmen to realise a debt contracted with them without her husband's knowledge."

There is no necessity for any statute to legalise the extermination of tallmen. Every object that could be gained by dooming them to die would be answered by an enactment providing, more effectually than at present, that, in cases wherein they give a married woman credit without her husband's knowledge, they shall not recover.

New Fact in Electric Science.

MEDICAL men state (and, curiously enough, it also stands to reason) that a certain amount of electricity is conveyed to the system by the receipt of a telegraphic message. The words which have run along the wire convey the fluid to the clerk, who transmits it to the paper which you receive. It is, the doctors say, a very healthy thing to take a course of telegrams, and their efficacy is increased by the shock which it gives most people to receive a telegram at all. We had not looked at the matter in this light, but shall immediately begin curing all our sick friends by incessant transmissions of electrifying jokes.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

I THINK we now with safety may congratulate ourselves that the reign of stage sensation is coming to an end, and that we are returning to the reign of better sense. The *Colleen Bawn* and *Octoroon* have gone where glory waits them in the provinces, perhaps: at the *Peep o' Day* we no more get a peep o' nights in London, and the lovely *Lady Audley* no longer is convicted of her ill deed at the well. Let that well alone, is my advice to managers, for I cannot well believe that any good can spring from it.

Some two or three years back, the great MR. BAMBOOZLICHAULT did his best or worst to make our managers imagine that their audience cared nothing for mere poetry or penmanship, and that a good, strong, startling sensation scene or two was all that was required to make a play succeed. How the great MR. BAMBOOZLICHAULT misjudged the British playgoer the marked success of *Manfred* was quite proof enough to show: and further evidence is furnished in the mere fact that MISS BATEMAN by the poetry of her acting has for upwards of a hundred nights been filling the Adelphi as full as it was ever while BAMBOOZLICHAULT there reigned. The new play at the Princess's is another sign moreover that good writing is still relished, and that there are playgoers in plenty still existing who enjoy a play not merely for the set scenes there may be in it. *Donna Diana* is decidedly the best piece which has lately been imported for our stage, and although its adapter has a little spoil the last scene to produce a stage-effect which the author had abstained from, he has upon the whole performed his adaptation with much cleverness and taste. All who care to see what a good Spanish play is like, should go and see *El Desden con el Desden* in its English dress: and thanks to MR. VINING they will no longer be annoyed by the cries of "nuts, cakes, oranges, lemonade, and gingerbeer," which used so rudely to destroy the nice illusions of the stage, and knock the play out of one's head almost between the acts.

It may seem poor praise to say that the pantomime at this house is really a very good one, for the advertisements assert of every pantomime

in London, that it is "universally acknowledged" to be the "very best." There are some good scenes and good fun too in the one at Drury Lane; but I think the heartiest laugh that I have had this season was at the drollery of the donkey in *St. George and the Dragon*, the part of the donkey being played by MR. FREDERICK PAYNE. A runaway donkey is not a very common sort of creature, and the funny way in which MR. PAYNE makes an ass of himself is enough to make one any night burst out with a horse-laugh.

While I speak of Covent Garden, I must applaud the management for bringing out *Fanchette*. It really is a very pleasant little opera, and I am not at all disposed to join with certain critics in making a complaint about its Frenchness of style. Light and lively music is just what our composers seem least able to invent, and I only wish that one of them would so far imitate the "French" school of composition as to let us have an opera with a little of the sparkle of *Le Domino Noir*. Not but what the English style is also capable of liveliness. MR. MACFARREN is no copyist of AUBER, yet his *Jessy Lea* is certainly a lively little work, and its success proves that the public would be glad of others like it. There was a brimming audience the last evening I heard it, and though now withdrawn to make room for the new Egyptian Entertainment (you can conceive what capital fun the trio at the Gallery will make out of a tourist party at the Pyramids), it will, I hear, be soon resumed as an afternoon attraction without spoiling the Egyptians of the treasures they will nightly bring into the treasury.

There is little more to say about our theatres just now: but from Australia we learn that after having, I doubt not, performed his part as chaplain on board ship with great applause, the REV. CHARLES KEAN has laid aside his parson's bands, and resumed his actor's buskin and his natural stage strut. How correctly his great genius is judged at the Antipodes this extract from the *Melbourne Herald* amply serves to show:—

"The chief charm of MR. and MRS. KEAN's acting consists in their perfectly lifelike and natural rendering of every character. Years of close study must have been required to produce that ease of manner and studious avoidance of anything 'stagey' that characterises their endeavours. Not the slightest approach to theatrical clap-trap is ever observable—no courting the plaudits of the pit and gallery—their

constant aim appearing to be the elevation of the dramatic art to something more than the mere gratification of pleasure-seekers. By their untiring aid the stage may yet be made a vehicle for historical instruction and moral ex ample."

Well, different men have different opinions; and as a critic in Australia of course has better opportunities to cultivate his taste than one who is unfortunate enough to live in London, it would scarce be seemly in me to venture a denial that this estimate of MR. KEAN'S great talent as an actor is most thoroughly correct. I would merely say that as I am a "pleasure-seeker" when I go to see a play, I wish with all my heart that MR. KEAN in future would act only in Australia, where, if his critic there be credible, his acting gives more pleasure to those who are of course well competent to judge of it, than it does to your less able correspondent,

ONE WHO PAYS.

A GOOD HA'PORTH.



IR.—Here are a few suggestions for the form that a Shakspearian Memorial ought to take, forwarded to me from various quarters, in order that they may obtain the required publicity in the columns of your widely-circulated journal.

It is proposed—

1st. That it ought to be about SHAKSPEARE, or perhaps MILTON, but at all events somebody who lived about that time, always excluding OLIVIA CROMWELL.

2nd. That it must not be anything to eat, or if it is, not very hot, like a salad, which would be emblematical of the country where the poet resided.

3rd. That it, whatever it is, must be made of stones from Stoney Stratford, out of compliment to the district-surveyors of England as a body.

4th. That it shall be portable, with pockets inside.

5th. That it shall be a Shakspeare's Scholarship, to be holden on the following conditions; viz. :—

That the candidate shall be able to repeat by heart and sing all COLLIER'S emendations to MALONE'S notes.

That the holder shall be required to read aloud the entire plays of SHAKSPEARE every morning before breakfast, for the space of one year.

That in his second year of holding, he shall repeat the performance with the addition of dressing himself in the costumes of all SHAKSPEARE'S characters, including the *Witches* in *Macbeth* and the greasy citizen in the Roman crowd.

That on the 23rd of every successive April, he shall hunt samphire gatherers on the Cliffs of Dover.

That in honour of *Falstaff's* ragged army he shall go to Coventry for the remainder of the year.

Hoping, dear *Punch*, that the Members of the Shakspeare Committee will give their serious attention to these propositions.

I remain, yours, energetically,

A RETIRED HAMLET.

An Ecclesiastical Auctioneer.

THE *New York Times* amuses us with a piece of truly American intelligence :—

"FEW SALE.—At the commencement of the new year the usual meeting was held in the REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Church to dispose of the sittings for the year. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Precisely at 7 o'clock MR. BEECHER appeared on the platform, and in a few words stated the object of the gathering and the terms of sale."

Was it on the platform that MR. BEECHER appeared? According to our English notions, the reverend gentleman should have appeared in the pulpit.

"CHRISTIANOS AD LEONES!"

A REVIVAL of the above-mentioned ancient sport, a great favourite with the citizens of old Rome, is now being looked forward to, with considerable interest, by all lovers of such exhibitions residing within half a mile of the Agricultural Hall, Isington.

OLD WORLD TALES, OR PASTIME FOR THE PRESENT.

THE summit of Mount Olympus, in Thessaly, was the abode of the gods, goddesses, and deified heroes. No mortal, *quæ* mortal, has ever ascended these heights, with the exception, perhaps, of MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. That most ancient deity Kronos or Saturn used to devour his children, not with caresses, but literally, and without any caresses at all. It was evident that he liked them, though as his wife Queen Rhea could not help remarking, he certainly had a very queer method of showing it. They were for a long time a perfectly happy family, and his sons and daughters born prior to his youngest, Zeus or Jupiter, never once disagreed with him. This last child, however, did not share the fate of his elder brothers and sisters: and consequently, modern writers on the subject hold that he was probably brought up at Harrow, seeing that his mother never intended the young Jove to be an Eaten Boy.

Be this as it may, the fact stands that Mater Rhea, being in a difficulty with regard to this child, did what most married ladies would have done under similar circumstances. She consulted her mother, Madame Terra.

"Let me have the child," said that estimable Matron.

"Yes, Mamma, if you think that's best," returned the dutiful daughter, who, however, did not much relish the notion of putting her favourite out to nurse. "But as Saturn is sure to ask for him, what shall I tell him?"

"Um!" Terra was considering. At length a bright thought struck her.

"Of course," she observed, inquiringly. "He always used to send for the children at dessert."

Rhea signified that such had been her amiable husband's custom.

"He indulges?" hinted her mother.

The tears rose to Rhea's eyes. She could not but acknowledge the existence of this unfortunate propensity.

"I don't like to say it before you, my dear, for I wouldn't give you pain for a moment, and a Mother ought never to set her daughter against her son-in-law; but I can't help saying that Saturn does behave like a brute."

"Oh, Mamma!" expostulated poor Rhea.

Mater Terra was working herself into a fury.

"If he'd only stick to his Ops and give up that nasty nectar-wine, one might do something with him; for the matter of that, though, we could do a great deal more without him."

At this both ladies laughed, and when Terra's gravity was quite restored, she resumed the subject in hand.

"You send the boy to me. I've some wonderful stone-fruit, candied last season when I was making my jams; Rocky Mountain plums, or pome-granites we're thinking of calling them. There!"

So saying, she produced from her store closet a fine specimen of the first Orleans growth. It was floating like a luscious island in the midst of a sea of syrup.

"Mind you wait for your opportunity," said the crafty old lady; "and the wretch will swallow it down as if it was the finest dish of kid he'd ever tasted."

She alluded to the fashion of those primitive times, which was to introduce the joint at the very close of the meal; a custom that has since been adopted in some parts of Germany, Russia, and elsewhere.

So Rhea thanked her kind mother, and reached the palace just as Kronos, who never waited for anybody, was sitting down to his dinner.

"THE WAYSIDE INN."

A CHARMING Book, doubtless, is LONGFELLOW'S *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. A tuneful and accurate ear must be MR. LONGFELLOW'S, and yet from the internal evidence afforded by the volume, we gather that the Transatlantic Rhapsodist (under which term are not included Spiritualistic Media) approves of, nay more, has an affection for, itinerant grinders of organs, midnight waits, and their unequal measures. Herein lies the proof of our assertion; let the reader, any reader, open the book at page 14, and he will there find the description of a Young Poet, a graphic portrait of one of the Sitters around the cheerful Fire; but the youth is praised, aye, actually praised, in the following couplet:

"He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighbouring street."

Good gracious! 'tis clear that MR. LONGFELLOW never knew the pleasures of a quiet quarter in London. At this point, even as I am penning these lines, comes an organ-man playing dismally round the corner; and, if I mistake not, a small band with brass enough for anything, is at the other end of the street, just commencing the overture to *William Tell*. Either they go or I. They won't, so I'll step out and call upon MR. BABBAGE.



AWFUL APPARITION OF THE BARD AT MRS. SCRIMMINGE'S TEA-FIGHT.

BUT IT WAS ONLY YOUNG FLARROP, FROM NEXT DOOR, LARKING WITH THE BUST OUT OF THE LIBRARY; AND IT BEING THE FASHION TO MAKE FUN OF DEAR OLD SHAKSPEARE JUST NOW, THE JOKE TOOK IMMENSELY.

COLNEY HATCH QUADRILLES.

SIR,

As I suppose your readers include a great many young ladies, and young gentlemen whose ideas of diversion are in a great measure similar to those of young ladies, whilst both the young gentlemen and the young ladies have learned from the perusal of your pages to think, let me invite them to exercise their reflecting powers on some facts which must be premised by the following explanatory quotation from the *Times* :—

“THE COLNEY HATCH CHRISTMAS PARTY.—Yesterday evening the managers of the Colney Hatch Asylum gave their annual treat to the inmates of this excellent Institution. On former occasions we have described so fully the incidents of these entertainments that it is hardly necessary to say more now than that this Christmas party was, as usual, a great success. Of the 1,900 inmates of the asylum about 600, male and female, were permitted to take part in the festivities, and to them were added at least 500 visitors, who mingled freely in the crowd, and helped to promote the fictitious solemnity of the occasion.”

What I wish your young friends of both sexes to ponder is the nature of the amusements which seem to have particularly delighted the crazy and imbecile inmates of Colney Hatch. The report above quoted continues :—

“The amusements provided by the visiting committee were numerous, but though the Nigger Minstrels were loudly applauded, the troupe of Chinese jugglers and contortionists were by far the greatest favourites. The great dining hall of the asylum was the chief scene of the sports. At one end was erected a temporary stage on which the various troupes engaged kept up a constant succession of amusements.”

The intelligent readers of *Punch*, male and female, may amuse themselves, and perhaps instruct others, by reading to those others whom it may concern the foregoing account of the sort of fun which is peculiarly adapted to the class of mind to which Colney Hatch affords an asylum. They will not be surprised to find that the Nigger Minstrels, and the Chinese jugglers and contortionists afford a special gratification to the demented and insane. But the succeeding statement will puzzle them :—

“In the remainder there was ample space for dancing, and, to tell the truth, if

the committee had engaged two or three quadrille hands, one to succeed the other, so as to keep up a continual succession of dance music, perhaps they would hest have consulted the general taste. With or without partners, the patients never seemed tired of whirling round the room either to the polka or waltz measures.”

Is it possible that much as Nigger Minstrels and Chinese mountebanks are to the taste of lunatics and idiots, yet that insanity and impaired intelligence find recreation still more congenial in the sparkling music and the graceful movements of the dance?

What philosopher will dare to propose a solution of this apparent fact in psychology? Not any will be hazarded by,

Yours truly,

Wall-Flower Cottage, January, 1864.

SMELFUNGUS.*

* A Box of Anthilious Pills is left at our Office for Mr. S.—Ed.

An Apology to Shakspeare.

Apropos of all the Blundering of the “National Committee.”

FORGIVE, blest Shade, the tributary sneer
With which this trading on thy fame we hiss;
Nor think we less thy honoured name revere,
Because we shrink from snobbishness like this!

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

A SAVAGE young man known to *Mr. Punch*, was looking over the list of articles in the new *Quarterly*, and came to “Eels.” “Bother,” he said, “there’s no criticism now-a-days. Instead of writing about Eels, I wish they’d skin a few.” *Mr. Punch* immediately ordered the savage young man out of the room.

IMPROPER EXPRESSION.—Let it never be said, that when a mau jumps for joy, “his delight knows no bounds.”



Artist (to his Hypochondriacal Friend with an independence). "AH! MY DEAR FELLOW, IF YOU HAD TO WORK HARD AND GET YOUR OWN LIVING AS WE HAVE, YOU'D HAVE NO DYSPEPSIA, I'LL BE BOUND; GOOD BYE."

NOBLE CHAFF.

THE EARL OF DERBY, in his speech on the Address, playfully compared EARL RUSSELL to *Bottom*, the weaver. A peer who is accustomed to spin yarns, might as well have said nothing about weavers. If one noble Lord calls another by a name which is an euphemism for an ass, no wonder that the other should retort in terms of corresponding courtesy. Accordingly we find the Foreign Secretary giving the noble Lord, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, a reply equivalent to "You're another," and something more. As thus:—

"But I will now proceed to the comments which the noble Earl has made upon my conduct. He began with a good deal of wit and with a good many facts. But while his wit was excellent in itself—indeed, there could be none better, seeing that it was all taken from SHAKESPEARE—the facts of the noble Earl, which were his own, had no more foundation than the story of *Bottom*, the weaver, himself."

The dream of *Bottom*, the weaver, of course the misreported Minister said. "My dream shall be called *Bottom's* dream, because it hath no bottom." So, neither, says the noble EARL RUSSELL, had the facts of the noble EARL OF DERBY. And then, quoting SHERIDAN, the former noble Earl said that the latter "borrowed his wit from his memory, and his facts from his imagination"—in other words, spoke the thing that was not. And so began the Parliamentary new year in their Lordships' house with the compliments of the Session.

FROM AN OLD HOSS.

SIR,

HAY? what? did you observe that an old Hoss like me, who used to be ridden post many a time to Greta Green, could be of no use now in these Railway Days? Neigh, friend, but these steam people are coming back to us, after all. Why, Sir, 'twas only t'other day that I heard two of the Directors of the Greatest Line say to one another, that their Excursion Trains to Somewhere and back for half-a-crown, would never pay unless they were properly advertised, and that to forward these Trains in every place, they must employ plenty of *Posters*.

Yours triumphantly, POSTBOIOS ATHANAT'OSS.

ONE OF THE GREATEST "MYSTERIES OF PARIS."

HERE is a dreadful falling off! We read with amazement, though it is true the curious event took place during the Carnival, that:—

"At a Public Ball given by the wife of the Prefect of the Seine, at which 3,000 persons were present, *no Crinoline was worn.*"

Bravo! The French Venus has at last left the iron cage in which the Vulcan of Fashion had too long imprisoned her. Paris had of late been celebrated for two styles of fortifications, the *enceinte continuée*, and the Crinoline, and really in point of area the one extended almost as far as the other. The latter is fortunately now abolished, and there will be all the more room consequently in Paris. The cry of "*Il n'y a plus de Crinolines!*" will be added to the old historical one of "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées,*" and the removal of the barrier will give pleasure to thousands of patriotic Frenchmen, on account of there being one obstruction the less in their country. Crinolines impeded free circulation fully as much as passeports, and when the latter fell in France, we felt confident that the former could not long stand up and assert their galling tyranny. We congratulate the above Prefect upon having abolished this despotism, which was like a big thorn always in one's side, and upon having completely established a new era of freedom. This inauguration entitles him for the future to adopt as his motto "*Mens sana in corpore sano,*" for it is clear that there now presides a mind that is sane in the prefeccoral body of the Seine.

The Rein of Terror.

NOTICE.—It is now Cabman's law, that when two persons, of whom one is a Man, ride two miles, the fare is one shilling. But if only one person rides, and that person is a lady, the fare is eighteen-pence.

Cabman's Club.

(Signed) BULLY SCOWLER.

PRONUNCIATION.—A Gentleman in the pit of the Adelphi Theatre remarked that he werry much preferred Miss BATEMAN'S *Lear* to SHAKESPEARE'S.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THURSDAY, February 4th, 1864. The young gentlemen of the Westminster Classical, Commercial, and decidedly Non-Mathematical Academy re-assembled after the holidays. The Mistress was not present, but one of the Monitors, LORD WESTBURY, read a Message in Her name. This had been drawn up by the Head Master, and some of his colleagues, and was not very much admired. It was thought to tell less than any Message that had ever been sent to the Academy, even when PITT SECUNDUS had risen to be Head Master, and chose that nobody should know anything but what he pleased to announce himself. But it was said that several of the Masters held differing opinions, and had

been obliged to agree upon a Message that should express no opinion at all, and if so, this is not the way to manage a great school which gives tone to English Society. However, most of the boys seemed to think that "Old PAM," as they affectionately if irreverently call the present Head Master, knew pretty well what he was about, and they cheered him very loudly when he came, with his cane in his hand, into the Lower School, the louder that a severe sentence had just been passed on a low Irishman, who had been flinging mud at Old PAM, and telling lies about him.

The Message was given, as usual, in the Upper School, where the noblemen are taught, or it is tried to teach them. The Mistress's eldest son, EDWARD WALES, was there, and so was his cousin GEORGE, the soldier, who is a good-natured fellow, but too much led away by his chums, and not quite so considerate of his inferiors as a brave boy should be. When the Mistress comes, the re-opening of school is quite an imposing sight, and no end of ladies come, to see how their relations look when being sent back to their Forms. But on Thursday there was not much of this kind of thing. The boys of the Lower School were sent for, and came running in with their usual noise, and with the gown-boy at their head.

The Message began with a pleasant subject, a mention of MR. and MRS. EDWARD WALES's little boy, who was born at Frogmore during the holidays, to the great joy of everybody, as his parents, and his grandmother, the Mistress, are very dear to all of us.

Then the School was told of several things which were taking place in various parts of the world, and it is right that these things should be known, so the whole school went, as it were, into Geography class for a short time, and was told this:—

That all the great Queens and Kings of Europe, and many of the little ones, had in 1852 solemnly put their hands and seals to an agreement that nobody should take away any of the territories which the KING OF DENMARK then possessed. Now we all know that in direct violation of that agreement, the Germans are trying to take away two pieces of the King's dominions,—two duchies, called Schleswig and Holstein. While the Message was being delivered, cannons were roaring, and men were being killed in Schleswig, where the brave Danes were trying to beat back the Prussians and Austrians, and had really done so many times, though the Germans had an immensely superior number of men. We were told that England had tried to prevent the fighting, and would try to stop it.

That the Japanese had behaved so ill to subjects of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND that it had been necessary to demand satisfaction, which the TYCOON, the Japanese temporal ruler, had given, but one of his proud and powerful nobles, the PRINCE OF SATZUMA, had resisted, so that English ships had been obliged to bombard his stronghold and bring him to his senses. "Incidentally," a very large city had been burned

down, and probably many thousands of its inhabitants had been killed, while England was converting this naughty Prince to civilisation, and this we heard that the QUEEN regretted, as, we dare say did the inhabitants of Kagosima. However, you know, "sorry for it" is all that a gentleman or lady can say.

That the New Zealanders continue, in the most strange way, to dislike having their lands settled upon by settlers who will soon settle the tattooed people out of the way altogether, but that the English are enforcing this Law of Settlement in a vigorous manner, and will soon have shot so many tattooed folks, that the others will see how wrong it is to object to civilisation and Christianity.

That England has made a treaty with Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia, by which she gives up the Ionian Islands, and annexes them to Greece, and is making a treaty with the KING OF GREECE, who is foolishly styled KING OF THE HELLENES (a Frenchified title, and not to be compared with the other and noble one), as to the terms of the union, about which we shall hear a good deal more.

That the condition of England was "on the whole" satisfactory, and that she might look for much cotton from lands which have hitherto given her but little.

That some Bishops and other grave persons had been ordered by the QUEEN OF ENGLAND to examine and to revise the forms of words by which clergymen bind themselves not to preach anything but what is said in the Prayer Book to be right.

This was all the Message had to say. Nothing about America, where a dreadful war is going on; nothing about Poland, where the Russians are doing very cruel and unjust things; nothing about Mexico, to which a bran-new German Emperor is going to be sent, if he can borrow money for clothes and housekeeping; nothing about China, where English soldiers have helped the Imperialists to a victory, after which these people committed most savage massacres. We all thought that the Masters had been so busily quarrelling that they had had no time to read the newspapers. However, it did not much matter, and Monitor LORD WESTBURY having read the Message very well, minding his stops, sounding his aitches, and not dropping his voice at the end of sentences, the Schools were dismissed until the regular hours for getting to work. It is thought by the boys that there will be a good many fights this half, and it is certain that there will be a great many impositions.

Mr. Punch having, with his usual exquisite flexibility of pen, thus pleasantly allegorised the introductory ceremonial of Thursday last, proceeds to the sterner—in fact to the Laurence Sterner duty of making a Sentimental Journey through the debates of the Session. He doubts not that he shall come to the episode of the Donkey in good time, and promises not to forget the rope's end, or its use. Meantime let us overhail the Debate on the Address.

THE MARQUIS OF SLIGO, who moved it, astonished the BROWNES, his namesakes, by appearing in the elegant uniform of the London Irish Volunteers. LORD ABERCROMBY, the seconder, was "barely audible," which shows that though his place is at Tulliboddy, he, when in his place, is not a body like TULLY.

Then, of course, the EARL OF DERBY stood up, to open the bombardment, and having pleasantly chaffed LORD SLIGO for having alluded to many matters not in the Speech, of which LORD DERBY supposed that the Volunteer had not seen the latest edition, the Earl proceeded to make notes on that document, and mentioned that 110 new cotton mills are preparing to open in his Lordship's part of the country when trade shall improve. He then invited EARL RUSSELL to a little mill. He got to work at once. LORD RUSSELL had turned out the Tories by the trick of promising Parliamentary Reform, and being safely in office, had thrown that notion overboard, told people to rest and be thankful, and turned to foreign politics. As to these his policy had been "meddle and muddle." *Nihil quod tetigit non conturbavit.* He was like Bottom, wanting to play every part, including *Moonshine* and *Lion*, and like the latter, knowing when to roar like a sucking dove. (These pleasantries riled EARL JOHN, who could reply with nothing newer than that EARL EDWARD had drawn on his memory for his wit, and on his imagination for his facts—O! O! O!) Then LORD DERBY waxed grave, and let into his antagonist on a great number of points of foreign policy, hoping we were not committed to a disastrous war with Germany, or to the betrayal of Denmark, who had trusted us. Lastly, the Earl declared that the vessel of the State was in a most perilous position, and he had no confidence in the incompetent hands of the Ministry.

THE EARL RUSSELL was prompt to meet his foe, contradicted him generally, and in detail, and afflicted the Peers by going at great length into the Schleswig-Holstein business. The Danish Minister here had expressly said that Denmark expected no material (which means physical) aid from us, but only sympathy. A despatch from the Prussian Minister stated that Prussia and Austria, though invading, meant to adhere to the Treaty. (But please to wait until you have read something later.—P.)

EARL GREY, the Heracitus of the Peers, and EARL GRANVILLE, their Democraticans, having respectively wept and smiled over most subjects, the Address was voted, and the Lords adjourned at 9.35.

Without adverting to what was threatened, or promised, in the Com-

mons (*Punch* waits for performances) be it said that LORD RICHARD GROSVENOR, in the costume of a Cheshire Yeoman, moved the Address, which was seconded by Mr. GOSCHEN, the junior Member for the City, and who is decidedly a clever man. Having thus made *him* happy for life, let us proceed to say that

MR. DISRAELI delivered a slashing speech against Ministers generally, but chiefly against LORD RUSSELL, to whose office MR. DISRAELI has obtained his own consent to succeed, when the Tories and the Cocklicranes come in. He considered that England was right in not going to Congress, but wrong in having refused in a rude manner. As to Greece, we had done nothing but blunder, and though one could guard against an enemy, no human sagacity could baffle the unconscious machinations of Stupidity. As for Denmark, Ministers had no policy, but came to beg one from Parliament. They were always discourteous to the House of Commons—let them be so—let them humiliate the Commons, but not ask them to bear responsibility. We had alienated all our allies, and except the KING of DENMARK, have not a friend in Europe. Where were the papers which the House ought to have?

LORD PALMERSTON said that Ministers had a policy, a very good one, and one which the House would support. It was a Policy of Peace. It was odd that if we had no allies, other powers insisted on acting with us, and France, Russia, and Sweden had joined us in calling on the Germans to halt. The PREMIER made the same statement as LORD RUSSELL had done about the undertaking by the Germans to respect the Treaty. He promised no end of papers, and wished anybody joy who had to read them, and he ended with some rather clever *badinage* touching the cruelty of Government in not giving MR. DISRAELI a peg on which to hang an amendment.

Only three other points arose on which *Mr. Punch* intends to remark. One was, that after the Government had made the semi-satisfactory statement about the Germans and the Treaty, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON was rude enough to bring out the fact that there was an "if" in the matter. The Germans will respect the Treaty, they say, if the Danes don't fight too hard, or obtain assistance from any other power. What do you think of that, my Catti?

Secondly, MR. HENNESSY said (and was rebuked by MR. GLADSTONE for the "indecorum" of saying), that war with Germany had been prevented by the QUEEN herself.

Thirdly, MR. KINGLAKE asked, what the people would say if we now went to war about agnails and cognacs—both, we mean agnates and cognates.

Then the Address was voted, and the Commons adjourned at 11.55.

Friday. In the Lords the CHANCELLOR, who was last year empowered to sell a number of small church-livings, in the gift of the Crown, was happy to announce that the article commanded a very high figure in the market, and was much sought after.

MR. WHITESIDE thought that Ireland ought to have been mentioned in the Speech, drew rather a melancholy picture of the condition of that country, and complained that the Chancellor of Ireland was wicked enough not to give away much patronage to the enemies of the Government. SIR ROBERT PEEL thought that Ireland was getting on very well, and that there was no need to make a fuss, and MR. O'HAGAN defended the Irish Chancellor, boldly and ably.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.

Said DIXON to SHAKSPEARE,
"In your cause to take spear
And ride a tilt, all in your colours,
Is what we aspire to,
And England would fire to—
We, your National Monument-mullers."

Said SHAKSPEARE to DIXON,
"More half-pence than kicks on
My behalf though you're anxious to scrape hence,
I'm afraid you will find
The Public inclined
To present you with more kicks than half-pence."

LITERARY SMASHERS.

THE Americans are very fond of coining words. They do it almost as extensively as MR. SECRETARY CHASE prints greenbacks, and we doubt if the circulation of the one is much more valuable than that of the other. They are unquestionably the largest utterers of false notes in the world, so far as our lingual currency is concerned. If "the pure well of English" is to remain "undefiled," no Yankee should be allowed henceforth to throw mud into it. It is a form of verbal expectoration that is most profane, most detestable. This propensity for defiling that which should be kept as pure as possible, has been greatly on the increase within the last few years. Indeed, it is with pain we confess that, ever since the war began, the Yankees have been giving the English (and it has been a most savage way of displaying their animosity) nothing but *bad words*!

OUR RAILWAY KINGS AND COMMONS.

CAUTION! Only look at this:—

"It appears from *Bradshaw's Manual* that the Session will open with forty-seven Railway directors in the House of Lords, and one hundred and fifty-three in the House of Commons."

People who complain of Railway Aggression may guess from this brief paragraph what likelihood there is that Parliament will look to the protection of their property. One might as well expect a parliament of poachers to pass an Act for the protection of partridges and pheasants, or a parliament of pickpockets to propose a law for making theft a capital offence, as expect the present Parliament to protect our Capital (to say nothing of our interests) from the Railways which are threatening it. With two hundred directors to direct its demolition, London soon will be so cut up that we shall scarcely know it. What was once a noble city will become merely a place where any railway rubbish may be shot. Wherever he may live in it, a Londoner will find he cannot call his home his own; for, as soon as he gets settled in it, his house, the chances are, will be required for some new Railway; and if he moves into another, he will hardly get his things straight when he again has to turn out. To judge by what one sees, as well as what one hears of, a residence in London will soon not be procurable without a Railway burrowing and rumbling through the cellar, or a Railway running close by on a level with the drawing-room, or a Railway bridged across the street a few feet from the roof. Indeed, if Railway schemes continue to pour in as they have done, we Londoners may soon expect to see St. Paul's pulled down, and its ball and cross stuck up to adorn a monster terminus erected on its site.

THE DROP AND WHAT NEXT?

A LEADER in the *Morning Post*, insisting, not without some show of reason, that a murderer ought to be hanged whether he goes mad or not, contains these words:—

"With regard to the question of preparation for the next world, that might equally be urged against hanging murderers at all. It is no more valid as a reason for not executing a murderer gone mad after sentence than it is as a reason for abolishing capital punishment altogether. To spare the murderer on this account is, to that extent, to hold out a positive and palpable temptation to commit murder. But it is doubtful if any reasonable person who has reflected logically on the subject really ever supposed that, as regards the murderer's future position, the very suspicious sort of repentance that can take place, during the very short interval between sentence and execution, can make any difference one way or the other."

If it does not, to hang a man is to send him—whither?

Thither, whither because *Hamlet* wanted to send his uncle, he would not kill him when he found him at prayers. If this is so, the farce of spiritual ministration to the condemned criminal might as well be abolished. If it is not so, then, as the *Prince of Denmark* remarks on the above-mentioned occasion, to put him to death is "hire and salary, not revenge." Hanging seems to be infinitely too bad or too good for a being who, like *Michael Cassio*, has "a soul to be saved." If a man dies as a dog, hang a murderer like a dog, by all means. But if not, how then? Could secondary punishment be tried, with the understanding that, in case of its failure as a preventive measure, the stronger remedy of hemp should be reverted to?

ENGLISH PLAYS AND FRENCH CRITICS.

We cite this from the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

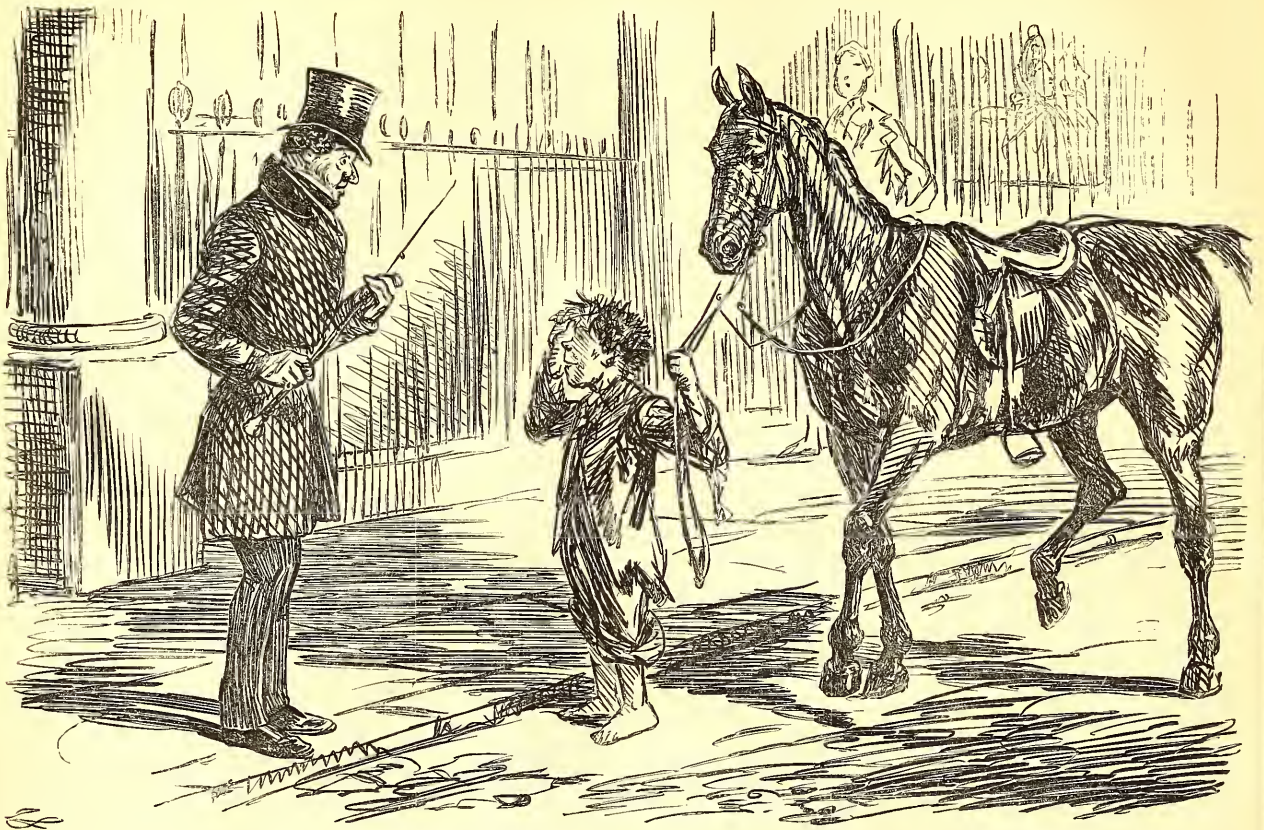
"In the *Petit Journal* of to-day I read that MR. WEBSTER, of the Adelphi, and his 'favourite interpreters of SHAKSPEARE,' have taken twelve places in the steamer from London to Boulogne, and two special carriages—*deux wagons spéciaux*—in the train to Paris, and are about to perform here. The first performance will be the *Maid of Lyons*, and then *Othello*, *Lea*, *As You Like It*, and *Hamlet*. FORTNER has been offered thirty napoleons a night to join the expedition. The critic, whose article I quote, winds up by saying, 'Let MR. WEBSTER and his twelve artists come, and SHAKSPEARE and LORD BYRON and SHERIDAN KNOWLES, and GARRICK, and JAMES, and all the British host! We shall be in our stall, ready to welcome this demonstration of English genius, and to call out the usual expression of success, 'All right!'"

SHAKSPEARE we know, and LORD BYRON we know, but who is JAMES? In the "British host" of novelists the name is not unknown, but the dramatic works of JAMES by no means are familiar to us. After a play by "WILLIAMS" it would rather be a novelty to see a farce by JAMES; and we hope that MR. WEBSTER, when he returns from Paris, will let us have this treat. If he does so, like our French friend, "we shall be in our stall," and ready to applaud the success of the performance by shouting out, as usual in our theatres, "All right!"

Horticultural.

A CULTIVATED Horticulturist writes to ask us, "On what he can graft a *Lapsus Linguae*, or slip of a tongue?" Cultivated H. had better wait for the London Season, and select some fine flowery speech.

Practical Gardener is fitting up a new house, and wants to know what pictures he could put in his drawing-room suitable to his every-day work? We'll tell him; "*The Rake's Progress*."



DOING A LITTLE BUSINESS.

Old Equestrian. "WELL BUT—YOU'RE NOT THE BOY I LEFT MY HORSE WITH!"

Boy. "NO, SIR, I JIST SPEKILATED, AND BOUGHT 'IM OF T'OTHER BOY FOR A HARPENNY?"

TROTTING OUT THE HOBBIES.

COME spinners of long stapled yarn
For Parliamentary *crochet*,
With chaff-loads, to St. Stephen's barn,
Eh, vite, Messieurs, approchez!
Be it on spec, on sale, or view,
Now trot out all your hobbies,
Your thorough-breds and cock-tails too,
Hacks, cart-horses, and cobbies.

From dry statistics' barren waste,
From facts and figures' ploughed-land,
From the far-distant fields of taste,
From high ideal Cloud-land!
Empty the mare's nests, where your steeds
Have left their eggs to addle,
And, whatsoever your hobbies' breeds,
Must to "boot and saddle."

Here limps the over-trained old hack
All jocks have been astride of;
Who's had JOHN RUSSELL on his back,
Whom DIZZY's tried a ride of.
Poor old *Reform!* Through wear and tear,
In spite of sprain and spavin, you
Have still, so BRIGHT and GIBSON swear,
A gallop for the Avenue!

Alas! is this the high-bred colt
All England once was sweet on—
So hard to hold, so strong to bolt,
His pins so firm and fleet on:
Engaged so deep, his friends scarce knew
Which event to begin with,—

The horse we backed till all was blue,
The nag all stood to win with!

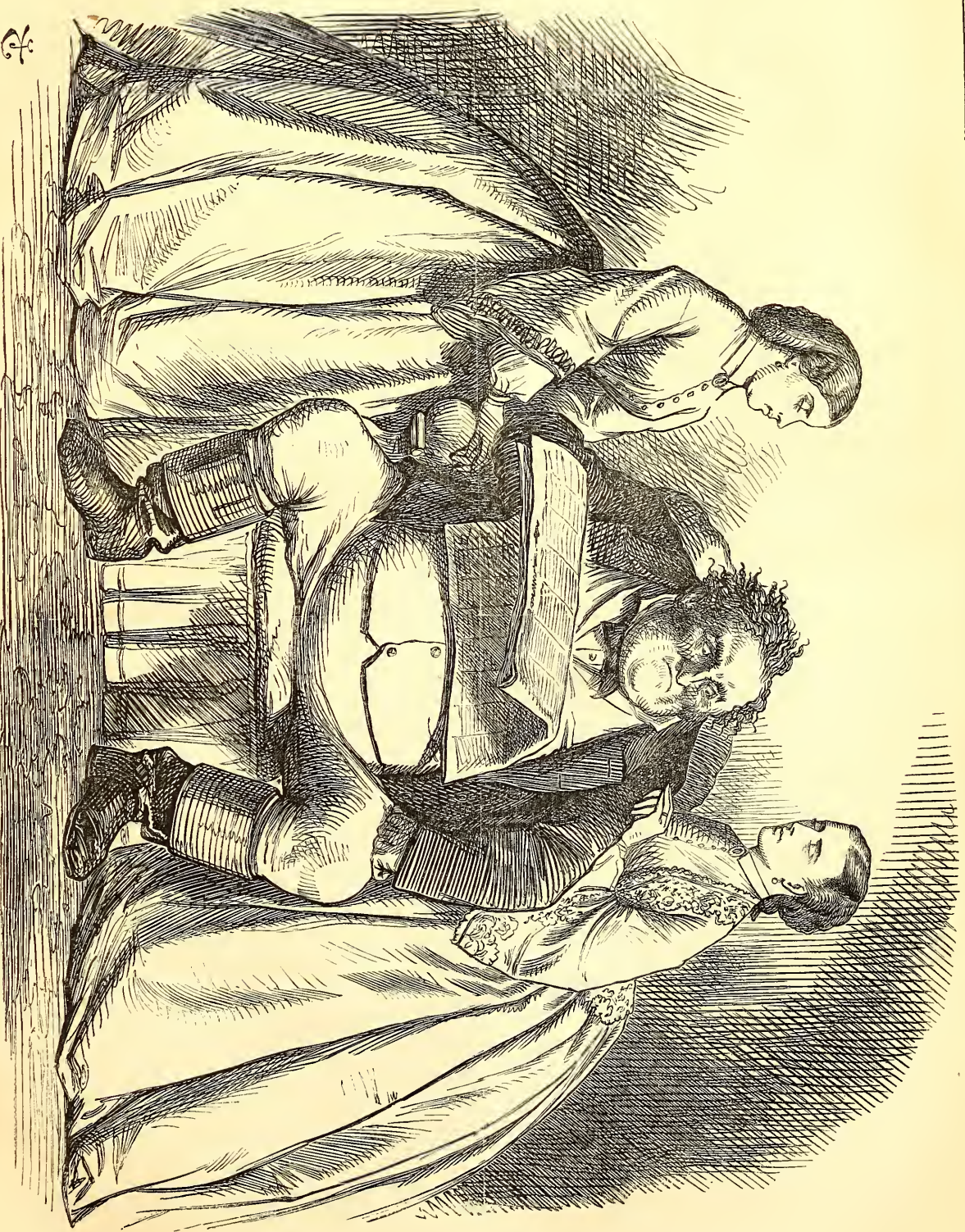
Poor old hoss! you may put up BRIGHT,
In his flame-coloured jacket,—
Quote GIBSON's tip, "the prad's all right,"
(With his cash will he back it?)—
"Rest and be thankful," cries the friend,
Who tooled him once 'gainst BOBBY;
The toughest nags must have an end,—
Take home that hard-used hobby!

See where, behind, the string advance!
Hobbies out-running mention:
There's BERKELEY's *Ballot*, KINGLAKE's *France*,
COBDEN's *Non-intervention*:
FITZGERALD's *Bounce*, and WHALLEY's *Cry*,
HENNESSY's *Roman Candle*,
DIZZY's *Caucasian Mystery*;
LENNOX's *Townley-Scandal*:

A weedy, washy, leggy lot,
As ever paced the paddock!
No more like winners of a pot
Thau sprat's like Dublin haddock,
Says PAM, with just a *leettle* wink
Over his wary shoulder,—
"Old Confidence is safe, I think,
Though he were ten years older!"

Fructicultural Economy.

An Apple-pie Order.—Those Horticulturists who supply their own fruit puddings and tarts from their own gardeu, should take care, as early as possible, to order the childreu to commence making apple-pie beds.



6

OUR DANISH DIFFICULTY.

PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA, "O! MR. BULL, I DO SO WISH YOU WOULD SPEAK TO MY PAPA-IN-LAW!"
PRINCESS OF WALES, "AND, MR. BULL, DO, PLEASE, SPEAK TO MY PAPA!"

REAL RAILWAY ADVANTAGES.

SCENE—*The Consulting Room at the back of the house of Mr. MAGNEESHER, the eminent M.D. Place, within very easy walking distance of two new Metropolitan Lines, which, of course go to Charing Cross. From the windows of the room can be seen an anything-but-distant view of the two New Stations with telegraph posts, and signals at work, Policemen, Porters, and Passengers moving to and fro; the whole conveying an idea of great traffic and active Metropolitan Railway life. Without the aid of a glass can be plainly read, on the Right Hand of the View, a large placard headed, BAYSWATER, BURLINGTON ARCADE, CHARING CROSS, AND BOROUGHS LINE. TRAINS EVERY FIVE MINUTES! CHEAP FARES! And on the Left Hand a larger placard, advertising THE BROMPTON, PICCADILLY, CHARING CROSS, BOROUGHS AND BLOOMSBURY LINE. TRAINS EVERY SEVEN MINUTES! CHEAPER FARES!*

TIME—Between Ten and Four.

The Curtain rises to painfully slow music played before the front door by an itinerant Organman. MR. MAGNEESHER discovered seated, looking over his book of Fees and Professional Engagements. Front door bell rings.

Enter EXPECTED FEMALE PATIENT, whose nervous system is somewhat out of order.

Exp. Patient (dismally). Ah! MR. MAGNEESHER.

Mr. Mag. (shaking her hand soothingly, and coming straight to the point.) Well, MRS. MUMFUS, and what are our symptoms, eh?

Nervous Patient. Well—you see—I don't know what it is—but whenever I—(Railway Bell rings. NERVOUS PATIENT starts violently). Good gracious! what's that—Fire—is it F—F—(is paralysed.)

Mr. Mag. (assuringly). No, it's only the—

[Railway Bell—Engine shrieks—Whistle screams like a war-whoop. Patient faints. MR. MAGNEESHER rings bell.

Enter MORTAR, his man.]

Mr. Mag. Just—

[Railway Bells—Shrieks from opposition Engines. As MR. MAGNEESHER can't hear himself speak, he intimates what is required in excellent pantomime to his servant. Exit Servant, carrying out NERVOUS PATIENT into an airier apartment.

Enter immediately a very CONSUMPTIVE LOOKING PATIENT.

Mr. Mag. (boos politely). Well, Sir!

Cons. Patient. My—that is—I—I—

[Railway bells as before. Simultaneous departure and arrivals of trains on different lines, in consequence of the "Up" express being a little late.

Mr. Mag. (who has only heard the first part of Patient's statement). Your eye? Eh?

[Takes out an unpleasant-looking instrument and approaches CONSUMPTIVE PATIENT.

Cons. Patient (frightened). No! No! I was going to say—

[Squeaking of ungreased carriage-wheels and shouting of Porters, who are shunting something or other, during which CONSUMPTIVE PATIENT strikes his chest several times, to explain that he has got something the matter with his lungs.

Mr. Mag. (puzzled, but taking advantage of a momentary lull in the Railway noises, shouts quickly). Heart?

Cons. Patient (catching the idea just in time). LUNGS!

[Engines shriek—steam whistles—shunting—shouting—bells—trains starting and arriving.

[MR. MAGNEESHER having expressed in pantomime that he will "sound" his Patient, is about to apply the stethoscope. Several trains pass over iron railway bridge. MR. MAGNEESHER'S house is shaken violently. MR. MAGNEESHER is jerked against CONSUMPTIVE PATIENT, taking him sharply in the ribs with the stethoscope.

Cons. Patient (falling in chair and turning very pale). Oh!

[His mouth is still seen to move, like a fish's, as if speaking: he collapses suddenly.

Mr. Mag. (alarmed for his reputation, Rings)—(Enter MORTAR)—Just—

[Whistles—shrieks—bells—screams—shouting—shunting—ungreased squeakings—iron-bridge rattling, &c. &c. Expressive pantomime on the part of MR. MAGNEESHER and Exit MORTAR bearing out Second Victim.

[MR. MAGNEESHER shakes both his fists wildly at the Railway Stations, utters something not loud but deep, and sits down to write to all the Papers at once as the Curtain descends.

FRENCH PROFESSION AND ENGLISH PRACTICE.

THE closing declaration of M. ROUHER, in the debate on the Address voted by the French Chamber, is one which, accepting it as trustworthy, we should hail with loud cries of "Hear, hear!" The Imperial Minister of State said that:—

"France will undertake no foreign war without preliminary concert, except in cases in which her own boundaries or her own honour are concerned."

Mistrust, however, not altogether unfounded, might incline us to receive the foregoing announcement with parliamentary exclamations of "Oh, oh!" if not with unparliamentary shouts of "Walker!" What does M. ROUHER mean by the boundaries of France? Those which are laid down in the existing Map of Europe, or in the Map of Europe as traced by the Imperial imagination? Because the latter may include the Rhine Provinces, at least, and at furthest any extent of territory. The boundaries of France did not include Savoy and Nice before France annexed, or conveyed them as the wise call it; and it may be that any case in which the conveyance of any boundaries whatsoever by France is concerned would be a case which France would consider that her boundaries were concerned in. Then too the honour of France would be concerned in any case wherein her glory is concerned, if, as seems probable, France regards honour and glory as convertible terms.

The assurance that France will undertake no foreign war without preliminary concert, affords some hope of harmony, which may, however, turn out to be the mere preparation of a discord. France has a reasonable ear in music; give her the drums and fifes.

Nevertheless, the profession of M. ROUHER on behalf of France, understood in its plain and natural sense, nicely expresses the principle which every taxable Englishman will implore our Government to observe in their foreign policy. We have not helped the Poles against the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, nor the South in their struggle to resist Yankee subjugation; we have not interfered to prevent the "grand customs" that are practised by His Majesty the KING OF DAHOMBY. Honour can hardly prick us on to any intervention, now that it has tolerated infringements of the Treaty of Vienna. We are men of business, and have no business to fight except for our boundaries, and the business which we carry on outside of them.

OUR LAW COURTS.

IN consequence of the numerous inconveniences still existing in the legal "runs" out of the Warren of Westminster Hall, the Bench and Bar have determined, as there appears to be but little chance of any alterations, additions, or improvements, for some time to come, to accommodate themselves to their unhappy circumstances. The officers of the different Courts (to whom we hereby tender our best thanks—a legal tender we in our ignorance hope—for their courtesy) have put us in possession of some of the possible arrangements.

In order to give a few seats to the Queen's Counsel near the Judges, JUSTICES BLACKBURN, MELLOR, CROMPTON and SHEE will sit in each other's laps, turn and turn about.

Jurymen *in esse* will adopt the same plan. Jurymen *in posse* will lie in wait under the seats of the former gentlemen.

Senior Barristers will squat like tailors or Turks, so as to make room for the Juniors who will be also squatting out of sight below the seats. When Juniors have to address the Court, they shall do so kneeling, allowing their heads to appear above the partition. In consequence of this arrangement, the term "Standing Counsel" to any Company shall be abolished.

The Public shall be at liberty to sit wherever they please. Smoking allowed in every part of the Court, except in the chimneys.

Refreshments.—Punctually at one o'clock, apples, oranges, gingerbeer and Lists of the Causes shall be handed round by those respectable she-vendors who have been ejected from the pits of the Haymarket, Princess's, Lyceum and Adelphi theatres. There will be a private Luncheon Bar for the Judges only behind the Court of Probate and Divorce: here there will be a Judicial Luncheon on the *table d'hôte* principle, to be known as the Judge-Ordinary.

A supply of hot-water bottles, wrappers, comforters and cloaks, and other protectors against the various currents of air pouring in from all sorts of unexpected quarters, will be let out by the Ushers and other Officers of the Courts at a fixed tariff.

The Attorneys shall sit in their own draughts.

These practices will be probably adopted on the first of April.

The Great German Knawy.

THE Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna arc said to have given assurances that the integrity of the Danish monarchy would be preserved. It would be a fine thing if they could preserve their own; but there is too much reason to fear that they haven't got any.



EXPRESS.

Old Gent. "THIS OSCILLATION IS VERY UNUSUAL, SIR, ISN'T IT? WE SEEM TO BE GOING A TREMENDOUS PACE!"

Swell. "AW—YA—AS! THEY'RE MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME. I'VE JUST TIMED 'EM, AND WE'VE DONE THE LAST NINE MILES IN SIX MINUTES AND A-HALF. HAVE A SMASH PRESENTLY AW—THINK!"

SHUTTING 'EM UP.

QUITE right, MR. YARDLEY (Beak), and continue to be as firm as Yardley Oak, celebrated by COWPER. It is quite time to put a stop to the system of making a Police Court a sort of sub-editor's room, where "flimsy" is received in order to its publication in the newspaper. The Magistrates have enough to do without listening to statements to which people desire to give publicity. *Punch* reads with satisfaction that the representatives of the General Omnibus Company (and by the way, why are the weekly receipts of that Company published every week, any more than the "takings" of JONES the buttermilk, and FRY the tripman of the New Cut, respectively?) were thus received by the respected YARDLEY:—

"MR. WILKINSON (addressing the Magistrate) said—I beg to claim your indulgence for a few moments in reference to an application which appears in the papers of this morning, and which was heard here on Saturday last.

"MR. YARDLEY. The application heard here, and you say it appears in the newspapers?"

"MR. WILKINSON. Yes, Sir.

"MR. YARDLEY. I cannot listen to you. You must address yourself to the newspapers.

"MR. WILKINSON. I only wish to make a statement that—

"MR. YARDLEY. Stop, Sir. I will not allow this Court to be made the arena for a public discussion of what appears in newspapers.

"MR. WILKINSON made another effort to be heard, when

"MR. YARDLEY said he had no control over the newspapers, and therefore he could not interfere in the matter.

"MR. WILKINSON and MR. CHURCH then retired."

A very proper thing to do. Some persons seem to think that a Magistrate sits to be talked to, and they act as the French actor did in the farce of *Parlez au Portier*. Seeing the inscription, he pretended to take it for an invitation to general conversation, and insisted on engaging the enraged Cerberus in gossip on every topic of the day. MR. YARDLEY does well to repress such attentions. If they are to be

THE WAR AND PEACE TAX.

TUNE—"The Dogs' Meat Man."

AROUND our necks a millstone hangs,
Whose weight occasions cruel pangs;
We shift the burden to our backs:
And contrive to go about beneath an Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

This stone is one that often grows,
A grievous increase of our woes,
Like donkeys under added sacks,
We endure an augmentation of the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

The cost of war this Tax defrays;
Almost all that its payer pays.
When Government more money lacks,
Then they just put up the figure of the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

So, when the oppressed for succour shriek,
Or when the strong attack the weak,
To interfere we're loath and lax,
Save the classes unaffected by the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

This fact aggressive peoples see,
And tyrants contemplate with glee,
Lo, now how bold those rascals wax
In reliance on the pressure of our Income-Tax!
Ri tol, &c.

The Peace Society may too
Approve the action of that screw,
More formidable than the rack's,
That extorsive but pacific plague the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

So thrift makes cowards of us all,
On whom a partial tax doth fall;
'Tisn't that we care for cuts and whacks,
But we don't like an addition to the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

And that we know that we must pay
For every war-trump that shall bray,
Each gun that booms, each shell that cracks:
We're to keep the peace bound over by the Income-Tax.
Ri tol, &c.

permitted, we shall have gentlemen making a pleasant morning round of calls at the police-offices, favouring MR. KNOX with opinions on the new play, sketching the plot of the new novel for the benefit of MR. ARNOLD, congratulating MR. BURCHAM on the progress of the new Garrick Club, and finishing off by enlightening MR. PAGET (very glad to see you on the Bench, MR. PAGET, to which you will be an ornament) with an analysis of the Schleswig-Holstein question. MR. YARDLEY deserves the thanks of his brother Magistrates, and receives those of *Mr. Punch*.

ITALY.

It was with considerable pleasure, my dear *Mr. Punch*, that I read the following announcement some days ago in the *Times*:—

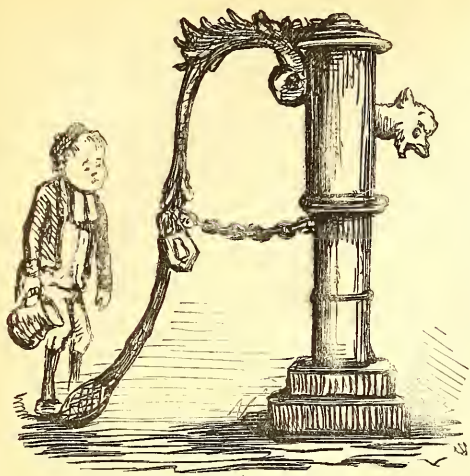
"While laying the pipes, three old paved streets were discovered, and the remains of an old Port and some columns."

'There's a treasure to set before a Pope! Why, *Mr. Punch*, you can't now-a-days get a glass of an old Port, the genuine thing I mean, for love or money. I hope His Holiness, or whoever has become the owner, will at once see the urgent necessity of putting their old Port into the Pipes. Thank Goodness there are very few non-conformists among the Italian workmen; I tremble to think what would have been the fate of this glorious wine, if the labourers who [discovered] it had been *Shakers*.

Animus and Mens.

ACCORDING to the *United Service Gazette*, a new military crime has just been discovered at head-quarters. It is called *animus*, and seems to mean giving evidence against a superior officer. Whatever *animus* may have been displayed in some quarters, there is very little *mens* discernible in others.

A NOVEL TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.



CORRESPONDENT in a newspaper the other day, speaking of a place which is called Pierre-fitte (it is somewhere in France, Cox, so do not turn to Otaheite), informed us that—

“By the bye, this same place, Pierre-fitte, has just been robbed for the second time of an article of public utility, which from its nature must naturally throw suspicion on any temperance men who may be in that district. For the second time within the last twelvemonth the public pump, with all its gear, has been stolen out of the Fontaine du Regard. Imagine stealing a pump, with the thermometer many degrees below zero. There can be no extenuation there.”

Were we ever so much given to indulge in kleptomania, a pump is certainly about the very last thing in the world that we should ever dream of stealing. We

could fancy a man stealing an old wine-cask or a beer-barrel, for the scent of the liquor might linger there still, and there might be possibly a drop of good stuff left in it. But not even a teetotaler, we should think, would steal a pump, unless he at the same time could purloin the spring that served it. To be sure, a pump might possibly be sold, although it were a second-hand one; or if it were put up the spout, a trifle might be borrowed on it. But with the thermometer below zero, a man must be a pump himself to give much for a pump, and the person who could steal it must be wondrously cool-handed.

THE CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEM.—DENMARK.

AND what's this German-Danish row about?
I think I know,
Germans want to go
Where'er they like, the Baltic in and out;
And when you look the map upon,
Pleasant it does not seem,
That Copenhagen should have been
Placed as it were, right up a narrow spout.

Very big ships it is no use to send,
Because big ships are seen
Each shore between,
Nor doth the case it mend
If the big guns do plump their shot,
And whether cold or hot,
Out of the way, is the best way to keep,
For if they hit, wood-work will surely rend.

I want to know how our dear friend Mossoo
The question judges.
I fear he grudges,
Germans and Danes must all the fighting do,
Perhaps the territorial slice
Which at the last is sure to go,
And always cuts so very nice,
Might grieve his poor heart through and through.

There also is JOHN BULL,
Something must do—
If not something will think,—
Unless he finds his purse is not too full,
So that from home he really cannot go,
At all events he must not wink
At robbery, without he strike a blow,
And if the rogue he catch, his ears must pull.

NEW NOTICES OF MOTION.

Now that Parliament has met again, to the high gratification of everybody, we hope to hear of the following Notices of Motion being shortly given:—

A Notice of Motion to be at all times given to the lazy cabmen, who go crawling about the streets with empty cabs, thereby turning London into an immense cab-walk, and preventing other vehicles from proceeding at a reasonable rate; the said notice to consist of an energetic intimation that these do-nothing cabmen are to hasten at once to the nearest cab-stand, and there patiently await their hiring, or else to retire instantly home with due convenient speed.

A Notice of Motion to be given to all Hansom drivers, that they need not drive so furiously quick, threatening to cut off a foot-passenger's toes, if no greater injury, every time they sharply turn a corner.

A Notice of Motion to be given to the drivers of all PICKFORD'S vans and railway goods' carts, conveying a similar caution to the above, by which means they would not cause so many accidents, nor destroy so many lives, nor subject their masters to such heavy expenses in the shape of compensation money.

A Notice of Motion to be given to the contractors of the Middle-Level Drainage Scheme to get on with their subterranean work a little more quickly, as their long line of huge wooden traps, continually foaming, howling, and vomiting, do not materially add to the freedom, or the safety, of the passage of the thoroughfare, and certainly do not contribute largely to the acknowledged beauty of the Metropolis.

A Notice of Motion to be given to the concoctors of the various Metropolitan Railways to carry their schemes elsewhere, with the polite message that our streets are already sufficiently crowded, ugly, noisy, and dangerous, without requiring the additional interference of their darkening, defacing, deafening, defiling presence.

A Notice of Motion to be peremptorily given to all organ-grinders and green baize bands, that they are to transport themselves and their discordant instruments to Italy and Germany with the greatest possible speed, and distinctly to understand that there they are to remain for ever and ever, under the extreme fear of being either ground or blown to death the moment they set foot in this country again.

If the above Notices of Motion could only be carried into execution, they would do a great deal more good than the many puerile vapid questions which are being perpetually put to Ministers, and which never lead to any practical result, and which Notices, by the way, never have any Motion in them at all, stopping almost invariably at the very point from which they started.

DEFINITION OF A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.—A Water Mill.

TELEGRAMS WITH NOTES.

We have to thank MR. REUTER for the following news:—

“PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES, of Prussia, employed 74 guns in the attack upon Missunde yesterday.”

Artillery of aggression.

“Missunde was in flames.”

Incendiaries!

“The attacks on Missunde yesterday were made by 9,000 Prussian troops and two batteries of artillery.”

Shame!

“The Danish force consisted of nine companies of infantry and two squadrons of dragoons, in all about 2,000 men.”

Thermopylæ over again—but who was LEONIDAS? The brute XERXES was represented we know, and so were the Persian slaves. Thermopylæ over again, but with a difference:—

“The Prussians made two attacks, but were repulsed.”

Hurrah!

“They at first left their dead and wounded on the field, but the greater part were subsequently removed.”

Bad luck to the survivors! Miscreants!

“The Danish loss was from 150 to 200, including three officers killed and four wounded.”

Glory to the brave!

Slaughtering and Sleighing.

WRITING from New York the other day, “MANHATTAN” tells us:—

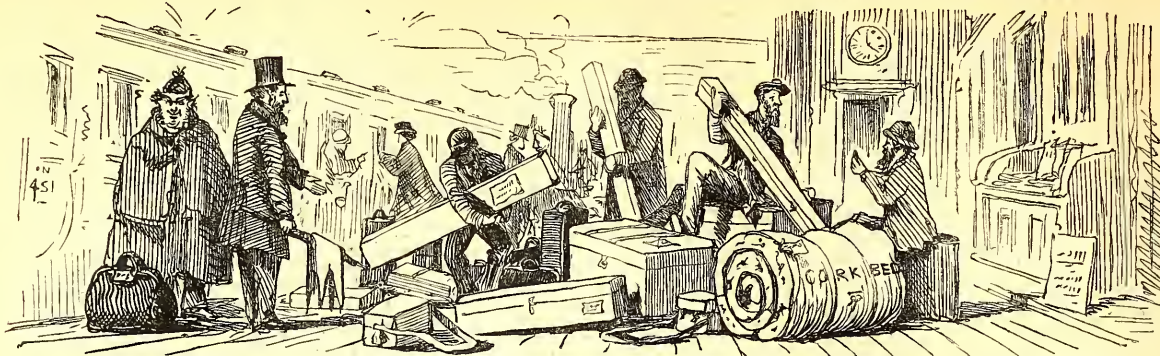
“The sleighing is so fine that all the New Yorkers and strangers who can enjoy it forget the great civil war and its consequences. Merrily go the million of sleigh-bells during the entire twenty-four hours. There is no cessation. One-tenth of the costly furs that are aired every day would make warm the shivering and half frozen armies of the Potomac.”

Until poor human nature be much altered for the better, we cannot expect that people who make money by a war will manifest much grief for it. Still we think that the New Yorkers might show a more proper feeling for those whose sons or fathers have perished in the war, were they to let their sleigh-bells sometimes ring a muffled peal.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

Q. WHO was Minerva?
A. The Goddess of Wisdom, who sprang out of Jupiter's “nut” armed like a Colonel.

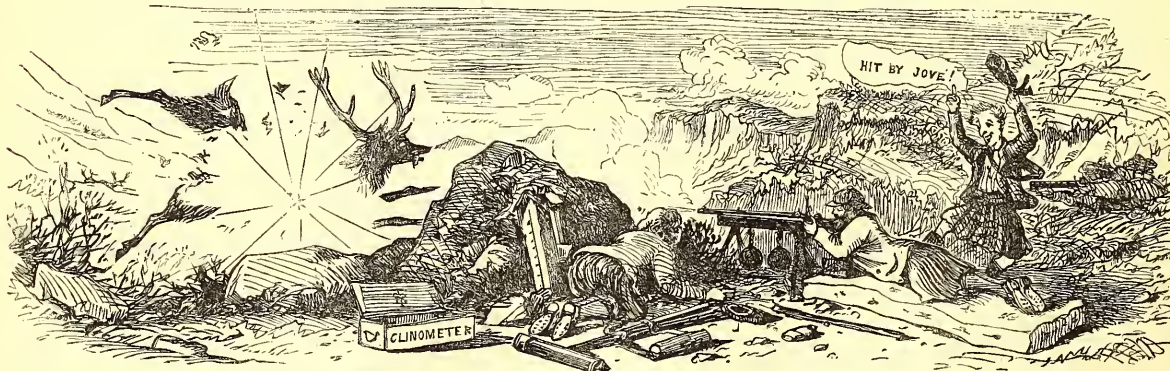
SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS.—SCIENCE APPLIED TO DEER-STALKING.



LESS LUGGAGE WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE.



THE INSTRUMENT UNPACKED. THE PROJECTILE DISCUSSED.



NO DOUBT ABOUT THE RESULT !!!



TRIUMPHANT RETURN.

N.B. The Luggage is rather a Bore, and the Venison gets rather knocked about.



ANECDOTE OF THE FROST.

Sly Gentleman (pretending to look at exposed thermometer). "QUITE THIRTY, BY JOVE!"

Young Lady Cousin (who has stopped by the most perfect accident). "I'M NOTHING OF THE KIND, SIR; AND THE IDEA OF YOUR PRETENDING NOT TO SEE ME."

THE STROMNESS SCHOTTISCHE.

SOME persons are said to be "too far north" to do anything foolish. Whether this saying holds universally good may perhaps be questioned by persons of different intelligence who may read the subjoined extract from the *Orkney Herald*:—

"A VETO UPON DANCING.—The Town Council of Stromness have decided by a majority that 'promiscuous dancing' shall not be allowed within the Town Hall. Promiscuous dancing, we suppose, means dancing engaged in at the same time by the two sexes. In these circumstances the Council might as well have adopted Councillor DUNNET'S amendment, 'That no dancing should be allowed at all,' as a ball for ladies or gentlemen separately would be an absurdity never heard of beyond the moral region of Strathbogie."

The "Spurgeon Quadrilles," we believe, originated in a joke made, or said to have been made, by MR. SPURGEON in one of his sermons. A ball for ladies separately would be in effect a ballet, and appears not to have been prohibited, but on the contrary to have been sanctioned by the resolution which forbids "promiscuous dancing" in the Town Hall of Stromness. That is the necessary conclusion from the fact, that the amendment, which simply proposed that no dancing should be allowed at all, was rejected. It does not perhaps equally follow that the Town Councillors of Stromness contemplate the permission, in their Hall, of balls composed exclusively of male dancers. If, however, they are fanatics of the Strathbogie delusion, there is no saying of what lures they are incapable. A sort of balls, formed by gentlemen separately, used to be danced in the Temple by the learned Judges and the Bar, in conformity with ancient custom. Perhaps the municipal authorities of Stromness are addicted to some such a venerable, though ludicrous, practice. On certain high days and holidays it may be that, as men of business, they are in the habit of dancing ceremonial jigs in their Town Hall with their own partners.

It may be, however, that these gentlemen, who do not object to dancing, but only to dancing with ladies, will seriously put forth a conceivable explanation of their reason for disallowing promiscuous dancing, and yet declining to disallow dancing as such. There is an exhibition, which our eyes have seen, performed at certain Scottish *fêtes* by a gigantic Sawney in plaid petticoats. It consists in the execution, to a fast tune on the bagpipes, of a *pas seul* between the blades of two claymores disposed on the ground, in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross.

We expect to be told that this national solemnity is regularly enacted, at stated seasons, in the Town Hall of Stromness, and as it would have been abolished by the indiscriminate prohibition of dancing, the resolution against that amusement was so worded as to allow a gentleman to dance there by himself to his admiring countrymen.

THE ENVY OF THE WORLD.

ALL the nations how they hate us!
How they do vituperate us!
If they could annihilate us

Oh, how happy they would be!
What can we have done to fire them,
With the rage that doth inspire them,
Not to do what we desire them,
When we leave them all so free?

Occupied with peaceful labour,
Ne'er do we attack a neighbour;
If we ever draw a sabre,
'Tis but to return a blow.
Never, basely acting under
Love of glory or of plunder,
Do we launch our British thunder
Unprovoked on any foe.

All in turn attempt to use us,
Find they can't, and then abuse us,
Being able to accuse us
Not of any act unjust;
But it seems that we, old Ocean's
Sons, with our peculiar notions,
In the midst of their commotions
Stand unmoved; to their disgust.

Then we won't adopt their phrases;
Treat their theories as crazes;
Their bombast our laughter raises,
And their idols we eschew;
Don't revere their superstitions,
And their priestly exhibitions,
Ceremonies, impositions,
As they think we ought to do;

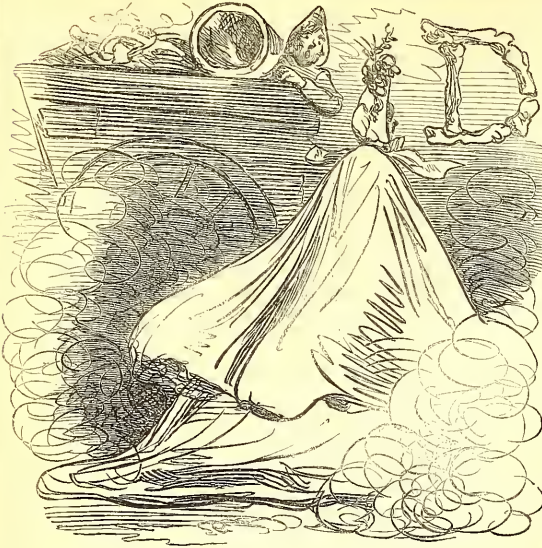
Smile when they upbraid and chide us,
And, wherein they can't abide us,
When they sneer at and deride us;
Laughing at our own expense.
Then we wash our hands and faces
Not alone, like other races,
Which in Continental places,
Gives the natives great offence.

And, what vexes most the nations,
We, for all solicitations,
Out of all their complications
Keep ourselves with constant will;
Weigh their auguries as a feather;
In their spite our troubles weather;
Round us while they rage together:
Go right on, and prosper still.

THE DROP UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

SOME objection has been raised to the alleged barbarity of hanging seven criminals at once. The simultaneous execution of any number of malefactors can be admitted to be wrong only on the general ground of an acknowledgment of the immorality of capital punishment. If it is right to hang one man it is seven times as right to hang seven. The execution of seven wrong-doers differs from that of one only as a septet differs from a solo. There is no reason why a gibbet should not be a seven-stringed instrument. Granted, the rightfulness of the gallows, and "We are Seven" is as good a neek-verse as any other. On the contrary supposition a septuple execution is a sevenfold wickedness, and the instinct that hesitates at hanging seven people at once, whereas it would not scruple to hang one at a time, is only a purblind moral sense, which, in order to be enabled to see that an evil is an evil, requires it to be magnified.

MUSICAL MANSLAUGHTER.



aside, and never afterwards alluded to. Besides, the swells who sit in Parliament live mostly in big houses, where the squeals of a street-organ can never fairly penetrate. So you see they don't believe in the torments I, and such as I, continually endure, and they fancy our complaints are ill-founded and ridiculous. I suppose they will next say that there are no such things as barrel-organs, because it may so happen that they never chance to hear them; and after that they may declare that there are no such things as nerves, since they chance to be so fortunate as not to be tormented by them. But if they won't believe my word, perhaps they will believe the *Times*, and, speaking of the recent tables of mortality, this is what that journal lately said upon the subject:—

“Diseases of the brain and nervous system killed nearly two hundred Londoners in a single week of last month.”

The *Times* insinuates that this was chiefly caused by overwork, and I won't deny that such may partly have occasioned it. But street music is, to my mind, the chief cause of the

EAR MR. PUNCH,—You may laugh at me if you will, and so too may your readers—people who read *Punch* of course expect to have a laugh—but I do not mind confessing that I am a nervous man. Any sudden sound is apt to shatter my nerves terribly, and a post-man's double knock will make my heart leap into my mouth. You may judge then what I suffer from the torture of street-music, and how the infernal barrel-organs play the very *Fra Diavolo* with my poor weak nerves. In vain I ask policemen to take the matter up, and the offenders also. The police have bands themselves, and have a fellow-feeling for indifferent musicians. But why not go and state my grievance at head-quarters, and petition Parliament to free me from the nuisance? Well, you know the off-hand way in which petitions are presented, and then chucked

mortality. A nervous man comes home fagged out with his day's work, and instead of getting quietly his after-dinner nap, he is kept awake and irritated by a beastly barrel-organ. Or perhaps he is an artist, or a poor wretch of a writer, and directly he sits down to work, some street-music strikes up, and he loses half-an-hour or more in vain attempts to stop it. Small as they may seem to men robust and vigorous, these annoyances are greatly felt by men of weaker health whose brains are overworked. Indeed, I am not at all sure but that street-music often brings such victims to the doctor, and, by consequence perhaps, to the undertaker also. I know if I were on a jury where a death were traced to nervous or cerebral causes, and supposing it were shown that the deceased disliked street-music, I should do my very utmost to persuade my brother jurymen to find at once a verdict of “Musical Manslaughter by miscreants unknown.” Viewed as to its effect upon men sensitive in nerve, a street-organ is not merely an instrument of torture, but an instrument of death; and if I had my way, I would no more allow a man to play one in the streets than I would let him walk in public brandishing a broadsword, or banging a revolver at every man he met. Depend on it, dear *Mr. Punch*, street-music might be stopped, if an Act were introduced making street-musicians liable to be taken into custody, and tried for a felonious and foul attempt at manslaughter, on every occasion when they played within the hearing of any one who hates them. I for one shall not be satisfied until the matter is taken up, and all street music-players also: and perhaps with your assistance an Anti-Organ-Grinding League may soon be put in operation, which may coerce the Government to pass the needful Act.

With double windows to my study, and wool in both my ears, I beg leave to subscribe myself as well as my poor nerves will suffer me,

FERDINANDO FLUTTER.

Aspen Lodge, Tuesday.

ACTING UPON SUGGESTIONS.

MR. E. T. SMITH, the present energetic Lessee of Astley's, announces to the world in his unobtrusive advertisement that:—

“It will be his study to attend to every suggestion that will add to the comfort and convenience of his Patrons. Stalls fauteuils have been suggested for subscribers, and are being manufactured.”

The following suggestions are offered through the medium of our columns, by numbers of the most influential personages.

That the Lessee at his own expense should send carriages to the private residences of all those Patrons who have secured second row or front seats beforehand, in order to convey them to the Theatre in proper time, so that their entrance shall not disturb anybody after the performance has begun.

That a select body composed of the loveliest Coryphées shall receive the hats and cloaks, and sprinkle with eau-de-cologne the pocket-handkerchiefs of such as may desire it.

That to each row of seats throughout the House there should be appointed a guide capable of explaining the intricate mysteries in which the present Piece is involved, and to prevent the people from leaving after the First Act under the pleasant impression that it is all over.

That there should be a Turkish Bath, a Hairdresser's Establishment, Smoking Saloon, Reading Room, a Drawing Room for Ladies, Telegraphic Station, and Library attached to the establishment.

The Ladies suggest that MR. SMITH should combine his Dramatic Exhibition with a Small Dog Show furnished with the best specimens of Puppies out of the Stalls fauteuils.

A Trifle from Gibraltar.

AN International Pigeon Shooting Match is about to be held in the north of France. Some say that there will, later, be another, in the South of Spain, and that the article aimed at will be the Rock.

CRICKETING AND FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—We hear that a distinguished member of the Cricketing Eleven of All England is going to be married. It is said that the object of his affections is a Beautiful Catch.

“PACKE'S VOBISCUM!”

THE *Leicester Journal* is an excellent paper, and we dare say that its art-critic is an excellent art-critic. But in noticing a portrait which has just been painted, depicting MR. PACKE, M.P., for South Leicestershire, that critic uses rather an equivocal expression:—

“A word so far as regards the artistic merits of the painting. MR. PACKE looks exceedingly well as he is thus represented, and the picture itself is commendable as a work of art.”

The praise, if somewhat general, is not immoderate, like the gushing eulogies in which London critics indulge themselves. But the hint that MR. PACKE looks well only in the picture is, we rather think, a breach of the privileges of Parliament, and we suggest that the editor be called to the bar of the House.

THE POETRY OF RAILWAYS.

RAILWAY Companies are anything but poetical, and yet what a picturesque notion of London must be conveyed to the thoroughly provincial mind by the announcement of a Line to run right through “Holborn Valley.” We must write the words once again, for we seem to inhale a breath of fresh country air, and are inclined to babble of green fields, murmuring brooks and shady nooks, as we write down—Holborn Valley. It reminds us of the time when that much maligned monarch, RICHARD THE THIRD, inquired of the Bishop,—

“MY LORD OF ELY, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your Garden there.”

Cre-fydd's Family Fare.

SUCH is the title of the thousand and first, just added to the thousand cookery-books already in existence. “Cre-fydd's” we presume to be the Cymric form of “GRIFFITHS;” but surely a book devoted to “*Cre-fydd's Family Fare*” is rather a superfluity, seeing that we have always understood that family fare to consist exclusively of Welsh rabbits, leeks, and cwrw.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 8, *Monday*. The Lords, like friends (according to a late Peer named BYRON), "met to part." But the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council met for an important purpose, namely, to deliver judgment in the case connected with *Essays and Reviews*. The LORD CHANCELLOR gave it, the BISHOP OF LONDON and some Law Lords being present. The sentence which DR. LUSHINGTON passed upon the REV. DR. WILLIAMS and the REV. MR. WILSON was reversed, and the BISHOP OF SALISBURY was ordered to pay the costs of the appeal. Without touching needlessly upon a very grave subject, it may be stated that henceforth Clergymen are permitted to disbelieve that every word in The Book is true, and to "hope" that the most terrible of Calvinistic doctrines is based on an error.

England has Remonstrated with Austria and Prussia for sanctioning the proclamation of the Schleswig-Holstein Pretender. This is all she intends to do, seeing no reason to imitate the honest farmer who said he had "remonstrated" with an insolent exciseman, and being asked to what effect, responded that he did not know anything about effect, but that he had afterwards been obliged to borrow a hammer to straighten the poker. England keeps her poker for her own fire, into which she does not intend to put too many irons. Friends at a distance, and near, will please accept this intimation. PAM seemed inclined to think, or at least to say, that Austria and Prussia might be disposed to respect treaties. A celebrated Irishman remarked that pigs might fly; but that they were very unlikely birds to do it. The PREMIER showed earnestness in denouncing the doctrines put forward by the Germans.

Cows may be interested in hearing that malt, for their food, may be manufactured free of duty, but a tenth of the weight is to be linseed cake, to prevent cow-malt from being made into human beer. The men "whose talk is of bullocks" seemed pleased.

MR. GLADSTONE proposed a measure for improving the character of our Tax-Collectors. He also proposes that Taxes shall be demanded by post, instead of letting a Collector come to your house when you are out, or in an ill-temper, or have not the money handy. We think that taking into consideration how the ladies hate the very name of tax, and how impossible it is (Bless Them) to make them understand why such things must be, *Paterfamilias* ought to be allowed grace in cases where *Materfamilias*, in excessive disgust at the demand for money, has flung the notice into the fire, or rammed it into one of the vases on the chimney-piece, so that it has been buried under spills, ends of string, the handle of that drawer, the solitary marble the child left on the rug, the brass nail, the box of COCKLE'S, and the circular in aid of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the English.

Then did SIR GEORGE GREY proceed to deal with DR. CRANKY CRACKER and his accomplices. After endeavouring to justify himself in the matter of the person who ought to be the late G. V. TOWNLEY, he introduced a Bill for altering the machinery by which mad-doctors interpose between criminals and justice. Instead of leaving an attorney to select any two Justices whom he thinks will favour his client by selecting CRANKY CRACKERS to inquire into the state of his mind, the Visiting Justices of the Gaol are, exclusively, to select medical men in cases of alleged insanity. Such doctors are to be registered practitioners, so hundreds of dirty little men, who can be hired to say anything, will be excluded. Next, the certificate is not to be final, but the HOME SECRETARY may order further inquiry. This plan does something for the protection of Society, though not much. There was a debate, in which a general opinion was expressed that SIR GEORGE GREY could hardly have done otherwise than he did with TOWNLEY, and in which MR. BRIGHT expressed his surprise that men could long act as Home Secretaries, having to undergo the agonies of such responsibilities. Many estimable persons could bear a good many agonies for a front place in the world, and £5000 a year. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON complimented SIR GEORGE upon the firmness with which he had resisted Lambeth and other pressure in the case of WRIGHT, which firmness SIR JOHN thought did the HOME SECRETARY "infinite credit." But he thought that TOWNLEY ought to have been hung.

MR. MILNER GIBSON had a Committee of five appointed, to meet a similar Committee of Lords, and to take all the Metropolitan Railway schemes into consideration. If these ten gentlemen do their duty, they will make a clean sweep of a host of plans, and construct a system of Railways that will be a boon to London. "If" is a little word, but there is a world of meaning behind and before it. *Punch* does not think the Committee well selected, with reference to its special duty. The leading members are chiefly remarkable for being very conversant with the forms of the Houses. §

Tuesday. Danish talk, of course, in the Lords, and a strongly worded declaration from LORD RESTANDBETHANKFUL, in favour of upholding treaties.

Listen! The DUKE OF SOMERSET speaks. "We have not as yet a good broadside gun for the Navy." Need we add a word?

Danish talk in the Commons, and LORD PALMERSTON believing that Austria and Prussia will give up Schleswig-Holstein when the Constitution shall have been revoked. If they do, the King having offered

to revoke it without war, and England having offered to be witness to his engagement that he should, the deaths of all who have been slain in the fights are simply atrocious Murders, committed by the KING OF PRUSSIA and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD gave the Ministers a well-deserved wiggling for not producing the Danish papers. MR. LAYARD said that they would take three weeks to print. "Send them to the *Times*," said LORD DERBY, when receiving a similar reply; we should then have had them in eight-and-forty hours. PAM came to the rescue, but could make no case. It may be that the printers for the House require three weeks, but as it was known that the documents would be wanted, why were not nine-tenths of them in hand a fortnight ago? Echo answers that Government meant to keep them back as long as possible.

Then we debated the burning of Kagosima, MR. BUXTON moving a resolution of regret at that "incident." He sketched with some power the horrors which such a conflagration must have caused in a large city. LORD STANLEY thought that we had behaved ill or foolishly in most of our dealings with Japan. LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE approved the burning the city. MR. KINGLAKE condemned our policy. MR. LAYARD made an amusing speech, defended all that had been done, and did not believe that the damage had been so awful as was represented, as Orientals were accustomed to conflagrations, and always ready to bolt. MR. W. FORSTER rebuked LORD RUSSELL for writing letters on international law instead of minding his own business, which was to understand Japanese affairs. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER said that we had a right to burn the city, and that ADMIRAL KUPER had behaved with great forbearance. MR. WHITESIDE, of course dissented, and complimented the commercial gentlemen for condemning an act perpetrated in the interest of trade. LORD PALMERSTON made a long and spirited—we had nearly written Checky—defence of the whole proceeding, and hoped that no British Admiral would ever be fired upon without returning the fire. He proposed to move the previous question, that is, to prevent the expression of an opinion by the House, but the Commons would not stand this, and divided (which it is very unusual to do so early in the Session) when 164 voted that it was right to burn Kagosima, and 85 thought it was wrong.

Ash Wednesday is the day on which we make the actors and actresses go without their salaries, in order that somebody may begin Lent with a penance. The Houses made holiday, and we hope enjoyed salt-fish and egg-sauce. We didn't—the fish was hard, and there was not nearly enough sauce; but such is life.

Thursday. LORD DERBY wanted the Steam Rams papers, and LORD RUSSELL would not give them, alleging that the production might injure the Government case. Aries is giving Taurus a deal of bother.

Greenwich Hospital has been discovered to be a perfect marvel of misappropriation of funds, and petty annoyances to inmates. We never could understand why the old Salts looked so awfully crusty when we beheld them sunning their old wrinkles as we strolled up from the Railway to MR. QUARTERHART'S and MRS. MAINE'S. But the whole business is to be overhauled.

MR. GLADSTONE proposed to enable the Scotch banks to issue some new bank-notes to replace others that had "lapsed." The £1 paper is very convenient, and when a Scotchman finds twenty shillings he can always make a note of it.

FERRAND the Furious, in his usual wild bull of Bashan fashion, demanded the names of all persons who have ever acted as Charity Commissioners. The bull was appropriately answered by one LOWE. The names are to be given. There is reform-work to be done in this direction, but scarcely by the Fiery FERRAND.

Friday. The conflagration of the Ballet, and the means of escape provided for an audience in case of fire, were subjects which occupied the Commons for a few minutes. LORD SYDNEY, Chamberlain, has written to the green-rooms, advising caution. Shall we parody LADY MARY? We will. Singeth the corps of "Jesuits of the short robe:"—

"Terpsichore's children, fears forgot,
We dance, LORD SYDNEY'S care;
And what is much a happier lot,
We'll have no gas-lights bare."

Then came a debate about the Federal cruisers, and there were very strong expressions of dissatisfaction at the outrages they commit upon English vessels. But LORD PALMERSTON assures us that the American Government is always very civil and sorry. However, murder by Federals is now alleged, and though New York is not Japan, we really think that some little notice ought to be taken of the affair. As MR. KEELEY says in *Twice Killed*, "If it's murder, mention it."

Unparliamentary Intelligence.

Two Cabmen drinking beer together at the bar of the Spotted Dog, one of them made a questionable statement relative to a circumstance which had occurred the week before. Whereupon the other said "That's unhistorical." His companion promptly retorted, "You're another!"



COMPLIMENTARY.

Farmer. "MORNIN', MR. BLANK! NEVER SAW YOU GO SO WELL BEFORE."

Mr. Blank. "WHY, WHAT DO YER MEAN? WE'VE NEVER FOUND A FOX!"

Farmer. "AH! BUT I MEAN SO WELL FROM COVER TO COVER, YOU KNOW!"

INHUMANITY IN MAN.

FROM a statement by MR. SYDNEY HODGES in the *Times*, confirmed by the Commissioners in Lunacy, it appears that the treatment of Lunatics in the Isle of Man is very barbarous and disgusting. If the manners of the Manxmen are not speedily amended in this particular, we shall be obliged to propose that the Isle of Man shall henceforth be called the Isle of Brute.

The inhumanity with which the insane are treated in Man cannot, however, be dismissed with this remark. To the communication of MR. HODGES abovementioned is appended the following letter:—

Office of Commissioners in Lunacy, 19, Whitehall Place, S. W., Jan. 28.

"Sir,—I have laid before the Commissioners in Lunacy your letter of the 25th inst. and its enclosures. I am desired by them to state, in reference to the case of alleged neglect of a lunatic in the Isle of Man, they have been long aware of the inadequacy of the provision for lunatics in that Island. The Government in that Island are at present taking active measures to build a proper asylum; but as a considerable time must elapse before this can be done, the Commissioners have drawn the attention of the Secretary of State to the desirability of making immediate and temporary accommodation for these lunatics. The jurisdiction of this Board does not, however, extend to the Isle of Man; and I am therefore desired to state that the Commissioners do not see what course can be taken in regard to the case mentioned in MR. PEACOCK'S letter and pamphlet other than bringing it, as he already has done, under the attention of the Lieutenant-Governor.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"SYDNEY HODGES, Esq."

"W. C. SPRING RICE, Secretary."

For ingenuous simplicity if this document can be matched, let the pattern to it be sent to *Mr. Punch*. The Commissioners "have long been aware of the inadequacy of the provision for lunatics in that island." Have they indeed? Then how came they, all along, not to bring it under the cognisance of the SECRETARY OF STATE, and not to suggest to that Minister "the desirability of making immediate and temporary accommodation for these lunatics," pending the establishment of permanent provision for them, a long time ago? Why did they wait to be instigated to make a tardy representation to Government by MR. SYDNEY HODGES? Were they afraid that they would be snubbed by

the Home Office, and desired to mind their own business exclusively, and take no notice of brutalities not perpetrated simply within the limits of their jurisdiction? If, with any reason, they entertained any fear of this kind, and did not dare to communicate with the HOME SECRETARY till they were furnished with an excuse for taking that liberty, then the only fellow to SIR GEORGE GREY is CAPTAIN SPEKE'S dark friend the African Monarch, who orders his wives to execution for a breach of etiquette, when they presume to offer him anything to eat. In that case these poor Commissioners are to be pitied and condoled with as cramped and fettered by bonds of the most preposterous red tape. Otherwise they may be considered as comparable to CAPTAIN SPEKE'S other dark friends, the African ladies, who are fed and fattened and kept doing nothing, till, like our own prize pigs, they are unable to stand. And then curiosity would like to ascertain the united weight of the Commissioners in Lunacy, and to know if they grunted when MR. SYDNEY HODGES, in promoting their office, stirred them up.

The Commissioners of Lunacy allowed years to roll by before they attended to the ill-treatment of lunatics beyond their jurisdiction. Are they not all descendants of the gentleman who would not cry at a pathetic sermon because it was preached out of his parish?

A Kind Suggestion.

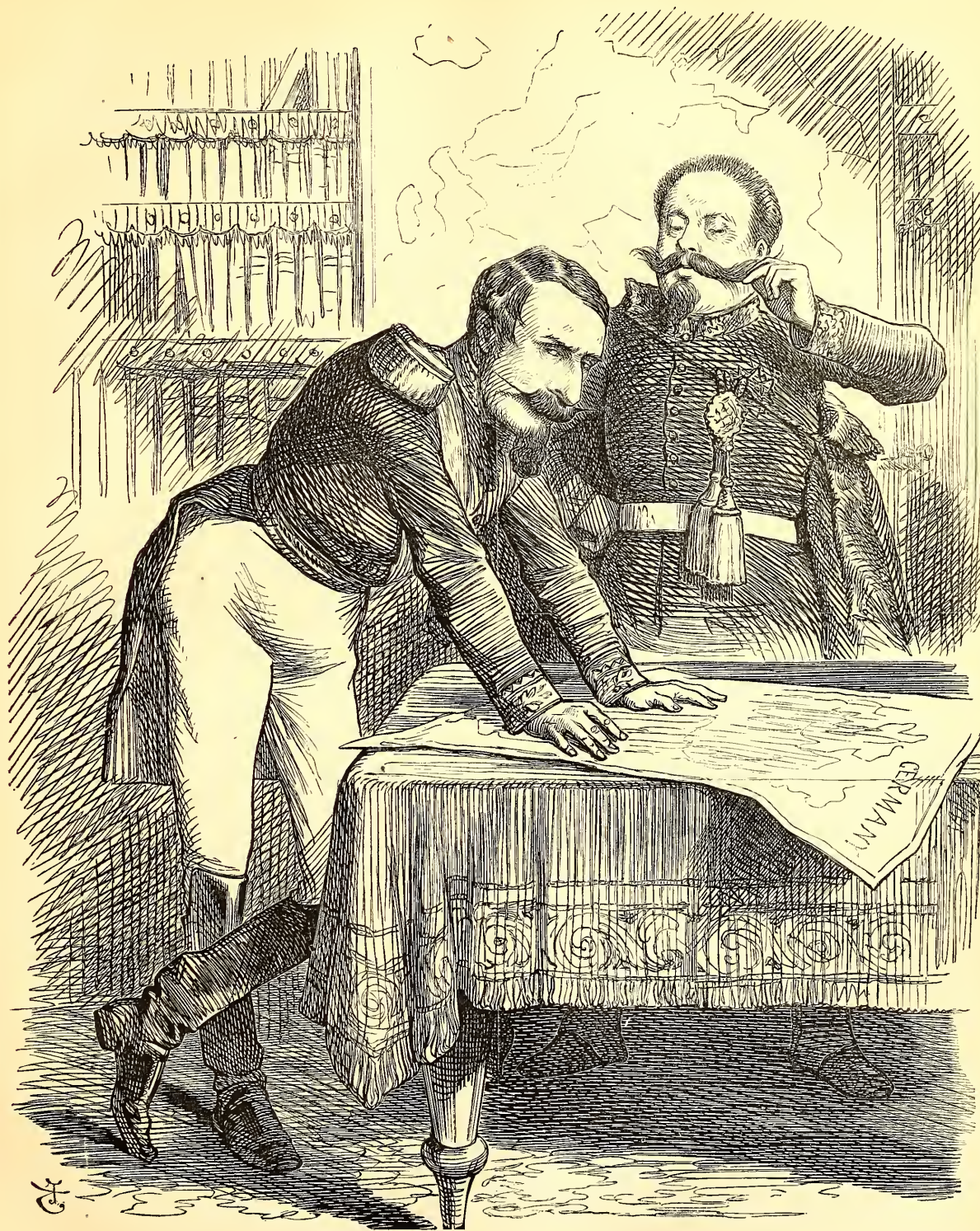
SAY the paraphrasts,—

"The Conservatives have established a new organ in London, called the *Ream*."

Hadn't they better have called it the *Ream*, as at once easier to the news-boys, and as indicating the probable amount of the circulation?

FIRES IN THEATRES.

MR. DION BOUTICAULT has addressed a letter to the *Era* on this subject. This talented gentleman ought to be an excellent authority upon the easiest modes of egress from those places, which may have, at any time, become too hot to hold him.



NEMESIS.

EMPEROR OF FRANCE. "HM! PRUSSIA IS EXTENDING HIS FRONTIER; WHY SHOULDN'T I GO TO THE RHINE?"
KING OF ITALY. "HA! AUSTRIA IS DOING THE SAME; WHY SHOULDN'T I GO TO VENICE?"

MULTUM IN PARVO.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been for some time past in want of a Footman. The STARTUPPS next door have had a boy in buttons for *ever so long*, and as I said to my husband (who is really *too tiresome* in some things), we can as well afford, with a little management, to keep a Page as the STARTUPPS can. Well, perhaps, that is not exactly what I was going to say, as I must not intrude upon your valuable spaces (that is the proper term, is it not?) with my domestic matters, but “when the heart is full the head is out,” as the poet says, and what with vaccination which is vexatious, and addition is as bad, for all the children’s arms are taking *beautifully* (as the doctor who comes three times a day told me), and I’m worried (or worried, is it?) to death, but FREDERICK showed me an advertisement:—

FOOTMAN (UNDER). A Young Man. Height 6 ft. 1.

And said sneeringly (he calls it his *fun*, but it’s his *malice* really), would that do? Now, my dear Mr. Punch, what’s this young man “under?” At six feet one he couldn’t be under any Butler, even if we had one, who wasn’t at least seven feet. And then he’d want very high wages. How could I sharply overlook such a monster! Don’t you think, my dear *Mister Punch*, that there is some mystery about this? Perhaps the supposed menial is of High Birth? Some people, (and the STARTUPPS can put on the cap if it fits ‘em), may like to be waited upon by a smiling cherub up aloft, but I don’t pretend to this, and I do think that when Young Footmen, who are young six-foot men, advertise their height, they might also name their wages, and save a *great deal* of trouble to such as

Yours very sincerely,

LOUISA LITTLE.

The Small House, Allington.

LATEST FROM ELYSIUM.

SCENE—*A Yellow Mead of Asphodel. Amaranthine Bower to R. Myrtle Grove on L. Gloomy Glade at the back.*

DR. JOHNSON and sundry friendly Shades gliding about. Enter to them the Ghost of GOLDSMITH, in a flutter of pleasure.

*Goldsmit*h. My dear DOCTOR MAJOR, and all of you, what do you think?

Dr. Johnson. We think, Sir, that you are going to make a foolish speech.

*Goldsmit*h. You think wrongly. I am going to give you the pleasure which good ghosts feel in the pleasure of a friend.

Dr. Johnson. Neatly said, Sir, and I beg your pardon.

*Goldsmit*h. Now, Sir, you do wound me. But listen. They have turned my comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, into an opera, and are playing it at the finest theatre in London.

Garrick. Comedy, indeed! Farce, my dear GOLDY.

Dr. Johnson. DAVY, *tace*. Nomenclature is arbitrary.

Boswell. And you hate anything that is arbitrary, DR. JOHNSON?

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I will tell you what I hate worse, and that is anything that is idiotic.

Garrick. Poor Bozzy!

Dr. Johnson. Nay, Sir, (*smiling*) we know whom it is useless to bray in a mortar. Now for this wondrous tale of your farce, Doctor.

*Goldsmit*h. Farce, if you will, but it was the best production of its day, unless you think that the *Good Natured Man* was as admirable. But you shall not ruffle me. It has been set to music, and is once more delighting all the intelligent metropolitans.

Garrick. I own that I think you have reason to be pleased. For at least half of your language must have been cut out, and new words must have been substituted.

Dr. Johnson. Yes, DAVY, in the fashion in which you presumed to improve the dramas by SHAKESPEARE;

Garrick. I knew my business.

Dr. Johnson. Yes, Sir, and so does the thief who steals my boots and cuts them down into shoes.

Boswell. That is an admirable illustration, Sir.

Dr. Johnson. It is not, Sir, if it can please you.

*Goldsmit*h. Come, DOCTOR MAJOR, I never heard that *Irene* was ever set to music.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I suppose that a fiddler is incapable of even reading *Irene*; but that is no excuse for your impertinence.

Boswell. I am sure, DR. JOHNSON, that DR. GOLDSMITH meant nothing.

Dr. Johnson. And, Sir, I am sure there is no one better qualified than yourself to speak of a no-meaning. I used the word impertinence in the legal sense, implying that DR. GOLDSMITH’S allusion was not pertinent to the matter in hand.

Boswell. It is worth while to incur your censure, Sir, to receive your apology.

Dr. Johnson. You, Sir, frequently do the first, but seldom the second. And you are pleased, DR. GOLDSMITH, because your ideas have been handed over to fiddlers and squallers to be reproduced in a mutilated form, and to be applauded, not for themselves, but because they now tickle the ears of fools. Fie, fie!

Boswell. You speak harshly of the divine art of music, DR. JOHNSON, yet you have told me that you once tried to learn the flageolet.

Dr. Johnson. I did, Sir (*smiling*), and am sometimes apprehensive that I caused reprehensible annoyance to the feline rivals of my melody during their nocturnal peregrinations.

Garrick. Now, Sir, suppose that you had succeeded, and had become a composer of music.

Dr. Johnson. Nay, DAVY, suppose even a worse fate; and that I had composed music for thy songs in honour of SHAKESPEARE.

*Goldsmit*h. I consider *Miss Hardecastle* the most charming character in the range of English comedy, and I regret that I did not add music to her various accomplishments.

Garrick. And that COLMAN did not allow you to accompany her upon the flute?

*Goldsmit*h. No, indeed; for then the audience would have attended to me, and neglected the lady.

Dr. Johnson. DR. GOLDSMITH, you pain me. You have written poems which are an ornament to the literature of your country, and you take a pride in a flippant farce that at the best sends a housefull of triflers laughing to their beds.

Boswell (*pensively*). I have read much in ancient and modern history, and have ever found that a man is unconscious of his real strength.

Dr. Johnson. Have you found, Sir, either in your vaunted and multifarious reading, or in your own nature, that a man is conscious of his real weakness?

Boswell. That is a most profound question, Sir, and I am pleased with myself for having been the means of inducing DR. JOHNSON to state it.

Garrick. “A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.”

Dr. Johnson. Name the play, Sir, from which that line is taken.

Garrick. I am not sure that I can, Sir.

Dr. Johnson. And I am sure that you cannot, Sir. You players live on the scraps from SHAKESPEARE’S plates, but know nothing of the dishes whence your morsels come. You are silent, DOCTOR GOLDSMITH. If I have grieved you, you injure me, for you forget how dearly I prize your reputation.

*Goldsmit*h. It would be much, DR. JOHNSON, that I could not take from you. But I insist on my right to be pleased that my merry play is again before the town.

Dr. Johnson. Well, well, Sir, be pleased, and we will rejoice with you. I undervalue no attempt to promote the harmless gaiety of many.

Boswell. I know, DR. JOHNSON, that you read *Punch* with pleasure.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you know nothing about it. *Punch*, though I could wish that he had called himself the *Reforming Philosopher*, or by some more dignified name than one from the streets, is no mere jester, but one who avails himself of his unequalled wit to point his admirable morals. I regard *Punch* as the greatest teacher the world has possessed since the year 1784.

Boswell. When you came here, Sir.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you know nothing about it, or what were my movements until your own arrival in 1785.

*Goldsmit*h. Doctor, when you descend to such commonplace arguments as dates, to confound an opponent, you must give me leave to say, *He Stoops to Conquer*.

Dr. Johnson. ’Tis well said, Doctor (*laughing*).

*Goldsmit*h. I have more to say, Sir, and now I may indeed hope to interest DR. JOHNSON, who ever loved a brave man. My play has been set by a gentleman named MACFARREN, who suffers under the deprivation of sight, and who nevertheless labours vigorously at his art, aided by a husband’s best friend, and who has on this occasion, discoursed most eloquent music.

Dr. Johnson. ’Tis like your countrymen, DR. GOLDSMITH, always to begin at the wrong end of a story. Had you said thus much at the commencement of your narration I had received it more respectfully. Sir, the sympathy due to the gentleman’s misfortune equals the honour he should claim for dominating it. But there sounds Queen Proserpine’s dinner bell. We will drink a particular bumper of nectar to the fortunes of Momus, now under the tuition of Cæcus Apollo.

Boswell. What a tasteful and classical allusion to the musical setting of our friend OLIVER’S play!

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you are a fool.

[*Exeunt.*]

MR. JOHN THOMAS TO HIS SWEETHEART.



DEAR JANE, as febbiwerry's days this year is 29,
 Hi reetther thought you'd arst me four 2 B your Wallentine,
 Cos in Leap year tis the custim, as most heverybody nose,
 For the gals to pop the question, hor in other tums propose.
 And pawsbly if you ad popped, a nice gal has U R,
 I might ave blushed, hand ung my ed, and whispered "Hask PapaR!"

But lor! their aint no Sperrit in young ladies nowadays,
 Like one reads in hold Romanees hor in Mister Sheekspur's plays:
 Which as E's the greatest Poet as the Wurld ave ever Scene,
 E's to ave a Ter Scent Tennery—hi Carnt say what it mean,
 But I ope it aint a Statty, eos we somehow desnt shine
 At playink games o' Marbles in the monnymental line.
 Which there's quite enough rediekklus in our phamed Treffolger square,
 Without avink poor dear SHAKESPEER to be larfed at stuck up there;
 And I arldly think the Poet would be in his right location,
 To be standink by the Doeter as hinwented Waxination.
 Nor wood it be agreeble to the littry world at lorge
 To C their SHEEKSPUR stuck up near the Pigtail of KING JORGE!

But halthrough as MISTER POPE says in his phine and phlowink
 rhymes

Hour SHEEKSPUR were a poet as have "written for the Times," *
 We've other things to talk about now Parlymink ave met,
 Than the SHEEKSPUR Ter Scent tennary and wheer it's to be set.
 Fust of all there's Sheleszigolstine, a most hawfle word to say,
 And to pernounce it prawperly I don't quite no the way,
 Hand as for hunderstandink what the row there is about
 I'd as soon Xpeck a English cook to under& sour krount;
 Which its a Germing hontray as doubtless youre aweer,
 And is made of rotten cabbidges kep pickled in sour beer.

But Polly Tix of coarse aint 1/4 as intrestink to gurls
 As carring if you ought to wear your air in plats or curls,
 Though I'm told its now more phashnable to ave it in big Bows,
 And if gals aint enough to tie they buy some I suppose,
 (Which JANE dear U have often card me praise your Ed of Air,
 So I dont mean nothink pussnal now, I reelly do declare.)
 But lor! there's nothink natral in young ladies nowadays,
 And Phine Phiggers as theyre called is only Crimylean and Stays,
 While as for phine compleeshins, they're all pearlpowder and Paint,
 Which if Gals is fond of kissink it I no a Man as aint!

But the most himportant subjic as is talked about this year,
 Its about Dumb estie Suvvnts and their carrierers my dear
 For it seems as A young lady were got lately in disgrace
 By forjink a Karakter for a Ousemaid out of plaice,
 And in course the Wuthy Majjis Strait to oom the case were brort
 Gave her a preshus Wiggink in the earring of the Court.
 But phokes is too pertickler for the wages as they give,
 And beink Mortal creeturs y poor suvnts they must Live!

* MR. JOHN THOMAS slightly misquotes the passage:—

"He wrote not for an age, but for all time."

Printer's Devil.

Hand though a cook may ave a weekness for her freinds in the Purleece,
 Hor may sell a few Wax caudles with her drippink and her Greecee,
 And though ladiesmaids may wear their missus' wardrobe on their bax,
 I think as their karakters needent menshing them there Fax.—
 Of course in Suvvnts dickshonairies Puckwisits means Pelf,
 But I ses as ow each missus ought to find that out erself,
 Hand if a gent be wicktimitised, and tuns away his cook,
 Ow can it siggafy to Im whom else she tries to rook?

I'd say more on this matter deer in these here present rhymes,
 But missis' bell ave rung for me some 1/2 a dozen times,
 Hand though it aint my custim for to harnser in a Nurry,
 Hit wont Do to haggriwate er, hor she flies out in a Phlurry.
 But ladies is hunreasnable to folks in their employ,
 They wants a Man to move about as hif E were a boy,
 Which I says my Carves won't stand it, for they're onnest flesh and
 blood,

Hif they was hartifshil ones it might be oped they wood.
 And then they calls one Lazy hif one's Careful of one's figger,
 Which if my carves were let alone they'd grow some hinceh Bigger.
 But lor! till I gits Married dear there's little opes of that,
 For a Phootman's place is horfle bad for wastink of one's Phat!
 For ceceptink of our mealtimes, which I own we aint bad fed,
 I've skeece a Momink to myself, xcep when I'm in bed.
 And what with Halpine climbing up them hawful steepes of stairs
 My legs is nearly wore away to drumstix, I declares.
 In fack there aint a horficer in Army or in Navy,
 Who's more on Hactive Suvvice than

JOHN TOMMUS OF BELLGRAVY.

THE ATHENÆUM ON THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

MR. PUNCH.—Please Sir, the *Athenæum* says, in a review of LORD
 ROBERT MONTAGUE'S *Four Experiments in Church and State*:—

"The author also asserts that 'the Pagans never persecuted one another,' which
 assertion would be still harder to prove, for there certainly was a time when he
 who would not bow to the supreme Jove, or fling a pinch of incense on the altar
 of the EMPEROR, was thrown to the lions, to the torturers, or the flames."

"*Christianos ad leones!*" When the Roman mob cried out that,
 and those who refused to sacrifice to Jupiter or CÆSAR were served
 accordingly, does the *Athenæum* mean to say that the Pagans persecuted
 one another? That seems a strange saying for a paper so very par-
 ticular about correctness as the *Athenæum*.

I remain, Sir,

Your affectionate young friend,

Hogsorton Grammar School, First Form,
Valentine's Day, 1864.

EDWARDS, JR.

Please, Sir, of course it is impossible that the critic in the *Athenæum*
 did not understand his author's meaning.

AUSTRIAN BARBARISM.

IN the Austrian part of the band of robbers engaged in the spoliation
 of Denmark, there is a particular gang called the Goudrecourt Brigade,
 the head of it being a General of that name. An eye-witness of the
 atrocities which these brigands have been perpetrating, states that:—

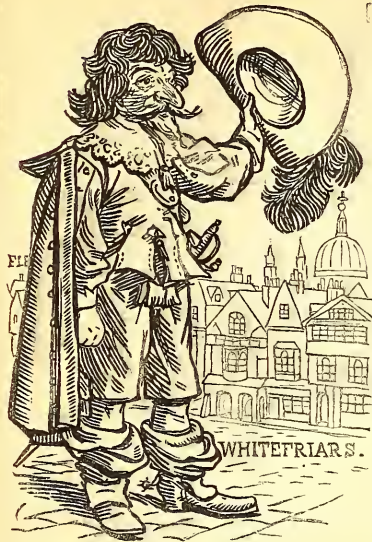
"Wherever GENERAL GONDECOURT was seen, he was greeted with loud cheers by
 the troops. The guns they brought back with them were gaily decorated in honour
 of the patron saint of the artillery, the Holy Barbara."

St. Barbara, of all Saints, must be allowed to be the fittest patroness
 of barbarian ordnanec. But what sort of a Saint is this "Holy
 Barbara" who patronises the murderous instruments of Austrian bar-
 barity? If there are two kinds of Angels, the celestial and the fallen,
 there may also be two corresponding classes of Saints, and "Holy"
 Barbara may be one of class number Two. We know, thanks to MR.
 MILTON, who it was that first invented gunpowder and artillery; and
 it is reasonable to suppose that a Saint who presides over such things,
 especially in the interest of Austrian felony, should be one of a sul-
 phureous description. The Holy Barbara, who stands in the relation
 of a *Zaniel* to the HAPSBURGH great guns, may be taken to be holy, as
 we say, over the left; holy so to speak, with a hook. She cannot be
 conceived to rank among the Saints in the Calendar; can only be
 regarded as a Saint whom miscreants have canonised.

Honest Germans.

THE German Powers contend that in declaring that they recognised
 the integrity of the Danish monarchy, they did not engage to respect
 it. Just so the recognition of a gentleman's watch and seals does not
 prevent footpads from gartotting him and stealing them.

THEATRICAL REALITIES.



OUR Sensational Managers of the present day are determined to leave nothing to imagination. Your Contributor's Drama was entitled *Rudolpho the Rugged, or The Deleterious Dromedary*, and, let me say (who perhaps should not and indeed would not if any one had said it for him) that the title is an admirable one, and not less worthy of praise is the work itself. It will not now be produced, owing to a slight disagreement between the Lessee and myself, as to the introduction of an *aria* for the chief lady in the most thrilling situation; I allude to that part where *Rudolpho the Rugged*, who is really TIMOTHY, the ninth Pontiff of that name, in disguise, is about to jump from the top of the cliff 6,000 feet above the level

of the sea, upon the head of *Mabel* his adopted daughter, with a view of putting a simultaneous end to the existence of both of 'em. Well, Sir,—no matter. I will tell you how my Piece was to have been produced. In the respect of "getting up," I have no fault to find with the liberality of the Manager. I blame him for being weak and yielding to the airs and whims of tyrannical little singing Ladies; *quos ego*—but, as I observed before, no matter.

Adieu for ever to the old plan of shaking a carpet when you would represent the rolling sea. Farewell the profile boat and the canvas cottage by the sea. Adieu, Imaginative Dramatic Genius, whoever you may be, and Welcome, Practical Carpenter.

My First Scene was "A Castle with view of Sea."

"What sea?" said the Manager.

I was not prepared for this, but readily and wittily replied, "The See of Canterbury."

"Bring a map," says the Manager, "and get a guide-book to—to—let me see," he was pretending that he *did* know but had forgotten, "let me see—where *is* Canterbury?"

I had to explain my joke, a miserable performance at any time [I allude to the explanation, not the witticism], and added that I had had no particular sea in my eye at the time.

"Margate's near," said the Manager, "let us say the sea at Margate."

"But why Margate?" I inquired.

"Because, don't you see, we can do the real thing, have a lot of it up in air-tight cases: it'll keep and will be a hit. REAL SEA from THE COAST OF ENGLAND!!! There's a telling advertisement, my boy!"

And real Sea we should have had, as sure as your name's *Punch*.

The Castle was to have been built after the earliest Norman style of Real Stone. Eminent architects had already been consulted. The proposed Bill ran as follows:—

REAL CASTLE AND FORTIFIED RAMPARTS.

Reviewing the Troops: they are heard to ascend the stone staircases, which for the satisfaction of the Audience, can be distinctly seen through the Loopholes. Besiegers approach in Real Boats, armed with Real Guns loaded with Powder and Ball.

N.B. In compliance with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S expressed wishes, the Manager warns all employed in his service against getting in the way of the bullets, on pain of being heavily fined; and after this sufficient warning, he begs to state that he will not hold himself in the least responsible for any consequences whatsoever.

SCENE 2.—*The Point of the Junction between the North and South Coast Railway Lines. Real Engines and Trains travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour. Appalling Accident!*

N.B. The Manager repeats a caution, similar to the one above, as to supernumeraries who play the parts of Passengers in the different carriages. They really must take care of themselves.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, then we were to have had a Room Scene, with real ceiling, real glass which *Rudolpho* breaks in jumping through the window, a real fire with coals and smoke—a comic scene here about the smoke—and in fact everything real on the Stage with the exception of one thing which I, as a Dramatic Author, would prefer to all the Carpentery, Masonry, and Upholstery in the Metropolis, I allude, Sir, to

REALLY GOOD ACTING! &c.

THE MASQUE OF PARIS.

No wonder masquing now enlists
The Imperial circle's passion;
Courtiers can but be copyists,
When crowned heads set the fashion;
All, from the Tuileries place-man to
The Tuileries pleasure-hunter,
Recast the cry "*Beati qui
In Domino moriuntur!*"
To "*Ter-beati Domino
Viventes qui fruuntur!*"

To dance and die *in domino*
Are two forms of beatitude:
But there's a third, which Emperors know,
To change masks with your attitude!
To wear a face that smiles with grace
On the bewitched beholder,
But as he turns, the guest discerns,
How the warm smile grows colder,
Till it dies down to stony frown,
When read o'er t'other shoulder.

The ladies of the Imperial Court,
Love their costumes to vary;
Now wantoning in skirts full short,
Now of their charms more chary;
One as a snow-storm* breathes cold East,
Then beams as summer weather;*
One flits a bat,* then soars released
To gauze from wings of leather!
Bright-plumaged birds! France finds the feast,
And furnishes the feather!

As patches once with us showed Whig
Or Tory camp's dominion,
So here the masquer loves to rig
The market of opinion.
Here, on a blonde Venetia's* arm,
Hungary* shows her fetters;
There, Poland* strives in vain to alarm
Her diplomatic debtors;
While you fair Mexicaine* might charm
JUAREZ † and his abettors.

And in and out the brilliant show,
Through diamonds' rain-bow blaze,
Through silken sheen, and golden glow,
And lace's woven haze,
Through shifting masks, the times that mock,
Or hint at change *en l'air*,
Through brazen beauties, proud to stock
The Imperial *Parc-aux-cerfs*,
Through Diplomates no kick can shock,
Best masked with faces bare—

Through starred *chevaliers d'industrie*,
(Bourse mushrooms of a day)
Through ribboned rooks and croupier dukes—
(For "*L'Empire c'est la paye*"),—
Threading the crowd, in sable shroud
Of domino and mask,
The sphinx you mark, whose riddle dark
None read though all must ask—
The hand that moves, on his behooves,
These puppets to their task.

He shifts not mask and domino—
No change of garb he needs,
Whose life is one great masquing show,
Of causes, cries, and creeds.
From *bonnet-rouge* to black *soutane*,
From LOUIS BLANC to COBDEN,
Coats he has worn of all men's yarn,
All glasses hob-and-nobbed in,
All mills' grist garnered in his barn,
All troubled waters bobbed in!
Masque à la barbe! Yes 'twas the garb
That old highwaymen robbed in!

* Costumes at recent Imperial masked balls.

† Pronounce as a dissyllable, Hwárez.

NEW DANISH OATH.—"Dash my Schles-wig!"



GENEROSITY UNPARALLELED.

Country Parson's Wife. "OH! CLEAVER! (*indignantly*) WHAT A QUANTITY OF BONE THERE WAS IN THAT LAST PIECE OF MEAT WE HAD OF YOU!"

Cleaver. "WAS THERE, MUM? I COUDENT HELP THAT, YOU KNOW, MUM; BUT, HOWSOEVER, THE VERY FUST FAT BULLOCK I DO KILL WITHOUT ANY BONE, I'LL LET YOU HAVE ONE JOINT FOR NOTHING."

BORES IN FROST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

DURING the late frost (so says a paragraph which has been "making the round of the Journals") wild-boars have appeared in great numbers in different country places of France, and hunting-clubs have been established for the destruction of these troublesome animals.

In *our* great frosts we suffer from the same infliction, only we spell the word a little differently, and our frost-bound bores don't confine their ravages to the fields, but actually force their way into the ladies' *sanctum sanctorum*. Oh, *Mr. Punch*, if you only could have seen the damage done, and the confusion caused by the bores in *our* county drawing-rooms and boudoirs, during the hard frost which has lately put a stop to hunting. The poor creatures may be tame enough generally; but the frost makes them quite as wild in this country, as they can be in Alsatia or anywhere else. I see the French have the same plan of protecting themselves against this plaguc as we have,—I mean by hunting-clubs. If it wasn't for *our* hunting-clubs, whenever hard frost sets in, we should be fairly worried out of our houses by the bores in *our* part of Blankshire. It is dreadful, when a nice little party of us girls have got together for a little quiet *crochet*, or to talk over the last ball, or the next charade-party, or one's mutual friends, or one's flirtations, or the last box of novels from MUDIE'S, to be suddenly scared by a rush of huge hairy bores, white-toothed, long-whiskered, driven in-doors by the hard weather, upsetting one's chairs, tangling one's wools, tumbling over the ottomans, and making themselves generally disagreeable. Some girls may say they like the sport of hunting them, or trapping them, or even taming them; but any girl of spirit ought to be ashamed of tackling the poor creatures at such times, out of condition and cowed as they are. I like to face my bore on equal terms: to bring him down fairly, with a dead shot in the heart, after giving him proper law, and all the sportswoman-like advantages of ground and weather. I wouldn't give the flirt of a fan for the triumph of "potting" a poor depressed, half-starved, timid bore, driven by the frost from the cover-side to the warmth and shelter of the boudoir or the billiard-room.

I hope you agree with me, *Mr. Punch*, and that you will recommend all girls in country-houses to be merciful to the unhappy bores who may seek refuge from the frost under the shadow of our crinolines.

Your constant reader,
JEANIE BRIGHTWIN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HETTY MOLLY GIST.—Yes. The Letter O is pronounced as spelt.
HISTORICUS—Rye-House Plot. Wrong in spelling. The piece of ground, on which stands the Leaning Tower of Pisa, has always been known as the Wry House Plot.

A VOLUPTUOUS VULTURE wants to know who is *Margaret of Anjou* or *Anjo*? And whether it was SHAKSPEARE who said—

"*Margaret of Anjo*
Plays upon the banjo."

Apply to the HON. LIT-TLE, Sec. of the National Shakspearian Committee (Limited).

BULLY BOY asks how he can make a House Top spin? Some of our readers may be able to inform him.

M. F. T.—PP-R.—No. But always remember that "Fine feathers butter no birds."

AN OVERWORKED CURATE says he has seen a list of Her Majesty's Lent Preachers," and wishes to know who lends them? Consult a Solicitor.

AN IRISH HARPER says that every Musical Composer of any note has been an Irishman, and sends us a list of names. In answer we must inform A. I. H. that there never was a Composer of *no* note, and secondly, that as to the first on the list, he has been deceived by the sound. O'BEAR [AUBER] was not an Hibernian.

NOTES FOR THE ECCLESIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The Cathedral Church of Lyons finds its English counterpart in Leo-minster.



Volunteer (to Nervous Old Gentleman who is smoking). "PRAY BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR CIGAR, SIR! I'VE JUST DRAWN MY GRATIS AMMUNITION HERE, ENOUGH TO BLOW US ALL INTO——"
[Old Gentleman flings away his weed and himself off the Bus immediately.]

A BADGE OF BRAVERY.

AN Order by GENERAL WRANGEL, premising that, as fifty years ago Austria and Prussia, when engaged in the same struggle, wore the same badge, so now "when fortune, which cannot be sufficiently praised, leads them again shoulder to shoulder into battle, they are to adopt the same symbol as of old." This symbol, we are told by the telegram which transmitted the foregoing flourish, "consists of a white band round the left arm." GENERAL WRANGEL may consider this symbol to denote his allied troops to be a band of brothers; but in the sight of English eyes it represents a brotherhood of bandits. The Austrians and Prussians may recognise no other common symbol than the white band round the left arm of one another, but to our imagination they all appear conspicuously marked between the shoulders with a broad R. The drums and fifes should play such marauders into dishonest action with the *Rogues' March*.

WILLIAM COBBETT, illustrating the baseness of certain bullies, applies to them the following popular couplet:—

"Father and Mother and I, with a chosen band,
 Beat a poor little boy till he couldn't go nor stand."

The Germans, small and great, in attacking Denmark, are attempting an exploit just like that described in the above lines; and the chosen band therein mentioned exactly corresponds to the Austrian and Prussian heroes who, with white bands round their left arms, are marching shoulder to shoulder against that little kingdom. They might as well also wear white feathers in their caps. It is to be wished that to the white bands round their left arms might speedily be added handcuffs at the wrists.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 15, *Monday*. EARL RUSSELL was anxious to explain that he had not been frightened, by MR. SEWARD's menaces, into stopping the Rams, also that MR. SEWARD had sent no menaces at all. The fact is that the American Minister over there knows the delight his countrymen take in tall talk, so he manufactures thundering despatches which get into the Yankee press, and which he also transmits to the American Minister over here. MR. ADAMS is a gentleman, who dines with LORD RUSSELL, and, after dinner, says, in an off-hand way, "I've got another of WILLY SEWARD's concoctions, my dear Lord; but of course I shan't give it you—thanks, no, the claret." If this sort of thing pleases the great, enlightened, and dignified people of America, it would be very childish in us to find fault with it.

LORD CAMPBELL, not considering the Schleswig-Holstein complication sufficiently labyrinthine, has gone back into history, and insists that we are bound by a guarantee given in 1720. The appeal went to the heart of the historical FOREIGN SECRETARY, who thirsted to enter into the story of the Quadruple Alliance, the South Sea Bubble, the exile of ATTERBURY, and other interesting events in the reign of GEORGIUS PRIMUS, but restrained himself, and begged leave to be mysterious as to what we should do if Schleswig were handed to the DUKE OF AUGUSTENBURG. His Lordship hinted, however, that it would be something truly awful.

MR. LAYARD said that the English proposals for an armistice between Denmark and the Germans had received an unsatisfactory answer. Another rebuff. Really the mess that MASTER JOHNNY RUSSELL makes with the pens and inkstand is quite trying, and MRS. BRITANNIA will be taking them away from him in a passion one of these days.

Tuesday. THE CHANCELLOR has sold the Little Livings to the number of seventy, and at the handsome figure of £65,300. The principle being thus established, there is nothing to prevent a bishopric or two from being disposed of at any moment that the Church runs short of money, or wants to re-arrange her affairs. Why not settle the church-rate question by selling Sodor and Man, say, to the Independent Anabaptist Ichabodies? EARL RUSSELL, attacked by LORD CARNARVON, about the American cruisers, made a spirited little answer, said that we had never consented to be responsible for the piracies of the *Alabama*, but that it was a scandal and a reproach to our law that she had been able to go from an English port. We have seized the Confederate vessel *Tuscaloosa*, and meant to keep her till reclaimed by the Federal owner. If the Richmond paper does not flame out at this, it will be because MITCHELL has no vitriol left.

A Bill for a new Brighton railway was smashed. A Bill described by MR. BUCHANAN as intended to throw all the traffic between the east and west of Scotland into the hands of one Company, was smashed. This may have been right, but we beg to remark that the stations on the Edinburgh and Glasgow line are execrable. Some other provincial Railway Bills made progress, and then the whole night was devoted to a discussion on the Private Bill System, which is admitted to be inconvenient, unfair, and expensive. But the House is so averse to giving up a morsel of its authority, that it will not consent to establish a rational tribunal for examining Private Bills in a rational manner. MR. MILNER GIBSON proposed some palliative resolutions, but they remind one of the suggestion to bolt a door with a boiled carrot.

Wednesday. This, which used to be the Parliamentary Sunday, or at least the day on which theological matters were discussed, is to be secularised this Session, as the Dissenters announce an armistice. They state that their exertions are, for the present, to undergo Depoliticalisation. That is a stunning good word, and as the sailor, handing the bass viol over the side, and fancying that the instrument was performed upon kit fashiou, expressed a lively curiosity to see "the big beggar as played on this here," we should like to see the Nonconformist gentleman who, single-handed, launched that word into circulation. To-day the question of county rating came up, and MR. VILLIERS promised that Government should attend to it. JOHN HUGGINS, of the Epping Hunt, ought to be examined as a witness, having given attention to the subject, for when run away with he stated that

"He never saw a County go
 At such a County rate."

Thursday. EARL GRANVILLE said that the Government was considering how to improve the Patent Museum and Library. One good way would be to prevent its further increase by abolishing the Patent System altogether, a recommendation in which *Mr. Punch* heartily agrees with MR. BRIGHT.

We do not know what the Clerks of the Peace have been doing, but the Lords seem anxious to devise a means for the more easy removal of those officials. In the event of strife, could they not all be turned over to EARL DE GREY, and made Clerks of the War?

Brighton is notoriously a Liberal borough, and could easily have returned a Liberal Member, and a very good one indeed, MR. HENRY FAWCETT, but for the illiberality of his rivals, of similar politics. Two would go to the poll, one of them, MR. JULIAN GOLDSMID, polling to the end, and as the Conservatives committed no such folly, MR. MOOR, with 1663 votes, defeated the 2489 Liberals who scattered their support,

and he took his seat to-night, introduced by MR. WHITE, his Radical colleague. So Brighton has no voice in legislation, or, rather, (as a Moor is usually black) may be frivolously said to vote Black and White.

MR. LAYARD, who in the Japan debate, had spoken slightly of the evidence afforded by a picture of the conflagration of Kagosima, made gentlemanly amends to our contemporary, the *Illustrated London News*, which has an artist in Japan, another in Schleswig, and a third in Richmond (Disunited States), all sketching away with the most valiant disregard of danger.

The mortality among pauper children in Ireland is said to be greatly and needlessly in excess, and Government introduces a Bill, generally approved by the Irish Members, for dealing with the evil, avowedly in the case of Dublin, but the measure will have a more extended action.

Then came up a debate in the interest of our friend the Penal Servitor. SIR GEORGE GREY brought in a Bill, by which it is proposed to enact that Five Years shall be the shortest term for penal servitude, instead of Three, as now; but that by a system of "marks" to be given for good conduct, a criminal may reduce that term by one-fourth. Transportation is not abolished, because it is stated that Western Australia at present desires to receive the 500 or 600 convicts whom we annually remit thither. The "marks" system has worked well in Ireland, it appears. There, the convict, if released before the expiry of his term, is under the surveillance of the police, so that he may be claimed back if not reclaimed, a rational precaution, of which SIR G. GREY seems afraid. The "ticket-of-leave" system is to be unaltered (SIR GEORGE repudiates the phrase, and calls the document a Licence), but if the ticket-mau commits a breach of licence, he is to be returned to prison to serve out the whole sentence, beginning back from the day he came out. The Bill is also to empower local Magistrates to authorise the instant Flogging of convicts who revolt in prison. SIR GEORGE exerted himself to impress the House that it was a mistake to believe that men obtained remissions of sentence by "coming over" the chaplain. Anyhow, the criminal class itself believes this. There was a temperate discussion on the measure.

MR. WILLIAM EWART brought in a Permissive Bill in favour of the Metric System. We doubt the utility of such a measure. Who would learn how to do a sum if the master were not behind him, and ready to make it indisputably clear that he occupied that position of advantage? Suppose, by way of a gentle experiment, we have a decimal coinage, and enact a Permissive Bill, providing that people who will not be paid in that coin shall not be paid at all, and if they refuse credit, shall be transported. We would not be severe, nothing is more unwise, but a little firmness is desirable in dealing with the prejudiced.

Friday. On the motion of the ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH, certain returns concerning the Irish Church were ordered. We could not quite hear what DR. BERESFORD said, but are not inclined to think that among them was a return of any of the money the Irish Church may have taken for not doing its duty.

MR. COWPER said that MESSRS. KELK and LUCAS had by no means cleared away the Exhibition building, and the Government had been making a shine about it, as the site was wanted for a great many buildings, in which architects were to be asked to compete. Hadn't the Pecksniffs better be looking up their pupils' desigus, and preparing to do their own worst.

We are negotiating with nine foreign countries in order to get Rags cheaper. If costly wars spread, we shall soon find the European population reduced to a state which will give us great advantages in this commerce. Banners a-field means rags at home.

MR. NEWDEGATE asked LORD PALMERSTON what he should do if the Germans invaded Jutland, which is certainly Denmark Proper. LORD PALMERSTON said that such an entry would be an aggravation of the violent outrage on justice already committed (*loud cheers*), and which involved bloodshed for which Austria and Prussia were deeply responsible. (*Renewed cheers.*) But he declined saying what Government would do in a case which had not arisen. The newspapers which reported his Lordship informed us, also, that the case had arisen. Perhaps by the time the Germans have got to Skage Cape, we shall have heard the intentions of Government. We do not want to fight, of course, but an instant and indignant withdrawal of the British representatives from every place where German is jabbered, might be ordered, and Germany might be made to include a visit to Coventry among her peregrinations in foreign parts.

Criminals in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and their friends and enemies, are much excited upon the question where the West Riding 'Sizes are to be held. SIR GEORGE GREY, as usual, pursues a vaccinating policy when asked to point out a spot. But *Mr. Punch's* intimate knowledge of the question enables him to say that inasmuch as there are 'Sizes already in York and Manchester, and as the whole Riding hates Leeds, and as Leeds is only an hour and twenty minutes from York, there is no pretext for listening to the Leeds people, who want to drag the law into their Avernia smoke, for their own profit and advantage. If there are to be any new 'Sizes they ought to be held at Wakefield, which lies convenient for the district concerned, and as the Yorkshire folk are almost unanimous on the subject, they ought not to

be knocked down with the Census, the pedantic argument of the Leeds people, and their only one. SIR J. HAY took the sense of the House on the subject, and in favour of Wakefield, and was defeated by 19 only in a House of 257, which was a victory, inasmuch as the votes for Wakefield were substantive, the others being an agglomeration of Ministers' friends and the like, who merely did as they were bidden. *Mr. Punch* expects no end of hams and Yorkshire pies for this lucid and noble advocacy of the West Riding.

Brother JONATHAN having made a full and handsome apology for the seizure of a Confederate ship in Pankbar, Nova Scotia, no more need be said on that subject. MR. LAYARD, having given this information, answered MR. KINGLAKE, who had a Danish grievance, and MR. ROEBUCK summed up the case by stating that MR. KINGLAKE was one of that nondescript class of politicians who were fond of finding mare's nests. *Guards!*, *ragazzetto!* MR. KINGLAKE may have a rod in pickle for you, and he does not lay on the article negligently.

A Committee on the Insane Criminals' Bill finished the evening in very good time. In fact, the Houses are taking things easily at present, and they are right to get home early these abominably cold nights. Snow, too—*no*, my Parliamentary pals, must flake away.]

SPIRITS IN THE COAL-HOLE.

GENTLE reader, prithee how about our coal fields? Didn't some one say that they were pretty nigh exhausted? Because, if not, the chances are they will be so ere long; for only look at this:—

"COAL GAS BRANDY.—Permission to work a French patent for the manufacture of Brandy from Coal Gas has recently been purchased for a large sum by an English Company, and the work of manufacture is on the point of being started in London."

Brandy made from gas! By Bacchus! That's a bright idea! What news for MR. HOME and all the other Mediums, to hear that there are spirits present in the coalscuttle! He would be a bold man, in good truth, to set alight on his plum pudding, say, to brandy made from coal-gas. Won't the price of Wallsend just go up, after this? Only fancy what demands there will be shortly for black diamonds, now it is discovered that brandy can be made from them. No wonder it was stated that Old KING COAL was a merry old soul, seeing what a merry-making spirit there was latent in him. "Cinnamon and ginger, nutmeg and cloves," are said to give a use a rubicund complexion; but only think what inflammation of the cuticle may be caused by the absorption of brandy made from coal-gas! Just conceive if *Bardolph* were living now-a-days what a nose would his become after a glass or two of gas brandy! Perhaps in course of time the spirit, like the gas whence it is made, will be laid along the streets in pipes, and so conveyed into our houses, and there kept constantly on tap, being measured out by meter. We fear teetotalism then will have but a poor chance of winning many converts. Tipsiness will be the rule and temperance the exception, and we shall hear benignant hosts blandly whispering to their friends, "I shay—hic—olefer, jush shtopantake—hic—nother glasshogash with ush," while perhaps some jolly mortal, when he is asked to sing, will hiccup out a stave like this:—

A bumper of brandy go fill, fill for me,
Far too poor for my palate is wine;
But brandy, if made from good coal gas it be,
Out of other drinks quite takes the shine.
Let the Temperance man try his clar't and champagne,
With weak stomachs such weak stuff may pass,
But a liquor to warm one and light up one's brain,
Is the brandy that's made from coal gas!

A PROFITABLE ENGAGEMENT.

HERE is a sorrowful statement:—

"GENERAL WRANGEL is, we hear, to receive £300 a month extra pay during the Danish invasion."

Therefore, GENERAL WRANGEL is an interested party in the present abominable struggle. As he is to receive £3,600 a year so long as it lasts, you may be sure he will be in no great hurry to put a stop to it. He has clearly a large interest in prolonging hostilities. The high pay (the General is evidently not serving in the Pays-Bas) must be looked upon as a handsome bonus for harassing the Danes as much as possible, and so long as they will let him. Let us hope that, by the Danes forcing him to retreat, the above pay will be quickly converted into a retiring pension. As it is, the General is, as far as we can see, the only person likely to derive any benefit from the present wicked invasion.

"In the Name of the Prophet."

ZADKIEL is going to have a new wrapper for his *Almanack*. It is to be of a pale gamboge colour: his authority for this is the combination that is plainly alluded to in the line of SHAKESPEARE'S: "The *Sear* and yellow leaf."

PANTOMIMIC ATROCITIES IN 1864.



IR, — Pantomimic atrocities this year are greater than has ever been known before. The poor babies have been principally the sufferers. As many as 2,753 have fallen victims to the severity of the season since last Boxing-night. Two perish nightly at Drury Lane Theatre. Their cries before receiving the last spoonful of pap have generally been of the most heart-rending description—so much so, as to have made the heart of MR. MALTHUS out-HEROD HEROD himself in leaping with joy, if he could only have heard them. This “murder of the innocents,” far from being visited with shouts of indignation, is hailed every evening with the most joyous peals of laughter, more especially by the female portion of the theatrical community. No measures have yet been taken

to put a stop to this fearful increase of pantomimic infanticide, though we cannot help thinking it must tend eventually to harden the hearts of the spectators. Not even a single inquest has been held upon their mangled bodies; in fact, the only persons who have sat upon them have been the Clown and Pantaloone, who have taken the most malicious delight in falling

upon them one after another, with all their might. An elderly gentleman has been blown nightly from a gun. It is not known what particular offence he has committed, but he has been thrust into the mouth of the gaping Armstrong, without so much as his name or address being asked, and in an instant stuck against all parts of the building.

Four dozen charity boys have been forced into cisterns, and the lid being instantly put on, have never appeared on the surface again. Policemen, too, have been the favourite objects of ill-treatment. They have been subjected to every form of indignity: been cuffed, pelted, kicked, bonnetted—but, all things considered, have borne it with considerable good humour. Every kind of practical joke has been practised upon them, and amongst others that of throwing them into a hot cauldron, apparently for no other purpose than that of changing their colour from blue to red. This, we are credibly informed, is only a playful allusion to the crustacean tribe to which they are popularly supposed to belong. No deaths have fortunately resulted from this culinary practice, but still the inhumanity of the proceeding cannot be too loudly condemned.

The red-hot poker, also, has this year been most freely used, but we have not heard of any fatal cases that have occurred from the liberal application of it. Beyond making the patient jump and howl a little, it does not seem to inflict much injury. However, the Legislature should look to it. I remain, yours respectfully,

A SOFT-HEARTED PHILANTHROPIST.

CHILDREN AND THEIR TORMENTORS.

WERE we to illustrate a fairy tale, and wished to draw an ogre, we should like to see a photograph of the writer of the following:—

BOARDING SCHOOLS WANTED, in London, for a boy, nine years, and two girls, six and seven years old, requiring firm discipline, having become wild and unruly, through neglect occasioned by family misfortunes. No holiday could be given, as holidays destroy any good effected at school. The father, quite a gentleman, can only pay 20 guineas each. This advertisement is only intended for schools of pre-eminent efficiency for such cases, and prosperous enough to be able and willing to accept such terms, and undertake the needed task of reformation for the sake of the schools' own additional credit of success. Particulars and references, by letter only.

Opinions' doubtless differ as to what is meant by the expression “quite a gentleman,” and possibly there may be people in the world who may think the term applied without a shadow of unfitnes to a man who wants to send his children away out of his sight, and to get them lodged and boarded, and supplied with needful schooling, at the cost in a great measure of the persons who receive them. As for his pretending that he disapproves of holidays on the ground of their destroying the good effects of school, that pretence is so transparent that half an eye may see through it. Of course his true objection is that, were his children allowed holidays, they would have to live in them at his expense: and besides, as he has evidently no love for his children, he no doubt dislikes occasions that bring them to his sight. As for its conducing to the “credit” of a school to help unnatural fathers thus to get rid of their children, surely no one but a SQUEERS could indulge in such a thought. If though neglected at home a child becomes unruly and requires to be “reformed,” it is right that at a proper age it should be sent to school, if proper means are wanting for teaching it at home. But a girl six years old can scarcely be so “wild” as to require, for her taming, utter banishment from home: nor can she be much bettered by being badly fed for twenty pounds a year, and, worse still, taught to grow up without knowing what “home” means.

“OH DHAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?”

Is there anybody in the House of Commons who is fond of asking riddles, and knows anything about India? If so, will he kindly ask the Government this conundrum, which *Mr. Punch* has just received from one who gives his real name and signs himself “a Pensioner:”—

“Question. In order to keep self and three more from grinding want, what description, quantity, &c., of mechanism is necessary to be employed to compel the immediate distribution of the Dhar Prize Money, seeing it was disbursed to the troops serving in India during the month of April, 1863?”

The mechanism which impelled the long-delayed distribution of the Delhi Prize Money was set in motion by a thump or two from *Mr. Punch's* cudgel, and this same motive power is ever kept in readiness

to be similarly used. Of course our Military Swells are not the sort of people to be bothered about prize money and trifles of that sort, while any more important work is on their hands: but now that they have done the job of clearing COLONEL CRAWLEY, perhaps they may find leisure in the course of the next year or so to give five minutes' thought to the other Indian matter which is referred to them above.

A JOKE FROM THE COMMISSIONERS IN LUNACY.

A SENSE of justice compels us to publish the following jocose, but genuine epistle:—

“Office of Commissioners in Lunacy, 19, Whitehall Place, S.W., Feb. 16, 1864.
“Sir,—In reference to a statement in a notice on the Isle of Man Lunatics, contained in the number of *Punch* for Saturday next, I have the honour to state that it was on the 11th of November, 1861, that the attention of the Secretary of State was called by The Commissioners in Lunacy, to the inadequacy of the provision made for these Lunatics, and the necessity of making some immediate and temporary arrangement in regard to them.
“The fact is adverted to in the 71st page of the 16th Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, laid before Parliament in the month of July, 1862.
“I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
“The Editor of *Punch*.”
“W. C. SPRING RICE.”

For the publication of the foregoing letter, we owe some apology to SIR GEORGE GREY, because its essential point, namely, the statement that the attention of the Secretary of State was called on the 11th of November, 1861, to the condition of Lunatics in the Isle of Man, which has remained the same as it was then till now in 1864, appears to be a joke at the Home Secretary's expense.

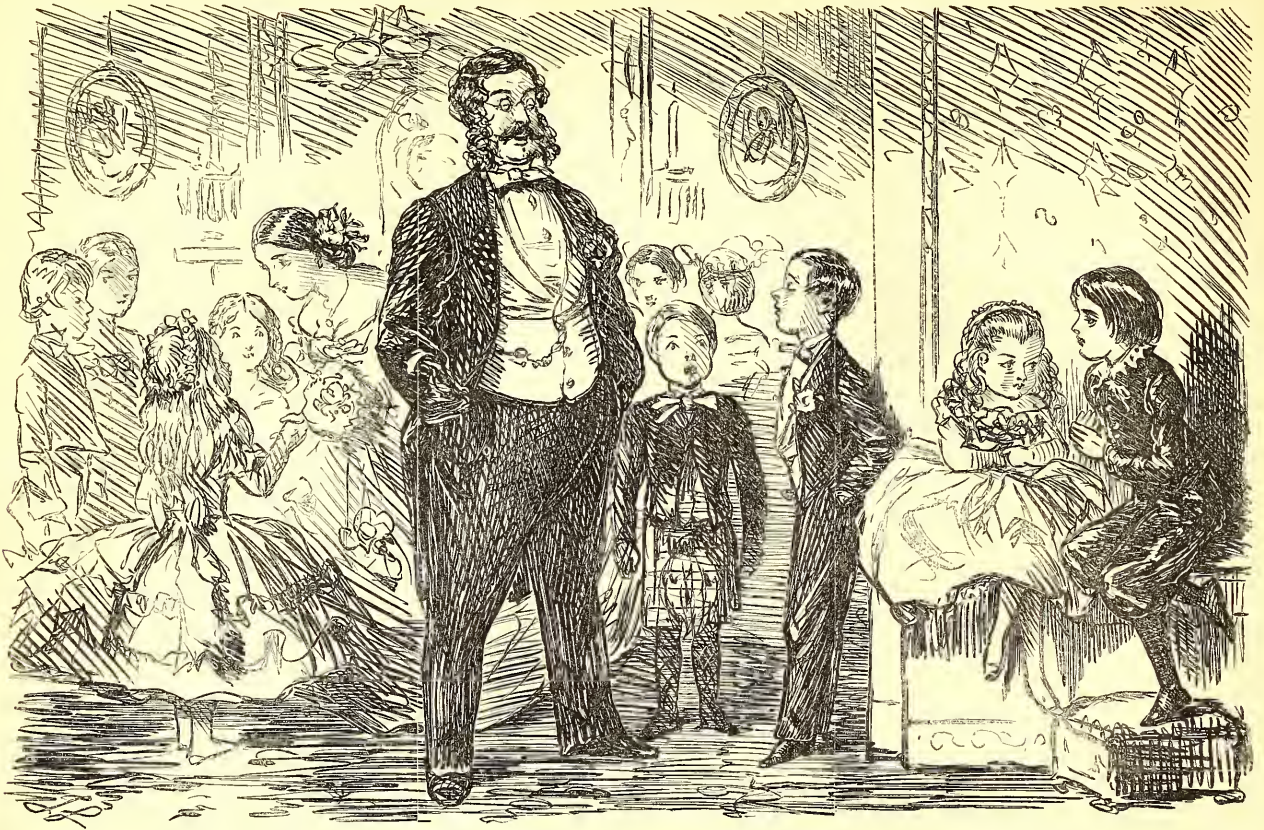
FAWCETT AND BRIGHTON.

CLEAR head, sharp tongue, devoid of whim,
A slave to neither cant nor passion:
If all blind folk resembled him,
We could wish blindness were the fashion.

No, *he's* not blind. But Brighton is,
And it's no use for her to cry out,
Disfranchised—while true Liberals hiss—
“See, there goes Brighton with her eye out.”

To-morrow

Is in legal phraseology, a *Dies non*, for are we not being continually told that To-morrow never comes? By the bye, the name of the Coming Man must be To-morrow, which fully accounts for that tardy gentleman never making his appearance. Perhaps, unused, as he must be, to the ways of this world, he has incautiously taken his ticket on the Great Eastern Railway?



THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Paterfamilias (to Youth who goes with his Pony well across country). "HOLLO! HUGH, MY BOY! DON'T YOU LIKE DANCING?"
Youth. "A—NO! I DON'T SEEM TO CARE FOR BALLS—FEW HUNTING MEN DO!!!"

MULLERS AND MEDDLERS.

PROFESSOR MAX, PROFESSOR MAX,
 Rightly they named you MULLER;
 For mull'd his case is who attacks
 Weak sufferers, and stout ruffians backs,
 And lawlessness, by logic lax,
 As law essays to colour.

Begging the question has been long
 Of speech a favourite figure;
 And to declare, in language strong,
 Germany right and Denmark wrong,
 Assumptiou looms so large among,
 I scarcely know a bigger.

Not to remind us of the ties
 Of "Teuton blood" 'twere wiser—
 That "Teuton blood" which ought to rise
 Where'er a German soldier dies,
 In accusation to the skies,
 Alike 'gainst King and Kaiser.

Our proverb says that none can eat
 His cake and have it too.
 PAPA AUGUSTENBURG his seat
 Sold for three hundred thousand, neat,
 And those proclaim Papa a cheat,
 Who call that sale a do!

Duke's right or Treaty? choose your hand;
 Go in for one or t'other;
 Now, your large Germans draw the braud,
 Yet on the Treaty swear they stand;
 While your small Germans' loud brass band
 Proclaim the Duke their brother!

When the black eagles link the claw,
 What is there they need cower to?
 In eight-and-forty hours, we saw,
 Fulfilled their threat the sword to draw,
 Unless the Dane repealed the law,
 Which the Dane had no power to.

"Give us the time," was Denmark's prayer,
 "Our *rigsraad* to assemble."
 No, when the Eagles of the air
 Are met, the carcass should be there!
 Down on the quarry! Smite nor spare,
 And make the small birds tremble!

Shall Denmark's rights annul the tie
 Of sacred German unity?
 That links the smallest German fry
 With mighty King and Kaiser;
 (Though the Bund may the bond defy,
 If they're sure of impunity.)

Shall Danish freedom hoist its flag
 Our Right-Divine in slight to?
 Shall Danish tongues presume to wag,
 While there's a German tongue to brag?
 What Germans choose to seize as swag,
 Shall Danes assert a right to?

Faust-recht puts all *jus* on our side,
 (Or else ask our professors).
Jus gentium (which we o'erride),
Jus cartularum (if read wide),
 Heaven fights on big battalions' side,
 So down with Norse oppressors!



JOHN IN A MESS.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "PUT DOWN THAT PEN DIRECTLY, YOU TROUBLESOME BOY. A NICE MESS YOU HAVE GOT YOURSELF INTO!"

“SPOKEN BY A DANCER.”

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WISH to address you a few words on a subject which as come before the notice of the public a good deal lately. Our Manager says how it is chiefly the underclothing of us Ladies of the ballet as catch fire, and if we won't make them securer from fire, *He* cannot help it. But *we* all say the Manager can help it; as, If it is chiefly the under-clothing as catch fire, and *not* the Dress which the Manager pays for *himself*, why dosent He *give* us petticoats securer from fire? A Manager says that we won't attend to these things ourselves, *He* can not help it. The public will say “stupid Girls, it is their own fault;” but, my dear, they doent quite understand it. Now, I want to tell the public, that, we Ladies of the ballet, those of them which are in the front Line (which I must explain is neerest the orchestra) get about 15 shillings a week, and the ladies in the back line get 12 shillings a week. Now, my dear, what have we got to do out of this salary? I will tell you, and the public shall say if it is fare to expect us ladies to have to pay any more expences about these petticoats than they do alreddy.

Out of 15 shillings a week, which I used to get when I was *younger*, but I am getting on now, and am put into the back line with 12 shillings a week, and, my dear, it is hard indeed to save out of this for the time between the seasons *when I am not wanted*—there *will* be a time when I shall never be wanted any more—but we will not think of that *now*—as I was saying, out of 15 shillings a week, a Lady of the ballet has in the first to bye tights, fleshing Body and shoes. The best tights cost more than £2 odd, and so, very few of us can get *them*; but pink silk stockings sown on to cotton tops of whitey-brown thread come to *less*, and look as well from the front; but even on the *best*, you can not depend on them, as, unless you know how to mend them, and very few of the new ones do, they are almost useless to a lady who considers her position when they have once gone in *ladders*.

You may not know what *ladders* is, but it is when the silk goes anywhere and then splits downwards, leaving little threads of silk like the steps of a ladder. Those which know no better *darn* the ladders, but where there's *one* there may be half-a-dozen of them, and then the tights would be darned all over, and the Manager would complane of the *look* of the thing, though he *dosent* find them himself, and if the lady dosent get a new pair to *please him*, she may be pretty suer of not getting engaged at *his* theatre again, and she couldn't go down to another in the westend with untidy things like that. So that is another expense. Of course when I say that *us* ladies cannot get the best tights, shoes, and fleshings, I do not mean that MISS LANGHAM and MISS DE VERE could not, who are in the front line. But we call them the Barroness, that is Miss L., and the Countess, that is little DE VERE, and they come to rehearsal in white crape or Paisley's shawls which cost *ten or twelve guinees a-peace*, dressed up to the nines as we say, and *they* can afford tights and fleshings all silk and everything else, though they were the greatest scrubs at one time, and only do get *the same as us now*, 15s. a-week; but *they* are exceptions, and are fetched away in broghums with coronettes or cockades, and if they doent receive *no salary at all* they would not care.

Well, the shoes comes next. Pink satin shoes is about 5s. 6d. a pair, the second best is 4s. 6d. But you ware them out very quickly, you know, and then we recover them with white satin or jane which also *adds to expence*. The tights must be washd onst a week at the leest, and then you pinksauser them for to keep the color. All this costes money, for pinksausers is 6d. and only does three pare, and then of course there's the soap for cleening. Well you can not always be covering and darning and mending shoes, which we do chiefly when there is a long rehearsal, and the call is at 10 in the morning, when we finnish at 11, and are wanted again at 2 o'clock to practis a insideute dance: and if we are to appear again at the night, there is not time ofen for us to go home and get a dinner, so we club together and send out for reddishes, bread and cheese and onions, for if we were working there all day, the Manager dosent offer us anything; and for rehearsals, sometimes for *three weeks before we are playing at the night*, *we never get paid at all*, as our engagement is not begin. Of course the Barroness and De Vere do not mind this, and *they* never need to send for reddishes; and sometimes when I am catchd in the rane going across Waterloo bridge to home, its beyond that a long way, and been obliged to go without dinner, I have wished that I was De Vere or the Baronness; for there is some excuse wheu you are very *very* hungry and tirird to death. I doent think that *now*, my dear, but used to wheu I was in the front line and poor mother was in the wardrobe, and used to beat me.

Then there is the fleshing Body, which is about 2 shillings. You cannot do with less than 4 petticoats anyone. These are the under-clothing. The Uucumbustabel Tarlartan, which is securer again catch fire is 1s. 6d. a yard, though as no boddy byes it, it is soled for 10½d.; but it looks yellisher, not white: 2½ yds. it takes for one petticoat about, so that the 4 petticoats comes to 8s. 9d.; and these tarlatans will not last cleene very long: and as *they will not wash*, you have to bye new ones again, *which the Manager wants us to do, and complains that*

we will not spend another 8s. 9d. out of our salary. That is why we do not get that stuff, for we would rather stand *the chance* of burning, *than the serenty of not being able to live*, if we spend our salary on securer our clothes from fire. But they want us to dip our book-muslin petticoats in Tunget of Soder, I think is the name, when we wash them. 1s. worth of Tunget will cleene 3 petticoats; so that is 1s. 4d. a fortnight extra out of salary, and then, I *think* it rots, the muslin and the petticoats, which as cost 2s. 8d. a peace, and so must be got new again, which we think the *Mananger might do, as it is he as puts the fire near us, and not us as goes near the fire*, though they do try to blame on us. It costes you see about £1 13s. 2d. to start any one of us ladies deseutly, and I have told you what a *continuel* expense it is on *us*. I have not said anything of my own averyday dress, gownd and shawl and boots, *which were very quick*; and my lodging, which I cannot get less than for 2s. a week, even in clubbing with another lady. Then, my dear, one *must* dine sometimes evin if it is expense, and it dose not do to be extravagant, but safe a little, as wheu I am ill; and cannot come to the Theatre, the Manager *dose not pay me, but forfits every night we stop away*. The doctor when I was lay up in bed was very kind for *nothing*; and my landlady made me some broath and talk to me, and I loved her; and she paid a man that I bought a pair of shoes of for 2s. 6d. when he come everyday for the money, as I was ill and out of work, and she would not let me pay her again exsept by 2d. a week. I cau not be ofen ill. I have been fortunete to meet with kind peep; if you will forgive me for my troubling you, and can get the Manangers to be more kinder to us, I dare say there will come One Day, when you will not be sorry for having said a good word for

Yours, Sir, respectfully,

A LADY OF THE BALLET.

SERIOUS FIGHTING OR NONE.

MY Christian friends, I trust it is our firm determination
Never to go to war on sentimental provocation;
But meekly to endure all taunts, and insults, and offences,
Which break no bones, no mouey cost, or less than war's expences.

And if we are compelled to fight by some act of hostility
More grievous than a trial of our patieuce and humility,
Since fight we must, I do hope we shall fight determined, steadily,
Peace to restore that they who broke shall not again break readily.

Vengeance, my friends, we couldn't think of taking, as professors,
But execution we may do, to terrify aggressors;
Forced to wage war, oh! let us, theu, wage it as if we meant it:
Not evil to return, but make our enemies repent it.

A QUESTION OF GOOD BREEDING.

THERE has been a Committee formed in Dublin by the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, “to inquire into the causes of the deterioration in the breed of Irish horses.” We hope the same Committee will devote its attention to a much more important matter—the preservation of Irish Bulls, the breed of which is known all over the world from the peculiar construction of its parts, as well as from the number of its points. The strange figures these same Hibernian Bulls, possessed as they were, with the wildest animal spirits, generally pre-sented to the mind's eye, are far too interesting to be lost to the country, which owes no little of its fame to the perfection and perpetuation of the invaluable species.

Sometimes we fancy that the Irish Bulls are not by any means so numerous, or so rich, or so racy now as they were when Miss EDGEWORTH wrote her celebrated Essay in their favour. In those days no Irishman, apparently, could take the smallest fight without instantly falling, to the amusement of everybody, on the horns of a dilemma. The breed deserves every encouragement, for talk as we may about horse-laugh, we are sure no laugh ever exceeded that which invariably emanated from a good Irish Bull; and the laughter was always the greater, if the Bull in question happened to be a regular roarer.

Furious Driving.

THERE is a loud outcry for some legislative interference to put down furious driving, which has been the cause of so many deaths. The drivers themselves laugh at all such futile attempts. They know well enough that if it be possible, as the saying goes, to drive a coach-and-six through any Act of Parliameut, that there will be no more difficulty in finding an opening through which they can with equal facility run a Pickford's van, or a brewer's dray, or a Hansom cab, or any other reckless vehicle, such as is usually the terror of women and timid pedestrians, that they please. From their lofty summit they have the whip-hand of the Law, and accordingly defy it.

NEW THEATRICAL DIFFICULTY.

TIME—Winter, during a Severe Frost.

SCENE—Manager's Private Room. MANAGER discovered seated, reading, with a proper feeling of pride, his own Playbill.

Manager (to himself). "Cataract—real water"—ah, that'll hit 'em. (Knock at door heard). Come in!

Enter PROMPTER.

Manager. Well, HICKSON, what is it?

Hickson (unhesitatingly). I'm afraid, Sir, we can't get the Cattarack this evening.

Manager (jumping up quickly). Hey! What! Why?

Hickson. Well, Sir, we didn't find it out till the Secue was just set—But the water, Sir, is—

Manager. Is what? What?

Hickson. Well, Sir, the water—the Water's froozed!!!

Manager. Blank—Blank ad lib.

Manager rushes on the Stage, faints, and Theatre closes.



DUPIN AND HIS DUPES.

OUR esteemed friend M. DUPIN has lately been making a speech about the Suez Canal, and has been good enough to say, according to the authorised report in the *Debats* :—

“So far as England is concerned, it is true that she has often attempted, through her envious and nagging diplomacy, to hinder your undertaking, and put a stop to your works. But England, who for so many years frightened all the world, England now appears frightened at everything (repeated applause). It may, therefore, be permitted to hope that she will not go to war about the Suez Canal, and that she will console herself with the reflection that whilst it enriches other nations, none will derive more advantage from it than herself.”

We venture, with all respect, to reply to M. DUPIN, much in the way that his even more illustrious countryman, M. CUVIER, replied to the Academicians, when they were “correcting” the dictionary. “O, M. CUVIER,” they said, as he entered one day, “we have just dismissed a definition which will have interest for you. We have settled the meaning of the word *Crab*.” “I shall be enchanted to hear your definition, gentlemen.” “This is it—Crab, a red fish that goes backwards.” “Admirable, gentlemen. Indeed, with the slight deduction that a crab is not red, is not a fish, and does not walk backwards, your definition is absolutely perfect.” So, dear M. DUPIN, we may observe that England is not envious, never desirous to frighten all the world, and is now not in the least frightened—unless it be lest orators of the caudor and amiability of M. DUPIN should work Frenchmen into a false belief as to her power when really in earnest, a belief which might lead those worthy persons into conduct that would probably result in disasters to themselves. With that slight deduction, M. DUPIN’s statement is absolutely unimpeachable.

Sacrifice to Shakspeare.

It is suggested that the work of Art in honour of SHAKSPEARE should be a Monumental Brass, and that the most active and conspicuous gentleman of the Commemoration Committee should furnish the material.

HEMP FOR HEMP.

MR. PUNCH,

ALTHOUGH a reasonably sober people, we are accounted by some friends even, Quakers and others, to be chargeable with a drop too much. That drop is one which neither cheers nor inebriates; but kills. Though not an infinitesimal drop, it is a homœopathic remedy for murder, exhibited on the principle that “like cures like.” It is questioned whether the end in view might not be as effectually achieved by other means. Can we do nothing better than hang for murder to prevent murder?

Well; we might break murderers on the wheel; and if the fear of being hauged deters any number of persons from the commission of murder, it is probable that the fear of being broken on the wheel would deter more. Certainly it is better that murderers should die in torture than that innocent persons should be murdered. Hanging is attended with some pain as it is. A writer in the *Morning Post* recommends that torture by whipping should be added to capital punishment for murder. And why not, if the addition of whipping to hanging is likely still further to diminish that number of murders which they are limited to by simple hanging?

On the other hand, if any punishment, short of death-punishment, would be as good a preventive of murder as that, I suppose everybody would consider it preferable, except those who take a delight in the spectacle, or the conception, of a man hanging, and are glad to get a legal excuse for hanging one occasionally.

In the meantime, *Mr. Punch*, let me call your attention to certain facts relative to the gallows not perhaps generally considered. The first of these is the fact, that, practically, we do not in reality hang for the crime of murder—we hang only for the accident of success in the attempt to murder.

Suppose, Sir, a ruffian takes a bludgeon and smashes your beautiful nose, knocks out one of your fine eyes, beats all your pearly front teeth down your throat, and fractures your skull, intending to kill you. Should you survive these injuries, this wretch who has ruined you for life, escapes with penal servitude. If you happen to die he is hanged. Why? Not for his fault, but, as far as your mere death goes, for his misfortune. But, some foreigner will ask, Is this law? Ay, marry, is 't; British criminal law as administered.

Take the case of a miscreant who throttles you or breaks your head in order to get possession of your watch and chain: a garotter. If he happens to kill you, he is liable to be hanged: otherwise not, how much soever he may injure you. But a garotter, who crushes your windpipe or batters in your temples, though he may not positively intend to murder you, doesn't know that he will not, and cares not if he does. Don't you think now, Sir, that the same secondary punishment as that which would answer the purpose of putting a stop to garotte robberies with murder as a possible result, would be as effectual for the prevention of premeditated murder? Because, if it would, then let me invite you to consider this other fact, namely, that the efficacy of a certain secondary punishment to prevent garotte robberies, is now on trial. Since whipping was superadded to penal servitude as the punishment of robbery accompanied with violence, we have certainly heard very little of garotting. Perhaps penal servitude plus whipping would deter wretches who meditate murder from committing it even more effectually than the gallows. Vindictiveness would be enabled to rejoice in the endurance, by the murderer under the lash, of pangs longer and sharper than those which are momentary, or over in a few minutes.

Would it not, then, be a tolerably safe experiment to try the effect of hemp in the secondary form of the Cat? We thus cut the knot of the halter if we do not untie it, and if we do untie the slip-knot, we tie stronger knots, perhaps, in the scourge. *Plat experimentum*, I say, *in corpore vili*; and remain,

Yours really and truly, IN TERRORUM.

P.S. CALCRAFT should have compensation if he lost business.

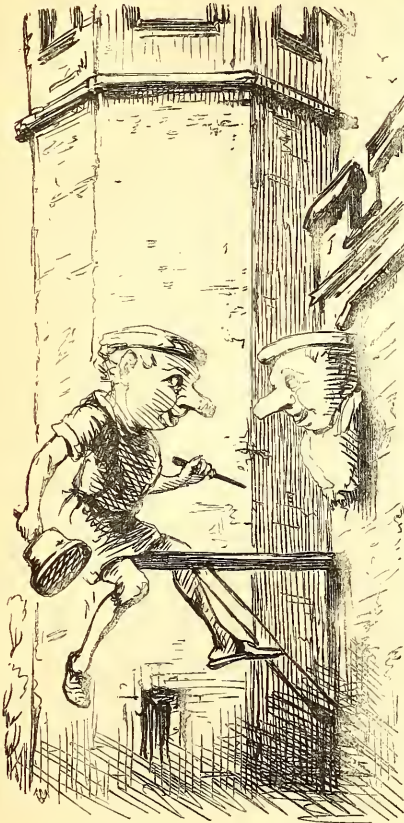
Severe Caution to Word-Mongers.

THE following is a curious proof of how far many an idle word (and in the document in question there were no less than 1050 words of that particular *dolce far niente* description) will carry :—

“The Royal Speech,” says the *Opinion Nationale*, “on opening the Session of the English Parliament, was transmitted to Paris by five wires.”

However, we scarcely needed the above fact to convince us that the QUEEN’S Speech this year was the most wire-drawn production we have ever known.

HOW TO HONOUR SHAKSPEARE.



THE numerous admirers of the admirable dramatic poet, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, have resolved to present him with a testimonial on the occasion of his three hundredth birth-day. Testimonial we say, instead of memorial, because a memorial to the "dear sou of memory, great heir of fame," would be a practical bull. A testimonial, not a memorial, is the proper thing for the immortal SHAKSPEARE. What is it to be? Apparently somewhat manifold. The inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon, with their Mayor at their head, and in conjunction with several other gentlemen, will probably offer their talented fellow-townsmen a testimonial considerably more handsome than a silver inkstand. It is proposed, by the so-called Commemoration Committee, to erect a statue in honour of the divine WILLIAMS. We wish they may get one. If British Art can make a statue at all, how can it make one of a WILLIAMS now invisible to ordinary mortals? No

authentic image of him, that a sculptor could copy, exists. Perhaps the gentlemen commissioned to negotiate the statue had better apply to MR. HOME the Medium, who has lately evinced some ability as a sculptor, and has been cultivating it at Rome. The combination of seership with sculpture might enable HOME to make a statue that would really resemble SHAKSPEARE; and if his chisel did justice to SHAKSPEARE, nobody would ever afterwards suspect him of chiselling any one else.

However the proposed statue, if made, is expected not to engross all the funds that will be subscribed towards the glorification of SHAKSPEARE. There are several other ways and means by which it is designed to effect that purpose. One of the best that has as yet been suggested, is pointed out by MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, in a little memorandum entitled "An Appeal to the Shakspeare Committee for the Royal Dramatic College." Herein MR. WEBSTER puts the following question, which really seems unanswerable:—

"What nobler monument could be erected to the Memory of SHAKSPEARE, himself a player, than the building and endowing the two Schools of this College in his name, and enabling a few worn-out actors to pass in comfort to their last home who have contributed to your pleasure and amusement?"

Recollect that either by sanctimony, or starved exclusiveness, or both, the actors have been done out of their proper share of "God's gift" and ALLEYN's offering at Dulwich. SHAKSPEARE, whose reticence of his personal feelings is peculiar, makes more than one exception in favour of the "poor player." Here below he sympathised keenly with his fellow-chips, and now he may be reasonably supposed to care at least as much for them as about anything else on the surface of this planet. It seems probable that by building, and endowing in his name, the two contemplated schools of the Royal Dramatic College, his countrymen and lovers would erect a pile of masonry whose use might enable him to recognise it at his present altitude, whence he might have some difficulty in discerning so small a thing as the greatest piece of sculpture. If they will set him up a graven image, they must; but, to make the gift the more gracious, let them, in addition to a bronze or marble figure, endow him, in the form which MR. WEBSTER names, with bricks and mortar.

RAILWAY LITERATURE.—In consequence of the vast increase of travelling accommodation by Rail to all parts of the Kingdom, a Portable Edition of *Bradshaw's Guide* for the ensuing year will be published monthly, in three volumes at a time.

THE USE OF ARMY CHAPLAINS.

IN reporting the progress of the burglary which the combined Austrians and Prussians have been committing in Schleswig, the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, with reference to the latter division of the gang, offers the ensuing observation to persons endowed with reason:—

"I am not sure that it is likely to encourage young soldiers to be addressed upon the field in the terms which an acquaintance of mine assured me he heard employed to-day by a well-meaning Chaplain who, in a short discourse, intended to arouse the religious feelings of a battalion, informed them that it was highly probable very few of them might come out of the struggle upon which they were at that moment about to enter."

A full report of the reverend gentleman's discourse would doubtless have precluded any question as to its effect on their pluck. Of course no military Chaplain would be suffered to suggest to his congregation, on the point of going into action, that the majority of them were going to fall, and might then possibly go to another abode than that of bliss. The cloth to which Army Chaplains belong must be no wet blanket. It is their business to make the pith of the homily which they address to soldiers on the eve of battle the orthodox equivalent of the exhortation which a Mussulman preacher would deliver under similar circumstances; predestination and promise; the latter still more inspiring than the prospect held out to the Faithful who perish in the attempt to destroy their enemies:—

"They come, their kerchiefs green they wave,
And welcome with a kiss the brave,
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour,
Is worthy an immortal bow'er."

So the Prussian Chaplain above referred to might have assured his hearers:—

"Who falls in battle 'gainst a Dane,
For ever with the Saints shall reign."

If he did not say something of that sort, he had better have held his tongue, or at least have preached unintelligibly, to the edification of his martial flock. A scrap of Latin, such as—

"Cum sit justus vix securus."

might have a cheering influence on the uninstructed mind of a hero about to march into the cannon's mouth. A sermon, however, enforcing the moral of the foregoing line, would be deprecated by most intelligent commanding officers as little calculated to foster that first of military virtues, intrepidity. The mission of an Army Chaplain is different from that of a common Curate, and his sphere of usefulness is quite another thing. His vocation, officially considered, is by no means the same as that of a Gaol Chaplain, or even that of a divine whose eloquence is required to awaken the consciences of respectable sinners. If the ministrations of an Army Chaplain do not quiet instead of awakening the consciences of the soldiers who sit or stand under him, and should sit or stand at ease there, the wish of any judicious General must be that the benefit of those services were spared his troops and allotted to the enemy.

There is no reason to doubt that the Prussian Chaplain put the subject of death and futurity in a hopeful light to the troops whom he was preparing to cut the throats of the Danes. It is fair to suppose that his ghostly admonitions urged them to fight like devils in the certainty of dying like Christians. We may pretty safely assume that he did his duty to the State, and satisfactorily answered one important purpose for which, among the rest, he was ordained.

SLAVERY IN SCOTLAND.

THE following afflicting statement appeared the other day among Notices to Correspondents in a penny weekly paper:—

"HEATHER BELL, an English girl, just eighteen, tall, with a fine face and splendid figure, at present residing in Scotland, a country which she detests, as well as the people in it, can only hope for a release from her bondage by marrying a young Englishman resident in England, and who had not the remotest idea of crossing the border. She can boast of refined tastes, and a moderate independence as regards fortune."

Is the age of chivalry, then, really past? Is there no young English champion who will start forth, and release this maiden from her bondage? What! a prisoner in Scotland, and with people she detests! Such an outrage really puts one in an out-and-out rage. Just eighteen, and tall is she? with a moderate independence, and a splendid figure? By Saint George! we've really half a mind ourselves to go and see what we can do for her. A wife and seven children, it is true, are some slight hindrance; but in mercy to poor "HEATHER BELL," SIR J. P. WILDE would doubtless break such trifling ties upon us. Yes, yes; it must be so: fate has clearly willed it. So, farewell, ANGELINA! farewell JANE, JAMES, JULIANA, JOHN, JORGE, JULIA, and JEMIMA! What, ho! without there! Hansom! Varlet, catch us the next train. Away! Away!! To Scotland!!!



Grandpapa. "HEYDAY! WHAT MAKES MY LITTLE DARLING SO CROSS?"
Little Darling. "WHY, GRANDPA, MAMMA WANTS ME TO GO TO A PANTOMIME IN THE DAY TIME, AS IF I WAS A MERE CHILD!"

A MULL BY MAX MÜLLER.

UNDER the title of "A German Plea for Germans," PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER writes a long and elaborate letter to the *Times*, of which almost all from the beginning to nearly the end will be denied, but what thus follows will be admitted, by most Englishmen:—

"Every life that is sacrificed in this purposeless and unhallowed war is precious to some one, to some mother, or wife, or daughter, or sister. Even those ragged and unkempt Croats have their ragged and unkempt mothers and wives at home, who will go wild when they hear of the death of their sons and husbands. We have heard to-day of the death of the brave PRINCE OF WURTEMBERG. We may hear to-morrow of the death of a PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, a KING OF DENMARK, a PRINCE OF HOLSTEIN. Let those who have power and influence work for peace without ceasing; but let them work in the true spirit of peace and charity, not in the spirit of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness."

So the war which the Germans are waging against the Danes is called by PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER a "purposeless and unhallowed war." And this is the conclusion of "A German Plea for Germans." Such an end to such an apology would seem rather suitable to an Irish Plea for Irishmen. Every life that is sacrificed in a purposeless and unhallowed war is deservedly sacrificed if he that has lost it engaged in that war of his own accord. If he was only driven into it as a sheep to the slaughter, then his life is sacrificed to gratify the vain ambition of odious people and execrable sovereigns. Every Dane that is slain in the war now raging, is murdered, if that war is, as PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER says it is, a purposeless and unhallowed one. His murderers are the German people in general, and the rulers of the two chief German states in particular. His blood is on the heads of the Germans, and on the heads of FRANCIS-JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA and WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA. On their heads also is the blood of all the ragged and unkempt Croats, together with every soldier in every German regiment, besides the ragged ones, that have been dragged unwillingly to die for nothing from mothers and wives, who will no doubt go wild when they hear of the deaths of their sons and husbands, butchered in vain.

But is the war of fifty to one forced by Germans on Denmark, indeed purposeless? Listen, PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER. As to the purpose of your countrymen and clients, don't you hear a little bird that sings:—

"They're fighting to steal
The harbour of Kiel."

The war is unhallowed enough; but no more purposeless than assassination committed for the purpose of plunder.

HANTS ON SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

WHAT o' voreign complications,
If I knows what that word manes,
Most upsets a feller's patience,
Is the Germans and the Danes.
Southern hotheads slays their brothers,
Why? for 'tis their nature to;
But I did think them there others
Too fur north the like to do.

Wuss than French Mossoos, or Spanish,
Mad on glory aud ecclaa,
Here's the Germans wi' the Danish
Gone to war about a straa!
If their word is to be taken,
If their faith ben't all my eye,
Gammon zummut else nor bacou;
If so be as they don't lie.

This here Schleswig-Holstein rumpus
Han't bin brought about by much,
All, for aught as I can compass,
Speakin Danish for High Dutch.
Here's a precious cause for battle,
If no more but what they owns,
Slaughter'n Christians wuss than cattle,
Crackun heads and breakun boues!

Fancy in Zouthampton Water,
Ships a batter'n of the town,
Or a scene o' blood and slaughter
Acted out on Twyford Down,
All because the law's decided,
And the sarvis zaid or zung
In fine English, not provided
In the native Hampshire tongue!

Yaa! if that was all the matter,
'Twould ha' zoon bin zet to rights;
'Tain't about a pint o' patter
As the Danes and Germans fights.
Them there Germaus has intentions
Of another sart and kind
From the purpose which they mentions;
Motives what they keeps behind.

Schleswig-Holstein when to sever
They designs from Denmark's State,
Their true object and endeavour
Is a Navy to create.
Don't you credit their profession!
Their design is for to steal,
And thereby to take possession
Of that Baltic Harbour, Kiel.

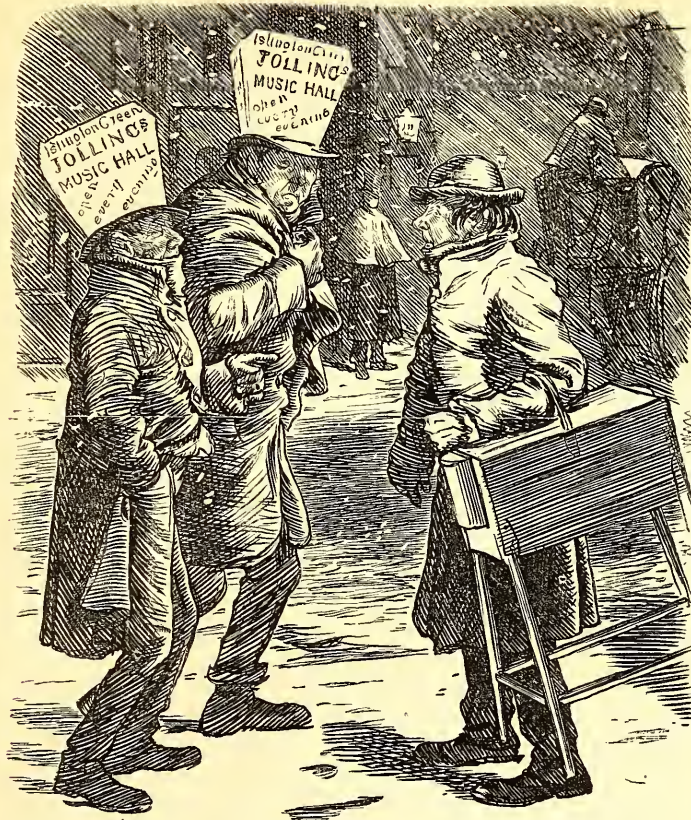
Let 'um bide; they're in a hobble,
Zaxons, Austrians, Proossians, Croats;
Monst themselves they're like to squabble:
Let 'um cut ach others' droats,
Whilst Italians and Hungarians
For their liberty combine,
And the Vreuch, on them barbarians,
Pushes vorrards to the Rhine.

THE GHOST OF A COMPLIMENT.

OUR friend, the *Morning Star*, speaking of a Miss TOWNLEY, says:—

"That young lady appears to have established herself at the Canterbury as the *prima donna* of spectral opera."

This is a new kind of accomplishment. Where, too, is the Spectral Opera generally performed? We suppose, at some of "the Shades." The voices of ghosts, and such spectral subjects, must be, we should imagine, a little gone, and they would be rather inclined, one cannot help fancying, to sing a trifle too deep—so deep that one would not care about following them. By the bye, with a rare qualification, like the one above specified, MISS TOWNLEY should be specially well up in WEBER'S *Ruler of the Spirits*. We suppose the latter would fitly come under the denomination of "Spectral Opera?" and if a ballet was wanted for it, they might appropriately introduce *The Shadow Dance*.



Polatoc Merchant. "HALLO! WHAT CHEER? DONE WORK FOR THE NIGHT?"
Advertisement (dolefully). "BLESS YOU, NO; ONLY GOING TO GET FRESH CANDLES!"

MR. BULL UPON THE DANISH QUESTION.

I DON'T want to fight; but I don't like to see
Two big bullies a small boy attack :
And it may be deemed selfish and sneakish in me,
While wishing the boy from his bullies were free,
My fists in his aid to hold back.

Mind, it is not for cowardice, 'tis not for cost,
That I stand for the present aside :
And though Tories may tell me my prestige I've lost,
By their taunts into fighting I'll never be forced,
While a loophole for Peace is untried.

Yes, I own that in state-craft not seldom I've erred,
In diplomacy often been duped,
For I've somehow a habit of keeping my word,
A habit that seems to those statesmen absurd
Who so oft to deceive me have stooped.

That my efforts as yet have but little availed
To prevent needless bloodshed I own ;
But the quarrel's not mine : and, although I have failed,
No fair reason the critics, my course who've assailed,
For armed interference have shown.

Is my honour in doubt? Have I plighted my word
With my cannon my counsels to back?
Then you'll find by no fear of expense I'm deterred,
And when once the war spirit within me is stirred
'Tis not easy its fury to slack.

For glory, for interest, no war I will wage :
But, once shown 'tis my duty to fight,
Then 'tis fairly recorded in History's page
That I ne'er was a sluggard to throw down my gage,
And to cry, "Heaven prosper the Right!"

Disinterested Opposition.

THE House of Commons going into Committee of Supply on the Naval Estimates, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE moved that their consideration should be postponed till that day three weeks. The Collective Wisdom rejected this proposal, probably considering so precipitate an attempt to embarrass the Government on the part of the Ex-Secretary of the Admiralty, a proceeding somewhat out of place.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 22, Monday. Both Houses came up lively and smiling and bent on mischief. There has been a scheme for a covered Arcade between Regent Street and Bond Street, which would have given ladies and swells a pleasant lounge when the weather was English. But divers interests were menaced, and many shopkeepers very naturally objected to a plan which would offer temptations to their esteemed patrons to make purchases elsewhere than at existing shops. So a formidable opposition was got up, and as, luckily, a useful charity-school would have had to be removed, the Bishops and Clergy were interested in resistance. The brief was given to LORD DERBY, who did his work with his accustomed adroitness, showed that the Arcade would be of no use, dilated upon the probability that naughty persons would go there (the excuse by virtue of which the Quadrant was uglified), urged that the passage would go through an empty space, and thereby check the circulation of air, and he was generally so impressive upon all points except the real one that the Bill was thrown out, though LORD MALMESBURY, as a man of the world, could not resist the temptation of laughing a little at his chief's grave vaticinations of evil. Mr. Punch, who is a cosmopolite, often thinks with regret, when the air is drizzle and the flags are slush, of the pleasant Arcades of Paris, and begs to touch LORD DERBY'S classical nature by adding

NOSETIA
MINARC
ADIA

Government has sent out officers to watch the mode in which the Federals carry on the war, in order to obtain any hints that may be useful, but does not send similar envoys to the Confederate camp. On the whole, Punch may possibly think that we might learn more by studying the way in which a small nation successfully defends itself against a large one, than by seeking lessons from commanders who have overwhelming resources in hand, but no very brilliant ideas as to the way to use them.

"Punch and the Ministers on this divide;
They'd watch the conquered, he the conquering side."

The Commons plunged into the Dano-German, or rather the DISRAELI-GLADSTONE war. The Conservatives again made demand for the Papers, and were as angry at their being detained as a young article clerk is, at a slap bang, when the old gentleman in box 9 will spell the advertisements in a journal which Mary-my-dear has warned him will be taken "after him." MR. DISRAELI delivered a long and cutting speech upon the deliberate wickedness of the Cabinet in not producing the correspondence, and exclaimed, in a Goethian spirit, "We want light." If he didn't get a light, he got a light answer from MR. GLADSTONE, who complimented him on his skill in letting off "fireworks," and entirely declined to follow him in "saying smart things." In answer to inquiries by MR. DISRAELI as to the seizure of Jutland, MR. GLADSTONE refused to give any information, because he had none. Then LORD ROBERT CECIL dilated upon the "scorn" with which Europe is treating our menaces (we have made none), and then MR. BERNAL OSBORNE saw his way to make capital play. "We will not have harmless fireworks," he said, and boldly moved that the Navy Estimates, which stood for discussion, should be postponed. The spear was fairly thrown, but MR. ROEBUCK spoiled the fun by declaring that the proposal amounted to a vote of want of confidence, and therefore he should support it. Then, of course, MR. GLADSTONE rose up defiant, and offered battle, and MR. DISRAELI had to bring new tactics into work. He had a strong force with him, but it would not do to fight in earnest. So he had to be dignified, to decline to take a vote by surprise, and to hold his men back. But he could not manage this with all of them, and though he and the mass of the Conservatives walked off, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE went to division, the Radical leader of 36 Tories and 11 Liberals, but as there were 220 against him, he did not turn out the Government that time. And then LORD PALMERSTON came in, and took his seat amid plaudits. Is not the game of Parliament a merry one?

Docks at Malta, and Dockyards at home, were the lively themes of a wrangle until 10.30.

Tuesday. Three of the Lords spoke, and all three sensibly, upon the Penal Servitude System. LORD GREY said, very truly, that the difficult question was, as to what the convict was to do when discharged, as honest workmen will not labour with him. There is a problem worthy

the ingenuity of the Peerage, and that body would earn no end of *kudos* by solving the same.

This is worth notice. The Federals have been allowing the French, with the consent of the English, to break the blockade, in order to get at Tobacco, which is much wanted in France. At first the excuse was made that the baecy had been bought before the war. But it came out that ever so much of it had been bought after the war began, and yet LINCOLN let NAPOLEON have it, RUSSELL assenting. Then, the excuse was, that baecy forms part of the French revenue, of which MR. LINCOLN and QUEEN VICTORIA are of course bound to take care. Well, but baecy forms part of our revenue, and, moreover, we want cotton as much as France wants cigars. Why cannot the Federals be as civil to us as to France? Echo answers—but we decline to republish her remarks, as they might offend MR. SEWARD.

MR. LOCKE KING obtained leave to bring in a Bill for lowering the county franchise to £10. He objects to rest, or to be thankful either. The Bill will be thrown out about the middle of April.

On the preceding morning five foreigners, who had been convicted of murder and piracy, were hanged, in a row, at the Old Bailey. To-night the House had a Public Execution debate. MR. HIBBERT (Oldham) described such scenes as disgusting, and contended that the behaviour of the rabble showed that they produced no impression. MR. HADFIELD took the same view, and said that fights and executions were the most popular spectacles of the day, and that if a fight occurred within two hundred yards of that House, there would be a Court. SIR GEORGE GREY, for the Government, defended the system of capital punishments in public; said that the execution of the pirates had taken place with the general approval of the public, that no doubt the very lowest orders assembled at such a scene, and that it was especially to them that its lesson was addressed, that it was impossible to say how much crime was prevented by the knowledge that murderers would be hanged, and that Society was by no means prepared to forego a system which was instinctively felt to deal just retribution and afford valuable security. ALDERMAN SIDNEY complained that almost every criminal was brought into the City to be hanged. LORD HENRY LENNOX had been to the execution, and supported MR. HIBBERT'S view, and next day somebody wrote in the *Times* something which meant that the correspondent and LORD HENRY had been together to see a fight, so that he might also have supported MR. HADFIELD'S view. MR. BONHAM CARTER opposed executions, and LORD GREY DE WILTON said that he went to see LANI hanged, and thought that the impression made on the crowd was salutary. So the matter ended.

Next, we had another smart debate, raised by MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, about those unfortunate Rams of MR. LAIRD'S. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, LORD ROBERT CECIL, SIR H. CAIRNS, and MR. WALPOLE, all went at the iron ships hammer and tongs, like jolly blacksmiths, but the sensation of the night was created by the Conservative MR. THOMAS BARING, Merchant Prince, who drew away from his usual party, and in the interest of Commerce denounced the system of arming privateers in neutral ports to take part in war between belligerents. And MR. BARING asked whether the defenders of MR. LAIRD did not know perfectly well that the Rams were for PRESIDENT DAVIS and nobody else. Of course everybody knew it, but what does that matter in a party squabble? The division (MR. FITZGERALD had asked for the papers) was a near one, and did not mean papers or no papers, but Federals or Confederates, and there were 178 of the former to 153 of the latter.

Wednesday. The Cows' Malt Bill. The agriculturists do not like it much, for they regard it as a tub to the malt-tax whale. One odd thing is, that beer has been brewed with the mixture of luseed which was to make brewing impossible, and Members have tasted it and declare that it is very good beer—for the poor.

Thursday.—Nothing in the Senate except a little pleasant row about differences of opinion as to the desirability of producing the Ram papers. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL had told LORD RUSSELL that they must not be given, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL had told the Commons that there was no objection to produce them. The fact was, that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had changed his opinion.

Lord Chelmsford. Ah? When? Before the debate, or after?

Lord Russell. Shan't tell you. The communication is a privileged one.

Opposition Lords. Ha! ha! Ho! ho! Hee! hee!

Lord Granville (loftily). Really these points are infinitesimally small. Knowing how busy LORD RUSSELL is, it is surprising that LORD DERBY can pester him with such paltry questions.

Lord Derby (probably). I'm sure you're very good. Time to go and dress for dinner. [*Eceunt omnes.*]

Bravo, MR. COX! Hooray, LORD FERMOY! These epigrammatic but ardent tributes of admiration and gratitude are most respectfully offered to the above-named Metropolitan Members for moving and seconding an amendment which crushed and smashed a Bill for keeping up a toll-gate between St. Pancras and Islington for twenty-one years more. A likely story, when all the tolls are being snuffed out as abominable nuisances. LORD ENFIELD had put his name to the Bill, but as he had the grace to behave like a nobleman and a gentleman, and say that he was ashamed, and had done it without reading the Bill, we shall merely recommend

him in future to bear in mind a beautiful line in his own "Speaker," which says:—

"Mind what you're at, and likewise what you're arter."

MR. COWPER did not see why the big clock at Westminster should be kept alight after Parliament hours, but if the House liked to burn no end of gas, it was none of his business. We do not know why the Commons burst out laughing when MR. DARBY GRIFFITH rose to ask a rational question, or why they laughed again when LORD PALMERSTON gave a snubbing answer. There was more reason to laugh when the PREMIER had to admit that having seized the *Tuscaloosa* we had now found it expedient to let her go again; or when his Lordship had to say that though we have got Austria and Prussia to assent to a Conference, they laugh at our suggestion that there should be a suspension of hostilities.

Then the Navy Estimates were taken, and the debate lasted far into the night, and Government had a little beating—31 to 23, about one o'clock. There is a reduction of sea-men and sea-boys, and it does not seem a wise one.

Friday. COLONEL CRAWLEY'S friends in the Lords had a good deal to say for him, and of course made the most of the acquittal. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was quite pleased with the result, and said that the Colonel had gone back to his command with an unsullied reputation. *Punch* considers that the Colonel is a very lucky man, and that the British Army is also lucky in having so wise a Commander as the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. In fact, we are all pleased.

Under no circumstances is TOWNLEY to be released from penal servitude. The House cheered. We seldom bet, but—however, we won't make an exception this time.

Ireland with all its wrongs, taxation included, was referred to a Select Committee, and is now, we hope, shelved. This excellent act ended a rattling week.

SENSATION CENSUS.

PRECIOUS AND PROTECTIVE PUNCH,

Now that the subject of Accidents by Fire in Theatres is on the *tapis*, I want to know if you can induce any one in the House of Commons to move for a Return of the number of killed or wounded, temporarily or permanently injured among those actors who have been engaged for the last two or three years in playing the Heroes and Heroines of those exciting Sensational Productions, now so much the vogue. The official document might be drawn up in the following manner:—

Name of Characters in the Drama.	Specification of Injury.	Number.
Eily O'Connors (in the " <i>Colleen Bawn</i> ")	Seriously sprained in the Back-fall from the Rock into the Water	x
Miles Na Coppaleens (in do.)	Injuries to arm, hand, and head, in taking the Sensation Header	y
	In swinging across the Stage on a Rope	z
Somebody (name forgotten) in the " <i>Peep o' Day</i> "	Lamed for Life in descending by the falling Branch of a Tree	x
Anybodies	By carrying Young Ladies up Ropes, rescuing themselves or Heroines, or Children-in-arms (half price) from damage by Swimming down Cataracts, Cutting plank-bridges, in two, &c.	y

Then again a strict inquiry might be made into the causes of these accidents, and — but, on looking at my watch, I find that I can write no more upon this subject at present, having promised to dine somewhat earlier than is my wont with a friend at his Club, in order that we may have time to enjoy an anti-dyspeptic cigar before going to witness the new-thrillingly-exciting play lately brought out at the Surrey. Of course the House is nightly crowded, as, you see, if one doesn't take an early opportunity of witnessing a Sensation Piece in which the Lessee himself, as one of the Personages of the Drama, incurs considerable personal risk, why, some untoward accident might happen, which would cause the piece to be withdrawn, and, perhaps, the Theatre to be shut up, an event which would be a matter for perpetual regret to those who had not had the good luck to be spectators of the performance either before or upon the night of the disaster.

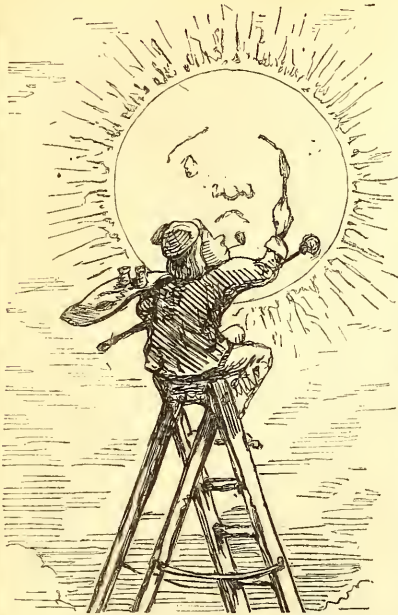
I am, Sir, yours in haste,

VESPASIAN THE VICKED.

Fidena Lodge.

ADVICE TO SMOKERS.—Cut Cavendish.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS ASSAILANTS.



N poor dear SHAKSPEARE the designs are as plentiful as pick pockets. Here is one suggested by a writer in that influential print the *West London Observer* :—

“As regards the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial, let it by all means, be a startling object to look upon. Supposing then—in these sensation loving times, when any novel design is sure to attract the support of a public that never weary of new patterns, from Great East-erns to self-threading needles—supposing, then, I say, the suggestion be made to enliven the scenery of the birth-place of the sweet Swan of Avon, ‘England’s highest pride,’ by erecting there a porcelain tower, say of at least one hundred feet high, built with a solid core of brickwork; the exterior could be decorated illimitably with designs in porcelain from the tragedies and plays and poems of the bard, and with enriched galleries from base to top, and stairs giving access thereto—it would, I imagine, be the *ne plus ultra* of enriched design.”

HORACE called his works a monument more durable than brass, and we really think that SHAKSPEARE’S are more durable than crockery. A porcelain tower doubtless might be made a pretty thing to look at—while it lasted; but we fear that little boys would soon be tempted to throw stones at it, and we know the best of crockery in such cases will crack.

THE STAFF COLLEGE.

DEAR PUNCH,

I HAVE been a month reading for the next Staff College Entrance Examination, but the subjects are so numerous that I am quite bewildered, and want you to advise me what to do. The following is the style of information I have already succeeded in picking up :—

“The Angle A is a right angle, and equal to ninety degrees of Fahrenheit, measured on a scale showing a hundred and twenty-seven Spanish kilometres to the square inch, multiplied by twice *xy* into the cube root of the ravelin in Cormontaigne’s fifteenth system, divided by decimal 000000 of a megalosaurus, completely upset the calculations of ARCHDUKE CHARLES, who, with his army in a highly spheroidal state, was endeavouring, at Marengo, on the Northern frontier of Spain, to turn the flank of the Old Red Sandstone dissolved in bi-proto-carburetted hydrogen; the sandstone escapes, and the hydrogen forms a military road across Mont Cenis, at a distance from Wellington’s head-quarters, and three aneroid barometers, doing as much work as seventeen tailors working twenty-six hours a day, and protected by *trous de loup* from the vertical fire of three saggabions ranged along the shoulder angle of a plane of defilade erected on the *hachure* of a rhombic dodecahedron.”

Ever yours,

A BEWILDERED CANDIDATE FOR THE STAFF.

HARRY VERSUS HARRIS.

LORD MALMESBURY having in the debate on the Royal Arcade Bill, thrown out, alluded to MR. HARRY EMANUEL, the jeweller, of Brook Street, as “a gentleman of the Hebrew faith,” MR. EMANUEL writes a letter to the *Times*, wherein, after answering the noble Earl’s statement connecting him with “the perpetuation of the deficient width in Bond Street,” he makes the ensuing remark :—

“I, of course, very much regret that my ‘faith’ and the fact of my intended removal should be obnoxious to the noble Lord, but am really at a loss to know what either of these subjects can have had to do with the matter under discussion, or why LORD MALMESBURY should have obtruded them into a Parliamentary debate.”

It is a curious coincidence that whilst the plaintiff in this case names himself HARRY EMANUEL, the defendant is named JAMES HOWARD HARRIS. HARRY AGAINST HARRIS! Such an antagonism would incline us to say, with a certain variation, “When Greek meets Greek,” &c.,

if we did not know that HARRIS in this instance is a Christian surname, knowing as we do that HARRY is only the semblance of a Christian name.

We here see young HARRY, as it were, with his beaver up, and asking HARRIS what he means by dragging his “faith” and his transference of shop into the House of Lords. It is remarkable that HARRY puts the word “faith” in inverted commas, which seem to imply a smile at the imputation it conveys. HARRIS ought to have better known what Faith is than to employ the speciality of Christianity as a synonym for the creed acknowledged by a gentleman in HARRY’S theological position. But there is a difference between the EARL OF MALMESBURY, and the philosopher of that ilk, or any other. MAMMY will be MAMMY!

WHO WILL SAY A WORD FOR THEM?

MY DEAR PUNCH,

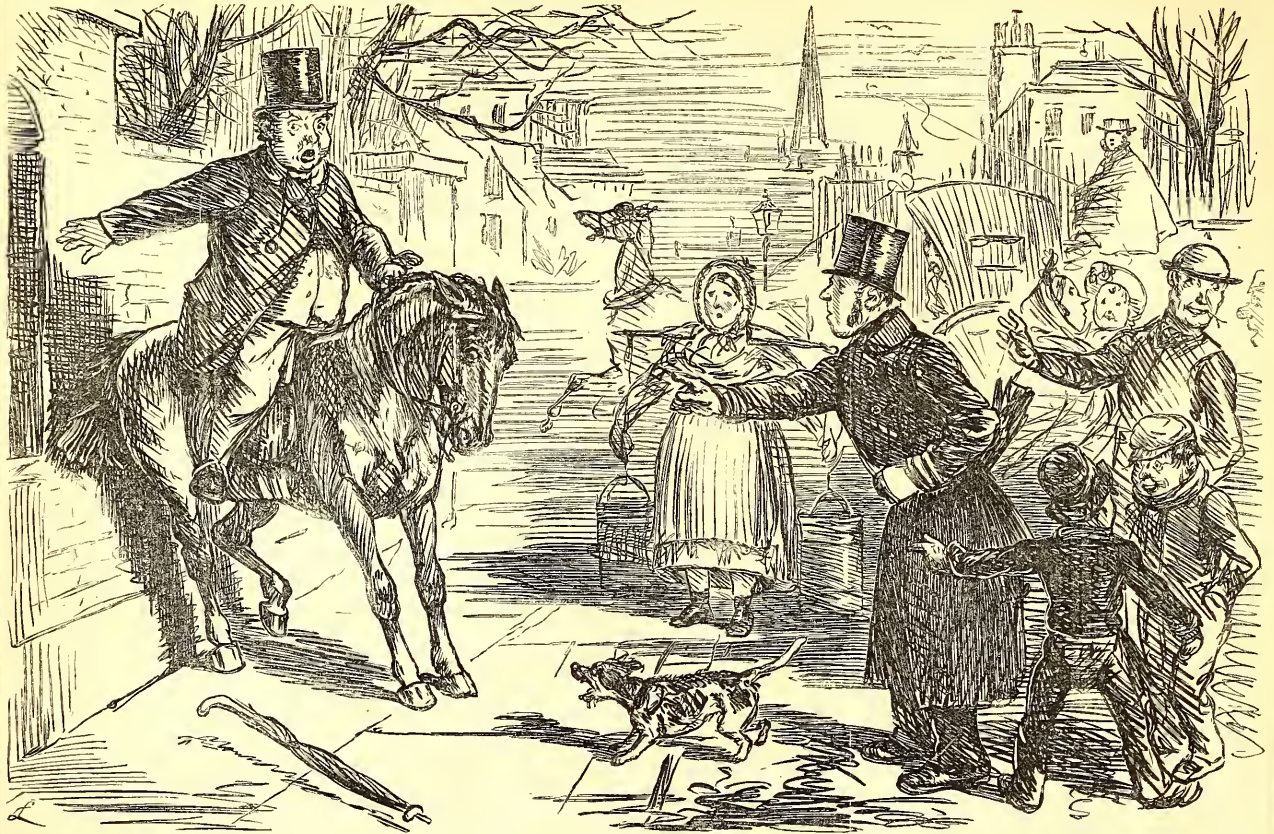
THAT was a good letter which you put in your last number, written by a ballet-girl—I beg your pardon, Miss, I mean to say, of course, a “Lady of the Ballet.” I hope she and her sisterhood will reap some good in consequence, and now the public know how little these hard-working girls are paid, and what great expense they are put to in the matter of their wardrobe, which the people who engage them by rights ought to supply, I hope the public will at any rate regard them with more charity, even if that charity be not allowed in case of need to take substantial shape. Of course the public is too virtuous to dream of founding an asylum for them, to which they might retire when their dancing days are over, and where, in the event of accident or illness, they might be nursed and tended at the public’s own expense. I can conceive the many obstacles there are to such a scheme, and how, even were a Home for Ballet-girls established, it would be next door to impossible to get trustees to manage it. What father of a family could undertake the office, without continual torments in his domestic life? Only just imagine the black looks he would be greeted with, on the days when he returned from an inspection of the Home! Just conceive the pious horror wherewith his wife would shrink and shudder at his mention of that terribly contaminating place! And supposing there should be some slight festivity at Christmas time, as is the custom now at most Asylums, I believe, only think if he confessed that, as one of the M.C.’s there, he had danced with a live ballet-girl, even though she was past sixty, what an earthquake of domestic ties and friendships would result! What matron would receive such a Pariah in her drawing-room? What wife would not seek refuge in SIR J. P. WILDE, his court?

So the notion of a National Asylum for Old Ballet-girls, I put aside as quite preposterous in this our moral Christian land. Yet I suppose, like other mortals, ballet-dancers do grow old, and they can’t save much to live on in their possible old age out of their twelve or fifteen shillings salary per week. What becomes then of our Colombine, our Fairies and our Sylphs, when they are over fifty, or are weakened in their legs? Do their Managers provide them with some rural Bowers of Bliss, where they may live in idle ease and happy freedom from the call-boy, until the final call that summons them away? I fear me this conjecture is scarce borne out by the fact that their Managers require them to buy their satin shoes and silk tights and other costly clothing out of their twelve shillings a-week. Yet even ballet-girls must live, even when they are past work, though where and how they do so is a mystery to me. Were a Home for them established, that mystery would be solved: for although it might be difficult to get a building big enough to hold the many applicants who doubtless soon would flock to it, still at the Home funds might be furnished for those who could not live in it to be lodged and fed elsewhere.

I just throw out the suggestion, but of course I don’t expect that any one will act on it, for I know that most rich people have far too much morality to think of doing anything for such people as poor ballet-girls, who are supposed to be descended from some of the Lost Tribes. Of course Polite Society can never be expected to take anything like an interest in persons of this sort. Still although Polite Society may not feel disposed to help to keep poor ballet-girls alive, I think Polite Society would not be altogether pleased were ballet-girls extinct. When Mrs. OVERT WRIGHTEOUSE gets her annual Christmas box and takes her children to a morning performance of a pantomime (which everybody knows is far more moral than an evening one), I doubt if she or they would like to find the part of Colombine omitted, and to be told that all the fairies had retired from scenic life for fear of being destitute and starved in their old age. So if the ballet-girls be needful to the pleasure of Society, I think Society might stretch a hand to help them in their need.

With a million of apologies to the million of your moral readers for intruding on their notice a subject of this highly objectionable sort, I will only in conclusion add, that if my hint be taken and a subscription fairly started for the purpose I have advocated, I shall be happy to subscribe myself (at the bottom of a cheque, mind)

ONE WHO WILL PAY.



OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND BR—GGS, WHO HAS BECOME VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE HORSE HE RIDES, PURCHASES ONE OF THOSE EXTRAORDINARY COBS, UP TO WEIGHT, WARRANTED NEVER TO TRIP NOR SHY, AND WHICH ARE SO INVALUABLE TO AN ELDERLY OR A TIMID RIDER! THE ANIMAL HAS, HOWEVER, AMONGST A FEW OTHER PLAYFUL PECULIARITIES, A HABIT OF TRYING TO JAM HIS RIDER'S LEG AGAINST THE WALL, TO SAY NOTHING OF WALKING ABOUT ON HIS HIND LEGS, AS IF HE WERE A BIPED!

[Tableau. Mr. B. as he appeared on the pavement.]

PA-PERS !

"LORD DERBY moved for papers, — MR. DISRAELI moved for papers. — MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD moved for papers, &c., &c., &c. (Left moving.) — *Parliamentary Reports, passim.*

Of products that Japan affords,
Paper deserves to rank her chief;
Houses she binds in paper boards,
Paper's her pocket-handkerchief;
Her fabrics and her furniture,
From chimney-pot to scraper,
Are nothing, travellers aver,
But paper, paper, paper!

Japanese *cabinets* we know
Have long braved competition,
But now the fashion of Japan
Spreads to the *Opposition*,
When DIZZY, midst the loud applause
Of *Tudpole* and of *Taper*,
Essays to build the Tory cause
With paper, paper, paper!

Lest Japanese embellishments
Should to his work be lacking,
He gives us "fireworks" *quantum suff.*,
And lays on loads of "blacking";
With lacquer of false rhetoric,
Dazzles *gobenouche* and gaper,
But still the *fond*, though varnished thick,
Is paper, paper, paper!

Let those who thus in paper build,
And scorn Fact's bricks and mortar,

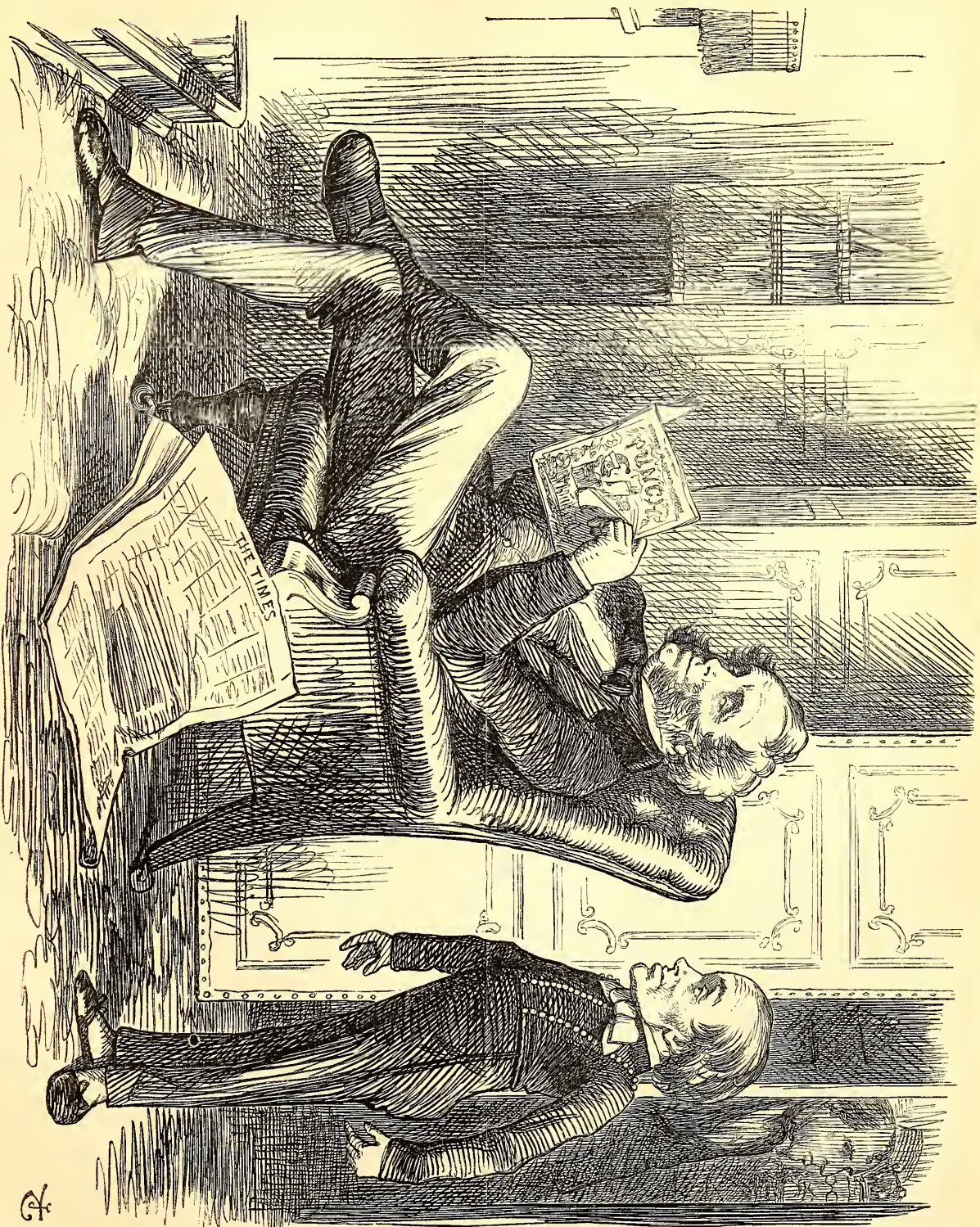
Remember *papier mâché* melts
When it gets in hot water.
As a breath floors a house of cards,
And brings to grief its shaper,
So Truth's least whiff will blow up yards
Of paper, paper, paper!

Icarus soared on paper wings;
MONTGOLFIER's balloon too
Was paper, bursting just as he
Proposed to soar the moon to:
On paper if the light you thrust,
It vanishes in vapour,—
Bad omens all, for those who trust
To paper, paper, paper!

GLADSTONE knows *almost* everything,
But had he been more 'cute, he
Would have foreseen this cry, and not
Struck off the paper-duty.
In sheets, when Truth does penance, we
May be content to drape her,
But Truth's what *you* least wish to see,
On paper, paper, paper!

Coals to Newcastle.

WE learn from Southampton the arrival of the *Poonah* with the Madagascar ambassadors — their Excellencies RAIN-AND-RAIN and RAIN-FOR-INGIA. Really, considering the wet weather we have had lately, RAIN-AND-RAIN had better have stayed away, and RAIN-FOR-INGIA taken his passage to Calcutta, where he might have been welcome in the dry season.



PAPERS ! PAPERS ! PAPERS !

JOHN RUSSELL, "PLEASE, MY LORD, THEM TORIERS WOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED FOR PAPERS."
LORD PAUL, "PAPERS ! HAVEN'T THEY GOT THE *STANDARD* AND THE *HERALD*. WHAT MORE PAPERS CAN THEY WANT ?"

THE ROW OF THE ROTUNDA.

THOUGH hush'd the Oirish Harp,
That sung the scrimmage sharp
Fought by MEAGHER of the Sword, all on the Shannon shore ;
Punch has still a voice of thunder,
For the foight ov the Rotunda,
When the SULLIVAN knocked undthier, wid the Fenians to the fore !

" Is it Dublin they'd insinse
Wid a statue of the PRINCE,
Rared high to give offence foraninst her College Green ?
It's passed the Corporation,
But we'll rise a demonstration,"
Says SULLIVAN ov the *Nation*, " though I spend my last thirteen.

" There's Father CLARK won't fail,
And for CROTTY I'd go bail,
And Priest LANGAN, it's a dale he'd dare in Erin's name ;
And the place is the Rotunda,
Where a meeting I'll call, Monday,
But who'll I get, I wondthier, for a spaker at that same ?

" Och *million murther*, who
'Ud be like the O'DONAHOO ?—
The bould hero of the Glins, County Kerry's darlin' boy—
Is it spakin' ?—he's the chat ;
Is it foightin' ? sure, at that
It's himself's the boy that's pat—and a ruction he'll enjoy."

Bills wint out for Monday noight,
And ould Oireland in its moight
Rose and packed the flure as toight as herrin-casks on Queen'stown
Quay ;
But from the gallery wickets,
Where SULLIVAN put pickets,
To take money for the tickets, sure the people staid away.

MISTHER GILL moved wid an air
MISTHER CROTTY to the Chair,
And bade Oireland, thin and there, wipe the stain from off her brow,
Of PRINCE ALBERT's statue seen,
Tow'rin' high on College Green,
" Where GRATAN's should have been . . . and it's him we'll put
there now !"

Thin, majestic from repose,
The O'DONAHOO arose,
To move a resolution, wid permission of the Chair ;
But his footing was unstable—
Why'd they put him on a table,
Which was anythin' but able such a weight of words to bear ?

And he tould them " how of all
The meetins in that Hall,
There was none but looked quite small to the meetin' in his view,
So majestic in its mien,
So calm, and so serene —"
But there they dthrowned him clean, wid a Fenian hubbadoo !

The O'DONAHOO looked quare,
At the ruction that was there,
Tould how he'd paid his fare from Kerry all the way,
In the cause of the Oirish nation,
At SULLIVAN's invitation—
But the boys they lost their patience, and the sticks began to play !

It was " SULLIVAN *aboo* !"
And " SULLIVAN GOULAH !" too,
And " Up and down wid SULLIVAN," and *alpeens* at it soon,
To the Fenian "*Faugh-a-ballagh*,"
That bates the "*Rakes o' Mallow*,"
And "*Garryowen*" hollow, for an illigant foightin' chune.

Such a glorious soight, I ween, ¶
In Doblin's not been seen,
Since on Donnybrook's ould green the shillelaghs used to fly :
It was aiche man hit the other,
For the raison why who'd bother ?
Sure all Oirishmen is brothers, if you want a raison why.

Sates and forrums wint to destruction
In this refreshin ruction,
Repoorters, glad to duck, shun the missiles left and right ;
Time was the O'DONAHOO
He'd have been at it too,
But M.P.'s larn to subjew every Oirish appetite.

What was the cause of fray
Is more than I can say,
Barrin' somebody hit somebody, and foightin' is like fire ;
Or, like fayver, that will spread,
When you sleep six in a bed,
Or, worms in pigs, the crathurs, or murrain in a byre.

There was Fenians there, I'm tould,
That brotherhood so bould,
That's put down seven thousand pound to free ould Oireland by-and-by,
From the base and bloody Saxon,
That wears whole coats their backs on,
And our pisantry lays tax on—and more power to them, say I !

Whether Fenians or not,
They made the flure too hot
For CROTTY, and The O'DONAHOO from his pidistal lep down :
Fifteen minutes first and last,
In oratory past,
But two hours went all too fast, in nate cracks upon the crown.

They tore up boards and benches,
Druv repoorters from their trenches,
Sure the BLAKES and BURKES and FRENCHES 'ud have joyed to see
the soight :
'Twas the Irish race of ould,
Not the people, slaved and sould,
Wid the Saxon sense so cowlid, to restrain them from the foight !

Wid no word but a blow,
The O'DONAHOO & Co.,
The bould Fenians did o'erthrow, and their conquerin' banner raise—
Once a table-cover clean,
When the colour it was green ;
Laurel it should have been, and anyhow, 'twas baize.

Then here's up wid Erin's cause,
And here's down wid Saxon laws—
Saxon sinse and Saxon capital—such maneness we eschew ;
May the Fenians keep their word,
And may MEAGHER of the Sword,
Av he comes here, not be floored as we floored The O'DONAHOO.

THE STOCKS AT ST. IVES.

THE heart of every Sabbatarian beadle in the kingdom who reads the *Times*, will have been warmed by the following paragraph which has appeared therein :—

" REVIVAL OF THE STOCKS.—On Tuesday afternoon three boys were kept in the stocks at St. Ives, Cornwall, for three hours, for having played marbles on Sunday. This mode of punishment had not been adopted in this town for 30 years, and the novel sight consequently attracted several hundreds of spectators."

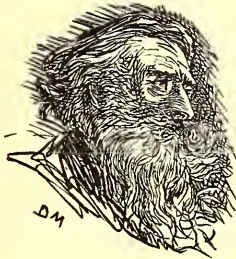
All honour, that defiance of modern public feeling deserves, to those Magistrates of the good old school who made no bones of putting a set of idle boys in the stocks. It had become fashionable to regard the stocks as a barbarous anachronism, and Justices as not exactly entitled to stand on no ceremony with boys. It is needless to inquire whether, in playing marbles on a Sunday, the boys, who were so very properly punished by the Cornish Magistrates, were violating the law. Anyhow, they were doubtless following their ordinary occupation. To persons, indeed, who know how to appreciate a healthy unscrupulousness in arbitrarily punishing street-boys, and especially to the clerical and pedagogical mind, those Magistrates would have afforded high delight if they had sentenced the boys to the stocks simply for playing marbles, on any day of the week. In visiting juvenile Sabbath-breakers with that punishment almost instantly on the decision of the Queen's Bench in the haymaking case at Leigh, they will be considered by the highly respectable people who admire their courage, to have acted as seasonably as wisely. Sentimental twaddlers will ask if setting children in the stocks for playing on a Sunday is the way to develop their religious feelings? The sufficient answer is "Yes;" with a derisive grin. Accordingly, of course the HOME SECRETARY will not remove the gentlemen who made so edifying an example of a leash of varlets as that which is hereby proposed for his approbation, from the Commission of the Peace. And doubtless a sympathetic British populace must sympathise so entirely with the proper parties in this matter, and is so innocent of any acquaintance with the tragedy of *Lear*, that a line adapted from that noble drama, namely :—

" Who put the boys i' the stocks ?"

will not, whenever their worships make their appearance in public henceforth, be shouted in their ears.

AD CLERUM.

MR. PUNCH, as the Great Public Moralist of the age, has always entertained the highest regard for the clergy. How much they owe him he needs not asseverate. Some of the happiest things in the popular discourses of the day, have been derived from his columns. In the benevolence of spirit that has always influenced him, he now devotes a chapter on Beards to their service. The Country Clergy require this attention; they are behind the age, and have not the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the improvements of this advancing period. *Mr. Punch* has, therefore, catalogued and arranged the various methods of disposing of Nature's noblest adornment to the face of man, for their service. The Barbine Movement is altogether the property of the Establishment,—no Popish priest in this country has entrenched upon this prerogative. The Dissenters shave in gloomy silence, leaving this noble field of ecclesiastical adornment to the Clergy of the Establishment. The first beard, *Mr. Punch* recommends to his Clerical friends is Mufty. This consists simply of a very bold development of the hirsute privileges of manhood.



Mufty is achieved by giving a complete freedom to Nature. No single hair is to be curtailed in its luxurious growth. Truants are indeed to be brought into order by a proper application of the curling tongs, a charming negligence to be made apparent by the frequent application of a well-greased palm with a circular movement to the mass of beard. But no water must approach on any pretence the sacred precinct admired in the "Monks of Old."

Mufty is an excellent device wherewith to encounter MR. SPURGEON'S "roaring Devils." It answers the same purpose as war-paint on an Indian's face.



Next in Order comes Ruffy. This is a most pleasing facial ornament, it answers best where the

hair is black and roses and lilies adorn the face of the youthful curate. It consists in a single curl of hair passing under the chin from temple to temple, like the frill of a widow's cap. It must, however, be very neatly arranged. The face must be cleanly shaved, and curling-tongs, bostrokizon, bandoline, and gum Arabic, must all be judiciously applied to put Ruffy in good shape, and keep him in good order. A doubt of a moustache may sometimes be advantageously admitted with Ruffy. This is a very insinuating beard.



Tufty comes next, a most appropriate ornament for jocose preachers of the SPURGEON class. It simply consists of an oval unshaven spot on the very point of the chin. Neither whiskers nor moustache consort with Tufty, he must be the sole centre of attraction. The advantages of this arrangement are many. Be the preacher never so dull, Tufty keeps up a bye-play of his own, he wags up and down and right and left, with every movement of the chin or draught in the Church. The juvenile members of a congregation are always much edified by Tufty. They watch him with intense interest, and as he sways to and fro "like that white courser's tail, the Giant Steed to be bestrode by Death," they gaze on the fountain of orthodoxy with supreme delight. Tufty gives great point by his waggery to every joke, and he certainly must be esteemed a most facetious arrangement of the pilose adornment.



Next to Tufty comes the Fan,—the lower line of the face must in this case mark the limit to which the razor may go. When the hair has arrived at a certain growth then the razor must clear all superfluity from the neck beneath, leaving half an inch of hair in depth to form the fan. Bandoline and gum Arabic will give this fringe the proper set; it greatly sets off the human countenance as the fans of peacock feathers do the Pope. An insinuating preacher will deeply impress the serious mind by a well-disposed Fan.

A truly patriarchal beard next demands our notice, it is the Mosaic Horn. This is developed

by the encouragement of whiskers and moustache, blending them to-



gether in one long roll, pointed at the end, and communicating rigidity by means of gum and bandoline; the chin must be closely cut or shaven. This is a very pious beard.



The animal creation affords us some lessons on this subject which we may improve, and of which the clergy have taken very proper advantage. For instance, the Turkeycock affords us a hint for a very charming arrangement of pilosity. In this case we allow neither beard nor moustache, but a very simple development of the whisker. It is brought down in the shape of a turkeycock's jowls, the scizzors, curling-tongs, with gum, and if needful, a horsehair centre, will bring this admired form to perfection.



We next have the Gibbon, a very becoming fringe, suggested by that amiable species of ape. It is a straight fringe round the face: it only requires frequent brushing to keep it stiff and straight, gum may be required, and *Mr. Punch* does not object to a tint of cosmetic if the hair be turning grey.

The Lynx is most appropriate for preachers of the Boanerges class. It is easily achieved, but requires attention: the eye-brows must be gummed up at the corners, the moustache properly turned up secured with gum, and the chin be cleanly shaved with a semicircular

line each side. A good Lynx ter-



rifies evil-doers, particularly of the female class.

The Goat is merely the under beard brought over the cravat;



it is very solemn and patriarchal.

The Niagara is unusual, but in a few cases finds favour; it is formed



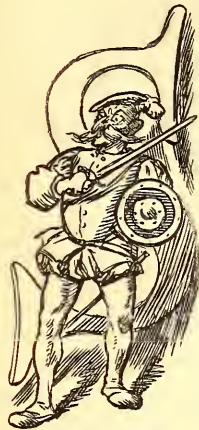
by shaving away all hirsute appendages above an ideal line drawn across the face from the tip of one ear to that of the other, and allowing all below the line to grow in perpendicular freedom. It becomes clerical gents of a middle age who still rejoice in hirsute privileges on the lower part of the countenance, and is an assertion of vigorous manhood, especially becoming when the upper sphere of the cranium has been divested of its capillary attractions.

These are the principal beards that adorn our pulpits; they admit of many subdivisions which it would be tedious to particularise. No doubt they greatly strengthen the Establishment by increasing the respect in which the clergy are held. Dissent came in with the razor; LATIMER, CRANMER, and RIDLEY, of course had beards, and it was the beard that awed the rebellious Puritan till the days of LAUD. The Roundheads clipped their locks in mockery of a shaven clergy. The beard alone is wanting to restore unity and piety to the land; it is a sure intimation that the clergy are above the poor vanities of the world—allow Nature to assert her privileges—and are too

much taken up with higher duties to attend to the adornments of their persons.

Mr. Punch concludes by suggesting that as they permit their hair to grow "like eagle's feathers," they should suffer their "nails to grow like birds' claws," the effect of such a conjunction in the pulpit would be irresistible.

SURPRISING ABUSE OF ENGLAND.



URELY we ought to be very much ashamed of ourselves, as a nation, for declining to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of men and millions of money in taking a part in Continental squabbles. If we had any regard for our reputation, we should feel very much hurt at the scornful and abusive language in which we are spoken of by the foreign Press, as for instance by a paper representing one of the parties engaged in the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel. Here are a few, out of a whole column of cruel things, which this indignant journal says about us Englishmen:—

"England has never made herself remarkable for the knowledge of the condition of other nations, for a just and logical mode of thought, or for the consideration of foreign interests and foreign opinions."

In the struggle against NAPOLEON THE FIRST, for example, England consulted her own interests only, and not those of foreigners at all; witness the enormous national debt which she incurred therein simply to enrich her fundholders. And now we have no knowledge of the state of things in Schleswig and Holstein. We don't know that those Duchies are invaded on a trumpety pretext, and that, in the former of them, numbers of brave men have been slaughtered in the defence of their country—do we? Or if we do know that Schleswig is suffering the horrors of war, cruelly and wantonly inflicted, so incapable are we of a just and logical mode of thought as not to perceive that we ought instantly to send a contingent to the Danish Army and a fleet to the Baltic, blockade every German port, and declare war against Austria and Prussia. This illogical poltroonery is so like us! For:—

"When some years since, the attention of a no longer living English diplomatist, casually residing at Vienna, was drawn to the logical contradictions in certain despatches written by EARL RUSSELL, he replied that England had never based her pride on being distinguished by logic. LORD ELGIN might have easily become acquainted with other observations respecting the character of English politics, and if he had been sincere also, he would have found opportunity to reply that England had never based her pride on being accurately informed respecting justice or injustice; or acting according to other motives than those of her own advantage, united with her arrogance and her insolence respecting the rights of nations; or on magnanimity towards a weaker opponent in renouncing grounded or ungrounded claims."

Thus, of course, we labour under the mistake of supposing that justice is altogether on the side of the Germans, and mere injustice on that of the Danes. With a selfish view to our own advantage only, we not only deny the Danes assistance, but also treat their national rights, violated by Germany, with the contempt of arrogance and insolence. Our want of magnanimity is such that even if we sometimes give up ungrounded claims on a weaker opponent, we never renounce those which are grounded on even the shadow of a foundation. It was to be expected that such a sneaking set of bullies as we are would sympathetically applaud the outrage of Germany on Denmark. No, we are not a magnanimous nation; but:—

"On the contrary, English policy has many times distinguished itself by cringing before the strong and by haughtiness to the weak. It is the character of snobism which is transferred from English private life to English politics. To yield to the first opposition, and to indemnify itself for so doing on those who can offer no resistance, has for a long time been the heroism of English policy, which has taken good care not to pick a quarrel with the United States, but therefore carries off Brazilian ships because a drunken English officer, who had behaved himself clownishly in the streets of Rio Janeiro, received a due reprimand from the police."

Exactly so; we pocketed the *Trent* affront on the one hand, and did not submit the Brazilian business to arbitration on the other; much less did we accept an award unfavourable to ourselves, and apologise. Snobs that we are—amongst our other mean tricks lying incorrigibly!

As to our Great DUKE OF WELLINGTON, as we call him, he was comparatively a dwarf, and has had the credit of a victory which was won by a giant:—

"We know very well that English children are taught in the schools that England alone freed Europe from French tyranny by the battle of Waterloo; but we know also that the story is otherwise related in German schools, and that, according to German accounts, MARSHAL FORWARD, who was called at that time old BLUCHER, helped England out of the scrape."

MARSHAL FORWARD! Old BLUCHER! The story of Waterloo as related in German schools! Eh! Why, *Mr. Punch*, we thought you had been quoting a Danish paper, abusing us under natural feelings of irritation occasioned by our default to afford gallant little Denmark

succour against her dastardly assailants. No, my dear readers, not so; but as our humbler classes say, more t'other. The commencement of the article of which the foregoing samples may have made you smile, is as follows:—

"We are not at all surprised at the position which England has assumed against Germany in the Danish question."

England's offence, you see, consists in the moral aid which she has given strong Denmark against weak Germany, and not in the reverse. It is poor Germany is aggrieved. The journal which throws all the foregoing, and much more, slops at us, is a Viennese paper, said to be the organ of the Austrian Minister, M. VON SCHMERLING. The title under which it appears is that of the *Wanderer*. Well, well! Suppose we call it the *Vagabond*.

A HAUNTED HOUSE!

WONDERFUL facts for the Ghost Club, Sir, as sure as I'm alive. My name is GULL, CHARLES GULL, M.D. I have for some time given my attention to spiritual phenomena, and have on every possible occasion tried to obtain an experimental knowledge of the hitherto, to me, invisible and inaudible world.

Having heard that number B4, Blank Place, a house belonging to MR. and MRS. WHYTEY BROWN, patients of mine, had the reputation of being haunted, I frequently called there. Mrs. W. B., a remarkably nice person, has frequently assured me, that, in the absence of her husband, who's in the City from ten till five, she has often heard queer noises. We watched for many days, from eleven till four, but could detect nothing.

On last Tuesday, the 17th, however, as I was going up-stairs, I distinctly saw the head of a lady suddenly appear out of a door on the landing, and from its pale lips, a solemn and peculiarly plaintive voice proceed, saying—"MARIA, bring me my body."

What fearful crime has, at some previous time, stained those floors with gore, I know not. But I can testify that on the above occasion I with my own ears heard a *lonely head* piteously imploring MARIA, (who, it appears, is the lady's maid, and will henceforth be narrowly watched) to bring its *body*.

I remain, yours faithfully,
CHARLES GULL, M.D.

Appended is the testimony of several witnesses:—

DEPOSITIONS OF CREDIBLE WITNESSES.

No. 1.

My appellation is ANGELICER TOMKINS, that is, when in the primacy of me own home. I do permit the young man (between which and me there is a horrible attachment) to call me ANGELICER. In relayshins as exist between me and me mistress, she calls me by me own free permishun, MARIAR. I live in the house. On Twosday, 'the 7th *ultimmo*,' as the french say, I were ingashed in a direlock with Miss PIPSON, the nusserry guvinniss. I am not in the habit of swaying, but I do hearbye take my oath most solemnly, that I hear a voice say "MARIAR, bring me my bobby." (Signed) ANGELICER TOMKINS.

No. 2.

At the request of MR. CHARLES GULL, the attendant medical man to the family, I will take up my pen to write these few lines, in which I conscientiously assert, that on last Tuesday, the 7th, I, while giving a few directions to MARIA, the lady's maid, heard a voice distinctly saying, "MARIA," addressing, as I have since had reason to suppose, the same servant to whom I was speaking, "*Bring me my body*." I did not faint.

(Signed) FREDEREKA ANNE PIPSON.

No. 3.

Many of us as offing see a ed a peering hout off same dore which you see it. To this we taks our somel ofes.

DORRITHEE MINTSER, *Cook*.
REBBEKKER WINN *Housemaid*, (Under).
HADDOLFUSS, *Page*.

The following extract from a letter of Mrs. WHYTEY BROWN's to a friend, will, perhaps throw some light upon the above extraordinary statements:—

DEAR CARRY,—When *are* you coming to see me? * * * * * You recollect that new skirt you admired so much? Well, I've got *such a love of a body* for it, which you must come and see to-morrow.

Monday, 6th. Yours for ever, BELINDA BROWN.

And finally, from MR. WHYTEY BROWN to his Solicitor, Raymond's Buildings, Gray's Inn.

(Extract.)

DEAR SEALITT,—In answer to yours, I *must* be in the City from ten till five every day. Business is business; but if I catch that GULL I'll kick him.

Yours truly,
County Chambers, Cornhill, Friday 12th. WHYTEY BROWN.



THE FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTER.

SPORTING MILITAIRE RECALLS TO MIND HIS CANADIAN EXPERIENCES (THE GROUND BEING DEEP WITH SNOW), BUILDS A TROBEGGIN, AND FOR THE MOMENT CEASES TO SWEAR AT THE FROST, OR TO REGRET THE SIX HUNTERS HE HAS EATING THEIR HEADS OFF IN THE STABLE.

A MAN AND A "BROTHER."

I SAH *Punch* owd feller what du yow think o' this here parrygraft as my boy JIM who is my eldest and pretty nigh a Man all thou he's still a Sunday skollard was a readun of aloud by way o' practisen his wice to me and MISTER SPROGGUNS he's our parrish clerk and Pork butcher and others of the cumpy as were a setten arter Chuch last Sunday arternoon afore the fire at the Blew Lion—

"BROTHER IGNATIUS.—The establishment of a 'monastery' in Norwich by the 'English Order of St. Benedict' has caused considerable excitement in that city. So great has been the clamour occasioned that the brethren have had to call in the aid of the police, and they have now resolved to admit no one to their chapel except on payment of a small admission fee. Season tickets, at 8s. per quarter, have also been introduced. It is announced that the chapel will be solemnly opened on Thursday, and that some 'novices will make their profession of the monastic vows' on the occasion. Brother Ignatius is the master-spirit in all these proceedings."

MISTER SPROGGUNS he declare he doent believe its legal for to keep the Public out of any public plaice of Washup excepten them as pay for the privvilij of goen there But I sah if them there Pussyyites air allowed to turn a chapel into a Theaytre i sah Blame it MISTER SPROGGUNS I doent wonder at their wanten to take money at the Doors—yow see them brothers of Sint Benny Dick hev bin a playen of the farce of drespen up like roaming Catholees and that is what hev caused the Rowdedow there've bin among the fokes of Norridge which yow know is where the Bishop live and he is one of the Low Church all thou as if I've bin towd he's over 6 foot high and as sech in course he carnt abide sech Mummery and Phlummery any more nor U nor i can du But what I sah to MISTER SPROGGUNS I sah sposen my bor JIM and me were now in Norridj and wish to sea them brithreu of Sint Benny Dick performen and dident feel uit noways under any obligation for to take a Season ticket secin as how I sah we oncy meant to stop one Sunday in the place and I sah sposen as how the Brethren said they woodent let us in I sah to him I sah d' yow think the Law ud let us jest see who's the Stronger Man i sah and wood it be a False imprisonment sposen my bor JIM and me shood be took up by the Paleece I'm towd that this here Mister Ignacious who've bin called a Master sperrit is a

sperryty kind o' chap and may be as he'd show fight the same as he ded wunst or was it REVVEREND MISTER BREWERY* with a right down red hot Poker or some Trifle of that sort But what I sah is if so be as me and my bor JIM shood find ourselves at Norridge and want I say to see the Brothers of Siut Benny Dick performen at their theaytre other ways their Money Starey i sah Blame it JIM I sah i now † Brother Pugnacious as we call him woodent stop us thow he had a sight of other Brothers at his back So i remane your most obedent humble sarvent to emand ROBERT otherways BOB BROADFIST 15 year come Michelmas bellingner and Blacksmith as live nigh Holzer Soffuk.

* Query, DRURY?

† Anglicē, know.

VERY PLEASANT NEWS.

OUR friend the *Leicester Journal* contains the following pleasing intelligence:—

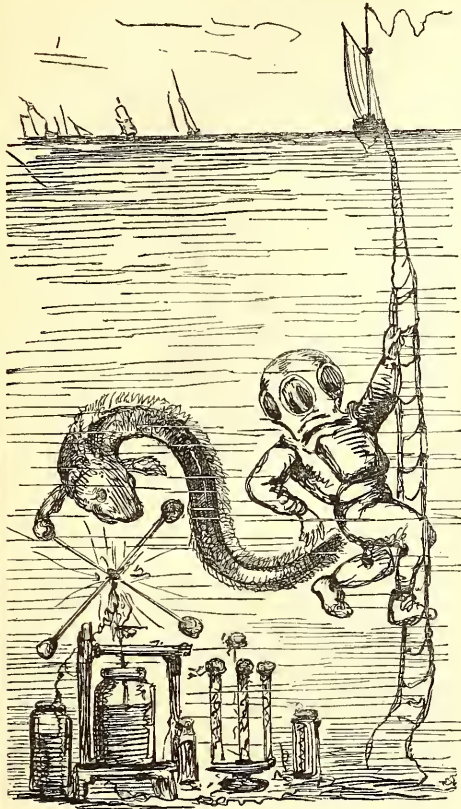
"We understand that MR. BENEDICT is putting the last touches to an operetta entitled *The Bride of Song*, which is whispered to be in MR. BENEDICT'S very best manner, and to contain some of the loveliest airs that Master has written for years."

MR. BENEDICT is one of the most delightful of composers, as well as one of the best of good fellows, and we are always eager to welcome anything from his pen. This paragraph shows that his very domesticities are as proud of their employer as the musical world is. The word "whispered" evidently means that MR. BENEDICT'S faithful cook has been listening at the door while he was playing on the piauforte, and the mention of the loveliest airs Master has ever written, is touching in its affectionate pride. The public will be enchanted to have an early opportunity of confirming the verdict of the appreciative domestic.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.—The Editor will be obliged by the address of the Artist.

A POET IN A PET.



INCE the "Mouse's Petition," dear to good little boys and girls, *Mr. Punch* has seen nothing more piteous than a Poet's Plaint, which has just appeared in the *Athenæum*. It is indeed a sort of Singing-Mouse's Petition. The sorrows of the unhappy bard must be deep indeed to cause him to emit so lamentable a wail, and we should like to wipe his eyes and comfort him, if we can.

Prosaically stated, his case is this. He, MR. HENRY F. CHORLEY, being by profession a Poet, was employed to write English words, or words which he might suppose to be English, as a "book" for the opera called *Faust*. *Mr. Punch* had the joy and delight of reading these words in his stall at Covent Garden, and he recollects thinking that though they were not worse than MR. FITZBALL's lyrics, they were not so melodious as that other Poet's remarkable strains. But as *Faust* was not sung in the Chorleian dialect, but in Italian, this did not matter. But when it was decided that *Faust* should be performed, in English, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and MR. SIMS REEVES was to be the victim of the Personage whom LORD WESTBURY "has dismissed with costs," the unsingable character of the Poet CHORLEY's divine verses became a serious fact, and in short the great English tenor was obliged, after vain attempts to sing them, to stipulate that he should be furnished with language adapted to the music, and to the expression of the various passions of *Dr. Faustus*. Such words were obtained (there must be another great poet in existence, in addition to FITZBALL and CHORLEY, and who shall say that this is not England's Augustan age?) and MR. SIMS REEVES made a grand success. The critics, for some reason, told us nothing about Poet the Third, and though the new words were printed in the theatre-books as "Alterations," the honour and glory of them remained to Poet the Second. He has borne the laurels, vicariously, for some time, but now they seem too heavy for his pensive brow, and he has disclaimed them in that part of our esteemed contemporary the *Athenæum*, wherein MR. CHORLEY usually disports himself with quaint intimations that some Lady whom the town admires is not altogether so bad an artist as she would be if she were worse, or in similar amiable acridities. He complains, with a sweet and touching sadness, that MR. REEVES, without leave from or "warning to" him, the Poet, discarded his effusions and sang those of the other Poet. And as he appeals to the public, it would be rude, as well as unkind, not to notice his hard case.

We have been thinking how best to comfort him, but there are some woes which refuse assuagement, and which time only can cure. Shall we scold MR. SIMS REEVES? It certainly was very hard-hearted in him to refuse to spoil a great part, in the fate of which his own reputation and the interests of the theatre were at stake. He should have felt for the Poet, and struggled through his unsingable lines. If the result had been failure, and the singer had damaged his fame and the opera had not drawn, and the manager had lost his money, and the company had been disbanded; never mind, there would have been balm in Gilead, and also in Columbia, for the Poet CHORLEY's inspirations would have been sung. But MR. SIMS REEVES would have artistic words, and the Poet wails. Poor dear Poet. Will he dry his eyes and be pleased if *Mr. Punch* looks into the book, and takes out one of the dear little songs which the Poet CHORLEY has written? Let us try:—

"Who needs bidding to dare
By a trumpet blown?
Who lacks pity to spare
When the field is won?
Who would fly from a foe
Tho' alone and last?
Or boast he was true,
As coward might do,
When peril is past?"

There now. Is not that pretty and musical, and is not "blown" a neat rhyme to "won," and is not the first question lucidly put, and is it not sweetly true that

a coward might boast when peril is past, and when a foe is alone and last, would it not be absurd to fly from him? Come, Poet dear, out of an opera-full of gems like this you can afford to let a few be sacrificed to the absolute necessity of having the opera properly sung. That's well—we are calmer now?

What? A fresh outbreak! What's the matter now? Rest, rest, perturbed poet. What is it? "MR. SANTLEY (the admirable *Valentine*) found that he could not make the Poet's words in the dying scene effective, and got others." Nay, this is piling up the poetical agony, Pelion upon Ossa. *Punch* feels unequal to do more in the comforting line. Here are the two leading artists of the English stage uniting to protest that MR. CHORLEY is not a lyric poet. We give up. All we can say is, that he had better take the opera-house, and come out, himself, as *Faust*, singing his own divine poetry, and afterwards he can give his candid opinion of himself in the *Athenæum*.

A MAD WORLD.

FEAR no more war; the world is grown
Too wise and too humane to fight.
Opinion's rule mankind will own,
And nations do each other right.
None but the warfare of police,
Henceforward will there be to do;
Short work: war but to keep the peace
When troubled by the evil few.

So saying good men went about,
And everywhere such talk was rife,
Ere yet fell NICHOLAS let out
The waters of accursed strife.
Then nation against nation rose;
And prophecies of war no more,
Were answered, by combatted foes,
With clash of arms and cannon's roar.

The world has ever since been vexed
With battle, bloodshed, death, and pain,
We, lest the plague should reach us next,
Ourselves on constant watch remain;
So much our prophets' words were worth,
So vain a tale of hope they told!
The peoples yet are mad; the earth
Is full of violence as of old.

On either side this globe to scan,
And view the havoc rampant there,
Man, clutching at the throat of man,
Of humankind might breed despair.
Oh, wretched end of modern light,
If men can work each other woe
For frenzied lust of rule, in spite
Of all those fratricides must know!!

Now Science, which we hoped was given
That mortals Nature might subdue,
Is taxed for bolts that, farthest driven,
May crush their fellows, flying true;
And armour to defend the sides
Of the strong ship that keeps the sea,
Or that which Ocean's bosom rides
With purpose to enslave the free.

And here, e'en here, the fiend's hot breath
We feel, and hear the demon's hiss,
The taunt which, to the work of death,
Would fain provoke us, as remiss.
Despise it; let the world rage, friends;
Whilst unmolested, stand alone;
A Power above will shape their ends:
We'll trust it to direct our own.

Musical Notes.

Minnie Mum.—No, Mum, we are not acquainted with any Italian Opera entitled *The Toothbrush*.
Crotchetty.—M. GOUNOD's new Opera, *Reine de Saba*, is founded upon a tradition of Freemasonry concerning ADONIRAM, the Tyrian Master Builder. The chief feature in the instrumentation is, we believe, an original accompaniment upon the Masonic Cymbals and triangle.

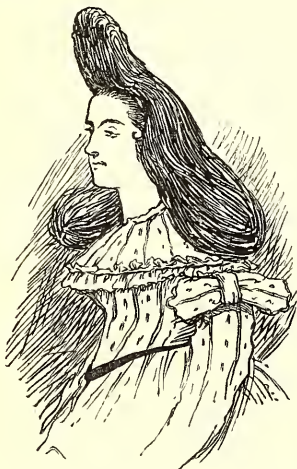
MISS ELLEN LYTTLE HUMBUG TO HER COUSIN, MISS FRANCES LYTTLE HUMBUG.

Tulip Cottage, January 16, 1864.

MY SWEETEST FAN,

WE are all exceedingly sorry that you cannot come to see us, and thus we two must console ourselves with letters, though a very bad and poor consolation, when we thought of opening our heart into that of a loving and faithful friend. But, alas! our hopes are nothing but bubbles, as TUPPER so beautifully and emphatically says.

NOW I must tell you that MISS BELL HOOPOE has come back from Paris last week: she has been absent for six months, in order to complete her education, and has been staying with a French lady of a very good old family, the CASSEROLLES; and, dear, you cannot fancy; no, you can't, how frenchified MISS BELL has become.



Sometimes she seems quite to be lost in French phrases, as "*Par exemple*," and "*Comment vous portez-vous?*"—and then, recollecting herself, she begs one's pardon in the most graceful manner. She told us a great deal about the EMPRESS and the French fashions. No one can fancy, she says, what a rage there is for *fur* at present. *FUR* and *HAIR*. She says, it is astonishing to see, hear, and read the requests for *whiskers*, *auburn hair*, *blond curls*, *moustaches* and *brown fronts*. All the caps, bonnets and hats are trimmed with *fur*; and she described to us some beautiful coiffures made of *monkey-tails*, *cats'-paws*, and a group of little grey and white *mice*. Curley *pigs'-tails* are much worn by ladies of distinction, and many *donkeys'-*



tails in the Emperor's household; stuffed *rats*, *fox-tails* and groups of different *vermin* by

elderly ladies (spinsters and such like) and dowagers, mothers-in-law, and maiden aunts.



Of *lions'-paws* and *bulls'-tails* the French seemed *not* to be very fond. MISS HOOPOE did not know or say, why not; but she was quite sure, that a drawing-room full of fashionable ladies is one of the *grandest* sights in gay Paris.

DO you remember JANE EFFIE GOLDFINCH, dear? Poor thing, now, since she has lost her aunt, she has been obliged to go as a *compagnon* to a Mrs. TRUMP who lives two miles from here.

But, 'dearest FAN, what a life the poor girl must lead! Mrs. TRUMP is always grumbling and taking stomachic drops which smell just like gin (I have heard so), and poor JANE EFFIE has to read to her for hours together. And



fancy, Mrs. TRUMP does not care for the political, or literary, or even for the fashionable news—oh, no! but the poor girl has to read all the "Notices to Correspondents" and all the "Advertisements." Then Mrs. TRUMP is in her best spirits, and often exclaims: "I wonder who is that gentleman who wants the plain cook at 115, Oxford Square?" or, "Who is that respectable young lady who wishes for a situation as barmaid: Fudge, Pooh, Stuff!" or, "Please, my dear would you read those 'Notices of Marriage' again, my dear?"

So they go on for hours. Fancy, dear, I have to read the Papers, too; but to Papa, who likes but the political news; and now I have a sad time with all the German names and places, and generals in those tiresome duchies, you know, dearest, GENERAL SCHINKENBERG, and PRINCE BLUTWURST, and PRINCE SCHINGELSTEIN. And then Papa says, they were all good-for-nothings with their pipes and sauerkraut. I don't know, dear, but Papa says so.

Now, I wish I could tell you some more news, but we have very little here. I must not forget to mention that we are expecting our new Curate in the beginning of February. We have not heard much about him, but some say he is auburn and wears nice long whiskers,



and is rather *HIGH*, not in *stature* but in *Church*, I mean, dear. Others say, that he is married; but old Mrs. CROWBILL, who has seen a good deal of the world, says, "there is not a greater public and political nuisance than a married Curate who comes to a little place where there are many nice-looking girls." So, now I must finish, for I have to do up some of Papa's neckties—but what does SIR WALTER SCOTT say, dear? "In this critical age, filial piety must hide herself in a closet, if she has a



mind to darn her father's linen." Therefore, don't tell, dear! don't! With love to all, ever your faithful loving and attached friend and cousin,

ELLEN LYTTLE HUMBUG.

Metropolitan Railway.

THE London Butchers' Company (Limited) are going into the Committee Rooms for powers to open a Line, specially for Cattle trains, from the west to the east end markets. The name proposed is The Line of Mutton.



Hibernian Swell (to Young Ensign who is going to India). "YE'RE SHURE TO MEET ME BROTHER SOMEWHERE IM BENGAL, AND YE'LL KNOW'M IMMADIATELY; SHURE HE'S NO BEARD OR MOUSTACHE, BUT OTHERWISE WE'RE AS LOIKE AS TWO PAES."

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING PARLIAMENTARY FIREWORKS (*A LA DISRAELI*).

WOULD you know what the stuff is made of
That 's used by the undertaker
Of the unsavoury trade of
Opposition firework-maker?

Mix inferences and fictions,
With imputations enough,
Add sarcasms and contradictions—
You needn't mind weighing the stuff.—

Steel-flings epigrammatic
And salt for burning blue—
The best, if you have it, 's Attic,
But any salt will do.

Any paper a case will make,
And any stick a handle;
E'en a Ferrand fact you may take,
Or a Hennessy Roman-scandal.

If you 'd damp the stuff in your mortar—
Wet powder smokes more than dry—
Abundance of cold water, ;
Your party will supply.

Take a lucifer out of your pocket,
Set a light to your firework quick,
It will go up like a rocket,
And come down like the stick.

If the House of Commons admire works
Of this kind, they 'll not charm less,
Since such Parliamentary fireworks
Are warranted perfectly harmless.

'Twas DARBY the fireworks displayed
In the days when Vauxhall was busy;
But now he 's turned over the trade,
And his successor is DIZZY.

TO HORTICULTURISTS.—The Shakspearian Tercentenary Festival at Stratford will, this year, be the Great Flower Show of the Season.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LEAP YEAR DAY, 1864, *Monday*. The MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH (born 1784) has got it into his venerable old head that in spite of M. MAZZINI'S denial that he had anything to do with the plot against the life of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, the ex-Triumvir was concerned in the matter. This is the Marquis's "moral conviction," and he wanted to know whether, if the Government shared it, anything could be done to anybody under the Alien Act. LORD RUSSELL had no such moral conviction, and was going to do nothing. The MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH and the MARQUIS DE BOISSY have several points in common, only the husband of LA GUCCICOLI is the cleverer old goose of the twain.

LORD ST. LEONARD'S "ran over" the Townley case, after which gymnastic performance he intimated his dissatisfaction at that person's escape from capital punishment. The discussion arose on the Insane Prisoners Bill, which was read a Second Time, and may be considered as the Law of the Future.

MR. LAYARD explained to the Commons that the Danish Government had acted with the utmost loyalty and good faith in the matter of a ship that was building, on the Clyde, for Denmark, and which we had detained, as we were bound to do, not being at war with Denmark's enemy, Germany. We hope not to become entitled to let the vessel go. MR. LAYARD also made the House laugh at the expense of MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, who wished to know whether telegraphic messages were printed among the despatches laid before Parliament. They never are, or we should have some pleasant conundrums under the blue covers.

Then we had a personal scene. MR. STANSFELD, Lord of Admiralty, is an old friend of MAZZINI. The *Procureur du Roi*, as he is called because LOUIS NAPOLEON is King of France, if not of Paris, was good enough, in the recent trial of GRECO and his accomplices, to insinuate that an English gentleman, and member of the Ministry, might be in some way cognisant of the assassination plot. MR. STANSFELD gave an indignant denial of the base and lying charge, and though his doing so was about as needless as ever was anything done by anybody, we do not regret it; because MR. STANSFELD had an opportunity of declaring in the manliest way, that he was proud of the friendship of MAZZINI, a declaration of

course involving a belief in the impossibility of MAZZINI'S knowledge of the plot. But this did not please the POPE'S friend, MR. HENNESSY, who renewed the imputation against the Italian gentleman, and called him "this person," and was also impertinent enough to ask MR. STANSFELD whether the "person" was the "MR. FLOWER" spoken of by the Frenchman, and whether MR. STANSFELD himself had ever aided in collecting money for the Italian patriots. On the first point MR. STANSFELD had no knowledge, to the second question he gave a negative, though, had the reply been "Yes," most persons would have added "and quite right too." Then LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON and ALDERMAN ROSE asked other little questions, and the House, ashamed of the scene, shouted "Don't answer!"

MR. DISRAELI made a long and fierce speech in abuse of LORD RUSSELL, and described the Ministry thus: "The drivers have lost the road, the reins have fallen from their hands, the horses are wild. Now," he said, "what *is* your foreign policy?" LORD PALMERSTON retorted with considerable energy, termed the oration "a flash speech," and bade the orator go on reading the Papers, and then he would find out what he professed to want to know. MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD declared that we were in a critical position, due to want of firmness, to vacillation, and to alternation of bragging and subserviency on the part of the Government. If these Opposition men believe a quarter of what they say, are they not utterly betraying their trust, as Oppositionists, in not moving a vote of want of confidence? What's the good of snapping and barking, why not try a good bite in earnest?—and then we shall see what we shall see.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER fixed the Budget for Thursday the 7th of April. Twopence off the Income Tax, MR. GLADSTONE, or you will see something in *Mr. Punch's* eye, on the 8th of April, which will remind you of the eye which Seeva opened upon the octagonal Rajah, *vide* the end of *Thalaba the Destroyer*, by ROBERT SOUTHHEY, antepenultimate Laureate.

Navy Estimates, and hearken. What do you think we are going to have at South Kensington now? Fortifications? No. A Shakspeare Memorial? No; though the site would be as appropriate as one in the Green Park. Rifle ranges? No. O, you would not guess. A School

of Naval Architecture. You don't believe *that*. But it is true, and what's more, the models from Somerset House are to go there, and LORD CLARENCE PAGET will not undertake to say that the arrangement shall be temporary. No wonder the few Members who could collect their senses after such an announcement divided the Committee, but the fact was, that the House was so stunned that the Government triumphed over foes in a state of coma. A School for Shipbuilding at South Kensington! Arrangements are to be made for launching the vessels into the basin in the Horticultural Gardens, in front of MR. DURHAM's memorial, and if they don't sink, they are to be carried on the tops of omnibuses to the Serpentine, and there put into commission.

Tuesday. LORD CLANRICARDE takes upon himself to be uncomfortable because certain Americans are trying to raise recruits in Ireland. Does the ex-Privy Seal remember what a father said to his boy in answer to the latter's hint for a fishing-holiday. "Papa, they say the trout are biting this morning." "Well, my boy, you stick to your work, and then they won't bite you." Let LORD CLANRICARDE hold his tongue until a Federal sergeant offers him bounty-money. Something was said about the Fenians, and LORD GRANVILLE exactly characterised that idiot demonstration. He said that it was utterly contemptible.

LORD HARTINGTON stated that there was to be a grand trial of the rival guns, ARMSTRONG v. WHITWORTH. Could not this be made at South Kensington, if the neighbours don't mind about their windows? A School of Naval Gunnery might surely be set up beside the one already mentioned.

MR. MARSH, ex-sheep farmer, complained that the Civil and Miscellaneous Estimates increased enormously. He was quite right. But FRED PEEL said that it couldn't be helped. And he is quite right too.

Wednesday. A Bill for testing Chain Cables, so as to ensure the safety of vessels at anchor, was referred to a select committee, and Mr. Punch earnestly hopes that all its members have done a little sea-going, and know something of the enormous importance of the question. It is much more probable, however, that it is in their committee room that they will find themselves at sea.

Thursday. MR. HOPWOOD asked that letters put into the General Post Office on Sunday might be sent off on that day. MR. FRED PEEL strongly objected to this very anti-Sabbatarian proposal, and said that 20,000 letters would be posted, and 220 men required to dispatch them—besides, the provincials would be bothering for similar privileges.

Apocryphal of which subject, SIR ROWLAND HILL RESIGNS HIS OFFICE. If every person who has received a letter, for one penny, would contribute one penny stamp (an organised collection, in every town, would be a labour of love, not to say fun, for unemployed ladies and gentlemen) we might present SIR ROWLAND with the most noble parting Gift ever offered to a public man, and assuredly no public man ever deserved a gift so well as the originator of the Penny Postage. He has done more to civilise the country, and to promote its prosperity, than any living man. Will he take a peevage? Probably not, but if he will, he ought to be in the next *Gazette* as LORD QUEENSHEAD. And the gift, in addition, ought to make him still more like the Rising Sun (as was neatly said) than ever. He ought to be able to tip every little Hill and great Hill with gold. If the people do not show their gratitude, now, we shall cut Britain, and bring Timbuctoo into her place in the scale of nations. But we won't believe that our teaching and his have been lost. Come, ladies and gentlemen, buy books and cards, and set about your collection of stamps. You may print this paragraph for universal distribution.

Evidently the Government does not regard the Yeomanry as the most important portion of our defensive service. It is not to be called out for its week of training this year, whereby £46,000 will be saved. But the proposed arrangement occasioned a great fight in the House, for many Members are yeomanry officers, and the uniform is a handsome one, and the Government was all but beaten—saving itself by one only in a House of 315. Great shouting and counter-shouting. MR. BRAND is said to have whipped splendidly, at the crisis, but then this was said by an enemy, who wanted to show that Ministers were coming to grief.

Blood being up, we had another shindy. MR. FERRAND, whose amiable business it is to bring up wretched old grievances, which were not much when they occurred, and are now utterly stale, had a rignarole story about the Comptroller of the Navy having worn his uniform and cocked hat at an election in 1859. This is the literal fact; MR. FERRAND meaning of course that the official in question improperly interfered in the contest. SIR J. HAY had a letter from ADMIRAL ROBINSON declaring the allegation to be false, and saying that MRS. ROBINSON having had an odd curiosity to hear FERRAND bellow, her husband had gone to the hall to escort her home. While in the place, not wishing to appear singular, he probably laughed at FERRAND. MR. FERRAND having also abused SIR BALDWIN WALKER, LORD CLARENCE PAGET defended him, and declared that he would rather take SIR BALDWIN's word than MR. FERRAND's oath. This, of course, was out of order, and we shudder to write it, the awful punishment of Taking the Words Down was menaced, but SIR JOHN PAKINGTON humanely spared the country

the pain of so appalling a spectacle, by inviting LORD CLARENCE to retract. He begged to substitute the strongest words that were Parliamentary. LORD JOHN MANNERS complimented MR. FERRAND on his "pluck and courage," on which MR. BERNAL OSBORNE said, with exceeding good sense and manliness, "that he saw no pluck in abusing an absent man, and could not call that courage which never withdrew an unjust accusation."

LORD HARTINGTON introduced the Army Estimates. The cost of our Army, Madam, this year will be Fourteen Millions, Eight Hundred and Forty Four Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Eight golden sovereigns. If your boy has not behaved well at dinner, make him bring that sum into shillings, and then into pence, and then tell you how many pounds of mutton at tenpence the money would bring. But don't think that we are extravagant, O no! We spent £215,349 more last year, we assure you. Make your obnoxious boy tell you what proportion that vast saving bears to the great sum.

Friday. SIR WILLIAM MILES demanded Government recognition of the exploits of CAPTAIN SPEKE. LORD PALMERSTON admitted them, and made a sort of *vixere fortes* excuse for doing no more. DR. LIVINGSTONE (*Cheers*, and we hope that the gallant missionary is safe, and will read this) had done much in Africa. COUNT STRZELECKI had done much in Australia. He could not make an exceptional recognition. PAM does not often talk red tape, but this was of the rosiest. MR. NEWDEGAL hinted that DR. BEKE thought he had preceded SPEKE. Theoretically, he had.

A very proper tribute was paid to the aged Hebrew gentleman, SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, who has visited the SULTAN of MOROCCO, and has obtained a strong firman, protecting not only Jews but all non-Mahometan subjects of the Sultan from the oppression and cruelty of which we have heard so much.

The Galway job has resulted in the middle that was expected.

MR. GLADSTONE has a Bill for turning Government into an Assurance Office. The plan is for the benefit of the humbler classes, and MR. POTTER and that sort of persons are agitating against it, whence we infer that the Bill is a good one, but we wait for the CHANCELLOR's own explanation thereof.

LORD PALMERSTON, in reference to the Soochow massacre, pleasantly said that all nations had their faults, and those of the Chinese were perfidy and cruelty. He hoped that the rebellion would cease, and the EMPEROR's authority be maintained. Under the circumstances he describes we don't seem to care much about it. Then the sea-doings of the Confederates were discussed, and it appears that Government intends to remonstrate with MR. DAVIS. The awkwardness is that our Remonstrator will probably be caught by the Federals, *en route*. But this might be arranged. The Penal Servitude Bill was debated, and read a Second Time. MR. HARDY commented, with just severity, upon the exceeding mildness of the punishments awarded by some of the Judges, for the most atrocious outrages. We must have a talk to these extra-kind old gentlemen.

A REAL RUFFIAN.

Of all the sensation outrages of the day perhaps this kind of thing is the most outrageous:—

"The up mail train on the North Devon Railway on Monday night had a narrow escape. On arriving about a quarter of a mile beyond Yeoford the driver of the engine saw an obstruction on the line, into which, before speed could be reduced, the train ran. There were one or two severe jolts, but the train passed safely, and was immediately pulled up. The obstruction was found to have been caused by a wooden gate, which had been unhung and placed across the rails, and upon it a heap of large stones had been piled. There was another gate close by across the line."

It turned out that a labourer named GEORGE NOTT had laid these obstructions, and been seized; he admitted his guilt and professed his sorrow. We are happy to say that he is committed for trial, and as the Insane Prisoners Bill will have passed before he gets into the dock, no DR. CRANKEY CRACKER will be able to save him by showing that his grandmother was a little mad, and his maternal uncle was half an idiot. The hideous wickedness of such a crime demands a severer punishment than even a good deal of pain, or else if MR. NOTT were well flogged at each station on the line—and back again—the agricultural mind might receive a desirable impression touching the toleration of Society for such miscreants.

Inquiring Wife to Learned Husband.

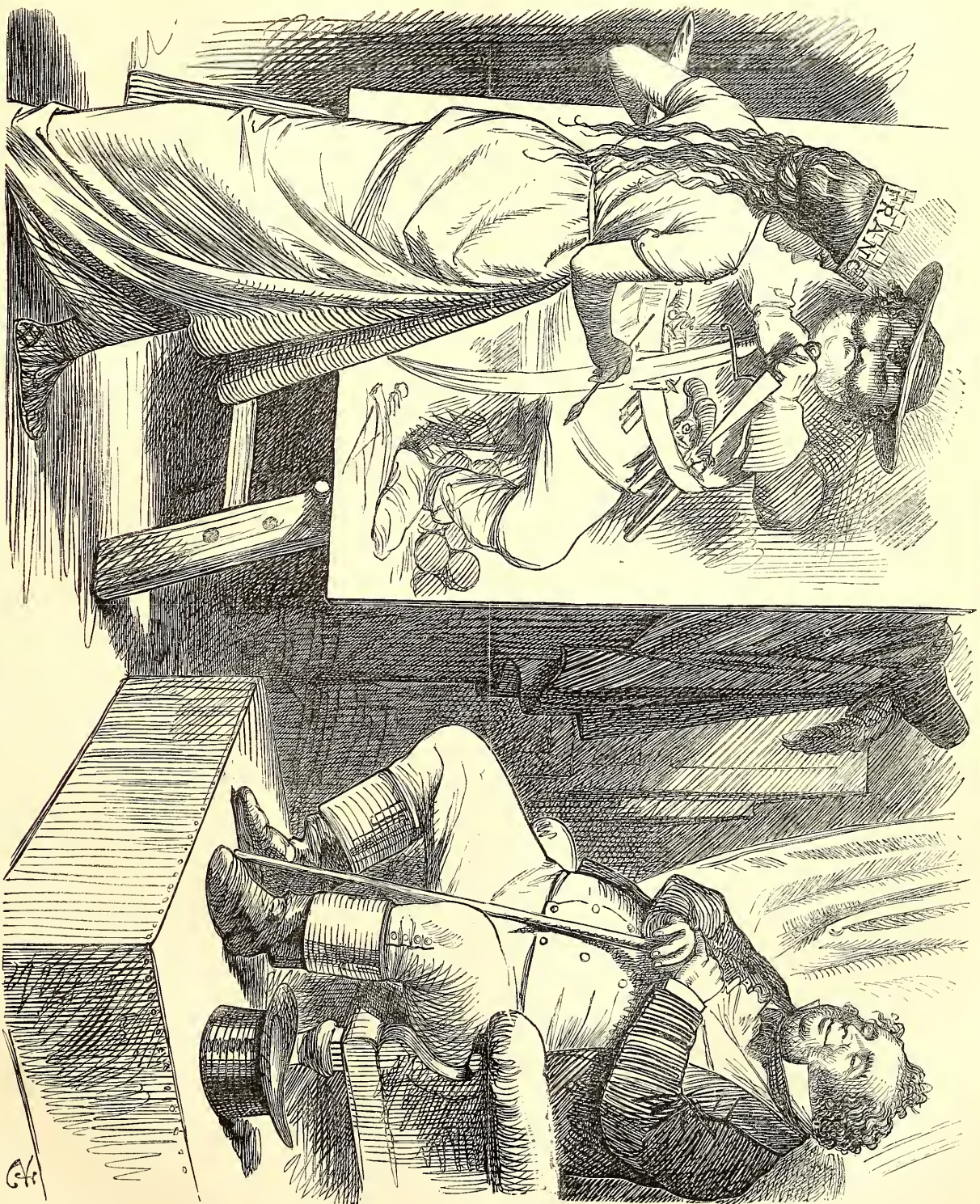
"LEAH's a Hebrew word, like EVE, and ADAM,
But what's its meaning, dear, I've no idea?"
"It means what London never will be, Madam,
Of seeing MISS KATE BATEMAN playing *Leah*."

TRULY GRATIFYING.—MR. SMITH, who has lately subscribed five shillings to the National Shakspearian Fund, wishes his name to appear in print, and here it is.



BARK AND NO BITE.

PAM. "AH, YOU MAY BARK; BUT YOU WON'T FRIGHTEN MY HORSE, OR UNSEAT ME."



ENGLISH ASSASSIN PAINTED BY FRANCE.

M. LE VERREUR. "IT IS ONLY IN ENGLAND THAT MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT ARE FOUND WHO CAN BE ACCUSED, PROOF IN HAND, OF HIRING ASSASSINS."



A COMPLIMENT TO THE NAVY.

From a Sketch taken in Regent Street.

A KNOTTY POINT IN QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH,—You will have seen that “HUMANITAS,” in the *Post*, considers, and very fairly considers, my suggestion that perhaps penal servitude, with the delightful extra of whipping, would be a preventive of murder more effectual than hanging, and accordingly, may be worth a trial. But he deprecates that experiment, and takes exception to the logic of my argument in its behalf. Please to observe, Sir, that my proposition of it is conditional; rests on the supposition of the reality of an apparent fact, which I do not pretend to be cock-sure of. But if that apparent fact is a real one, and no mistake, then I stick to my “argal.” And this is what I say:—

A stop seems to have been put pretty nearly, for the present, to garrotte robberies by the recent Act which punishes them with whipping in addition to penal servitude. Since the enactment of that statute we have heard very little of them. But several murders have occurred between then and now. Is it really the case that the number of murders committed during that interval has exceeded the number of garrotte robberies? For, if so, it looks, at least, as if the cat-o’-nine-tails, super-added to penal servitude has for the criminal more terrors than the other form of hemp. For the murderer, indeed, I may say; because a garrotter is a murderer, in point of guilt, and the law hangs him for one if he chances to kill his victim.

It is an early day, just now, to draw a conclusion which time may refute, but if we go on for some time hanging, whilst murders continue to outnumber garrotte robberies, there will surely be good grounds for concluding that our punishment for garrotte robbery is more effectual than our punishment for murder.

“HUMANITAS” very justly remarks that “Hanging may not be so cruel as penal servitude—real penal servitude, not pampering, with flogging once a week.” But the flogging which has been assigned to garrotte robbery, and seems to check it, is limited, I think, to thrice. Will that, or less than that, do to check murder? As much as will do is enough for every purpose but that of vengeance. One flogging may suffice. Flogging, to the number of fifty lashes, lasts longer than hanging; and there is reason to suppose that it is more painful. Flogging may therefore be more formidable than hanging to some people, and if those are the sort of people who are prone to commit murder, it is better for Society that they should be flogged than hanged.

I fully admit the force of the argument thus put by “HUMANITAS:”—

“It may not, perhaps, be beside the question to ask why, in the case of the

murderer who has destroyed human life, and justly forfeited his own, Society should be burthened with his support for a long term of years?”

This question implies what I have always regarded as the strongest argument for the gallows. It does seem to be hard that Society should have to support a murderer—or, let me add, any other scoundrel. Therefore hang—whom? Any scoundrel, I say, who constitutes himself a nuisance which hanging will abate at the least cost on the whole. Hang burglars, forgers, pickpockets even, if hanging will do this—not otherwise. If there is another punishment which will do this better than hanging, substitute that other punishment. Don’t hang for hanging’s sake; for the mere congruity of hanging to murder, if murder can be better prevented than by hanging. Can it? Appearances indicate that it can. They may require confirmation, but, if they are confirmed, theu, I think, the inexorable logic of facts will coincide with that of your humble servant, really and truly,
IN TERRORUM.

P.S. The violent opponents of capital punishment certainly expose themselves to be taunted with “mawkish sentiment” by its violent advocates. By “mawkish sentiment” the latter disputants appear to mean what the former call the “milk of human kindness.” Cant against cant, *Mr. Punch*. Severity and wrath are as sentimental as love and mercy; and mawkish sentiment on one side may be said to be matched by acrid sentiment on the other. But how can anybody who despises those who object to hanging as milksops, despise the hangman? Why is that officer an object of disgust to any person, if that person approves of his office? Yet some of the steadiest supporters of the gallows shudder at JACK KETCH. On a late occasion they shrank from CALCRAFT; whereas if they regard his function as wholesome, they should have shaken him heartily by the hand.

A SOCIAL POLICE CASE.

BETWEEN Law, Horsewhips, and an improved state of public feeling, certain newspapers which used to live-upon the sale of dirty scandal, and upon hush-mouey paid for suppressing it, have been finally extinguished, and such of the conductors as have not been hanged or transported, have died outcasts. But a new device has just been contrived, whereby the confidence of private life can be violated for the sake of making money. We have not heard that cash has been paid for suppression, but a publication to which *Mr. Punch* is about to refer, owes any success it may have achieved to a shameless outrage against social law. Some large and vulgar-looking pages are issued (we regret to say from the office of a highly respectable newspaper) and on these are printed lithographic facsimile reproductions of letters, many of them antiquated and harmless enough, but others—which are, of course, the feature of the affair—the writing of living persons, who have given no consent to such publication.

In one case a private letter, referring to a very delicate business, was procured from a collector of autographs, on the solemn promise that nothing but the concluding words of form and the signature should be copied. The letter was reproduced in full, and a painful subject is revived, years after it had been forgotten. Other letters have been indignantly rescued from the clutches of the person who had obtained possession of them; but it is, of course, impossible to say whose private confidence may next be sold for sixpence.

This sort of thing is far more objectionable than the old scandal-publishing, because everybody knew that the editors of the dirty journals were scoundrels, and everybody valued their tales accordingly. But a man or woman’s own handwriting is evidence of the authenticity of the publication. Old thoughts, opinions perhaps hastily formed and hastily expressed, and since abandoned, private feelings, forgiven offences, regretted animosities—what may not be disinterred, and given to the public, for whom the confidence was never intended?

The system must be stopped, and *Mr. Punch* intends to do his best to stop it. He has ample means of doing so in the manner most damaging to the parties concerned. But he prefers giving a first *avertissement*, and begs to announce that if he hears of another publication of a private letter, without leave from the writer, or his family, the reprisal will not be to the advantage of the offending parties, “which their names is not unbeknown,” to quote MRS. HARRIS.

“Importing Denmark’s Health and England’s too.”

THERE is a subscription on foot (though it is a beggar we should like to see on horseback, if that would make it get on faster) for sending money to the Danes who have been wounded by the German burglars. *Mr. Punch* heartily commends it to the notice of all who have money to spare. We rather wish that it had been introduced to the public by somebody else than the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, because, as SHAKESPEARE elegantly says, he is more an Antique Rum’un than a Dane, and therefore we re-introduce it ourselves. Money to be sent to the LORD MAYOR, Mansion House, E.C., and money will make the MAYOR go joyfully to the bankers.



Picture Dealer. "HUNDRED GUINEAS! NONSENSE, 50 YOU MEAN, AN' AS TO GUINEAS I ALWAYS CALL 'EM POUNDS; SAY THE WORD—HERE'S MY BILL AT SIX MONTHS!"

THE MONKEYS OF ST. BENEDICT.

THE essential sameness of Man with the Gorilla has lately been urged with much vehemence by some gentlemen who perhaps in their own persons afford the strongest proofs of it. A plausible argument in its favour, however, may be adduced in the behaviour of that eccentric creature called Brother IGNATIUS, which is highly simious. This ecclesiastical oddity is said to be now performing his monkey's tricks at Norwich, where he, and some companions of his own breed, have set up an establishment, in which they imitate monks. It is called the "Priory of Sts. Mary and Dunstan," which of course one would, *a priori*, take to be a Roman Catholic institution. Its inmates style themselves friars of the "English Order of St. Benedict;" and a blessed lot they appear to be. In the *Times* we read that:—

"Although the weather has been extremely inclement this month, Brother IGNATIUS sits in a room without a fire, goes bareheaded, and traverses muddy and snow covered streets with feet protected by rough sandals only. In fact every possible austerity is practised by him and the brethren, who have received a few additions to their order of late."

By this account it would seem that, if these mimics do not beat real monks, they whip themselves, or perhaps one another. Really these proceedings are much the sort of conduct that might be expected of a rather superior kind of anthropoid apes. If Brother IGNATIUS were at Rome, he would be doing as the Romans do; but what would be his reward? The POPE, perhaps, would not have him put into a cage and exhibited, or send him about with an organ-grinder to display his imitative powers on a table. But Brother IGNATIUS, if he persisted in aping the Regular Clergy, would very likely get shut up by the Inquisition.

The formation of a sham Nunnery at Norwich has been contemplated, and is only impeded by lack of funds. Should it be established, let us hope that the game of Monks and Nuns will end by the former marrying the latter, and thus, in the state of conjugal blessedness, constituting what is the only genuine English Order of St. Benedict.

THE LAY OF DON FERRANDO.

DON FERRANDO WHISKERANDOS is a stout and stalwart knight, Woe be to the recreant Whigling meets his trenchant blade in fight: Mounted on his great war-hobby, barded all in brass of proof, Trampling faets and crushing figures underneath his iron hoof, Rides this fearsome DON FERRANDO, first a word and then a blow, Seeking Ogres, setting Giants up that he may lay them low!

DON FERRANDO never stayeth, whatsoever he cometh to— Yawning gulfs of logic leapeth, truth's resistful bars breaks through, Spurneth breeding's flimsy barriers, into fluiders till they fly, Ridicule's sharp caltrops braveth, and gives laughter the go-by. Mail of argument he wears not, point of polished fence he scorns, Of the awfulest dilemma, rushes, fearless, ou the horns!

Let the English sing the praises of St. George, the worm that slew,
Let the Irish to the *clair-sach* chaunt Milesian BORO;
Let the Cymraeg, in their Triads summon ARTHUR from his cave;
Let the Scot for WALLACE wight bid AYTOUN rhyme and BLACKIE rave;

But let Britain's House of Commons in its DON FERRANDO still
Boast knight-errant more adventurours, bolder front, and blinder will!

If St. George destroyed the dragou, what's such deed of derring-do?
DON FERRANDO, when he'd killed the dragon, would have eat him too!
If BOROIHME, that mighty monarch, at Clontarf defied the Dane,
DON FERRANDO thrice has routed all his foes—thrice slain the slain.
If KING ARTHUR braved the Raven, and the Saxon crests laid flat,
Hath not DON FERRANDO smitten CAPTAIN ROBINSON'S cocked hat?
If wight WALLACE wielded falcion, whereof uoue might brook the blow,

What was WALLACE's long broadsword to FERRANDO's longer bow?

With a blare of brazen trumpets and a roll of hollow drums,
Such his pluck, he runs a-muck at all, and oft a "mucker" comes.
Be it Cottou-Lords or Poor Laws, Whiggish Admiralty's wrong,
Or the Charity Commission, into them he goes ding-dong.
Now *non-sequiturs* he dodgeth, cleaveth now *negaturs* through,
If he miss a PAM to fight with, what of that? A BOASE will do!

Like the Knights of the Round Table, DON FERRANDO hath his quest,
'Twas the Holy-Grail they sought for, he still seeketh the mare's nest,
When the great mare's uest he findeth, 'tis a glorious sight to see,
How left and right the addled eggs he flingeth round him furiously,
Since *Don Qui-vote* slit the wine-skins and the windmills' arms defied,
Ne'er was Knight like DON FERRANDO, of fair Devonport the pride!

DEGRADATION OF THE FRANCHISE.

To MR. PUNCH.

SIR,

THOUGH a working-man, I am not a bigoted Tory. On the contrary, I wish that with proper restrictions, the franchise should be extended to all respectable persons, provided that they give evidence of good sense enough to follow the example of their betters in the exercise of their right of voting.

But, Sir, the line must be drawn somewhere, and our glorious Constitution must not be impaired by mock liberalism.

I observe with regret that the Irish Peers are so far unmindful of their station as to be agitating for an extension of the franchise by which they elect representatives, and I am grieved to see that the leading journal, usually the exponent of the feelings of the respectable part of the population, is giving prominence to the complaints of these unwise aspirants to the suffrage.

Education, Sir, should precede political privileges, and I see nothing in the attainments or abilities of the Irish Peers to justify the proposed degradation of the suffrage. I am aware that there are some honourable exceptions to the rule, but I must protest, in the name of our venerated Constitution, against the conferring the suffrage upon a class that does not appear to me fit to be entrusted with political power. We must not open the flood-gates, nor break the dams that have made our nation what it is, the envy of the world and the cynosure of surrounding peoples.

Hoping that you will employ your powerful pen in resisting revolutionary efforts like those of the misguided Irish Peers, I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Carpenters' Arms.

A SKILLED MECHANIC.

QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.—"What the Government required," said the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, in moving the Army Estimates, "was a perfect mode of rifling." Haven't they got the Income-Tax?



Volunteer Captain. "MY LORD, ALLOW ME; LET ME INTRODUCE TO YOU No. 450, 2ND BATTALION, LORD KILKOVEY, LORD KILKOVEY, No. 450, 2ND BATTALION."
 [And little Private Tufton, who had been everlastingly boring his Captain to introduce him to his Colonel, LORD K., was intensely affronted and left the service.]

SHUTTING UP OUR SUNDAYS.

AMONG the score or so of deputations that daily pester poor LORD PALMERSTON, there was one the other day composed of carpenters and painters, and people of that sort, who have to get their living by their skill in handiwork, and who requested that his Lordship would kindly stand their friend in the matter of promoting healthy Sunday recreation. It appears some pious persons are doing all they can to make people hate Sunday, by keeping them within doors, or else forcing them to church. The deputation represented that Sunday was the only day on which a great part of the Nation could go and see the pictures which happen to belong to it; and they thought if British workmen were allowed on Sunday afternoons to see the paintings in Trafalgar Square and the statues in Great Russell Street, their minds would not be harmed thereby but sensibly improved, and they would be the better able to compete with foreign workmen in the matter of skilled taste. LORD PALMERSTON, replying with less truthfulness than tact, declared that British works were not inferior to foreign in design or manufacture, and with regard to throwing open the Museum and the Gallery:—

"With respect to the object of the deputation, he believed his opinions were pretty well known—(hear, hear)—but he must remind them that there was a very strong feeling the other way. He thought the most prudent course to pursue at present was to remain passive until public opinion was brought round to the object in view, and in the meantime he advised them to inculcate their opinions, and thus hasten on the accomplishment of their desire."

Very good, LORD PALMERSTON. Then the way to get what is wanted is to get the matter talked about, and the way to get things talked about is to mention them in *Punch*. If your Lordship's opinions about Sunday are "well known," so too are *Mr. Punch's*, which happen to agree with them. *Mr. Punch*, however, cannot "remain passive," as you tell the working men to do, and see them robbed of Sunday by the Sabbatarian fanatics, without feeling his fingers itch to take his cudgel up and lay about him lustily. The fanatics once tried to rob the poor man of his Sunday beer, but *Mr. Punch* stepped up in time to stop their brutal act. No doubt the fanatics would like to rob the poor man

IDLE HANDS.

THE Poet who was not for an age, but as you are aware for all time, it is needless to say that I allude to Dr. WATTS, has well said, that a certain person, who shall be described as Blank,

"Finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Often has it been my duty to inculcate this upon my listless twins, HARRY and TOMMY, who pass their days in assisting one another to do nothing. They number nine years between them. They are too young to be sent to school, and too precocious to remain any longer at home. In casting about for some method of disposing of these two little men, short of dealing with them after the manner of the cruel uncle with the Babes in the Wood, my eye fell upon the following advertisement:—

WANTED, a YOUTH used to CUTTING UP Note and Letter Papers. Apply, &c.

Now this sort of employment would exactly suit these children; yes, as the Ethiopian melodists have sung:—

"It zackly suits dis Child!"

They're always getting into my Study and playing Young HARRY and TOMMY with any of my most important papers that may happen to come within their reach.

If the Advertiser would only adopt as a heading 'Wanted a few Mischievous Boys,' he would soon be fitted with such a supply of the article as would not leave a single sheet of note or letter-paper whole upon his table.

News from Brazil.

By the latest Brazil and River Plate Mails (March 5), we have received the following melancholy Musical Intelligence:—

"Common Bones Dull."

WE should like to know how the Tambourine is? and will our interested readers unite in kind inquiries after the general efficiency of the Banjo and Accordion. Why does not the Uncommon Bones from the genuine CHRISTY'S Minstrels emigrate, and enliven the Brazilians. If the 'Common Bones' is dull, he'd better leave, as he won't have much chance of making a Lively-hood.

altogether of his liberty on Sunday, but *Mr. Punch* will not keep passive, while they attempt to do so. If the fanatics had their own way, nobody would be allowed to leave his house on Sunday except to go to church, and his regular attendance there they would compel by the Police. Pious people, who are rich of course, can stay at home and see their pictures on a Sunday: but to throw open a gallery for the pleasure of poor people, would be such desecration of the Sabbath as all proper minds must shrink from and indignantly condemn.

If it be found sinful to improve one's mind on Sunday, by all means let Museums and such places remain closed. But till the sinfulness is shown him, *Mr. Punch* will not believe in it: nor will he "remain passive" while the sinfulness, as he thinks, is wickedly assumed. A man who works hard for six days at a monotonous employment needs in some way recreation as well as rest upon the seventh, and looking at good pictures is as innocent a pleasure as well can be devised for him. By a *reductio ad absurdum* the truth is often to be reached. If it be wrong to see such things as TURNER'S landscapes on a Sunday, it may fairly be contended that it must be likewise wrong to see the fields and trees and sunshine which TURNER loved to paint. For the mere sake of consistency, the people who keep shut our picture galleries on Sunday should endeavour to do something towards keeping Nature's pictures also from the public sight. The Universal Nature Sunday Closing Movement would find doubtless many fanatics quite ready to support it; and if it be found difficult to prevent the flowers from blooming and the sun from shining on the first day of the week, at least a trial might be made, by multiplying the police, to keep people in their houses except during church-time, and to make them all walk blindfold when they went to church.

TO AGRICULTURISTS.—In consequence of 1864 being Leap year, we may be sure it will go off with a good Spring.

MOTTO FOR THE ECONOMICALLY-MINDED MEMBERS OF OPPOSITION.—*C'est le PREMIER PAM qui coûte.*

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

UNDER the above heading, I engaged to furnish you (at least I think it was you, for my memory is so unfortunately treacherous, that I can scarcely carry anything in my head for more than two consecutive hours) with a summary of the most interesting Home and Foreign Intelligence. In setting my correspondence before the public you will be, I have no doubt, greatly taken with my peculiarly abrupt style; this, if you will, you may attribute to my intense admiration of the works of DOCTOR LAURENCE STERNE: and, if you will not, then you must be good enough to consider that (At this moment the servant has just come in to ask me if I dine at home to-day) I take up my pen again: I find that I have lost the thread of my narrative: stay, it was not a narrative, no, allow me. I will just read over what I have already written. To resume; you must be good enough to consider, that for a man gifted with such a short memory as myself (I make no boast of my powers) to carry all the news of the world in his head is almost an impossibility. Besides the work that I am doing for you, I have also in hand a Treatise on Algebra, an historical novel of the LORENZO DE' MEDICI period, a plot or two for farces, a tragedy, and other lighter pieces; a complete refutation of the Gnostic heresy, a new song for a soprano, and a Treatise upon the Potteries of Peru, considered with regard to DR. COLENSO'S theory of Mosaics, and a few other papers for various magazines, entering fully into the political aspect of the leading theological problems of the day.

Of course you edit all the matter sent in very carefully, so if you should find among my contributions to your paper, any MSS. of mine touching upon any of the above subjects, would you kindly send them back to me, as they are sure to be of the utmost importance to

Yours very truly, MATTHEW MUDDLE.

P.S. The housemaid has been what she calls "setting my room to rights," an operation which has thrown all my papers into the neatest possible confusion. I haven't time to look over the parcel, but I can't help thinking that I've sent with those intended for your periodical a sheet or two of the Historical Novel, or the Gnostic Heresy, or the Algebraic Treatise, or something. Please return them immediately. M. M.

* * Our Muddleheaded correspondent's letter was in type before we had time to sort his papers. As this has led to some slight confusion, we beg that in future his contribution may be sent earlier in the week.—Ed.

Chit-chat and General News.—During the past week the Serpentine, froze from end to end, has presented a gay and festive appearance. Skaters cutting figures of eights and nines might have been seen . . . No; by the way that was the week before, or the one previous to that; at least I fancy there must have been ice somewhere about that time, as I recollect a little boy saying to me—a dirty little street-boy saying to me, such a capital thing, really sharp and clever as those little fellows do sometimes, about . . . dear me! how very strange, I had it on the very tip of my pen just now—well, I dare say it will soon come back, and 'tis just as good whether told sooner or later.

The Prussian question has been of course in everybody's mouth, I mean the Danish question, or German, or—you know all about it.

In a private letter from abroad, I hear that the Italian plot in Paris against the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, was organised by BERNARDO NARDI, one of the Florentine citizens who had been exiled from his country in the time of PIETRO DE' MEDICI, accompanied by about a hundred of his partisans, surprised the Gate of Prato on the 6th of April, 1470. In the same year, namely, 1476, another conspiracy was formed against GALEAZZO SPORZA, under the leadership of MAZZINI, who, however, as we have read in the *Times*, disavows all complicity in the affair. The theatres are all doing well, and the opera of *She Stoops to Conquer* shows that a man like Mr. —, I forget the composer's name; but I think he is some relation of that eminent comedian, MR. FARREN. Well, I was going to say, that this play proves that the text of SHAKSPEARE has suffered from the witless introduction of vain, unthinking actors. And, if the theatres were only made more comfortable, so that one should not be cooped up in a little-ease of a stall, or tortured in a seat of the dress circle, why, there can be no doubt that JEREMY TAYLOR, SHERLOCK, and other divines, who interpret this passage in a sense totally contrary to that attributed to it by DOCTORS TITTMAN, BEVERIDGE, and even the great SAINT HERONYMUS himself, were unable to obtain a sight of the original Chaldaic version, and have, therefore, made a fierce attack upon TERTULLIAN, who clearly says, as I see by the advertisements, that the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, is closed, and so there is one popular place of amusement the less in town. I suppose the ascending-room will be sent to one of the new grand hotels for the convenience of the lodgers in the attics—seventeen storeys above the level of the street. There is to be a Volunteer Review, I forget where; but some one informed me of the fact the other day, so you may depend upon my information, [*Slow music—the Ghost suddenly rises through trap in c.* EVELINA shrieks.

Evelina. Horror!

1st Ruffian (behind the Arras). Thine hour hast come.

[*Struggles inside the Arras with somebody.*
2nd Ruffian (on the House-top—real practicable roof). Hilli ho!

Conspirator (in the dark on horseback, L. H.). Nay then—

[*Chorus of Nuns heard in the distance chanting.*

Chorus. We will not return to our Homes

Until The Break of Day.

[*Malastrappo the Malicious rushes in furiously.*

Malastrappo. I have longed for this day! My triumph is at hand, I will never yield as long as the Greatest Common Measure of Algebraical Monomials and of Compound Quantities, which can easily be expressed in the form of Monomials, can be found by inspection: for example, the G. C. M. of $6a^2xy$ and $9ax^3y$ is $3axy$; and the process by which this result is obtained will be found at the end of the book, appendix, p. ix.

At the same time, I must say that for my own part I do not believe the story now current about * * * * dear me! * * * a well-known name * * * However, I'll try and remember who told it me, and then I dare say, if I recollect it afterwards . . . there, I had it at that moment, only the boisterous servant came in to say that luncheon was ready. However, I'll think it over, and let you have the particulars in my next. By the way, you must not depend upon me regularly, but leave a space for my contribution every week, and if I remember it . . . let me see, are you a daily, a weekly or a monthly publication? If I think of you, I'll send it. Or, I tell you what you might do, so as to ensure the article—no, never mind, it's better as it is.

P.S. I re-open this to say, that if there is any difficulty you might easily manage to—ah, well! I don't think that would do; but we'll see—and if you think it is feasible But that's a matter entirely for your consideration.

P.S. (No. 2.) I've called back the boy to add a line. A piece of intelligence has just been brought to me about Russia: you'll be beforehand with all the papers. You must know, then, that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has at last most annoying! Some one came in to ask for an envelope . . . and it has all gone out of my head. Next week will do.

P.S. (No. 3.) I re-open this to say that . . . no, I can't recollect it.

FABLES FROM THE FRENCH.

THE old story that we English sell our wives in Smithfield, and live on raw beef steaks, doubtless still continues to be prevalent in France. Electric telegraphs and steam-boats have apparently done little for our friends across the Channel in the matter of improving their acquaintance with Great Britain, and enlightening their ignorance of us and our affairs. Here for instance is a statement which our friends have doubtless generally accepted as a truth: we quote it from the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who is speaking of an article by a French dramatic critic which has recently appeared:—

"As an instance of how perfectly English Society is understood by French writers, I must tell you that I read in this same article that at the 'French play' in London, the laughter follows some minutes after the joke, as the English cannot see the point till they have looked in the dictionary."

We almost wonder that the Frenchman did not proceed to say that, to save our swells the trouble of looking in their dictionaries, a number of interpreters were always kept in readiness, and were let out just like opera-glasses at half-a-crown a night. And he might as well have added that the actors all stopped speaking after every speech, until it had been properly translated to the audience. How such pauses would improve the effect of a stage dialogue it were needless to assert; but the assertion might as well be made by a French writer, as being for its truthfulness a fit sequel to the statement that we quote above.

Again, here is another still more startling tale about us, which we cite from that surprising newspaper *Le Sport*:—

"There are from 3,000 to 4,000 ballet-girls in London, and a purveyor of eccentricities (*un entrepreneur d'eccentricités*) is contemplating an arrangement with the Palace of Crystal for an exhibition, at which a magnificent prize will be adjudged to the fairest."

A show of babies might perhaps be permitted here in England, but he would be a bold man who would venture to suggest that we should have a show of ballet-girls. How would highly proper Clapham denounce the dire suggestion! What immense cascades of virtuous indignation would be spouted at the bare idea of such an exhibition! What tremendous force of evidence would every British husband have to bring to prove an alibi, were he accused at home of having gone to such a show! Besides, where is the man brave enough to inspect four thousand ballet-girls and decide which is the prettiest and should bear away the prize? Paris, we suspect, had a rather scurry time of it with Juno and Minerva, after he awarded the apple to Miss Venus. But the judge who should preside at the show which *Le Sport* speaks of would have four thousand (barring one) offended deities to pacify, and, we repeat, where is the Paris who would undertake the part?



Volunteer Captain (who has, by accident, tumbled into his right place for the first time.) "HULLO! HERE, GOOD GRACIOUS, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? AS Y' WERE! MARK TIME! WHERE AM I!!!"

CANARDS.

SOME of the French Papers we find, upon the authority of an English weekly contemporary, have been filling up their "valuable space" with short paragraphs of the most startling penny-a-lining description. Anecdotes of oysters which have leaped furiously upon their aggressors, are among the mildest of these marvellous accounts. We present the following to the notice of any Parisian Editor whose eye they may catch, and we do not hereby reserve the right of translation.

The Musical Fish.—A well-known Naturalist residing in Rue de M — fancying that he heard a sweet musical voice singing portions of MOZART'S "Twelfth" in his kitchen, descended to the lower regions for the purpose of ascertaining to whom among the domestics this enchanting organ belonged. There was no one below-stairs; but on the dresser was sitting a red herring, recently purchased, from whose mouth proceeded the most dulcet strains. The fish did not notice his approach, being entirely wrapped up in a piece of music-paper, containing, as it appears, that portion of the great composer's works which he had just been practising.

A Lady in the neighbourhood of Billingsgate was the other day engaged in the delightfully refreshing pastime of picking periwinkles out of their native shells by the ingenious method of applying a pin. One of the creatures becoming furious at this intrusion upon his domain, flew wildly at his tormentor, and bit her savagely on the lower jaw. Assistance was speedily obtained, but not before the ferocious fish, (there is no doubt now but that it was quite mad), had left its marks on the legs and arms of two other ladies who had been similarly occupied. It was subsequently conducted before the Magistrate at Thames Street, who happening to be taking his tea at that hour, immediately eat it.

Danger of Eating Hard-boiled Eggs. Fearful Tragedy.—The other morning as MR. MIVINS was sitting down to breakfast, he espied an hard-boiled egg on the table. On gently attempting to crack its shell with his spoon, the egg leaped up and hit him so violently between the eyes as to cause internal hemorrhage of the triclinal cord. A little boy happening to be looking in at the window, immediately alarmed the neighbourhood with loud cries of "Ah! Balloon! Ah Bal-loon!" Before, however, medical assistance could be procured, the unfortunate

gentleman fell a victim to his misplaced confidence. He was taken in a cab to St. Paul's, where, after paying something over the usual fare, he was interred with one solemnity. While the organ pealed forth its grand farewell, there was scarcely a dry eye anywhere for miles round. The festivities were not concluded until a late hour, and all returned home thoroughly satisfied with the efforts made for their amusement.

TERCENTENARY.

PLEASE, MR. PUNCH,

How ought any one to pronounce this Tercentenary word? Is it Ter-cēntēnāry? Or is it thus,—

SHAKSPEARE'S Plays with beautiful scenery
We shall behold at the Tercentenary?

Or is it thus,—

MR. PHELPS, in the *Fourth King Henry*,
Acts for the sake of the Tercentenary?

Tell us, like an authority as you are, and receive the thanks of
A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UPPER (CLAPTON) CLASSES.

** Ask MR. HEPWORTH DIXON, or any of the Hon. Little Secs.

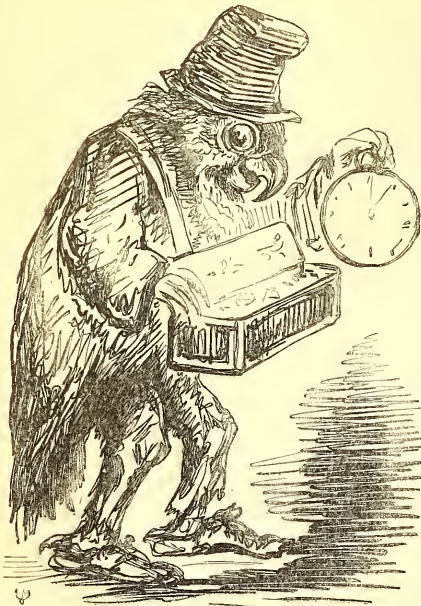
To Ecclesiastical Correspondents.

In Verger Clad.—No. A Centenarian is not necessarily a heretic. *A Brompton Beadle.*—Wrong again. We never heard of any body of religionists called Roman Candlesticks. Consult WATER-BABY CHARLES, Professor of History.

Max Muddle writes to know to what gender does a Sexton belong? Is the Creature a Male-sexton or a Soft-sexton?

Scrupulous Sam.—Of course you can get a death and burial certificate for yourself; in fact, neither proceeding is legal, at least in England, without it.

GROSS IGNORANCE OF HEBREW.



can be excited, in any well-regulated mind by the statement that:—

“CHARLES EVANS, aged 29, was charged with burglary at the Jews’ Synagogue, Great Prescott Street, Whitechapel, and stealing from “the Ark” five scrolls of parchment, containing the five books of MOSES (Pentateuch), valued at £60 or £70.”

This was simply a grave charge of violating the sanctity of a place of worship, and stealing property appraised at a very serious sum, and perhaps worth much more. What would not BISHOP COLENSO, or indeed any other Bishop understanding Hebrew, and wishing to know all that he ought to know, give for an authentic MS. of the Pentateuch? But it appears that the gentleman accused of taking Mosaic articles from the Great Prescott Street Synagogue, conveyed them to the wrong market; and herein lies what will perhaps be regarded as the fun of this otherwise merely disgraceful affair. To resume the report thereof:—

“NATHAN ABRAHAMS, reader at the Synagogue, locked up the Chapel at six o’clock on Wednesday evening, and on going there the following morning he found the back window open, and that the five parchment scrolls had been removed from the Ark. They were bound with silk, and covered with silk mantles, and there was an ivory pointer on the scrolls used in reading the Hebrew. He identified the silk and pointer produced as those belonging to the scrolls.”

The testimony of NATHAN only went to the disappearance of the Pentateuch from the Ark. But then:—

“EMMANUEL ABRAHAMS, of Cable Street, said he purchased the silk and ivory pointer of the prisoner between twelve and one o’clock on Thursday for 2s. 2d. There were three pieces of blue silk, three pieces of ribbon, and six pieces of yellow silk.”

No one, surely, but a man far too innocent to be a thief would have taken such property for sale to the shop of MR. ABRAHAMS, who proceeded to state what the accused must clearly have been ignorant of, namely, that:—

“He was a Jew, and had seen ivory pointers like that at Jews’ Synagogues, but he did not know what they were till a neighbour, named ROSENBERG, told him. About an hour after, a man came from the Synagogue, and he produced the things which were afterwards delivered to the police. That morning he was sent for to the Synagogue, and on his way home he called at a coffee-shop and saw prisoner, and gave him into custody.”

What an absurdly simple fellow the alleged thief with a Christian name must have been if he actually went to dispose of the appurtenances of a stolen Hebrew Pentateuch to the repository of a Hebrew merchant! Of course the Synagogue knew where to send for them. To carry them there was just walking into the lion’s mouth. It is rather strange that this view was not exactly that taken by the presiding Magistrate; so that:—

“MR. PARTRIDGE expressed his disgust that a Jew attending Synagogue should have bought such articles, and said he should not allow the witness his expenses.”

It must be allowed, however, that the light in which the case thus presented itself, in relation to the witness, certainly does in some degree coincide with that in which it was represented by the accused:—

“Prisoner said he bought the things of a man in Petticoat Lane for 2s., and that

he had been told by EMMANUEL ABRAHAMS to bring him property at any time, whether he obtained it right or wrong.”

If MR. PARTRIDGE credited the latter of these assertions, he disbelieved the former; as he committed the prisoner for trial. But those who adopt what we may suppose to have been the Magistrate’s opinion on both of those points will not fail to recognise, in the abstraction of a Pentateuch from an Ark in a Synagogue, and the conveyance of its furniture to such an establishment as that of MR. ABRAHAMS, a striking proof of the connection between deficient education and crime. Any but a very ignorant fellow would have known that, whatever might be the rule at that emporium, there were some exceptions, and that these would at least include the goods of the Synagogue.

BUMBLEDOM’S OLD BOGIE.

THERE is an old Bogie that’s kept in the dark,
To be brought out on every occasion,
When a useful improvement awakens the bark
Of BUMBLE, great guardian of Vestrydom’s Ark,
And the name of it’s CENTRALISATION.
“Oh, take care of CENTRALISATION!
It’s an awful thing, CENTRALISATION!
What it is we won’t say,
But we’ll earnestly pray,
Preserve us from CENTRALISATION!”

When some long-standing brazen-faced job to uphold
Vested interests no longer are able,
And a zealous Reformer, or Minister bold
Takes the bull by the horns, out this Bogie is rolled
From under the vestry-room table.
“He’s on us, is CENTRALISATION!
Police! Here comes CENTRALISATION!—
He wears wooden shoes,
And eats frogs and ragouts,
And will, straight, make *Mossoos* of the nation!”

Of their ill-gotten gains would you squeeze some fat board,
That has battened on snug peculation?
From publicity’s bull’s-eye throw light on the hoard
Where the gains of some ancient Trusteeship are stored,
Or the spoils of some grey corporation?
“To the rescue! Here’s CENTRALISATION!
Thieves! Robbery! Wrong! Confiscation!
JOHN BULL’s common-weal
The Palladium they’d steal,
With the jenny of CENTRALISATION!”

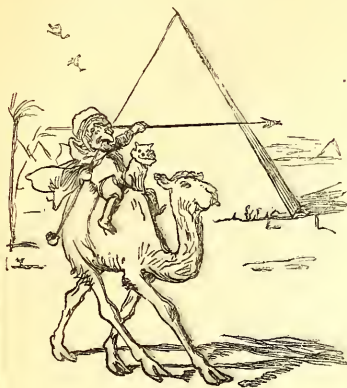
When BUMBLEDOM, big in belligerent pride,
Hands Paup’rism o’er to starvation,
Or has lifted its heel to spurn Misery aside
With so hearty a kick, that Gaunt Misery has died,
(As it will do, for sheer aggravation),
Inquiry is CENTRALISATION!
The Poor-Law Board—CENTRALISATION!
BUMBLE scorns their Inspectors—
They’re bullies and Hectors,
And minions of CENTRALISATION!

Is a sewer to be made, a foul trade to be stopped
In full swing of its fragrant vocation?
Some plague-smitten court to be drained, sluiced, and mopped?
Some fever-nest purified, upas-free lopped,
Whose shadow is death’s ambush-station?
“Hands off with your CENTRALISATION!
Saws and axes are CENTRALISATION!
Better, self-governed still,
Leave the fever to kill,
Than the door ope to CENTRALISATION!”

Now, when GLADSTONE brings thrift to each working bee’s cell,
To guard toil’s savings against spoliation,
Offers help that for age labour’s nest-egg may swell,
From roguery of rogues, and fool’s folly as well
Guaranteed by the faith of the nation—
Cry the Clubs (at paid agents’ dictation)
“Give us risk and no CENTRALISATION!
Let Self Government rash
Wind up, spend, sot, or smash,
But don’t save us by CENTRALISATION!”

PUGILISTIC GEOMETRY.—How many squares make a round?

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



But the drama has a cat's vitality about it, and, though continually talked of as going to the dogs, it somehow always manages to retrace its steps.

Another old play has been recently revived at the Princess's, and one almost as difficult as *Manfred* to be played. Were SHAKSPEARE living now, I fear his *Comedy of Errors*, if critically spoken of, would be condemned as a mere farce. Although dramatic critics now-a-days are too much prone to write on rose-leaves with a dove's-quill dipped in treacle, I apprehend that such a "comedy" would at least be mildly censured as much overstrained in humour and improbable in plot: and MR. SHAKSPEARE might be gently recommended for the future to confine himself to tragedy, and not to show his versatility by failures of this sort. However, a judicious application of the pruning knife has, by MR. VINING's counsel, cut the five acts down to one; and so the farcical construction of the play is not so censurable, now it is reduced to the proportions of a farce. The two *Dramios* are acted by two brothers, surnamed WEBB, who in face and voice and person are so closely like each other that one is really apt to wonder how they know who's who, or which of them is which. People who are fond of being puzzled and bewildered should go to the Princess's, and try and guess which brother is before them in each scene. If they did so I think nine times out of ten they would guess wrongly, and the errors of the Comedy would fairly be exceeded by the errors of the audience.

No doubt you have observed that, with other noble swells, *Lord Dundreary* has returned to his Town house for the Season. A writer in the *Reader* informs me, that his Lordship, on the evening he came back to us, "was welcomed by a crammed and enthusiastic audience." I wonder, had they all been dining at the Mansion House, and there been surfeited with turtle and stuffed with salmon, venison, iced punch and champagne, and all the other dainties wherewith Lord Mayors cram their guests. A crammed house I have heard of, but it is quite a novelty to hear of a crammed audience, and I thank thee, gentle *Reader*, for saying something new. By the bye, I wish his Lordship would give up his silly tricks of stumbling against people and tumbling into ladies' laps. He excites enough of laughter without stooping to such clownisms, which, though they may please the gallery, offend the stalls and boxes, and are excrescences quite foreign to the nature and the humour and refinement of the part. One looks for gag and claptrap tricks from actors who have not the brains to win applause without them; but MR. SOTHERN is too clever to require such stage appliances, and he should not forget that *Lord Dundreary* is a gentleman, and that the faintest smack of coarseness is as much out of his character as it would be for a sailor to walk out in top-boots.

At billiards only two are enough to play the Pyramid; but at the Gallery of Illustration three players are required for it, and their varied style of playing is really worth a look. It is natural of course to find Reeds by the Nile, and, if the scenery be as tempting there as MR. TELBIN paints it, one can't wonder MR. PARRY, who is intensely fond of sketching, should be found there also. What smart dresses they all wear, and what smart sayings they all say, your imaginative readers may think they can conceive; but I fancy if they pay a visit to the Gallery they will own that their conceptions fall short of the facts. Some cynics growl and snarl at entertainments like the *Pyramid*, on the ground that, being judged from a dramatic point of view, there is too much talking in them, and too little plot and action. But to find fault with entertainments because they are not plays, is pretty much as sensible as complaining of plum pudding for not being roast beef. The *Pyramid* has plenty of good writing for its base, and I doubt not, will stand firm on it for many a month to come. The only fault I find with it, is, that a piano appears upon the stage in MR. PARRY's presence, and somehow MR. PARRY escapes having to sit down to it. However, after the piano has been brought home from the Pyramid, the charming

MABLE PUNCH,—When LORD BYRON wrote *Manfred*, he rather plumed himself upon the notion that he had written something that nobody could act. But his Lordship was mistaken, as MR. PHELPS has shown, and Drury Lane is crowded nightly by people who applaud with fair discrimination his fine reading of the part. After all, you see, good poetry has still a hold upon the public, in spite of the sensation stuff wherewith they have been dosed. An awkward fact is this for croakers who complain of the degeneracy of the age, and the downfall of the drama, which every dozen years or so is said to be extinct.

Mrs. Roseleaf gives her little evening party with it, and the efforts of her friends, *Mr. Yeanay* and *Miss Gushington*, together with the stolid man who thumps out the quadrilles, quite make up for any musical shortcomings in the *Pyramid* itself.

One of the critics, we observe, was kind enough to discover a new merit in the *Pyramid*. He stated that it was the author's first dramatic attempt. We do not know whether the theatrical profession rubs its eyes, in private life, when exceedingly surprised, but if so, we can imagine MRS. KEELEY, MRS. STIRLING, MR. WIGAN, MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, MR. WEBSTER, and a distinguished circle of brother and sister artists performing that feat, on reading the above intelligence. Indeed we know that one of them was so excited at the information as to break into epigram, and say, "Well, the *Standard*-bearer may keep the Minstrel's watch, but does not keep his own upon the stage." But criticism is an art of a peculiar character.

ONE WHO PAYS.

PERIL OF PETTY TYRANNY.

THE rational Members of the House of Commons who are concerned to preserve personal liberty from the curtailment with which it is threatened by officious agitators itching to regulate other people's habits under pretence of promoting sobriety in days of decreasing drunkenness, are implored to take notice that, in the absence of all of them except a minority, MR. LAWSON, the Member for Carlisle, obtained leave to bring in a Bill for a Permissive Liquor Law, which will, if it passes, enable a fussy knot of busy-bodies in any district to keep it in a state of perpetual disquiet, by canvassing to bother the inhabitants into voting for the closure of public-houses. In districts amongst whose inhabitants certain fanatics predominate, it will actually subject the reasonable remainder to privation of beer.

In the absence of the rational majority of the House of Commons, MR. LAWSON succeeded in getting his Liberty Restriction Bill read a First Time.

The rational Members of the House of Commons are earnestly requested to take care that MR. LAWSON's Bill for subjecting Englishmen to the despotism of an American Liquor Law, shall not be read a Second Time. It will be, in May, unless they look out, and muster in force on the evening appointed for its Second Reading; which may be changed.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" "No!" says the faction represented by MR. LAWSON. It rests with the Collective Wisdom to outvote the Collective Folly, and say, "Yes!"

THE BANTING CODE.

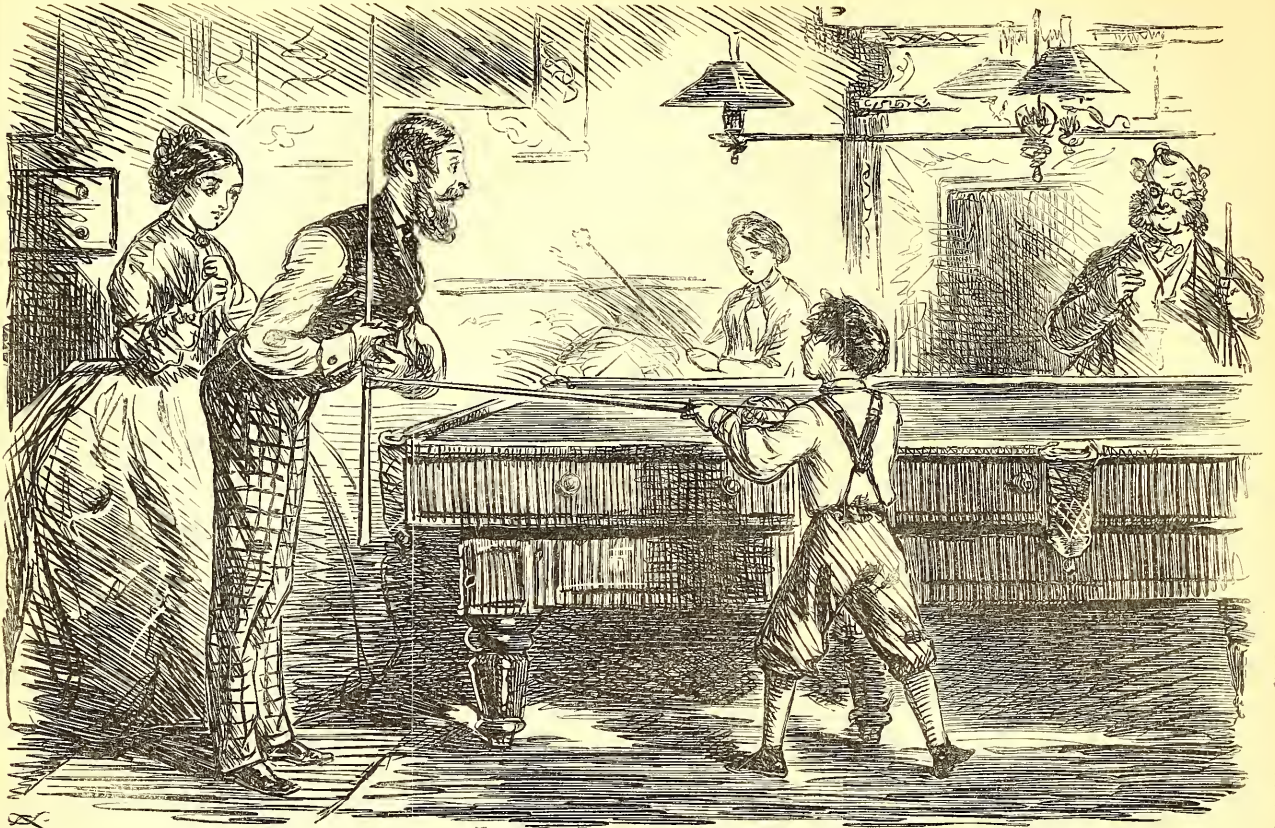
SOME glutton has stated that brave MR. BANTING
Himself has succumbed to the system he taught.
'Tis false, and he lives, neither puffing nor panting,
But down to a hundred and fifty pounds brought.

He's done it, and so may each overfed nigger
Who'll simply adopt resolution severe
To avoid, if he wouldn't grow bigger and bigger,
All bread, butter, sugar, milk, tatoes, and beer.

Take a fresh lease of life, and commence a new era,
MR. BANTING's advice makes one long to begin—
"Drink claret and sherry, good grog, and Madeira,
Take four meals a day and—grow gracefully thin."

YOUR FRIEND POTTER.

WHO is the MR. POTTER, who is heading an agitation against the proposed measure of Government to provide real Life Assurance for the working man? Is this the GEORGE POTTER who, some time ago, Secretary to the Trades' Union, figured as the Coryphæus of workmen on strike? Is this the POTTER in whom they put their trust? If so, their POTTER is doing his best to pot them. But if there was once a time when they were as clay in the hands of the POTTER, that time must be past now, and their POTTER will no longer mould them to his purpose, if that purpose is to befool them into preferring untrustworthy to sound assurance. It always appeared evident that MR. GEORGE POTTER had some assurance of his own; but that will now be more obvious than ever if it is the POTTER of the strike who is trying to oppose MR. GLADSTONE's scheme to secure the working man a provision for his old age and his survivors, and to save him from swindlers. If the Trades' Union POTTER does not come forward, and disown identity with the POTTER whose exertions are directed to deprive the labouring classes of a safe Life Assurance, he will find himself pointed at as he goes about. The remark that everybody who knows him will make to the working man will be: "That's your friend POTTER!" All the working men who suffer themselves to be led by such a POTTER, will be looked upon as the very emptiest of POTTER's vessels.



BILLIARDS.

FRANK (to Captain Brother, poking him in the ribs with a cue). "OH, COME, TOM, THAT WAS A FLUKE—A BEASTLY FLUKE!"

[N.B. The Captain having scored very neatly.]

IN RE JOWETT!

WHAT! pay a salary to JOWETT?
Blow it!

That heretic—arch-heretic, indeed—
One of those rogues who recommends his creed
By honest work and modest learning!
A villain, a perverter of our youth—
One who, like PILATE, dares ask "What is truth?"
A sinner, who if all folks had what's fair,
Instead of a Professor's chair,
Should have a stake and faggots piled for burning.
What! pay a salary to pernicious JOWETT?
Not if I know it!

Learning is dangerous: the works of JOWETT
Show it.

But as we can't remove him from his chair,
For want of Greek, or diligence, or care,
Or any act involving blame or scandal,
It is our duty as spiritual pastors,
Guides of the youth, o'erlookers, teachers, masters,
To gag this trumpeter of "the march of mind,"
To use the first extinguisher we find
To put out so pestiferous a candle!
So to the pack that howls at heels of JOWETT,
What I say 's, "Go it!"

Heresy's seed is rank! Shall JOWETT
Sow it?

Tell me not, sciolists, Greek's not theology:
As if there's not a heterodox philology
That can be wrapped up cunningly in articles,
Impregnate accents, prepositions, particles,
Poisoning texts as strychnine poisons wheat.

The silly crows, no doubt, scoff at alarming,
"What's toxicology to do with farming?"
And peck, and peck, and drop dead as they eat.
E'en so Greek roots poisoned may be by JOWETT,
And who's to know it?

Therefore, as for the salary of JOWETT,
Stow it!
The wolf is in the fold beyond a doubt,
And we, alas the while! can't drive him out.
But as to one point we're determined, flat,
On our lost muttons he shall not wax fat.
Let undergraduates cheer him from the gallery,
But of two evils we will choose the lesser,
And if we *have* a heretic professor,
We'll do our best to chouse him of his salary—
And whatso statute gives fair pay to JOWETT,
Out we will throw it!

A Rowland and an Oliver.

(Neatest thing out.)

SHOULD ROWLAND HILL have a Statue? Certainly, if OLIVER CROMWELL should. For one is celebrated for cutting off the head of a bad King, and the other for sticking on the head of a good Queen.

Court Circular.

WHO selected the music for the Royal Christening? When the Head Nurse, MRS. CLARK, who was carrying the Royal child, heard the organ strike up the "Fall of Baby-Ion," she thought she must have fainted.



SIR ROWLAND LE GRAND.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

SOCIETY has "long felt the want," to quote any modern Prospectus, of a Conversational Guide. You meet your dearest friend, and display the most tender interest in the state of his health by inquiring, "Ah! How are you?" To which Dearest Friend returns, by way of answer, "Ah! How are you?" and there the matter ends. It is all one to both as if the reply had contained the most ample information upon the subject. Everything must have a beginning, and this will serve as the initiative step in a conversation.

Some people are utterly flustered and dumfounded on being suddenly met, and after the first greeting which may be as above, remain silent, each nervously waiting for the other to begin. Perhaps the next movement is for both to speak at once, and then for each to withdraw his words in favour of the other.

A. sees B. in the street; he doesn't particularly wish to speak to him, and has nothing of any especial consequence to say to him, yet he finds himself compelled, as if by a sudden inspiration, to stop him.

A. (stopping B. and taking his hand). Hallo! How are you?

B. (whose powers of thought are immediately prostrated). Ah! How are you?

[Awkward pause, during which A. begins to wish that he had only nodded and passed on, and B. is considering what novel observation he can make.]

A. You're looking well.

This is said in a tone implying that the speaker isn't to be taken in by mere outward appearances, and that there is no use in his friend's saying he's very well if he isn't.

B. Yes, I am very well.

This is boldly outspoken, albeit somewhat rashly, as he straightway remembers that he has been laid up with sciatica for the last ten days: so he delivers himself of a sort of corrected copy of his former statement.

B. (confusedly). When I say I am well, I mean I haven't been well lately.

(It is evident of course that he never meant anything of the sort.)

Another awkward pause ensues, after which A., finding that his friend manifests no interest whatever in his physical condition, volunteers the following information.

A. Well, I've not been near so well lately as I might.

This conveys the idea that he might have been better in health if he had liked, but he didn't choose to take a mean advantage of his privileges.

And here it may be noted that if you tell an invalid that you yourself are far from well, he immediately takes it as a personal affront to him; a piece of coolness on your part in intruding upon his unhealthy domain not for a moment to be tolerated. It is not unlikely that the slight mention of your complaint will make him literally boast of his physical infirmities. You've had a headache you tell him: "Ah," returns the invalid, "but you don't have pains shooting right through the head, and all over the eye, like sharp knives. That's a headache, if you like," says he, as if it was something to be rather proud of than otherwise. You humbly admit his immense superiority in this respect, and piously express a hope that you may never know his sufferings. Yet somehow or another even as you speak you are dissatisfied with yourself, and would like to be on an equal footing, or rather, heading, with him; failing that, you set him down for a bit of a humbug, a man who makes "such a fuss about a mere bilious headache." You congratulate yourself that you are really as ill as he is, only you won't show it, and are bearing up like a martyr, while you can't help feeling annoyed with him for trying to obtain sympathy under false pretences.

To continue; B. doesn't wish to hear A.'s symptoms, so observes, that "he is afraid that he is rather in a hurry." Why "afraid?" Why "rather in a hurry?"

By the way there are some men who are always in a hurry. That fellow TWINCH knocks at the door of my chambers, "must see me immediately," I hear him say in the passage, and in he rushes.

"Hallo, TWINCH!" I say, "sit down."

"Can't sit down," says TWINCH, placing his hat upon the table and immediately taking it up again. "Can't stop a moment. I only just looked in to see how you are."

I thank TWINCH, and offer him a cigar.

"No, No, No! can't! haven't time," says TWINCH, shaking his head fussily and walking to the window, out of which he stares for five minutes at the pump or the porter in the court below, while I continue my work.

"Well," he says, presently clapping his hat on his head, "I must go." With that he places himself with his back to the fire spreading out his coat-tails. I go on steadily with my pen, taking no notice.

"I won't disturb you, now," says TWINCH, after a silence of about three minutes, during which he has been gazing up at the topmost and dirtiest window-pane, "I see you're busy."

"No, not very," I tell him, for courtesy's sake.

"Ah! but I am!" returns TWINCH, rousing himself and hurrying to the door, which he partially opens, "Must be off. Most important,—most important." This he says while rattling the door-handle. (I can't bear anybody rattling a door-handle.)

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"Eh! Oh! Ah! well I don't quite know; but I can't stop."

"But what are you going for?"

"I don't know, but it's most important—most important. Good bye." And with a bang of my door (can't bear a man who bangs my door) he is off.

Not for good; oh, no. He returns in something under five minutes and pops his head in.

"What now?" say I.

"Oh!" the exclamation invariably serves him as a sort of apology, "I wanted to ask you if you know a fellow of the name of MUMPTON, JOHN MUMPTON, eh?"

I own that I have never even heard of MUMPTON.

"Ah!" Now he's rattling the handle with one hand and some keys in his pocket with the other (can't bear this trick). "Ah!" he repeats, with the air of a man who had been utterly thrown out of all his calculations by an unexpected discovery, "Then you don't know MUMPTON—JOHN MUMPTON. Ah! well! it doesn't matter, or else it might be important. Mustn't stop any longer!" And off he goes again, this time in real earnest.

It is all through TWINCH that I have gone astray. The present writer set out intending to give you many valuable and useful hints upon Talk for Travellers, a kind of pocket *Itinerarium* containing what to say and how to say it, but on his road he met with a—TWINCH "with his Roley Poley," or something no less idiotic than that insane chorus; and so having been thus delayed, he can only safely promise more hereafter upon this now generally interesting social subject.

CHARITY AND SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE,—now please, reader, do not skip this paragraph, because, although you may have read enough of SHAKSPEARE lately, we really have a word or two particular to say—SHAKSPEARE, everybody knows, is to have a celebration on his three hundredth birthday, and everybody is preparing in some way or another to do something in his memory and honour on that day. Now the cheapest way and easiest by which one well can show that one is not forgetful of him, is to buy a bit of ribbon and stick it in one's buttonhole, as one did a year ago at the marriage of our Prince. It was the right thing then to do, for of course it showed one's loyalty, and it also in some measure was conceived to show one's charity, for the ribbons, one was told, were expressly made and sold to aid the poor weavers of Coventry, who for some time previously had "got no work to do." The country was so thick with white favours on the wedding day that it really almost seemed as if it had been snowing them, and everybody trusted that the half-starved folk of Coventry would get many a good meal out of the ribbons they had made. Well, now, British Public, you must do the same for SHAKSPEARE as you did for the Princess, of whose marriage day the christening last week must have reminded you, and perhaps a little stirred again your charitable blood. A ribbon has been designed for SHAKSPEARE's Birthday, British Public, and it is to be bought anywhere, so we need name no address. This ribbon has been designed not merely to commemorate the natal day of SHAKSPEARE, but also to give work to the honest folk of Coventry, whose dinners have been fewer and more far between of late than their stomachs may quite like. So, British Public, go and buy this commemorative ribbon, and be happy in the thought of doing a good deed. If the shade of SHAKSPEARE could revisit this dull earth on the twenty-third of April, perhaps of all the ways by which his memory is revered he might best of all be pleased by the pleasant way in which his birthday has been used as an occasion for promoting a little honest labour, and filling a few pockets which have had but little in them for many a long day.

CUSTOMERS FOR STEAM-RAMS.

It is not to be endured that private ship-builders should have the power, by an evasion of the law, to supply vessels of war to the enemies of people with whom we are at peace, and, by so doing, involve us in war with them. On the other hand it is intolerable that any foreign nation should be empowered to limit the business of any British ship-builder. Did not the Government offer to buy the steam-rams in the Mersey, and was not that offer refused?

Because, then, why does not our dear old PAM ask the Legislature to give Government the power of compelling the sale of any vessel of war which it may think proper to buy at a fair valuation. A power the same as that which is exercised by every money-grubbing railway company, at the expense of anybody, might surely be entrusted to her Majesty's Ministers, for the public good, and to the very slight disadvantage only of unpatriotic shipwrights. Remember, moreover, that the British Navy would be much increased in efficiency by every addition which it received from a private dockyard.

THE WORKING MAN'S WISH.—"Save me from my Friendly Societies."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 7, *Monday*. The Committee for defending London from railway invasion has reported, and LORD GRANVILLE had the pleasure of announcing, and LORD PUNCH of hearing, that seven of the schemes have been summarily knocked on the head. There is something like system in the arrangement of the lines whose promoters are to be allowed to make out their case if they can. Moreover, the companies are to be compelled to work together, so that one's journey may not be broken in consequence of inter-railway malignity. Stick to this provision, our Lords and Gentlemen, and give a traveller, whether on business or pleasure, the means of recovering damages should he be detained five minutes at any point between Kew and the Isle of Dogs, or between Streatham and Hornsey.



OUR COLOSSUS OF ROADS.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL stated that either Federal or Confederate ships were entitled to capture British ships carrying contraband to the port of the captor's enemy. But in each case the prize must be taken to a Prize Court. Therefore, adds *Mr. Punch*, the *Alabama* is a pirate, and CAPTAIN SEMMES, when he reads this, will feel uncomfortable in the region circumented by his cravat.

MR. DISRAELI requested LORD PALMERSTON'S sentiments touching the German burglary in Jutland. The PREMIER replied that the whole invasion was an outrage and an injustice, and of course the Jutland addition was an aggravation. But we had let the Germans understand our opinion of their entire conduct, and it was not worth while squabbling as to each separate step they took. This is contemptuous enough, but the Germans are pachydermatous. Shall we put it plainer for the beer-swillers. When you have appraised a man that you consider him a thief and a scoundrel, you do not watch him for a bit, and then add, "and I also deem you a low cad."

MR. GLADSTONE then explained the Government Annuities Bill. He took two hours about it, and his speech was a treat. The object of the Bill is to give the Working Classes a system of safe Life Assurance. They are, to their honour, very earnest in this matter, and have about 30,000 Friendly Societies of various kinds. But these are mostly based upon false principles, and between 8 and 9000 of them have become bankrupt, while about 100 fail every year. The misery thus caused to honest folks, who have been keeping up payments out of their earnings, in the faith that they were making provision for the future, can be understood. Government, in the most legitimate discharge of the duty of a

Governor, proposes to establish a State Assurance, as it established, to the inconceivable benefit of the people, State Savings Banks. The nation will guarantee the payment of the policy, but as the system will be sound, the nation will incur no risk. There is the case, and it seems strange that there can be any objection to an act of common humanity. The pick of the Conservatives at once signified approbation of the scheme, but the Party emits clamours, and in the interest of greedy insurance offices, of inferior type, whose Touts are rampant all over the country, and in the interest of the keepers of public-houses where Friendly Societies convene, there will be a demonstration, in which the enemies of the Ministry will not be ashamed to join. MR. GLADSTONE made such a merciless exposure of the vices of the present system, and MR. BOVILL, Conservative lawyer, told such tales of cases in which defrauders of the poor had come under the unfavourable notice of a sworn dozen of their countrymen, that there was an unusual sensation. LORD STANLEY applauded the Bill. You can't pull down a dirty old house without disturbing the Vested Interests of rats, but dirty old houses must come down for all that. *Mr. Punch* advises the Working Classes of the land to address MR. GLADSTONE, who is a second time giving them an invaluable boon.

Tuesday. The Peers fired up. LORD SHAFTESBURY, the Premier's near connection and bishop-maker, demanded to hear what the British fleet was about. The Germans were waging a war which was wanton and disgraceful beyond any recorded in history. If the Austrians sent a fleet to the Baltic, LORD SHAFTESBURY hoped that it would be met by a British fleet, with orders to defend Denmark. So spoke the representative of the Religious World. LORD ELLENBOROUGH asked whether EARL RUSSELL would stand by and see an iniquitous crime perpetrated. LORD GREY for once agreed with somebody, and that was LORD ELLENBOROUGH, and moreover wished that Parliament could be allowed to declare its opinions. Then a third Liberal peer, LORD HARROWBY, thought the Channel Fleet should be sent to the Baltic. EARL RUSSELL, thus incited, said that noble Lords could not expect him to declare war on his own responsibility, and added that we should not go to war for the Independence of Denmark, IF THAT OBJECT COULD BE OBTAINED WITHOUT WAR. The fleet could easily be got to the Baltic, and he did not think that Austrian and Prussian ships would like to encounter those of QUEEN VICTORIA. Having relieved our minds, us noblemen then went to dinner.

MR. MILNER GIBSON stated the contents of the London Railways Report, which was adopted, after attempts to save certain of the schemes. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON certainly gave some singularly strong reasons why one of the rejected lines should have been preferred to an accepted one, but LORD STANLEY thought that the House, having handed over the subject to the Committee, ought to accept its decisions, or else go into every separate case. So thought the House.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH'S mind is dreadfully harassed about telegrams and despatches, and MR. LAYARD, after a desperate effort to disinter the honourable Member from a chaotic confusion of ideas, and being still told that he had not explained himself, gave up the task, and the House laughed, and cried "order" to MR. DARBY GRIFFITH. But we do not see why any person should be laughed at for trying to increase his stock of knowledge.

Mr. Disraeli. Papers?

Lord Palmerston. No more now, but more soon.

However disagreeable the word may be to the public, we are compelled to write it. Education. We will be as short as possible. The country gentlemen had been awfully well whipped, and the Opposition benches were crowded. The aim was only to compel MR. LOWE to give up a portion of an Education Minute, which ordained that the Government grant obtainable by a school on the capitation principle should be lessened by the amount of the endowment of such school. Those who are interested in the question know all about it, and those who are not will be quite satisfied to know that in the presence of an overwhelming majority, MR. LOWE and the Government gave way.

A Committee was appointed to inquire-into the working of the Schools of Art, which are helped with public money. As *Mr. Punch*, who directs the greatest School of Art in the world, is entirely supported by public money, and as he has no time to be bothering in a committee room, answering idiotic questions, he begs to tender his evidence *en bloc*. His School works in the best possible manner, and it will be a wry time for anybody who presumes to dispute that statement.

Wednesday. An Irish Policeman is as fine looking and soldierly a fellow as you—especially if you are a handsome Housemaid—can desire to hand cold meat to on a summer's day. But the Irish Judges do not think his efficiency equal to his magnificence, and SIR H. BRUCE wished to appoint other constables for watching the Irish towns. There was rather a hot debate. SIR R. PEEL naturally stood up for the Peelers, but was not so respectful in mention of the Judges as might have been expected from his well-known reticence and good taste. He received divers knocks for his irreverence, but the Bill was defeated.

MR. EWART moved the Second Reading of a Bill permitting people to use the Metric System. It was seconded by MR. LOCKE; not opposed by Government, though MR. GIBSON declined to assist in working the

system; it was ridiculed by MR. HENLEY; ably defended by MR. ADDERLEY, who observed that there was no surer clap-trap in England than to laugh at a system for being new-fangled, as every improvement in the world was; approved by MR. HANKEY, and MR. J. B. SMITH; and attacked by MR. WALTER, who also assailed the inoffensive Florin, as a device for cheating school-boys. Now, no schoolboy, with a right sense of dignity, accepts a tip under gold, and we are quite sure that MR. WALTER is the last person who would offer him an insulting guerdon. After some more talk, the Second Reading was carried by 90 to 52. Our dearly beloved Posterity, to you we speak, projecting our mind into futurity. How you, with a complete and scientific metric system, will smile at the reluctance with which we listened to the suggestion of reform, and how you will write of us as we write of our fathers, who ridiculed the idea of Gas ("pay for something you can't even see? Hang it, Sir, don't talk trash to a freeborn Englishman"); the idea of Locomotives ("ride at the rate of twenty miles an hour? Confound it, Sir, are you in or out of Bedlam?"); the idea of Penny Postage ("send a letter to the Highlands or the Land's End for a penny? Bless my wig, Sir, you are a fool"); the idea of an Electric Telegraph ("flash a message to Constantinople in ten minutes, Sir! you ought to be locked up. I am sure you are a swindler"); the idea of *Punch* ("publish a journal of the highest art, the most sparkling wit, the most just criticism, and the most generous sentiments every week for three pence? Go to Bath, Sir, and get your head shaved"). But, dear Posterity, don't be too hard upon us. You will be a bigot, and talk nonsense in your way, *We* know. Why are you laughing at the idea of the Tunnel to America. You have got one to France, and the Night Balloon Service to India. Don't be so irrational, Posterity, and so unjust. We are clearing the way for you.

Thursday. We return to the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA, and do so with the more pleasure that this day, being the anniversary of the marriage of EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, with our beloved ALEXANDRA of Denmark, their first child was baptised by the names ALBERT, VICTOR, CHRISTIAN, EDWARD, the QUEEN holding the baby. Health and happiness to AVCE.

The Story of the Guns came up in the Commons, and the same day a monster of SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG'S was fired with ninety pounds of powder against an iron plate made by MR. BROWN of Sheffield, who is going to be the New Member for Sheffield, when it has settled whether to drop MR. HADFIELD as he drops his hatches, or to dismiss MR. TEAREM for not tearing anybody. The result was unsatisfactory to the Gun Party. But LORD CLARENCE said that he thought on the whole we were in advance of the French in the matter of guns. Then Govern-

ment "snapped" a vote of a million and a quarter, but was violently blown up, and had to disgorge until a debate should have taken place. On the Mutiny Bill, there was discussion on the retention of Flogging and Branding. A majority of 3 in a House of 87 maintained the Cat, a majority of 30 in a House of 130 maintained the Brand. The first was said to be necessary for "blackguards," the second to prevent Deserters from re-enlisting. It was also urged that the French shot men, and the Austrians put them into a torture-room (rather a clever diabolic invention; a room all projecting angles, so that rest is impossible) for the offences for which we flog. *Mr. Punch* is unconvinced.

Listen all who love good liquor, Come and list to what you're told, Better come a little quicker, Or you'll find that you are sold. Moved, to-night, the Bill Permitting Folks to lock up others' drink: Vote, the Commons deem it fitting At such tyranny to wink. LAWSON counted Seventy backers, Freedom only Thirty-Six, Doom this Hobby to the knackers, Down with Humbug, down, my Bricks.

Friday. CLANRICARDE intends to make a speech of inquiries about America. Suppose he appointed a Commission consisting of himself, to visit that region, with power to remain prosecuting his investigations, until recalled by *Mr. Punch*.

MR. S. FITZGERALD and LORD PALMERSTON had a dialogue about the proposed Danish Conference, and a most lucid explanation on both sides left the matter in more Cimmerian obscurity than ever. Apropos whereof, the EMPEROR OF FRANCE has just said that this war is one of "nationalities." This is held to mean that he sides with Germany. To invent a new phrase for the occasion, *nous verrons*.

LORD PALMERSTON proposes to continue SIR ROWLAND HILL'S pension to LADY HILL, should SIR ROWLAND'S power of taking it terminate while LADY HILL shall be able to receive it. This is a compliment, of course, but a very inadequate one, and LORD STANLEY of ALDERLEY might have said a good deal more than he did when informing the Lords of the resignation. *Punch* hears that his Stamp Committee, suggested last week, are rapidly forming, and he means to distinguish those who are foremost in the work.

The week finished with a debate on the Decline of the Population of Ireland. One great point was whether LORD CARLISLE was right in quoting GOLDSMITH, and dissenting from his view that a diminished census was a thing to deplore. SIR ROBERT PEEL made a rattling speech, with a very free-and-easy sketch of the Fenians, whom he compared to gorillas. In the interest of the latter, we protest against the comparison.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.



EVER deficient in the gallantry that naturally belongs to a true gentleman, *Punch* never neglects to make himself agreeable to the ladies; and he cannot do this better than by saying a few words on the subject of the fashions, a topic which in feminine eyes is vastly more important than the War in Schleswig-Holstein, or the Battles of the Railways, or the other minor matters which now interest mankind. Listen, ladies, therefore, to the following description of a costume which was lately displayed at the French Court:—

"A dress of lilac silk glacé with white, at the bottom of which is placed a wide pinked ruche in lilac silk, whilst another smaller one in white silk forms the middle of the lilac one. Above this double ruche are placed seven flounces of rich white blonde. These must be put on close together, and headed by a ruche of white tulle. The top one, however, has a ruche of lilac and white pinked silk, similar to the one at the bottom. The pointed body is trimmed with folds of white tulle, surrounding a ruche of white and lilac silk."

We must just stop a bit to take breath after all these rushes, or ruches as they are called. What they are we dare not work our brains enough to guess. Still less are we inclined to tax our intellect by trying to grasp a true conception of what is meant by this:—

"Behind is a sash entirely new. This sash is composed of lilac silk, and has three ends; the two side ones, short and ruched round with white silk, terminate at the end in points; whilst the third, which is very much longer and wider than the others, ends in two points, and is ruched all round also with white silk. From the

waist at the back a small tail falls over the sash, similar to the jockey. This is likewise trimmed with a white ruche."

Pray, ladies, can you tell us whether jockeys are accustomed to wear small tails in France, and, if not, to whose small tail is the one here mentioned similar? When one is told that women have taken to wear tails, one naturally wonders what their tails are like. But leaving her tail now, let us see how the fair wearer of this dress adorned her head:—

"The headdress to wear with this toilette is composed of a mixture of snowballs and Parma violets with leaves, which latter, instead of imitating nature, are of a violet colour, veined with silver."

Violet-hunting in the country is a pleasant sport for children, but how many grown-up folks would gladly join in the pursuit if Nature would but take a leaf out of the fashion-books, and permit her violets to spring up "veined with silver!" But if this be against Nature, so too is the mixture of violets with snowballs, and, to make the thing more natural, we think the snowballs should be made so as to melt away before the violets are seen. Wearing snowballs on the head might perhaps be beneficial to persons with brain fever, but we should hardly have imagined that people in their senses would have ever thought of wearing them. However, of course all the absurdities invented by Dame Fashion are not intended for the use of people who have anything like senses to direct them in the matter of deciding how to dress.

The Successor of Cæsar.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER, in a letter to the *Times*, correcting certain alleged misrepresentations current respecting "The Pope and his Visitors," says that:—

"The ceremony of kissing the foot (derived from the ceremonial of the ancient Imperial Court) is only performed on certain occasions."

Well, to be sure! Didn't you always think that the ceremony of kissing the POPE'S foot was instituted by the Apostle, PETER?

MUSICAL NOTE.

WE are not at liberty to anticipate MR. MAPLESON'S advertised production of HERR WAGNER'S grand Opera. All we can say at present is, that the scene of *Tannhäuser* is not laid in a tan-yard.



THE NEW TELESCOPE SIGHT.

Small-bore Man (who has snapped off about a dozen Caps without exploding his Rifle). "VERY EXTRAORDINARY! CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR IT! (With sudden agitation.) BOY! GI' ME TH' RAMROD! I'M REALLY AFRAID I'VE—BY JOVE! I THINK I MUST HAVE—SURELY CAN'T HAVE—YES!—CON-FOUND IT!—SO I HAVE—LOADED THE TELESCOPE, AND RAMMED THE CARTRIDGE DOWN, FORE-SIGHT AND ALL! THOUGHT IT WENT DOWN RATHER STIFFLY!"

Fellows with the Enfields (with suppressed glee). "OH! WHAT A PITY!"

HOW TO USE YOUR MORLEYS.

MR. HENRY MORLEY, (a writer whose conscientiousness, condensed thought, and felicity of expression need no praise from *Mr. Punch*) having received from a certain organ of clique-criticism the treatment that might have been expected, has thought it worth while to reply. He has done so in a "comment" of serene mercilessness. Since Marsyas came to naked grief for vulgar criticism, few of the Zoilins tribe have been more neatly divested of epidermis than has the *Athenæum* critic been by MR. MORLEY. One little bit of skinning we must note. The book assailed is on *English Writers*, and every student of literature should have it. Among the cackling charges of the critic is one alleging that "the influences of the discovery of printing, of the classical renaissance, of the reformation are not even hinted at." MR. MORLEY quietly says,—

"I have myself always believed that CHAUCER, with whom my book ends, lived before the discovery of printing, or the Renaissance, or the Reformation."

Well, it used to be thought so, but the *Athenæum* has changed all that, and will probably inform us in an early number that the *Talis of Cauntyrburye* were not printed by CAXTON.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

SCENE—A Shop. HOUR—Midnight. (About Twelve o'clock.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Chemist and Druggist (all in one).
Chemist's and Druggist's Boy (all in one again).*

Chem. and Drug. What do you stop out so late for, eh?
Chem. and Drug.'s Boy (who has been to the Lyceum). Please, Sir, I've been to the theayter.

Chem. and Drug. Which theayter?

Chem. and Drug.'s Boy (professionally). Please, Sir, I've been to see Pil-Ammonia.

[CHEMIST kicks him. *Exeunt severally.*

POLICE NOTICE FOR CHURCH DOORS.

UNQUESTIONABLY and decidedly, *Mr. Punch* is not going to enter—no, not to advance the tip of his toe—into the pnddle which Theology is stirring, to the detriment of Religion. Bnt being a Detective, he simply does his duty in pointing out that the REVEREND DR. PUSEY, who is taking the lead in certain movements, is a theological Ticket-of-Leave Man, and if the Church chooses to employ him after this notice, it is not MR. DETECTIVE PUNCH'S fault. The Oxford Tracts, non-natural interpretations, Puseyism, church millinery, priestly prerogative, are among the memorandums which are marked in the Committal book. The Party has also lately been seen in affectionate conference with somebody whose work is also on the Record, and who, under pretence of going to sermons, haunts the Scotch Stores, and smuggles a Scotch spirit into church. The late JOWETT affair at Oxford was an attempted plant on the part of this PUSEY, who wants to keep all things serene just now, for fear of certain inquiries; but certain parties in the provinces, who also are afraid of inquiries, were not sharp enough to see his game, and so went blundering up and baffled him. Look out for your Spoons—nobody else will be sold.

Police Office, 85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.

REMARK MADE WHILE STARING AT THE PLAYBILLS.

WHEN a certain interesting event in Royal life happened, MR. WEBSTER, with prompt loyalty, put up *Mother and Child are doing well*. Why does not MR. BUCKSTONE put up *The Christening and Uncle John*?

To Contributors.

(Private and Confidential.)

"A DOZEN or so of Wakefield Men,"
Who approve the work of a certain pen,
Are thanked. Its owner accepts the Poke,
And had real pleasure in cutting the joke.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Housemaid. "DRAT THE BOTHERING CHINA CUPS AND THINGS. THEY BE ALWAYS A-KNOCKING UP AGAINST ONE'S CRINOLINE."

SPADES AND CLUBS.

SAVE us from our friends, and save us from our Friendly Societies, ought now to be the cry of all the labourers in England, excepting those, perhaps, who, once a month or so, may want an excuse for getting drunk. Of course the pothouse interest is dead against the scheme which MR. GLADSTONE has proposed for giving poor people the power of getting an annuity, without having to join a pothouse club to do so. These clubs have given a knock-down blow to many a poor man. Under the pretence of saving, he has been tempted into spending; and, in the thought that he is laying by a little that may help him in the hour of sickness, he has laid out a good deal in ruining his health. Pothouse beer and pothouse pipes will make sots of the most healthy, if too constantly indulged in; and the man who may at first be glad of some excuse for going to a taproom, learns speedily to go there without feeling the need of one.

But nothing good is ever done without a few bad words first; and nobody can wonder that the people who profit most by the Friendly Societies should say ill things of the scheme which now would knock them on the head. So we hear an outcry raised, that the Government is threatening to rob us of our liberties, and free-born Englishmen are warned to look after their rights. No doubt, were an election to take place this next summer, such placards as "No Tyranny!" "No Government Protection!" would be stuck about the country; and various dodges would be tried to make the rural mind imagine, that the Government were trying to pocket all the poor man's money, they could lay their hands on, by promising annuities they never meant to pay.

Labourers of England who *don't* live at home at ease, doubtless, are not difficult to be tempted to a pothouse, where they find a fire to sit by and a chair to sit upon, neither of which luxuries have they, perhaps, so good at home. The poor man and his savings are easily parted when he sets foot in a pothouse, intending to invest them for his future enjoyment. There's no time like the present, says a "friend" at his elbow. O, be joyful, with a mug of beer! while you have the chance. And this sentiment the landlord eloquently backs, offering, for "friendship's" sake, to stand a mug himself, to drink the health of MR. HODGE on his admission to the Club. MR. GLADSTONE must, of course, therefore, expect some opposition at the first to his new scheme; but when it is known how warmly *Mr. Punch* supports it, of course it will be thankfully accepted by the public, although it won't be so acceptable to the public-house.

TURK.

(See "POLLY" in "Good Words" for March.)

SILK ears,
Black nose,
Brown eyes,
Calm repose;

Broad paws,
Rough hair,
Fierce looks
Like bear.

Bites, snaps
Beggars' heel;
If he hold,
Makes feel.

Hungry is,
Wants grub;
When dirty,
Into tub—

Washed clean,
Looks white;
Goes out,
Wants to fight;

Gets licked,
Pluck shown,
Finds solace
In a bone.

Sees Master,
Sits up,
Jumps about
Like pup.

Lies down,
'To sleep tries,
Can't do it,
Catches flies.

Wakes up,
Gives growl,
Is kicked,
Utters howl.

Day over,
Fasten'd doors,
Sleeps sound,
Perhaps snores.

Robbers come,
Springs from lair,
Hears footsteps
On stair;

Barks loud,
Master wakes,
Gun fired,
Brace of shakes.

Wide awake
As you see,
Turk is the
Dog for me.

Address M. Flower.

MR. PUNCH.—They calls that there Consperator Chap, GRECO. By the 'count in the trial of un' a seems to be ITALIANO. Which is 'a now? I be, setterer,

Chalkdown, March, 1864.

G. WOA.

** We do not know what nation GRECO belongs to; but we are happy in being able to say, that he is not a countryman, as our correspondent is.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Solomon.—The Proverb is quoted incorrectly; you retain the precise words, but not exactly the sense in saying, "The merciful man is a beast."

Ecclesiasticus.—There is no monastic order called The Double-chins. Perhaps you're thinking of the Capuchins.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 14th, *Monday*. LORD GRANVILLE assured the Peers, that England was not joining any of the other Great Powers in a combination against France. Somebody, with a gift for seeing further into milestones than his neighbours, had found a hint to this effect in a Russian despatch. LORD GRANVILLE spoke the truth, which he always does, being a gentleman. But circumstances, to which *Mr. Punch* is not permitted more particularly to allude, have come under his knowledge; and he has no hesitation in stating, in the most positive manner, that if certain complications of the European crisis should arise, it may need the utmost exertions of diplomatic wisdom to prevent consequences which might have a disturbing effect upon existing arrangements. But this is confidential.

On the west of Africa the slave trade has diminished; on the east, it has very much increased. JOHN BULL, the sea-policeman, does all he can; but his beat is very extensive, and the thieves are very numerous and daring.

These Austrians are perfect cures, and will not take off the duty on English-cured herrings. Perhaps certain fiery Peers would like to go to war about *that*.

The War Office does everything to afford our soldiers the means of cultivating gardens. The topic bristles with pegs for jokes, and sweet songs on the Soldier's Garden might be written. One great soldier was a great gardener, *teste* POPE:—

"And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quinceunx and now ranks my vines."

That was LORD PETERBOROUGH, MR. COX, who founded St. Petersburg, and built the Cathedral which you may see on your way to York, if you ever go there; and we don't know why you shouldn't, if you like.

SIR CHARLES WOOD stated his intention of introducing the English Sovereign into India. We thought that she had been lately re-introduced, with some little *éclat*, to a very large Indian circle, by LORD CLYDE. MR. LAYARD stated, that the Danes were blockading a good many German places, one of which, called Swine-munde, seems happily to typify the state of the German World. MR. LOWE spoke of the difficulty of getting the poorer class to vaccinate, adding that they were countenanced by persons who ought to know better. We trust that the latter will catch the small-pox, as we have no mercy for them; and yet they ought to be pitted.

Willingly would *Mr. Punch* abstain from reference to the awful catastrophe at Sheffield. But he may do more good by stating, that when a similar but far less terrible occurrence took place at Holmfirth (for the second time) the nation raised £60,000 for the survivors. Much more will be needed now, and much more will be given. The noble Gentlemen of Sheffield lost no time in hurrying together for the aid of the surviving victims. Ten thousand pounds were on the table before the second day was over. Honour to LORDS FITZWILLIAM and WHARNCLIFFE, honour to good CANON SALE, honour to JOHN BROWN of the Armour Plates, to WILLIAM MATTHEWS, true as his own steel, to RODGERS, the world's cutler, honour to all the good strong men who rushed together to aid the helpless. The PRINCE OF WALES could not be in better company; and *Mr. Punch* rejoices to read the QUEEN'S name at the head of the list. In with your money men, women, and children. There are hundreds of men, women, and children who want your help; and nothing more need be said to us Islanders.

MR. ROEBUCK (by the way, his aid was instantly sent, and MR. HADFIELD, writing his message of kindness on Sunday, as was most fit, gave a noble donation, and has forgiven us all fun) asked SIR GEORGE GREY whether an inspector had been sent down to inquire into the whole affair. MR. RAWLINSON, an engineer connected with the Home Office, was to discharge this duty. We believe that it could not be in better hands.

MR. LAYARD had a curious explanation to make. Touching Kagosima and the Bombardment, it would now seem that we have all been expending some slight indignation in excess. We are officially informed that Kagosima had only 40,000 people instead of 180,000, that they all got carefully out of the way of the shells, that nobody was hurt, that the place has been rebuilt in an elegant manner, and that PRINCE SATSUMA sent fruit to our ships in return for our grape, so that our moderation must have pleased the Japanese. The new version is a most delightful one, and *Mr. Punch* is delighted, accordingly.

We mentioned the Government "grab" at the vote of supply. MR. BRIGHT was very severe about it, and MR. GLADSTONE, indignant (for, of course, the affair was an accident) gave MR. BRIGHT a most tremendous lecture. Then LORD CLARENCE PAGET sent him a letter, for which MR. BRIGHT ought to have called him out. We should have had great pleasure in culling this from some contemporary:—

"LORD CLARENCE PAGET and MR. JOHN BRIGHT met this morning in Battersea Park, the former attended by LORD HARTINGTON, the latter by an eminent Member of the Society of Friends. Arrangement being impossible, the men were put up at twelve paces, and at the word both fired. MR. BRIGHT'S ball went through an old cow, who was thus happily released from mortal troubles, and LORD CLARENCE'S

bullet fortunately took effect in the organ of an Italian, who was on his way to early crime. The seconds then interposed, and MR. BRIGHT declared that if it were in accordance with his principles to forgive anybody, he would forgive LORD CLARENCE, whom he thought the noblest fellow out, and LORD CLARENCE replied, that if anything could induce him to become a Quaker, it would be the example of his eloquent and gifted Friend, MR. BRIGHT. The party then went back to breakfast at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, where they were joined by *Mr. Punch*, who lectured them on the folly of duelling, and healths were drunk until it was time to adjourn to the House."

But, law (and Law) there was nothing like this. MR. BRIGHT wrote a frank sort of apology, and offered to repeat it in the House.

Then we had a scene. MR. ROEBUCK made an opportunity of abusing the Federals, whom he sweetly described as corrupt, base, cowardly, and cruel. He then assailed EARL RUSSELL with great fury, but declared his confidence in LORD PALMERSTON. The PREMIER is not the man to accept compliments at the expense of a friend and colleague, so he came out like Ajax in the *Iliad*, and threw his seven-fold shield over the Teucer of the Foreign Office, defying the Hector to hurt him. This was a very gentlemanly thing in PAM, and as he now sees, *Mr. Punch* has taken care that it shall not be forgotten. Well, there was more American talk, SIR J. FERGUSSON protested against Federal enlistments in Ireland, MR. BRIGHT gave it to MR. ROEBUCK hot and hot, and said that the fact was that a recruit for the Federals got £100, and the only marvel was that every Irishman, not a landowner or capitalist, did not run out of his "benighted and unhappy country." LORD ROBERT CECIL thought the Confederates, in their adversity, much above the present war-point of the English Government, MR. KINGLAKE was terribly scornful and sarcastic at MR. ROEBUCK, and MR. CAIRD—the only speaker who was calm, and had information to give, and spoke from personal knowledge of America—said that there was a silent revolution beginning in the labour market, and that it would effectually settle the laws of settlement and removal, but not in the way English employers desired.

Simply noting that there was a preliminary MAZZINI-STANSFELD squabble to-night, when the tempest, to be described in its proper place, was indicated, and Ministers hoisted the storm-drum, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to say that there was Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates, and that MR. LINDSAY, trying to reduce the vote for Dock-yard Workmen, obtained 29 supporters against 110 non-reductionists. There was an extremely instructive and excessively stupid debate.

Tuesday. The Lords read the Cow Malt Bill a Second Time, and EARL GREY remarked that those who were pressing a repeal of the Malt-Tax were virtually agitating for an increase of the Income-Tax. Well said, Lord G. But if the Tories were in to-morrow, does anybody believe that MR. DISRAELI would sacrifice six millions? *Punch* is green in perpetual youth, but virility and viridity are two things, and the latter does not extend to his visual organs.

We never blame but with extreme pain, and we have pleasure in stating that MR. FERRAND has been very properly calling the attention of Government to the state of certain reservoirs which have not yet burst, but which are regarded as dangerous.

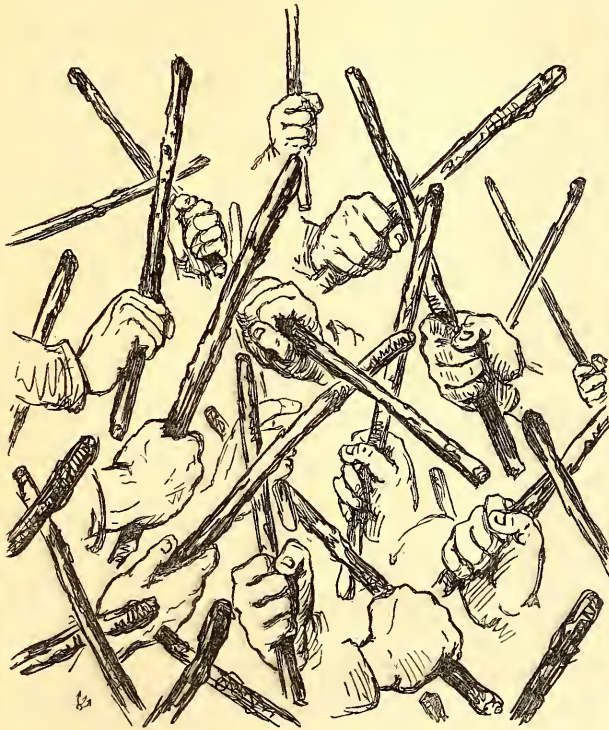
Another Crawley debate. It lasted all the evening. Will that do? Or shall we add that GENERAL PEEL and the Parliamentary soldiers are exceedingly indignant that civilians should presume to have opinions on such matters.

Wednesday. We were to have been spared the theological Wednesdays, but to-day we had a debate which in some sort approached theology. MR. DOPSON, of East Sussex, an Eton prizeman, who also distinguished himself at Oxford, proposed to do away with the subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles, and so forth, at present required at Oxford before a degree can be taken. The opposition was, of course, fierce, and, equally of course, wrong ground was taken. For party purposes, it was contended that the object of the change was the handing over the University to Dissenters. The truth is, and many men know it who will not admit it, that the object is to open the University to Churchmen. Education and inquiry have done their work, and thousands of men who wish to remain members of the Church, object to binding themselves to dogmas propounded in past centuries, and are too conscientious to sign with reservation of right to treat the signature as a form, and to interpret the pledge in any convenient way. Surely these are not the men who should be kept out of the Universities. MR. GLADSTONE, whose loyalty to the Church is chivalry itself, voted for the change, and six distinguished Conservatives did the same, while the son of the EARL OF DERBY would not vote against it. MR. DOPSON triumphed by a small majority, and the Lords will throw out the Bill; but the tide, having once swept over the rubbish, will return and wash it away.

Thursday. St. Patrick's Day, and the Commons were appropriately imbued with the spirit in which that esteemed Saint used to be worshipped by his fellow countrymen. But, before the fray, LORD PALMERSTON stated that Denmark had assented to the Conference proposed by England, and it is to be without an Armistice. We have next to hear what France says.

"The way the row began," to quote an old song, was in this wise, MR. GLADSTONE in his masterly speech on the Bill for helping the Poor

Man to Honest and Safe Life Assurance, had offended MR. SHERIDAN by certain allusions, and the latter had vehemently protested against



ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

them. To-night the CHANCELLOR vindicated himself at some length, and MR. SHERIDAN had a good innings. He showed much spirit, but was slightly rude, saying that MR. GLADSTONE ought to have taken lessons from ELLISTON if he wished to play the character of a bully. The remark might have come from the great and theatrical SHERIDAN, only he would not have said so coarse a thing. Then SIR MINTO FARQUHAR moved that the Bill be referred to a Select Committee. MR. HODGKINSON opposed this, and made great fun by quoting the miserable doggerel puffs by which certain Assurance Offices try to get business. The verses are not nearly so good as those us servants read on the tawdry placards of the Marine Store Keepers, when we go on Saturdays to sell the candles, dripping, keys, spoons, overcoats, and any other trifles which we have stolen, or hidden away, during the week, to the discontent of our masters and mistresses. But the poems of the Offices and the Stores are much in the same key, and in this style:—

“O where are you going, you merry throng?”
 “To the ‘Stunning Assurance,’ so you come along.”
 “But what’ll I get by my going there?”
 “Why everything what is right and fair.
 You’ll pay very low, and when you die
 There’ll be banknotes to wipe your widow’s eye.”
 “Indeed! Then of delays I’ll have no endurance,
 But haste with you, dear friends, to the ‘Stunning Assurance.’”
 (The above is Copyright).

The House being thus put into temporary good humour, MR. GÖSCHEN, Member for the City, defended the Bill in a most elaborate and able speech, and the debate was adjourned, for another kind of scene was expected.

SIR HENRY JOSIAS STRACEY, of Yarmouth and Boodle’s, moved “that the statement of the Procureur-General on the trial of GRECO, implicating a Member of the House and of the Government in the plot for the assassination of our ally, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, deserves the serious attention of the House.” This was the formal opening of the battle. The whips had been very busy, and more than 330 Members were present. The Opposition thought it saw a good opportunity for an “ugly rush” at the Ministry. And the rush was ugly enough, in one sense. The object was to crush MR. STANSFELD, and the Cabinet, if it should stand by him. And it did stand by him. LORD PALMERSTON’S hands were up in no time. He condescend to address the EMPEROR because a French lawyer had sought to please his master by talking in the style of those French Colonels. Not old PAM, if he knew it. MR. STANSFELD’S answer had been more than satisfactory.

“I should have felt humiliated,” said the Bottleholder, “had I had to be a party to a communication to tell the French Government that an English Member of Parliament, holding office in the Queen’s Government, was not connected with an infamous plot against the life of the EMPEROR.” Then he scoffed at the “seeming” friendship of the Opposition for the EMPEROR, and reminded them that having once given assent to a measure for preventing conspiracies, and having found that by breaking their promises to support it they could oust a Ministry, they had pocketed their indignation, and defeated the Bill. A very dexterous smash, this, because it pleasingly brought to the EMPEROR’S attention the former affectionate conduct of his new patrons. MR. DISRAELI was very wrathful, and wondered that the Government was afraid of any humiliation after its late exploits. He rang the changes on poniards and assassins, and MAZZINI; and his party cheered him with more warmth than they usually show, for dislikes must be forgotten when we can unite to damage enemies. MR. BRIGHT began with some peace-making observations, but he could not long restrain his ardour for battle, and dashed at the Tories with a charge of trying to exasperate the ill-feeling in France, and with having a hardly less worthy object, than that of “worrying” the English Government. LORD ROBERT CECIL renewed the accusation of sympathy with assassins. MR. GLADSTONE seconded LORD PALMERSTON, and severely rebuked an “unmanly” interruption. LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON politely said that MR. STANSFELD was either MAZZINI’S accomplice or dupe, and MR. COX said something which was drowned in the roar for a division. There were 171 for Government, but 161 against it. Did not both sides shout; one because PAM was victorious, the other because the majority was only 10. Even the ladies behind the gallery beat a tattoo of triumph with their fans, which was unconstitutional. So ended the battle of STANSFELD-MAZZINI.

Friday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH had intended to have a great Danogerman night, but LORD RUSSELL begged him to “shut up,” and he closed accordingly, like a gentleman.

More snarling over the SHERIDAN affair—a dull *School for Scandal*. MR. STANSFELD offered to resign, and LORD PALMERSTON told him to do nothing of the kind. Touching which MR. OSBORNE spoke capitally, and called the conduct of the Opposition a painful persecution, and then made it painful for the Opposition by dint of some damaging ridicule.

A debate on the demolition of the fortresses of Corfu closed the First Act of the Comedy called the Session. An interval of Easter Holidays elapses before the next rise of the curtain. *Vivat Regina*, and decidedly no money returned.

“Quis Tulerit Gracchos de Seditione Quærentes?”

WHEN ROEBUCK dropped atop of RUSSELL,
 And fierce at his despatches flew,
 As “seoldings of an angry woman”
 Or “screamings of a eekatoo,”

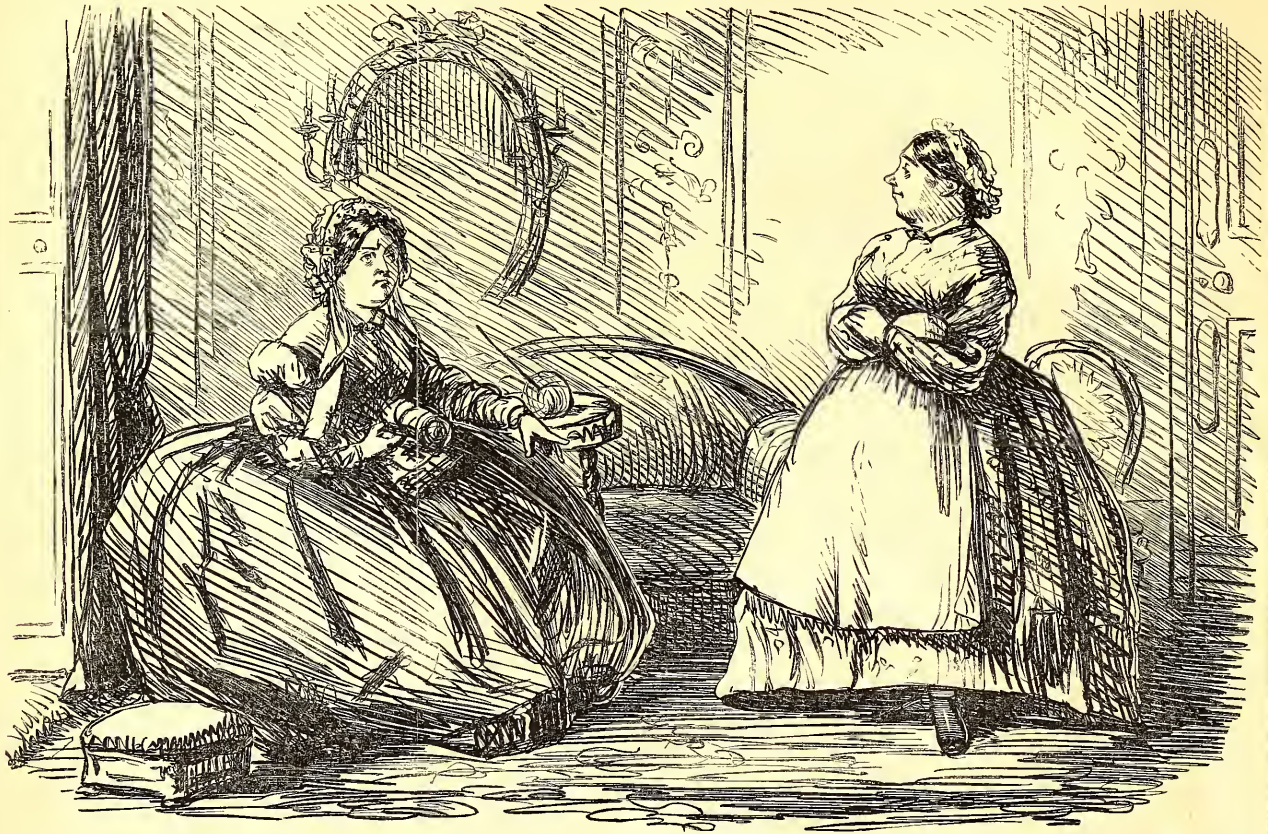
Who could forbear regrets to see
 Brother thus pitehling into brother,
 And not (though low *tu quoques* be)
 Warningly whisper—“YOU’RE ANOTHER!”

A PRETTY EXHIBITION.

We thought we were too wise to be surprised at anything; but we certainly were startled to see this in the *Reader*:—

“The private view of the Society of Female Artists will take place this day (Saturday) at their Gallery in Pall Mall.”

Baby-shows there have been, we believe, in plenty, but it is quite a novelty to hear of a Lady-show. We wonder how the Female Artists liked being inspected at their private view, and whether many of them showed much colour in their cheeks at it. We presume they were allowed to pose themselves artistically before their being viewed, and to arrange their drapery with an eye to picturesque and personal effect. Most of them no doubt came in their newest bonnets, and their most expansive Crinolines, and chose the dresses that best suited their complexions for the show. We wish we had been present at the private view, for it really must have been a very pretty sight, but as a public character we suppose that *Mr. Punch* was considered inadmissible. We trust next time that this objection will be waived, for we had always rather see a pretty woman than her picture, and if the private view of the Society of Lady Artists (we object to the word “female,” save when applied to brutes) be what the writer in the *Reader* leads us to imagine, we certainly should wish next season to attend it. Ladies have in general remarkably short memories (except in millinery matters, for they remember to a ribbon all the dresses at a party held a dozen years ago), but we trust the Lady Artists will recollect our wish, and favour us next year with an admission card to see them at their private view.



Lady. "INDEED, SMITH, I CANNOT BEAR THE LAUGHING AND NOISE DOWN-STAIRS—IT IS QUITE INTOLERABLE!"

Cook. "WELL, MAM! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO DEADEN THE SOUND; FOR THE NOISE UP-STAIRS IS EQUALLY ANNOYING TO HUS!"

TEUCER, ASSAILED BY HECTOR, IS SHELTERED UNDER THE SHIELD OF AJAX.

(Freely rendered into Hexameters by MR. PUNCH, from HOMER'S *Iliad*,
©. vv. 266—332. After reading the debates of Monday, March 14.)

RED-TAPE-STRUNG was the bow, and pointed with gall were the arrows
TEUCER bore to the field; from the quiver that rustled beside him,
Wing'd with grey-goose feathers, sharp missile on missile dispatching.
Not in the open he fought, but from under the buckler of AJAX—
AJAX OILIADES—forth-peeping, shot, frequent, his arrows:
Then, when they sped to their mark, or as they did oftener, missed it,
TEUCER was nimble to run, like a child to the arms of its mother,
Back to the sheltering buckler that AJAX held, sedulous, o'er him—
Many had trusted the shield, and it ne'er failed a comrade in peril.
Say, whom first of the foe smote the arrows of far-shooting TEUCER—
First, the great King of men he wounded, who rules in Lutetia,
There where he stood in his chariot, with DROUYNDELVIUS that drove it:
Bitter the sting of the arrow that entered the joints of his harness,
Silent the King to the shaft, but not the less rankled its poison:
Then of the Teutons he struck many captains, inglorious in battle,
BISMARCKOS, RECHBERGOS, and HALLOS the Hyperborean:
Then ADAMUS he smote: SEWARDUS that o'er the wide ocean
Shot with the long bow himself, as industrious an archer as TEUCER:
DARBIUS next and GRAIUS, and HARRIS, the grandson of HERMES.
But the more far-off the mark, the swifter and sharper the missile,
Certain to damage a friend, if, as often, 'twas wide of a foeman.
Him the father of mischief, in black and white that rejoices,
Seeing how swiftly and sharply he shot, drew near and applauded:
"TEUCER, below'd of my soul, IOANNULUS, archer unwearied,
Still shoot on as thou shootest, if thou wouldst win honour before me;
Chiefs on both sides appalling, that never know whence nor yet whither
Fly thy terrible missiles, which strike where they least are expected.
Let but the powers that I serve vouchsafe the upsetting of Europe,
Setting of kings by the ears, and to loggerheads bringing the nations,
Unto thee, next to myself, I will offer a guerdon of honour,

Either an inkstand of lead, or a patent, self-acting despatch-box,
Furnished with lucifer-matches, and vitriol thy missiles for tipping."

Him thus TEUCER bespake, IOANNULUS, coldly, in answer;

"Why, oh monarch of mischief, thus spur on a horse that is willing?"

Ne'er, while I have a hand to steady the grey goose's feather,
Ne'er will I pause from my shooting, not even though friends should
implore me;

Four great shots I have fired since first I was famed among archers,
And no shot of them all but sorely astonished the natives.

Many a chief I have pierced, since lately I entered the battle—

Albeit, none of them all seems any the worse for my shooting—

Still there is one dog yonder who barks, and girds at my arrows;

HECTOR TEAREMIDES, big of tongue and brazen of forehead;

So he spake, and an arrow he loosed against HECTOR, but missed him:

Missed him and smote at his side a Confederate chief he protected.

Him great HECTOR in wrath left seeking where TEUCER had hit him;

Down from his high horse sprang, the horse that for kicking and biting

HECTOR himself had trained, impatient of bit or of bridle;

Sharp was the sound of his voice and big and bad was his language,

As at TEUCER he rushed, IOANNULUS, eager to crush him;

Snatching, as was his wont, the first big stone he encountered,

Reckless how heavy or sharp, so it answered his purpose of braining;

Straight at TEUCER he rushed, and his big stone heavily heaving,

Smote him full on the hand, wherewith he shot off his arrows;

Numb the hand dropped at the wrist, with the grey goose feather it
guided,

TEUCER sank to his knees, and his quiver-shafts rustled beneath him:

But not then did AJAX abandon his down-stricken comrade,—

AJAX OILIADES,—but o'er him extended his buckler,

Stout with its JOHN BULL hide, that arrows and spear-shafts had blunted,

Strong e'en unto defying the paving-stones wielded by HECTOR.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

HAPPY will Denmark be when with *Othello* she can say,

O Schleswig-Holstein's Occupation's gone.



R—SS—L.

P—M—N.

R—B—K.

TEUCER, ASSAILED BY HECTOR, IS PROTECTED BY THE SHIELD OF AJAX.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

YOUR Profound Thinker, chiefly on account of his being perpetually lost in the profoundest thought, is the worst possible hand at opening a conversation if suddenly addressed in the street.

CODGER is one of this sort. In his own study CODGER will sit in a perfect bath of papers covered with intricate equations and logarithmical approximations. In the matter of times and seasons I had rather have CODGER hung up in my hall than my present barometer, on which the younger members of my family are fond of marking whatever kind of weather best suits their fancy, thus causing me considerable inconvenience in the matter of great coat and umbrella. Now, although CODGER is such as I have stated him to be, yet I have known him to become absolutely imbecile when unexpectedly hailed in a public thoroughfare. On a pouring wet day I came upon CODGER, or rather we came against one another at right angles.

"Hallo, CODGER!" I exclaimed, and immediately added, by way of a jest, which he from the nature of his pursuits would appreciate, "Quite tropical weather this, eh?"

And CODGER, who was totally unable to bring his tremendous powers of mind to bear upon the manifest absurdity of my observation, gravely replied:—

"Yes, quite."

Now I dare say that after we had parted, CODGER, on his senses returning to him, began to consider that his reply had been the best that could have been given by him under the circumstances.

Some there are who being thoroughly taken aback by their friend's salute, have a happy knack of making up for their want of readiness in conversation, by pretending to make an attempt at recollecting what it was they wanted to say to you.

A. (*Stops B. in the street without any particular object in so doing.*) "Ah, BODGER, I thought it was you." (*After making this sensible remark, A. smiles in a most amiable and friendly manner.*) BODGER (*making an equally sensible reply.*) "Did you?" (*They both smile.*)

A. "Yes." (*Smiles again, and looks at BODGER, as much as to say that he can't keep up the conversation all by himself, and that it's his, BODGER's, turn to speak now.*)

BODGER (*who has not got the faintest notion of what is to come next, adopts a cunning method for gaining time and collecting his scattered senses.*) "Let me see—what was it I was going to say to you?" (*puts his head on one side, like a raven.*)

A. To me? (*This in a tone of surprise, but merely for the sake of saying something.*)

A. feels that BODGER is acting a part, and BODGER is perfectly sensible that his friend sees to the bottom of his shallow device.

In this little game they waste perhaps ten minutes out of the real business of their lives. Perhaps it does them good.

A. (*after BODGER has been in deep thought for a few seconds.*) "What was it? can't you remember?"

BODGER (*pretending to be in despair,*) "No," (*after an interval of thought shorter than before,*) "No!"

A. "Well, it couldn't have been of much importance, whatever it was." (*This, incredulously.*)

BODGER (*knowing full well that he is detected, but playing out his part to the last.*) "Yes, it was though; I shall think of it presently. All well at home?"

Of course he neither wishes nor waits for an answer to the anxious inquiry, but straightway nods his head, smiles on his friend as if encouraging him to keep on being "quite well at home," and with a mutually hearty shake of the hand, they say—"Good bye."

And away go BODGER and A. in opposite directions. Does "what he couldn't recollect but wants particularly to say to A." ever trouble BODGER's mind again? Not a bit of it. That laughable farce is over for these two at present.

With some folks, to be recognised from a distance in the street is even worse than being happened upon while sharply turning a corner. For instance, DUMPKINS going down the street, sees EDDIWIGS, at some eighteen feet from him, coming up, on the same side; and at the very same moment EDDIWIGS sees DUMPKINS.

"Here's DUMPKINS," says EDDIWIGS to himself.

"Here's EDDIWIGS," says DUMPKINS to himself.

The next thought not expressed in words that occurs to both is, that the meeting is very awkward, and that they wish they could get out of each other's way. As there is no escape, without absolute rudeness, each rather slackens than quickens his pace; DUMPKINS looking from left to right as if unconscious of the approach of EDDIWIGS, and EDDIWIGS looking straight before him, but not at DUMPKINS, but over his head, at an imaginary point in the atmosphere. They have plenty of time, each silently to himself, to arrange at least a fair opening for a sensible and useful conversation; yet such is the fascination that the approach of DUMPKINS works upon the otherwise strong-minded EDDIWIGS, and so powerful is the spell worked by the advancing EDDIWIGS upon the vigorous intellect of DUMPKINS, that each tries to ignore the

presence of the other, and each vainly endeavours to distract his own attention from the coming trouble.

DUMPKINS must in all human probability meet EDDIWIGS at last; and so must EDDIWIGS DUMPKINS. I verily believe that were there no personal convenience consulted, they would choose rather to be whirled up in the air, or to vanish somehow suddenly, than come across one another at that precise moment. However, they do meet. Hands are shaken. What is coming now? Nothing. Speechless! grinning feebly at one another like a pair of nervous idiots. DUMPKINS is the first to rouse himself to something like a sense of the absurdity of his position. With a violent effort he says, hesitatingly, "Well?"

This cleverly throws the *onus loquendi* on EDDIWIGS.

But of what *he* says, and of what any one else says, and of what every one under the circumstances ought to say, with the method of saying it, I, if I may make so bold, will treat in a future paper upon this same subject.

A DIGNIFIED CLERGYMAN.

You have heard, Sirs, no doubt, of a Reverend Gent,
Who, by name G. A. DENISON, dates from East Brent,
In epistles which often appear in the *Post*,
And of which more epistle than gospel are most.

This Divine, you're aware, by preferment Archdeacon,
Is a burning and shining light, flames as a beacon
On the highest High Church; and is evermore bouncing
Like a doctrinal cracker, denounced or denouncing.

He's as busy in each theological rumpus,
When the blast seems to blow from all points of the compass,
As, to word a sea-saying in periphrase blameless,
In a high gale of wind is a Personage nameless.

His last note of triumph, addressed to the *Post*, is
Touching Oxford's Greek Chair; G. A. DENISON'S boast is
The defeat of the statute proposed to endow it:
His success in restringing the income of JOWETT.

What a noble revenge an opponent to wreak on
For a dignified Clergyman, Mr. Archdeacon!
Don't you think that you rather your dignity smother
In your own pocket, striking at that of a brother?

MOTTOES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MILLION.

(From *Punch's Peerage.*)

LORD PALMERSTON.—*Civis Romanus Sum.* I am a Judicious Bottleholder.

LORD RUSSELL.—*Che sarà, sarà.* Rest and be thankful.

LORD DERBY.—*Sans changer.* I should like to change from Without.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.—*Foy pour devoir.* Faith, he'll devour you.

LORD MALMESBURY.—*Il maintiendrai.* He'll keep for the present.

LORD WESTMETH.—*Decrevi.* I have been indiscreet.

LORD LYVEDEN.—*Vir non semper vivet.* The VERNONS were always rather green.

LORD CLANRICARDE.—*Ung roy, ung foy, ung loy.* One king, one trump.
Won! La!

Model Review.

The Coins of the Ancient Britons. By JOHN EVANS. 26 Pictures.

WE have never seen this Book, and do not even know who publishes it, but it is impossible to resist the opportunity of showing how reviewing should be done. We therefore beg to remark that the *Coins of the Modern Britons* could not be better laid out than in purchasing the *Coins of the Ancient Britons.*

Epigram.

THOUGH College Bills, like melting snow,
Are of a *binding* nature,
In these the *Pater*—not the *Sun*—
Becomes the *liquidator*.

FASHION IN DOWNING STREET.—A pretty thing in head-dresses is the *coiffure officielle*. The hair is gathered in a loop like a pigeon-hole, and tied with red tape.

TOAST FOR TOUGH OLD FELLOWS.—Hanging, flogging, and fagging.



Inebriated Swell (to Milkwoman at 6 A.M.) "CAN ONE O' YOU LADIES BE S'KIND'S T'BLIGE ME 'TH HAIRPIN, SHOMESTHINGSH' GOT INT' MY LA'SCH-KEY."

THE PECUNIARY TEST.

GLORIOUS majority of the Oxford Convocation; Reverend and Magnanimous Gentlemen! Knowing that the salary of your Greek Professor ought to be ten times as much as it is, you had the generosity and the justice to vote against the proposed statute for giving him the remuneration due to his services. Your most sage reason for doing this wise and noble act was that MR. JOWETT, within the latitude allowed by the Established Church, holds theological opinions which differ from your own.

You had a perfect right to vote that MR. JOWETT should not be paid more than one-tenth of what he ought to receive for teaching the University Greek. That is to say, you cannot be taken up and indicted for the injustice which you have done MR. JOWETT; nor has that gentleman even an action for damages against you.

Yes, you had a right, in as far as you were able, to vote for denying MR. JOWETT the means of subsistence. Much more has anybody, having the power, the right, on the contrary, to give him a living.

There may be some persons, commanding ecclesiastical patronage, who would rather, of the two, that MR. JOWETT should make a living at Oxford than hold one in the Church; but who, since you refuse him the former, will determine to give him the latter.

The Crown would have an indisputable right to prefer MR. JOWETT to a Bishopric; and would not this make very neat amends for the persecution endured by a Regius Professor? What if the ultimate result of your attempt to vindicate your opinions on a solemn subject by rejecting the proposal to raise a gentleman's salary, and thus withholding from an industrious labourer the hire of which you knew he was worthy, should be a BISHOP JOWETT? But that MR. JOWETT was worthy of the hire which you piously withheld from him is perhaps more than some of you did know. There is reason to suppose that, among the reverend persecutors of the Oxford Professor of Greek, there are too many who at any rate do not know the value of that language. Otherwise, for teaching it (to those who are able to learn it) they would hardly have limited him to £40 a-year.

If the Crown should be advised to elevate MR. JOWETT to the episcopal Bench, suppose the *congé d'élire*, the gracious permission to choose the nominee, should be addressed to some of you. Perhaps your Dean and Chapter would refuse obedience to the Royal mandate; and, for conscience sake, submit to the penalty in such case made and provided. Perhaps they would accept the alternative of electing the Bishop, or taking the consequences; and elect the Bishop. Because

that is the sort of thing which your Reverences do in retaining your preferment on condition of remaining in law-established fellowship with a man whom you denounce and punish as a heretic, but who, if you were to call him one, might prosecute you for libel. Declining to suffer for conscience' sake yourselves, perhaps your Reverences would be content to assert your orthodoxy by giving a Bishop, whom you feared to reject, as much annoyance as you might be able to cause him by any proceeding which would subject him to a privation of income.

The patience which enables you to put up with a judgment that forces you to endure the communion of those whom you anathematise, is a patience which transcends resignation. So you continue in association with those whom you deem misbelievers, and reconcile your position with your consciences by the consideration that it enables you to persecute them.

A PAIR OF POETS.

THERE is a Bard, the heir of fame,
His countrymen's delight,
He has a universal name—
Mind you pronounce it right.
It seems to rhyme, not, as in gross
Mistake we did suppose,
As o does in cathedral close;
So call him POET CLOSE.

The sons of song in couples run;
'Tis wondrous how they do.
For instance, there is HOMER, one,
And there is VIRGIL, two,
SHAKSPEARE with MILTON we combine;
BEAUMONT with FLETCHER goes;
DRYDEN with POPE; whose mighty line
With that of POET CLOSE?

Just as we SCOTT with BYRON pair,
And WORDSWORTH makes us think
Of SOUTHEY, even so we dare
Two living Bards to link.
In either's verse, with kindred light,
The fire of Genius glows;
And POET TUPPER we may cite
Along with POET CLOSE.

The POET TUPPER has a hold
On playful minds and mild,
And therefore have his poems sold
Like fire of species wild.
The other Poet, doubtless, would
As fast of his dispose,
Were but the sportive, green, and good,
Aware of POET CLOSE.

Oft TUPPER, with unconscious touch,
Will make your sides ache sore;
You'll laugh at POET CLOSE as much,
But he intends no more.
Nor is his pen to verse confined;
He likewise deals in prose.
Lo both, with graphic art combined—
A book by POET CLOSE!*

Poor CLOSE's pension was revoked,
O revocation hard!
Fun because envious, critics poked
At Kirkby-Stephen's Bard.
What matter, if the Public says
The Minstrel what it owes,
And gilds, like POET TUPPER's bays,
The wreath of POET CLOSE?

* *Poet Close's Grand Sensation Book, The Wise Man of Stainmore, &c.* J. Close, Kirkby-Stephen, Westmoreland. English literature has also just been enriched with *Cithara*; a Selection from the Lyrics of MARTIN F. TUPPER. It contains some new pieces, in which MR. TUPPER has excelled himself: but *Nemo repente fuit TUPPERRIMUS.*

Prize Riddle.

If a Gang of Labourers on a Railway Line were to emigrate in a New Vessel, why would the Starting of that Ship resemble an Awful Fall of Snow?
Because it would be a *Navy-Launch.*

THE TATTOO AND THE TRUMPET.



THE New Zealanders have saved the Yeomanry Cavalry. Ha! ha! A martial array of heroes from the Counties marched upon Cambridge House a few days ago, massacred the porter at the lodge (who is as well as can be expected), cut down the hall porter (who is still better), forced its way into the PREMIER'S room, and declared that it would be called out for training as usual. PAM had made up his mind to give way, but did not know what sort of a reason to assign for having let the Government be all but beaten on the question, and then for having changed his mind. So he was awfully affable, showed "characteristic affability and courtesy," says the report, and then,

a flash of inspiration coming to his aid, he declared that he had received such good news from New Zealand that he could afford to spend part of the New Zealand vote on the bumpkin chivalry. The heroes were ecstatic, and PAM will very likely gain some stray votes. We wouldn't disturb anybody's happiness, but would in the most abject humility ask how, if a fortnight ago the Government was convinced

that the calling out these rustic cavaliers would be an unjustifiable extravagance, it has suddenly become a proper expenditure, because the Government has in hand some money given for quite another purpose. Setting this trifling and perhaps irreverent query aside, *Mr. Punch* joins lustily in the song popularly set to the Yeomanry trumpets:—

"All you that are able,
Come down to the stable,
And water your horses, and give them some corn,
And you who're unable
To come to the stable,
May lie in the blankets and keep yourselves warm."

ECONOMY IN FUEL.

WE know of no method so simple, so cheap, so instantaneous for heating a house as to contradict your wife. It is so infallible that we intend taking out a Patent for it. Should any married man doubt our word, we only recommend him to try the experiment, and if he doesn't feel considerably warmer after the process, we will consent to lose our reputation of being a good prophet (to everybody that we have commercial dealings with). However, we would advise the bold man not to try the experiment a second time, or else the house may become a great deal too hot to hold him, and he will certainly have to seek refuge in his Club, before he can get cool again.

Anti-Dun Announcement.

WHEN you find it expedient to sport your Oak, you will do well to post outside of it the following notice:—"Gone to the Small Pox Hospital. Return directly."

THE GREAT BOAT-RACE.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|-------------------------|---------------|
| 1. HAWKSHAW | 3rd Trinity. | 5. KINGLAKE | 3rd Trinity. |
| 2. PIGOTT | Corpus. | 6. BORTHWICK | 1st Trinity. |
| 3. WATSON | Pembroke. | 7. STEAVENSON | Trinity Hall. |
| 4. HAWKINS | Lady Margaret. | 8. SELWYN | 3rd Trinity. |

Steerer, ARCHER, Corpus.

BEFORE THE RACE.

COME, list to me, who wish to hear the glories of our crew,
I'll tell you all the names of those who wear the Cambridge Blue.
First HAWKSHAW comes, a stalwart bow, as tough as oak, nay tougher;
Look at him ye who wish to see the Antipodes to "duffer."
Swift as the Hawk in airy flight, strong as the guardsman SHAW,
We men of mortal muscles must contemplate him with awe.
Though I dwell by Cam's slow river, and I hope am not a bigot,
I think that Isis cannot boast a better man than PIGOTT:
Active, and strong, and steady, and never known to shrink,
Of Corpus the quintessence, he is always fit for work.
The men of Thames will be amazed when they see our "Three" so strong,
And doubt if such a mighty form to mortal mould belong.
"What son is this?" they, one and all, will ask in awe and wonder;
The men of Cam will answer make, "A mighty son of thunder."
Next HAWKINS comes at "number 4," the sole surviving pet
Of the patroness of rowing, the Lady Margaret;
When they think of his broad shoulders, and strong and sinewy arms,
Nor parents dear, nor brothers stern, need foster fond alarms.
Oh! a tear of love maternal in Etona's eye will quiver,
When she sees her favourite KINGLAKE also monarch of the river.
Oh! that I could honour fitly in this unassuming song
That wondrous combination of steady, long, and strong.
Then comes a true-blue mariner from the ever-glorious "First,"
In the golden arms of Glory and the lap of Vict'ry nurst;
Though blue may be his colours, there are better oarsmen few,
And Oxford when it sees him will perhaps look still more blue.
Then comes the son of STEPHEN, as solid as a wall;
We need not add, who know his name, that he hails from Trinity Hall.
Oh! in the race, when comes at last the struggle close and dire,
May he have the wind and courage of his tutor and his sire;
May he think of all the glories of the ribbon black and white,
And add another jewel to the diadem so bright!
Then comes a name which Camas and Etona know full well,
A name that's always sure to win, and never will prove a sell.
O what joy will fill a Bishop's heart on a far far distant shore,
When he sees our Stroke reviving the memories of yore!
Then old Cam will he revisit in fancy's fairy dream,
And rouse once more with sounding oar the slow and sluggish stream:

But who is this with voice so shrill, so resolute and ready?
Who cries so oft "too late!" "too soon!" "quicker forward!"
"Steady, steady!"

Why 'tis our young toxophilite, our ARCHER bold and true,
The lightest and the tightest who has ever steered light-blue.
O when he pulls the yielding string may he shoot both strong and straight,

And may the flight be swift and sure of his mighty arrows eight!
May he add another victory to increase our Cambridge score;
May Father Thames again behold the light blue to the fore!
But ah! the name of Victory falls feebly on my ear—
Forgive me! 'tis not cowardice that bids me shed this tear,
I weep to think that three long years have looked on our defeat;
For three long years we ne'er have known the taste of triumph sweet;
O Father Cam! O Father Thames! O ye nymphs of Chiswick eyot!
O Triton! O Poseidon! Take some pity on our fate!
What's the use of resolution or of training or of science,
If anxious friends and relatives to our efforts bid defiance?
If they take our strongest heroes from the middle of the boat,
Lest exposure to the weather should give them a sore throat.
We've rowed our boat when wave on wave o'er ship and crew was
plashing,

And little were we troubled by the steamers and the splashing.
O little do the light-blues care when tempests round them gather,
We'll meet the raging of the skies, but not an angry Father!
For though our vessel sank, our hearts were buoyant as a feather,
Since we knew that we had done our best in spite of wind and weather.
Then all ye Gods and Goddesses who rule o'er lake and river,
O wipe away the trembling tear which in mine eye doth quiver!
O wipe away the dire defeats that now we often suffer,
Let not the name of Cambridge blue be breathed with that of "duffer!"
O melt the hearts of governors! For who can hope to thrive,
If, when we're just "together," they deprive us of our "Five?"
And lastly, when 'mid shouts and cheers and screams and deafening dins,
The two boats start upon their course—

AFTER THE RACE.

Wcu mihi, Oxford wins!

"Eh? Mother."

Is not our dear old friend, MOTHER CHURCH, a little inconsistent?
Of course she is, and a female who is not sometimes inconsistent is not
loveable. But it is odd that she should, in the Tests debate for instance,
declare that Subscriptions are her great support, and yet that she should
expect so little from her friends' Subscriptions that she clings to Church-
rates. Bless her old soul, nevertheless; in fact rather the more.



Maitre d'Armes. "PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS, M'SIEU?"

Cornet. "OH WEE, UN POU."

Maitre d'Armes. "BIEN, M'SIEU—EN GARDE!"

Cornet. "OH WEE—JE SUIS ON GUARD TO-MORROW, AND ORDERLY OFFICER NEXT DAY!"

THE WAY THE CAT JUMPS.

MR. PUNCH,

WHICH way the Cat jumps in the House of Commons, you can judge from the majority of 45 to 42 against the amendment on the Mutiny Bill, moved by Mr. Cox, for the abolition of Flogging in the Army.

Should the Cat-o'-Nine-Tails be eliminated from the Land and Sea Forces, will the British Army and Navy, as captains and higher officers in either service predict, become ungovernable? That they will, we cannot be quite sure, because they are not in a state of anarchy now, as gallant gentlemen predicted they would be in consequence of the reduction of the statutable number of lashes from infinity to fifty.

To be sure it is true that fifty lashes and fifty lashes may be very different things; and that five hundred or any number of lashes may be preferable to fifty. The Act of Parliament which limited Courts Martial and Colonels to fifty lashes, omitted to provide that they should be administered by a flogging machine, graduated to act with a certain power, or that the force of the drummer's arm should be limited to a stated sum by a dynamometer.

In this matter of flogging, whatever may be the merits of the question for or against it, the glorious inconsistency which characterises our constitutional legislation in general is particularly manifest.

We flog bad soldiers and sailors, and we flog no other bad men but gartotter and unruly convicts. Besides, we only flog bad boys. The theory of flogging supposes fear of bodily pain. Almost the only men we flog are men who for the consideration of their victuals, their lodging, and about three-half-pence a day to spend out of their wages, have of their own accord put themselves in the way of being obliged to expose themselves to the imminent risk of shattered limbs, lacerated bodies, mutilated persons, death in the extremest of torments, or a life of misery to which such a death is preferable. What is the Cat-o'-Nine-Tails to a man who jests at rifle bullets, rockets, live shells, and cold steel, or it may be red-hot iron in the inside of him? If a man has no fear of wounds to which the scratches of the Cat are flea-bites, will he fear the Cat? If he fears the Cat, has he one grain of the courage that is requisite for a soldier? Would not the best thing the Army or Navy could do with him be to get rid of him as soon as possible? He that is afraid of a skin-deep laceration of the back can have "no stomach for the fight," in which that organ is liable to more formidable injury.

If British soldiers and sailors were conscripts, many of them obliged to risk their brains and bones, and viscera against their will, there might, one would think, certainly be considerable necessity for the Cat, or some equivalent, to keep a large number of involuntary warriors in order. But they are all volunteers; and the French, pressed men, are kept in pretty good discipline by other means than stripes. Are those means, as our gallant legislators tell us, bullets? Is it the fact that a French soldier or sailor is shot where an Englishman is flogged?

I do not pretend to say, *Mr. Punch*, because I do not know, that flogging in the Army and Navy could be safely abolished. But this I say, that if it cannot, it had better be re-introduced, and that largely, into the Roguery and Felony. I don't know what there is in the vocation of defending a land of freedom which should render a man peculiarly liable to the punishment which is regarded as suitable only to a slave, and, if suitable to any slave at all, is suitable to one who has incurred servitude by his crimes. With kind regard to Colonels NORTH and KNOX, believe me, yours truly,

IN FERROREM.

P.S. Could there not be a trial of the suspended animation, so to speak, of the Cat for a year during peace, with a proviso for its revival in the event of war? No, I suppose the Captains and Colonels will say. Their honours and worships always say no to any proposal for trying the temporary discontinuance of hanging or any other corporal punishment. Are they afraid the experiment would succeed?

A SOCIAL POLICE CASE.

MR. PUNCH, premising that his remarks recently made under the above heading did not refer to a publication (a respectable and useful one) called the *Autograph Souvenir*, has to say that he has received two communications from the Editor of the publication to which those remarks did refer. *Mr. Punch* never makes a grave statement in the absence of evidence absolutely confirming it. Having made no departure from that rule in the case in question, he has no intention of either retracting a word of his previous allegations (evidently read by the remonstrant in a state of mind which prevents a charge and its terms from being duly comprehended) or of permitting them to be contradicted, under the circumstances within his knowledge. But he is glad to infer that no second *avertissement* will be needed.

THE CIRCULAR BORE.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR.—Much as we are indebted to your friend SIR ROWLAND HILL, cheap postage has occasioned one very great bore. I mean the Circular Bore. Some impertinent jackanapes will suggest that a Rifle bore, for instance, is a circular bore. I am not complaining of that aperture or any other. The Circular Bore that annoys me is the Advertising Circular Bore, Sir.

I hate a double rap, as such. It may be the tax-collector's instead of the postman's. No news is good news; and a letter is more likely to contain unpleasant than agreeable tidings. The best that I can expect would arrive is a note asking me to dine; and that will most probably come from somebody who doesn't keep a better table than my own; and then it will give me the trouble of writing back to say "No, I won't," in gracious words.

The postman's knock, Sir, therefore, knocks me over. It throws me into a state of apprehension which lasts until I have got and torn open the letter which it has announced. And that, after all, I find to contain a confounded linen-draper's puff. The fool who sent it! As if, in case I had a wife and daughters, I should not throw it behind the fire as quickly again as I do. Sometimes it is addressed to a hypothetical Mrs. S., and if there were one, it would impose upon me through her foolish passion for finery. I congratulate myself that I am not to be imposed upon, Sir. But I have been disquieted, Sir, and subjected to considerable uneasiness, and I hate it.

There is another Circular Bore that is even more aggravating than puffing handbills. That is the Prospectus Bore.

The Prospectus Bore I not only resent as an attempt to take me in, Sir, but also as a mockery of my limited circumstances, Sir. It is the Circular of some new Joint-Stock Bank, Assurance, Mining, or other Bubble Company, a speculation in which it invites me to invest money. Now I have no money to invest, and if I had any I should invest it either in Government securities or freehold property with a guaranteed title. But it exasperates me, Sir, to be reminded that I have no money to invest whilst so many fools have plenty, and are cosened out of it by a swindling circular like that before me; a position, Sir, which it does not long retain. In the meanwhile, Sir, I console myself by exulting in the knowledge that I could not be the dupe of any such humbug, and I gloat, with pleasurable derision, over the considerably supplied form of applications for shares, with its lines all so handily ruled, and spaces nicely left for me to fill up, and the place where I am to sign my name, as though it were a matter of course that I should. I am not of a demonstrative nature, Sir, but, as I look at the trap



THE LATEST FROM ALDERSHOT.

Mr. Snip's Foreman (with great anxiety). "Is MR. ST. LONGWIND AT HOME?" Faithful Bâtman (who smells a Dun). "MASTER'S GONE TO A COURT-MARTIAL."



WE REGRET TO STATE THAT THE FAITHFUL DOMESTIC HAS MORE REGARD FOR HIS MASTER THAN THE TRUTH, FOR THIS IS MR. ST. LONGWIND.

thus set for me, I cannot help grinning, and whispering, "WALKER!" through my clenched teeth, whilst I press the end of my nose flat with my thumb, and vibrate my extended fingers with a will.

The Circular Bore, Sir, is inflicted through the Post, principally and especially on men whose names, like mine, are to be got at in a professional catalogue. For being thus pestered, my chief consolation, which I would suggest to others, is, that the gentry who have taken the trouble to hunt up my name for the purpose of getting money out of me by a humbugging circular, have at least thrown away a penny stamp on their speculation upon the good-nature or gullibility of, Sir, your humble servant.

SMELFUNGUS.

P.S. It would serve the humbugs right to return their Schedule filled up and signed with the name and address of an imaginary SMITH or JONES, Sir.

OUR OWN JO MILLER.

WHO has not heard of JO MILLER? But who has seen the original Publication? We have found this curiosity, and now, in order to promote witty conversation and genial hilarity among those brilliant diners-out whose powers are on the wane, and among the rising generation of wags, who are still at their freshest, we propose from time to time giving a few specimens of

those exquisitely facetious stories, which long ago set the tables of our great-great-grandfathers in a roar, but which have nowadays fallen into most unmerited oblivion. The rare wit and humour of the following anecdotes, be it remarked, does not lie upon the surface, nor can the reader expect at once to plumb the subtle depths, or reach the fine points of Honest JOSEPH's funny stories. Patience will overcome all the difficulties of the pleasurable task. We will commence with the following gems:—

A DOCTOR'S FEE.

A CERTAIN Quack, calling one day on an invalid, asked him, "how he did?" "I didn't," was the sufferer's reply. "Then," cried the undaunted disciple of GALEN, "It must have been your brother." With this he pocketed his fee, but never returned to the House.

THE CLOWN AND THE POPLAR.

A WAG, happening one day to be walking through St. James's Park, was accosted in a somewhat rude style by an elderly countryman who was staring up at a stick that was suspended on a branch of one of the trees. "Prithee, Sir," quoth HODGE, "is not this an injustice; for I see a piece of wood that never did aught of harm to a soul hanging, while there is a knave below that goes free." "Nay, friend," returned the other, "but I see one that isn't." And so saying he turned on his heel and departed.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



EAR PUNCH.—A young friend of mine, an Oxford "man" he calls himself (for as babies are born nowadays some five or six years old, a boy of course becomes a man before he is twenty), has recently been staying a few days with me in town, on the plea that his presence was required at the boat-race. To carry out this notion, every day for upwards of a week before the match, he used to stalk into my study directly after breakfast, and say, "Well, old boy, excuse me, please, I must be off to Putney. You see, our men are going to practise a new spurt," this with a knowing glance at me as though to hint they could not possibly get through their work without him. "We dined at six, mind, sharp," I used to bellow after him as he banged the door, and then he disappeared behind a big cigar, and I saw nothing more of him until half-past seven.

Of course I knew my stomach better than to wait for him, but I think he must have bribed the cook to keep him in her mind, for she always seemed to me to reserve the nicest dishes for him. A pipe of cavendish was lit directly after the last mouthful, and then he used to entertain me with tales about "our men," and how splendidly they kept their stroke, and what fine form they rowed in. After an hour or so of boating slang, which I understand as much as I do Gaelic or Fecjee, he then, just about my bed-time, used to vote that we should go and have a game of pool, and a pipe at Paddy GREEN'S, where we should be pretty safe to drop upon some fellows. Now, when I play billiards I invariably lose, and, as the game thus grows monotonous, I proposed to him one night, just by way of novelty, to look into some theatre. To my astonishment, however, there seemed nothing on the stage that he had not been to see, although he vowed to me he had not been in Town since Christmas. I recommended, first, MISS BATEMAN, a "Queen Leah?" O yes, she's capital. I saw her in October, and didn't she make me cry, just!" Then there's the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*: you like a thrilling drama. "Thank you, my dear fellow, but I saw that twice last summer." Well, then, there's the Haymarket. "What! and see old *Lord Dundreary*, who's been playing for a century?—puff—why, my dear fellow, I saw him—puff—a dozen times at least a couple of years ago—puffpuff—before even I left schoo—puffpuff—hem—puff—before even I knew you—puffpuffpuffpuffpuff."

"Well, it really is a nuisance," said I, after a short pause, in which my young friend nearly choked me by the quickness of his smoking; "but if authors will write pieces so abominably attractive that they somehow draw good houses for a couple of hundred nights, of course men like you and me, who are getting rather *blasés*, and don't much care to see plays twice, really can't go to a theatre above once in a twelvemonth, and the managers can hardly wonder at our absence. But, come now," added I, just glancing at the *Times*, "swells like you and me don't often cross the Thames in our dramatic expeditions, so what d'ye say to spending half-an-hour with MESSIEURS SHEPHERD and ANDERSON over at the Surrey? I hear that there's an out-and-out good blood-and-thunder nautical sensation drama playing there, with a nice cold-blooded murder and the storming of Algiers in it, and a cataract of Real Water—from some Real Water Works!"

So in desperation and a hansom off we went, and found an audience composed of some three thousand people, packed well nigh as tightly as Sardines in a box, but all sitting in most evident enjoyment of the play, for which I learned that they had paid their sixpence to the gallery and their shilling to the pit. (N.B. No half-price, except to Crosses of wealth enough to pay two shillings to the boxes, no daring innovator having yet been bold enough to tempt a bloated aristocracy to patronise the theatre, by stealing from the pittites a row or two of stalls.)

Without quite echoing the playbill, that *Ashore and Afloat* "eclipses *Black-Eyed Susan*," and presents "One Blaze of Triumph" from the first to the last scene, I must admit that, when I saw it, the drama was received with "tumultuous applause;" and there were starings, shout-

ings, stampings, and hand-clappings enough to be described as "acclamations of wonder and delight." The plot was more intelligible than I quite expected; and all throughout the piece the author clearly did his best to prevent a British audience from making a mistake between villainy and virtue, and so took care that the murder which was done in the first act should be committed *coram populo*, and not behind the scenes. The humour was peculiar, as in these over-water dramas it usually is; but in neither word nor gesture was ought to be detected at all savouring of coarseness; and this is more than may be said at some genteeler theatres which I forbear to name. To tell your friend in confidence, "Well, if 'tis so, it 'tis, and it can't be no 'tiser," may not appear, perhaps, a very brilliant epigram, but the audience seemed perfectly delighted with its pungency and point; and when *Hal Oakford*, being tempted to turn traitor at Algiers, turns his quid instead, and, hitching up his trousers, says, "What! sail under false colours? damme, no! sheer off, you monkey-eating swab! I mean to die True Blue, and not Turkey Rhubarb," there is a roar of approbation at the gallant fellow's courage, and the house is quite enraptured at the sparkle of his wit.

Perhaps it is because he has the real cataract in his eye, that the author seems throughout the play to strive after reality, and to make his characters do just what they naturally would do in real life. Thus, in the murder scene, a person who, according to the playbill, is a "wealthy but miserly landlord," while out walking with a friend, on a sudden recollects he has £2000 about him, and so hands him this small trifle to keep for a few days, which is precisely what a miser would most naturally do. Meek villain, miser's bailiff, stabs friend with his pocket-knife (which bears, of course, his name on it, and which he takes good care to drop); and, as the notes for the £2000 are on a bank which breaks unluckily before he gets them cashed, he walks about for four years with them in his pocket, that at the right moment they may prove his guilt. Then, when Algiers is bombarded, on comes MR. SHEPHERD as a gallant British sailor, with a broadsword in one hand and a big Union Jack (a famous thing to fight with) in the other, and a terrific "one, two, over, one, two, under" fight ensues between him and the *Dey*, who also wears a broadsword, as Turks usually do. All this, you see, is strictly true to nature and reality; and people who read history, and are induced thereby to fancy that Algiers was taken by LORD EXMOUTH, may discover at the Surrey that history is quite wrong, and that the capture in reality was made by one *Hal Oakford*, who, with his soft and cheery voice and light and springy bearing, reminded me a little of dear old T. P. COOKE.

As to the sensation scene, which takes place in a coal-mine, its chief novelty consists in the fact that all the characters are left hanging in mid-air at the falling of the curtain, and when the curtain again rises at the bidding of the audience, the rescued heroine and her friends are still in bodily suspense. Perhaps the next sensation climax will take place in a balloon, and a terrific broadsword combat will come off in the car between the hero and the villain, when the villain, being worsted, will proceed to draw a blunderbuss out of his left boot, and, firing bang at the balloon, will laugh ha! ha! as it collapses, and the act-drop will descend while they both vanish down a trap. Of course, in the next scene the audience will learn that the villain has been smashed; and the hero will be seen with one arm in a sling and the other round the heroine, who, being startled at her needle by the banging of the blunderbuss, looked out and caught a glimpse of the balloon as it collapsed, and so, with woman's wit and quickness, scampered from her cottage, carrying a feather-bed, which she laid upon the grass-plat just in time to break her long-loved HARRY'S fall.

Trusting that *Hal Oakford* and the girl he nightly rescues will neither of them break their legs, or even sprain their ancles, before their run is over, I beg leave to subscribe myself as usual,

ONE WHO PAYS.

SHAKSPEARIAN SCULPTURE.

An Advertisement of the Shakspeare Monument informs the Public that:—

"It is proposed to commemorate the 300th birthday of SHAKSPEARE by erecting in London a monument embracing a bronze statue placed under a decorative canopy in the style of the Poet's embraic."

It is difficult to conceive a monument embracing a statue, if the monument is not a statue itself, or does not resemble either some animal, as a monkey or a bear, capable of clasping or hugging, or some plant, like a vine or a honeysuckle, accustomed to cling to and twine round objects. Otherwise, a monument could hardly embrace a statue; if one is to embrace the other, the statue should embrace the monument. If the monument embracing the bronze statue to be erected in commemoration of SHAKSPEARE'S birthday is to be itself a statue, well and good. The bronze statue might be that of *Juliet*, and the other *Romeo's*, and *Romeo* might be thus represented embracing *Juliet*. Or the two statues might be a statue of *Titania* embracing a statue of *Bottom*.

TO THE DIRTY.—Try the Soap-and-Water Cure, at the excellent Hydropathic Establishment, *Sudbrook Park*.

AN EASTER-OFFERING TO LORD RUSSELL.

EASTER rest to my RUSSELL!
 From Parliament's tussle,
 From bother and bluster and baiting;
 From Derbyite vapours,
 From cries for "more papers,"
 From 'spounding and 'splaining and stating;
 Rest and be thankful!

From snubs of your offers,
 Proposals and proffers,
 To this and that Foreign Legation;
 From neutrality's guarding
 Against the bombarding
 Of Fed- or of Confed- eration;
 Rest and be thankful!

From assaults oratorical,
 Quotations historical,
 Whig precedents, brought out in batches;
 From long-winded lecturing,
 (Somewhat like lectoring),
 Served up cold, in the shape of despatches;
 Rest and be thankful!

From keeping the peace
 In broding-hot Greece,
 Warning Eider-Danes, snubbing small-Germans;
 From the snubberies of Russia,
 And dodgings of Prussia,
 And general pooh-pooh of your sermons;
 Rest and be thankful!

In the sense that you've done
 Ev'rything 'neath the sun
 To keep Europe's mines from exploding;
 In your hold on conviction
 'Gainst Faction and friction,
 Friends' coolness, and rivals' ill-boding;
 Rest and be thankful!

SHIPLEY SWINE'S FEAST.

SPEAKING of a particularly obstinate fool, DR. JOHNSON said, "Sir; he would lie and tumble in a hogstye as long as you stood and called him to come out." There are some men whose dispositions are wondrously modified by those of the animals with which they are peculiarly conversant; and the agricultural mind, dealing much with pigs, not uncommonly induces the bumpkin whom it actuates to persist in wallowing morally in the mire of prejudice and stupidity. The subjoined extract from a rural contemporary will illustrate the preceding observations:—

"SHIPLEY.

"THE SPARROW CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Shipley Sparrow Club was held at the Selsey Arms Inn, on the 2nd inst., when upwards of twenty members sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by MR. and MRS. SLATER in their usual style. After the cloth was removed, the Chairman proceeded to look over the accounts and award the prizes; and announced that 9,910 bird's heads of various kinds had been sent in during the year, being upwards of 2,000 more than had been sent in any previous year. It was unanimously agreed to carry on the club as before, notwithstanding all that *Punch* and other anti-birdkillers have said about it."

The clowns who constitute the mischievous association calling itself the Shipley Sparrow Club take an evident pride in their determination to persist in their brutal endeavour to exterminate small birds, out of sheer hoggish contradiction to what "*Punch* and the other anti-birdkillers have said about it." The excellent dinner provided by MR. and MRS. SLATER in their usual style for these boors was probably not the sort of meal that they are best able to appreciate, which is manifestly barley-meal. But for their peculiar affinity to swine, the bumpkins who have taken the name of the Sparrow Club would have most justly described themselves by that of the Goose Club; only they would then have been liable to be confounded with more rational societies. The Caterpillar Club would also be a suitable title for a set of farmers who are such blockheads as to conspire for the destruction of sparrows. Their attempt to destroy the destroyers of the vermin that ravage their crops is suicidal; and the injury which they inflict on themselves, in swimming against the stream of enlightened opinion, completes their resemblance to the grunting quadruped which is regarded as the emblem of obstinacy.

Notes and Queries.

THE *Pillory* was not, in the first instance, a place where an offender was obliged to take medicine, though whoever was placed therein, undoubtedly had a dose of it.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

THE last picture, uniting two subjects, to which I begged to call your attention, was that of DUMPKINS surprised in the street by BODGER, and its converse, of BODGER in the street surprised by DUMPKINS. These together would form an admirable cartoon, and MR. E. M. WARD is welcome to the idea; whereupon I drink a water-glass to his health (to *his* by the way distinctly not to *mine*, not being an hydropathist) and return to our theme. Two persons unexpectedly and suddenly meet one another in the street, and straightway each is more abashed by the presence of the other, than would be any pickpocket caught redhanded in the fact. As it is my intention presently to show what *ought* to be said, and what ought to be left *unsaid*, I must, in order to represent what actually *is* said on such occasions as the above mentioned, very briefly recapitulate a portion of a former paper.

Stand up, don't breathe upon the glasses, keep both eyes open and observe,

SCENE—A Street in London. TIME—Mid-afternoon.

Our Dramatis Personæ consist of Two Friends, whom we will call 1st and 2nd Citizen. This may be termed Method No. 1.

1st Citizen (meeting 2nd Citizen, and feeling compelled to stop him as if he had got something of the utmost importance to communicate). Ah!

This in a tone of surprise, accompanied by hand-shaking.

2nd Cit. (in same tone). Ah!

Now these exclamations ought to be written after the fashion of the libretto of a duet.

1st Cit. } Ah!

2nd Cit. } Ah!

1st Cit. How are you?

2nd Cit. (with remarkable originality). How are you? (Then with some slight originality). Eh?

We have previously noticed that no answer is expected by or from either party.

1st Cit. Well! (Smiles at the top button of 2nd Cit.'s coat.) Well! (Suddenly.) What are you doing with yourself, now, eh?

This is given as if expecting to hear that his friend is the same good-for-nothing worthless fellow that he always was, only worse. Now on hearing this question, 2nd Citizen somehow or another does not feel altogether comfortable, and entertains some hazy idea in his mind that, under no circumstances, is an Englishman bound to criminate himself. Consequently, as if he had some deep designs to conceal, he replies, in a careless and indifferent manner evidently assumed, "Oh! um—much-as-usual-you-know" (all one word) "much as usual."

Now this style of answer takes it for granted that his friend has been, for some time previous, deeply interested in his movements; his friend it need hardly be said, has never thought or cared a rap about him. By the way, this phrase "to care a rap" is expressive, and was even more significant when knockers were the sole means of making oneself heard at the street-door. One who "does not care a rap for you" evidently means a man who never thinks of calling at your house. But to lie back.

"Now," thinks 1st Citizen to himself, "I'll show him that he isn't everybody, and that I haven't even heard of him for an age." This is, as it were, an aside for—

1st Cit. (aloud and in an offhand manner). Still living at Camberwell?

2nd Cit. (roused to a sense of snobbish indignation by the thought that there should exist a creature who remembered when he lived at Camberwell; says, as if trying to recollect the time of such residence). Camberwell? Camberwell? (Repeats it like a sleepy bus-conductor.) Let me see—(Suddenly.) Oh—ah—ycesyesyesyes (all one word, a string of affirmatives)—Oh! we've left there a very long time.

1st Cit. (utterly uninterested). Oh! then you're—(cleverly)—then you're somewhere else now, eh?

This is not a bad hit as far as a mere guess goes.

2nd Cit. Yes. Oh yes, we've moved. (Debates within himself whether he shall communicate the causes that urged him to his migration; decides that he will do so). Yes, we've moved; for the fact is that (alters his mind) Camberwell was all very well, (contradicts himself) but it was rather a nuisance, and so (finds that he's getting into difficulties), and so we moved.

2nd Cit. (who thought that his friend would never come to the end of the story, says with an air of relief). Ah!

Pause. During which they eye one another, then clear their throats several times, as if they'd each swallowed a chicken bone.

1st Cit. Well—er—

2nd Cit. Well—er—

1st Cit. (not wishing to be abrupt). Good bye. I'm very glad we met.

2nd Cit. So am I. (And evinces his delight by at once saying). Good bye.

1st Cit. (as he moves off calls). Look in and see us one of these days, do. (Rushes off before his friend has time to ask for his address.)

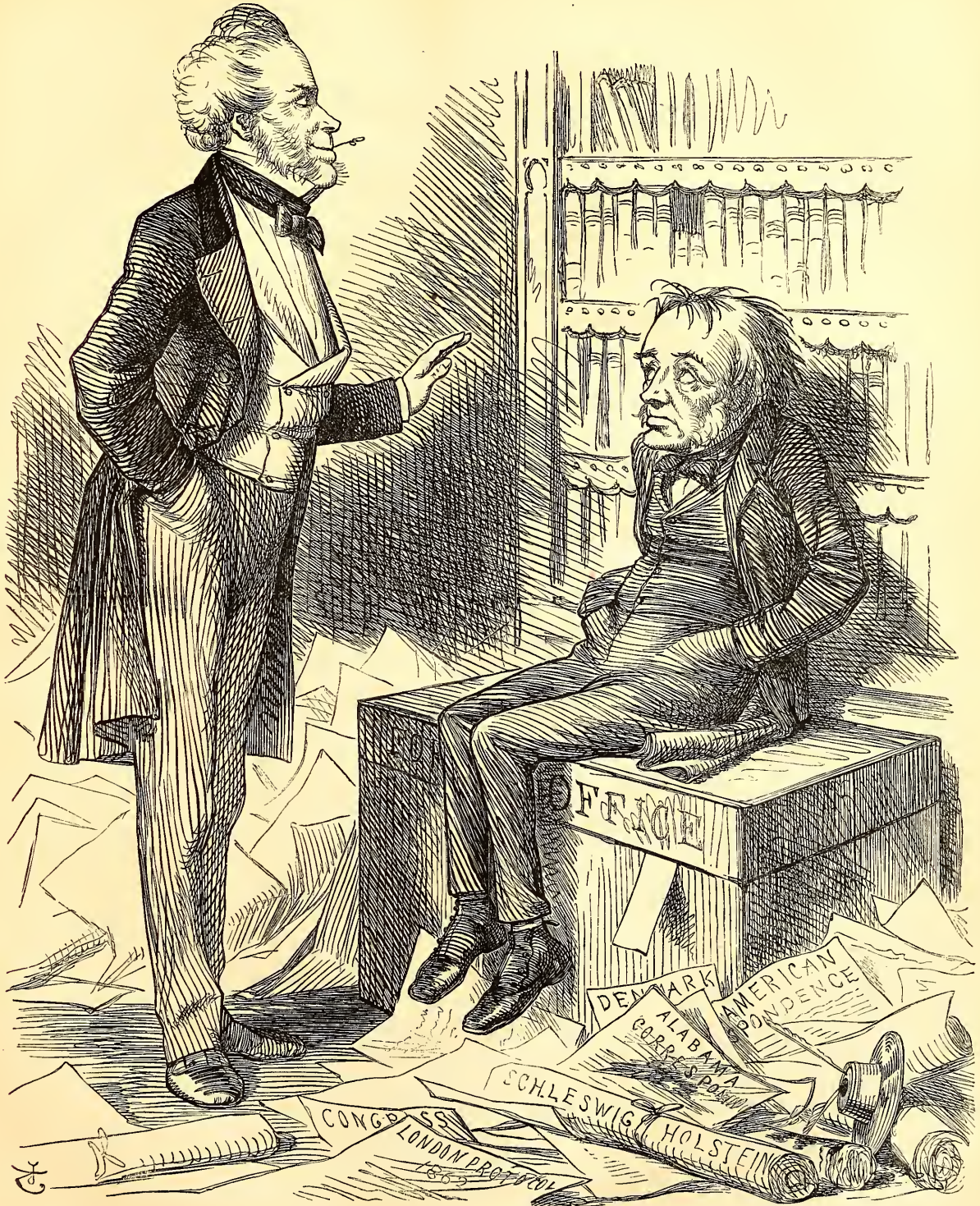
2nd Cit. (speaking really to nobody). With pleasure.

Of course 1st Citizen does not want to see 2nd Citizen again, and 2nd Citizen never intends to call, and so ends the First Method.



A RIDING HABIT TO BE ADOPTED SHORTLY.

“DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am anxious that my wife (who intends to hunt with me) ‘should do as the ladies do’ here, in *** shire. I send you a sketch of the custom of this country, and want to know if you think it graceful and becoming. My wife has a very neat foot and ankle, and thinks one of my paletots would do equally as well to ride in as tying up a yard of useless habit, &c., &c.”



FRIENDLY ADVICE.

P.A.M. "MY DEAR JOHNNY, THE EASTER VACATION IS A GREAT INSTITUTION, SO—REST AND BE THANKFUL."

THAME COUNTY-COURT LAW.

To J. B. PARRY, Esq., Q.C.

MY DEAR SIR,

DID you ever, in the country, happen to see a stable-boy, or the gardener, or a footman in livery, on one of his master's best horses, galloping, full speed, the shortest way to the nearest market-town? Or did you ever notice MR. YOUNGHUSBAND running as fast as he could go in the same direction? Of course; and I presume that you understood the meaning of the phenomenon to be the peculiar one which is expressed in the cry of "Run for the Doctor!"

Now, then, how could you have come to the decision which you are reported by my contemporary the *Bicester Herald* to have pronounced a week or two ago in the Thame County Court in the case of "W. G. WALKER, v. the Guardians of the Thame Union." No wonder that the reporter thereof has given MR. WALKER'S initials. He doubtless thought that plain WALKER would be taken to indicate a hoax. And, I must say that the judgment, or misjudgment attributed to you in this matter, is almost incredible.

No doubt you remember the suit to which I refer; but my other readers must know that:—

"This was a claim of £3 10s. for medical attendance in seven cases of childbirth. MR. SAWYER, barrister, instructed by MR. PARKER, appeared for the defendants. The plaintiff represented his own case, and in opening it said—My case is very simple, as far as I understand. I reside at Brill, and am a medical district officer in the Thame Union."

Brill is, by some epicures, otherwise called workhouse turbot; but I am afraid that it is no part of the dietary allowed in the Thame Union. Pardon the slight impertinence of this remark. I proceed; that is, MR. WALKER does:—

"In that capacity I am called on to attend cases of midwifery. I have done so in accordance with instructions issued by the Poor Law Commissioners. I have now been kept out of my claim for three-quarters of a year; my charge is 10s. per case, contracted with the Board of Guardians, and as their medical officer I am bound to attend cases upon receiving an order to that effect from an overseer. Brill, with a population of 1400 inhabitants, has no resident midwife, and the relieving-officer lives at Thame, a distance of seven miles. I have been at great trouble and expense coming over to the Board, endeavouring to get what is due to me, and the last time I attended I was told by the Board that I had no claim upon them. If I have no claim upon them, am I bound to attend to the orders of the overseers?"

A conversation here, it seems, ensued between you and MR. WALKER, and that gentleman read the instructions issued by the Poor Law Commissioners, under which he had acted, and then he appealed to you as follows: with subsequent dialogue:—

"MR. WALKER. What I have read are instructions supplied to us; are they not in accordance with the Act of Parliament?"

"MR. SAWYER referred his Honour to the latter part of article 48, where it stated that orders issued by overseers must be in cases of sudden and urgent necessity."

"The JUDGE. Do you consider that ordinary cases of confinement are those of a sudden and urgent necessity?"

"MR. WALKER. If I receive an order from an overseer, I am bound to attend."

You then laid the following obstetric law:—

"The JUDGE. What I should term cases of sudden and urgent necessity would be supposing that a woman was taken ill with childbirth on the road or in a field. I should then have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion for the plaintiff."

Now, how could you thus limit "cases of sudden and urgent necessity," duly considering what is usually, ordinarily, and commonly implied in "Run for the Doctor!" I know that some Judges are apt to talk like old women. It would be paying you an unmerited compliment to say that either the foregoing observation, or that immediately subjoined, is anything like an old woman's, whatever may be thought of your succeeding remark about the Guardians in their relation to the public purse, as though that were any reason why they should decline to put money due into MR. WALKER'S. Nor is the judgment below recorded one which any old woman would have pronounced, under the circumstances:—

"The JUDGE. The question is, who is to pay you? I am clearly of opinion that an ordinary case of midwifery is not one of sudden and urgent necessity, and, therefore, not one for which the Guardians would be liable to pay."

"MR. WALKER. How am I to act after this, when I receive an order to attend a case? How is it possible for me to ascertain if it is a case that I may get paid for, or one I am bound to attend at my own expense?"

"The JUDGE. You must understand that the Board are not in this instance guardians of their own purse, but of the public purse."

"MR. WALKER. Oh, yes! They are certainly guardians of the public purse."

"The JUDGE. Judgment will be for defendants. Plaintiff is nonsuited."

However, you appear to have been prevailed upon to reconsider the case; and—

"The overseers were then called, and MR. HOME, in reply to plaintiff, said, as overseer he was applied to for the orders, and he considered they were cases of necessity. Once or twice the births took place in a few minutes after MR. WALKER arrived there. He (the overseer) considered they were all cases requiring immediate assistance; that some of the poor had not means to pay; and in one or two instances the parties for whom the orders were given were really in distressed circumstances."

You stick to your opinion, however, refuse MR. WALKER'S application for an adjournment of the case, and again give judgment for the defendants. That judgment is based on the position that the cases which MR. WALKER was called upon to attend were not cases of urgency,

although [MR. HOME, the overseer, swore that they were. I wonder what conceivable case requiring surgical aid you would consider a case of urgency. Would a compound fracture of the skull be such a case, would the case of a foreign body in the windpipe or a wound of the femoral artery? As guardians of the public purse, not to mention their own, the Thame Union Board will now perhaps expect you to decide that not one of the cases just enumerated is a case of urgency among paupers. What case can be, if not that in which, amongst the respectable classes, it is considered necessary to run for the doctor? Is not this, MR. PARRY, parity of reasoning? Well now, Sir, suppose the doctor is run for, and does not come, in one of those cases which you have ruled not to be cases of urgency, and, from accidents which MR. WALKER can explain to you, the patient dies, what will a coroner's jury say? Something doubtless, very hard of the doctor; unless the case has occurred within the jurisdiction of the County Court over which you preside; and then perhaps they will lay the death at nobody's door, out of deference to the judgment of MR. PARRY.

Accept, my dear Sir, the distinguished consideration of your remonstrant servant,

PILGARLIC.

Lucina Place, March, 1864.

ADVERTISING A NEW ARTICLE.

It is well known that some seven Oxford clergymen, holding certain dogmas ignored by the late decision of the Privy Council, have drawn up a declaration of their belief of them, and sent it about to the rest of the clergy for signature, as though with the view of constituting it virtually a Fortieth Article. Not, however, content with the private circulation of this document, they have actually published it in the *Times*, the *Post*, and other newspapers, as an advertisement, preceded by the subjoined solicitation for names:—

"The following DECLARATION, drawn up by a Committee appointed at a MEETING held at Oxford on February 25, 1864, has been issued to every clergyman in England and Ireland whose address could be ascertained. But, as there are upwards of 3,000 of the clergy whose addresses are uncertain, the Committee notify by advertisement that signatures will be received by the REV. W. R. FREMANTLE, Acting Secretary, or by any of the Committee.

"Of the many thousand names subscribed to the Declaration, the subjoined names are published, in order to show the general concurrence with which it has been received.

"(Signed for the Committee) "W. R. FREMANTLE, Acting Secretary,
"Claydon Rectory, Winslow."

Then comes the Declaration, undersigned by about 209 Reverend, some of them Very Reverend, Gentlemen. These, we are above assured, are only a selection out of many thousands; or else we should have been inclined to suspect, that the promoters of an Article 40, having, *à propos* of the approaching SHAKESPEARE Commemoration, been studying the play of *Richard III.*, had taken a hint from the management with which *Buckingham*, as he relates to *Gloster*, converted "some ten voices" of "some followers of mine own" into "general applause and cheerful shout." We should have fancied that, in like manner, the "general concurrence" of some 200 odd subscribers, out of all the clergy, with the Oxford Declaration argued their doctrine and consent with PUSEY.

We wonder what ATHANASIAS would have said to the idea of advertising his creed in order to get it adopted by the Church. Fancy, if printing had been invented in the fourth century, an advertisement in the daily papers of the period, serving instead of a General Council. Such a method of going to work to settle a point of theology would not, perhaps, have tended to edify the heathen; nor can it be likely to have much better effect in the present day. What next? We may expect to see theological propositions posted on the walls, alongside of gigantic playbills, and monster prints of scenes in a circus, and performances of acrobats. We shall, perhaps, be invited, in colossal blue and scarlet letters, to rush to this or that office or committee-room, and record our vote for SO-AND-SO, and such-and-such a definition of faith. To advertise a new Article seems rather a commercial than a clerical proceeding. It suggests the question, "What is the next Article?" *The Times*, certainly, is an oecumenical journal; but the substitution of advertising columns for ecclesiastical councils cannot, at any rate, be regarded as a Nice way of asserting orthodoxy.

Classical.

WERE cheap Omnibuses known to the ancients?

Decidedly. When JULIUS CESAR was suffering from a violent cold, ANTONY advised him not to go out walking on a rainy day, as he might get his feet wet. "*Meas pedes!*" exclaimed the snuffling Dictator, "*Ibo in pedi-bus;*" evidently meaning, "penny'-bus."

ON DIT.

AN application has been made, on behalf of one of the principal Barbers and Hairdressers in London, for a Colonnade of Shops devoted entirely to his extended practice. The proposed name is the Lather Arcade.

A NEW PLAY BY SHAKSPEARE.



UR "facetious contemporary" (need we name the *Athenæum*?) makes what, for want of further evidence, we must presume to be a joke, in its announcement of the plays with which the SHAKSPEARE Festival in London will be celebrated, which our facetious contemporary informs us will be these:—

"On Saturday, April 23, there will be SHAKSPEARIAN performances at Drury Lane, the Haymarket, Princess's, Adelphi, and St. James's; also a grand SHAKSPEARIAN *fête* at the Crystal Palace. On Monday evening, April 25, there will be a SHAKSPEARE performance at Sadler's Wells and at the Strand; on Tuesday, April 26, at the Victoria; and on Thursday, April 28, at the Surrey and the Britannia. All these performances will include a play or a scene from SHAKSPEARE. MR. BUCKSTONE will perform *Twelfth Night*, *Bunkum*, and *Venus and Adonis*; MR. FALCONER, *Henry the Fourth*; and MR. FECHTER, *Hamlet*."

We know that SHAKSPEARE wrote a poem called *Venus and Adonis*, but we were not aware that he composed it for the stage. Will MR. BUCKSTONE, we wonder, perform *Venus* or *Adonis*? Whichever part he takes, it will, doubtless, be a treat to see him in the character; and we shall certainly endeavour not to miss the novel sight.

But what are we to say to the other play, called *Bunkum*, which, after the comedy of *Twelfth Night*, MR. BUCKSTONE will perform? We never before knew that SHAKSPEARE wrote a piece called *Bunkum*; and we must say, that we feel a little moved to wonder, that such men as MESSIEURS CHARLES KNIGHT, COLLIER, HALLIWELL, and DYCE have, in all their SHAKSPEARE huntings, never hunted up this play. However, rather than accuse them of being sadly careless in making their researches, we prefer to think this *Bunkum* is simply a production of our jocose contemporary. Certainly, so far as our recollection serves us, this is by no means the first time that our contemporary has somehow mixed *Bunkum* up with SHAKSPEARE; and we should not mind predicting that it will not prove the last.

CABBY UNDER A MISTAKE.

THE sympathies of our readers will not be invoked in vain on behalf of the poor driver of a cabriolet whose affecting story may be thus briefly related. His name was CHARLES ROFFEY, and he was hired by MR. EDWARD WESTON, of WESTON'S Music-hall, Holborn, to drive him from that place of entertainment to Tottenham-court Road; a distance less than a mile. On reaching his destination MR. WESTON paid the poor cabriolet driver the sum of 1s., being not more than only twice the amount of his legal fare. Labouring under those excited feelings which sometimes obtain the mastery of cabriolet drivers presented with a remuneration which they deem inadequate, ROFFEY, unable to restrain his emotions, gave utterance to them in observations addressed to certain other drivers of cabriolets who were standing by. To borrow the words of a Bow Street Police Report wherein the foregoing particulars are narrated, he, "addressing some other cabmen, told them that that was MR. WESTON of the Music-hall, who had given him 1s., at the same time applying some filthy expressions to him." The customary utterances of an irritated cabriolet driver, suggestively described as filthy expressions, will be familiar to most persons who are in the habit of hiring cabriolets; and MR. WESTON, offended with their application to himself by ROFFEY, demanded his ticket, which ROFFEY declined to give, and was retiring without delivering it, when he was arrested by a policeman, and compelled to produce that token, which enabled MR. WESTON to summon him before MR. HALL for using abusive language.

The poor cabriolet driver was unable to deny the statement of MR. WESTON, corroborated as it was by a policeman. He had, however, a very remarkable excuse to offer in palliation of the offence which he had committed. According to the above-quoted narrative:—

"The prisoner said, he had begun to move away before MR. WESTON asked for his

ticket; and, indeed, he was not going away altogether, but only to the cab-rank. He did not think he was guilty of using abusive language to MR. WESTON, as his observations were addressed to the other cabmen."

Poor fellow! Who does not pity him that thinks of the very pardonable mistake he made in supposing that he kept himself within bounds of the law so long as his observations touching MR. WESTON were made not to that gentleman, but only at him?

The remainder of the tale is painful; but might have been more distressing. With regard to the observations which poor ROFFEY had too clearly intended for MR. WESTON'S hearing:—

"MR. HALL said, they were obviously meant to annoy MR. WESTON, and to excite the other cabmen to deride him. Defendant must pay a fine of 30s. and 2s. costs. "The defendant paid the fine."

He might have been unable to pay the fine, and, in default of payment, have been adjudged to a week at the treadmill.

LIQUOR BILL LEGISLATORS.

(A Parliamentary Cantata.)

LAWSON and SOMES.

How fast doth drunkenness decrease!

Oh, let a law be made

To check that evil, ere it cease

Without our needful aid!

Semichorus of Members.

O greatly called-for legislation!

O interference nowise vain!

Curtail the freedom of the nation

To make all hands from drink refrain!

SOMES.

Accept my Sunday Bill!

Oh, take my little pill!

Chorus of Members.

Quack, quack, quack!

Stow your clack.

LAWSON.

The swine entire my larger measure goes;
A Liquor Law permissive I propose.

Chorus.

BELLAMY, oh, BELLAMY!

Should we not abolish thee?

SOMES and LAWSON.

See from Wesleyan Preachers, and Sunday School Teachers,

What a load of petitions I have to present;

Look how many names these are from each Ebenezer;

Oh, concede the demand of Low Church and Dissent!

Chorus.

The subject's liberty betraying,

This House would donkeys' wisdom show;

Whilst here we listen to your braying

Ears at our temples seem to grow.

Both your Bills affront good sense,

We will read them six months hence.

BUOY THE LIFE-BOAT.

THE deaths by fire, owing to crinoline, are very numerous, but no statistics have given us the figures of the victims of tasteless vanity and gregarious folly who, in consequence of wearing prodigious hooped petticoats have been annually, during some years past, roasted alive in their own grates. Great, however, as is the multitude that perishes in the flames, it is smaller than the number of people killed by water. The latter, too, has been partially ascertained, and, in so far, consists principally of men, and mariners, to whom you gentlemen of England that live at home at ease, and you ladies also, are indebted for all the good things which you enjoy, besides home produce, and including some of that.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, held on Tuesday last week at the London Tavern, in the report of the Committee then read, it was stated that:—

"With a shipping representing about fifty millions of tons, and 300,000 vessels which cleared outwards and entered inwards from British ports during the past year, a large number of shipwrecks has become almost a natural sequence. Accordingly it is found that 1,620 casualties took place last year on the shores and in the seas of the British Isles, accompanied with the loss of 568 valuable lives—lives of the utmost consequence to the commerce and defence of the country."

The sum of 568, in the preceding connection, is fearful enough, but see below the amount which would have stood for it, but for the exertions of the Life-boat Institution. The above-quoted paragraph is followed by that which we rejoice to annex :—

“ However, it is gratifying to find that during the same period 4,565 persons were rescued by life-boats, the rocket-apparatus, shore-boats, and other means; 498 of these owe their preservation to life-boats, 329 to the rocket apparatus, and 3,738 to ships' own boats, steamers, fishing-boats, and other means.”

After the enumeration of the above and other particulars, comes a tabular statement of the number of lives per annum saved during the last nine-and-thirty years. It may be sufficient to cite top and bottom of this column, leaving the intermediate ciphers to be presumed :—

In the year	No. of Lives Saved	In the year	No. of Lives Saved
1824	124	1863	714

Let us, however, append the total—13,568. Our Actuary being otherwise engaged, we cannot at this moment get him to calculate the pecuniary value of that number of lives, taken at the average on the principles of a respectable and solvent Life Assurance Society, and can only say that we should, like to have as much, in order to devote

ourselves to the gratuitous instruction and entertainment of mankind, and the advocacy of all useful charities, amongst which the Life-boat Institution will be allowed to rank, even by a Malthusian political economist, and must be considered by everybody to hold almost, if not quite, the very foremost place. Its operations are large and expensive; their enlargement will require increased expenditure. This Institution will save more lives if it can get more money; and its bankers are MESSRS. WILLIS, PERCIVAL, & Co., 76, Lombard Street; MESSRS. COUTTS & Co., 59, Strand; and MESSRS. HERRIES, FARQUHAR & Co., 16, St. James's Street, London. Subscriptions may also be sent to all the Bankers in the United Kingdom, or to any one of them by persons whose means are not unlimited, and will also be received, with a hooray, by the Secretary, RICHARD LEWIS, Esq., at the office of the Institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. The numerous testimonials to successful speculators, and other somebodies of consequence to nobody but their sycophants and toadies, daily advertised in the papers, prove that there are at present many persons who have much more money than they well know what to do with. If they do not send all of it to the Office, 85, Fleet Street, they had better send some, if not all of it, to that of the Life-boat Institution.

“ DRINKING THE SHAMEFUL.”



EAR MR. PUNCH.—Do you ever smoke? For your own sake and your wife's, I sincerely hope you don't. I never would speak harshly of other people's weaknesses, but I have no sympathy with smokers, so you may fancy with what pleasure I seize on every chance of saying a bad word for them, and bringing them to ridicule and well-deserved contempt.

Now, did you notice the account that MR. GIFFORD PALGRAVE gave before the Royal Geographical Society of his travels in Arabia and his visit to the Wahabites? These delightful people (you will see soon why I call them so) are pious followers of

MAHOMET, who live in the great central plateau of Arabia, and are more rigorous in adhering to the precepts of the Koran than Mahomedans in general may be presumed to be. From the interesting account which MR. PALGRAVE gave of them, I must ask you just to print the following short extract, for the benefit of people who may think themselves more civilised and mentally enlightened than are these benighted heathens, as we presume to call them :—

“ The founder of this sect, IBN ABD-EL-WAHAB, who was born about a century since at the beautiful town of Hormeilemeh (through which MR. PALGRAVE passed), revived the Mahomedan precepts in all their pristine strictness, so that any one desirous of understanding what Islamism resembled in its palmy days of early enthusiasm could not do better than visit Riyadh. His followers are divided into mollahs, or spiritual guides, who have nothing but learning and devotion to recommend them, and the great body of the people, who are governed by an hereditary despotism, perhaps the strictest and most extraordinary of any recorded in history. So rigorously are the precepts of the Koran observed, that a debasing fatalism supplies the place of all religion, of which MR. PALGRAVE cited some ludicrous examples. Moreover, there is to Western notions the most grotesque disproportion in the classification of great and little sins. Such sins as murder, robbery, and the like are those of which Providence reserves the condign punishment to himself, whereupon ‘ *Alla hu Kherim!* ’ (‘ God is merciful !’) is the consolation that the faithful believer mutters to account for the culprit escaping his just doom. On the other hand, the most deadly and abominable of all sins is tobacco-smoking!—‘ drinking the shameful !’ as it is termed by the horror-stricken Wahabite.”

Through the unlucky accident that I was born a Christian, I can't quite go so far as to say that I think murder is a less offence than smoking, or to state as my opinion that all smokers should be hanged. But it would certainly delight me were they viewed with the same horror that a murderer excites in us, and were a very severe punishment awarded for their crime. “ Drinking the Shameful ” is a very proper name for it, and I should wish all shameful-drinkers excluded from Society as rigidly as niggers are excluded in New York.

This, to some unthinking persons, may appear a harsh opinion; but there really is no calculating what we, as a nation, have lost by letting wretches “ drink the shameful ” here in England, and how immensely we should gain by their immediate extirpation.

MR. PALGRAVE says expressly, that the Wahabites display more taste in their street-architecture than Londoners can boast of; and it is

clear their taste is purer, because they do not vitiate it by that pernicious practice which they so fitly speak of as “ drinking the shameful.” Then see how hospitable and kind they are to travellers who visit them, and how tolerant to those who differ from them in religion. Such virtues are caused, doubtless, by mere abstinence from smoking, which destroys the finer feelings while it ruins the digestion, and dries up all the channels which afford vent for the generous emotions of the heart. As men become dyspeptic, they grow dogmatic and churlish; and I feel sure, that the bigotry which has robbed PROFESSOR JOWETT of the salary now due to him has mainly had its origin in the fact that Oxford men are sadly fond of smoking, and thereby have become less tolerant than the Wahabites, whom, as poor benighted heathens, they are anxious to exterminate, or at all events convert.

Trusting soon to see an Anti-Drinking League established, which shall include among its members the Drinkers of the Shameful, I beg leave to subscribe myself, Yours without prejudice,

A TOBACCO STOPPER.

FRUSTRATION OF FOREIGN POLICY.

Oh! let us adhere to strict non-intervention,

Except by advice and remonstrance alone,

Between foreign nations engaged in contention,

Unless we have interests at stake of our own.

In going to war we don't know where we're going to,

The course of events to predict what man dares?

And the Statesman will say this uncertainty's owing to

The great mutability of foreign affairs.

Full many a faithless desertion has taught us

To know that we never can trust our allies.

Forget not the lore that experience has bought us,

If you are not less than the least of the wise.

Our friends of to-day may our foes be to-morrow;

And when you are left in the lurch, unawares,

Oh! then you too late will remember, with sorrow,

The great mutability of foreign affairs.

The tortuous paths of the neighbouring nations

Are not like our own ways straightforward and plain,

They fight for ideas, that is, annexations,

All keeping a look-out their own ends to gain.

And those who are leagued with us fail us whenever

It suits them; behold, in this conduct of theirs,

That makes intervention a hopeless endeavour,

The great mutability of foreign affairs.

Full well we know what is war's only sure issue;

Much money to spend, and to lose many men.

Your alien friends will most certainly dish you,

May side with your enemies—where are you then?

Along in the glory of vain self-devotion,

A load of taxation to leave to your heirs,

And ponder, meanwhile, with indignant emotion,

The great mutability of foreign affairs.

Alike if we join, or decline interfering

In foreigners' quarrels, they give us ill names,

Inveighing against us, and railing, and sneering,

Because our intentions don't square with their aims.

Then steadfastly leave them alone to their changes,

And ever keep clear of their pitfalls and snares,

Considering what calculation deranges;

The great mutability of foreign affairs.



Swell (to Corpulent Cabman). "HAW, HERE'S SIXPENCE—GET YOURSELF—GLASS—BEER."

Cabby. "THANK YOU, SIR, ALL THE SAME; BUT I NEVER TAKE IT. I'M A FOLLERIN' MR. BANTIN'S ADVICE FOR CORPULENCE, SIR. HE SAYS, I MAY TAKE TWO OR THREE GLASSES O' GOOD CLARET, OR A GLASS OR TWO OF SHERRY WINE, OR RED PORT, OR MADEIRY; ANY SORT O' SPERITS——" (*Swell, deeply touched, makes the Sixpence Half-a-Crown.*)

PAYNE v. PATER.

See Middlesex Sessions Report for Wednesday and Thursday, March 23rd and 24th.

MR. PAYNE may be vain, to crack small jokes too fain,
And the least in the world of a prater,
But not three times PAYNE'S funning, or prosing or punning,
Could excuse the impert'nence of PATER.

If your SMITH, JONES or BROWN, when he dons wig and gown,
Feels tempted to play the dictator,
And to let loose his fury, on Judge and on Jury,
Let him take timely warning by PATER.

Punch knows not the person he's spending his verse on,
And his luck he conceives is the greater,
For to write himself fully both blunderer and bully,
Seems the principal object of PATER.

No doubt of his fitness to browbeat a witness,
Like a brazen-faced Bar Billingsgater,
Or a foreman to hector, who dares turn protector
Of the witness insulted by PATER.

But for higher vocations, that ask taste or patience,
Law or argument, tact or good-natur',
Mr. Punch's impression's that Middlesex Sessions
Wouldn't find *him* a client of PATER.

When some poor wretch is bullied, his character sullied,
With additions of snob, sot, or satyr,
When jury's been fleeced at, and judge has been sneered at,
There's an end of the prowess of PATER.

With PAYNE he felt pleasure his valour to measure,
Proved himself in abuse a first-rater,

But as thunder draws rain, so on pleasure came pain,
In a twenty-pound fine upon PATER.

For PAYNE has an odd kin in person of BODKIN,
A practised snob-annihilator,
PATER PAYNE had defied, ere he'd BODKIN at side,
But PAYNE with his BODKIN floored PATER.

Then more power to the Bench, and may Counsel who'd trench
On its rights meet a stunning *negatur*:
And may PAYNE ne'er want BODKIN to pickle his rodkin
For tickling the toby of PATER!

A Dark Saying.

I SAY, SAM? Yah, yah! (*Laughs idiotically.*)
Waal, Nigger? Yah, yah! (*Laughs more idiotically, and whistles like a steam engine.*)
Yar's a Conundrum. Lookee yar. If I tells you a lie, why's dat like my ole arm-chair? D'ye gib it up? 'Cos it am *de seat* dat I use.
Yah, yah, yah, &c. *ad libitum.*

The Oxford Declaration Made Easy.

"A PRETTY state of things, indeed;
Dissent will load us with derision:
Just think!—to have to take our Creed
To Little BETHEL(L) for decision!

THE BURGLARY ON THE BALTIC.

WE have discovered the motive at the bottom of the German mind which prompted the invasion of Denmark. It is veneration for the memory of SCHILLER. The countrymen of that great poet have thought to do him honour by playing *The Robbers*.

THE TRAGEDY OF WILLIAM I.



Y a telegram from Berlin we find that:—

“The *Neue Preussische (Kreuz) Zeitung* of to-day says:—

“We learn that the King, on the anniversary of his birthday, in a most cordial manner expressed to the Ministry his approval of the policy adopted, both at home and abroad.”

As the last anniversary of the KING of PRUSSIA'S birthday was the 67th, nobody whose desires are bounded by possibility could confidently wish him many happy returns of it. Three more, happy or otherwise, are, unless they are destined to exceed the average number, all that can await him; and, unless he alters his courses, more than anybody who thinks thousands of good lives of more

consequence than one evil life, can hope that he will see. The drama, therefore, of his Prussian Majesty's life being so near its close as it is, and its approaching conclusion so clearly as it must be in his Majesty's view, astonishment is created by his approval of a policy which, whatever it may be at home, is abroad a policy of murder. He must know that the curtain is about to fall on an Act comprising the murder of the Danes, dictated by a policy which he avows as his own. Is it possible that he does not ask himself, when the curtain shall have fallen on the last Act of a life which thus winds up with the authorship of a host of murderous atrocities, what is likely to be the fate of the piece and the performer?

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN WERE BETTER FOR BOTH.

SCENE—An English Court of Justice.

The Law. Prisoner, don't plead guilty. How do you know whether a case can be made out against you?

Prisoner. Thank you, my Lord, but as I did it—

The Law. Be silent, my good man. How do you know you did it—did what your offence is said to be?

Witness. My Lord, he did take—

The Law. Be very careful, Sir. Remember your oath. How do you know that it was this man?

Witness. I have known him, I should think, for—

The Law. Never mind what you think. Did you see him take the thing?

Witness. I was walking—

The Law. Who asked whether you were walking, or riding, or flying, or crawling on your stomach? Answer the question. Did you see him?

Witness. Yes, my Lord.

The Law. Was it at night or in the day?

Witness. At night.

The Law. Can you see in the dark?

Witness. There was a moon, my Lord.

The Law. Of course there was; but did it shine?

Witness. Very brightly.

The Law. You can swear that it was he, and no one else?

Witness. Yes, my Lord.

The Law. Do you know that he has a brother very like him?

Witness. It wasn't his brother, my Lord.

The Law. Answer the question, or you'll get into trouble. Do you know the fact that his brother is very like him?

Witness. He is not so very like, my Lord.

The Law. How dare you say that? It is only your opinion. Will you swear that there was light enough to enable you to be certain that this was the man?

Witness. I know the fellow well enough, my Lord.

The Law. How dare you call him names? You dislike him, evidently, and the jury will be cautious in accepting your evidence. Be careful, Sir!

Prisoner. He tells the truth, my Lord. I did—

The Law. Hold your tongue, my poor man.

Prisoner. But it is true that I took—

The Law. Keep him silent, Gaoler. Go down, you Sir, and feel ashamed of having shown animosity in that sacred box. Gentlemen of the Jury,—Such charges are easily made, but disproved with difficulty. The witness had evidently an animus. The prisoner has borne a good character, at least nothing has been proved against him, and his readiness to admit everything is creditable to him. Still, it is for you to say, Guilty or Not Guilty.

Jury. Guilty, my Lord!

The Law. As the Jury has found you guilty of stealing these sovereigns, prisoner, I have only to pass sentence, which I shall make very light. You will be imprisoned, without hard labour, for a month.

Prisoner. I can do that on my head, my Lord.

[Throws his nailed shoe at the foreman, and exit shouting.]

SCENE—A French Court of Justice.

The Law. Prisoner, I am afraid you are an awful scoundrel. Why don't you confess, and make reparation to society?

Prisoner. Because I am innocent.

The Law. You say that with a certain impudence which proves you hardened in crime. How came you to rob your master?

Prisoner. I never did.

The Law. This reiteration of a plea which is clearly false is disrespectful to the Court, and will aggravate your punishment. Are you fond of the theatre?

Prisoner. Yes.

The Law. That denotes a love of pleasure which is frequently found united with dishonesty. Do you smoke?

Prisoner. A good deal.

The Law. Doubtless, to stupefy the reproaches of a menacing conscience. Do you go to mass?

Prisoner. At regular times.

The Law. That shows you to be a hypocrite. Now, witness, is he not guilty?

Witness. No, my Lord.

The Law. How dare you say that? Did you commit the crime yourself?

Witness. Certainly not.

The Law. Don't answer in that petulant way. What is your character? Are you fond of the theatre?

Witness. No.

The Law. Just so. A dark and gloomy nature cannot enjoy innocent recreation. Do you smoke?

Witness. Very little.

The Law. You fear to be traced by the smell of your clothes. You know that tobacco increases our revenue, and you wilfully abstain in order to injure your country. Do you go to mass?

Witness. Seldom.

The Law. You feel your evil character unfits you for the solemnities of the Church. Go down. The next. Now, what have you to say, woman?

Witness. The accused is an excellent husband—

The Law. Are you his wife?

Witness. No, my Lord, but his wife's friend, and I know—

The Law. Then the less you have to say in future to the wife of an accused person the better. Perhaps you are in love with him.

Witness. My Lord, I have a husband whom I love, and children whom I adore, and because any of them might be charged falsely, as the prisoner is, I came to say what I can for justice.

The Law. That theatrical sentiment you have learned from some play, and your reciting it here is most indecent. Go down. Gentlemen of the Jury,—It is quite clear that this scoundrel is guilty. His insolent denials, the class of witnesses, atheists, profligates, frequenters of theatres, gloomy conspirators, and the like make his guilt evident; besides which a gaoler heard him say *Mon Dieu* in sleep, which showed temporary remorse. Finally, I happen to know that he is guilty, for I knew his father in his youth, and he was a vile assassin. Gentlemen, you have only to say Guilty.

The Jury. Not Guilty.

The Law. You are a contumacious set of rebellious and illogical pigs, and I shall see whether the Procureur of his Majesty cannot deal with you as conspirators. Meanwhile, abandon the box you have disgraced.

[Exeunt the jurymen, confirmed in Imperialism.]

True to the Letter.

THE MR. FLOWER, who had his communications addressed to No. 35, Thurloe Square, may be truly called the “Flower born to blush unscen.”

ENGLAND'S “POSTE RESTANTE.”—SIR ROWLAND HILL in his retirement.



DEMORALISING EFFECT OF THE REVIEW.

Ardent Volunteer (to Anxious Wife). "GLORIOUS DAY WE'VE HAD, JENNY. MY DEAR, IT WAS SO LIKE THE REAL THING, THAT I DECLARE SEVERAL TIMES I WAS QUITE SORRY I HAD NOT GOT BALL CARTRIDGE!!"

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

(Or rather the want of it.)

WE instance the following as a good specimen of unintentional *gaucherie* :—

"MR. FECHTER, while playing in *Bel Demonio*, injured his arm through some complication with his sword hilt. The piece having been under studied, MR. JORDAN at once assumed the character of *Angelo* in this emergency. The injury is not serious."

What injury? The injury of MR. JORDAN playing MR. FECHTER'S part? If so, we can assure our blundering contemporary that the injury, far from being "serious," was so slight as not to have been noticed by the public in the least. We cannot accuse *Public Opinion*, from whom we are quoting, of quizzing, for it is generally so staid, and solemn, and soberly collected; but if it cannot quiz with better taste, it had better abandon the habit altogether for the future. It is only adding insult to "injury" to attempt to turn into ridicule a deserving actor, who had zealously taken up the part of a brother-player who had met with a severe accident. Fie, fie, *Public Opinion*.

LADIES WHO ARE THE MOST PRESENTABLE IN AMERICA.

HERE is a paragraph that carries its own acceptable weight with it :—

"It is stated, that some ladies in the Southern Confederacy are sending their plate to the Treasury as a free offering to their country to relieve the pressure on the currency."

The Confederates, whilst they bless the above fair donors, may congratulate themselves that their cause is not so black as the *soi-disant* friends of the slave would wish to paint it. The "plate" thus freely given, is a consoling illustration of the saying, that there is "no cloud so dark but what has its silver lining." Ladies must be patriots indeed, who so disinterestedly give their "services" to their suffering country. We have heard of kingdoms being conquered with gold. Why then should not the South win its independence by means of silver? Should the Confederates ever be victorious, they will be citizens, no longer of the American, but the Argentine, Republic. Out of compliment to the sacrifice of their zealous countrywomen, they ought then to change the name of the Mississippi to that of the River Plate.

PUNCH.

UPON THE EXPRESS TRAIN OF THE MICHIGAN RAILWAY.

February, 1864. Midnight. Mercury at zero.

WHAT in this far benighted West,
Brings comfort to my lonely breast,
And gives my life its sweetest zest?

My *Punch*.

The ragged boy who brought the news,
Offered me much from which to choose,
Times, Tribune, Herald, I refuse,

My *Punch*.

But buy with well-worn postage-stamps,
Which CHASE upon his green-backs vamps,
And read, by dim Petroleum lamps,

My *Punch*.

Within the carriage, sickly white,
Were men from Chicamanga's fight,
My eyes were moistened by the sight,

My *Punch*.

"Discharged from hospital," they sigh,
"Where yet a thousand sufferers lie,
And coming home at last." To die!

My *Punch*.

For those sad faces homeward-turned,
Their short-lived pensions fully earned,
How many mothers' hearts had yearned!

My *Punch*.

'Twas scarce a twelvemonth since, I know,
When eager crowds beheld them go,
Their youthful faces all a-glow,

My *Punch*.

And now all twisted by the cramps,
Which wrung them, 'mid the noxious damps,
Of fenny bivouacks and camps,

My *Punch*.

Bright were those eyes, now bleared and dim,
Lithe was each crutch-supported limb,
Merry were once those spectres grim,

My *Punch*.

What contrast between now and then!
Their mothers scarce would know again
Those mournful, feeble, dying men,

My *Punch*.

One speechless on his pallet lay,
They take him forth, "His home," they say,
A wretched hamlet by the way,

My *Punch*.

My wandering fancy sadly bore
My vision to the half-ope'd door,
The tearful clasp—I saw no more,

My *Punch*.

Oh, fearful reign of greed and hate!
Oh Nation, haughty and elate,
Writing in blood its dreadful fate!

My *Punch*.

It haunts me, this repulsive theme,
With gory phantasies, which seem
The nightmares of a troubled dream,

My *Punch*.

For through the surface gloze, so thin,
One sees the Carnival of Sin,
The devil's dice they play. Who win?

My *Punch*.

The train is stopped by drifting snows.
An inn is reached, but no repose
Exhausted hungry nature knows,

My *Punch*.

There I am forced to sit up late,
Amid the chewing crowds I hate,
Who patiently expectorate,

My *Punch*.

The whistle sounds, ere I depart,
I clasp thee to my aching heart,
Balm for the Exile's keenest smart!

My *Punch*.



Polite Oxbridge Tradesman (in quest of little Nibbs of S. Boniface, and walking by mistake into the rooms of long Nobbs, who "keeps" on the same staircase). "MR. NIBBS, I BELIEVE?"

Nobbs (who is six feet one, and rowed a trifle over twelve stone at Putney, the other day). "THEN, MY GOOD FELLOW, YOU'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING!"

A GENUINE IRISH GRIEVANCE.

To TIMOTHY O'MULLIGAN, ESQUIRE, Bricklayer and Toiler, Dublin.

OCHONE! TIM, me boy, I've just cut out a report, which I enclose for you to read, and as you've niver larnt to read, you must' git the Praste to help ye:—

"AMERICAN ENLISTMENTS IN IRELAND.

"The Irish citizens of Charlestown and Boston have been greatly excited this week, in consequence of the arrival in Charlestown of 86 young Irishmen from the city of Dublin, under extraordinary circumstances. These young men, 102 in all, left Liverpool on February 27, in a steamer for Portland, which reached that city on Wednesday morning, March 9. The men took an early breakfast, and then landed. A few of them strayed away from their companions, but the remainder came on to Boston in the afternoon train, in charge of the emigrant agent, a Mr. FINNEY, under whose inducements and promises they left their homes. The men are fine, stalwart fellows, young mechanics, all from the city of Dublin. Their story is, that they were induced to come to this country through the representations of this Mr. FINNEY, who was announced in the papers as an "emigration agent for the principal railroads in New England, who was commissioned to procure 1,000 labourers." The terms he offered them were a free passage, work immediately on arrival, a new suit of clothes, and two pounds a month and found, for wages."

Ye see this Mr. FINNEY, the Emma Grating agent towld us a big lie whin he said he'd got a railway over here for us to work on, where we'd git two pounds a month forbye a suit of clothes and a free passage across, not to mention that he promised us free lodgings' an' free living, wid turtle soup an' beefsteaks like the Lord Mare gits in London. See this, now, how the spalpeen has desaved the boys who'd faith in him:—

"Upon their arrival in this city the men were conducted to an old building on Bunker-hill Street, Charlestown, belonging to Mr. JEROME G. KIDDER, of this city, formerly used for his business purposes, but now improved as a 'Mission House.'

"Mr. KIDDER, the owner of the building, presented himself on the night of their arrival, and told the men, so it is reported by several of them, that the work they were brought over to do was not ready. But that need make no difference; they need not be idle a single day. They could enlist at once; and he recommended the 28th, an Irish regiment, to them. Upon this the suspicions were confirmed, which had been growing upon the men, that they had been deceived and enticed from their homes upon false pretences. Mr. FINNEY now declares himself to be

agent for Mr. KIDDER; and Mr. KIDDER protests, that he caused the men to be brought over here in good faith, actually and *bona fide* to work upon the Charlestown Waterworks.

"The condition of the men the morning after their arrival in Charlestown was anything but gratifying. Their number had already been diminished by those left behind at Portland, and of these the recruiting agents had snapped up eight. Without money, without friends, with scanty clothing, with no means to procure sustenance, they would have suffered greatly had not kind-hearted countrywomen supplied their wants. Recruiting agents hovered round them, and in the course of the day gobbled up several. Yesterday morning they were still in Bunker-hill Street, subsisting upon charity, and still pestered with recruiting agents."

TIM, may be ye will mind how the English jintleman we met upon the Key the night whin I left Dublin, an' by jagers! he's a Jintleman if ever one was made, forbye his payin' for the whisky so ginrous as he did, an' betther luck nor mine to him! I mind me how he towld us to take care of ourselves an' not to trust thim Emma grating agents, an' bad seran to them! And, whin I towld him I'd engaged meself to come across wid MISTHER FINNEY, he said he feared that FINNEY was a fishy sort of name, and he hoped I wouldn't find a shark in him who had it. By me sowl, an' he was right, an' I was wrong in leavin' Dublin, for though I wasn't rich whin there, I'm now no betther off, an' faix! a big deal worse I'm thinking. Maybe I will turn sodger just to keep meself alive, an' if I don't git shot maybe I'll die of sheer starvation. I've no call to enlist, an' git my brains blowed out wid a small sword or a bagginet; but what am I to do to work myself a living whin there's no work to be got, an' the only way of living is just to run the chance of dyin' as a sodger?

So, TIM, me boy, I'd bid ye, if ye're thinking to come over, jist think twice about the matter, an' maybe second thoughts will turn out to be best for ye. I like fightin' in course, wid a skillelagh in my fist an' a friend or two to fought wid me. But foightin' wid an imimy's another thing intirely, an' I think I'd feel no pleasure in gittin' my skull cracked wid a big sword or a blunderbust. So, TIM, if ye're in Dublin, ye'd best stay where you are until the foighting here is over, and thin if I'm not kilt maybe ye'll find me livin' here, and ready to resave you wid a shake of honest hands, an' not wid a false mouth like that ould shark, MISTHER FINNEY, the mershenary dechavair as he is,

bad cess to him. TIM, I hope ye 'll git this letter, an' ye will if it don't miss you, and, me jewell! maybe so ye 'll keep your fut out of the thrap that 's caught your owld frind

PAT O'HONEY.

TIM, I open this to tell you that maybe I won't post it till I know if I'm enlisted, or ye'll not know where to write to me, because I may be kilt, an' in that case plase direct it to the Dead Letter Office.

HOW THE OLD PARTIES SETTLED THE NEW MINISTRY.

MRS. STANDARD GAMP and MRS. HERALD HARRIS are discovered, making themselves comfortable.

Mrs. Harris (in continuation). Wich you never said a truer thing in all your born days, Sairey, and if you was to live till you died, you 'd never say a truer thing, and I looks to-wards you. [Drinks.]

Mrs. Gamp. And you do me proud, Susan, to hear you say so, and hoping always to deserve your precious love and affection, I returns the look, likewise the elth. [Drinks.]

Mrs. H. Yes, Ma'am. Your words was, bless you, I know em by art as if they was my hone, they was these, neither more nor less, on Wednesday morning last as ever rese, you says, says you,

"It is already, during the few brief weeks that the Session has lasted, evident enough that LORD PALMERSTON'S strength is unequal to the duties of leadership in that assembly. Constant absences on account of illness, confused recollection of details, inability to answer questions upon current events without gross blunders, and, above all, the obvious loss of power to carry on a debate as the hours of the night advance—all these symptoms tell their own tale too plainly."

Mrs. G. Love and bless your dear memory, Susau, what a mind you have, and I feel quite encouraged by having the privilege of calling of you by the name of friend.

Mrs. H. The same here, Ma'am, I'm sure, and more. Yes, Sairey, what this here nation wants is Wigger.

Mrs. G. We hoets it to the nation, Susan, to be wiggerous. I'm not a denying that there was a time when old PAM had something in him, but bless your art, that 's gonebyes. It ain't that them as you knows and that I knows and that knows us and trusts us according, it ain't that those parties wants to take Hoffice—You know that, my woman?

Mrs. H. Ask me if I know it. Why, it was only last week as that dear boy BEN, which will be sixty please the pigs he comes to next year, he says to me, "Susan," says he, and you recollect what a chyce of langwidge BEN has—

Mrs. G. Ah, yes, wot did you call it, "not unadorned but hornet eloquence."

Mrs. H. Hornate, my dear woman, when you write to your friends.

Mrs. G. My friends can understand me, Ma'am, and when they don't I'll umbly ask you to interpolate my meanings to them.

Mrs. H. No offence, Sairey.

Mrs. G. Which is not taken when not meant, Susan, and your elth.

Mrs. H. In love. Which I was saying, BEN says to me, and I hope not to worsen his langwidge by carrying the same, "Susan," says he, "wold I exchange the mellifluous bowers of pleasant Hughenden for the stultifarious invocations of horfice, but for the stale small vice of Dooty as simmums me to haction," says he.

Mrs. G. Ah! Dooty's a holy thing, Susan.

Mrs. H. Which it are, Sairey, and we 'll drink its elth.

Mrs. G. Coupling, if I might be so bold, the sentiment, "A speedy return of a wiggerous Ministry to horfice."

Mrs. H. We have kept these people in power long enough, my dear.

Mrs. G. That we have. And borne with too many of their short-comings, and too much of their owdacious sauce, my dear.

Mrs. H. But the line must be drawn somewhere, and we must draw it at Wigger.

Mrs. G. That we must. It a pitchus spectacle, Susan, to behold old PAM. That boy BEN is obleeged to lead the Ouse for him.

Mrs. H. And that 's very kind in him, and how ungrateful is the return, Sairey. To be told one lets off Fireworks, and makes Flash Speeches.

Mrs. G. Shocking, dear. But bad langwidge is hever a sintom of decaying powers.

Mrs. H. In all ROTCHFENCOAL'S Apathies there ain't a truer maximum, my loved Sairey. You never hear LORD DERBY say nothing in the way of taunt, or try to cast obhiquity on another party.

Mrs. G. Never, my dear; and here 's his elth, and may that true nobleman, which never has constant absences on account of illness, and scorns the gout, soon assume his rightful place in the hawls of the Sufferings.

Mrs. H. And dear MAMMY, won't it do our arts good to see MAMMYBOY again a Foreign Officer?

Mrs. G. Don't be so fast, my good woman. He is a dear fellow, but he was thought to be rayther too much of a Foreign Officer, as you call it, and the required article, M'm, is an English officer.

Mrs. H. Sairey, you would wex a saint, which I am not at present; nevertheless, doing my dooty in the spear in which I circulate, and asking you to take back Woman, would pursued to ask you where 's your Englishman for your Foreign Horfice?

Mrs. G. I thought as much, Ma'am.

Mrs. H. And how much might you be pleased to think, Ma'am?

Mrs. G. BEN, or to call a gentleman by his right name, Mr. DISREALLY, Susan, aperiently does not open all his confidence to you, or you might know, Ma'am, that there is the shop for Foreign Unfairs.

Mrs. H. Wavering your politeness, Ma'am, which would go into my eye and me see none the worse, I would ask you in return, who is your Budget? For well you know, Mrs. Gamp, and you can't deny it, as none of our men but MR. DISREALLY can be trusted with more figures than they can do on their fingers.

Mrs. G. And wavering ill birds, which I believe you know the proverb, Mrs. Harris, I take leave to say that I love my love with an N because he 's a Narithmetishan, and he took me to the sign of the Nostrum and treated me with Negatives, and the best best thing about him is his Knowledge, and his name is NORTHCOTE.

Mrs. H. You make me laugh, Sairey, though I ain't well, and I forgive you; and we 'll pursued to the next toast, which is WALPOLE and Wigger. [They drink.]

Mrs. G. Which honouring and time flying, let us say HENLEY and Henery. [They drink.]

Mrs. H. Follering whereof comes MANNERS and Manliness. [They drink.]

Mrs. G. Preceded—hic—I mean pursued by WHITESIDE and Windictiveness—no—hic—WHITESIDE and—hic—Wigger—you can't have too much Wigger, Susan, my dear. [They drink.]

Mrs. H. Late as is the our, Sairey, we must not forget to pour a—hic liberation—libation—my dear, to CHELMSFORD and—hic—Chaff—no—Chivalry. [They drink.]

Mrs. G. And the Church of England.

Mrs. H. Shan't—hic. Whatever you be, Sairey Gamp, be pious.

Mrs. G. Who ain't pious?

Mrs. H. You ain't, dragging in that elth at the hend of the list.

Mrs. G. Don't be angry with me, Susan—hic—I ain't well. Bless your precious art, Susan, what a noble list it is. Nature's Noblemen, likewise Art's, skillful Statesmen, men as the nation takes pride in, and hunger and thirsts to see in horfice. And what a blessed thing to think as you and me elp to put em in orfice. It makes me weep. [Drinks.]

Mrs. H. Don't weep, Sairey. Be wiggerous. Yes, indeed, my dear—and drat the spagms—(drinks)—it will be a grand day for England when those men march into the places of PALMERSTON, and RUSSELL, and GLADSTONE, and BETHELL, and PALMER, and LAYARD, and all them debilities. Wigger, my own Sairey, Wigger.

Mrs. G. (faintly.) Wigger.

[They clasp hands with some difficulty, as the curtain falls.]

GARIBALDI'S SWELL GUIDE.

THE following observations on the reception proper to be given to GARIBALDI, when he comes to London, were delivered by the HONOURABLE MR. GANDAW in the smoking room of the *Ne Plus Ultra*—

Haw. Well, now that the fellah GAHWIBALDI'S coming hecaw we weally ought to give the fellah a weception in some way, faw afta all the fellah 's a fine fellah in his way; a sawt of hewo. What A 'm afraid of is, that the fellah 'll fall into the hands of the suobs. Of cawse he must go and be glawwified by the Aldamen, and be feasted by the LAUD MAYA, and pwsented with the freedom of the City, and all that sawt of thing; but A do awnestly hope that he has some judicious fwend to keep him fwom fwattanising with the wawking men, and the people; because if he does that fellah will wenda it impossible faw fellahs to wecognise the fellah.

The wight sawt of thing would be a dinna at the Wag and Famish, and the pyncipal quack clubs with the officaws of the quack wegwicets; to show himself at the Opwa and in Wotton Woe; but not much in the streets, in fact, scassly eva to the people, except, yes, except at the Dawby. Then, there might be a dinna aw two at the Twafalga, and pawhaps at the Stah and Gahtah. He should be advised to wvide, mostly, instead of walking, and not to encourage crowds wound his hauce in demonstwative upwaw; and A should like to pwsent him, by way of testimonial, with an eyeglass faw him to inspect the people thowgh.

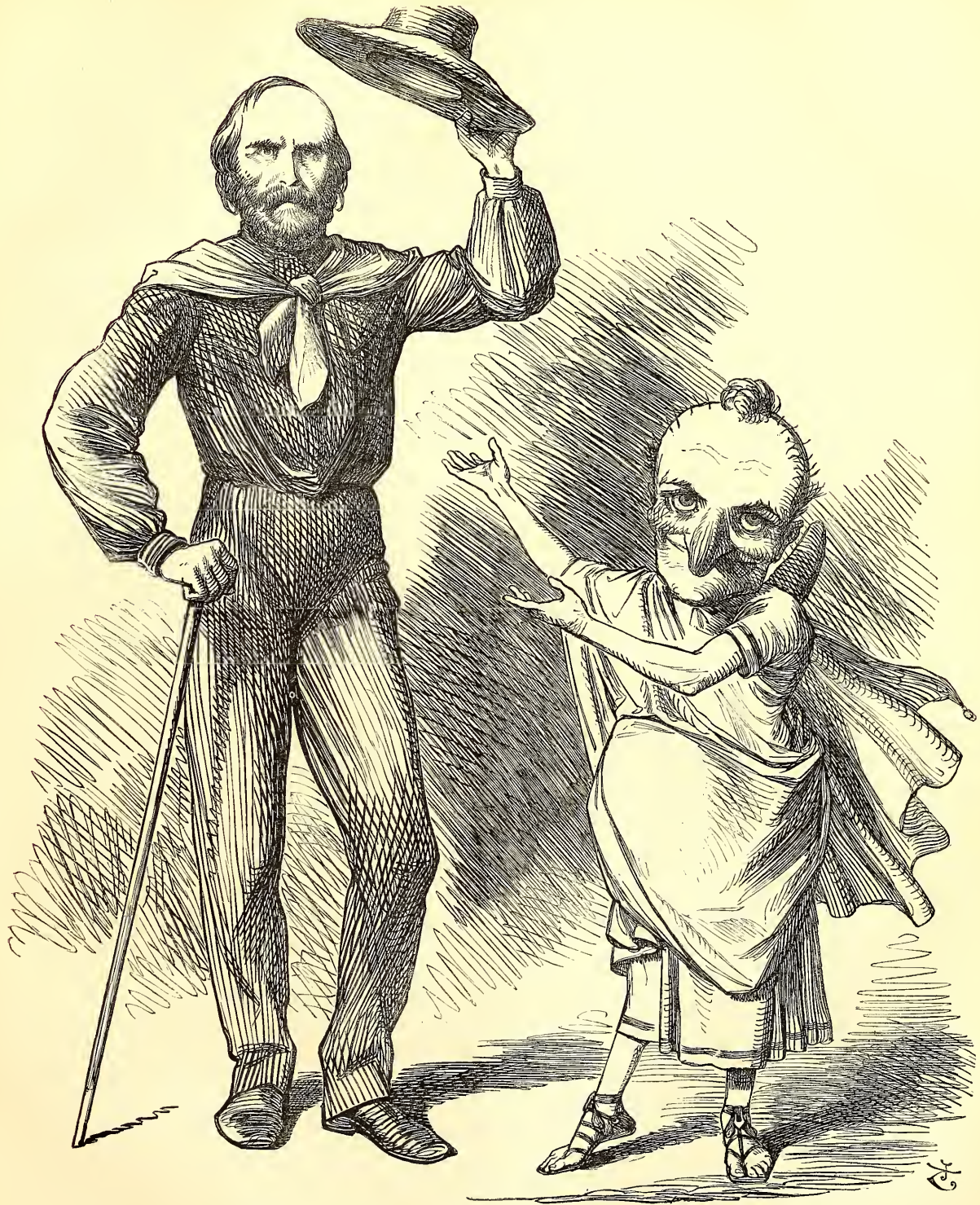
When he goes to dine at the Mansion House A would have him go by wawta down the wiva, to avoid the bwutes. He should be wwood down by a picked quoo of all the quack woers, and if A could wwoe myself, A shouldn't mind making one of them.

If he dines with us, I should say, let all political subjects be most carefully avoided, and let the convasation be westwicted as closely as possible to gastwonomy, hauces, and the faww sex.



THE IDLE GOSSIPS.

MRS. GAMP (TO MRS. HARRIS, SNEERING AT THE AGE OF DEAR OLD PAM). "WHAT I SAY IS—HE'S TOO OLD TO BE A CONDUCTOR—WE WANTS SMART YOUNG CHAPS LIKE YOUNG DARBY AND YOUNG DIZZY!" [See page 146.]



“ THIS IS THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL ! ”

FROM A LADY CORRESPONDENT.



Y DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just read this ridiculous paragraph in one of Papa's newspapers, and though he scolds dreadfully at us girls cutting bits out, which we often do when we find anything awfully good, I shall risk his dear old anger:—

"SMOKING IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—The practice of smoking in railway carriages is offensive to many non-smokers, and especially to women, and we trust that railway boards and railway managers will renew their efforts to check and discourage it. The railway smoking-carriage is impracticable and unattainable, and so the smoker must make up his mind to forego his cherished luxury on railway journeys. This is no real hardship, and gallantry demands that sacrifice of comfort should be made by the stronger sex. Let railway-guards be cautioned against any laxity of practice. It might even be well to reward them for doing their duty in such cases with firmness and courtesy."—*Railway News.*

My dear Mr. Punch, did you ever read such horrible nonsense? "Women," as the scribbler politely calls us, like the smell of a good cigar (not wretched sixpenny things, of course) beyond all things, and no girl but would prefer a man's being a little smoky to his carrying perfume. As for any idiotic and fantastic women who can't bear a cigar in a train, let them stay at home, they have no business to travel. I do not smoke, but I may confess to you that I have often said "Please, smoke," to my cousins and their friends, and I have more than once delighted them, when they fancied no fire was to be had, by producing a Vesta from my purse. I once made them smoke in a carriage, in order to drive out a rude old gentleman who made a face at my crinoline, and he was so frantic you can't think, but as the train was express, and didn't stop, he could not complain, and he had no witnesses. I dare say it was he who wrote the ridiculous and ill-natured paragraph. Pray, my dear Punch, explain to all gentlemen that it is quite a mistaken notion about our not liking cigars (but then they must be good ones, you know), and if ever you come into our part of the country, and we meet in a train, perhaps—I only say perhaps—I may bite off the end of a very choice weed (don't you call them weeds?) for you. As to the guards, all gentlemen bribe them, and why should not the poor men have an occasional half-crown. I am sure they work hard enough. Anybody may smoke good tobacco where I am, and I am not a fast girl, for all that, and mean to make a very good wife. A ridiculous old idiot! Please show him up, that's a dear.

Believe me, yours very devotedly,

The Hawthorns.

ARABELLA BRICK.

HARD LABOUR IN STORE.

MR. PUNCH,

Of course you know all about the Conservation of Force. You know that the Conservation of Force is especially instanced in the Coal Fields. You know that the force conserved in the Coal Fields is that of the sun, which, vivifying pre-Adamite tree-ferns and other cryptogams, extracted and appropriated to them carbon from the atmosphere, thus incorporating itself in their substance, of which coals are the remains, and now lying stored up in the coals. You know that we can extract the sunbeams from coals if we cannot get them out of cucumbers.

You know that the force of the sun, latent in coals, is reproduced from them in the form of light and heat, and you know that heat is our principal motive force, much exceeding that of horses. You know that our magazines of force, the coal fields, are in course of exhaustion, which must be completed at no very distant date, and that scientific men cannot at present conceive what we shall possibly do for force when all our coals will have been used up.

Now, Mr. Punch, the foregoing considerations surely prove that we ought to economise force as much as ever we can, and not throw away any force which we could anyhow save.

But, Sir, we are throwing force away in the muscular exertions of every convict whom we employ in unproductive labour. And of course we are throwing money away in all the food that is required to keep up the convict's muscular power. For that purpose so much food is as

necessary as so much fuel is for the performance of a steam-engine. We can't stint a convict as we stint a pauper, unless we put him to a pauper's lighter work. Flesh and blood will not sustain hard labour on workhouse diet. The hard labour of the crank and the treadmill can only be done on the strength of a certain quantity of molasses, cocoa, bread, meat, and potatoes, and, when done, it is a simple waste of that amount of nutriment consumed. For the stomach is a furnace in its way, equally with the stokehole of that steam-engine which multiplies almost to infinity the numbers of your ubiquitous periodical.

I propose, then, Mr. Punch, that we should contrive, if we can, to store up the force which many of our convicts in working a mere handle, or treading a bare plank, unconnected with any useful mechanism, are now only wasting on the prison air.

For instance, they might be employed in pumping atmospheric air into iron cylinders furnished with valves like those which close the chambers of air-guns, to keep the air in. The force put into the convicts in the form of meat and vegetables, would thus be stored in the compressed air, which it, put forth again in muscular power, had driven into the cylinders. A proper register connected with the treadle, or handle, by which the fellows worked the pump, would show when they had condensed the requisite number of atmospheric volumes. The cylinders thus stored with muscular force, so many reservoirs of hard labour, could be put by and kept, to be applied, when wanted, to furnish the motive power of their contents to any purpose for which it might be suitable.

Other and better plans of bottling convict labour for use than the method above proposed may occur to some of your many clever readers. In that case sufficient effect will have been produced by the suggestion of your diligent student,

ABEL HANDY.

P.S. I am trying to invent some means of effecting the conservation of that force which is vainly expended, and as I say, squandered, in dancing.

OPPOSITION SAILING DIRECTIONS.

(For Getting-in.)

(BY SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, ADMIRAL OF THE TRUE-BLUE.)

Toss up your caps, rank and file of back-benchers,
Talk big and bounceably, Tadpoles and Tapers;
For loaves to your cup-boards and fish to your trenchers,
Shout, slander, agitate, clamour for papers!
Pitch into PALMERSTON, ridicule RUSSELL, boys—
(OSBORNE will help you to gag for the galleries)—
Work the MAZZINI-ery, Young STANFELD hustle, boys—
All sticks are good to beat Whig dogs from salaries!

If things look warlike, lay all to the Minister,
Whose hot head thrusts peaceful BRITANNIA on slaughter:
If things look peaceful, point the thumb sinister
At the sneaks who on JOHN BULL's high heart throw cold water.
If they talk tall, say they're blust'ers and bullies—
"Meddle and Muddle" an excellent phrase is—
If they sing small, style them spiritless cullies,
Who haven't the pluck to go boldly to blazes!

You'll find hosts of weak points, if you put your souls in it;
First, take all they've not done; and if that's not sufficient,
Take all that they've done, and pick all sorts of holes in it;
Prove 'em neither omnipotent, nor yet omniscient.
Show their dealing with Church-rates a bungle and blunder,
(You needn't, of course, admit ours much the same was;
Show how in attempts at Reform they've knocked under—
(Not a word of what DIZZY's Reform little game was).

Point to the storms on the Continent brewing,
Ask if these are the pilots for shoals and rough seas?
Say a deal of what our friends would not think of doing,
But on what they would do, keep as dark as you please.
An indefinite programme one's future releases,
And no hand is so strong as the one that's not shown;
Our business just now 's to tear their game to pieces,
When we're in, 'twill be time to consider our own.

A Painful Reflection.

It is in matrimony, as in warfare, there is many a conference without an armistice. In fact, we have known (to our sorrow, be it mentioned, as well as the sorrow of innumerable others) the fighting to have been all the fiercer whilst the conference was going on, and even to have continued with tremendous severity long after the conference had been over. It may appear like weakness, or cowardice, not to have parted the belligerents, but the truth is intervention, in such cases, is always a most perilous proceeding. He who interferes generally is exposed to the fire of both sides.



A REAL DIFFICULTY.

"Well, dear, if this is the usual style of thing in Derbyshire, the Farmers had better write up 'No Thoroughfare' at once; then people would know what to do."

LATEST SHAKSPEARIAN NEWS.

THE HON. MR. COWPER, in declining to let a procession enter the Green Park, on SHAKSPEARE'S birthday, in order to plant an oak* (the cheapest testimonial we have yet heard of, a little oak costing, we believe, the modest sum of one and threepence) said—

"It is understood, it will be impossible, on the 23rd of April, to take any steps whatever for the commencement of the monument that is to be erected. The design will not be prepared, and the money will not be raised; and no definite step with regard to the monument can take place on the 23rd of April, although on that day there would be a declaration to the public at large of the details of what at that time will be finally decided upon with regard to the monument that is to be erected. A site had been selected in the Green Park, but that site had not been finally decided upon."

There, ladies and gentlemen, that is what your Executive has done for you. Surely you will hasten to pour in your money in golden streams with bank-notes, like white sails, frequently gliding down them. On the 23rd, if you are very good, you shall know "the details of what at that time will be finally decided upon."

* A very good suggestion too, but the top of Primrose Hill is the place for it.—Ed.

"The Meed of Praise."

DECIDEDLY *not* the GENERAL MEADE of the Federal army, who has just been summoned to Washington to undergo a judicial examination.

THIS YEAR'S PICTURES.

To Mr. Punch.

DEAR SIR,

In obedience to your instructions, and while waiting the time to visit the studios of my more distinguished friends, I have gone the round of the R.A.'s, or Rising Artists, who have not yet succeeded in getting their pictures exhibited, but who hope for better luck this year. I have also to state, that, in consequence of these visits, my garments have become so irreclaimably scented with tobacco of the strongest type, that certain differences of sentiment between myself and the partner of my bosom and expenses have arisen; and, in order to prevent unpleasantness, I have withdrawn to Brighton.

Young BOLLIGROBBS has made much progress. His domestic picture, *Skimming Eels*, is very pure and conscientious, and he has evidently studied the subject very lovingly; and a half-skinned eel endeavouring to make its escape, and being seized by the cat, is a charming little episode. JOLLOPER has executed but one picture, but it is very fine. It is called the *Masonic Lodge*, and he has represented with the utmost fidelity all the costumes, emblems, and signs of masonry. The scene has dramatic interest. An intrusive waiter at the Freemasons' Tavern has forced his way into the Lodge, just as a new brother is going to be made, and has instantly been cut down by the sword of the Tyler, while the Grand Master, waving the red hot gridiron, denounces the profane miscreant. The terror of the novice can be seen through the white night-cap drawn over his face. YOWLS has been very busy indeed, he has painted twenty-nine works of great force and merit, but the best, I may say *facile princeps*, is his *Execution of Sam Hall*, which has been done for the Society for the Diffusion of Capital Punishments, and it is a master-piece of gloomy grandeur. I believe that a well-known Comediant of the day has sat for the culprit, whose expression of grim and humorous pathos is worth whole sermons. CHIDDLEWICKER is scarcely up to the mark of Chiddlewickerism, if I may coin a word, yet his *Giblets* are very truthful and earnest, and the gizzard in the foreground is worthy of CORREGGIO. Perhaps his *Lamb's Fry* is more poetical, but is deficient in grouping.

MISS MATILDA TINKLER has executed a marvellous work, and one which will create a sensation by its unrivalled boldness. It is the *Fight for the Championship*, and represents KING delivering the awful blow which prostrated the American Giant. You can hear the "thud," and the crimsoned ground is depicted with Pre-Raphaelite literalness and honesty. The faces are all portraits, and the leading nobility have sat to MISS TINKLER. The likeness of the BISHOP OF OXFORD is superb. Her sister, MISS ROSAMUND TINKLER, has a clever little drawing-room

piece, *The Stretcher*, and the calm sternness of the Police as they carry away a strapped and raging virago is very fine. The work is to be engraved for an illustrated and splendid edition of the "Women of England." MRS. SPANKER has done a touching little work, *His First Cuning*, which will be a favourite in all educational establishments. The boy has been rather frightened than hurt, and is taking off his shoe to hurl it at another who was clearly the tell-tale. Another lad, who has "caught it" in earnest, is rubbing his hands on a wet slate. The whole is truly feminine and graceful.

HOWBIGGINGS has surpassed himself with his *Dissecting Room*, a work of marvellous fidelity. The shuddering young student, to whom the house surgeon, with calm irony, presents the scalpel, is admirable, and so is the figure of the porter who is bringing in the beer. I must not forget to mention BANDY JOCKLE'S little picture, *The Mudlark*, a sweet study, and the dead cat might have been painted by LANDSEER or ANSDALL, if either had done it. I was greatly pleased with JAMES SNAGGERTON'S *Pickpocket at Bay*, the thief is painted with much honesty, and the face of the woman clawing at the remorseless clergyman who has lost his watch appeals to all the best sympathies of her nature. BARGLE'S *Leap Year* is a happy conceit—a girl who has been crossed in love, as is shown by a torn Valentine, leaps from Waterloo Bridge, but is in no danger, as her lover, who has only tried a little experiment to test her affection, is in a boat under the arch, with a Humane Society's hook, and a marriage licence lies on the gunwale. Lastly I must mention DEWLAP'S refined, scholarly and graceful work, *Napping Pepper*. A mischievous footman, with a white sheet, has appeared as a Pepper Ghost to the cook, who in her ecstasy of terror empties the cayenne bottle over him, and you can literally hear him roaring in torture—the tone is exquisitely delicate and the feeling most tender. I will speak of other works in my next.

Yours respectfully,

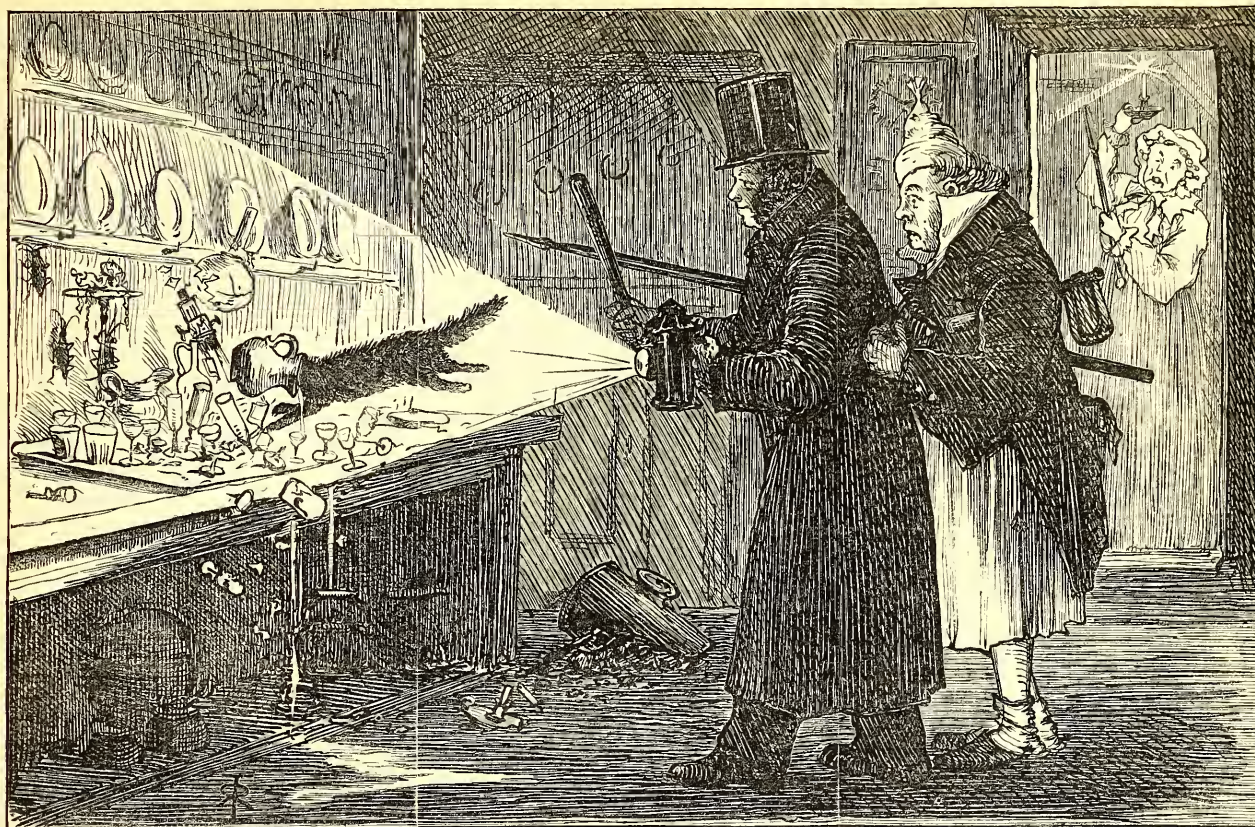
The Bedford, Brighton.

YOUR ART-CRITIC.

A Suggestion that Comes a Little too Late.

THE Infant Prince has been vaccinated at Marlborough House. We cannot help thinking that it would have been a step in the right direction to have taken the Royal baby to Osborne, and there to have drawn the vaccine matter direct from Cowes.

REMARKABLE DAY IN 1864.—April. The usual Superannuated Grandmothers' Festival will be held on Old Lady Day.



THE NOISY BURGLAR, OR THE CAT AND THE MILK-JUG.

Old Lady (en demi-toilette). "TAKE HIM IN CHARGE, POLICEMAN, TAKE HIM IN CHARGE!" (N.B. *The Cat is in a tolerable fix as it is.*)

MRS. GAMP AND MRS. HARRIS ON THE SITUATION.

Yes—mum—take a drop of comfort, wich we needs it, *missis 'Arris*—I ain't one, and you ain't one, my dear, as fetches, nor yet carries, But down in the servants 'all, they knows how things is a progressin'—Wich I understand *our* Guvnor's goin' to give them Whigs a dressin'.

Now, I've always made it a dooty, as true as my name's *Sairey*, What the fam'ly does in the droring-room to uphold it in the airey, And nobody can say of me, if the fam'ly thought fit to fight, But *Sairey Gamp* stood by 'em, and proved as they was right.

But I *do* 'ate stuck-up people, my dear, and of all the stuck-up sets, Them *Palmington* people's the wust I know, and the older the wusser they gets;

I've knowed the old man this many a year, he used oftens to come my way, And werry civil-spoken he were, and always somethink to say.

And there 'as been times, when I was young and fresh-lookin'—but, lawk-a-day What's the use of talkin' like that, *Betsy*—of days that 's passed away? But *Palmington* ain't the man he was, he's a gittin' in years, you see, And it ain't all parties as keeps their looks, nor their wits, like you and me!

I 'ope I know what 's ladylike, and I scorns low language and spites, But this 'ere *Palmington* 's a keepin' *our* fam'ly out of their rights, Which it 's our dooty to wish 'em well, and say so, and 'elp 'em, that 's clear,

And when they comes into their own, let's 'ope they 'll think of old sarvints, my dear.

If there 's one thing I 'ate, dear, it 's meddlin' in another party's quarrel, Wich them *Palmingtons* will 'ave a finger in *every* pie, to a moral: Not that they're the English sperrit to go in like men that means fightin'

But, 'drat their bragian imprence, they all'ays quarrels in writin'!

You mark my words, whoever trusts *them* 'll find hisself left in the lurch:

Wich they're *Papishes*, if not infidels, leastways they 'ates the Church! So fill your glass up, *Betsy*, it 's more comfortin' when it 's 'ot, And 'ere 's 'drat and down with them *Palmingtons*, for a shabby, scaly lot!

MEASURES, NOT MEN.

SUBJOINED is part of an advertisement appearing in a contemporary: "GENTLEMEN WHO DON'T RUN TAILORS' BILLS will find the ECONOMY OF CASH PAYMENTS by giving their orders to B. BENJAMIN, Merchant Tailor."

MR. BENJAMIN also advertises a saving of twenty per cent., to be effected by resorting to his establishment instead of employing other tailors. We much prefer this BENJAMIN's terms to those of a certain other BENJAMIN, one of the principals in the House of DERBY & Co. They haven't the assurance to promise us economy of cash payments if we give our orders to them, because they well know that we should find just the reverse, and that, instead of saving twenty per cent. in any way, we should very soon experience an increased per-centage of the Income-Tax.

THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY.

THE PRINCE IMPÉRIAL has been giving a grand dinner to his young companions in arms, "*Les Enfants de la Troupe*," at the Tuileries. Surely a more appropriate place for the banquet would have been the "*Hôtel des Princes*," so celebrated for its dinners. The above juvenile company, who are so fond of playing at soldiers, must be the well-known "*Enfants de la Patrie*" that the *Marseillaise* is so fond of appealing to in the cheering tones of "*Allons!*" We notice that the young NAPOLEON wore on that festive occasion his stripe for the first time as a serjeant. He is now what you may call the French SERJEANT PARRY—in other words, he is unquestionably at present the first *Serjeant de Paris*, and we beg accordingly, with all the honours, to salute him as such.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

"Yes," you will say, whoever you may be, "the First Method of Street Talk is decidedly faulty; but how shall it be mended?" Thus:—

In order that you may never be taken by surprise, and your conversational powers utterly paralysed by the sudden apparition of an acquaintance, be prepared with certain sentences, which shall be equally well adapted for all occasions, ordinary or extraordinary. With such assistance be it mine presently to provide you.

I purpose giving you certain idiomatic phrases; these can be easily acquired, and glibly rattled off at a second's notice. But there will occur to every thoughtful and provident mind, a case of two persons meeting, where, though *one* may be ready with the pre-arranged words, as just now mentioned, the *other*, either from not having duly studied his *Punch*, or from a naturally defective memory, shall be unfortunated with a fit and proper reply. This difficulty shall likewise be overcome.

EASY AND FAMILIAR PHRASES AND DIALOGUES FOR USE IN THE STREETS,

Arranged chiefly on the old Ecclesiastical Plan of Versicle and Response.

THE JOVIAL GREETING.

V. Why, JONES! (*Raise the eyebrows, smile, bring the right hand down with a slap on that of your friend; this is intended to convey the notion of heartiness.*)

R. Ah, SMITH! (*Imitate the above pantomime, and grasp SMITH'S hand manfully.*)

V. Hallo, old boy! (*Applicable to a person of any age, from sixteen years old upwards.*)

R. Well, old fellow! (*A modification of the foregoing.*)

This may be termed the Prelude. Now then comes the Topic. In all cases, be it understood, that meteorological and valetudinarian questions be compounded and dismissed as follows:—

V. I see that you are pretty well, perhaps very well—it is immaterial to me; and so am I—that is immaterial to you. At least, I won't enter into particulars about *myself*; nor do I wish you to say anything concerning *yourself*; time being far too precious to be wasted in details so totally uninteresting to each of us.

R. You are right: and, as you have a pair of eyes and a constitution of some sort, it will be superfluous, on my part, to inform you as to what kind of a day it is.

Instead of commencing, "Did you read the account of the debate last night?" or, "Seen the *Times* to-day?" By Jove, how PALMERSTON did," &c.

Politics will be thus disensed:—

V. If, my dear JONES, you have seen to-day's papers, I am unable to add to your stock of knowledge; if not, I have got something better to do than give you a *resumé* of the *Times*.

R. I have read, my dear SMITH, the daily papers, and have arrived at the conclusion, that a slipshod discussion on important public affairs by two private individuals in the street, can to no great extent advantage the policy of the Nation.

In lieu of commencing social topics with the hackneyed observation, that "Town's getting very full," or, "Not many people in Town now," according to the time of year, the conversation, unaffected by changes of season, shall flow on invariably in this stream:—

V. You know, as well as I do, what's going on in Town, and whether it is a gay or dull season; and if you do not, it doesn't matter to me.

R. I've not seen you about anywhere; but, of course, I've not looked for you, nor have I missed you.

V. Particulars concerning the operas and theatres you have, probably, as much chance as I have of ascertaining for yourself.

R. True; and your opinion upon such matters will not affect my enjoyment; nor, as I am aware, will mine, yours.

V. I daresay we shall both be at the Derby, or Ascot, or Newmarket. As we neither bet, it doesn't signify.

R. I've no doubt I shall go. Whether we meet there or not is indifferent alike to me and to you.

V. I think that this conversation should now come to an end.

R. Decidedly so.

V. Let me, therefore, say, that we are all quite well at home, or not all well at home, whichever you like.

R. Oh! I don't care; and so are we, in any state you like.

V. Thus having satisfied conventionality without an effort, let us shake hands and say good bye.

R. Good bye.

You may dispense with any Hearty Humbug about, "Look us up, old fellow," "Mind you drop in and see us at any time," and so forth; but let the originally jovial character of the salutation be kept up in the valediction, thus:—

V. "I am very glad that we have met," as it will obviate my calling

upon you, and we need not stop one another in the street for a long time to come.

R. "I am really delighted to have seen you," and do not care if I never set eyes upon you again.

V. Good bye, old boy (*kindly*).

R. Good bye, old fellow (*patronisingly*).

These *V.*'s and *R.*'s should be got by heart, or rather, by head and mouth, the heart having but very little to do with it. Supposing that you have mastered this dialogue, then, on meeting a friend, at once proceed to throw out a feeler in the shape of the first Versicle; should he not return the proper Response, try him with the second; should he fail in this also, I will explain to you in another Method how the difficulty may be surmounted.

HOW THE WORLD WAGGED

AT THE PERIOD REFERRED TO IN SIR C. LYELL'S WORK ON THE "ANTIQUITY OF MAN."

No CRÆSUS as yet
Had contrived to get
Two guineas together to rub;
Jove spent no rap
At Hebe's tap,
Nor had Hercules joined his club.

No globules then
Up to Number Ten
Could be purchased of MR. EPPS;
No Tartar bold,
We're plainly told,
Had gone up and down the Steppes.

No gents were burk'd,
No garotters lurk'd
Round a corner one's weazand to twist;
No HEENAN'S pate
Had felt the weight
Of a KING'S triumphant fist.

No plated ships
Had left their slips
With an enemy's force to cope;
No world-wide fame
Spread WINDSOR'S name
For either its kings or soap.

No LESSEPP'S canal
Raised a sad cabal
On account of its unpaid Fellahs;
The weather I vow
Was finer than now,
For no people borrowed umbrellas.

An useless task
'Twas then to ask
For a rifle of MANTON or PURDAY;
No BABBAGE as yet
Was made to fret
By the notes of a hurdy-gurdy.

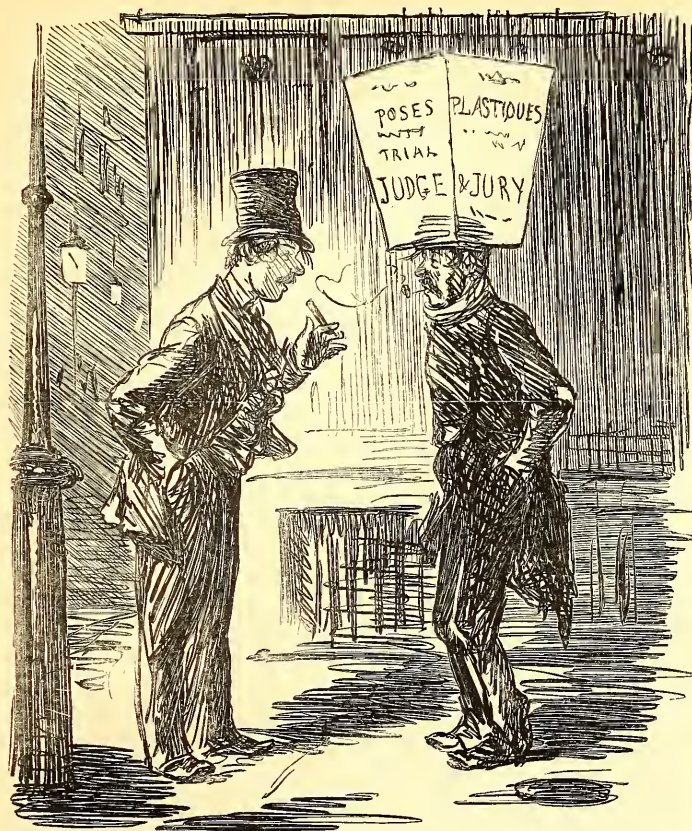
Where herds now browse
Were then no cows
Or horses, that now and then kick us;
None dug up bones,
Or labell'd stones,
Or had heard of a Hortus Siccus.

No cabs were known;
No widow'd crone
Gave balls with a stunning supper;
No beer was fined;
No trunks were lined
With the works of a MARTIN TUPPER.

Unconscious Retort.

SCENE:—An Anglo-Franco-Restaurant in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

French Lady (calling). "Garçon!"
English Lady (trying to speak pure French, but with very indifferent success). Gasson!
English Waiter (innocently). On, Ma'am? Oh yes, it's on to the full, Ma'am.
[General bewilderment of all nations.]



THE LOWEST DEPTH.

Inebriated Snob (to party with paper lamp). "WHICH IS THE WAY—TO—TO—THE P—P—POSES PLASTIQUES? WHY, HALLO! IS THAT YOU, JIM? HOW THE DOOCHE DID YOU COME TO THIS?"

Jim. "WELL—ALL ALONG O' THEM NIGHT PUBLICS. AND HERE I AM—AN 'ILLUMINATED ADVERTISEMENT!'"

A TRAP TO CATCH A PICKPOCKET.

AN interesting invention, which cannot be too soon introduced into this country, is announced, with a delightful account of its mode of action, by the *Lombardia* of Milan, which says:—

"A young man with his arm caught in an iron trap, has just been led through the streets of this city to prison. A person named VARISCO had invented a gin to catch pickpockets, which may easily be placed in a coat-pocket, and is so constructed as to hold the hand of the thief as if in a vice. M. VARISCO being in a locality which those light-fingered gentry are thought to frequent, and remarking near him an individual of a rather suspicious exterior, took from one of his pockets a bandsome silver snuff-box, at the same time assuming a simple air: then leisurely taking a pinch from it, he placed it into a pocket provided with the trap. Presently the stranger approached M. VARISCO, slipped his hand into the pocket, seized hold of the bait, and in another second showed by his cries that he was securely caught."

"And such an instrument I was to use," says JONES, "when I went to the Opera, and the Derby, and the Zoological Gardens, and to hear SPURGEON, and to *Punch's* Office at the hour of publication. Only, worse luck, it had not been invented." Well; now it has, and will shortly, no doubt, be on sale at all ironmongers. To be sure the paragraph announcing its invention, headed "THE PICKPOCKET'S TRAP," appeared on the first instant, but then it was quoted by more than one paper on the same day. Let us, then, hopefully believe that the trap to catch a pickpocket is a fact. Might it not be called the Anti-Artful Dodger? It really will be a very pretty toy for young fellows who are hard up for fun to amuse themselves withal. Going anywhere in quest of game of that sort which is called a lark, they will at least do well to put one of these pickpocket-traps in each of their pockets. The capture of a thief by means of it would be a capital joke in the first place, and would soon become a common occurrence; the frequency of detection would then discourage, and ultimately stop the pickpocket's pursuits. The wearer of the trap, we of course presume, is furnished with a key to it in order to unlock it when, during a fit of absence, feeling in his pocket, he gets caught in his own gin; but he might be in an awkward

OLD HARRY TO JOHN BULL.

ANOTHER surplus? Hullo, you!
Again some millions of taxation?
Oh! come, I say, JOHN, this won't do.
You want a new Administration.
You're getting on a deal too fast;
All this prosperity can't last,

Unless you change your cards in time,
To dodge the shifting odds of chance.
With men arrived at Fortune's prime
'Tis sure ill luck if you advance.
'The tide's at turning-point, no doubt;
So, now then, turn those fellows out.

See, there's the Old World and the New,
Both all a-blaze with roaring war;
And, in the meanwhile, where are you?
Why here, aloof, at peace, you are!
Because your Ministers delay
The struggle that must come some day.

Long since you should have joined the game;
And, had you battle's flag unfurled,
You'd stand, which now you don't—for shame!
This day alone, against the world.
You ought to be at war, and were,
For honour did your rulers care.

Why, Portsmouth should, by this time, shelled
With rifled cannon, be on fire,
The heights of Portsmouth being held
By Volunteers; my own desire
Did they who govern you fulfil,
As those that should succeed them will.

By glorious death your gallant youth
Ere now should have been decimated,
And glory's price to pay, forsooth,
At ten per cent. your incomes rated,
And likewise every other tax
Doubly redoubled on your backs.

War must befall you, soon or late;
Trust not a Power I need not name.
Believe in me; believe in Fate;
No matter which—they're both the same.
Cashier your PALMERSTON, you fool!
Let DERBY and DISRAELI rule.

fix if he forgot himself so far as to put both hands in his pockets, with a trap in either. Self-preservation also demands that the jaws of the pickpocket-trap should not be armed with sharp teeth, which would sometimes accidentally bite the wearer's own fingers.

A GHOST-DOG.

At a late meeting of the Anthropological Society, according to a report of its proceedings, papers were read by the REV. F. W. FARRAR, one of them on the alleged universal belief in a deity and a future state. In the course of this paper the rev. lecturer told a good story:—

"The belief in the existence of some unknown power was not sufficient, Mr. FARRAR observed, to prove belief in a Supreme Being, for even animals have a consciousness of the existence of some superior unseen power; and he mentioned the case of a dog that refused to enter a wood that was avoided by the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, because it was reputed to be haunted."

Here is a case for the *Spiritual Magazine*, if it is only authentic. The name and address of the canine prodigy referred to in the foregoing anecdote are desirable. This must be a dog of the same breed with the one in *Pickwick* that pulled up at the caution-board in the plantation, notifying that all dogs trespassing would be shot. In all ghost-stories wherein a dog is concerned the dog always slinks under the table, or behind the spectators, with his tail between his legs. Almost any dog may be terrified with a suitable combination of long pole, sheet, and turnip-lantern. But a dog's avoidance of a wood reputed to be haunted is something more than mere fright at an object which the creature does not understand. It argues spiritual perception if the spot was really haunted, and, if not, at any rate comprehension of the talk amongst the people in the neighbourhood. So, then, this dog must have been one if not supernaturally sagacious, at least uncommonly clever; must have either had a good nose for ghosts, or a wonderful ear for conversation.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



and though he could add no strength to the conviction held by *Mr. Punch* and Society that *MR. STANSFELD* had done nothing to be ashamed of, he almost made the Opposition ashamed of themselves. Indeed we may say quite; for as soon as they found themselves checkmated, and all their hoarded thunder useless, they walked off, leaving benches as empty as the threats of the usual occupants. But they have driven a valuable public servant away from useful work, and that of course is a comfort.

The *DUKE OF NEWCASTLE* retires because he is ill. *MR. CARDWELL* succeeds him, as Colonial Secretary, because—we do not exactly know why, and *LORD CLARENDON* becomes Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall because he likes a good cigar, and so does the *DUKE OF CORNWALL*. If anybody can give a better reason, he may send it us or not, just as he pleases, and we don't care which he does.

Tuesday. *LORD RUSSELL* has been informing the American Minister that we will not allow enlistments of Queen's subjects as Federal soldiers, and *MR. ADAMS* says that any officer offending shall be dismissed. But the Irish idiots who are kidnapped are tempted so largely that they become accomplices in the crime against themselves, as they find out when, instead of getting work and high pay, they are hurried off to die in the mud of Virginia.

The Lisburn election (no, not Lisbon, *MR. COX*. What makes you think that the capital of Portugal sends Members to the English Parliament?) cannot be inquired into because one of the Committee is ill; and all the wisdom of the Legislature is unequal to devising a scheme for enabling the investigation to go on. Of course, to appoint a new man, and to give him a day to read the past evidence and bring himself up flush with his colleagues, would be impossible, unconstitutional, inconceivable, unprecedented—and practical.

ALDERMAN SALOMONS wants to rate property in the occupation of Government, but the House, by 52 to 30, decided that he must be content with rating Government itself.

Wednesday. A bill for improving the Royal Court of Jersey—very properly described by *MR. HADFIELD* as “a barbarous and absurd Court”—was read a Second Time, with *SIR G. GREY*'s approval, but he wishes to hear what “the States of Jersey” have to say about it. Governments are much too tender over the antiquated prejudices and jobbing interests of these ridiculous islanders, and one would think we were afraid of their revolting, whereas the Yacht Club could keep all the islands in the most perfect order without troubling Her Majesty's ships.

Thursday. The Budget Night, and *MR. GLADSTONE* in full force. *Punch* had thought of giving the right honourable *CHANCELLOR*'s address at full length, as it occupies only ten columns of the morning papers, but on the whole he prefers to state its contents with brevity. Two large cats and a respectable kitten were let out of the Bag.

Cat No. 1 was a great reduction of the Sugar duties. The sum which *MR. GLADSTONE* takes off will amount to One Million, three hundred and thirty thousand golden sovereigns in a year, Materfamilias,

and it will be amusing to you to hear the new set of fictions by which your grocer will prove to you that you ought to have no benefit from the reduction.

Cat No. 2 was the taking off One Penny from the Income-Tax, which is now to be Sixpence. This diminution was of course due to the frightful menaces which *Mr. Punch* had uttered upon all occasions when the iniquitously levied tax came under his indignant pen. *MR. GLADSTONE* looks to another reduction next year, and *Mr. Punch* particularly advises him to keep his earnest eyes in that direction.

Kitten was a reduction of the shameful duty on Fire Insurances. Half of the three shillings now levied is to be taken off insurances on Stock in Trade only. We hope to see this kitten grow up into a large cat by next April, as people ought not to be fined for trying to save themselves from being ruined by fires.

The great speech was not an adorned one, but was singularly impressive, and where an elevated tone could be adopted, you may be sure *MR. GLADSTONE* improved the occasion. His noble picture of the commercial greatness of England combined the accuracy of a photograph with the colouring of a *TURNER*. People who turn away from the figures of arithmetic, as mock-modest people turn away from figures of classic sculpture, may nevertheless like a few points from the speech.

We have had a year of average prosperity.

Our Miscellaneous Estimates do not increase, as is supposed, but rather decrease in amount.

Our Surplus is Two Millions, and £352,000.

Our National Debt has decreased to Seven Hundred and Ninety-One Millions, on which we pay about Twenty-Six Millions a year, and rather like the operation.

England is the champion of Peace and Justice throughout the world, and is in fact the Friend of Humanity.

Remembering that, it is instructive to note that *MR. GLADSTONE* is happy to say that though the taste for ardent spirits is decreasing here, a large export trade in spirits is growing up.

The British manufacturer, “having been put through his usual paroxysms of alarm” about the bacey trade, now makes more bacey than ever.

The nominal corn duty—one bob per quarter (of corn) is to be three-pence per cwt, which is not a Welsh word, as it looks, but means a hundredweight.

The consumption of French wine has increased 300 per cent.

The duty on tea-sellers' licences is reduced. So is that on *Hawkers' Horses*, which the *DUKE OF ST. ALBAN*'s, hereditary Grand Falconer, may like to know if he rides.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS was actually mentioned, with applause, by the Great *GLADSTONE*, for a sensible little proposal about proxy duties, and will henceforth be immortal, like a fly in amber.

“Jaggery” is the lowest form of sugar made in the East Indies.

“Dutch Numbers” is the universal language for construing sugar duties.

The Malt Tax is not to be taken off, and if you were to take off half, it would have to come on again, “and you may tell your children so.” The fine barley grower has No Grievance.

We are bound, in spite of our prosperity, to study Economy.

Nine hundred and fifty-four people out of every thousand are self-supporting.

But there exists great distress. We have 840,000 paupers.

Our Surplus, after all the proposed reductions, will be Two Hundred and Thirty-Eight Thousand Pounds.

Having thus set up dimers-out with material which will enable them to chatter in the most profound manner, *Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate *MR. GLADSTONE* on a magnificent intellectual effort, the value of which will not be decreased by the allegation made by *MESDAMES GAMP* and *HARRIS* to the effect that the Ministers come in disguise to consult *Mr. Punch*, and to receive his prompting. The loud cheers of the House of Commons as the great orator sat down were nobly earned, and did honour to him and to those whom he had instructed and delighted.

When the House found its tongue, the utterances were not very remarkable. As in a theatre the eyes of men, when any well-graced actor leaves the stage, are idly bent on him who enters next, thinking his prattle to be tedious, is a quotation which frequently occurs to *Mr. Punch*. He will only note that *MR. CRAWFORD* thought he could improve the sugar scheme; that *MR. HUBBARD* thought that more ought to be done for the fire-insurers; that *MR. WHITESIDE* thought something ought to be done about Irish spirits; that *MR. MORRELL* thought the Malt duty ought to come off, and said he should try to get it off; that *MR. BENTINCK* thought the duty ought to be re-imposed on paper; that *MR. MALINS* (who usually objects to everything) was almost half-satisfied with the Budget; and that *MR. BASS* “thought beer.” Vigorons to the last, *MR. GLADSTONE* took all their points in his target, and progress was reported.

Friday. *LORD PALMERSTON* assured the House that the interests of the people of Schleswig-Holstein would be very well taken care of at the Conference. Later, *MR. DILLWYN*, indignant at the bombardment of *Sönderborg*, desired that our fleet should be at once sent to help the

Daues. MR. OSBORNE protested against MR. DILLWYN'S lashing himself into a rage with his own tail, like a lion, and then was smart upon the Cabinet, the Conference, and the Correspondence.

"Smart was his greeting, smarter PAM's reply;
'Tis well, but persiflage is all my eye."

The PREMIER took the opportunity of speaking severely of the Germans, and was reproved by MR. PEACOCKE for being "aggravating," PEACOCKE having been reading nursery poetry, and thinking—

"If I suffer such insolent airs to prevail,
May Juno pluck out all the eyes in my tail."

The other incident of the night was a singular speech by LORD EDWARD HOWARD, the leader of the English Catholics, who, in reply to a fierce attack by MR. NEWDEGATE upon the Oratorians at Brompton, made some allusions to lost members of his own family, and their position in another world. It was impossible not to be touched with the simple devotional utterances of LORD EDWARD, but they were certainly "extra-Parliamentary." MR. NEWDEGATE'S onslaught upon the Oratorians, and monastic institutions generally, seemed to have been prompted by MR. ALFRED SMEE, the medical man, who believes that a relative of his was victimised by priests, but who has certainly been less than considerate in the way in which he has dragged the names of ladies into the controversy. On division, MR. NEWDEGATE'S motion for a Committee of Inquiry found 80 supporters and 113 opponents, so the orator *contra* the Oratorians must put on more steam another time. Let him study the Newdegate prize poem for 1828, "*Machine vi Vaporis impulsæ*," and then he may attain the glory similarly commemorated in 1844, "*Triumphus Pompu apud ROMANOS*."

PICTORIAL PROPHECIES.



OW-A-DAYS it is the fashion for members of the modern schools of the Prophets to utter their dark sayings, known as "tips," concerning great and small turf events of the racing season. In the Art-world there be certain spying bands of touts—a tout suite—ahem!—who haunt the studios of each R.A.—a formidable ar-ray of studios—ahem! again—and by a few preparatory intimations, whet the public appetite for the Art-banquet to be submitted to their taste on the first Monday in May. There be starters a many, and favourites not a few. Send us a dozen

stamps, and we'll give you some startling information. No deception. Here's a tip or two for you, gratis. Mark this child's words, and, if he's right, show your gratitude, and come again to the real shop for Prophecy.

The visitor to the Royal Academy will have the Assistant-Judge at the Middlesex Sessions, MR. BODKIN, brought up before him for his (the visitor's) judgment. A jury of his enlightened fellow-countrymen will pronounce upon his merits. This likeness (you'll say "There he is!") directly you set eyes on it), which you will see, of course, by day, is, as you will also see, by KNIGHT. That's tip number one. Will this be in the first place among the portraits? Send us thirteen stamps, and you shall hear.

MR. SANT'S "*Dick Whittington listening to what the London Bells said*," not the first instance, by the way, of a lad being turned from his straight course by the Belles—(is this the moral?), whether of London or any other place. Fortunate will that gentleman be who, for a prize, draws what MR. SANT paints. Then, there's a Boy in blue from the same stable—we mean studio. "The boy in yellow," you will remember, "wins the day." As to what place the blue boy (no relation to GAINSBOROUGH'S, which, as it happens, wasn't blue at all) will occupy, why, send us fourteen stamps, and you'll hear something to your advantage. The youngest bears the noble name of RAGLAN, of whom all boys, blue coat or red coat, may be justly proud.

Tip the third. Send us twenty-four stamps—"two-bobs' worth" in slang coinage—and we will attempt to give you an idea of one ROBERTS'

work. MR. ROBERTS, R.A., hitherto renowned for his cool interiors, has at length bestowed some attention upon his exterior. A view—and such a view!—of Rome! *Urbs Roma!* Food for the eyes—a very feast of *urbs!* Ahem! for the third and last time.

And then there is—Hold! enough! Sir Oracle has spoken. Concerning these few we have said our say; and as for the rest, Hang 'em!—Farewell! I sign myself
DAUBIGNY.

WICKED WORK AT DYBBÖL.

(To the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and the KING OF PRUSSIA.)

SWEET SOVEREIGNS,

WHETHER or no you dare let your subjects see the *Times* newspaper, of course you take good care to read it regularly yourselves. Doubtless, you were amused by the account of your cut-throats' and incendiaries' doings at Dybböl, given by the special correspondents of that journal at the Danish head-quarters, and those of your rascals respectively.

Particularly delightful to your Royal and Imperial minds must have been the subjoined passages from the pen of the former of the writers above mentioned. To see the attack of your Majesties' brigands upon Dybböl's brave defenders, he had got upon a hill called the Castle Battery, out of harm's way, as you are, only he made himself necessarily safe, in order to do his duty in describing the horrors from which you, the authors of them, keep your distance. And there, he tells us, he "had a magnificent view of the Wemmingbund, and of the Dybböl heights, now flashing fire all along the crest, like a marshy ground in a southern climate all alive with swarms of fire-flies," Prussian locusts and scorpions rather.

"It was not more," he says, "than half-past three;" when you two, doubtless, were snoring in your comfortable beds. "It was one of the loveliest mornings I ever saw here. The air was perfectly still, and the larks were soaring up into heaven with their sweet morning hymn. The moon was far down in the western horizon, with a morning planet in her suite which I think must have been Mercury." Not Mars, your Majesties; and Mercury, you know, was the god of thieves. Is not the star of that order due to old VON WRANGEL and his colleague GABLENZ? "The stars," continues the eye-witness of your wicked work, "were all out. Behind us was the faintest possible streak of earliest dawn." This was earth and sky as Heaven made them; now see what the other power, and its human agents, made of them:—

"The cannonade from the Danish bastion was terrific, the rattle of the shells and their bursting incessant; and, as an accompaniment to the roaring music, the musketry fire swelled up in the air active and lively. Above the somewhat muffled grumbling of the common musket, we could easily discern the sharp ringing ping! ping!* of the Prussian *zündnadelgewehr*. The air was all alive with flashes of fire, as I said, and the smoke lingered pale and ghastly over the vast landscape; the smoke in a thousand pulls from large and small fire-arms, the smoke also from a vast conflagration arising from the doomed houses of the unfortunate Dybböl village."

We Britons, your Majesties, can fancy it Clapham, and bless you as much as if we did.

The narrator adds, for the further satisfaction of your Majesties:—

"It was a scene worth walking many hundred miles to see—a scene worth waiting for many a long day."

Yes; but to my mind, it would have been better worth waiting for many a long day if the primary pyrotechnists of this grand display of fireworks had been roasting in their own conflagration. But the less said about a "conflagration" which has been "waited for many a long day," the better, perhaps, in the presence of monarchs who, if they believe, should tremble.

Let me, your Majesties, quote you another pretty bit, to divert your most gracious Majesties:—

"On my way to the Dybböl Windmill both times I had to pass several carts conveying the Danish wounded. Some came on stretchers, borne on the shoulders of stout ambulance men. They were, for the most part, bleeding at the head, having been struck behind the parapets of the bastions. Not a few were lifeless, and I saw a mangled mass of raw flesh and blood, which, had I not been told, I could hardly believe to have been a man."

It is a pity that there was not on the spot a skilful artist to paint a picture, from death, of this "mangled mass of raw flesh and blood," the image of your Majesties' Maker, marred by your Majesties' slaves. Such a work of Art, German Art, would be a prize for which it would be by no means derogatory to the dignity of your Majesties to compete by lot. It could not be given to the worthier of you, for of you two worthies there is no possibility of determining which is the worthier of such a testimonial. Nobody can say that one of you is more deeply stained than the other by the dastardly bloodguiltiness of a tyrant who carries sword and fire into his neighbour's territory in order to avert from his own head the consequences of his misgoverned subjects' disaffection. Your Majesties cannot conceive the disgust and detestation with which your outrage on Denmark is regarded by

JOHN BULL.

* May it please your Majesties, MRS. GRUNDY says, "I'd ping! ping! you, if I had my will." I wouldn't. That is not how we deal with those whose hands are of your Majesties' colour. We do not ping! ping! them.



THE IDLE GOSSIPS AGAIN!

SENSATION TABLEAU, REPRESENTING THAT "BAGE CREECHER," P-LM-RST-N AND A MINION FROM THE EXCHEQUER, GOING TO BRIBE THE "HOJUS PUNCH." (For fresh particulars, vide *St-nd-rd* or *H-r-ld.*)

TO MR. GLADSTONE, AFTER HIS BUDGET SPEECH.

POTENT performer! BLONDIN of debate!
Who, on thy high rope of yarns oratorical,
Treadest a path to turn a common pate,
With firm-set foot, and clear brain categorical,
Keeping thy balance, to mankind's amaze,
And ever and anon cracking a joke,
As eggs to make his omelette BLONDIN broke,
Dropping on heads upturned in breathless gaze
The empty shells, as thou the well-turned phrase.

But where *he* bore, across his dangerous track
One desperate party, blinded, in a sack,
Thou, all across thy figures' long-stretched line,
A whole attentive Commons House dost bear—
There being, we know, *at least* two parties there—
As blind, if not as brave, so I opine,
As he whom BLONDIN pick-a-back'd mid-air!

BLONDIN could juggle but with knives and balls,
Thou tosses, calmly, millions to and fro,
Bidd'st exports, imports, rev'nue-rises, falls,
In mazy ring round thy calm forehead flow,
While dazzled, doubting, awed, astonished, all
Listen and look, and hold their breath, and say
"Can this go on? This sum will surely fall,
That total drop." But no—he holds his way,
His balance kept secure, through all that figure-play!

As BLONDIN knew to thrill the crowd intent,
Skilful on nerves or cord his art to ply,
Now tottering, now stumbling as he went,
Till hearts ceased beating, as his fall seemed nigh;

So, now and then, wilt thou a pause essay,
A seeming hesitance, a doubtful air,
And CECIL pricks his ears, and DIZZY'S clay
Warms with slow life, and his eye 'gins to glare,
But soon the feint is played, and high in air
The proud head shows serene, the firm step holds its way!

Mysterious mind—whose power no task encumbers!
To grasp our many-millioned debt is thine,
Or with melado, jaggery and Dutch numbers,
And other nice distinctions saccharine,
To play, like one bred in the grocery line!
What task above, what task below thy power?
I own a brother, and with bended hunch
Vow, as I hail thee joint Lord of the hour,
"I would be GLADSTONE, if I were not *Punch*."

WORSE THAN WELSH.

No person who reads *Punch* ever gets tipsy. But possibly some persons of strong imagination may be able to form an idea of what tipsiness is like. To aid them in so desirable a discovery, *Mr. Punch* would say that he never in his life had any doubt whether he was sober or the other thing until the following passage, in a Scotch advertisement, came under his bewildered eyes. A gentleman proposes to sell, *inter alia*,—

"The Estate of Auchendrean and Meall Dhu, also in the parish of Lochbroom, comprehending the Lands of Carn-Breacmeanach, Carn-Breacbeg, Corrybuie Firrogie, Teanganuisachan, and Lubnachulaig."

We are far from clear that any man has a right to print such aggregations of letters, for to call such things words is to insult literature. If we buy the estate, which we have some idea of doing, we shall insist on having it, like *Bottom*, "translated."



GOODY GLADSTONE'S GIFTS.

(To the Agricultural Party). "YOU'VE GOT YOUR 'SUGAR,' AND YOUR 'FIRE MEDAL,' AND THERE'S 'A PENNY' FOR YOU; AND IF YOU'RE A CIVIL BOY, PERHAPS, SOME OF THESE DAYS, WE'LL THINK ABOUT THE 'MALT.'"

'A COOK'S ORACLE.



PUNCH, or rather my dear *Punch*, what can be the meaning of this? You know, when that little event came off which made me the happiest girl—I mean, of course, CHARLEY the happiest man—you advised, in that dear kind way! me always to look after the servants, and have good dinners. Well, I took your advice, and have tried my very best. The cook's a stupid old woman, but I have done marvels for her, and we have charming little dinners in consequence. The only things I did not like were the legs of mutton; they looked so big. So yesterday, when I went downstairs, I told the cook that I wouldn't have any more of those legs in future, but would have fore ones instead.

I can't think what came over the stupid old thing when I said this, I am sure, only there's nothing to laugh at. She nearly did; but I never let them answer me, you know; so she only curtsied, and said "Yes, M'um;" and I came away; because you know, my dear darling old *Punch* (you don't mind my calling you old, do you?), I was just a little frightened, I don't know what at, though; perhaps of losing my temper. I told CHARLEY when he came in; and, would you believe it?

he burst out laughing too, and said, calling me such hard names, "Why, you stupid little ducky, a mutton ain't got fore-legs!"

Now, my dear, dear old (you said you didn't mind my calling you old), wise, clever *Punch*, do tell me what it all means; because CHARLEY won't, and I don't like to ask the cook after giving her an order.

Excuse haste. And believe me, my dear, dear, kind, good *Punch*,

Ever your loving,

The Limpets, Lovesacre, April 1st, 1864.

LOUIE.

THEATRES FOR LONDONERS.

THE new managerial system of running the same pieces for several years (a system utterly detrimental to dramatic literature and to theatrical art) has produced the natural effect. There is no wrong without a remedy. The Lovers of the Drama (a distinct class from the people who will go anywhere, provided a door is opened) have made representations to the country managers and to the railway authorities, and the result is that special Theatrical trains will start from Loudou, so as to enable the Playgoer to go to the Play in towns where the performances are occasionally changed. The managers at Bath, Bristol, Dover, Brighton, Margate, and many places within easy reach have come into the scheme; and as the trains will be very fast, and the prices very low, Londoners will at last be enabled to see a play now and then. The arrival of the trains will be telegraphed to the theatres, and the overture will begin the moment the visitors are seated. The return transit will be equally well arranged, and people will be at supper in town earlier than they could be if they sat out a London bill. The remedy was absolutely necessary, if the educated classes were not to be allowed to lose all their taste for the theatre, and the actors to lose all their chance of study and improvement.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

BEFORE coming to other methods of Street Duologues, I will devote a few lines to the combination of three or more parties in the street.

Let it be supposed that you, MR. A, MR. ANYBODY, accidentally fall in with B., MR. BOOBITTY, and C., MR. COOBITTY.

At a distance of twelve yards you catch sight of one another. "Hullo," says A. to himself, "here's BOOBITTY and COOBITTY." Straightway he feels that in the approaching engagement he will be overpowered by numbers. He looks to the right, he looks to the left, with half a mind to dare the perils of a crowded road, rather than encounter the united forces of BOOBITTY and COOBITTY. "They've seen me," he reasons with himself, and very cowardice impels him onward towards his fate. Irresolutely smiling, in painful consciousness of his weakness, and, with his head so well in hand (if I may be allowed) as to be ready to return the slightest acknowledgment on their part.

While A. is thus bracing himself up, B. says to C., interrogatively, not being quite sure as to the extent of the latter's intimacy with A., "Why that's A., isn't it?"

"Yes," returns B., guarding against any display of emotion, which might possibly be offensive to C. "So it is."

From the moment that they are aware of your proximity, a sudden blight falls upon their conversation. It is sustained, if at all, with difficulty. A few steps and A. meets B. and C. face to face.

Now comes a puzzle; with which of the two is A. first to shake hands? He avoids the difficulty by offering this manual greeting to neither. This negative commencement produces an air of constraint, and all three are obviously embarrassed. A. tries to notice impartially both B. and C. at a glance; and is uncomfortably impressed with a sense of utter failure in the attainment of his object. In his opening sentence he makes a similar attempt, and is equally unsuccessful.

A. (looking from B. to C.) Well, you two? (Jocosely.) Where are you going to? Eh?

This is a false step, bordering, in fact, upon an impertinence; as such it is resented by B.

B. (in an offhand manner). Oh, nowhere.

This, of course, is absurd; and so BOOBITTY feels, for he immediately adds, "at least nowhere particular," which is as much as to say, "Wherever it is we don't want your company, my hearty."

During this exchange, COOBITTY, whose right arm is supported by BOOBITTY's left, becomes deeply interested in the passers-by, equestrian currustrian or pedestrian, and apparently pays no sort of attention to the duologue.

A. (conscious of having been snubbed). Oh!—Ah—um—well—er. (Then suddenly inspired). You're both of you looking very well.

This, you see, is but a multiplication of the old conventionalism.

C. (unwillingly lugged into the conversation). Yes—I'm—a—(Relieves himself from further embarrassment by pretending a curiosity about a dashing young lady on horseback.) Who's that, do you know?

This is addressed to B., who "ought to know," he says, "but doesn't." A. can't even lay claim to acquaintance with the features of the fair creature, and owns that "he hasn't got the smallest idea."

B. (to whose mind, after looking at A. for a few seconds, an idea presents itself). You're in Town now?

A. (dubiously, as if he wasn't). Ye-es. (Wishing to interest B.) I suppose you are, too? Eh!

B. (decisively, as if Town couldn't get on without him). Oh yes, yes. For some time.

Up to this point the dialogue has not been so preternaturally sparkling as to preclude the necessity of introducing some enlivening topic. A., oppressed by the fact that he is the third party, the one *de trop*, makes a last effort to be brilliant before pursuing his onward course. He remembers a common friend, and with an air of great anxiety, asks, "Do either of you remember—er—(Suddenly forgets all about it)—er—dear me, what is the fellow's name? You know, he used to—um—Lor'!—You'd know the name if I mentioned it, directly."

C. looks at B. inquiringly, and B. (without the most remote notion of whom either A. or himself is talking). Do you mean E.?

A. (who doesn't know what he means). No, not E. It began with—

Here occurs an incident requiring, on the part of A., the utmost coolness, polite tact and presence of mind. For, while he is yet speaking, a couple of gentlemen, one of whom is a friend of his, saunter past. If A. turns to speak to him, it must appear as if he wished to cut B. and C. If he only nods to F, *en passant*, F. may possibly feel himself slighted. If he takes no notice of the new arrival, it will be for F. to conclude that B. intends a deliberate insult; and this problem, specially to a nervous man, becomes very difficult of solution. The whole case is, I own, of a complex nature, and it may be, exceptional. Yet must one be prepared. In order, therefore, properly to grasp this stupendous subject, and cut the knot sharply but delicately, I will commend the position to my readers' careful study, begging them to send me their ideas as to how they personally should act; and it shall be my task to point out to them, should not their own ingenuity or experience render my services unnecessary, the only proper method of gracefully extricating yourself from this perplexing predicament; giving you, to speak, as heretofore, alphabetically, and in some sort, algebraically, the process whereby A. is to be eliminated.



A TRIFLE FROM AMERICA.

MISS LAJEUNE, HAVING JOINED THE "ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY," RECEIVES A REMARKABLY FINE SPECIMEN OF THE "BISON."

"TIMEO DANAOS."

WE have it on the authority of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who received it from a correspondent at Flemsburgh:—

"Nothing is to be heard everywhere, even from the women, but curses and imprecations on the 'scoundrels and thieves' of Germans, and the whole of the people are in a frightful state of excitement. The men are letting their beards grow, and swear that they will never shave until the Germans are driven to the other side of the Elbe."

This is one way of bearding the enemy. We hope, however, the Danes are reserving their razors for a good patriotic purpose—and that is when they seize hold of these rascally invading German Herra, they will not allow one of them to escape without a very close shave. If they once get the Prussians on the Elbe, we know they will prove themselves to be first-rate Danish cutters.

How to STOP THE IRISH EXODUS. — Vote several millions of money to encourage it.

REPORT OF A MEETING OF THE AMATEUR CELIBACY SOCIETY, JUNIOR BRANCH.

(Kindly supplied by the Secretary.)

THE minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, the Vice-President, in presenting his Report for his term of office, congratulated honourable Members upon the flourishing state of the Society. During the past six months the Society had been instrumental in spreading dissension and discord in no less than five parishes. (Cheering.) One parish in particular, where the clergyman used to preach in a gown and read the service, the members of the congregation all joining in the responses from their respective pews (groans), while the choir, led by a blacksmith, he presumed a harmonious blacksmith (great laughter) on the violin, with flute accompaniment, sang the ditties of TATE and BRADY, had, under the auspices of the Society, been so reformed, that the clergyman now invariably intoned the service (a small choir of boys in surplices ably doing the responses to TALLIS in D), preached in an alb, thought of procuring "beautiful vestments" (hear, hear), and had succeeded in replacing TATE and BRADY by plain-song hymns sung by an efficient and highly-trained motett choir, open seats having, of course, been substituted for pews. (Prolonged cheering.) There was one little drawback he had omitted to mention, which was, that the congregation had all left the church and gone over to the dissenting chapel, which had been lately enlarged. Honourable Members would, however, join with him in rejoicing, that, by the efforts of the Society, the service in this parish was now performed in so correct a manner as to satisfy the most rigid and most zealous Anglican. (Thunders of applause.)

In conclusion, he begged to read to them the following extract from a letter received from a member of this Society, who now held a curacy in a small country parish:—

"We are getting on pretty well, but the people are very slow in taking up new ideas. They object to the alms-bags I have introduced, and much prefer the old metal-plates. My rector is nearly imbecile, so I have it all my own way, and wore a small red cross sewn inside the neck-band of my surplice last Sunday. (Great cheering, and a voice "plucky fellow!") All the young ladies at a neighbouring boarding-school are busily employed working me cushions and altar-cloths of various colours from my own designs, and evince a laudable anxiety in the good cause. The congregation, I am sorry to say, falls off; but, by a judicious distribution of the dole, I have secured the regular attendance at matins of five old men

and as many aged women. (Cheers.) They are not quite up to bowing so often or so low as I could wish. I have spoken to them on the subject, and they assure me their backs are stiff with 'the rheumatics' (laughter); so I must try the effect of increasing their allowance. I am practising gymnastics myself, and can already perform the service with much greater bodily ease and mental satisfaction than before. The Society will be glad to learn that I am gradually becoming bald on the top of my head." (Loud applause.)

It having been moved and carried unanimously "That this report be adopted," MR. GILBERT ALBAN proposed, and MR. THEODOSIUS CHAD seconded, "That MESSRS. SOFTSAWDER AND SONS be commissioned to supply the Members of the Society with vestments for their approaching commemoration." To prove their fitness for the task, he (MR. GILBERT ALBAN) would read to the meeting the following advertisements which he had received from them in answer to some inquiries he had made:—

REPOSITORY OF ECCLESIASTICAL ART.

MESSRS. SOFTSAWDER AND SONS, Man-Milliners, &c., beg respectfully to inform Clergymen of the Anglican Church that theirs is the best house in the trade for Ecclesiastical Vestments of all kinds, which they provide in the *newest fashion* and of the most *correct* cut. In addition to the usual robes indispensable to an Anglican Clergyman, MESSRS. S. AND S. beg to recommend to the notice of their clerical customers, the following vestments, ecclesiastical and secular, tastefully designed by an experienced *medieval decorator*, after the most *correct* models of early Catholic times.

THE SURPLICE-ALB.

This chaste Vestment is unique of its kind, and combines with the graceful folds of the surplice the elegant *tournure* of the alb. It has been designed specially to meet the requirements of gentlemen who, compelled by unavoidable circumstances to abstain from wearing the "beautiful vestments" ordered by the Rubric, feel a conscientious objection to that ordinary garb which, worn alike by Low Church and High Church, causes no visible distinction between the Catholic-minded Anglican Priest, and the Protestant Minister of the Gospel. (Groans.)

MESSRS. S. AND S. have solved this truly distressing difficulty. The SURPLICE-ALB can be worn in the midst of a congregation sunk in the deepest depths of ultra-protestantism *without detection*, as by the uninitiated it cannot be distinguished from an ordinary surplice. (Cheers.) The high-minded Catholic divine can thus satisfy the scruples of his own conscience without exciting any of that party hostility which, though truly gratifying to the amiable Anglican bigot, is but too often followed

by unmerited suspension at the hands of mistaken prelates, entailing not unfrequently serious pecuniary loss. (*Sensation and groans.*)

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S DALMATIC.

This gorgeous Vestment is well worth the attention of those zealous Anglo-Catholics, who, regardless of consequences, are desirous of spreading true Church principles by the alluring aid of brilliant colours and glittering tinsel. MESSRS. S. AND S. assure their customers that this striking garment has never been worn in an English Church without causing *furious dissension*, and exciting passions of a most *frightful kind*. (*Hear, hear.*)

S. B.'s Dalmatic can be had in all colours, but MESSRS. S. AND S. would respectfully intimate that the sanguineous or blood-red is at the present time the most *fashionable* as well as the most *becoming* colour.

N.B. This really first-rate article is strongly recommended by Brother IGNATIUS and other well-known Churchmen.

OBSERVE!

Gorgeous Robes, equal to new, lent out on hire for extraordinary ceremonials.

Hair Shirts (lined with the finest flannel) in all sizes (*hear, hear*).

A large supply of Sackcloth kept in stock.

Incense, scented à la Jockey Club, Fraugipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, and other fashionable perfumes, always in hand.

The reading of these advertisements was followed by loud and prolonged cheering.

The honourable gentleman then, in urging Members to vote for his motion said, that having read the advertisements, he thought it unnecessary to add any words of his own, and the President put the motion, which after a short but animated discussion as to the respective merits of violet and sky-blue silk for waistcoats, was carried by a large majority.

This ending the business of the Society, the President dissolved the meeting.

WHO WILL SAY A WORD FOR THEM?

MY DEAR PUNCH,

The other day you let me in your columns ask a question which, I dare say, slightly shocked some of your highly moral readers, but which perhaps you will allow me to repeat. Please let your printer put it in a whisper of the very smallest type:—

“What becometh, then, of our columbines, our fairies and our sylphs, when they are over fifty, or are weakened in their legs?”

To this I see that a dramatic paper has returned for answer—

“The General Theatrical Fund admits all pantomimists, as well as performers generally, to participate in the privileges accorded to subscribers, and the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund is available for all dancers in the hour of their need.”

If this be really so, I am very glad to hear it: and the more people subscribe to these two dramatic funds, the better chance poor ballet-girls will have of being helped by them. But actors, pantomimists, musicians, singers, dancers, acrobats, and horse-riders, not to mention minor stage-folk, such as authors, prompters, carpenters, perruquiers, and scene-painters—all these together form a vastly numerous assembly, and among the many claims of a crowd so miscellaneous, the petition of a ballet-girl may chance to be mislaid, or her share of the funds raised may be too small to bring much help to her. So let these two funds flourish, and let a third be formed for the special use and succour of sick fairies and old sylphs; and to relieve them from the thought that they are wholly helped by charity, let them be asked themselves to contribute to this fund, which then may be expanded out of charitable pockets.

The man who will not help a woman in distress is unworthy of the name of SMITH or BROWN or JONES, or any nobler appellation. For women in distress, mind, are more helpless far than men: and many a lost name might have been saved by a few shillings. As ballet-girls get old their little salaries decrease, and they are paid the least just when through failing health, perhaps, the most is needful to them. It is with hard work that they earn their living in a playhouse, and they barely after all escape dying in a workhouse. Ever ready with their small means as they are to help each other, charity in their case most assuredly begins at home: and as they minister so largely to the public entertainment, the public surely may be asked in time of need and illness to minister to theirs.

So I would say to BROWN or JONES or any other friend of mine who has a pound or two to spare and an ounce or so of charity, “BROWN or JONES, my boy, don't forget our actors! *Neque tu choreas sperne, puer*, which (excuse the scrap of Latin) means, And don't forget our ballet-girls! Save them from the snares which beset their path in youth, by giving them the hope of honest comfort in their age, and by your present to their fund make their future happier than it might be without you.”

In the hope that others abler may be found to carry out the good

work I have hinted at, believe me, my dear *Punch*, that I am ready to subscribe myself (and my bankers know my signature),

ONE WHO WILL PAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to tell you that I am quite willing not only to “say a word,” but also to act in behalf of the poor ballet-girls; and two ladies of my acquaintance (whose names I send in confidence, and who both have had a long and active experience in good works) are quite prepared to join with me in any plan you can suggest for properly effecting the good end you have in view. My husband need not fear any dark hints or black looks from me, were he to act in such a charity: but, I agree with you, *some wives* might object to see their *spouses* brought in contact with a ballet-girl, were she even over fifty and half dying from sheer want.

Being under a very great weekly obligation to you, my dear *Mr. Punch*, for the pleasant laughs you give me, I shall be glad if I can help in any good work you suggest, with all the influence, time and money which is at my command.

Yours very sincerely, — — —

MY DEAR PUNCH.—This wail for ballet-ladies is utterly a mistake. Most of them, if not all, are working at various trades or professions with their relations, or by themselves, during the day; and the theatre money is really extra what they earn for their living. Independently of this fact, there are two special funds open to the ballet-ladies, but we can never get them to subscribe, small as the subscription is. * * * Your correspondent would do most good by subscribing to the Dramatic Sick Fund.

Yours ever, A MANAGER.

DEAR PUNCH.—The Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund especially provides for ballet-ladies. Three pence per week gives them ten shillings per week; sixpence, fifteen; one penny extra, £10, at death. Added to which, they obtain situations, and, in most cases, get the expenses of journeys paid by the managers to whom they are sent. Once being members, they are relieved in distress, and receive other advantages. There is also the Society of Dancers, which, I believe, is open to them.

Yours faithfully, AN HONORARY SECRETARY.

GOOD MR. PUNCH.—One of the dramatic papers says your correspondent does not seem to be aware that the Equestrian and Musical Sick Fund is “available for dancers.” Well, as ballet-girls don't sing or even dance on horseback, usually, the name of this same Fund would scarcely lead one to imagine that they were ever helped by it. And are they? That's the question. I see by Rule IV. it is stated that “persons to be eligible must have been the last past three years in the exercise of their profession, and deriving their entire livelihood from it.” So if a fairy sprains her ankle by coming up a trap in the third year of her subscription, or if a sylph, hung in mid-air in a grand transformation scene, falls headlong on the stage and breaks her arm or leg thereby, before her third year be completed, not one penny can she claim of any money she has paid to this same charitable fund. Besides, if it can be proved that, while subscribing to the fund, she has ever earned a sixpence by her needle-work or other occupation off the stage, she will be held to be ineligible to be aided by the Fund; and as the ladies of the ballet, I believe, are scarcely paid sufficient salaries to live upon, it is but natural to fancy they must seek elsewhere for work, which by Rule IV. must deprive them of assistance from the Fund they are invited to subscribe to.

Yours truly, MRS. CANDOUR.

DEAR PUNCH.—Although a clergyman, I own I now and then enjoy a visit to a theatre, when there is a good tragedy or comedy, aye, or even a good farce to see and cry or laugh at. The REVEREND SYDNEY SMITH has given us his opinion that nowhere is feeling to be more roused in favour of virtue than at a good play, that nowhere is goodness to be learned with more enthusiasm; and with this revered and reverend opinion on my side, I care little what small carpers may say about my fondness for theatrical excursions. So being a playgoer as well as a parson, I have read with interest your letters about ballet-girls, in whose trials and temptations I feel, as any Christian man must do, much sympathy and interest. But is it possible to help them while living as they do! Low salaries are given on the pretext that the girls can look elsewhere for hire, and what their toes may fail to earn they may bring in by their fingers. What this system tends to morally I need not pause to ask; but I simply would inquire, what scheme can well amend it? Managers may tell me all their “ladies” are well paid, and one way or another have abundant means to live upon; and managers express a virtuous surprise that their ladies don't subscribe to the two provident societies established for their benefit. But is it in the nature of a dancer to be provident? You don't find the brains of sixty with the sinews of sixteen, and I should as soon expect a butterfly as a ballet-girl to be provident.

No, Sir. It is no use our trying to assist the ballet-girls; the best thing we can do for them would be to abolish them. The ballet is a wretched mindless exhibition. It does no good to any, and it does much harm to many. Hundreds more would go to the playhouse than do now, were the ballet swept away with all its immorality. The managers would profit by the very step they now might fear would bring a loss to them: the girls would easily elsewhere get a less perilous employment; and a great scandal to Society would be happily removed. So I say, Down with the Ballet! and when pantomime time comes let the part of *Columbine*, no matter how the children howl, be left out of the cast.

I send my card in confidence, and will call myself

Yours, CLEMICUS.

I SAY, *Punch*, old boy, how about the ballet-girls? Have you hit on a good plan to help them when they want it? I'm ready with my money when you can tell me where to send it. Hang it all, you know we mustn't let 'em go to the bad if we can help it. Just conceive how dull and dismal the stage would look without them.

I enclose my real name (don't let my wife see it, please,) and sign myself

Yours, LAICUS.

* * * *Mr. Punch* inserts these letters as a sample of the correspondence which has reached him on this subject. It is seldom he intrudes a grave theme in his pages, which are intended chiefly to enliven and amuse. But the present is a subject which he believes must be of interest to all who have the interests of Womanity at heart. To them he would appeal on behalf of the poor ballet-girls for sympathy and succour, if sympathy and succour can by sufficient evidence be shown to be deserved. For this cause he invites further letters on the subject, and as the ballet-girls themselves are presumably the best acquainted with its details, perhaps they or their relations will supply him with some facts to show their own view of the case.

A REFLECTION BY AN ANGLER.—Nature's Aristocracy. Mortal Man being but a worm, is therefore by nature of *gentle* birth.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REVIEW.

THE GROUND BEING VERY UNEVEN AND FULL OF HOLES, THE "MARCHING PAST" OF OUR COMPANY WAS LESS "LIKE A WALL" THAN USUAL.

ETIQUETTE.

THE Commencement of a brilliant Season! Balls, Parties, Receptions, Drawing-Rooms and Dining-Rooms! There is no rest for the dancers! Sleep no more, my belles and beaux of Society. Very good. *Quo tendimus?* To this point, *viz.*, that several Correspondents have written to us, anxiously imploring our assistance upon uncertain matters of ordinary etiquette. One who signs himself—

BOUNDING TOMMY, informs us, that, on Wednesday evening next, he is to appear, for the first time, at the Grand Ball given by the lovely COUNTESS OF KENNINGTON. By what rules shall his conduct be governed? We will tell him anon.

JUAN THE JUICY complains that Society has arbitrarily trammelled him with laws, which he can neither respect nor obey. He farther wishes to know what those laws are, and how he can best comply with their requirements, when he dines, a month hence, with the HON. COLLY CIBBARITE? He shall be instructed: patience.

These be specimens; of other letters requesting small loans, and asking if we will lend out articles of dress and jewellery for the evening, we shall simply take no notice.

BALL-ROOM ETIQUETTE.

Arrival.—On getting out of your vehicle bow to the crowd, if any. You never lose anything by politeness; if therefore you omit this first ceremony, be not surprised should you find that your pickets have been pocketed—we mean your pockets have been picked.

On entering the Hall give a false name, something long that will last from the bottom of the stairs to the top, and that'll take five servants to say it properly. Announce yourself, for instance, as COUNT PEPPERDEWOLLACHEKOTOPOLINSOPILISKOTZKY. Get this well by heart and give it out calmly and quickly; if you are undemonstrative in your manner, they will set you down for his all Serene Highness.

Entering a Ball-room.—Be easy in your department. Flourish your handkerchief; run your hand through your curled or uncurled hair; bow to the North, South, East and West; pull your front lock of hair to the Mistress of the House, jocosely winking at her the while; then, with the affability of a true gentleman, turn to the Lady nearest you, and

at once enter into conversation. Adopt this formula:—"You look precious hot? Been shaking the light fantastic, eh?" Here you can kick up your heels and cut a caper illustrative of the light fantastic afore-mentioned. Continue thus:—"That's the time of day! Pretty time, isn't?" Hum whatever the band is playing. "Do they call your hair red or yellow? I never knew the difference? Ain't yer well? You look seedy. Come down and have some lush; a brew of bitter. Come on!" And without farther ceremony, take hold of her hand and lead her down-stairs to the refreshments.

Asking a Lady to Dance.—If you've not been introduced, do not wait for this mere empty form, but go up to the Lady and commence thus:—"I say, Whatsyourname, will you favour me with this waltz? Don't say yes, if you'd rather not? Lots of others where you come from?" If she tells you she's engaged; say, "Oh Gammon! I know better than that," and whisk her up off her seat before she can call upon Jack Robinson. Women will admire your dashing style.

The First Dance.—If the dancing has commenced before you reach the Drawing-room, at once remonstrate with the Master of the House, with whom you must now insist upon dancing a polka à la SPURGEON.

Sitting Out.—When you've nothing else to do, go out on a balcony and address the populace on any subject nearest your heart; say, your flannel waistcoat. Finish by throwing the flower-pots at the linkman. Immediately upon this, return to the Ball-room and mix with the giddy crowd.

Enough for the present.

Hampstead Heath to the Rescue!

THE attention of the Metropolitan Members of Parliament is invited to the alarming fact, that there has now passed through the House of Lords a Bill to Amend the Settled Estates Act, which, it is said, will, if enacted, legalise the enclosure of Hampstead Heath. The representatives of private interests are at their old work once more, trying to smuggle through the Legislature the long-designed scheme for depriving the Londoners of their playground at Hampstead. Defenders of our parks and pleasant places, behold the enemy unmasked! Up, guards, and at them!



Noble Lord (who dabbles in the Arts). "THINK IT'S LIKE MY FATHER, TROTTER?"
 Trotter (the Earl's Groom). "AH! THAT IT BE, MY LORD; BUT (thinking of a flattering compliment) IT'S VERY EASY TO SEE IT WASN'T DONE BY A ARTIS', MY LORD; I MEAN ONE O' THEM FELLOWS AS GETS THEIR LIVIN' BY IT!"

SONG OF THE PRUSSIAN SAVAGES.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, sea-inkfolded,
 Must become our Sovereign's prize,
 Prussia being giant-moulded,
 Denmark far beneath her size,
 Overwhelming German legions
 Soon must crush the Danish band,
 So as to extend the regions
 Of our precious Fatherland.

By our deeds of matchless daring
 We've already won renown.
 With a valour that's unsparing,
 Unforewarned we shelled a town.
 Danish homes our ordnance battered,
 Dashed out Danish women's brains,
 Danish children's bodies shattered,
 Smashed both great and little Danes.

Prussia's might not only slaughters,
 Undiscerning, Denmark's sons,
 Torn and mangled Denmark's daughters
 Fall beneath our Prussian guns;
 All because our resolution
 Is the vanquished Danes to bless
 With our liberal Constitution,
 Our free speech and our free press.

Glory to our royal master!
 WILLIAM reigns and governs too.
 Kings have met with sad disaster
 Through attempting so to do.
 But we are submissive cattle
 And enthusiastic slaves,
 Prompt to spend our lives in battle,
 Glad to rot in foreign graves.

Slight Confusion of Names.

Sarah Gamp. Well, JACK, have you bin to see this revolutioneering furrineer which his name is GRIMALDI?
 Jack. GARIBALDI you mean, Grandmother.
 Sarah Gamp. GARIBALDI, ah, drat it! GARIBALDI and GRIMALDI, bother the names! and which they do sound so much alike, I'm always a-sayin' one for t' other.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 11th, Monday. In a certain Hall in the City of Palaces,—when you direct a letter, it may be more convenient to the Post Office if you write Oxford—there is hospitably brought out, in ancient and classically inscribed silver, a precious liquid for the delectation of the visitor. It is called Proof. No more need be said to those whose lips have touched that goblet's rim. To the uninitiate nothing could be said, even by the mighty master of language, Mr. Punch, D.C.L., that would convey an idea of the splendour of that tippie. Had he that silver in hand, he would empty it to the health of the LORD CHANCELLOR. For to-night that Lord brought in a Bill touching the Greek Professorship in the City of Palaces. We all know how Mr. JOWETT has been treated, how the thinking, liberal, young, inquiring, grateful minds of Oxford wished to treat him, and how they were defeated by an invasion of frantic country parsons. But it is not to be borne that what SYDNEY SMITH called Wild Curates should compel a great scholar to teach Greek to the University for £40 a-year. LORD WESTBURY has looked into his patronage, and finds that he has certain canopies at his disposal, and pleasantly calculates that on the doctrine of chances one of them should be vacant in about a year. He proposes, as an act of Justice and of Expediency, to attach a canopy to the Regius Professorship of Greek. He hopes that the Lords will pass the Bill for this purpose, and that Oxford will then endow the Professor with a sum equal to the Canopy income, until the vacancy occurs. Punch hopes so too, for the question is not one of creed, but of common honesty. And LORD WESTBURY, if such a thing should happen as that prejudice should be potent, and the Bill fail, you can give the first vacant Canopy to PROFESSOR JOWETT, without asking anybody's leave, and if you do, Mr. Punch will make a special journey to his beloved Oxford for the express purpose of emptying the aforesaid silver to your honour and glory and long life and prosperity.

My Lords had a Danish debate. LORD STRATHEDEN moved that Government ought to have been more vigorous in supporting Denmark's claim for a mediation on treaty principles. The DUKE OF

ARGYLE defended the Cabinet. EARL GREY said that it had been timid and vacillating. EARL RUSSELL was fully conscious of the power of England, but did not wish to hurry into war. LORD DERBY called him a forcible feeble, and charged him with a breach of pledge to Denmark. We subordinated our political and military position to our trading interests, and our bluster would have no effect on Europe. LORD WODEHOUSE denied that there had been any pledge, and LORD GRANVILLE hoped good results from the Conference. So does LORD PUNCH, but as LORD JOHNNY was not altogether lucky at Vienna, it cannot be offensive to LORD RUSSELL if the other nobleman hints, while RUSSELL is being dressed for the Fair, like Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, that we shall be a good deal more surprised than delighted, if he brings us home a gross of green spectacles, or makes himself a Spectacle of Greenness. The motion, having answered the purpose of drawing the fire of my noble sportsmen, was withdrawn.

MR. HORSMAN demanded whether Ministers would ask Parliament's approbation of any Conference bargain before ratifying it. LORD PALMERSTON, with curious circumlocution, said that Ministers would do all that was proper. MR. HORSMAN was sure of that, but would they answer his question? LORD PALMERSTON then explained that such an undertaking would be wrong, because a plenipotentiary was supposed to have already plenty of power to act. The inextinguishable HORSMAN then asked whether plenipotentiaries could exceed instructions? LORD PALMERSTON said that if they did, they went beyond their instructions, which proposition may, on the whole, be conceded.

It is with regret that Mr. Punch announces that MR. GLADSTONE has consented to refer his excellent Annuities Bill to a Select Committee; but it is to be hoped that the measure, invaluable to the poor man, will come out uninjured. Then we Supplied the Army till two in the morning.

This was the day, to be remembered in every household for the next half-century, on which GARIBALDI made his entry into London.

Tuesday. A Bill for flogging certain scoundrel offenders against woman, was read a Second Time, and LORD GREY took the opportunity of rebuking, in strong language, some of our Judges for their habit of inflicting ridiculously light sentences for brutal crimes. Mr. Punch

has had to speak of this, and may do so again in a still plainer way. Offences against property are always visited in England with tremendous severity; for instance, in the same newspaper which reports LORD GREY, is the sentence on a barman and a glazier, who, for stealing five-and-fourpence, have five years' penal servitude, and a letter-carrier, for taking half-a-sovereign and some stamps, has three, and the circumstances appear to justify the severity. But a hideous assault on a woman in a condition needing all tenderness, is in the same journal mentioned as earning for the savage but six weeks in prison, and, next day, but two months are given for an outrage too revolting to be detailed here. The principle which prompted these latter decisions actuates several of our Judges, who ought to know better, and if they will not listen to LORD GREY, *Mr. Punch* may try the force of his own Representations.

Another TOWNLEY discussion, and the CHANCELLOR, in defending the HOME SECRETARY, admitted that the present system under which sentences are revised was most objectionable, and he thought we might adopt the foreign plan of classifying the various degrees of murder.

The Ministry were defeated, by 101 to 93, on a motion of LORD ROBERT CECIL'S, for preventing MR. LOWE from allowing the Reports of Inspectors of Schools to be "mutilated." MR. LOWE urged that they were not mutilated, but that he only cut out matter which had no business there. The difference may strike the acute.

Wednesday. When *Mr. Punch* announced, ages ago, that MR. LOCKE KING had introduced a Bill for lowering the county franchise, the Great Instructor added, "the Bill will be rejected some time in April." It was rejected to-day, by 153 to 45. LORD PALMERSTON would not vote against it, because he thought that there ought to be a change in the franchise, but he could not agree to lower it to £10, as that would disturb the balance between trade and agriculture.

On an Irish Trespass Bill, MR. BRIGHT thought that while Irishmen were flying their country, new powers ought not to be given for the protection of game. MR. WHITESIDE did not see the logic, especially as the object of the Bill was to relieve tenants from the hardship of being compelled by their landlords to prosecute poachers. We need hardly say that no two human beings ever agreed upon an Irish question, and at this moment we are utterly unaware whether the Irish Salmon battle, which occupied a whole Session, gave the Salmon the right of voting, or disfranchised them for being Protestants.

Thursday. In reference to the Flogging Bill which has been mentioned, LORD CARNARVON said that all the gaolers who have been examined agree that corporal punishment is more deterrent than any, especially in the case of hardened offenders. The more we can hunt the Cat out of the barracks and into the gaols the better. LORD MALMESBURY took occasion to observe that the laws of England were not like those of the Medes and Persians. The Barons said something different, beginning with *Nolumus*, which BARON MALMESBURY, though an Earl, might have remembered, as he must have learned Latin at Oriol. Is he going to turn Radical?

One CHALMERS accuses the Admiralty of having prigged his ideas about armour-plates. The First Lord was at some pains to prove that though an iron-bound ship had a case, CHALMERS had none.

"Shall not the Budget be postponed until we have discussed the Malt-Tax, which many of us think ought to come off before the Sugar-Duties?" Such was the question put to the House of Commons by COLONEL BARTELOTT, and the entire night was taken up in debating what the answer should be. Finally, it was decided by 347 to 99 that the answer should be "No," although the Malt-Tax had been under discussion all those hours. MR. GLADSTONE'S sugar, corn, tea and stamps resolutions were agreed to.

Friday. LORD LUCAN thinks that soldiers ought to be enlisted for a much longer term than at present. The Secretary of War states that the present system works exceedingly well. Moreover, the change, which shortened the term, was approved by the Victor of Waterloo. Wherefore, the well-intentioned LUCAN may cease his quite superfluous cluckin'.

MR. BAXTER would not take the place vacated by MR. STANSFELD, and it has been given to MR. CHILDERS, M.P. for Pontefract, and we hope he will tear through work at the pace of his Flying namesake, the quadruped of fame. It was extorted from MR. COWPER, that the new Museum at Brompton, is to be large enough to hold the British Museum beasts, and the Patents. Likewise, that a National Gallery is to be built in the Garden of Burlington House.

MR. DISRAELI started up in great alarm, having discovered that there are Five Under-Secretaries of State in the Commons, whereas the Constitution permits four only to sit there. LORD PALMERSTON, equally taken by surprise, begged time to consider the appalling fact. We may be rash, even reckless; but we own that we should dine in peace, had there been six.

Then we had an interesting debate on a motion of MR. FORSTER'S, for a Committee to consider whether foreign nations could not be enabled to communicate direct with the Foreign Office in matters of commerce, instead of being handed backwards and forwards between that office and the Board of Trade. As the interest in question is represented by a receipt of £450,000,000 a-year, it may be just worth while to afford it any reasonable business facilities. A Committee was appointed.

Debate whether the Irish are really virtuous, or whether they only seem so because the Irish police cannot catch criminals, was ended by MR. OSBORNE'S declaring that whatever the people might be, Dublin Castle was a sink of iniquity. After which, an idea of MR. CRAWFORD'S that the Custom-house officers cannot discern between good sugar and bad, was repudiated by the House by 133 to 17, and the Budget, which has been accepted by the nation, made further progress towards its becoming law. *Apropos* whereof, a Bill is coming in for Concentrating the Law Courts.

ON A LATE CATASTROPHE IN PALL-MALL.



REND *Mr. Punch*,
DIS-GUSTING! Wich
such is the exklama-
shun that bust from
my lips, when I see
in Pall-Mall, within
a few dores of St.
Jeames's Pallis, the
karrige of the DOOK
OF SUTHERLAND,
K.G., *born in peeces*,
if I may be aloud so
strong an eggspres-
sion, by the beestly
mob, drored together
to welcum GENERAL
GARIBALDI, wich I
ave reason to believe
he have no reglar
Kommishun, honly a
specie of gorilla hof-
fiser, and ave not yet
thort it *necessary*
to call on his hambah-
sador the marky daz-
zelio, wich I ave the
honor to meet him
frefkwently in 'Ouses
we visit, and quite

the geutleman every hinch of him that I will say, and I am sure *Mr. Punch* you will agree with me sich conduct on this ere GARIBALDIS part do not say much for his 'ead or his 'eart, nowing ow anxious the hupper classes in this country is that he should do the korrekct thing, and not lett hisself be made a toole of by the narsty demycrats and that 'ere MAZZINI, wich what *he* is well-be-known. Owever my hobjeck in at present rightin is not pollytickis, wich I thank my stars I am true-blue pussonnally in my pollytikle prinseples and hever was, and 'ave always lived in eye-tory families, mostly titled, and ope to continue in that stashun to wich it ave pleased Providence to call me. But I wish to tell you what I see with my own ighs in Pell-Mell on Monday evening, and leeve you to drore your hown conclushuns 'ow far sich doins is or is not a tramplin hunderfoot of all that is wutable in our soshial cistem. For my own part I haugurs hill of the man that gives an opportunity and I may say temptashun for sich things, but if Dooks will forgit their stashun, and disend to low sociaty, they must take the conskwences.

Well, Sir, I see on that day, in the very 'eart of the West Hend, leastways the Parliamentary and Club quarter, about the beestlied, wnst-dress't, and I may say haltogether workin-classedest mob—wich I ope you will excuse such langwidge, but none huther will eggspres my meaning—as I ever see, and all for what?—to welcome this 'ere GARIBALDI, which seem best known as a rebel and a revolootionary leeder, similar to those in the penny-papers. I will not bemene myself to speak of the baners and bages, wich trash and trumpry, rags and rubbidge is the only words I can find for that part of the business. But lookin' at them from a moral pint of vew, wot could you eggsppekt from a mob drored together by sich a motive? Eggsses and wilence, soshial subvershun and sawidge fearosity. Wich all the way along Pell-Mell I see with my own ighs these bad passhuns rampant as I may say about the karridge of the DOOK OF SUTHLAND, containing GARIBALDI and what is rediklonsly called his sweet, which I blushed for both the noble Dook, and his long line of ansesters, and the Dutchess Dowger, wich as a mother she is responsible, but seems to enkurage her son in his follis and low-lived abits, and the coachman, that ad not ort to ave been called to drive any sich low-lived lot, and still more the footmen I need not say, bein myself in that rank of life and reconizin in them men of the world and brothers, who as sich must feel they was be-meanin themselves sitting behind that sort of pussons. Well, Sir, a bitter site it were. There were the doocal Karridge, turned out all korrekct of course, but I could rede the feelins of indignashun a bilin in the studdy man that drove, and the two unfortuiate parties in the rumble, or I do not know the sentyments of our horder. I see that mob all along pell-mell, wich our people was invited to the fust-floor

hover a shop, the pedatare (as we say) of a young swell who is sweet on our second dorter, and the treatment of that 'ere kkipidge by the lower horders words cannot convey. They ad no respect for a Dook's koronet or karridge, harnis, nor osses, feelins nor footmen, not they: they lep on the weels, they tore and durtied the straps and linin', they 'ung on to the box, they climed on to the rumble, wich it can't ardlly old too London-sized boddly-servants cumfutable, and I leeve you to judge wot it must ave bin to them too pore young men, akustomed to igh life and refined manors, to ave six, hate, ten, and at times nigh on to twenty low retches and ruffs a clingin and a clamberin abovt them, and a hulloooin' with beestly familiaraty in their hears, and a stickin to the rumble, as if it was their place. I was not surprized at the cartastrophu wich follered. Conserve my orror, when in the midst of that fearoshus crowd I see the rumble actewally give way under the wilent 'ands of the mob, and my unfortunate brethring a strugglin' for their lives in the mud, and eggposed to the geers of a brutal poppylase, and their livries as good as ruined, wich if gynors finds 'ats, cotes, weskets and shorts, we pays for our own tyes and silk-stawkins. It seem to me a hemblem of these levellin times. That 'ere karridge

was the British Konstitooshin, the Dook cheek by jowl with a man of low eggstrackshun and revolootionary prinsiples represented the Lords a forgitin themselves and the ouse of Kommons sich as Reform Bills and-anti-Corn Lore Leegs as made it. And the orrid and orful mob a stormin' and a cheerin', and a rampagin all round, and hendeavoring to clime into the carrige, and an 'angin on to the rumble, was demokrisy always tryin to ride as well as its betteres, and never so appy as when it can redooce the 'igher horders to its hown level. I eard its brootal shovt, and blushed for its low ribalry, wen them pore young men come to greef. For them I simpithiges. The Dook or SUTHLAND I leeve to his konsense and his horder. I do not henry that man his feelins, with his carridge smashed, his people umbled and digraded, a revolootionary firebrand in his ouse, the aristocracy disgested, and the Soverins of Urup bilin with indignashon. Sich is the mellancolly results of a low turn of mind, and a love of steme-engines and amatoor stokin!

I remane, *Mr. Punch*, your obegient Svuint,

JAMES FITZJAMES.

SINGING BY DEPUTY.



THE famous *School for Scandal* was performed the other morning with a famously strong cast, as everybody knows, for the benefit of the famous Royal Dramatic College; and everybody knows, that on this special occasion the

part of *Sir Harry*, "with the original song," was kindly undertaken by the famous MR. REEVES, who, everybody might have known, was conspicuous for his absence. The usual medical certificate was produced, and read amid the laughter of the audience, who had clearly come prepared to hear the usual apology which is expected now whenever MR. SIMS REEVES is announced; and their merriment was increased when his apologist informed them that the eminent English tenor, MR. PAUL BEDFORD, had, in the emergency, been asked to take the part. What cause there was for laughter *Mr. Punch* could not quite see, unless, indeed, the audience expected MR. BEDFORD to sing them "*Jolly Nose*," instead of the more sentimental song which SHERIDAN has put into *Sir Harry's* vocal mouth. MR. BEDFORD played the character with far more weight than MR. REEVES (who is a slimmer man) could do; and if he did not sing the song quite so sweetly as the latter might possibly have done, at least he disappointed no one by *not* singing it. *Mr. Punch* would therefore hope, that in future MR. BEDFORD will hold himself in readiness to sing for MR. REEVES, whenever and wherever he is engaged to show himself. Considering how often MR. REEVES is indisposed, it is high time that a deputy should be permanently hired for him; and as MR. BEDFORD by no chance ever misses to appear when he is advertised, he is about the fittest person to be chosen for the place. As it is, the British Public, when they pay to hear SIMS REEVES, are utterly uncertain as to whom they really *will* hear; whereas, their doubt would be

dispelled, and their good humour quite secured, were it announced that MR. BEDFORD would, if MR. REEVES were absent, sing in *Faust* or in *Elizab*, or whatever other music might chance to be selected for him. Were it advertised beforchaud that "*Comfort ye, my people*," or "*Sound an alarm*," would, if MR. REEVES were hoarse, be sung by MR. BEDFORD, there would be no ground for complaint if MR. REEVES did not appear. Instead of keeping a physician continually in readiness to certify that singers are afflicted with sore throats, surely managers of theatres and concerts would do well to insist, that every singer whose throat or inclination was apt at the last moment to compel him to be absent, should allow his name to be announced in the advertisements coupled in a bracket with that of his appointed deputy, who, if he sang or not, should share the plaudits and the pay.

ENGLISH EXTRA-SUPERFINE.

THE subjoined example of jocular circumlocution is taken from a report of GARIIBALDI'S visit to the Royal Italian Opera. On this occasion admission to the Floral Hall was given to persons going to the boxes, stalls and pit, and to others at half-a-guinea each. And so:—

"The doors were opened for visitors at half-past seven, at which hour many sought admission, and as evening dress had been made a *sine qua non* for all, soon after the hour named the place presented a very pleasing spectacle, filled as it was by a crowd of people whose attire seemed to denote that they belonged to what is usually denominated the 'upper classes.'"

How many people there are whose attire seems to denote that they belong to "that part of society usually denominated the upper classes," when, if it were scrutinised, it would be discovered to be of such a quality as not by any means to denote the thing that it seems to! For the style of evening dress which comes up to *sine qua non*, may be far below the mark of *ne plus ultra*. And even when people's attire denotes them to belong to those classes which are usually denominated, it does not necessarily denote that they belong to those which really are, the upper. Accordingly we are quite prepared for the reporter's succeeding statement, that:—

"For their amusement, previous to the arrival of the distinguished visitor, the band of the Coldstream Guards, stationed at the Bow Street end of the Hall, played a selection of popular music, which the company listened to while perambulating the spacious edifice."

This passage significantly suggests that those who were capable of being amused by "popular" music were a sort of persons whose resemblance even to the merely so-called upper classes was but superficial. We know what popular music is. A selection of music on the principle of popularity would consist chiefly of such pieces as "*The Cure*," for instance, "*The Dark Girl dressed in Blue*," and "*I'm a Young Man from the Country, but you don't get over me*," with "*The Whole Hog or None*," and a variety of negro melodies. The music which the company listened to in the Floral Hall, "while perambulating the spacious edifice," we may well suppose to have been carefully adapted to the ears of "a crowd of people whose attire seemed to denote that they belonged to what is usually denominated the 'upper classes,'" and who are so described in a narrative which may be said to constitute a splendid specimeu of what is usually denominated penny-a-lining.

Dr. Cumming's Last.

By advertisement we are informed of another new work by DR. CUMMING, *The Destiny of Nations as indicated in Prophecy*. A motto which the prophetic doctor might prefix to this last production of his literary constructiveness is "Small prophet, and quick returns."



Papa. "LUCY! HERE! HERE'S A GATE!"

Lucy. "ALL RIGHT, PAPA DEAR. YOU GO THROUGH THE GATE. I THINK 'CRUSADER' PREFERS THE FENCE."

ROME: NAPLES: LONDON.

THE WELCOMES OF GARIBALDI.

I SAW three sisters : each of them a queen :
 One with a stern square face, and regal brow,
 Deep-lined where pressure of a crown had been,
 With no crown save a priest's tiara, now,
 Motley her garb : alb, chasuble and cope,
 Which, as her chafing still their folds would ope,
 Beneath a tattered flamen's gown did show,
 Or an Imperial toga's Tyrian sheeu,
 Frayed, and besmirched with blood, and with debauch unclean.

Deep-bosomed and strong-limbed, and heavy-browed,
 She sat like one that on a mighty past
 Looks backward dreamily, from out a shroud
 Of sin and shame and suffering round her cast,
 Yet with an eager quivering of the nerves,
 A memory of old conquest in the curves
 Of her proud lip, lightnings that faded fast,
 Yet still flashed up, under her eye-brows' cloud,
 Saying to men, "Beware! I am not crushed, though bowed."

More slight the Second Queen; a sweeter face,
 Where Eastern languor tempered Southern fire;
 Motions that gave to mirth their easiest grace,
 But swept, in sudden storms, from mirth to ire:
 The summer sun seemed seething in her blood,
 The summer sky seemed mirrored in her mood;
 So beautiful, so changeful; from desire
 To loathing, from chill frown to hot embrace,
 Her passionate gusts, like clouds, did each the other chase.

Bright vine-leaves wreathed her purple-glossy hair,
 With grey-green olive, and gold-tasselled maize:
 All gay and parti-coloured was her wear,
 Half peasant's half princess's were her ways:

Blithe, buoyant, careless of to-morrow's fate,
 So but to-day took mirthfulness for mate;
 Ready for ban or blessing, scorn or praise;
 For those who wou her love with love to spare,
 For those who earned her hate with a stiletto bare.

Sober and strong the third: of colder hue
 And blunter features; yet a true-born queen:
 The pure life telling in the brawny thw,
 The honest nature in the eye serene.
 The muscles knit with toil, whose tools did stand,
 Mattock and spade and hammer, near her hand,
 Yet not far off might other gear be seen,
 Sword, bayonet, rifle, grooved and sighted true;
 Unhacked, unbruised, unused they might have been,
 Yet rare, and fit for use,—blades sharp and barrels clean.

Crowned with fair towers she was, and from all lands
 Trophies of art and industry, and spoils
 Of labour and the chase, within her hands
 She largely grasped: a mighty cable's coils
 Her pillared neck, like Celtic tore of old
 Circled with strands of triple-twisted gold.
 She looked like one who, honouring manly toils,
 Yet fit for more than sordid slaving stands,
 And by a higher law than gold's her life commands.

These sisters communed curiously of one
 Now in all mouths, one who among us came,
 Though with no visible crown upon his brow,
 King, crowned by deeds and consecrate by fame.
 They knew him all the three, honoured and loved:
 But question rose wherefore so greatly moved
 Was that Third Queen, by one, to her, a name,
 No liberator, at whose feet to bow,
 So love can but be shown, not recking where or how.



MOSES STARTING FOR THE CONFERENCE FAIR.

(LET US HOPE HE WON'T BRING BACK "A GROSS OF GREEN SPECTACLES.")

Primrose . . . PALMERSTON.

Mrs. Primrose . . . BRITANNIA.

Moses . . . EARL RUSSELL.

Quoth the First Queen: "For me he met the Gaul,
And beat him baffled back, one man to ten:
Held battered bastion long, and half-breached wall,
And bore my flag high in the eyes of men;
But you, oh Queen! sea-guarded and rock-based,
What foe of yours, what leaguer has he faced?
He left no wife for you in Frioul's fen,
For you he staked not home and hope and all,
Nor showed he felt, for you, the dearest offering small."

The Second Queen said: "It were marvel strong
Should I not honour him who set me free
From Bourbon slavery and priestly wrong;
But what the liberation wrought for thee?
I crouched in fetters; his hand touched my chain,
It burst, and, lo! I sprang up free again:
But thou unfettered art, save by thy sea,
Guardian, not gaoler; why thus loud and long,
The welcome of this man from all thy toiling throng?"

The Third Queen smiled, and answered them again:—
"True, gratitude nor love to him I owe,
That he maintained my walls, or broke my chain;
Yet I have chains to fear, and a sore foe.
That foe world-worship, and that tyrant-sway
King Mammon's—worse than Gaul or Bourbon, they!
What living man has laid world-worship low
Under his feet, like this? Who, such disdain
Of chains that Mammon forges here below,
As this plain Captain did for Earth's example show?"

The voices ceased: vanished the vision fair,
But still those voices' music filled the air:
I heard the English crowd that went and came,
Loud pealing GARIBALDI'S pure and honoured name.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.'

IN the last paper upon this subject I entangled my travellers in a complication of street conversations, and in that network I, somewhat unfairly, as it may seem to a few of the Unthinking, left them. The case proposed was one requiring deliberation. To it, I will, at some future time, venture a return, since it appears to me, that I have incautiously advanced my students into the sixth book, as it were, of street-conversational problems, before they have, thoroughly mastered the rudiments of the first.

Let us then consider the Triologue, Quartologue, and Quintologue, &c., as subjects above our reach for the present. Let the last number be unto us as an interpolation; and, herein, we will continue the subject of the Simple Duologue.

And, be it known unto all men, that the present writer's object is, not merely to find fault with the mode and style of such street conversations as come under his notice, but to improve, or rather to induce his fellow-man, by a careful cultivation of expressions, sentences, salutations, and valedictions, to improve the Art of Travelling Talk, hitherto so lamentably neglected by even the highly-educated classes of Great Britain, and I may, without offence, add, Ireland. To this end speaks your Peripatetic Philosopher.

A few there are who, determined to import something of originality into their dialogue, will, after the exchange of the first unanswered greetings (I need not repeat them), come down upon you with the statement of a fact, or a piece of news, which demands a show of interest upon the part of the person addressed. As thus, the invariable prelude being finished:—

A. Well? (Looks at B. smilingly, wondering if he's going to say anything.)

B. Well? (Would like to make some remark upon the weather, but thinks he'd better leave that for a last resort, in case nothing better turns up.)

A. I saw CHARLEY in Town yesterday.

B. (not at the moment remembering who CHARLEY is). No; did you?

A. Yes. He's in Town now.

B. Oh! (Here the conversation would come to an abrupt conclusion, but that B. summons up sufficient courage to observe in an inquiring tone.) You mean CHARLEY TWIGGLETOP?

A. No, no. CHARLEY; my Brother. (He says this, as if it were absurd to suppose any other CHARLEY could possibly be intended.)

"Oh!" says B., implying that this explanation has materially altered the question, whatever the question might, could, would, or should have been.

A., having stated his fact, can only further impress it upon B. by repetition. "Yes," says he, "I saw him yesterday."

"Ah, indeed!" returns B., to whom it now suddenly occurs, that CHARLEY, being his informant's brother, he, B., ought to exhibit some extraordinary interest in him; so, with this idea, he adds, "I should like to see him."

"Well," answers B., "he'll be in Town for some time."

"Oh!" says A., and seeing that he has necessarily committed himself to a visit, feels compelled to ask, "Is he staying at —?" This question ends with a blank form, to be filled up by the other party.

B. No, he's at home. (This answer is intentionally vague, B. not being quite sure as to whether a call from A. would be desirable.)

A. Oh! at —? (Blank again, to be filled up.)

B. (who won't fill up the blank, and, thinking it high time to finish the duologue, begins to move off, saying jocosely and sociably). Yes—same old shop. Glad to see you. Mind you drop in.

A. I will. With pleasure. (Then, with a view to probing the depth of this hearty invitation, says) When?

B. (seeing through it, and not to be done). Oh! any time, any time. Good bye! (adding more heartily than ever) take care of yourself. (Goes off quickly.)

A., taking this last unnecessary piece of advice as an impertinence, merely smiles knowingly, concealing his thought by a pleasant double nod.

Now, you see, in the foregoing example, A. is undoubtedly at a disadvantage. B. comes prepared with his statement. This same piece of information, you may be sure, B. will repeat over and over again to everyone whom he may meet, for the next week to come. After seven days or so, his commencement will be thus varied:—

"CHARLEY was in Town last week."

Then, in due course,

"CHARLEY was in Town a fortnight ago."

After a month his single bit of information will assume this form:—

"Oh! CHARLEY was in Town some little time ago."

And finally, retrospective observation yields to the prospective, and B. tells you, with increased pleasure, that

"He expects CHARLEY up in Town shortly," or

"CHARLEY's coming up next week."

Thus, my dear students, you will note how great an advantage it is to be possessed of one invariable subject of conversation, which, by a mere mutation of time, will serve you during an entire existence. Perhaps you may be, unfortunately, obliged to substitute some other name for the familiar one so often used. Ah! even in the midst of these most superficial dialogues of the street, we stumble upon a Reality; and if it should one day chance that, when we meet A., he omits the old formula concerning his brother CHARLEY, let us be cautious how we mention that, which he avoids. Yes, my fellow-students, in the casual meetings of the merest acquaintances, each, under cover of the hackneyed greetings and the stalest forms of conventional salutation, may be practising the most thoughtful and courteous consideration for the feelings of the other. There are times, when the depth of the habund will be, not only a valid excuse, but a sufficient reason, for discussing the state of the weather, the aspect of the country present and future, the police news of the day's papers, or last night's Debate in the House.

A EUROPEAN ROW.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,

You have a reasonable good ear in music; let you have the tongs and bones: you are particularly fond of barrel-organs, I think, and other locomotive harmonic machines, as well as of their itinerant professors. Do you want a treat, then? If so, let me call your attention to a letter which has been written from Lyons by a gentleman who signs himself "C. S. MERRITT, Sec. pro tem." Secretary to a Special Committee of English residents in that city, associated with a larger musical body:—

"On the 22nd of May will be held in Lyons, under the direction of the Commission Générale Organisatrice, a 'Grand Concours' of above 300 brass bands and choral societies, coming from all parts of France, Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland.

"The commission have unanimously adopted the resolution that the English bands and musical societies should be invited to come over and compete."

If the Philharmonic Band and the New Ditto, the bands of the two Opera Houses, the entire vocal and instrumental executive of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the Monday Pops, together with that of the Musical Union and FRANK LESLIE'S Choir, should unite in accepting the foregoing invitation to go over and compete with three hundred brass bands and choral societies, you will hear a competition unprecedented by anything of the kind, for the contest between Pan and Apollo was another thing. You will hear this competition, Mr. Punch, whether you go to hear it or not, if the three hundred brass bands and choral societies on the one hand, and their antagonists on the other perform together—that is as nearly as it will be possible for any conductor to keep them together.

The efficiency of the brass bands will be much promoted if they are joined by the POPE'S Brass Band, as, being foreign bands, they might well be; and the House of Commons would be relieved.

I am, Sir, your Philharmonic friend, SMELFUNGUS.

P.S. We can be blind or see at will. Why didn't Nature enable us to stop our ears as well as our eyes, Sir? Oh, that cough below-stairs!



A HINT FOR TAILORS.

THIS IS JONES JONES, WHO HAS KINDLY SELECTED MRS. DE COTILLON'S *THÉ DANSANTE*, TO DISPLAY HIS IDEA OF WHAT THE ALTERATIONS IN EVENING DRESS (SAID TO BE MEDITATED BY A CERTAIN R—Y—L P—RS—N—GE) OUGHT TO BE.

OPEN-AIR CONCERTS.

MR. PUNCH hates all street music with so cordial a hatred that he has almost made up his mind to abandon the West End and go and live in Bethnal Green, which is said to be so poor that a street band or a barrel-organ is never to be heard in it. But street music is one thing, and park music another; and the band of the Commissionnaires who perform now every evening in St. James's Park, give unmixed pleasure to those who listen to it. There are few houses in St. James's within earshot of these concerts, and, besides, the band plays at a reasonable hour, when men have knocked off their day's work, and will not be disturbed by the blaring of a trombone or the beating of a drum. So they who like to hear good music in the open air should attend these out-door concerts which are daily given gratis to those who can't afford to pay for entering the enclosure where the band is stationed, for which privilege the sum of threepence is demanded, the entrance-money going to the profit of the band.

There are some persons who say that, as street music gives pleasure to a number of poor people, other people who dislike it ought to grin and bear it for their poorer neighbours' sake. Now, *Punch* is ever ready to stick up for the poor, and would be most unwilling to deprive them of a pleasure, seeing how few pleasures they are able to afford themselves which richer folk can buy. Therefore, much as *Punch* detests and execrates street music, and although it grievously disturbs him in his work, he would not wish to see it prohibited entirely, though he certainly would like to see it kept within fair bounds. This is a free country, and street organs therefore flourish in it; but although they may give pleasure to some people, it is undeniable that they give pain to others, while suffered to disturb sick persons and brain-workers, as they virtually now do. So let street music be kept within some reasonable control, and not be permitted where it is disliked. Spots for outdoor concerts might surely be selected in various parts of town, where poor people might assemble for the sake of hearing music, and to these places let street bands and street organs be confined. Any open air musician found performing out of bounds should be beheaded, flogged, or flayed alive and dipped in boiling oil, according as the magistrate in mercy should decide: and the barrel-organ, bagpipes, fiddle, French horn, flute, trombone, or other instrument of torture on which he was found playing, should be broken up and burnt, or else its fragments sold as firewood

and old metal, and the poor-box be enriched with the proceeds of the sale.

Meanwhile, as the evening out-door concerts by the band of the Commissionnaires are certainly a step in the desired direction—that, namely, of providing music for poor people in places where their richer neighbours will not be annoyed by it—*Mr. Punch* hopes that these concerts will flourish and succeed, which, with his approval, they are pretty sure to do.

ON A SNOB

(Who tore two branches from the *Wellingtonia Gigantea*, Planted by GARIBALDI, in the grounds of the Poet Laureate, at Farringford, Isle of Wight).

IMBECILE Idiot! Two-legged ass,
For thee my *bâton* bristles!
What's *Wellingtonia* to thee,
Whose natural food is thistles?

Barnacle of the self-same tribe,
(Though thy guilt theirs surpasses)
Who on the Pyramids in large,
Write themselves Snobs and asses.

Thou littlest of all little things
In Cockneydom that be,
With greatness what hadst *thou* to do,
Great man, or giant tree?

Alas! Even a dwarf can reach
To lick a giant's shoe;
And e'en the tiniest worm that bores
Can a great tree undo.

Oh, might the twigs that thou hast stol'n
Burgeon to life anon,
And twist themselves into a rod,
With *Punch* to lay it on!

By nature's law of recompense,
But seldom known to fail,
A head so dense and dull as thine
Should boast a tender tail.

How would I poise the trenchant twigs
And swish with nicest art;
As extremes meet, this was a chance
To reach thy peccant part.

May every needle of the pine
That thou away hast torn,
Within the pillows of thy bed
Become a separate thorn!

A garden of thine own perchance
Thou mayest have, or get,—
Though no great man will e'er come there
A giant tree to set,—

But, if thou hast a favourite tree—
(E'en fools such fancies know)—
May dolts of thine own kidney come,
And lay its branches low.

Irreverent, Reverence's name
That dar'st to take in vain,
Blush for thy theft, repent the wrong,
Thou canst not mend again!

Take the reft branches for a scourge,
In penitential cell,
And as *Punch* is not there to flog,
Flog thyself, and flog well!

Miraculous Escape.

WHEN GARIBALDI visited Portsmouth he saw some artillery practice on board the *Excellent*. A reporter who was present says in a newspaper:—

"The first shot that was fired had a wonderful effect on him."

Indeed it had, apparently. It did not hurt him at all, and he is none the worse for it.

A REPLY TO A PINK NOTE.



more on the subject, in his own way, or any way, than that the female who wanted his correspondent to teach three children English, French, and Music, to wash them, dress them, mend their clothes, and sleep in the same room with them, for a salary of *nil*, and no other consideration beyond keep, and payment of her laundress, is a humbug, a skinflint, and a screw, and that if her children grow up in ignorance, vice, and dirt, it will be the fault of their mother, who is too stingy to pay a proper price for their education.

Mr. Punch, however, will say this, that if he were a bachelor, he should himself have an eligible engagement to offer on behalf of an unexceptionably handsome dealer, to the darling

DEAR little Governess, whose pretty name is "NINA," and whose character is evident from her handwriting, complains to Mr. Punch of having been offered an engagement by a pretender to religion calling herself a lady, on terms uncommonly shabby, even for a hypocrite. She says, with charming shyness, "I venture to ask you to say something in your own way (without alluding to my letter or the enclosed) upon this case." Mr. Punch would be inexpressibly happy to execute this order if he possibly could; but even in stating it he necessarily disobeys part of it. Without alluding both to her letter and to what is enclosed therewith, it is impossible for him even to say that he has received a communication from a young lady, informing him of the wonderful meanness of a party who shall be nameless. He can say no

who bespeaks his censure of a parsimonious hag. The logic of NINA proves her such a true girl, that he should certainly have proposed to her the acceptance of that situation which is now filled by another.

COOLNESS PARSONIFIED.

IN matters of Church charity, clergymen are certainly the coolest beggars living, whatever be their warmth in Church doctrines and disputes. Scarcely ever a day passes without our being bored by post, or, worse still, by private interview, to subscribe a five-pound note or so in aid of some pet charity connected with the Church. One of the last attacks upon our patience and our purse was made last week, and, in sending round the cap of maintenance by post, the reverend beggars beg to call our notice to this postscript at the foot of their appeal:—

"Should the reader be indisposed to contribute to the fund, he is earnestly requested to return this Report to Mr. ——— with half-a-crown in postage stamps, in a separate envelope, to assist in defraying the expenses of the appeal."

We have often heard it said that asking costs nothing, but in asking for subscriptions this is not the case, and of course there are expenses incurred in the collection of all charitable funds. Still, we think it rather hard that people disinclined, or who cannot well afford, to contribute to a charity, should be asked for half-a-crown to defray the cost of asking them if they will send a cheque. Fancy a street beggar, when a shilling is refused him, then "earnestly requesting" you to give him a few coppers, to pay him for his loss of time and wear and tear of shoe-leather in making the appeal!

BEERSHOP BEER.

MR. PUNCH,

No doubt but what, when you've ben down our way you've zin a feller in a smock frock out in the rhwoad on a Zunday artemnoon, a staggerin fust one zide o' the way and then t'other, zigzag, like a vlash o' farked lightnun, only not so fast, and bimeby perhaps runnun slap into the ditch, and comun vlop down.

You knows, in coorse, that there chap's drunk, and you thinks he've a been drinkun two or dree ga'ans o' beer, as you've heerd zome on us be able to do, and think nothin on't.

Not he. That feller most like han't a had above a pint. How much more ood sitch as he be in case to afford? I'll tell you what he've ben drinkun of. In the fust place, no beer. The stuff zold under the name of beer that have made that chap drunk, or pison'd un rather, is the same sart of mixtur as what MR. DU CANE t'other night in the debate on the Malt-Tax gied the House a purscription vor from Dr. LETHEBY. To be sure that was some of the mess that's sold at places in London, but London beer or country beer, sitch kind o' public-house beer is all one. This here's the compound; and PAAMER med ha used it instead o' stricknaine:—

"A saccharine body—as foots and liquorice—to sweeten it; a bitter principle—as gentian, quassia, sumach, and *Terra japonica*—to give a stringency; a thickening material—as linseed—to give body; a colouring matter—as burnt sugar—to darken it; *Cocculus Indicus* to give a false strength; and common salt, capsicum, copperas, and Dantzie spruce, to produce a head, as well as to impart certain refinements of flavour."

There, Mr. Punch, now you show that reseat to MR. SOMES and MR. LAWSON, and just you say to 'um, "There now, you United Kingdom Alliance what-d'ye-call yourselves, now if you wants to per-mote temperance and soberness, set to tryun to perwent publicans from sellun sitch rotgout as that there. Dwoan't goo endeavou'n to hender 'um from supplyun holesome drink; but stop 'um from drenchun their customers wi' foots and lickerish, gentiun, quassier, sumick, terrer japonicer, linseed ile, burnt sugger, cocklus hindicus, salt, capsicum, copperas, and that good-for-nothun Jarman Dantzie spruce." Did that, they'd praps do zum good. Couldn't they lay their two heads together, and if there's any brains in 'um better than addled eggs, contrive a stronger law to punish them as 'dulterates beer? 'Tis too late in the day, these times, to judge sitch offenders to be drowned in their own slops, but I do think they med be condemned to fine and imprisonment, with nuthun to drink but their cocklus hindicus and copperas intire for a week.

In coorse you nose as well as I do that 'dulterated beer is owun to

the tax as makes malt dearer than copperas and the rest on't. Well, howsome-dever, I spose we must grin and bear the Malt-Tax, 'cause the Incum-Tax is wuss, and the women and children hollers for cheap sugar; zo Malt must gie way to Lollipopps.

Troutbrook, April, 1864.

Your sarvunt, Sir,
JACOB HOMEGREEN.

AMBI-OCULAR.

THE *Mark Lane Gazette* contains the following appeal:—

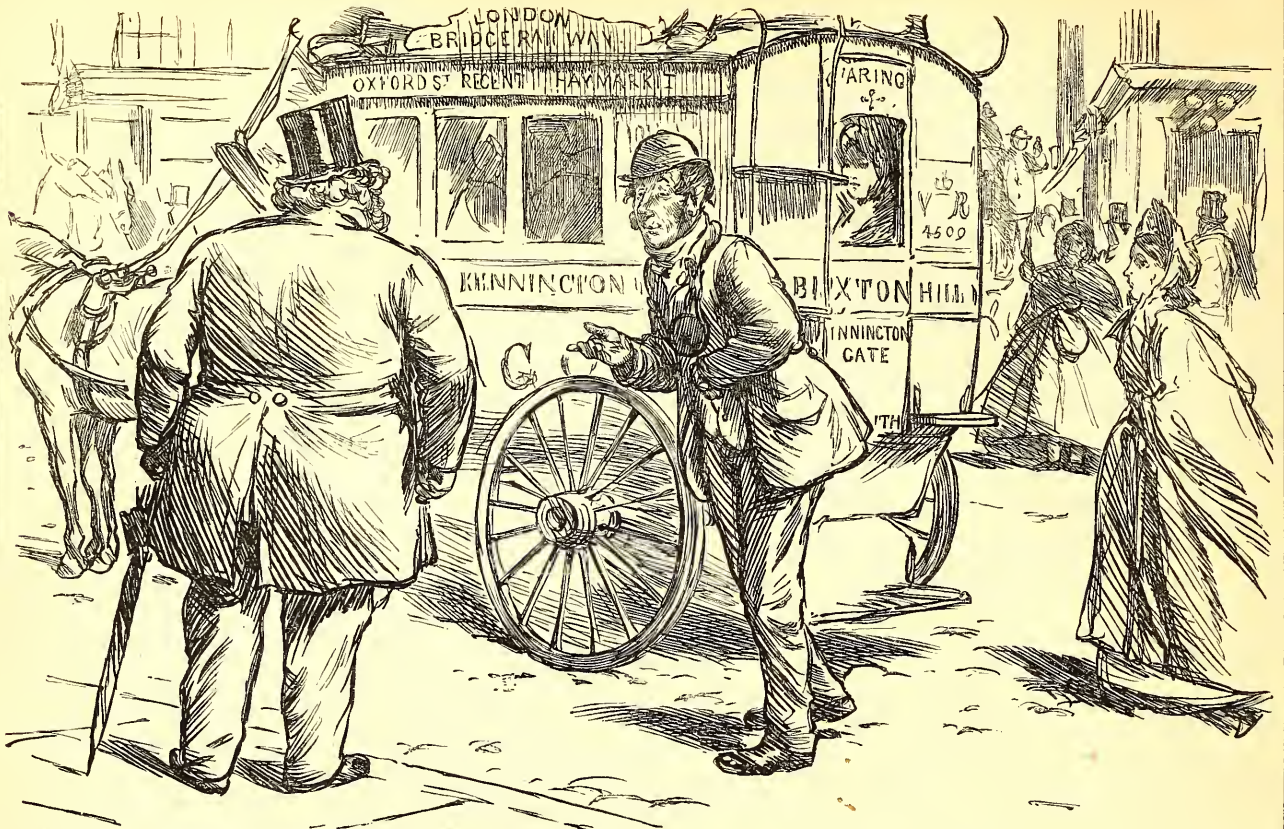
TO REALLY EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS ONLY.—Wanted, Board and Residence (superior), in a village where a gentleman acting as a Scripture Reader would be acceptable, and where trout-fishing and partridge-shooting could be procured. Address, NEWTON, &c.

This gentleman is evidently of the Divine Poet's opinion, that—

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

There is a certain pleasant frankness about the advertisement. He is particular about the creed of his hosts, but is by no means superior to creature comforts, and the board and residence must be Superior. Our Evangelical friend's combination of sporting and scripture reading shows that Muscular Christianity is not the exclusive right of the Broad Churchman, and we may venture to think that he will generally do his readings in an evening, using the reasonably cloudy days, like another St. Antony, in converting the fishes, only improving on that Popish saint by converting them into Superior Board. As a scholar he will remember *Nulla dies sine Linea*. We trust that he will be particular in his language in the partridge-field, and never say, as alas we have too often heard worldly sportsmen exclaim, "Missed him, by Jove!" or "Near as the Deuce!" because that would be a very carnal way of talking. However, we have good hopes of him, the rather that he signs himself NEWTON, and has probably been christened after the celebrated JOHN NEWTON, first slave-trader, next evangelist. The only objectionable word in his appeal is "acting." We hope that he is as much in earnest about his reading as he manifestly is about his table and sports. Altogether we consider the advertiser a very wide-awake gentleman, with an eye a-piece for the celestial and terrestrial globes.

A BLACK BALL LINE.—*Definition*.—Dissenters who would exclude from the Club, to which they belong, all Members of the Establishment, may be defined as the real *Pillars* of the Church.



Conductor. "WHAT! SIXPENCE TOO MUCH! WHY'T ACTUALLY AIN'T ANYTHINK NIGH A 'A' PENNY A STUN!"

EXCESSIVELY INDISCREET.

THE Conservatives, or at least the Tories, used to pique themselves on politeness to the ladies. At times when the Whigs thought nothing of a woman unless she wore blue and canvassed butchers, the Tory candidates invariably complimented the female auditors of election speeches, and declared that all women were Tories, because they loved their homes, and their duties, and so on. But things are changing. Here, on the supposed eve of a general election, when it is decidedly the interest of all parties to be on the best of terms with the female electors (they have no votes—haven't they, just?), the new Conservative organ, the *Realm*, comes out with the following declaration of war against the ladies. Lion-hunting, says our young friend, has increased, "by reason of the increased liberty enjoyed by the fair sex." (Old-fashioned phrase, isn't it? but never mind.)—

"Ladies formerly stayed at home more than they do now. We speak of middle-class people. Whether it is that modern babies are better behaved, or that sewing-machines save a deal of time formerly spent in stitching, or the fact that a number of articles which used to be carefully prepared in the kitchen are now bought ready-made at the grocer's; whatever be the reason, the modern matron, whose mother would have been immersed in household employments, finds plenty of time, if a Londoner, to go to the Crystal Palace, and patronise JOHN PARRY, WOODIN, and Co.; or if a provincial dame, to come up to town lion-hunting. Now we have put the cap on the person whom it fits. It is the provincial lady of the middle-class who is always in exuberant Crinoline, assisting at ship-launches, layings of first stones, presentations of colours, anniversaries, centenaries, tercentenaries—what you will. It is she who tormented the PRINCESS OF WALES all through last season, by pertinaciously driving before and behind her carriage, and staring at her with eyes of double-opera-glass power. It is she who, for want of better game, pursued MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER from Exeter Hall to the ocean steamer in the Mersey. It is she who will now do her best to spoil GENERAL GARIBALDI'S temper by her incessant persecution. For goodness' sake! let him alone, Madam."

Now, without saying whether any part of this allegation is true—or that *Punch* is afraid to say anything to the ladies, who adore him as he adores them, and who can never be offended with him—*Mr. Punch* begs to say that the promulgation of such opinions just now is indiscreet. And if the Whig electioneers know their work, they will reprint the above paragraph by thousands, heading it, "Tory Opinion of the Ladies," and circulate it profusely in every electoral district. Then, when the dissolution has come, and the new writs are out, and that elegantly-dressed CAPTAIN CANVASSER comes smiling into the house,

and, "with his best astonishment," vows that he can't even speak to MRS. ELECTOR or look at her until he has kissed those darling little angels who ought to be instantly painted by MR. MILLAIS, &c. &c. &c., he will get a quiet "Do not hurry yourself. You have plenty of time to look at the children, as you need say nothing about MR. ELECTOR'S vote. He has promised MR. BLUEFLAG, who is rather a favourite with us *Provincial Dames*." Dear *Realm*, don't you know that, if speech is silver, silence is golden, at least, when you cannot say pleasant things to folks who can do you no end of mischief. If you lose ever so many elections by your rudeness, don't say we didn't tell you how it would be.

The Shakspeare Monument.

At length we read that "It is proposed to commemorate the 300th birthday by erecting in London a monument embracing a bronze statue of SHAKSPEARE."

The idea is affectionate, but the design will require some care, as the attitude of a monument embracing a statue may seem a little awkward. The monument must not be too tall, or it will have to stoop to the embrace, and remind the public of a gigantic Life-Guardsman playing at kiss-in-the-ring with stumpy nursemaids. However, nothing like a beginning, and we rejoice to welcome a practical suggestion, at last.

WHAT TO CALL HIM.

"Is the A long or short?" says a swell to his pal.
 "Why, the rule is as plain as your nose, or a steep ple:
 Gari-bäl-di when Duchesses give him a bal;
 Gari-bäwl-di when up goes the shout of the people."

An Imaginary Being.

A NEW Work is advertised under the title of *A Woman against the World*. This is announced as a story, and could hardly be supposed to be anything but altogether a work of fiction. Who ever knew a Woman to set herself against the world? If *A Woman against the World* is illustrated, the heroine should be represented as wearing no Crinoline.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



Of course you know, dear *Punch*, that, as our SHAKSPEARE needs no monument, it has suddenly occurred to us that we ought to give him one. There are various opinions as to what his monument ought properly to be, and, since we are poor hands at making monuments in marble, it has been fancied by some few of us that a substantial Shakspeare monument composed of bricks and mortar would better serve our turn. The suggestion, I believe, was first started in your columns that a stately Shakspeare theatre would be the noblest monument that England could erect, and one that SHAKSPEARE, were he living, himself would most approve of. The age that knows not SHAKSPEARE I trust will never come; but, at any rate, its advent would be very much delayed

were there a national Shakspeare playhouse in the land that gave him birth, and were it a condition in the tenure of that theatre that one at least of SHAKSPEARE'S plays should yearly be produced there, with all the pomp and circumstance the nation could command.

I have heard it sometimes argued that the time may come when SHAKSPEARE will cease to prove attractive, when his plots will be thought feeble, his humour strained and pointless, and his language dull and obsolete. For this the influence of railways is cited as a cause; and though the fancy may seem laughable, there really seems some ground for it. Railways certainly have made people less patient than they were at public places of amusement, and less tolerant of anything approaching to longwindedness, which some of SHAKSPEARE'S characters are clearly rather given to. But I have not much fear myself of the bad time ever coming, when SHAKSPEARE will be sneered at as being too slow to keep pace with the age, and so be shunted off the stage as being worn out and old fashioned. Notwithstanding railway influence and fast trains, and men to match, I still hold true to the belief that SHAKSPEARE "lived not for an age," but for all dramatic time, and that, while human nature lasts, his plays, which picture it so faithfully, will ever be attractive. Croakers who pretend to have lost their faith in this, should go to Drury Lane just now, and see how SHAKSPEARE fills it, and how the many hundreds, who nightly are drawn thither by his play of *Henry IV.*, strain eagerly their ears to catch the words that SHAKSPEARE wrote for them to hear, and their eyes to see the action that accompanies the words.

On the whole I think the play is very creditably played, and has been carefully produced. *Hotspur* I applaud for his gallant speech and bearing, but he must be careful lest his vehemence be too much for his voice. I thought perhaps he acted best in the scenes where he is tamed a bit, while prattling to his wife, and his playful rugged tenderness she took as a wife should. *Falstaff* I applaud too, with but little reservation, although if he were more unctuous, he would more be the fat knight. In one addicted so to drink, the humour should not be too dry. The Glendower scene and Welsh song have too often been omitted, and are worthily restored; but, prithe, good *Sir John*, why is your royal Crown and Cushion bit of merriment left out? And, good Mr. Stage Manager, let the tumult of the battle not die away too much while the set speeches are spoken; and it might make the scene more life-like were a few more deaths to happen in it. After such a scrimmage as takes place upon the mound, one would expect a few additions to the four dead men discovered at the opening of the scene, posed neatly two and two, with their legs precisely parallel. The armour, too, is certainly not strictly "of the period," as a glance at *Mr. Punch's History of Costume* will clearly serve to show: but one need not be too critical about these minor matters, if the broader stage effects are attended to with care.

It is the author's fault perhaps that in many of the scenes it pleased me quite as much to see the audience as the stage. They most seemed so heartily to enjoy his play, that I myself enjoyed the sight of their enjoyment as much as that of what was causing it. Of course the stalls and the dress circle repress their approbation in obedience to the stupid laws of boarding-school propriety which still govern at our theatres the fashion of the day. There were no stalls or dress circle in the time when SHAKSPEARE wrote, and I'll be sworn that good QUEEN BESS and the fine ladies of her Court did more than feebly smile and snigger

at the humour of *Jack Falstaff* when they went to see the play. It is a bad thing for the drama this abstaining from all natural emotion and applause, and giving vent to feeble sniggers where there should be hearty laughs. To stir up his stage impulses and make him act his best, an actor must have sympathy both visible and audible, and if it fails him from the boxes, he seeks it from the gallery, and is apt to suit his acting to the pleasure of the gods. But despite the seeming apathy of the Swells at Drury Lane and the Snobs who try to copy them, the stalls and boxes show themselves amused and entertained as never a sensation play amused or entertained them; while as for pit and gallery, the way they "brayvo" *Hotspur's* energy, and roar at *Falstaff's* fun, should make the Shade of SHAKSPEARE quit Elysium one evening, and for that night only revisit this dull earth. I say, for one night only, for although at the Princess's his *Comedy of Errors* might have somewhat of temptation for him to prolong his stay with us, I fear that elsewhere on our stage now there is little he would care for. However much we have improved things in the last three hundred years, we certainly have never excelled SHAKSPEARE in our plays. In stage effects and scenery we might show him something new, and as compared with his dim, feebly candlelighted age, we might astonish him perhaps by our superior enlightenment. But after all, one must admit that people go to theatres to hear as well as see; and to people who have anything that they can call a mind, there is less enlightenment in gas and limelight moonshine than in sparkling fancy, and brilliancy of wit.

Well, though we have no second SHAKSPEARE we can boast of, we may at least be thankful for the one we have; and we never should lose sight of his presence on our stage, seeing we have little hope of looking on his like.

ONE WHO PAYS.

P.S. I must just say two words for the two smart new burlesques which were brought out on Easter Monday, the one at the Haymarket and the other at the Royalty, which latter little nutshell of a theatre is far better than a large one as a place for cracking jokes in. Under MRS. SELBY'S management, the Royalty is rivaling the Bandbox in the Strand in its repute for smart burlesques,—smart in scenery and costumes as in parodies and puns.

FANCY BLACK.

ADVERTISED in a contemporary, amidst a lot of other melancholy millinery, we find, "Articles de Fantaisie Pour Deuil."

Only fancy articles of fancy for mourning! Fancy-mourning; fancy-weeds: how fanciful! And what are they?—"Chemisettes, Tulle Sleeves, Berthes, Canzons, Jupons, Robes de Chambres, Garnitures des Robes," &c. What sadly sweet things in mourning! Elegance in robes! The idea of fancy mourning dress suggests that of a fancy mourning dress ball. There is a "Lord Lovel Quadrille," which might be danced on such an occasion, for one thing, and some dance-musical genius might compose a "Coffin Quadrille" for another; also a "Shroud Waltz," a "Knell Polka," and a Cotillon, which might be called "The Cemetery." To descend from the fashionable sphere of dancing to the plebeian, the more vivacious of the gay and festive mourners, attired in *articles de fantaisie pour deuil*, might trip it on the light fantastic toe to an "Undertaker's Hornpipe" or a "Mute's Jig." Fancy mourning, perhaps, is meant to denote the grief of the heirs of rich old gentlemen and ladies.

A NEW FAMILY.

It appears by the police reports that one banner was missing from the GARIBALDI procession, and its absence is to be deplored. Somebody detained it from the rightful owners until too late for show. It was the banner of the "Sons of Phoenix." We particularly wish we had seen this illustration of natural history, as we have always had grave misgivings touching our friend Phoenix, and we should much like to be introduced to his family. That he is a downy bird we never doubted, but his sons appear to have carried downiness to the point of softness, or they would not have let their flag be kept from them. But we are glad the magisterial Beak helped the poor honest fellows, and *Mr. Punch* hereby makes up to them the disappointment. GARIBALDI might not have seen their banner, he will be sure to see this.

Aërial Musicians.

MACBETH did "murder sleep;" so do the organ-grinders, besides murdering BELLINI and other composers. *Owen Glendower* says to his company:—

"Those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence."

MR. BABBAGE, and other gentlemen of tender ears, would perhaps be glad if the organ-fiends who distract their souls were hanging in the air no farther off than the Old Bailey.



WARM WORK.

Fly Fishing is a gentle Pastime, exercising the Mind without fatiguing the Body. Yet here we have a Gentleman in a sad state of heat and flurry from merely setting up this Young Lady's Rod!

LOW TORY TACTICS.

As **IKEY**, or **BARNEY**, down area below,
Whereas he negotiates bargain in clo',
Doth garment well worn search with keen anxious eye,
Now stretching, now holding it up to the sky,
Doth peer o'er each seam, and his whole mind devote
To see if a hole he can pick in the coat;

So **DERBY** and **DIZZY**, who hungrily wait
For office, scan Government papers of state,
So in oversharp hurry cry, "Hullo, look here!
A rent!" where, examined, it doth not appear;
Then, humming and muttering, go on, and then
"Well, here 's one!" exclaim; are mistaken again.

As when sheriff's cad long and eagerly tries
To get into house which his efforts defies,
He pushes and pulls every door he can find,
On this side, on that side, before and behind,
Tents window and casement with dogged fixed look,
Resolved to gain entrance by hook or by crook;

So hard do those two, bent possession to win
Of Downing-Street premises, try to get in,
As, night after night, they, with obstinate pain,
Press questions, and cavi, and labour in vain,
And, good fruit at home since wise policy bears,
Find fault with their betters in Foreign Affairs.

Who laughs not at hearing those sham malcontents
The Cabinet blame for not ruling events?
For not having had those remonstrances heeded
Which they themselves urged; of which, having succeeded,
No doubt they would claim all the credit and glory.
Such low politicians you can't call High Tory.

For the Use of Schools.

THE Family likeness between the Ancient Roman, Greek and Modern English Languages is well illustrated by the following example:—In Latin, the sea is *Mare*; a very pretty name of many a very pretty lass in England. Good! **HOMER** in the Greek word for the same, and its epithet, has curiously enough united the two when speaking of the *POLLY-phoisboto Tha LASS-es*.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

TRULY the Peripatetic is also among the Preachers! A thousand pardons for having detained you cooling your heels in the street. You will be crystallised where you stand; or, if it be a broiling hot day and you wear goloshes, your sole may be sticking to the flagstones; *anima tua adhesit pavimento*. A little exertion! good! Let us rouse ourselves, like merry merry men on a peculiar sort of day, (for further particulars see the popular Glee by the late **SIR H. BISHOP**), and bestir! bestir!

To return.

He who adopts the Caroline or Charleian method, has great advantages over the man of unsettled plan. *Mrs. Gamp*, it occurs to me, was a Professor of this method. She never could fail in a conversation, as long as she stuck to her *Mrs. Harris*. Make therefore for yourself a *Mrs. Harris*. All difficulty vanishes at once; never shall you falter in a duologue.

Thus: You make **WIGGINS** your conversation-peg.

Good. You meet X: How are you, &c., &c., &c.

"**WIGGINS** asked after you the other day," you then begin. If your friend is taken aback, as he probably will be, or does not wish to own his ignorance of one, who appears to have felt such an interest in his welfare, he will say, as if in pleased surprise. "Did he?"

Upon which it is evident that you have it all your own way, and can continue in what strain you will. For instance,

"Yes! he says he never sees you now." Here your friend may feel compelled to account for not having been seen by **WIGGINS**: if he doesn't make any remark, go on. "By the way, I fancy he's going to be married. I don't know, I merely fancy so." This may lead to a confession; if not, continue:—"I should like you two to dine with me, at the Club, one of these days." Of course he will be delighted to meet **WIGGINS**, and may admit at this point, that he can't call to mind where he has become acquainted with **WIGGINS**, though, he will inform you, the name seems familiar to him. "Oh!" you will answer, "he knows you, well enough, by reputation." This will please him, whoever he is. "And you must meet him. What do you say to one day next week?" Your

friend has nothing to say to one day next week, or next month for that matter; but after some show of consideration, he tells you that "he shall be disengaged on certain days," and then looks at you, expecting the invitation forthwith. "Very good," you reply. "Then I'll ask **WIGGINS**, and find out when he can come. Good bye. Don't forget." As you move away, be very particular on calling out, "Don't forget!" it's just as good, real, and as hearty as if you had given your friend a positive invitation, date and time fixed. He departs, impressed with the idea that he's going to dine with you, on one day next week to meet **WIGGINS**, and subsequently accepts other *bona fide* invitations conditionally. Well, the dinner never comes off. What of that? At some future time you two meet again. "Well," says he, quite seriously, "I suppose you couldn't get **WIGGINS**." You must take care that this does not throw you off your guard; for ten to one but you have forgotten all about the proposed *Wigginsian* festivity. Be ready; do not appear puzzled—saying, "**WIGGINS**! let me see—let me see—**WIGGINS**!" or he may find you out, and, henceforth, in all conversations with *him*, you 'll have to be provided with some new topic; which is vexatious. You will therefore say, "Ah! old **WIGGINS**; he's so busy! can't get away for a moment! But he's going to take a holiday very soon, and then—then—my boy—we 'll—" here, wink knowingly, or use any action or facial expression, that will best describe the Indescribable, without committing yourself to anything. And then? Well then,—

Well—what then?

On my word I am disgusted. I give it up as a bad job. Do I not well to be angry? After preaching for these many weeks past, after pointing out unto my fellow-citizens the faults in their every-day street conversations, hang me if they are not just as bad as ever they were!

Can I struggle with the inevitable? I am a Peripatetic, and to me is not the Stoical patience. Yet will I make a last attempt at a reformation. My boy in buttons shall follow me, carrying a Diogenic tub, something between a caviare barrel and a five-gallon cask. This shall he place at the corners of frequented streets, and I, mounted upon the top of it (**BUTTONS** will also carry a pair of steps), will fulfil my mission.



MR. SPENCER POFFINGTON MAKES A MORNING CALL. HE WILL WEAR AN EYE-GLASS—AND SKIPS LIKE LORD DUNDREARY—AND COMES TO GRIEF OVER A CROQUET IRON, TAKING A HEADER INTO THE ARMS OF LADY HONORIA BOUNCER!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 18th, Monday. About five-and-twenty years ago, when *Mr. Punch's* hair was not so dark as it now is when he has had proper time to attend to his toilette, there appeared in the *Examiner* some very clever papers on Nursery Rhymes. It was sought to prove that the series of apparently artless and not particularly coherent chants with which mediæval Mammæ stilled the wails of the babies of the dark ages, really comprised the most remarkable prophecies. *Mr. Punch* remembers being much struck with some of the interpretations, and they were recalled to his mind by the awful event revealed on the Monday he is mentioning. The *Examiner* writer quoted one couplet of which he was unable to discover the secret meaning. It was this Nursery Song:—

"Bibble O, Bobble O, Long Jack and Robin O,
Shut your eye, eat a pie, mind you pull the bobbin, O."

It must be admitted that the mystery of the meaning in these lines might puzzle the Sphinx or DR. CUMMING. But everything comes to him who knows how to wait. Monday revealed the secret. Let us apply ourselves calmly and dispassionately to the interpretation of prophecy, and we shall soon see how beautifully it fits into our grooves.

Bibble O is a rendering of the Greek word signifying a book. *Bobble O* means BOB LOWE. *Long Jack* is more obscure, but PALMERSTON is not short, and his second name is JOHN—this is a trifle when you are at prophecies. *Robin O* is a touching reference to the last "Inspector" of the Children who were taken from their home on the pretence of education, "to be brought up in fair London." *Shut your eye* is a delicate allusion to a matter so notorious, and so pointedly alluded to in the next mentioned debate, that there need be no scruple about it. "MR. LOWE could not see what was going on in the House." *Eat a pie* refers to the pie of humility which it was vainly sought to press upon MR. LOWE. *Mind you pull the bobbin, O*, is in other words, be sure that you have plenty of Red Tape at hand.

Now, dear brethren, put all these things together, and see how the nursery prophecy enshrined the events of Monday. BOB LOWE, charged with mutilating a Book, containing the reports of the Inspectors of the Schools for poor babes, was defended by LORD PALMERSTON, had been unable to see the document his foes were handing about

the House on the night of the hostile division, would not eat humble pie, but had to succumb to red tape traditions, and has resigned! Why, if DR. CUMMING could get within a mile of such evidence, he would fix within five-and-twenty minutes the time when the next comet is to knock this world into the middle of the sun. We rejoice to have such an opportunity of showing our own skill, and of recalling recollections of the wit of our old friend the *Examiner*, who, by the way, still upholds the cause of scholarly and epigrammatic writing against the graphic slipslop and gush of the day.

MR. BOB LOWE is no longer a member of the Government, and *Mr. Punch* has something more to say. MR. LOWE's exculpation of himself from the charge brought against him was incomplete on the first night, as *Mr. Punch* ventured to hint, but was so complete on the second that the absurd thing is that he should have resigned. The Opposition have ejected another good man, and on another frivolous pretence. It is said that the old Whig lot in the Cabinet were very cold about the matter, and did not care to stand by LOWE, as he is not one of the blue blood. Had he been a GREY or an ELLIOTT, he would not have been sacrificed in this summary fashion. However, that is the Cabinet's business, and if it is strong enough to throw away its good cards without equivalent, let the game go on. MR. H. BRUCE, Member for Merthyr Tydvil, succeeds MR. LOWE, and has been re-elected. In his address to his Welsh constituents he showed with much exultation that the Irish are an awful deal wickeder than the Welsh, numbers of course duly allowed for. This is true; but then the Welsh live close to a civilised nation, the English, and have the benefit of the example of their neighbours. We must not be Pharisical, my Cymry, although it is quite right to set a proper value on ourselves, my bounding goats of Snowdon.

To-day, MR. DISRAELI, in a strain of solemnity that might have befitted the impeachment of LORD PALMERSTON for selling himself to Tartary or Tartarus, opened up the dreadful story of the Five Under-Secretaries. Let us at once allay the agitation of the country by stating that LORD PALMERSTON owned his crime, but charged the other side with being accomplices, and that the fearful danger to the State has been removed. Sometimes it passes through our minds that MR. DISRAELI has a noble ambition to be described in some brilliant political novel of the next century, as "LORD RUNNYMEDE, the sparkling sceptic, who believed in nothing except the British Constitution,

and chiefly in that because he was its sole exponent in an age when men shuddered at first principles."

Tuesday. GARIBALDI having decided on ending his visit to England, much row arose among a certain class. It was not enough to tell them that GARIBALDI, by no means recovered from a dangerous wound, has to take care of himself, and that if he is killed in England he will never be able to do anything more for Italy. They roared and spluttered, insisted on knowing better than the doctors or the patient himself, passed resolutions, forced themselves into his presence, and all but blew him up for daring to have a will of his own. Then it was set about that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH was offended at GARIBALDI'S reception, and wished him sent away. LORD GRANVILLE and LORD PALMERSTON having denied this, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA was next pitched upon, and the Conference was said to be delayed because that Emperor demanded GARIBALDI'S extrusion. This absurdity being extinguished, the Snobs did not know what to do, and MR. GLADSTONE finished them all off by stating that he and others had advised GARIBALDI to visit only a few of the provincial towus, but that he did not like to make distinctions, and thought his best course was to go away. LORD SHAFTESBURY has written to the same effect, and it will take a good many tons of Snobbery to balance six words from MR. GLADSTONE and LORD SHAFTESBURY. So the hero departed, the PRINCE OF WALES having done himself honour and pleased the nation by paying GARIBALDI a visit at Stafford House. *Mr. Punch* may also mention that GARIBALDI received a deputation from the Federals, declared himself a Federal, and said that had his sword been needed by the North, it should have been drawn for MR. LINCOLN. It appears to *Mr. Punch* to be needed excessively, but he is extraordinarily glad that it is not to be drawn in a quarrel of which the brave, good, but easily-misled GARIBALDI sees but one phase only.

Wednesday. There was debate on a Bill about Irish Grand Juries, but whatever it was, it was thrown out by 150 to 27, so we need not bother about that.

Thursday. GARIBALDI visited both Houses of Parliament, but did not stop long, having to go into the City, and be made a Fishmonger. Now he is at least as good as the owner of the Seal of the Fisherman. To-night, while he was in the Senate, LORD CHELMSFORD was affording the CHANCELLOR an opportunity of expatiating upon the excellence of his measure for cheapening Conveyancing. And there is no doubt that the Act is an admirable one, but what can you do if the Solicitors set themselves against it? And why should not the Solicitors set themselves against it, seeing that the only way in which a skilful gentleman of that profession can get fairly paid for his labour and brains is by means of long instead of short deeds? A plan must be devised for remunerating a scientific gentleman on some other principle than that of the bill into which he is forced to stick as many foolish items as possible. Some articles by *Mr. Punch*, at the time the subject was in agitation, enabled the CHANCELLOR to carry his Bill, and it is not improbable that the famous tin box, lettered "*In re FONDLESQUAW*," may contain something else to the purpose.

In the Commons, after MR. GLADSTONE'S GARIBALDI explanation, MR. SHERIDAN endeavoured to disturb the Fire Assurance arrangement proposed by the Budget, and was defeated by 170 to 117. Afterwards an insidious attempt to convert the Committee on MR. GLADSTONE'S Annuities Bill into a Shelf for that admirable measure was also defeated, after a little plain English from PAM.

Friday. LORD DERBY is resolved upon doing something for the working classes who are ejected from their homes by what COBBETT scoldingly called "wast Improvements," but which are improvements for all that. The Earl insists that railways shall provide cheap trains for taking the labourer to and from his work. This is not much to demand, when we consider the monopoly conceded to the railways. But the remedy will only meet half the grievance. The working class want decent houses in and not out of town, and the question of Block Colonies will come up sooner or later.

In a Chinese debate, MR. LIDDELL clearly showed that we had done everything that was wrong, and MR. LAYARD demonstrated as clearly that we had done everything that was right, after which the topic got into the hands of MR. FERRAND, and the House of course yawned and counted itself out.

Saturday. *Mr. Punch* published his Tercentenary Number in honour of SHAKSPEARE, whose birthday this either was or was not, most likely the latter, firstly, because Babies are not usually christened on the third day, secondly, because New Style brings the alleged birthday to the 3rd of May, and lastly, because there was an east wind in spite of the heat, and *Mr. Punch* had no inclination to march in processions, or do anything except contemplate with ecstasy his own magnificent picture of his own Shakspearian procession.

MEDICAL.—MISS UVULA wishes to know if the best writer upon sore throats was DE QUINSEY? All we can say is, as usual, consult a Solicitor.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY AS IT WAS KEPT IN THE WORKHOUSE.

"Is the Union here?"—*Hamlet.*

SCENE—*Inside of a Workhouse.*

Enter BEADLE, with Followers, bringing in a Sirloin of Beef.

Beadle. So, set it down. What ho, Warder!

1st Pauper. Meat, by the mass!

2nd Pauper. Mass, therein thou say'st. It is, indeed, a mass of meat.

3rd Pauper. I marvel what manner of meat it be.

Beadle. What say'st thou, sirrah? Beef, thou knave; ox-beef.

4th Pauper. I would, Sir, I had to my porridge all the milk that ox hath given in his time; yea, in good sooth.

Beadle. How now, mad wag!—thou art malapert. Thou wert best keep thy breath to cool thy porridge, I warrant thee, lest all the porridge thou hast be skillogolee. Beef, I tell thee; beef at tenpence-halfpenny a pound: and, mark you, there is mustard too.

Paupers. O rare!

1st Pauper. Faith, I have almost forgotten the taste of beef. I have not tasted beef any time this twenty year.

Beadle. And, sirrahs, there is plum-pudding to follow.

2nd Pauper. Happy man be's dole! Prithee, Sir, be not this Leap Year, an it please you, sweet Sir?

Beadle. Yea, sirrah.

2nd Pauper. Then, belike, Christmas cometh twice a-year this year, Sir, and to-day is Christmas Day in April?

Beadle. Thou art a fool. Knowest thou not whose birthday this is, sirrah?

2nd Pauper. No, Sir.

Beadle (aside). Truly, an it were not for the Board of Guardians, I had not myself been much wiser. Sirrah, this is SHAKSPEARE'S birthday.

4th Pauper. Marry, Sir, I wish him many happy returns thereof, and more of them to ourselves, Sir.

Beadle. Go to, go to.

Paupers. We shall, Sir, and heartily.

Beadle. In faith, that's well said. So now, fellows, fall to; and, look you, here is a pot of ale for the nonce, to wash down your beef and pudding withal, and drink the memory of SHAKSPEARE.

Paupers. The memory of SHAKSPEARE! Immortal SHAKSPEARE! Hooray!

(*Scene closes.*)



TEMPERANCE SHAKSPEARE.

DURING the course of last Saturday's festivities, the juvenile members of the Band of Hope were entertained with a Shakspearian Interlude, in which the principal characters were personated by some of the leading mountebanks belonging to the United Kingdom Alliance. In this piece, which is said to be the joint production of MESSRS. SOMES and LAWSON:—

Falstaff abjures sack, and addicts himself to thin potatoes.

Bardolph is sent to a hydropathic establishment to undergo the water-cure; and does penance in a wet sheet.

Sir Toby Belch drinks tea with *Malcolio*.

Christopher Sly begs for a cup of your Adam's Ale.

Cassio takes the pledge.

WHAT is the best thing to do in a hurry? Nothing.



SUSPENSE.

(WITH MR. PUNCH'S APOLOGIES TO SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.)



FAREWELL TO GARIBALDI.

"IF WE DO MEET AGAIN, WE 'LL SMILE INDEED;
IF NOT, 'TIS TRUE, THIS PARTING WAS WELL MADE."—SHAKSPEARE.

BOTTOM'S DREAM.

AIR—Rousseau's.

"I will get Peter Quince to write a Ballad of this Dream."



HIRLING mizmazes,
Sprinkled with daisies,
Where donkey grazes;
Witch upon broom;
Horse upon rider,
Mouth yawning wider,
Cobweb and spider;
Shuttle and loom.

Snout wildfire breathing,
Cat in pan seething,
Huge dragon, wreathing
Tail round the moon;
Meteor and comet,
Beard of Mahomet,
Whale, that doth vomit
Boat and harpoon.

He-goat, all hoary,
Thief's Hand of Glory,*
Face pale and gory,
Ghastly to see;
Razor, triangle,
Fetters that jangle,
Noose, which doth dangle
From gallows-tree.

Pig playing fiddle,
Sphinx with a riddle,
Fool in the middle,
Fairies around;
Demons advancing,
Lord Bishop dancing,
Big glow-worms glancing
Over the ground.

Elf-ships and sailors,
Tinkers and tailors,
Blacksmiths and nailers,
Hammer and tongs;

Joiners and weavers,
Imps of brain-fevers,
Marrowbones, cleavers,
Trumpets and gongs.

Phantoms appalling,
Goblin brats squalling,
Centipedes crawling;
Lizard and snake;
Thornbush and thistle,
Hedgehogs that bristle,
While the winds whistle,
Under the brake.

Images graven,
Magpie and raven,
Humble bee, shaven
Friar in cowl;
Something between a
Fish and hyæna,
Bat, amphispæna,
Nightjar and owl.

Snails, horned cattle,
Armies in battle,
Watchdog with rattle,
Corpses in shrouds;
Skeletons moeing,
Peasblossoms blowing,
Coming and going
Apes in the clouds.

Lightning and thunder,
Rocks reft asunder,
Fathomless wonder,
Where nightmares teem;
Pork chops are staled
One to have sated;
He was translated:
He saw *Bottom's Dream*.

* Magic candle in dead man's hand; implement of mediæval burglar.

CURS AND CRINOLINE.

THE *Times* critic of the Cremorne Dog Show says in a judicious notice of that interesting exhibition:—

"The pugs with which HOGARTH has made us generally familiar—the rage in the days of Queen Anne and hooped petticoats, and which have become fashionable again under the congenial reign of crinoline—are here in great force. They are as ugly as bulldogs, and as big as what the fancy has left bulldogs now-a-days, but not half so intelligent."

It is curious what a variety of things, many of very different kinds, are associated by some mysterious law of affinity. Some of them, to be sure, are visibly and sensibly related, and go naturally together. Lamb and mint sauce, beans and bacon, ducks and green peas, are intelligible combinations, to be accounted for on gastronomical principles. There is an obvious connection between a bulldog and a ruffian like BILL SYKES. Some may not see at first sight any similar fitness in the companionship between a pretty girl in hooped petticoats and a pug; but, to an æsthetic eye, as is the bull-dog to the knee-tights of the burglar, so is the pug-dog to the skirts of the belle, and the same relation extends to the ankle-jacks of the former and the Balmorals of the latter. Hooped petticoats and pugs have the common property of absurdity, and of a beauty which consists in ugliness. Accordingly, the ridiculous fashion and the grotesque animals in question came in together, continued together, went out together, and reappear together. Hooped petticoats are always in the way, so are pug-dogs;* both agree not only in not being ornamental, but also in not being useful, nay, on the contrary, in being inconvenient. Pugs are subject to hydrophobia, crinolines occasion death by fire. Both are nuisances, constantly incurring the execrations and maledictions of men. Between your worse than useless crinoline and worse than useless cur there is a singular concurrence. Very significant, too, is the fact that crinoline finds its natural correspondence in creatures of the canine species; for that evidently denotes it to be an excrescence of female puppyism.

* Except one, a friend of our Toby.—Ed.

OMITTED IN THE ALMANACK.—Monday, April 25. Lion Hunting ends.

THE SHAKSPEARE FLOWER-SHOW.

POOR MR. FLOWER, the Mayor of Stratford and the manager of the SHAKSPEARE *fêtes*, has had an anything but blooming time of it of late. He must have wished himself transplanted far away from where they have potted him, for he has clearly not been living in a bed of roses. First one *Hamlet* failed him, and then, alas! another; and when he had come to terms with a *Juliet* in place of them, alack-a-day! the other "leading lady" he relied on sent in her resignation, and left him in a huff.

Well, let us trust that nevertheless the Shakspeare Flower Show will succeed and bear abundant golden fruit. One might have hoped that actors, when requested to do homage to the memory of SHAKSPEARE, would not have let their private jealousies hurt the public cause. As the Flower Show at Stratford was meant solely for *Sweet William*, it was certainly unseemly to show any *London Pride* at it. However, we repeat, we hope it may succeed, and that worthy MR. FLOWER, who is the very pink of courtesy, will not in any way be knocked to pieces by the show, but be in his usual blooming condition at the end of it.

AN IRISH QUESTION.

IN the Parliamentary Intelligence of the *Times* it is thus printed:—

"MR. SCULLY wished to put a question to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER relative to the reply he had just given to the honourable Member for Perth, whether in the course of the conversation he had had with GENERAL GARIBALDI he stated to him that the feeling of the Metropolis of England represented the feeling of the people of Ireland on this subject (*laughter*), and did he recommend him not to go to Ireland? (*continued laughter*)."

Was the honourable gentleman, whose utterly irrelevant question, addressed as above to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, created "*laughter*," and "*continued laughter*," MR. VINCENT SCULLY or MR. NUM SCULL? or both?

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—Should the proposed Asylum for decayed Bill-Brokers, Jobbers, and others on 'Change be ultimately built, it will probably be at Stock-holm.



OTHELLO ON CRINOLINE.

"IT IS THE CAUSE! IT IS THE CAUSE!"——Othello.

SINFULNESS OR SWIPES.

In a speech on the Burial Service, the REV. R. SEYMOUR, on his legs in the Lower House of Convocation, is reported to have cited the case of a clergyman, the Vicar of St. Giles, Cambridge, who, some years ago, had been suspended for refusing to bury a parishioner who had been found dead in a ditch the morning after he had been last seen turned out of a public-house in a drunken state. According to the *Post*, the reverend speaker said, with reference to this unfortunate man—

"Let them strike out all the service but the Bible Lesson and the Lord's Prayer, and even then it would not be a fit service for such a sinner."

"Hear! hear!" from the assembled parsons. Hear what? Such a sinner? So very great a sinner? How does MR. SEYMOUR know that? Is he prepared to say that the deceased died of mere excess; of drinking more than the equivalent of a clerical quantity of sound port? May not the man have been merely the victim of bad beer? Can MR. SEYMOUR take upon himself to say that this same sinner was not "more sinned against than sinning?"

APRIL GARDENING FOR POLICEMEN.

PROCURE some of the old-fashioned Bow Street Runners, and train them over your windows. A very pretty effect.

CAB-LAW.—If a Cabman or Organ-grinder is impertinent, you may "shut him up," without being liable to the penalties of false imprisonment.

PUFFING AND PLAY BILLING.

PLAY-BILL and Puff used once to be synonymous; and though we have reformed the practice in part, we have not reformed it altogether. Managers still blow their own trumpets in their own bills more loudly than good taste justifies. We have not quite ceased to see empty benches in the theatre transformed into "crowded houses," in the bill; and very flat *fascos* figuring away, in large letters, as "brilliant successes." "Great hit" might still be translated every now and then out of bill-fiction into treasury-fact as "miserable miss." In short, farewell performances are not the only ones as to which the bill of the play is not yet *quite* reliable. But besides being a stage for managers to blow their trumpets from, the play-bill has another function. It is the pedestal for the actor—that unplumed peacock—to spread his tail on, and admire himself, in all the glory of single lines and big letters. Woe to the manager who dares bracket MR. BELLOWS, the eminent tragedian, with MR. SMALL-BONES, the walking gentleman, or to print the name of the great GRIGSBY, that popular low-comedian, in type no larger than that which sets out the name of MR. FUMBLE, the second old man. Rival eminences and pretensions in a theatre are gauged and marked, ticketted and tested by primer and pica, and the lines of demarcation between the histrionic upper-ten and rag-tag and bobtail are drawn by "double-leads," "rules," and "spaces."

Where manager and popular actor meet in the same body, it is no wonder if the play-bill become too small for these two very great gentlemen rolled into one colossus. And in the exact proportion that the name of MR. or M. SWAGGER grows bigger, those of MR. or M. SWAGGER's unhappy company dwindle, and grow less; till the *troupe* is reduced to the dimensions of the smallest possible rushlights that scarcely dare even to twinkle in the blaze of the great central star. Of course if the rushlights have any power of shining the central star quietly appropriates their light, and revolves on his own axis with immense pleasure to himself, though not always with the same satisfaction to his *employés* or the public. But of all odious forms in which this selfish assumption has lately taken to show itself, there is one quite new, and that puzzles us. We learn that on such a night, MR. SWAGGER will appear (in all the distinction of large capitals), say, as *Bottom*, supported by MESSRS. CYPHER, SMALL, NOBODY, TWOPENNY, HALFPENNY, and MESDAMES SHY, STILL, ASPEN, and QUIVER, &c. (all in the humility of the smallest type).

How MR. SWAGGER comes to be supported by actors so immeasurably inferior as his company appear to be in his eyes, we are at a loss to understand, unless it be that he is supported by them in the sense of getting on to their shoulders, making them pedestals for his own elevation, and stepping-stones on his own way to success and fortune. Or it may be that MR. SWAGGER, in describing himself as "supported by" MESSRS. CYPHER, SMALL & Co., means to confess that he is kept on his legs by their services.

In whichever sense the word is used, whether as an avowal of cool assumption or humble demerit, it is too candid. We should recommend our stage SWAGGERS to trust more to their plays and less to their play-bills, more to their theatrical achievements and less to their tricks of type, more to the voice of genuine criticism and less to the sonorous blasts of their own brazen trumpets. They may be sure that as "good wine needs no bush," so good acting needs no puffery; and that if their art be tricky and their triumphs hollow, not all the self-laudation and self-assertion that can be worked by forty-bill-sticker power will ward off the day of detection, or avert the hour of downfall.

The jackdaw will be plucked bare of his peacock's feathers, though he spend twenty hours out of the twenty-four in contemplation of his borrowed tail, and have half succeeded in persuading himself, by dint of assuring the public, that the feathers are his own, and that nobody else has any right to wear them.

SHAKSPEARE AND SCIENCE.

ONCE, when MR. BUCKSTONE was performing *Lear*, at Drury Lane, with MR. PAUL BEDFORD in the part of *Edgar*, on his delivery, in his usually impressive style, of that sublime passage—

"First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?"

a precocious little girl, aged nine, the daughter of MRS. CRAMMER HEAD, exclaimed to her mother, loud enough to be heard all over the house:—"Dearest Mamma, I can tell. It is the vibration of the particles of the atmosphere occasioned by the instantaneous transition of the electric fluid."

Horrible!

An Illiterate Carpenter was the other day arrested upon his own written confession. In a letter to his wife he had said that, "he'd been to the Heastun Countess Stashun to catch a train, when he had saw'd his friend in two."



Great Unrecognised. "TELL ME, HORATIO!—OR RATHER, I SHOULD SAY, BILL—DON'T YOU THINK THERE'S A GOOD DEAL OF GAMMON ABOUT THIS TERCENTENARY AFFAIR? THIS WANT OF *HAMLETS*, TOO. I FANCY I KNOW A PARTY BETTER THAN ALL YOUR *KEMBLERS*, OR *MACREADYS*, OR *FECHTERS*."

Bill. "HAH! AND I THINK I COULD TELL 'EM WHERE TO FIND A VERY DIFFERENT *ROMEO* TO ANYTHING THEY ARE LIKELY TO GET."

ASSES AT CANTERBURY.

HOW SHAKSPEARE was commemorated at Canterbury, we don't know; but the *Kentish Chronicle* thus tells us how he has been slighted there:—

"THE SIR JOHN FALSTAFF INN, CANTERBURY.—Canterbury has disgraced itself in the eyes of the literary world at a time when all nations are preparing to do honour to the name of our immortal SHAKSPEARE. The Canterbury Pavement Commissioners, by a majority of one! have decreed the removal of Sir John Falstaff in that city. For nearly a century has the sign been suspended by handsome iron-work before an inn at the west entrance to the city, near the Westgate towers. It is but just to say that all the thinking and intelligent members of the Court opposed its removal. As a proof of the obtuseness of one of the *Dogberrys* who voted for its being taken down, he was heard to say that 'SHAKSPEARE'S works were rubbish.'"

No doubt there are more people who, like the *Dogberry* above alluded to, think that SHAKSPEARE'S Works are rubbish, than are dreamt of in your philosophy of human nature. All the *Dogberrys* hate SHAKSPEARE in their hearts, from a dim consciousness of stupidity which makes them dully sensible of having been ridiculed in the characters of *Dogberry*, and *Verges*, and *Shallow*. The Canterbury Pavement Commissioner who calls the works of SHAKSPEARE "rubbish," has *Dogberry's* wish fulfilled, for *Mr. Punch* has the greatest pleasure in recording him as the animal which his prototype desired himself to be written down—an ass as great as any in Canterbury, and that is saying something, and a great deal more than what *Dogberry* wanted to be booked.

SHAKSPEARE IMPROVED.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,

I WENT, the other evening, to Drury Lane to see *Henry IV.*, and it struck me that SHAKSPEARE missed a capital point in that play, where *Falstaff*, in Act v., is lying down, pretending to be killed, whilst *Prince Henry* makes a speech over the body of *Hotspur*. Addressing his slain antagonist, the *Prince* says:—

"The earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman."

Here I should have introduced the following improvement:

"*Falstaff* (raising his face, to the audience). Don't it, though!"

But SHAKSPEARE was not funny.

I am,

All Fools' Day, 1864. A TRULY COMIC DRAMATIST.

GREAT NEWS! GLORIOUS NEWS!

An Elizabethan Masque.

FOR THE TERCENTENARY OF SHAKSPEARE.

The SCENE was * THE ELYSIAN FIELDS set thick with *Asphodel*, shaded by fair groves, wherein birds sang sweetly, and cooled by runnels of bright water, while far off was a prospect of high hills, in the midst whereof the two-peaked *Parnassus*.

Therein, at the opening of the Masque, was discovered SHAKSPEARE seated on a mossy bank, set with violets, wild thyme, eglantine and musk-roses; around him a company of the stage Poets of all countries in their proper habits, wearing garlands of bays. These were *ÆSCHYLUS*, *SOPHOCLES*, *EURIPIDES*, *ARISTOPHANES*, *MENANDER*, *PLAUTUS*, *TERENCE*, *CALDERON*, *LOPE DE VEGA*, *MARLOWE*, *BEN JONSON*, *WEBSTER*, *FORD*, *PEELE*, *GREENE*, *MASSINGER*, *BEAUMONT* AND *FLETCHER*, *RACINE*, *CORNILLE*, *MOLIÈRE*, *CONGREVE*, *VANBRUGH*, *FARQUHAR*, *GOLDSMITH*, *SHERIDAN*, *GOETHE*, *SCHILLER*, *SCRIBE*, *TALFOURD*, *KNOWLES*, and many others.

They gathered in ranks before SHAKSPEARE, and presented him with this

HYMN.

(Full Chorus.)

Hail! thou in whom the several graces join
Of us who stirred men's reverence, griefs or joys;
Our best brain-metal minting into coin,
Gold, silver, iron, brass, and their alloys;

* If our readers ask why our Stage-directions are in the past tense, all we can say is, that so were *RARE BEN JONSON'S* in his Masques; and as Elizabethan is the word, we follow the fashion.

Thy brain a continent all mines containing,
That breeds all metals without waste or waning,
Red gold, pale silver, brave brass, iron strong—
And, mixed these noblest elements among,
The dross of word-play, quip and crank and rhyme—
The rude and heavy matrix of thy time—
The ore wherein thy bedded metal lay,
As diamond in rock, or gold in clay.

We great in one, thou great in every, sort!
For terror, mastering our tragic masters;
For mirth, beyond our chief lords of disport;
Microcosm, rounding life's joys and disasters;
A central eye that sun-like looks on all,
And wakens life where'er it chance to fall!

Our master SHAKSPEARE! At thy feet adown
We bow the heads, before which others bow;
And offer thee of all our crowns a crown,
And Lords ourselves, thee for our Lord avow!

[Here they bowed reverently, and laid their crowns of bays before SHAKSPEARE, who smiled graciously, but with a pleasant gesture waived their reverence.

Shakspeare. Nay, nay, my masters. I'll no crowns—they are but sorry wearing, be they of gold or green-leaves. I trow 'twere hard to say which hides the more aching foreheads.

[Here all with reverent act made as they must needs do him homage.

Shakspeare. But why to-day of all days? Here have I been these three hundred years, and have fared well enough with no such music, and no such moppings and mowings, and no crowns neither, but this bald one that tiles in mine own brain-pan. That never yet felt lack of the bays, Heaven be thanked, that gave me an easy mind, and other gear to think of than mine own greatness!

Ben Jonson. What gear, WILL?—what gear?

Shakspeare. My plays and my parts, and my shares and my player fellows, first, MASTER BEN,—thou knowest there was enough there for the best brain to carry, without thinking of what was to come, when the play was over, the traverses drawn, the dresses locked up in the tiring-room, and the players put away with their bravery, for the worms to work their will of the one, as the moths of the other. And then, when I was well rid of London and the Court, the Globe and Blackfriars, Bank-Side and the Bear-Garden, the play-writers and players—Heaven be thanked for that latter quittance!—and came back to mine own Stratford, had I not my beeves and my wheat, my malt and my wool, my crofts and my croppings to see to, New-Place to order, my wenches to guide and marry, my friends and neighbours to help and make merry withal?—to say nothing of the two plays by the year—a plague on them!—that HEMINGE and BURBAGE would still have of me? Nay, I had enough to do, I promise you, without gauging mine own greatness; and, an I had had leisure, what profit in putting it to such use? Since when was greatness the greater for taking thought about it?

Ben Jonson. Ah, thou wert always a scatterbrain; careless of the file; and wouldst let what knave pleased mar thy verses with ill-printing. But as thou wert, thou wert worth us all, brave heart—ay, were we ten times counted. Here, take my crown—I had not been so ready to give it thee, in the days we clinked cans at the “Mermaid.”—Take it, prythee.

Marlowe. And mine! There’s blood on it . . . but you’ll pardon that . . .

Goethe. And mine!

Marlowe. Yours, MASTER GOETHE! . . . (*Here he looked angry, and laid his hand on his dagger-haft.*) There was a *Faustus*, I would have you remember, before the Court Theatre of Weimar was thought of . . .

Shakspeare. Nay (*here he interposed, smiling*), an it come to stealing, let who will guard his crown . . . I was an arrant thief ever, from the days I stole worshipful SIR THOMAS LUCY’S deer, down to my latter end—Apollo pardon me!—that I pillaged MASTER NORTH his Plutarch for my Roman plays. . . . So if every man must to his own again, take my bays among you.

[*Here he took off his crown, as if about to throw it among them.*

All. Nay . . . nay! Not yours to us, but ours to you!

[*Here they offered their crowns again, which SHAKSPEARE put from him with courteous gesture. As they entreated and he resisted, came in MASTER PUNCH, habited as a Mercury, his bâton wreathed with serpents for a caduceus, wings on his hump, before and behind, and his cap furnished with wings for a petasus.*

Punch. Roo-too-it! Great news! Glorious news!! Second edition!!! Great news! Glorious news!!!

Ben Jonson. What noisy varlet is this? He should be Mercury by his habit, but his nose is Roman, or, by ’r lady, Rabelaisian rather, and for his figure . . .

Shakspeare. ’Tis Master Punch . . . I know him well . . . a fellow of infinite jest, of most rare fancy . . .

Punch. Roo-too-it! Great news! Glorious news!

[*Here he paused, and put his fingers to his nose . . . which perceiving, BEN JONSON chid him angrily.*

Ben Jonson. You filthy knave, know you no reverence?

[*Whereon MASTER PUNCH took a sight at RARE BEN, and then his face settled into gravity, and he put off his cap and bells, and laid it reverently, with his bâton, at the feet of SHAKSPEARE.*

Punch. Great news, oh mighty Master . . . from the upper world, and all about you!

Shakspeare. About me! Have the Germans ceased to find mare’s nests in my plays?

Punch. Certainly not. They are as great in that quest as ever, and are training English hunters to the same game, as Sussex peasants train truffle-dogs.

Shakspeare. I am sorry for it. A little more good acting of my plays, and less idle writing about them, were more Germane to the matter.

Punch. But less German!

Goethe. Nay, Master . . . one word for my countrymen . . .

Shakspeare. Too many German words, methinks, MASTER GOETHE, already. [*Then he turned to MASTER PUNCH.*] But your news?

Punch. England has discovered how great a wit it has in you . . .

Shakspeare. Umph! If it have taken England three hundred years to do that . . .

Punch. Better late than never. Your countrymen—with the exception of DEAN CROSE—are bent on honouring your memory, on this the three-hundredth anniversary of your birth.

Shakspeare. But why the three-hundredth, more than the two hundred and ninety and ninth, *Master Punch*? Why this year more than any of the three hundred, for that matter?

Punch. That I cannot say.

Shakspeare. I had not discovered that my country’s love was lacking to me. But it were churlish to spurn honest respect, so they show it fitly. Are they about to act my plays more than they have done?

Punch. On the contrary, many of those who are engaged in doing

you honour cry out on plays, count players Sons of Belial, and hold the stage as the ante-chamber to Tophet.

Shakspeare. Methinks I could well spare such worshippers. But you do still act my plays among you?

Punch. When they can be made the pedestal for an actor’s vanity, or the pretext for a manager’s sensation-scene, the peg whereon to hang a fine show, or the field for fighting a big battle.

Shakspeare. Is it even so! At the Globe and Blackfriars I could draw the Court—and the groundlings too—to my tragedies, comedies, and histories, with a scurvy wardrobe, a ragged curtain, and a half-dozen battered foils. But for your actors . . . the BURBAGES and TAYLORS of your day . . . are they that act my parts still followed?

Punch. If they be French, and fashionable.

Shakspeare. French? Your *Monsieur* did not use to speak our tongue?

Punch. Nor does he now. But JOHN BULL is content to take his stage-English broken—nay, seems to love *your* music best when ground out by a French organ.

Shakspeare. Out on it! If *this* be honouring of me! But what say the English actors to such intrusion from over-sea?

Punch. The big ones refuse to march in French company: the little ones, who must act to eat . . . eat, like your own *Pistol*, “eat and eke swear.”

Shakspeare. And so are the players by the ears! Said I not well? They had better have left me quiet.

Punch. But your worship must look beyond the theatre. It is not there the reverence for SHAKSPEARE is to be found now-a-days. It is our men of letters who have combined to pay you honour now . . .

Shakspeare. And how do they pay it?

Punch. Even by quarrelling like the actors. . . . Seven cities contended for the honour of HOMER’S birth: two fight over the honouring of SHAKSPEARE’S memory—London and Stratford. Neither Committee has yet done much, it is true; but they have got strings of great names together, and abused each other, that it would do you good to hear them. All through the length and breadth of merry England your memory is to be drunk at dinners . . .

Shakspeare. “A custom,—more honoured in the breach than the observance.” Go on—

Punch. Celebrated in entertainments . . .

Shakspeare. Over which the actors go to loggerheads, and the contrivers fall to fisticuffs. What next?

Punch. Recorded in monuments . . .

Shakspeare. A “fixed figure for the hand of scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at!” Continue. Beyond this lowest deep what lower deep?

Punch. You are to be immortalised in an ode by MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER!

[*Here SHAKSPEARE shuddered, and straightway fell into a swoon; the poets groaned, and covered their faces with their hands; an earthquake shook Parnassus, whose peaks were seen to collapse as if in an inward agony; MASTER PUNCH stood melancholy, but unshaken.*

AND SO ENDED THE MASQUE.

BISHOP OF LONDON’S BIRD’S EYE.

HEAR the BISHOP of LONDON, on the Judgment of the Privy Council and the Oxford Declaration:—

“We find that even young Clergymen in the first year of their ministry have been appealed to ‘for the love of God’ to protest against the decisions of the highest authority in Church and State, and some uncharitable and unchristian sentiments have been published in the heat of controversy.

“Wise men always deprecate such times of agitation. Leaders of questionable orthodoxy are apt to put themselves forward, and have their own serious faults condoned as the reward of their zeal for the protest of the hour.”

DR. PUSEY and ARCHDEACON DENISON are respectfully recommended, each of them, to put that in his pipe and smoke it.

Rhymes to Convocation.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Where do you wander?
Up-stairs,
Down-stairs,
In Jerusalem Chamber.

WHO CAN SAY?

ALL the world is inquiring why the DUKE of SUTHERLAND is to have the vacant *Garter*? Is it on account of his devotion to the Fire Brigade and the (Water)-hose?

A SENTIMENT FOR TRICENTENARY SPEECHIFICATION (IN LONDON).—The Swan of Avon and the Geese of Thames!



"IN VINO VERITAS."

Customer. "PLEASE, SIR, I WANT A BOTTLE OF SHILLIN' PORT."

Tradesman. "MY DEAR, WE HAVE NOTHING IN PORTS AS LOW AS A SHILLING; BUT,—WE'VE SOME DELICIOUS DAMSON at 15d., AND IT'S MUCH THE SAME THING."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

April 25th, Monday. On the previous Saturday, birthday of the divine WILLIAMS, certain working men met at Primrose Hill, to see MR. PHELPS, the tragedian, confirm the plantation of an oak which had been taken from another part of the Park, and which was set up in its new locality in honour of

"The rock, the Oak not to be wind-shaken."—*Coriolanus.*

This having been done, and some verses by MISS ELIZA COOK having been delivered by DR. WESTLAND MARSTON, and some water from the Avon having been splashed over the tree, and the people, according to the Committee, having proceeded to push and poke and pat the tree, in order to promote its growth, the Divine WILLIAMS was dismissed, and another meeting was held. This was a meeting of wrath. It was intended to signify the disapprobation of one BEALES, a revising barrister, and some other folk, at GARIBALDI'S having taken the liberty to go away to Caprera sooner than was expected. But, unluckily, general instructions have been left with the police to the effect that as the Parks are places for recreation, party meetings are not to be held there. So, a policeman intimated to the discontented BEALES that he must not spout there. The hint was followed up by the approach of a strongish body of Peelers, and the anti-GARIBALDI demonstration was somewhat promptly abbreviated. To-night, SIR GEORGE GREY, being interrogated on the subject, said that he had known nothing about the GARIBALDI meeting—thought that, under the circumstances, BEALES & Co. might have been allowed to say out their say, but that as a rule the Parks were not to be used for such purposes. Considering that the other Park was rendered inaccessible to the public the other day by reason of a furious fight between the Catholics and the Garibaldians, quiet folk have a right to request that folks will do their politics somewhere else. But the Primrose Hill grievance will be worked for some time to come.

The House sat late, but the only measure of interest was one for reforming the Irish Court of Chancery, which is said to be a horrible

LOGIC AND LIFE ASSURANCE.

At a late Meeting of the Institute of Actuaries, a Paper on the Government Annuities Bill, commending it as a whole, was read by MR. M. N. ADLER, of the Alliance Assurance Company, a gentleman who may be supposed to have known something of what he was talking about. Another gentleman, a MR. HODGE, said:—

"He objected to the Bill on the broad principle that the Government had no right to interfere in such matters. . . . Life Assurance was as much a business as brewing, or any other industrial occupation; and he contended that, although Friendly Societies worked badly, Government had no right to take their business upon its hands, any more than to turn brewers because bad beer was brewed."

MR. HODGE also made the assertion that:—

"As a rule working men were not provident, and they could not be made so by Act of Parliament."

Then, MR. HODGE, they will not insure in the Government Assurance Office: and if so, how will Government interfere with the business of Life Assurance? Does not your confident argument, MR. HODGE, against the measure proposed by MR. GLADSTONE, evince the speciality of personal assurance rather than that of knowledge about any other? You cannot, at any rate, insure contradictory premises against leading to opposite conclusions.

For the Use of Schools.

The Gorgons.—These were three Terrible Sea Monsters, probably inhabiting some spot in or near the Oceanic Isles. They are described as serpent-fleeced and of aspect hideous to the beholder. On the decline of Heathen Mythology—which is now, of course, as much your-thology as mythology—the Gorgons settled down in a small fishing village, subsequently called Gorgona, and gave themselves up to the pleasant manufacture of the Celebrated Anchovies.

Here please insert advertisement,—which we shan't.—Ed.

ACADEMICAL.

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY'S last collection of Lectures is entitled *The Roman and the Teuton*. His next book, with some general remarks on DR. NEWMAN, will probably be *The Roman and the Tutor*.

Augæan stable. Resistance is made to the Bill, and it is thought that to that peculiar invention, the Irish mind, there is something rather plazing in the old Chancery system, that always works by fits and starts, never quite finishes anything, "depends" so much upon extraneous aid, and usually comes to an abrupt halt for want of means. The new plan is to get rid of the Taxing Masters, to create a Vice-Chancellor and two Chief Clerks, and to assimilate the practice to that of England.

Tuesday. SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO gives us a deal of trouble. To-night long speeches were made about the war in New Zealand, and as to the way we ought to treat the natives. The fact is, that we are in a false position, and must make the best of it. The New Zealanders have found out that a small nation of savages must be gradually improved off the face of the earth by the settlement of white men in the territory, and instead of accepting the situation and resigning themselves to their fate, which we would make as easy as we could for them, if they would only be quiet, they revolt, as we call it, and propose to expel us. As this, of course, is flying in the face of Civilisation and Progress, they at once become outlaws and criminals, and in the interest of humanity we must bring them to a proper sense of things. The colonists are for doing things very abruptly, and have passed a strong Confiscation Bill, and our gallant soldiers are doing their best to enlighten the New Zealand mind. The falsity of our position will be rectified in a few years by the absence of all who should challenge it, but those who know the progress of this colony will not paint its early history in very glowing colours.

MR. LINDSAY again asks for Harbours of Refuge. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE proposes that they should be paid for by Tolls on Shipping, so the mercantile interest knows what to expect from LORD DERBY'S Chancellor of the Exchequer. The House rejected both propositions, and it is alleged that such harbours would simply be places of refuge for "inferior shipping," whose interests the nation ought not to be called on to protect. We do not think the argument adamant, but the country will not pay for more harbours, and is grateful for any colourable plea in support of its resolution.

Wednesday. MR. NEWDEGATE tried to pass a Bill for arranging the Church-rate question. He had taken a good deal of pains with it, and was quite in earnest in endeavouring to settle the business, but he could get but 60 adherents, and 160 Members voted against him.

SIR J. HAY, who says that the Scotch people prefer notes to gold, had a Bill for enabling them to have more notes, but it was opposed by MR. BLACK, and by MR. GLADSTONE, who enunciated a golden rule of SIR ROBERT PEEL'S, which we shall quote, as we have heard little of currency wisdom lately. "Issue ought to be the subject of strict regulation by the State, but the business of banking should be perfectly free, and depend absolutely on the principle of competition." Floored, as by a cannon-ball, the dead Bill was dragged out of the House, like a slain gladiator, by the heels.

Then, as if to remind the world that our SIR ROBERT PEEL is not the other, the existing PEEL delivered a speech which was certainly the most comic thing *Punch* has heard. On a discussion touching the Irish Police, CAPTAIN ARCHDALL accused them of poaching when they had a chance. Answered SIR ROBERT, old SIR ROBERT'S son,

"He would put it to hon. Members if they had not all of them made free with game in wild parts of the country (*laughter*). He confessed he had himself, when a boy, poached (*loud laughter*); and they were at this moment engaged in the celebration of the Tercentenary of SHAKESPEARE, who was himself a poacher."

The great practical joke of keeping SIR ROBERT PEEL in a Ministry is the grandest thing that even LORD PALMERSTON ever perpetrated. Talk of CALIGULA, who made his horse a Consul!

Thursday. The Lords passed a Bill for inflicting the punishment of whipping in the case of certain miscreants, LORD GREY giving the Judges another severe reprimand. The Bill for giving a canonry to the Greek Professor at Oxford was read a Second Time, LORD DERBY stating that it was generally approved by the University. Of course it is, but what can the University do against a rush of fraitic country parsons, who stick in the mud of isolation and bigotry, gaining up new ideas, and scarcely rubbing up their old ones, and who suddenly hear a cry of "Orthodoxy, clubs! clubs!" and hurry into Oxford, all prejudice and perspiration, to defeat the real University. *Punch* thinks that there ought, on such occasions, to be Examining Chaplains, who should be put at the last station but one on the railway, and who should be empowered to ascertain whether the reverend voter understands the question he is coming to vote upon, and if, as is most probable, he does not, he should be remitted to his parish to snarl at his Dissenters and string his platitudes for Sunday.

The Commons had a delightful evening over the *Tuscaloosa*. This

was the *Conrad*, Federal vessel, taken by the pirate *Alabama*, and pretended to be converted from a prize into a Confederate vessel of war. We let her go once, and the second time detained her, but then let her go again. The Conservatives, who are nearly all on the Confederate side, and who, if they were in office, would recognise the South, and have us at war with the Federals in a fortnight, let off a quantity of indignation about the wickedness of our Government in even detaining the *Tuscaloosa*. Considering that the *Alabama* herself escaped from England by a disgraceful trick, which would perfectly warrant our seizing her if we got a chance, the coolness of complaining that we inquire into the character of her captures is "rather rich." By 219 to 185 the Commons declined making cause with the Confederate partisans.

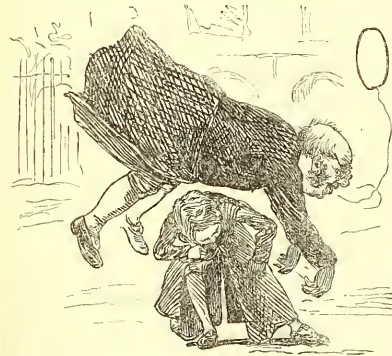
Friday. But it is quite clear that LORD DERBY does not intend to try for office. No man who expected to be hampered with the responsibility of administration, would have delivered himself of the speech let off to-night by the leader of the Opposition. It was about the Seizure of the Steam Rams at Liverpool, and, clever as are many of our lawyers, there is not one of them whom MESSRS. LAIRD could have retained, who could have made a cleverer address for his client, or one which savoured less of the legislator and possible adviser of the Crown. LORD PALMERSTON would soon have thought of delivering such a speech, when he was supposed to be looking to office, as of challenging the speaker to a game at leap-frog. The Lords enjoyed the clever display, and then LORD RUSSELL quietly tore the argument into ribbons.

The Commons were informed that the Conference had been adjourned, and even the HOME SECRETARY did not know when it would meet again. Hum! ha!

A Committee was appointed to consider the very hard case of MR. BEWICKE, who was entrapped into firing a pistol over the heads of some rascally sheriff's officers, and was imprisoned and ruined in consequence. The case is one of those exceptionally hard ones which seem to demand consideration.

MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR very properly called attention to the systematic violation of the Act for prohibiting the sending little children up chimneys. The cruelties of the system are too loathsome to be dwelt upon. Sentimental and pious ladies prefer subscribing to societies for converting little Hottentots to using influence to suppress these atrocities committed upon white little children at home. Yet LORD SHAFTESBURY is interested in the question—if the Exeter Hall ladies do not care much about the children, they will surely listen to that serious nobleman. Interference is promised.

A BEGGING LETTER FROM A BLUECOAT BOY.



PLEASE, 'Sir, *Mr. Punch*, will you just go in and have a shy at our old Governors, and make them change our togs and dress like other fellows, and not go about like girls in those old stupid stuffy gowns, which stick so to our legs that we have to tuck 'em up whenever we play football, and as for fly-the-garter, we never can play that, for if you try it with a gown on, you are safe to come to grief. And then in summer time you know our gowns are beastly hot and heavy,

and cling about one so that of course one can't play cricket, even if we had a playground big enough to play it in, which you know we haven't, or you wouldn't see so many of us staring through the railings and looking awful wretched, when you pass our school.

I remember you once made a sketch of one of us in Crinoline, which you thought the Governors perhaps would recommend for us, if they meant that we should dress more in the style of modern fashions, and not be togged out in the uniform of centuries ago. I think if we wore Crinoline, our gowns would look so foolish that the Governors would let us take to wearing coats and jackets the same as other fellows, and then perhaps we might leave off those bands, which make us look like sucking parsons, and those beastly yellow stockings which we all of us so hate. Fellows who know SHAKESPEARE say he makes a chap in some play make a big fool of himself by wearing yellow stockings, and as soon as I know Greek I mean to hunt that passage up and turn it into jambics, and send it as a Valentine for our Governors to see. There was a story out last Christmas that they meant to change our dress, but all they've done has been to give us black serge kuickerbockers instead of our old corduroy knee-breeches, and they haven't even changed the

colour of our stockings, which at least they might have done. JUVENAL says that poverty makes chaps look ridiculous, and if he had but seen our gowns and yellow stockings, I'm sure he would have said that charity does the same.

You know they call our big boys "Grecians;" and if they'd let 'em dress like Greeks, they'd look much better than they do. Greek fellows wear petticoats, but these ain't half so bad as gowns, for they are ever so much shorter and don't drag so at your knees. If we were togged like Greeks we should not look a bit more un-English than we now do, and a Greek costume is ever so much handsomer than ours is. Besides, our Grecians would wear caps if they were dressed like Greeks; and that would be a comfort, if but to keep one's head clean. One don't a bit mind going with one's head bare in the country; but one sees such dust and smuts in London that one wants to have it covered; though I don't quite know but what I'd rather go bareheaded than wear those beastly chimney-pots the Eton fellows do.

So please, now, *Mr. Punch*, do just poke up our old Governors, and make them let us dress like Christians; and if you put this letter in, you must print some extra copies, for I mean to buy a couple, one to send to our head-master and one to keep myself. So believe me your affectionate young friend,

AUGUSTUS BLOBS.

P.S. Couldn't you make a picture of one of our old Governors togged out in our school uniform, and trying to play leapfrog, and so being tripped up by his gown and coming whack upon his nose? If you could, it would be prime fun; only mind and make him ugly, and with awful skinny legs.

P.S. You ought to have a *coloured* drawing of him, so as to show his yellow stockings; and if you make him tumbling down, he should have a bloody nose and a jolly good black eye.

"THE FLOWER THAT IS BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN."

NOT MR. FLOWER, Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, on the Tercentenary of the 23rd.

RIDDLE FOR MR. NEWDEGATE, M.P.

WHY is the mouth of a conundrum-utterer like a Nunnery?
Because it is a Con-vent.



NOT 100 MILES FROM H-MPT-N C-RT P-L-CE.

TIME—Sunday Afternoon.

WOULD IT NOT APPEAR AS IF THIS TRUCULENT FOREIGNER WAS OFFERING SOME DIRE INDIGNITY TO THE NOBLE RESIDENT IN THE P—L—CE, WHEREAS HE HAS MERELY ASKED HER TO INDICATE ZE ROUTE OF ZE MAIZE.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE BY HEBREWS.

REALLY, MESSRS. NOSES & SUN (and if the sun burns your noses, we can't help it), this is coming it a little—well, shall we be elegant, like your costumeth, and say this is going "the whole hog?" *Punch* would not have ventured on such a similitude for the world, for politeness is his essence and nature, but you began it. Very properly taking advantage of the Shakspearianism to give yourselves a good puff, you have issued a not ill-written pamphlet, in which the poet's mention of various articles of dress is made to lead up to the usual statements in reference to your toggery warehouses. But your author has the indiscretion to promulgate his and your anti-Christian feelings in a way which is really too much for us, addicted as we are to bacon at breakfast. Speaking of SHAKSPEARE'S name, you say:—

"What's in a name?—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—but the world *does* see something in a name, and would be sorry to designate so imperial a genius as SHAKSPEARE, by an insignificant or vulgar cognomen, such, for instance, as MR. PIG, MR. HOGSFLASH, or MR. DISH-CLOUT."

Well, SHAKSPEARE might have been called MOSES, and even then we should have admired his works. But what do you mean by vulgar names? Did you never hear of LORD BACON, or of HOGG the Etrick Shepherd, or of HAM in *David Copperfield*? But this is not your point. You wish to display your bigoted hatred to us oppressed Christians, and we won't stand it. You leave SHAKSPEARE alone. He never took much pains to say anything for you. With his fine art, he humanised *Shylock*, in order to make his avarice and cruelty come out more strongly, but W. S. hasn't a good word for you in any of his plays, and if he never said anything about MOSES, he took it out in AARON. There's nothing vulgar in "Pig," or "Hogsflesh" either, and if he *had* been called "DISH-CLOUT," the Commentators would have shown in the clearest manner that it was a corruption of DAIS-CLOTH, or the embroidered cloth laid on the dais, or place of honour, and that he was descended from EDWARD THE FOURTH'S upholsterer, SIR AMOUR (or hammer) DE DAIS-CLOTHE. We are frizzling in far too furious a manner, at your insult to Swine, to descend to argument, but we beg to inform you that in seeking to depreciate the most delightful of our meats, you have got the wrong Pig by the Tail, and your intolerance shows how unfit you are to enjoy the toleration conferred on you, in a sentimental moment, by

PUNCH.

WHAT TOBY THOUGHT AT THE DOOR OF THE CONFERENCE-ROOM.

TOBY sits by the Conference-room,
The *Vehm-Gericht* of diplomatists' doom.
Toby sniffs at what runs on the floor,
From the chink below the Conference-door.
Toby doesn't know what to think:
It looks like blood, but he hopes 'tis ink.
Toby listens, with ears on the watch
The bland diplomatists' whispers to catch,
And the pointed pens that the foolscap scratch—
But somehow Toby cannot hear,
Such horrible sounds are in his ear,
Of booming cannon and bursting shells
On the Schleswig fiords and the Schleswig fells;
And the groans of the wounded, left to die;
And the wail of the houseless, forced to fly;
And the low of the cattle whose byre is burning;
And the mother's cradle-song changed to mourning:
For a shell that goes up must needs come down,
And 'tis hap-hazard work bombarding a town,
And sex and age are all one to a splinter,
And 'tis ill-bivouacking in Schleswig-winter.
And Toby thinks—of the party in there,
Each in his gilt and cushioned chair,
With voices so soft and smiles so bland,
And never a stain on ever a hand,—
And wonders what wool they have in their ears,
That prevents their hearing the sounds he hears;
For if they heard, they never could sit
So smooth of speech, and prompt of wit,
Devising puzzles of war and peace,
Nor bidding that hell of sounds to cease.
And looking more close at the wet on the floor,
That oozes and oozes under the door,
Toby sees, as it soaks in the wood,
That the stain is not of ink, but blood;
For blood may by diplomate pens be shed;
And by protocols more than by bullets are sped;
And they that are strong to save, yet stand,
With half of a heart, and a hesitant hand,
When the tiger springs on his helpless prey,
The tiger kills not more than they.—
And Toby thought about German culture,
And that, if man will play the vulture,
Ere vulture's folly he imitate,
'Twere well to remember vulture's fate;
For vultures, when their feast they find,
Will gorge themselves both deaf and blind,
Till the wings are weak to lift the paunch
From its carrion perch on scull or haunch,
And, helpless alike to fight or fly,
They're knocked o' the head by some sportsman sly,
Whose skill in cooking,—*ce n'est pas peu*,—
Can turn e'en vulture to *pot-au-feu*.

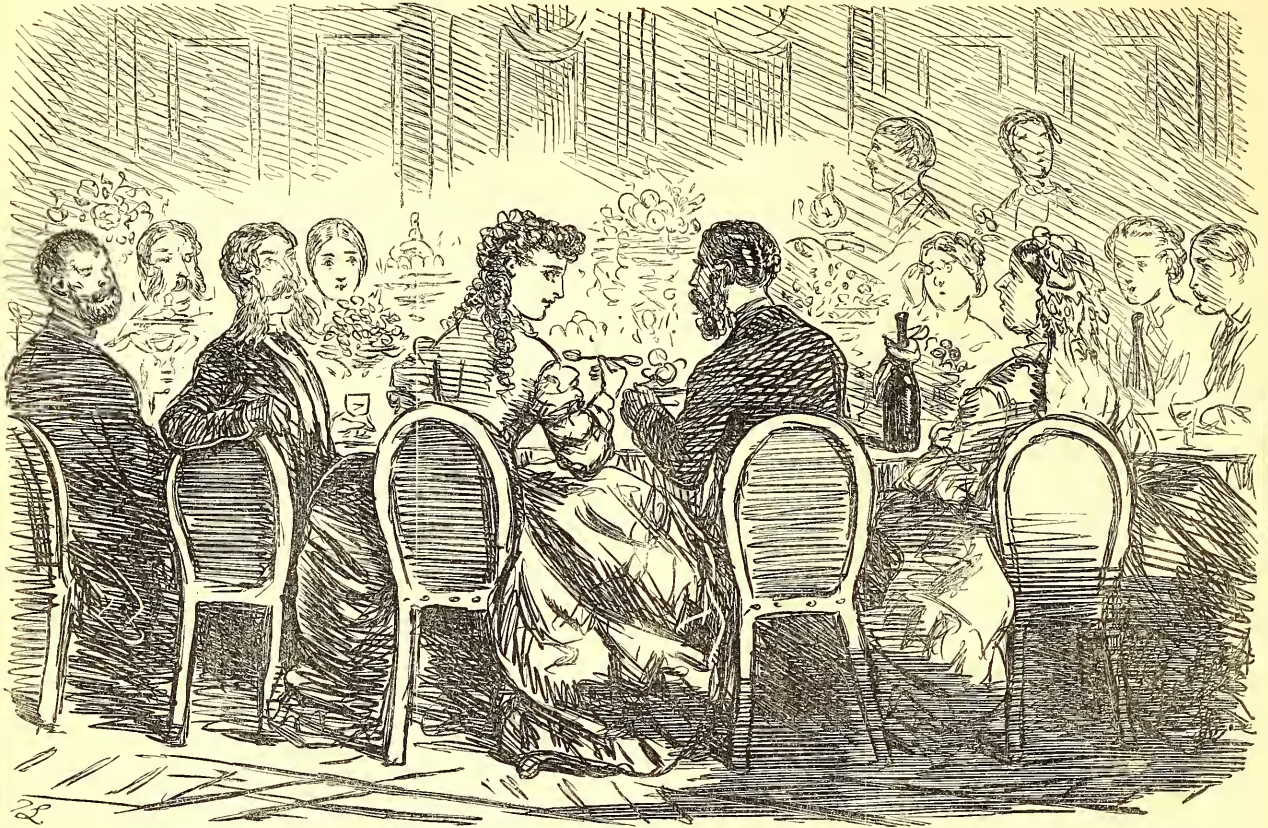
More Celebrations.

ANOTHER Tercentenary is announced—this time by the Serious World. CALVIN died in 1564—just three hundred years ago. Now here is a celebration that may be said to be wanted, at least if the memory of CALVIN is to be preserved at all, as sensible people are rather inclining to forget CALVIN and a good deal that he taught. The affair may be made very effective, as fireworks can appropriately be employed to an unlimited extent, and the affair may end with a splendid red-fire business of CALVIN burning SERVETUS for heresy in 1533. Could not some arrangement be made for an amalgamation of the CALVIN and GUY FAWKES festivals?

A Nigger Nut to Crack.

LOOKEE yar you, MASSA BONES, can yer gib dis child an answer to dis 'riginal conundricum:—Why am MASSA CHASE'S "greenbacks" like de shoes wid pasteboard soles which MASSA LINCOLN'S clothiers hab bin making for his troops? Eh, Sar? Yah! Yah! Yah! you gib him up? Yah! Yah! Well den, Sar, it's cause dey both am *paper-shoes*. Yah! Yah! don't you see him? Well den, Sar, you see dey both am *paper-issues*. Yah! Yah! Had yer dat time, Nigger!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—*What's done can't be helped.* Perfectly untrue when applied to a leg of mutton.



A TABLE D'HÔTE AT PARIS.

Attentive Swell (to elegant and fascinating American young Lady, who has been monopolising the adjacent Gentlemen all through dinner).
 "LET ME GIVE YOU SOME OF THIS" (handing Article of Dessert).

Belle Américaine. "NO, THANKS!—WELL, THEN, A VERY LITTLE; FOR I GUESS I'M PRETTY CROWDED NOW."

[Horror of Swells; triumph of neighbouring Female British Contingent.]

THE TEUTONIC ORDER OF VALOUR.

FIVE Pirates, on a Monday morn,
 In front of Newgate lately swung.
 'Mid yells of loathing, hate, and scorn,
 For some few murders they were hung.
 'Tis thus that common caitiffs swing,
 Who do but slay their two or three,
 Whilst tens of thousands doth a King,
 And goes unhang'd and gallows-free.

The blood shed in aggressive war,
 Which Kings consent to, or command,
 Think you that Heaven doth less abhor
 Than that which stains a cutthroat's hand?
 'Tis murder foul on either part,
 As men will own in aftertime,
 No difference, to an honest heart,
 Except the greatness of the crime.

Old dastard, who in selfish dread
 Of peril to thy tottering crown,
 Didst send the troops thou durst not head
 To batter a defenceless town.
 A sea of blood, which they have spilt,
 Against thee cries to Judgment's throne!
 What doom on earth, for all the guilt
 Of Denmark's ravage, can atone?

No, when thy spirit shall take wing,
 Air, in thy boots, thou wilt not tread,
 But shrieks of mangled Danes will ring,
 In thy mind's ear, around thy bed.

As NICHOLAS, the cruel CZAR,
 Unscathed of human justice, went,
 So-thou wilt go to yonder bar,
 Not as a small assassin's sent.

But take this bauble, mimic shape,
 In little, of the Triple Tree,
 And Noose, which evil Kings escape;
 A testimonial, Sire, to thee.
 Oh! let it, as an Order, grace
 Thy breast, and merit, there display,
 More than would well have earned a place
 With those men hang'd the other day.

ARISTOGYMNASTICS.

"The COUNTESS DE G**** will have a dance in Carlton Gardens on the 6th."

So says the *Post*, and we do not see the slightest reason why a lady who is, we hope and suppose, in the full enjoyment of health and animal spirits, should not treat herself to a little dance round the gardens of her residence. We trust that old WATERINGPOTS, the gardener, will take care to have the walks properly swept from leaves, and if there are many slugs, he must throw them into the next garden. He has been spoken to once or twice about that heap of litter near the rolling-stone, and we are sure it will not be necessary to mention it again. The lady's maid must and will be in attendance with a shawl, as, after exercise in the open air, a chill is undesirable. We trust that the COUNTESS DE G**** will enjoy her little dance round the garden; and if she likes to take a skipping-rope, by way of change, we see no objection. As we are appealed to by the publication of the paragraph, common politeness compels us to say that we strongly approve of ladies taking *al fresco* amusement.



THE REWARD OF (DE) MERIT.

KING PUNCH PRESENTETH PRUSSIA WITH THE ORDER OF "ST. GIBBET."

SERENADE FOR SOMES.

ALL ye members, with pretence
To a grain of common sense,
Let the killjoys not quite spoil our week's bright one day, O!
Do not suffer silly SOMES
To confine us to our homes
By the closing of all taverns on a Sunday, O!

Oh! how cruel and severe
To deprive us of our beer,
All the interval from Saturday to Monday, O!
To deny a glass of wine,
To forbid us e'en to dine
At an inn in an excursion on a Sunday, O!

Why, the French will be more free,
And the Romans too, than we;
Though the POPE may make them fast on Hot Cross Bun Day, O!
Yet he lets them take their ease,
And their liquor, if they please,
In a comfortable *café* on a Sunday, O!

But, whatever SOMES may hope,
We will never stand SAM POPE
And a liquor law on any day, or non-day, O!
So, on *dies non* in law,
Leave the landlord free to draw
What his guests may please to call for on a Sunday, O!



ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE LONDON NATIONAL TERCENTENARY
COMMITTEE,
APRIL 23, 1864,
BY THEIR FRIEND AND COUNSELLOR,
MR. PUNCH.

WHO SHOULD PAY THE BOXKEEPERS?

A CORRESPONDENT of a penny paper complains, that at some theatres the boxkeepers, instead of being hired by the management, have actually to pay three shillings nightly for their places. Of course this naturally makes them importunate for fees, and greatly fosters the delusion under which they mostly labour, that by virtue, or by vice rather, of their situation, they are privileged to plague people until what they call "the time-honoured shilling" fee be paid.

Now this "time-honoured shilling" custom is a custom honoured more in the breach than the observance; and, like many another old time-honoured custom, should, for the public comfort's sake, be swept away forthwith. Not that we would rob a poor boxkeeper of his beer, or of the shillings that he buys it with; but the shillings, we would say, should be paid by the managers, and should not be extorted from the pockets of the public. If managers pretend that they charge so low for seats that they cannot pay for servants to show the public into them, let the prices be so raised that the boxkeepers may be paid out of the higher sums received. But this, we apprehend, there will be found small need for doing. Many a person is deterred from going

often to a theatre by the dread of being plagued and pestered by a boxkeeper; and were this fear removed, doubtless playgoers would increase, for anything that tends to the comfort of the audience must surely tend to draw more people to the house. Moreover, man may do what man has done, and managers may do what managers have done. To his honour, be it said, that Mr. WEBSTER was the first to do away with the old system, and Mr. FECHTER has been wise enough to follow his good lead. At the Adelphi and Lyceum you are shown into your seat by the civillest of attendants, who hand you a neat playbill, and are forbidden by the management to take a fee for doing so. The consequence of this is, you are in the best of tempers when you settle in your seat, and are in a thorough humour to enjoy the play; whereas if, when you enter, you are pestered for a shilling which you view as an extortion, and grumble if you pay, you take your seat, prepared to growl all through the evening, and to grab at any pretext for getting up a hiss.

Feeling sure that fees to boxkeepers are hated by the public, *Punch* will gladly use his influence to stop them, and will most willingly make known to an applauding universe the name of any manager who has the good sense to distribute playbills gratis, to allow no fees to boxkeepers, and thereby to attract the public to his house.

A BREAK-DOWN IN THE ORCHESTRA.

SUBJOINED is a letter which appeared the other day in the *Orchestra*. It may be thought to need no comment; but some notes are appended to it, in order that the joke which it involves may be rendered intelligible to first-form schoolboys of the meanest capacity:—

"A CLASSICAL TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION.

"To the Editor of 'The Orchestra.'

"Sir,—As the Tercentenary of SHAKESPEARE'S birth is now close at hand, it may interest some of your readers to know how the Greeks and Romans did honour to the memory of the illustrious dead. ÆSCHYLUS,¹ the greatest of their tragedians, furnishes the best illustration. He was killed, as is well known, at the Battle of Marathon,² B.C. 490, and was therefore regarded as a hero and martyr, as well as a poet. The tercentenary³ of his death thus fell during the brief sovereignty of CASSANDER,⁴ who resolved to hold a celebration of unusual pomp. The Nemean Games,⁵ which, owing to the troubled condition of the country, had been discontinued for some years, were revived, and a solemn procession was organised in the usual manner, consisting first of girls bearing baskets (canephore⁶), youths riding on horseback, and bacchantes with thyrsi, concluding with the bust of the great dramatist. Sacrifices were offered and libations poured to Apollo and the Muses. Then followed the chariot and horse-races, and the *pentathlon*, or contests in wrestling, running, boxing, and throwing the quoit. The proceedings, which lasted five days, terminated by the performance, in the theatre, of the Prometheus and Agamemnon, after which an ode was recited, composed expressly for the occasion. The author's name is unknown, but PAUSANIAS⁷ tells us that HORACE has copied this ode in the opening of his 'Carmen Sæculare';⁸ as the original, however, has unfortunately perished, we cannot tell if this is the case.

"Any of your readers who may wish to learn more on this subject, and to compare our modern manners and customs with those of the ancients, will find full particulars in the 6th volume of the Leipsic series of 'Byzantine Historians,'⁹ where, at page 274, is a valuable fragment of EVAGRIUS,¹⁰ giving a full account of the ceremonies used. A briefer but very spirited narrative will also be found in the 2nd volume of CARL MULLER'S 'Dorians,'¹¹ *sub voce* 'Nemean Games.'

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"CANTAB."

So much for a successful experiment on the stupidity of the *Orchestra*. The editor of that severely critical publication will in future think twice, perhaps, before he accuses of want of education gentlemen who may have at least learned enough at school to constitute him the victim of the foregoing hoax.

NOTES BY MR. PUNCH.

¹ Died at Gela, in Sicily, B.C. 456, according to the old story, of an injury received from a tortoise dropped by an eagle on his bald crown.

² In which he had fought, and "lived to fight another day."

³ Which, of course, occurred B.C. 156.

⁴ One of ALEXANDER'S Generals and successors, died 298 B.C.

⁵ Ceased B.C. 396.

⁶ Marriageable women, who officiated in the festivals of Bacchus, or of Diana, at Athens.

⁷ Historian and orator, author of History of Greece.

⁸ An invocation of Phoebus and Diana, and other deities, to bless and protect the Roman Empire.

⁹ A number of Greek writers on the revolutions of the Lower Empire.

¹⁰ 1. An ecclesiastical historian; flourished in the sixth century. 2. A monk and theological writer, fourth century.

¹¹ A work of reference, which we have not seen; edited, we believe, by WALKER.

Accident in the Money Market.

THE funds always fall when there appears to be any probability of war. No bones are broken by a fall in the funds, which may portend, but cannot occasion, broken bones.

"WHEN IS A DOOR," ETC.

THE oldest Riddle on record was given up last Tuesday by one of the most eminent Physicians in London. We hope never to hear of it again.

HAIRDRESSER'S MOTTO.—Two Heads (of Hair) are better than one.



FIRST OF MAY.—THE RIVALS.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

SIRS, I was walking down St. James's Street, observant: from afar off, I noted a gentleman walking towards me, with whom I have more than a slight acquaintance. "Now," said I unto myself, "here comes one who will have something to say for himself,—one who, as *Falstaff* hath it, will 'Talk wisely, and in the street, too;' whose senses will not be scattered before the breath of my salutation, like chaff before the wind." I knew him to be a careful student of his *Punch*; and at a recent dinner-party he had entertained me with his highly instructive and interesting conversation. Intending that my own form of salutation, and his direct answer to it, should be a model for all passers-by, I stopped him, and greeted him in a loud tone, thus:—

"Ah! my dear MISTER GUZZLE! How do you do?"

To which he *should* have replied,

"Quite well," or "Far from well, I thank you, my dear MISTER PERIPATETIC."

But, alas! for this great creature—this man of science—this brilliant dinner-conversationalist!—he was—how can I express it?—he was flabbergasted! I am not sure of the exact meaning of the word, but I am interiorly convinced of its sense, and do here affirm that if ever a man *was* flabbergasted, GUZZLE was that flabbergasted individual. He said, with an idiotic smile, too, that meant nothing, "Ah! How d'ye do?"

Oh, contemptible Conventionalism! enchaining even the spirits most impatient of control! I pitied, and gave him another chance—

"Thank you," said I, with much emphasis, "I am very well."

This method, you will observe, was adopted by me, in order to show him, that, though *his* question, coming, as it did, in the second place, had been courteously met, *mine*, put first, still remained unanswered.

He lost his opportunity: he took no heed of the opening thus afforded to him. It was *his* turn to speak, so I held my tongue, wisely, and my breath, anxiously. The words came at last—

"Well," said he, "how do these East winds suit you, eh?"

Oh, heavens! Had I not already told him that I was Quite Well? If it had *not* been so, why should I have lied unto him? If the East winds had done me injury, I should, in my answer to his first question, have made it my theme.

Thus, then, I silenced him; reading him a lesson which I sincerely

A HINT FROM HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK.

LET the KING OF PRUSSIA, who approves of the policy signalled in the bombardment of Sönderborg, and the slaughter of women and children, as well as soldiers, make a note of the circumstance thus stated by the *Times'* Correspondent with the Danish army:—

"A poor soldier passed under our windows, both whose legs had been shot away, and the anguish of his writhing stumps wrung from him heartrending screams not to be forgotten by any one who heard them, an unusual occurrence among these enduring Northerners, who for the most part die without a groan."

SHAKSPEARE, *à propos* of Danes, makes *Laertes* in *Hamlet* say to the priest who superintends the "maimed rites" of *Ophelia's* burial:—

"I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
Whilst thou liest howling."

Has his Majesty of Prussia any conception of what the Poet of this world and the next means by "howling" in the foregoing passage? If he has he must experience qualms. Whom does KING WILLIAM suppose to be, in the first instance responsible for the anguish of the "writhing stumps" of that poor soldier whose legs were shot off by Prussian artillery? Doubtless the "heartrending screams" which that poor fellow's torments "wring from him," will never "be forgotten by any one who heard them." The hearers of them, were not, perhaps, limited to the *Times'* Correspondent, and other persons within the radius of a mile. Does the KING OF PRUSSIA know to what ears blood wantonly and cruelly shed crieth from the ground? Has he no fear that the screams of that tortured Dane, and other tortured Danes, were loud enough to reach them? Then let him lay his head on his pillow, and sleep in peace.

Theatrical.

WHEN it is announced that an Actor will be supported by the *Entire* Company, it is not thereby meant, that, the said professional is sustained in his arduous part solely by draughts of BARCLAY, PERKINS & Co.

hope he will never forget:—"Sir," I answered, in a Johnsonian style (my friends tell me that I resemble the great Doctor—specially at dinner): this by the way. "Sir, had the meteorological" (I can say this word very effectively, dividing it into well-enunciated syllables), "had the meteo-ro-logical"—take your *meteo* short and crisp, *ro* very long, finishing up with a very rapid *logical*, as if your pronouncing machinery had got wrong, and was running down with a whizzle—"Sir, had the *météo-ro-logical* fluctuations of this variable climate in any degree affected my general state of salubrity" (here I took breath), "I should have made you acquainted with the interesting fact, when replying satisfactorily" (this word *must* be given with two *l's*, if you're to make anything of it at all—thus, *satisfac-torilly*) "to the question, which you have already thought proper to put to me. Sir, you have not given me any answer to *my* question, as to the state of your own health; I must therefore suppose, that, you either have 'no health to speak of,' or that you consider any inquiry of this kind, upon my part, as an instance of such unwarrantable curiosity, as has not its parallel in the history of created man. I regret, Sir, that your disdainful conduct has necessitated these observations, and I now leave you, trusting that my words may not be entirely thrown away upon you. Fare you well!"

With that, I, lifting up my hat towards high Heaven, with stately gait pursued my onward course, and left him quailing where he stood.

Proudly wayfaring, I proceeded Pall-Mallwards. At this point I hide my face in my hands—I weep bitter tears of humiliation. I have fallen! *Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa!* I fell, in the street; on that pavement of which I was the strutting Chanticleer!

My fall was moral. In the ears of two sentinels guarding British Art, in the ears of certain members of the Oxford and Cambridge Club—not to mention nursery-maids, nondescript loungers, a commissionaire, a War Office clerk, and an intelligent policeman, who had overheard my previous exhortation, and had followed me from St. James's Street, bent upon instruction—yes! in their hearing I fell with a great ruin, and, to the honour of their charity, be it spoken, they did not point the fingers of scorn at me.

I will tell all. To me, conscious of rectitude, there came a jaunty young fellow, who, by profession, is a barrister, but by practice is not. He seized my hand—"How d'ye do? How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" said he.

"Ah!" said I, "HOW ARE YOU?"

Flying words! Irrevocable!
 Fiendish laughter rang in my ears. I fled—past the sentinels, through St. James's Park, to the ducks—
 "Quack! quack! quack!"
 Oh, horrid chorus! cruel imputation! I sped onward, onward, onward.
 "Hallo! old fellow!" cried Young SUMWUN, in a fast Hansom, "HOW ARE YOU?"
 Gracious Powers! I had not even a second given to me to frame a reply. He was gone—gone, perhaps, for ever! and his question still unanswered. I jumped into a cab, imploring the driver to pursue that rapid Hansom. I was determined that I would retrieve the miserable past, and answer his question at all hazards. We dashed after him. We had gone nigh to catch him, when there met us a four-wheeler, with luggage on the top, likewise being driven furiously. "Hallo!" cries DOODLE, from within, "HOW ARE YOU!"

The answer stuck in my throat, like *Amen* in *Macbeth's*. Should I turn back? No, my bounden duty was to answer in order, beginning of course with Young SUMWUN, who was number one.

And yet—at this moment an omnibus stopped the way. "Ah!" cries a voice from the knife-board, where NOODLE was seated, like a sweet little cherub aloft, "HOW ARE YOU?"

I thank my stars! Humbly, heartily, do I thank my stars, that I was able to answer him.

"I am far from well, I thank you, NOODLE!" said I, loudly, yet modulating my voice with a bass, as it were, of melancholy.

The omnibus ceased to obstruct our passage, and our conversation was thus abruptly terminated. I had been permitted to redeem the past, and as further pursuit of the Hansom would have been expensive, I paid the Cabman, and hurried to my own *sanctum*.

MR. PUNCH AND THE NEW TENOR.



HAVE you heard the man of late
 Engaged to sing by GYE the
 Great?
 A voice so high, the critics
 state,
 Has rarely been heard
 in this Island.
 His name's WACHTEL, and
 all agree
 With ease he singeth a high
 chest C,
 A note that is far above you
 or me,
 E'en on our tiptoes tho' we
 be,
 Some say his tone is hard as
 bricks,
 And that with soft notes he
 plays sad tricks,
 But ne'er in his throat the
 high C sticks,
 So he carries the house
 with a high hand.

In speaking of a singer,
 it seems only natural to
 break into song; so instead
 of furnishing a critical ac-

count of the new tenor, which, if written in the style peculiar to critics, would be completely unintelligible to less instructed readers, we prefer to say our say of him in this elegant little poem, and MR. GYE has our permission to buy as many copies of it as he pleases, and present them to each person entering his theatre each evening it is open, until the season ends.

This suggests to us the notion that *Punch* is quite as much an essential thing to have with you when visiting the Opera, as a white tie or an opera-glass or a swallow-tailed dress-coat. Only think, dear boy, what an immense boon it would be to all frequenters of the Opera, were *Punch* put in their hands on entering the house! The Swells would then have something pleasant to amuse themselves withal in the intervals between the acts, and need not moon about the lobbies and saloons as they now do, seeking feeble recreation in exchanging howd'yedah's, and perusing the dull telegrams that come up from the House. Besides, if every one had *Punch* to read between the acts, people in the stalls perhaps would sit still in their seats until the Opera was over, and would not worry other people by treading on their toes, or whisking their big flounces *en passant* in their face. This is the usual nuisance now at the end of every act, and, of course, if folk were properly intent upon their *Punch*, they would not be jumping up and down as they now

do, and bustling out and in again whenever there's a chance. With *Faust* upon the stage and *Punch* between the acts, the Opera would really be a rational amusement, and for their own sakes we may hope that MESSIEURS GYE AND MAPLESON will act on our kind hint.

ENGAGEMENT TO MISS FAITHFULL.

THERE are many poor girls too good and too noble to marry for money, fated to meet with no men whom they would be willing to marry, and who would be willing, and likewise able, to marry them. Many an excellent girl is there whose face is her fortune, and a fortune not handsome enough to procure her a husband. Here and there is a thinking girl, who does not believe in domestic happiness, or any other in this world, and had rather not marry at all. Her intention is the same as that expressed by the rustic maiden, who says, in the ballad of *Cupid's Garden* :—

"For I means to live a vargeant and still the laurel wear."

Well; she who ever wears the laurel will never wear the willow, nor the weeds. But, say that she is portionless, how is she to afford wearing the laurel? There is no nunnery for her, and if there were one she would not go into it; would rather pursue her maiden meditation fancy free; not behind the bars of a grate: would not much prefer a Lady Superior to a lord and master. Then there is the not perhaps very exceptional case of the young widow, left destitute, whose affections are in the other world, and who does not like to constitute herself a second-hand wife. But how are all these women to live? Their lot is starvation or industry, and who shall rescue them from the alternative of starvation? MISS EMLY FAITHFULL will, as many of them as she can employ in her Printing-Office. She has set up a Printing-Office for the express purpose of affording women employment, and it has been in operation now for several years. Not a few girls are there whom, perhaps, lack of means would enforce to evil, worse evil, if possible, than even mercenary marriage, if they were not supplied with the opportunity of performing some use by the intelligent benevolence of MISS FAITHFULL.

For one of various means designed to provide women with work, MISS FAITHFULL some time ago started the *Victoria Magazine*, respecting which we extract the subjoined statement from the *Daily News* of the 19th ult. :—

"The *Victoria Magazine* was established in the spring of 1863, and premises, intended as a publishing office for it, were opened at No. 14, Princes Street, Hanover Square; but for the purpose of distributing the magazine among the bookselling trade, and promoting its sale, it has been found desirable to transfer the publishing department to a wholesale City house, the editing and printing of the Magazine remaining in MISS FAITHFULL'S hands. The premises in Princes Street have been converted into a bookseller's and stationer's shop, in which MISS FAITHFULL seeks to promote, both directly and indirectly, the object she has at heart—the employment of her own sex. This she purposes to do by using, as far as possible, the services of female assistants, and by engaging in the various processes connected with the stationery trade—such as book-binding, envelope-making, black-bordering, stamping from dies, &c.—as much female labour as possible."

MISS FAITHFULL is entitled to the gratitude not only of her own sex for her endeavours to afford penniless girls a refuge from famine or matrimony. She also deserves the thanks of many a young fellow and old fellow too, who, under infatuation, might make an offer of marriage, which would be accepted by some girl who did not care about him, if, in the Printing-Office of the *Victoria Magazine*, or MISS FAITHFULL'S shop at 14, Princes Street, Hanover Square, she had not found something better to do than constituting herself a life-encumbrance to an unhappy man.

HIGHLY PROPER.

THE Churchwardens of a Church in Hull send us the Easter Balance Sheet of the sacred edifice in question, and we are very much pleased with the following item :—

"Cleaning the Church, &c. Washing Surplices, Vergers, Ringers, &c., £79 2s. 6d."

We are very glad that the Reverend the Vicar and the Churchwardens wash the vergers and ringers. Such attention to the cleanliness of the inferior officials is most laudable, and we know to what cleanliness is next. We have often seen vergers who were far from clean, and ringers are notoriously beery and dirty. *Mr. Punch* hopes that the example of this Hull Church will be followed by the Church of England generally.

Scotch and Shakspeariana.

D'YE ken why ma Neck-handkerchief is like one of MASTER SHAKSPEARE'S plays?

Hoot toit. Ye dinna ken?

Varra weel: then I'll just tell ye: ma neckhandkerchief is like one of his plays, because it's a *Tie-mon*.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—A Person who wastes money on stone fruit may be described as "one who gives two bobs for a cherry."



Frederick. "HARK! WHAT'S THAT, NOW, LUCY?"

Miss Lucy. "OH! FREDERICK, IT'S THAT DARLING NIGHTINGALE; HOW FULL OF TENDER MELANCHOLY ARE ITS DELICIOUS WARBEL—"

Frederick. "UNCOMMONLY LIKE HERR VON JOEL—TO BE SURE!"

WHY DID GARIBALDI LEAVE SO SOON?

In order to set at rest for ever the above vexed question, which seems to be perturbing a good many people, and causing them to emit the most ridiculous guesses and oburgations, *Mr. Punch* begs to offer, at one view, all the reasons which induced the gallant GARIBALDI to leave this country without allowing the provincials an opportunity of wringing his hand off.

1st. Because he will want his hand to plant the banner of Italy on the fortifications of Venice, and also of Rome.

2nd. Because he heard that MR. TUPPER was coming after him to recite an Ode in his honour.

3rd. Because LORD PALMERSTON begged him to go, lest he might excite democratic feelings, and thereby compel the Ministry to bring in a Reform Bill.

4th. Because the most Illustrious Personage believed that he had designs upon the Crown of England.—N.B. The PRINCE OF WALES'S visit was for the purpose of requesting him not to stir up a revolution.

5th. Because the National Shakspearian Committee, having concluded their work, wished to organise a movement for a GARIBALDI memorial.

6th. Because the younger GARIBALDI had fallen so desperately in love with a lady member of the Royal Family, that it was necessary to crush that sentiment in the early bud.

7th. Because it was not certain that MR. CHARLES KEAN might not be coming back suddenly, in which case influence would be used to get GARIBALDI to see that gentleman in *Hamlet*.

8th. Because CARDINAL WISEMAN had blessed seventeen bludgeons, and given them to as many stalwart Irishmen, previously absolved, with orders to demolish GARIBALDI, and give MR. SEELY a great beating.

9th. Because the Cockneys who insisted on riding in his carriage spoke such atrocious Hinglish that it grated upon the delicate Italian organisation, and he was especially annoyed at being called a Nero of a nunderd fights and a most magnanimous Hexile.

10th. Because the idiotic British Washerwomen made such exceed-

ingly bad work with his red shirts, starching them in the wrong places, as they do with the linen of their countrymen.

11th. Because he had a telegram announcing that the Pope was going to send a brigand expedition to Caprera, with orders to eat GARIBALDI'S cook and housekeeper.

12th. Because the Englishwomen bothered his very life out for autographs, and he had sent away the insides of at least three mattresses, as locks of his hair, to the inconsiderate daughters of Albion.

There now! There are a dozen good reasons why he went away, and each is as good as the other. We now hope that the subject will be dropped.

A CALL FOR A JEWISH SONG.

THE Prussian authorities, under the paternal Government of WILLIAM THE FIRST, in their treatment of Posen, are emulating those atrocities which the satraps of the CZAR inflict on a larger part of Poland, by flogging and otherwise torturing the inhabitants, on the most frivolous or groundless pretences, with diabolical malice. Amongst other victims, a Jew was almost beaten to death by Prussian soldiers, "because he refused to sing a Jewish song." The Israelite might have complied with the request of the miscreants in KING WILLIAM'S pay, and sung them one of the Psalms of David, say the 109th, in Hebrew, without any fear that they would have understood it, and comprehended that, in the mouth of the singer, it was an imprecation of divine vengeance on a brutal tyrant.

Meteorology by a Murphy.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—The month just past has been distinguished by an unusual absence of the customary rainfall. The April Showers this year may be expected in May.

Hill of Howth Observatory, April, 1864.

I am, &c., M.



One of the Finest Pisantry (in Custody, having had a Shillelagh difference with a fellow-countryman). "SHURE! MAYN'T OI SEE ME FRIND AFF B' THE THRAIN, SORR?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 2nd, Monday. Government has no intention of interfering between the Irish landlord and the Irish tenant. The present system seems to work very well; the tenant objects to paying his rent, and the landlord objects to paying his debts, and the Encumbered Estates Court and the blunderbuss smooth down any little irregularities which interfere with general harmony.

Although the Scotch are stated to prefer notes to gold, because the former are more easily hidden away in the "big Ha' Bible" and in vast snuff boxes, MR. GLADSTONE gives up his plan for increasing the issue of bank-notes. We suspect, that being a gentleman of refined taste, he has been shocked at the dreadful dirtiness of the paper sent up as conscience-money by penitent Scots, and that he lacks the Vespasian philosophy.

"A loud and general cheer" followed LORD CLARENCE PAGET'S statement that the Channel squadron was in the Downs, that the stores were nearly completed, and that the fleet would be ready to sail anywhere in twenty-four hours.

"All in the Downs the fleet is moored,
The steamers smoking in the wind;
BRAVE ADMIRAL DACRES is on board,
And hopes a German foe to find.
Tell us, our jovial sailors, tell us true,
Won't you rejoice the Burglars' Ships to view?"

When a young lady wants to be married (and she is quite right to marry if the young gentleman is old enough to know his own mind, is cheerful but steady, and reads his *Punch*), and her lover has no money except his income, he usually assures his life, and settles the amount on her and the probable babies. Would you believe it, young ladies engaged or only hoping to be, MR. GLADSTONE levies a duty on the document which secures the money? He does; and though 124 nice gentlemen, in the ladies' interest, to-night begged him to take off the unkind tax, he got 161 horrible curmudgeons and lady-haters to help him to keep it on. And yet that man speaks beautifully at a wedding-breakfast, gushes like the champagne, and sparkles like the iced-cake. What a world it is! However, do not let his cruelty prevent your accepting eligible offers. Your husbands will undertake so

many duties that this little one isn't worth making a fuss about. In Supply we had a great fight about the Dockyard at Malta, and we passed the Penal Servitude Act. Thieves at a distance (who may keep there) will please accept this intimation. No Cards, if they once misbehave.

Tuesday. SIR GEORGE GREY stated that Austrian ships had arrived in the Downs, but that the Austrian Government had solemnly declared that For The Present, the only order given to the commander was to protect German commerce in the North Sea, and to prevent the blockade of the Elbe and the Weser. Our Admiral was watching, but the Minister declined to say what orders *he* had in the event of the Austrians receiving any other orders. This reticence was proper, of course, and JOHN BULL is an excellent policeman and a strict disciplinarian. While folks are off his beat, he does not touch them, but just let them come on it.

The Sioux Indians are cruel savages, who murder women and children, and escape into our territory to avoid the vengeance of the American soldiery. Leave having been asked to pursue them over the frontier, our Governor at the Red River has of course granted it, stipulating that the miscreants shall not be extirpated upon the premises of our settlers. MR. HENNESSY spoke in a tone of remonstrance on the subject. He probably thought that these savages had the same claim to tenderness as the cannibal brigands sent out by the Holy See. So do we, and so does the COLONIAL SECRETARY.

MR. SOMES, anti-beerman, stated that he proposed to let public-houses be open on Sundays from one to two, and from eight to nine. MR. *Punch* proposes to strike out all the words after the first "to," and for "nine" to substitute "eleven." But he is ready to enact that drunkenness shall not be accepted as an extenuation of other offences, but on the contrary, that it shall be separately and severely punished.

MR. EWART then brought on a debate on Capital Punishments, and a very important step was taken in reference to an important subject. The usual exchange of assertion was made, one party alleging that hanging was inhuman, and did not prevent crime, the other party declaring that it was the only punishment which produced an effect upon the dangerous classes, and deterred them from crime. Much stress was laid upon the frequent escape of scoundrels, who would have been doomed to penal servitude, but whom juries could not agree to hang.

MR. BRIGHT was glad the House had got rid of the Book of Genesis as an authority on the subject. SIR GEORGE GREY believed that it would neither be safe, nor in accordance with public feeling, to do away altogether with executions. MR. EWART'S motion was withdrawn, but a Royal Commission is to issue, for the purpose of taking evidence as to the nature and operation of the law, and the manner of the infliction of the death punishment, and to report whether any alteration is desirable. Whatever may be the report of this Commission, it is certain that public opinion demands a graduated scale of punishment, and that crimes, so different in character and atrocity as those of WRIGHT, the woman-slayer, and of PALMER, the poisoner, should not be called by the same indiscriminating name, and treated accordingly.

SIR GEORGE GREY makes an attempt to diminish the nuisance of Night Houses by closing them from one to four in the morning. Those who "make night hideous" at these disreputable haunts are not members of the humbler class, nor will much suppression be effected until they are invited to recover from the excitement of their amiable orgies by spending a couple of days of calm seclusion, improved by the unadorned eloquence of a solitary cell. It would be a pity, by a fine, to deprive them of the money which they turn to so good an account.

MR. BASS introduced a meritorious Bill for the better regulation of street music within the metropolitan district. He proposes to define for what "reasonable cause" a housekeeper may send away the Italian pests. We observe that certain metropolitan Members are inclined, for the sake of mob-popularity, to oppose this measure. If they do, it will be for *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of civilisation, to examine, from time to time, how far they themselves may be liable to come into the list of persons to be dismissed for reasonable cause. At present, if one's child is dying, and a policeman cannot be found (as is nearly certain to be the case), there is nothing to prevent a scoundrel from grinding a nigger melody for an hour under the window, and an indignant parent who shall thrash the vermin away, may be dragged to a police-court on the day of the funeral.

A Bill for making Little Bankrupts was read a Second Time. It is for extending the benefit of the bankrupt law to persons committed by the County Courts. Observe LORD WESTBURY'S Bill, introduced on the Friday. Considering the uncommonly rough justice administered at these places, where the plaintiff is regarded as an injured angel, and the defendant as a swindling miscreant, something like fair play should be accorded. On the other hand, some Members think that such a measure will tend to curtail the credit the humbler class now get from shopkeepers. If it should ruin the tallyman's trade, every sensible person will rejoice, and in fact that object should be attained by a more direct process—that of making it penal in a tallyman to sell anything to a wife except in the actual presence of the husband. A good many tallymen would go to gaol for perjury, at first, but that misfortune might be endured.

The useful Partnership Amendment Law ought to have made progress, but, after a debate, the House was counted. MR. THOMAS BARING objects to the Bill, and thinks that capitalists might lend money, without interest, to worthy young men. On reading this, we immediately sent off a note to MR. BARING, asking for ten or twelve thousand pounds on the terms he advocates, but the messenger had not returned with the money up to our going to press.

Wednesday. Dulness carries it, the Metric System is effectually opposed, and all that is to be done at present is to legalise contracts in which the weights or measures mentioned are metric weights and measures. Dreadful nonsense was talked, and some Members evidently thought that the metres meant poetical metres, and that MR. EWART wished to compel us to talk over the counter in rhyme—*e. g.*,

"No, Miss, that isn't what I mean,
Cut me three yards of bombazine."

or thus,—

"My children are such greedy imps,
I want another pint of shrimps."

or thus,—

"Some friends have come the country from,
Draw me a quart of Ancient Tom."

at least, if they did not think so, they spoke so ridiculously about the impossibility of obtaining an accurate metre that the above suggestions would have been more rational. We do not wonder that even MR. CORDEN, who thoroughly comprehends the question, was moved to laugh at his friend, MR. MILNER GIBSON. They will also laugh at us in France, and, for once, their epigrams will be pointed by justice.

Thursday. Supply—ridicule of the Yeomanry, who, however, got their money—and much talk about smooth bores and Armstrongs.

Friday. The CHANCELLOR brought in a Bill for the relief of debtors of the humbler class. At present the County Courts send them to gaol for the thousand for debts of two shillings, half-a-crown, and the like. In future there is to be no imprisonment, except in cases of fraud, creditors may be arranged with, and no beer-house bill is to

be recoverable. And there is a dab in the eye for greedy attorneys, who are not to bring actions in the Superior Courts for matters which ought to come before the County Courts, as the sharks now do for the sake, of course, of extra plunder.

Most unsatisfactory answers in the Commons about the Conference and the ships, but we screwed out that the *Aurora* is gone to look after the Austrians.

A most interesting debate on the Public School System. Yet the House, which will crowd, and cram, and listen like mice, when any twopenny personal quarrel or scandal is up, was in a hurry to "cut," as MR. GRANT DUFF said, one of the most important topics. Our Public School System is being overhauled, and much good will result, as the various elements which tend to produce manly, self-reliant, governing men will be purified from the brutalities and corruptions that have been fostered by prejudice and bigotry. MR. GRANT DUFF spoke up for the modern languages and lighter accomplishments, and MR. GLADSTONE, as became an Oxonian, admitted their value, but could not allow them to be named with classical training.

MR. SOMES'S Anti-beer Bill was refused even a First Reading. SIR G. GREY declined to allow the usual courtesy to such a measure. The hardship of having to do right in certain company was illustrated by a most coarse and vulgar speech from MR. ROEBUCK, who "spat at the Bill," and declared the million or so who had petitioned for it "canting hypocrites," but the right thing was done, and the partial and oppressive measure was rejected by 123 to 87.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

(*New Words to the old Air.*)

ALL in the Downs the fleet is moored,
The powder shipped, the guns on board;
Long has BRITANNIA endured,
Ere she would give the awful word—
"Go in, my hearts of oak, so tough and true,
And lick sweet FREDERICK-WILLIAM black and blue."

Sweet FREDERICK-WILLIAM on his guard
Has cheap and nasty laurels flung;
While by Court-toady and Court-bard
Sönderborg's massacre is sung.
The Dutchie's crown he grasps with thievish hands—
And though detected all unblushing stands!

Soon from the Downs the fleet unmoored
May to the Baltic shape its course;
Then comes the shock, that ne'er endured,
Of Right and Might 'gainst Fraud and Force.
And King and Kaiser yet may vail their pride
To Strength with Justice once again allied!

A JOKE ABOUT A JUDGE.

Is the alleged fact, stated in this extract from a Parliamentary summary, credible?—

"SIR G. GREY said, in reply to MR. H. BERKELEY, that the convict HUTCHINSON, sentenced to four years' penal servitude for perjury in the case of MR. BEWICKE, of Three-wood Hall, Northumberland, had been released on a ticket-of-leave after eighteen months' imprisonment, upon the recommendation of the Judge who had tried him."

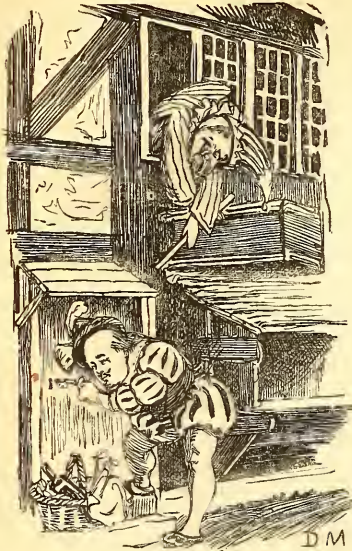
Released on a ticket-of-leave? Why was not the poor man released with a free pardon if he was discovered to have been innocent of the perjury of which he had been found guilty? His evidence, whether true or false, with that of others, had caused MR. BEWICKE to be convicted of felony, to be adjudged to penal servitude, to incur forfeiture of goods, and ruin of health as well as of estate. HUTCHINSON deserved to be hanged as much as any murderer, or he did not deserve any punishment at all; and if, at the instance of any Judge, he has obtained a ticket of-leave, that most unjust and foolish Judge, whoever he is, has either made a most imperfect reparation to an injured man, or else has been instrumental in turning loose upon Society a scoundrel who will perhaps one of those dark nights garrotte him; and serve him right.

Nasty.

THE last advices from—well, we will not mention the name of the place, it can be seen any of these fine mornings in the *Times*—have stated, that, in that part of the world, the "shirtings are unchanged." The shirtings of this people have been in this state for several weeks!
Disgusting!

FASHIONABLE FOOD FOR HORSES.—Hay à la Mowed.

A PILGRIMAGE TO STRATFORD.



SHAKSPEARE GOING TO CELEBRATE HIS BIRTHDAY WITH AN ANCESTOR OF MR. PUNCH.

there to excite their veneration. Among beheld the Shakspeare goblet from which the Shakspeare snuff-box, which KEMBLE may have sneezed from. They saw a fragment of the mulberry-tree that SHAKSPEARE used to sit under, and they were shown, moreover, the veritable cane which SHAKSPEARE used to carry walking, and possibly belabour the street-boys withal who chaffed him. They saw a score or more of portraits, supposed to have been cut from signboards of the period, which may have adorned the hostelry yeleft "the Shakspeare Head;" and they beheld the bran-new cast in plaster of his face, and were requested to hobsolve the 'airs still sticking in it, which are a satisfying proof that the relic is quite genuine, although nobody has heard of its existence until now. As an imposing and appropriate climax to the show, they beheld the Shakspeare shield and other handsome bits of plate, which were given to that eminent tragedian, MR. KEAN, who being in Australia, could not himself be personally present at the show. They might drop a tear or not as they gazed upon these relics, and endeavour to look interested, while they possibly felt bored; and having duly "done" the relics, they might go home to their families, and might roll their poet's eye with the fine frenzy of a CLOSE, as they mused on all the marvels which as pilgrims they had seen.

With relics, then, the shrine was most abundantly endowed; but shall I shock you very much if I confess I scarcely looked at them? Will you regard me as a Monster if I own that SHAKSPEARE's walking-stick had but little more effect upon my bump of veneration than (until the Pope lays hold of me) would St. Goutus's big toe, or the eyeglass of St. Squintus. Leaving others to the relics, my aim was to see the House, and it pleased me very greatly to find that it is carefully and reverently kept, and that the butcher's scales and flesh-hooks have been cast out of the temple. But twenty years ago the House of SHAKSPEARE was regarded with but little more esteem than the house of SNOOKS or SMITH, and at the lowly doorway where the Poet of all time was dandled when a baby, the shopkeepers of Stratford bought their steaks and mutton-chops. But offended *Punch* stepped in and bade the nation buy the house, and the nation did his bidding, as it usually does. So now the house is placed in proper care and keeping, free from damp as well as damage by the penknives of the pilgrims, who, if permitted, long ago would have chipped it up for snuffboxes, and put it in their pockets.

Yet had the object of my pilgrimage but been to see the House, I might have saved myself the journey by just going down to Sydenham. The SHAKSPEARE house is there, as everybody knows, and they who cannot make a pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon, should go and see the slice of it now in the Crystal Palace. But I wished to see the neighbourhood, and to walk where SHAKSPEARE walked, and view the scenes where Nature filled him with her poetry. So, after seeing *As You Like It* very creditably played, I strolled to Charlecote Park, and sat "under the greenwood tree" that haply may have sprouted from the one which SHAKSPEARE had in his mind's eye the while he wrote; and there the herd of deer I saw were haply some of them descendants of the "poor sequestered stag," and the "fat and greasy citizens," whereof he makes his *Jaques* so eloquently speak. But before this I

MY DEAR PUNCH,

You haven't such a thing as a rhinoceros about you? eh? If you have, perhaps you may arrive at some idea of what it is to be thick-skinned, and I beg leave to observe that in the thickness of my cuticle I resemble a rhinoceros. So don't attempt to dart your shafts of ridicule at me, if I confess I have been making a pilgrimage to Stratford. I would call him a wise man who never in his life had done a thing more foolish than go to pay his homage at the shrine of SHAKSPEARE. Among the names scratched on the ceiling of the room where he was born you may see the name of one whom England mourned last Christmas, and you will hardly care to laugh at me for following his footsteps.

Many pilgrims lately have been visiting the shrine, and many relics of St. Shakspeare have been publicly on view the other show-things, they

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had walked, as SHAKSPEARE often walked, to Shottery, where his sweet-heart used to live. "Prithee, friend," quoth I, to a rustic I encountered, "wilt direct my pilgrim feet, to MISTRESS HATHAWAY, her cottage?" "Noa, zur, that a carn't," quod he, "four Oi'm a stranger hereabout, an' Oi dunt know where she do live." Yes, beshrew me, he said, "do." So, in terror, I forebore from the interchange of further parley with him, lest, may be, I should learn that he knew no more.

But what about the banquet, good pilgrim, and the ball, and all the other revelries that graced the Tercentenary? Nay, friend, ask me not to write anent these matters. When I donned my pilgrim's shoon—I mean my stoutest pair of boots—and grasped my pilgrim's staff—I mean my best umbrella—I whispered to myself, "Pilgrim, thou carest naught for the vain pleasures of the crowd. It delights thee not to listen to dull after-dinner speeches, or to prank thyself in spangled and fanciful attire, that therein thou mayest caper to the twangings of a fiddle, or the toolings of a flute. Let others feast and flirt and flounce it an they lief; and fancy, if they please, that by so doing they pay homage to the shrine where they are met. Be it thine to take thine ease (if thou canst find it) at thine inn, and, ere thou goest to thy train, to quaff another cup of ale for thy health's sake; for Stratford ale is a rare tipples, and, were SHAKSPEARE living now, it might tempt him to forget himself, as the legend saith he did when fuddling with the Sippers of

"Piping Peabworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dudging Exhall, Papist Wickford,
Beggary Broom and drunken Bedford."

While such brave beer is brewed there, it needs no Tercentenary to tempt a man to Stratford; and, when in its normal quiet, he will see the town far liker what it was when SHAKSPEARE lived in it, than when blatant with brass bands, and fluttering with flags, and flaunting with the finery of jubilee processions.

Recommending Stratford heartily as a place to pass a day in, be it but to see the pleasantest of little towns and the prettiest of country churches, I remain, my dear *Punch*, yours with reverence,

VAGABUNDUS.

SHAKSPEARIAN NOTE.

SUCH was the inclement state of the weather in the days of QUEEN BESS, that the crops could not be got in after the usual fashion. To this SHAKSPEARE has feelingly alluded, in the refrain of the *Clown's* song at the end of *Twelfth Night* :—

"With a hay, hoe, the wind and the rain,
For the rain it raineth every day."

The use of a hoe, in connection with hay, is, we take it, unprecedented in any agricultural annals. If the second line gives us a true view of that time, then for the change of our climate we ought to be truly thankful. This, we believe, escaped the attention of the erudite and laborious DR. FARMER.

A NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.

THE attention of Parliament will have been called to the subjoined announcement in the *Times* :—

"A VERY QUESTIONABLE HONOUR.—On Sunday the KING of PRUSSIA conferred the Order of the Black Eagle on his Royal Highness PRINCE ALFRED."

Before these words appear in print an honourable Member will of course have moved that an humble address be presented to HER MAJESTY praying that a gift, the acceptance of which, at the hands of a potentate engaged in an unjustifiable war conducted with shameful barbarity, is derogatory to the honour of the British Sovereign and People, may be immediately returned.

Boxing their Mitres.

THE Bishop-Maker flew into a passion with his bishops the other day. Out of the twenty-four, said LORD SHAFFESBURY, not one had condescended to come and talk at the meeting of the Society for Converting Jews. "It was a gross neglect of duty." Rather strong language for a layman to use in regard to the hierarchy, but we are glad to see that the Head of the Church asserts his mastership. The only excuse that we can think of for the naughty bishops is in the fact, that if you divide the income of the Society by the number of Jews it annually converts, you find that it costs about £750 to make an indifferent Christian, and the bishops very properly discourage extravagance.

The Member for Sugar.

THE House of Commons lately has occupied itself a good deal with the question of the Sugar Duties. Its views of that question do not appear to be so much influenced as one would think they might be by the opinions of an honourable Member who may be supposed to be an authority on the subject of sugar—MR. DU CANE.



A CASE FOR MR. BANTING.

Driver (of the Herring Mould to Party inclining to embonpoint). "HOLLO, BILL! HOW MANY SACKS O' PERTATERS AND HOGSHEADS O' SUGAR 'AVE YER GOT THERE?"

TAKE BACK THY ORDER.

TAKE back, and in thy dastard's face,
As hard as England's might can fling,
Thy badge that would a dog disgrace,
Thou caitiff that art named a King:
Thy brow is crimson with a brand
Outglaring CAIN's; he slew but one.
Durst thou stretch forth thy red right hand
To decorate VICTORIA's son?

Keep thy Black Eagle for thine own,
Meet emblem, sign of blood and prey,
Apt symbol for a felon's throne,
Hence with that type of crime, away!
Foul thing! our Prince as well might wear
A halter round his royal neck,
As on his breast that bauble bear
None but a scoundrel's fit to deck.

Not ALFRED's breast; another place
Is where thine Eagle should be spread,
Mid kites and crows, among the race
Of vermin, nailed on barn or shed.
And structures if there were to choose
The vilest of them would, before
All others, be the one to use,
Sticking thy Order on its door.

Black Eagle, murder's proper meed!
Well doth its colour match the stain
Of guilt, that dyes that coward's deed
Who female slew and infant Dane,
Black Eagles are for blackguards right,
White feather who with black combine.
No English Prince shall be a Knight
Of such black Chivalry as thine.

A WORD WITH SPAIN.

SPAIN is waking up in earnest. Hear the last news:

"It is proposed to construct on Spanish soil a maritime canal, to supersede the Straits of Gibraltar."

We call this mean. After the trouble we took to get (no, not much to get, but) to keep, Gibraltar, we really consider the proposed trick unworthy of a chivalrous nation. However, the world is becoming very vulgar and mercantile, and it is of no use complaining. One would like to know the particulars, and how our flank is to be turned. Perhaps the new canal is to begin at the mouth of the Giddle-kee-veer, (written Guadalquivir, and rhymed to gentle river in young ladies' songs) and come out at Malaga, a very good hundred miles of cutting as the crow cuts, with some nice tunnelling in the way. The Spaniards, of course, can't do it; and if it is to be done, the decent thing would be to offer the job to an English company, whom *Mr. Punch* will back to be through before LESSERS has done Suez. But why not be economical, gentlemen Spaniards—why not buy Gibraltar of us? We'll sell it very cheap. Spain to turn Protestant, and England to have all the Port for twenty years; or we'll say the Port and never mind the Protestantism. Come, that will be cheaper than the canal. You had better make a bargain, or we may happen to sell the place at Tangier, and bring the Moors back into Europe. Remember, England is a Mahometan power, and with a little reinforcement from India, could easily restore the crescent in Spain. We don't wish to put on the screw, but this Gibraltar notion is so very mean that we are obliged to speak out. But the Spaniards *are* mean. Didn't their great poet, QUINTANA, write a great poem on the battle of Trafalgar, and omit all mention of the French? He did.

Business on an Odd Night.

PETITIONS for the Abolition of Punishment were presented by MR. WALKER from the inmates of all her Majesty's Gaols and Houses of Correction in the United Kingdom.



THE AGGRAVATED POLICEMAN.

JOHN BULL, A I. "YOU'RE NOT ON MY BEAT, YOU SCAMPS, OR I'D LET YOU SEE!"

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER'S REFLECTIONS.

(In the Foreign Office.)

WELL, really, I think when one looks about Europe,
One may say that matters are going on swimmingly
For a party who likes to give fools and knaves due rope,
And then seize the opening to lecture them trimmily.

Not to speak of the numerous tempests in tea-cups—
As, the state of row normal in China, Japan,
New Zealand, or Athens, where Greek against Greek ups
And ats it, in spite of KING GEORGE, poor young man!—

In Turkey there's ABDUL-AS-IZ looking sickly,
And like to be ABDUL-AS-WAS if his vassals
Go on setting their backs up like porcupines prickly
'Gainst MAHOUND and the Moslem, his Cadis and Castles.

To Roumans and Turks, spite of snubs, sneers, and scornings,
The despatches I've penned (if they knew how to read)!
The valuable lectures, and lessons, and warnings,
I've fired at the Russians (who paid them no heed)!

There was Tartar oppression and Polish prostration
Gave a chance for a lecture on duties and rights,
And I think I may say I improved the occasion—
If no other improvement my labour requites.

I hope that my language was all that it should be:
That I trod, with due pressure, on Russia's corns:
And you'll own, nothing neater or more nimble could be
Than the way, when she growled, that I drew in my horns.

America, too, has afforded an opening
For some very complete letter-writing indeed:
And I'll back my transitions from snarling to soap'ning
For neatness 'gainst most things you're likely to read.

But of all the magnificent chances for writing
That ever a born despatch-writer befell,
The best's German's quarrel with Dane; while they're fighting,
I sit in my office, and give it both well.

Where they're both in the wrong I demonstrate astutely,
What both ought to do I distinctly lay down;
Recommend calm to Denmark, while suffering acutely,
And justice to Prussia, while cribbing a crown.

For foul deeds I can find words still fairer and more fair:
As for fighting—it's always a hazardous game:
And if apprehension of war should breed warfare,
We must plead our intentions, and pocket the blame.

Talk's the thing I prefer, if I'm cut off my writing:
And a Conference may lead to despatches again:
There's only one course that I deprecate—fighting—
And such stuff as "BRITANNIA ruling the main."

If we're cuffed on the right cheek, our duty (we're told it)
Is to offer the left cheek for cuff number two:
We've a great deal of cheek yet uncuffed—so let's hold it
For Prussia and Austria to cuff black and blue.

It is true one still talks of the old British Lion:
But the animal now is the sign of a shop:
As a nation of tradesmen, on business relying,
We must stick to despatches, and armaments drop.

It is true we are strong, that our strength might be mighty
To protect right and weakness from brute-force and wrong;
But business is business: such notions are flighty,
Helping weakness don't pay: better side with the strong.

If one's forced to protest, just to keep up appearances,
We'll protest in strong language, for words are but wind.
As for action—just think of our cargoes and clearances!
Leave those to draw swords who have no shops to mind.

De Lunatico.

THE Annual Tercentenary Festival will be, as usual, held in the grounds of Colney Hatch, during this present season of Wits-untied. Blindman's Cricket, Hide Frog, Leap Buff, and other exhilarating games will be played. During the festivities a Band will attend, without their instruments. Admission to any part half-price. Babies in arms only admitted.

PAWS OFF!

MR. PUNCH criticises critics and everybody else. His infallibility claims right to supervise all things. If he habitually lets "the best public instructors" alone rather severely, it is chiefly because they, habitually, write a set of stereotype platitudes which offer no point for comment. Their grand aim is to "give no offence," especially to managers (for reasons which, as no critic is also a dramatic author, *Mr. Punch* never could fathom) and to use as many adjectives and superlatives as can conveniently be enlisted into the service of MR. PUFF, never so dominant as now. But when *Mr. Punch*, who reads everything, perceives a disposition towards better things, he is not slow to recognise the exception to the general and humiliating rule. Last week he observed in his faithful friend and intense admirer, the *Morning Star*, a notice of a new adaptation from the French, a piece called *David Garrick*, and the criticism is a very just and proper one. Indeed, the theatrical critic for the *Star*, though somewhat prone to discover exquisite perfection, sparkling wit, "gems," and the like, in the inferior drama, as presented at inferior theatres, has evidently a sense of the fitness of things theatrical, and if he would treat of those things in the interest of the public, and without the slightest care about anybody but the public, might speak his mind with advantage to the drama.

In this new piece, taken from a play of M. DE MELLEVILLE, called *Sullivan*, the character of *David Garrick* has been very objectionably dealt with. The French author took no such liberty, perhaps remembering that the great actor was from the French family named GARRIQUE. It was reserved for the English adapter to depict him in an unworthy manner, and to falsify his history. GARRICK had his faults, who but *Mr. Punch* has none, but the worst was an elaborate vanity. He was a gentleman and a scholar, the intimate friend of JOHNSON, REYNOLDS, BURKE, and GOLDSMITH, his art was of the highest order, he was the admiration of his age, and he was held worthy of a place in Westminster Abbey. That is not the kind of name that should be used

"To point a Playbill, or adorn a Farce."

Furthermore, everybody knows that he married a most estimable and loveable lady, EVA-MARIA VIOLETTA, or VEIGAL, and the touching record that we have of her long widowed life should have prevented a sham love affair and a sham marriage from being presented as part of the history of her husband, presented within a stone's throw from the house which we daily look at with interest from its having been the home of the Garricks.

Wherefore, we read with real satisfaction, the following protest in the *Morning Star*—

"Garrick in the new play refuses a proffered annuity, but agrees to behave in such a manner as shall induce a young lady to regard him with ineffable disgust, and in compliance with this engagement, being invited to dinner, he pretends to be drunk, and behaves so disreputably that the young lady who was enamoured of him herself orders him to leave the house. Now, if ever there was an actor who had a reverence for his art, and a regard for the character of its professors, that man was DAVID GARRICK. It was quite natural that he should counsel the father of a love-sick girl, who had been smitten by seeing him as *Romeo*, to disenchant her by showing him to her in a repulsive character; but to impute to him the deliberate degradation of his vocation in the eyes of those who already held it in no high esteem by mumming bestiality for the mere satisfaction of a stranger's wish which he was in no wise bound to respect, is a foul libel on his memory, and, as such, should be resented and denounced. But this is not the only liberty which the adapter takes with biographical veracity. He makes Garrick desperately in love with *Ada Ingot*, and marries him to her at the end of the third act, leaving it to be supposed that their wedded life was a short if not a merry one, and that she disappeared from this mortal sphere in time to allow GARRICK to marry M^{lle}. VIOLETTE seven years afterwards, and disappeared so thoroughly that contemporary history gives no hint of her existence. The piece in which the greatest of English actors is thus scandalously misrepresented," &c.

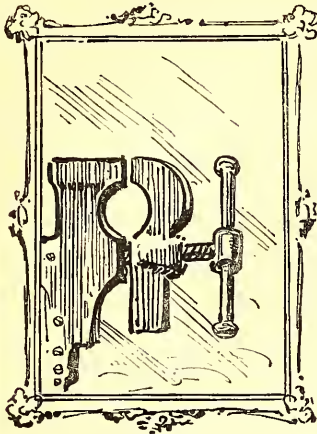
Mr. Punch cordially endorses this protest. Where is the system of mangling and disfiguring biography to stop? MRS. GARRICK died so recently as 1822, so that a lapse of forty years entitles a dramatist to break into a revered house, upset the old Lares and Penates, and substitute plaster images of his own. The families of later actors than GARRICK had better look out, or we may have the noble figure of CHARLES KEMBLE introduced upon the stage, and see him marry, not MISS DE CAMP, but some gouty alderman's daughter of the Regency period—nay, why stop at gentlemen—could not MRS. SIDDONS be fitted with a farce-scene and a second match? "Hast no reverence?" By the way, what is a Licensor for? Had the profaned character been the grandfather of one of our Dukes, or even the Marquis of Steyne, the piece would have been promptly ordered into dock for refitting. Ha!

Nursery Rhyme,

Formed upon an old Model, and dedicated to any Dispeptic Anti-BANTING of the Livery of the City of London.

'Tis the voice of the glutton,
I hear him complain,
My waistcoat unbutton,
I'll eat once again.

THE REJECTED OF THE ACADEMY.



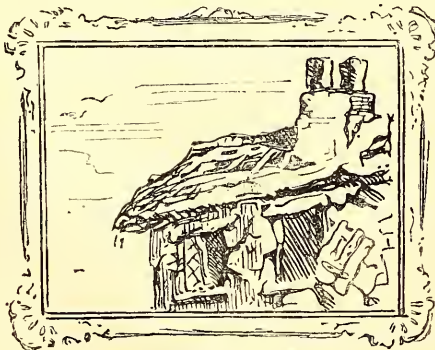
VICE.

SIR,—Leaving to such of your critics as like to paint refined gold and gild the lily, the work of dilating upon the merits of the artists who have attained fame, and whose pictures are this year exhibited, let me rather console the unfortunate by noticing a few of the Rejected Works. I have made a pilgrimage through the haunts of the meritorious but unsuccessful painters, and have made in some cases slight sketches of the paintings. My own private opinion is, that there is an immense deal of unrecognised talent in this country, and when the new and vast Halls of Art at Burlington House shall be opened, and the malevolent Academicians shall be deprived of their only excuse for rejecting the works of young rivals, you will see how cruelly rising genius has been dealt with.

For instance, Sir, here is young SYLVAN BLUGGERBY'S picture. He simply calls it, *Vice*. How would the conventional artist have treated it? Most likely in an objectionable manner. We might have had vice rendered fascinating, and the temptations of St. Antony might have been reproduced, really with a demoralising purpose, though under the pretence of moral teaching. Look above, Sir, at BLUGGERBY'S way of presenting *Vice*. Is there anything demoralising there? Is that in the Erry or Frost style? No, Sir; Clapham might buy that picture. And yet look at the subtle moral. Observe the conscientiously painted screw, and see how, after one twist, this Vice will hold its victim in an iron clutch. Who would be vicious after gazing on this? And yet this was rejected. Is the Hanging Committee truly virtuous?

Now, Sir, we come to a sea-piece. I know that a good deal is said about MR. STANFIELD'S wonderful waves, and the deep cool sea-green of MR. HOOK. But look at this painting, by JAMES DOLLOPPS, of *The Chops of the Channel*. The composition is beautiful, the pyramidal or School of Athens form is classically adhered to, and there is a movement about the whole which shows true inspiration. The flesh tints are exquisite, and so is the contrast between the meateness of the chops and the transparency of the water. Any one who has ever seen a similar scene can testify to its fidelity.

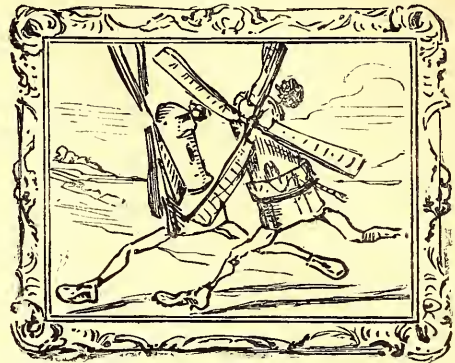
Then, Mr. Punch, I present to you an outline of a work by SAM



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BLIBE. It bears the same title as one of F. STONE'S pictures, but is treated far more poetically. Anybody can draw a sentimental boy and girl, but look at this, *The Old, Old Story*. Is there not poetry there?

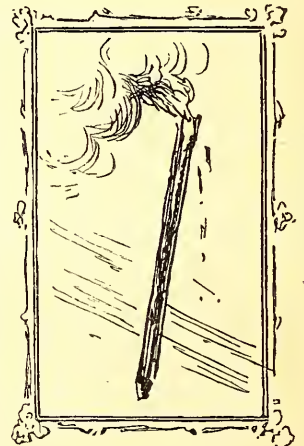
The old place is by the sea, as you may notice by the gulls flying, and the artist subtly hints, with the poet, that Love (*the Old, Old Story*) "still bath something of the sea, from whence his mother rose." I wish you could see the light upon the falling shutter, aerial perspective has never been carried to such perfection.



THE MILL RACE.

This is, again, a rural scene, by EDWARD SMACKER, and is called *The Mill Race*. When the *Mill on the Floss*, or any other sporting story, requires illustration, here is the artist. Look at the vigour of the figure a little in the rear, but soon to be first. MICHAEL ANGELO never drew anything like that hind leg. The work was originally called *Don Quixote's Dream*, but the homelier name was preferred.

This grand, yet simple work is called, after an interesting work on the lower orders,—*The Missing Link*. The artist, the young and accomplished SNAPPERTON, had intended to call it *Thais*, but the absence of explanatory figures seemed to make this less desirable. MR. RUSKIN writes eloquently upon the way in which you should first do your picture, and then stick in a bit of red, "and all is in a flame," and I hope he will call and see the bit of red at the end of this link. It is marvellous. So, in its way, is SCRUMBLEBOY'S picture from *Macbeth*, "*This is a sorry Sight!*" The vigorous drawing, and the profound knowledge of anatomy displayed here, speak for themselves; and truly artistic is the reticence with which the face of *Macbeth* is kept in the side-ground, so that the idea of shrinking and terror may be maintained. Let me next ask you to examine MISS ASTRAGAL'S lovely and poetical *Venus Rising from the Sea*. Here, a subject which is better let alone is let alone, and in place of an undraped coquette staring at sea-monsters, we have a sparkling planet ascending from the waves. In the original the natural effect of the water dropping off the rays of the star, which is still wet, is given with a fairy brilliancy. The



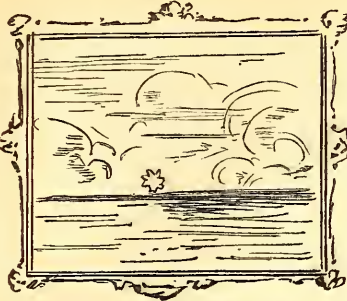
THE MISSING LINK.



"THIS IS A SORRY SIGHT!"

clouds have a roundness of intense truthfulness. I have only time and space to introduce one more. It is painted to illustrate a remarkable series of papers contributed by MR. RUSKIN to the *Cornhill Magazine*, and intended to show (I cordially approve the doctrine, not

being myself violently addicted to labour) that everybody ought to be paid the same whether he works much or little. The articles were called "Unto this Last," and the painter, BUNYAN CORNEY, has preserved the title.



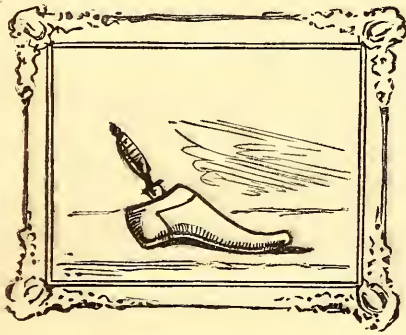
VENUS RISING FROM THE SEA.

For faithful rendering of nature this picture is unequalled. Avoiding the conventional, and even the Pre-Raphaelite, it shows you what the article is, yet does not give every knot and scratch in the wood; yet the juncture-lines are marked in a way that tells how reverently the artist has sat himself down before the last, and received lessons at the feet of nature, like GAMA-LIEL.

Sir, with such works ready for Academy or purchaser, I for one refuse to believe in the decadence of British art, and I am proud to subjoin myself

Your respectful ART-CRITIC.

Athenæum Club.



"UNTO THIS LAST."

RESTAURATIO MAGNA.

BATH Abbey is to be restored. This is well, for it has great and singular merits, besides containing an enormous array of epitaphs

"That show how well Bath waters lay the dust."

But we cannot think that the excellent Bishop, LORD AUCKLAND, who has just made an appeal to the public for funds, was quite justified in one statement. He said that "they had got MR. GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, who was himself a Tower of Strength." This may be, but to expect that MR. SCOTT will abandon his profession, and let himself be built into Bath Abbey, is rather too much. We know his honourable devotion to cathedral architecture, but this is too Pointed a Style of address to him, and savours of the days of the Early English who buried people in walls. Even an old Gothic architect would not have been so self-sacrificing, but perhaps the Bishop thinks *Quod non Gothi, hoc SCOTTI*. But we want MR. SCOTT ourselves, to restore several things, and especially to restore our peace of mind about Salisbury Spire, said to be tottering. If meddlers bring that down, *Punch* pledges himself to turn Dissenter.

Touching Scene in the French Legislature.

M. JULES FAVRE, ("with eyes overflowing with tears, goes to wring the hand of M. EMILE OLLIVIER, who is being converted to Imperialism") Your hand!

M. EMILE OLLIVIER. No, Sir! (Turns away, but presently softer sentiments enter and possess his soul, and, "with tearful eyes and his voice 'probably' choked with sobs".) Yes, there is my hand.

M. JULES FAVRE. C'est trop tard, Monsieur. (Turns away. Sensation. Pocket handkerchiefs. General emotion. Private laugh from M. DE MORNAY.)

GEOGRAPHICAL.—One of the Counties of England remains to this day in an imperfect condition. In the next corrected and revised Map of England, we hope to see another Half added to this incomplete county, making *Whole-fordshire* out of *Half-fordshire*.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN'S FRIENDLY IMPROVIDENT SOCIETY.

THIS excellent Society has been established solely to relieve the British Workman—of all the money he can weekly save out of his wages, with the view to lay it by for times of sickness or old age.

In order most effectually to guarantee that this relief shall be with certainty secured, the Improvident Society will always hold its meetings at a public-house, and the following regulations will be rigidly observed:—

RULE I. That every British Workman who entertains a wish to join the Improvident Society shall, as a preliminary step, show his fitness for so doing by spending at the very least a clear half of his wages in porter, ale or gin, or other alcoholic liquor, on the day on which he first applies to be a member.

RULE II. That six weeks shall elapse between his application and the day of his election, and that, as a further test of his fitness for the membership, the candidate shall nightly, during his probation, attend the public-house where the Improvidents' assemble, and spend not less than tenpence before he goes to bed.

RULE III. That on the night of his election the candidate shall stand at least a pot of beer to every member of the Society who is present at the meeting, and a shillingsworth of spirits to the treasurer and secretary and each of the trustees, who will therein drink his health on his admission to the Club.

RULE IV. That all the members shall assemble every Friday and Saturday at eight o'clock at night, those being the evenings on which wages are now paid; and that every member who, from any cause, is absent on either of those evenings shall be fined a shilling for each night of his absence, which sum shall be demanded of him when he next attends, and shall be spent in beer or other alcoholic liquor by the members of the Club.

RULE V. That a subscription of one shilling shall weekly be paid in by every Improvident; and that, at the time of his paying his subscription, he shall drink a pot of beer and smoke not fewer than six pipes.

RULE VI. That when any claim is made on the Society for any illness, accident, or death of any member, it shall be lawful for the treasurer to call a special meeting to investigate the claim, when a special pot of beer shall be served to every member out of the Club funds.

RULE VII. That, if the claim be sanctioned, another special meeting shall be convened for payment of the sum awarded, when another pot of beer shall, in like manner, be served to every member who attends; and the secretary, treasurer, and trustees of the Club shall be allowed a bottle of wine a-head out of the Club funds, or if they prefer it, a bowl a-piece of punch.

RULE VIII. That when any death occurs in the Society, all the members shall assemble to attend the funeral, and, to show their grief becomingly, shall spend the evening afterwards at their usual public-house.

RULE IX. That the funds of the Society be confided to the keeping of not less than four trustees, who shall not be held responsible for any misappropriation, shortcoming, or misuse.

RULE X. That it shall be lawful for the trustees, whenever they think fit, to break up the Society, without assigning to the members any reason for so doing, and without being required to exhibit their accounts, or to surrender any money remaining in their hands.

With such admirable rules to provide for its safe working, it is impossible to doubt that the Improvident Society will prove a splendid boon to every working man who joins it. Clearly the establishment of similar societies will prove how needless and uncalled-for, not to say tyrannical and wickedly unjust, is the threatened interference in the matter by the Government, who, by their proposed measure, have been seen in their true colours as the violent oppressors of the British working-man. Through the wisdom of the rules by which it will be regulated, the Improvident Society will very clearly demonstrate what good habits are engendered by clubs held at public-houses, and with what absolute security the working-classes may entrust their hard-earned weekly savings to the friendly hands held out to relieve them—of their coin.

Two Bad Names.

THERE are two names that we should rejoice to see in the list of bankrupts. One is—

HOHENZOLLERN, Futchter, Berlin.

And the other is—

HAPSBURG, ditto, Vienna.

ALFRED IN THE DANISH CAMP.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA (and like his impudence) has given PRINCE ALFRED the Order of the Black Eagle. The young Sailor intimated that he should like to reciprocate with the Order of the Black Eye.



SERVANTGALISM IN AUSTRALIA.—A FACT.

Domestic. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, I HAVE AN HOUR TO SPARE, AND I'M A-GOIN' TO TRY MY NEW 'ORSE!"

POOR OLD DEARS!

OUR dear old friends, *Mesdames Gamp* and *Harris*, continue to scold us in the most outrageous manner; and though we assure these ladies, with tears in our fine eyes, that nothing from them can make us angry—we owe them too much—we cannot help feeling their unkindness. But for *Mr. Punch*, who would know that such organs of the Great Conservative Party were in existence? When the very chiefs of the G. C. Party repudiate the poor old women, simply because they have grown aged and a little discursive, is it not chivalrous in *Mr. Punch* to uphold the bewildered matrons, and to insist upon honour being shown to their grey hairs? Dear *Gamp* and *Harris*, you do not know what pains *Punch* takes for you. He has repeatedly, in private (for he is very intimate with all clever folk), reproached some of the best of the Conservative lot for the scorn or neglect with which they treat the Conservative press; and what is the constant answer? "Hold your tongue, you cynic, won't you! We can't get any clever fellows to go the whole hog with us, and what's the use of these twaddling, emotional, Sword-of-Gideon beggars?" The language is not refined, but a certain licence is permitted to the angry. *Mr. Punch* has replied, sweetly, that a Party claiming half the Commons, and two-thirds of the Lords, and no end of parsons, squires, and beadles, ought to have an Organ, and that organ should play authorised music. Fresh abuse, too painful to set down, has been the result, and *Mr. Punch* has even been informed that he takes an unfair political advantage in attacking the Tories for anything that *Gamp* and *Harris* may "cackle." Yes, cackle was the coarse word; and when LORD ***** reads this, let him blush. But *Mr. Punch* does not mean to desert his dear old women. "What—an old woman must not be cast away," says DRYDEN. And for the dear angry old souls' complaint that *Mr. Punch* makes "no fun" out of the "humiliated honour of England," and the British Lion crouching miserably at the heels of the French poodle, all he answers is, Wait a bit. Wait till the Tories come in, and then we will have fun enough and to spare. *Mr. Punch* has put them out twice within the last ten years, but the way he will do it when they come in again shall even make *Mrs. Gamp* and *Mrs. Harris* crack their old staylaces and sneeze themselves into fits of laughter. Bless the old dears!

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS IN TROUBLE.

THAT England is the land of liberty, what foreigner will doubt who reads the subjoined paragraph from the *Times*?—

"A NEW CRIME.—On Tuesday morning seven gipsies were charged, before the REV. URIAH TONKIN, at Hayle (Cornwall), with sleeping under tents, and were each committed to 21 days' imprisonment in the county goal, with hard labour. The party consisted of mother and six children, aged 20, 16, 15, 13, 10, and 8 years."

The punishment of twenty-one days' imprisonment and hard labour is one which is very terrible to evil-doers. A thief would much rather "have three months." An imprisonment of twenty-one days, with hard labour, is also imprisonment with hard fare—imprisonment on a diet so low as to be insufficient to support life for a much longer period. Such a punishment as this is well calculated to impress upon gipsies, and especially gipsies of ten and eight years of age, the illegality of sleeping under tents; if that repose is illegal, which it must be, or else the REV. URIAH TONKIN had better be relieved of the office of administering what he imagines to be justice. Let us hope that the incarceration, by the fiat of that worshipful and reverend gentleman, of a mother and her six offending children, for taking the liberty of passing the night after the manner of the patriarch ABRAHAM and his family, will operate as a salutary example on unthinking persons of the better orders who do not mind what they are about when engaged in a pic-nic under the shelter afforded by MESSRS. EDGINGTON.

The King of Prussia's Triumphal Song.

(Adapted from North-Country rhyme.)

THERE'S Germany, FRANCIS, and I,
Three great lusty men,
We've wholloped a poor little bairn
Till it couldn't get up of its sen.

SAID AT THE ACADEMY.—*Punch* doesn't care *who* said it. It was extremely rude to call the Commission on Capital Punishments, the Hanging Committee.



THE STICKLEBACK POACHERS DETECTED.

A SKETCH ON THE SERPENTINE.

(*Mem.*—WE THOUGHT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER IF THE PARK-KEEPER HAD LOOKED AFTER THE ROUGHS AND THEIR YELPING DOGS, WHO RUSH AFTER THE HORSES IN THE RIDE, INSTEAD OF INTERFERING WITH THESE POOR LITTLE ANGLERS.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 11. *Monday.* Yes, only the eleventh of May, but the public will be happy to hear that the Session is already considered as virtually over. "Its neck is understood to be broken," says the *Times*, and the CHANCELLOR this week spoke of the impending "massacre of the innocents." This is truly delightful, and who knows but that some of these days it may not be discovered that the sun can rise, and men can dine, and the young can marry and be given in marriage, and undertakers can prosper, and all in the absence of Parliaments. We are horribly in advance of our age, we know; but every year some superstition is vanishing, and why should not MR. LEFEVRE'S wig fly up to the stars and shine with Berenice's hair.

LORD CAMPBELL tried to get up a Polish demonstration, and LORD RUSSELL replied to him in so exquisitely Whiggish a way that it ought not to be forgotten. "Poland's true policy is to wait until the Russian Liberal Party shall come into power." The dear little old man thinks but of lobbies, and divisions, and party cheers at four in the morning, and fancies that he hears PRINCE SUWARROFF, and DUKE CONSTANTINE, and 'BARON KNOTEMALL announcing that they merely hold their places until His Constitutional Majesty the EMPEROR shall be pleased to nominate their successors. Russian heads must be punched considerably in the meantime. As a burlesque writer would probably say—

"A Russian Speaker now were out of place,
Czars must nap pepper ere they give the Mace."

In the Commons there was a curious scene. It was announced that the Conference had arranged an armistice, for a month, between the Danes and the Germans. A few minutes later a telegram was read, stating that three Danish vessels had engaged five Austrian vessels near Heligoland, that the Danes were victorious, and the Austrians were hurrying away for Heligoland, so as to be in English waters. The House of Commons rang with cheering.

TALLYHO THE GRINDER;

OR, LORD WESTBURY'S COUNTY COURTS' BILL.

THE Tallyman has, heretofore,
Than greedy wolf unkind,
With legal engine ground the poor,
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

A wife would run a man in debt
Who didn't duly mind her;
Then he was in the huckster's net:
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

In County Court the victim, sued,
Of justice not a finder,
Had out of him the money screwed:
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

But now is WESTBURY'S new Bill
For Tallymen a binder
From screwing so poor people still:
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

'Twill strike a heavy blow at tick,
A stunner and a blinder,
And disappoint the tally trick,
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

To tempt a wife, then, with a gown,
Trust not the spouse behind her;
The word's "Cash up and stumpy down!"
Sing, Tallyho the Grinder!

Agricultural Distress.

IN the Agricultural districts there has lately been much distress, arising from the inability of large farmers to resolve the following problem:—

Q. If a man, having one Dairy, found that the building another was of vital consequence to the pecuniary interests of his milk-trade, why ought the erection of such house, as aforesaid, to be a matter of but minor importance?

The answer to this is:—Because such a building as above-mentioned would be, from its very nature, only a *Second-dairy* Consideration.

AN ANSWER REQUIRED.—DR. CULLEN says the backbone of Ireland has gone to America. He omitted to state when the jawbone was to follow.

We had a long Supply debate, with a little infusion of Catholic and Protestant rancour (a school question) to make it endurable—the Partnership Bill was much mangled, and will probably be withdrawn, and FRED PEEL brought in a Bill enabling the QUEEN to grant a lease for 999 years of the College of Physicians, in Pall Mall East. Ah! Long before that lease shall be out it is to be hoped that the world will have learned to do without physicians, of any kind.

Tuesday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH withdrew his Bill for establishing a sort of Council to revise Capital Sentences, the Government having assented to the appointment of a "Hanging Committee." LORD REDESDALE expressed his dislike of "extenuating circumstances." They never were so ingeniously pleaded, in MR. PUNCH'S recollection, as when a Frenchman, who had murdered his father, and also his mother, hoped that the Court would have mercy on a poor Orphan.

MR. WHITE, of Brighton, objected to our present system of taxation. MR. GLADSTONE admitted that it had objectionable points, but said that the question was not how to do what was best in theory, but how to get the money out of people's pockets. The House was Counted Out.

Wednesday. This day was rather remarkable. It may be mentioned in history with the days on which CÆSAR crossed the Rubicon, MARIO went over to the Covent Garden Opera, and LORD DERBY abandoned the Reform Ministers. MR. BAINES moved the Second Reading of his Bill for lowering the suffrage in boroughs to £6. This is avowedly a Radical measure. The Conservatives have always opposed it on their own grounds. The Liberals (since they have been in office) have met such proposals by objecting that they were made at a wrong time; that the public did not care about the matter; that the franchise might properly be lowered, but that the amount proposed was not a wise one; that the scheme was only fragmentary; that the Government ought to have charge of such measure, and so forth; and this sort of thing was expected from the Minister who might have to speak to-day. But MR. CAVE having moved the previous question, the CHANCELLOR OF THE

EXCHEQUER, and M.P. for Oxford University, arose, and delivered himself of a very strong speech in favour of MR. BAINES'S Bill. Parliament, he said, had not done its duty in regard to Reform—there ought to be a sensible increase in the Constituency from the working classes—those who would exclude 49-50ths of that class ought to show why this should be—he believed that if the upper portion of the lower order were admitted, they would not vote for demagogues, and that there was a very good feeling between that class and their superiors. He supported the Bill, and paired off in its favour with MR. LEVER, who was against it. MR. WHITESIDE expressed his astonishment, and wished that LORD PALMERSTON had been present, as he would have proved to his refractory Chancellor that such a Bill ought not to pass. There was a longish debate, and the Bill was rejected by 272 to 216. All the world wants to know the meaning of this sudden conversion of the Conservative Member for Oxford to the views of MESSRS. BRIGHT and CORDEN. Is he going to throw the University over, and offer himself for Finsbury? If so, Mr. Cox had better stand for Oxford, and we advise him to go down to Commemoration, and get made a D.C.L.

Thursday. Yankee agents are very active in kidnapping poor ignorant Irishry and the like, pretending to engage them for railway work, but really catching them for the Federal army. LORD RUSSELL promises to remonstrate, but he will do no good, the temptation to smuggle the article Irishman is too high. We can only enter these grievances in an account to be set against the demand with which we are threatened, for compensation for the damage done by the vessels we have allowed the Southerners to steal out of our dockyards.

Are we never to hear the last of the Education squabbles? SIR GEORGE GREY and the Government have found out, after a month, that their honour is wounded by the vote which caused MR. LOWE to resign. So they demand a Committee to inquire into their conduct. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE took an opportunity of giving some very hard words to LORD ROBERT CECIL and his party, in reference to their charges against MR. LOWE, and was in no way daunted by the threat that his words should be taken down. On the following night, MR. LOWE himself had something rather severe to say about Members who avail themselves of information supplied by disloyal or discharged servants of Government. Touching which, there is much to be said on both sides. One hates a man who is not true to his employers and his "salt," but just as our allegiance to the QUEEN over-rides all smaller ties and obligations, it may be that a duty to the nation may interfere with technical devotion to a certain office and set of head clerks. All such cases must be judged separately, and on their own merits, and in the present case, though MR. LOWE is a loss, it is quite clear that a most objectionable system of suppression has been brought to light through the spite of his enemies.

We had rather an amusing debate, in Supply, about the Parks. Regent's Park costs about £10,000 a-year, though we have no idea how the money can go, unless it is in lozenges for the men who make night hideous by bellowing frantically "All out," until they get frightfully hoarse. It is not spent in cleansing the Ornamental Water, the odour from which is at times simply poisonous, nor is it spent in keeping order in the Park, and preventing great coarse louts from insulting nursemaids, knocking down children, and beating their remonstrant little brothers. In fact, Regent's Park is the worst kept of all the Parks, and the representations and complaints made to *Mr. Punch* upon the subject are awful.

Friday. While the armistice lasts, the German robbers are to desist from robbing the Jutlanders. LOUIS NAPOLEON, our dear, do you so very much want that German frontier? We are not desirous to spoil our maps, but if your heart is so very deeply set upon it—"we will speak further of this business."

LORD WESTBURY'S plan for doing justice to PROFESSOR JOWETT has not met with the approval of the Lords, who incline to try whether the University itself cannot be brought to do what is right. The hard thing is that, if the matter were left to the University itself, justice would be done at once; but it is the outlying parsons, saturated with the prejudices of stagnant parishes, who rush perspiring into Oxford and neutralise the votes of the men who think, and who are really interested in the question. The Bill stands over, LORD WESTBURY not forgetting to say a sharp thing or two about "hollow pretences." It came out the same night, in the Commons, that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has the right of conferring the degree of M.D. Let him exercise it in favour of MR. JOWETT, and order him to bleed and shave the heads of the frantic majority that is bringing the Church into contempt by bigotry.

Here we would mention, that twice this week there was interesting debate touching MR. HERBERT, the painter, and the glorious fresco which he has set up in the New Palace of Westminster. Let us record a generous tribute paid to the work by MR. BRIGHT, who was for a large vote in reward for so noble a creation. The unanimous homage of the House was liberally paid to MR. HERBERT, and yet it was impossible to extort from Government more than a promise that the mean pay already MR. HERBERT'S by right should be, in some muddling and unexplained way, somewhat increased. Had it been a case of some

clumsy sea-officer (with high friends) who had smashed one of our ships on a rock, and wanted compensation for the loss of his own outfit, it would have been instantly and fully accorded, with a severe rebuke to any low-minded economist who would add to the sufferings of a gallant officer by refusing to buy him a new dressing-case. How "the Services" would have started up and borne tribute to the clumsy man's merits. But here was only a painter who has done a work that will live when every name in both the Army and Navy Lists shall be utterly forgotten.

We finished the week with an American dispute. That is to say, MR. THOMAS BARING, Conservative, is scandalised that the pirate *Georgia*, which was got away from England by false pretences, and has since been devastating Federal commerce, should now be in Liverpool, and yet not be seized. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL had to justify our non-action, and his technicalities were highly satisfactory to those who desired an excuse for not doing anything. To speak confidentially, and on the understanding that things go no further, the case is this. If we only knew which way the war was going! If we were certain that the glorious and almighty bird of freedom that waves its alabaster wings in Washington and smiles on all that is free and enlightened, would triumph over those savage, disloyal, ferocious rebels, those stealers and floggers of men and women; those ruffians, assassins, and what not, we should know what to do. But if that resolute and gallant band of Confederate gentlemen, who have withdrawn from the vulgar and tyrannical Yankees, and, aided by their faithful coloured vassals, have maintained so noble a resistance against the loafers, jobbers, miscreants, scum and spawn of the North—if these Southern patriots should establish their independence—why—

Therefore, you see, the crisis demands the greatest amount of talk and the least amount of action; so we had an awful long talk, and then we Counted Out.

SILENCE THOSE STREET ORGANS.

THE name of MR. BASS is announced as that of the author of a Bill for the abatement of the Organ-nuisance, thus epitomised in the *Times* :—

"STREET MUSIC.—MR. BASS'S Bill is very short. It describes the existing law as insufficient for the protection of householders from annoyance by street musicians, and it proposes to enact that any householder, personally or by his servant or by a Police Constable, may require any street musician or singer to depart from the neighbourhood of the house; and a penalty up to 40s. is imposed on every one who, after being so required to depart, sounds or plays upon any musical instrument or sings in any thoroughfare near such house. It is to be lawful for a Police Constable to take the offender into custody without a warrant. The Bill extends only to the metropolitan police district. The second reading is fixed for the 8th of June."

May the manly voice of BASS prove effectual when raised in Parliament against the childish treble of the dissonant pipes of those grinding organs which delight none but idle nursemaids and their squalling charges. If MR. BASS carries his much-required measure, we shall have a higher opinion of him than ever; and he is a legislator of whom we have never thought small beer. The interests of beer, it must be remembered, are deeply concerned in the suppression of barrel organs. The beer which MR. BASS is famous for brewing will keep in any climate as long as nobody drinks it; but even BASS'S beer is liable to be turned sour by organ-grinding. Should his Bill for the protection of householders' ears become law, we shall have no hesitation in recommending his beer as safe to remain sound under all external conditions. We shall also propose that the relief from organ-grinders obtained by MR. BASS shall be commemorated by a monument inclusive of a *Basso rilievo*.

There will be time enough between this and the 8th of June to rectify any portion of the wording of the Bill which may be capable of any latitude of construction. Let it distinctly provide that the organ-grinders, singers, and bands, shall, when required, be obliged to go entirely out of hearing, and make themselves altogether scarce, and no mistake.

The Great Well Paid.

AT the annual Ascension Dinner at Lambeth Palace, given by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY to the Bishops, the four Archbishops of England and Ireland were present, together with the BISHOPS OF LONDON, DURHAM, WINCHESTER, ST. ASAPH, CHICHESTER, OXFORD, BANGOR, LILANDAFF, GLOUCESTER, SALISBURY, ELY, CARLISLE, WORCESTER, LICHFIELD, ST. DAVID'S, DOWN AND CONNOR, and LINCOLN. Their united incomes amounted to a considerable sum.

MOTTO FOR PROSPECTUS OF JOINT-STOCK COMPANY.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And this is of them."

Natural Science.

STOUT, Porter, or other Beer, is the most proper tippie with oysters; since Nature herself often shows us the Oyster and the Purl, coexisting in the same shell.

GREENBACKS FOR THE GREEN.



RESPECTABLE American paper, or perhaps, to speak more exactly, the respectable American paper, the *New York Times*, thus announces and explains an act of rascality which has just been committed by the State Legislature:—

“BREACH OF STATE FAITH—It appears to have been decided by the Assembly that the interest on the State debt shall be paid to foreign holders as well as to native ones, in paper and not in coin. In other words, a foreigner who purchased our bonds in the belief that he would receive six per cent. in the standard currency of the world, namely, gold or silver, or its equivalent, will this year receive about four per cent., and possibly only three.

As a, or the, respectable American paper, the *New York Times* indig-

nantly repudiates this act of partial repudiation, instead of glorying in it. In thus expressing an honest opinion that journal has distinguished itself by an act of courage which, let us hope, has not caused its office to be demolished by the public of New York.

Our own *Times*, in its American correspondence, contains, besides an account of the roguery above related, the statement following:—

“New York, however, does not stand alone in its dishonesty. The State of Ohio, which had a reserve in gold sufficient to discharge the interest of the debt due to its domestic and foreign creditors, had the meanness to sell at a high premium the gold which it held in reserve to meet its liabilities, to pay its creditors in greenbacks at par, and to pocket the difference.”

The sufferers by the financial dodges above specified will of course be exclusively foreigners. What Yankee would ever lend money to his own State? The greenness of the greenhorns who have sunk their cash in the New York and Ohio securities, falsely so called, is suitably repaid in greenbacks. There are probably not a few of these unfortunate yokels. The world has grown but little if any wiser than it was when SYDNEY SMITH said that he had invested in Pennsylvania bonds in common “with many other unwise people.” The cheated creditors of Ohio and New York, to be sure, may say that they were never such fools as to expect that those States would be restrained from cheating them by any moral considerations. They perhaps relied only on the assurance that the greatest rogues will pay just interest if it is their interest so to do, as it may be supposed to be if they wish ever to be trusted again. But Yankees take a short-sighted view of their own interest, which for the present lies in cheating other people out of theirs. If they look farther, they speculate on the forgetfulness of mankind, and the ignorance or disregard, on the part of fools, of the warnings afforded by the fate of other fools.

Another Case of Starvation.

“LADY MIVIN'S first dinner is fixed for Monday, May 31st.”—*Vide JENKINS'S Fashionable Intelligence.*

HER first dinner! poor thing! How old is she? and why has she not been fed before this year of “grace before meat,” 1864? There will doubtless be a great concourse of people to see this gentle creature ravenously devour the dainty morsels. In any case this “giving out” concerning the dinner will end in a “take in.”

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—A New Club, composed entirely of Aristocratic Literary Ladies, is in course of formation: it is to be called “The Blue Lights.”

PROPHECY FOR THE DERBY.—The hatching of rooks this season partaking of the general backwardness, pigeon-pics for the Derby-day will be unprecedentedly scarce.

THE THREE CROWNED LIBERTINES.

Solo—ALEXANDER.

HERE are we,
Sovercigns three,
From all restraint our hands are free,
For none can get at you and me.

Trio—ALEXANDER, WILLIAM, FRANCIS-JOSEPH.

With a whack and a crack, stick and knout tear back,
Till the wretch's ribs are bare;
Let the great guns flash and the death-shot crash,
And the blazing homesteads glare;
They may scold and preach, but we're out of reach;
We are safe, and so don't care.

Solo—ALEXANDER.

Mark, how I crush the Poles,
Their bodies and their souls!
Their hamlets waste I lay,
With stripes their ladies flay,
Flog, hang, shoot, right and left,
And banish the bereft
Amid Siberia's snow
To howl in life-long woe.
Hurrah! the skies are deaf;
Hear not their cries and groans,
And curses, in wild tones,
Invoked on me and my MOURAVIEFF.

Chorus. With a whack, &c.

Solo—WILLIAM.

I have smitten the Danes with the hand of the strong,
With the might that is right, and can never be wrong;
My men picked off their brave with our sure needle-guns,
And we slaughtered their daughters as well as their sons,
In Sönderborg, battered till strong Düppel fell,
And we smashed their young fry where we pitched the live shell;
So I turn up my eyes and go down on my knees,
And give thanks that I'm able to do as I please.

Chorus. With a whack, &c.

Solo—FRANCIS-JOSEPH.

I helped those Danes to smite;
We durst not go alone,
But did combine to fight;
So they were overthrown.
There's Hungary under my thumb,
There's Venice beneath my sole;
Where the Western Powers can't come,
I trample without control.

So let us join our hands,
And trip it round and round.
To do our worst commands
As long as slaves are found,
We'll work our omnipotent will,
We'll torture and burn, and slay.
Let but England and France keep still,
And a fig for what they say!

Chorus. With a whack, &c.

“DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.”

(See “*Times*” lately.)

SIR,—I looks towards you as a Light on any subject. Lest the Rushlight, general Candle, and Wax trade should snuffer, I mean suffer, from the statemunts regarding them “Tally men” as goes about deluging the soft sex among the Country laborers better halves with their trickery trumpary finery, made by (I mean the statemunts not the finery) his Lordship's Honour the Judge of the County Court in a digditch of South Wales, I beg to say that *we* of our bisuniss have no connection with any Tally man, tho I sighus myself

A TALLY CHANDLER.

P.S. I say, let 'em be hunted out of the Country, with a pack at their back, and a Tally Ho!

P.P.S. Or, Sir, if the Drama is to hold the Candle up to Nature, see SHAKSPEER, let us have a Play in which the villain should be the Tally man. This Light might be thrown on the System, from my favorite Theayter, the Wick, New Cut.



ANOTHER PRETTY LITTLE AMERICANISM.

Englishman (to *Fair New-Yorker*). "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU?"

Darling. "I GUESS YOU MAY—FOR I CALC'LATE THAT IF I SIT MUCH LONGER HERE, I SHALL BE TAKING ROOT!"

POLICE REPORT EXTRAORDINARY.

Two ruffianly-looking personages of foreign appearance, and speaking broken English, who gave their names as FREDERICK-WILLIAM LOUIS HOHENZOLLERN, and FRANCIS-JOSEPH HAPSBURG, were charged before MR. BULL, the sitting Magistrate, with an aggravated assault and highway robbery, accompanied by brutal and unnecessary violence, on a poor little Dane, CHRISTIAN GLUCKSBOURG.

The complainant presented a frightful spectacle. His head was enveloped in surgical bandages, one of his arms in a sling, the hand of the other strapped with adhesive plaster, and he seemed unable to crawl except with the support of two sticks. When offered a seat on the bench by the worthy Magistrate, he seemed so affected by the brutal treatment he had so evidently received, as at first to distrust even the worthy Magistrate's kindness, declaring in broken English, with a strong North German accent and much angry vehemence, that England was a verdammer deceiving place—that he had suffered from trusting Englishmen; how did he know the officers might not pull away the chair from under him, and let him down suddenly; he had been let down once too often already; how did he know they weren't all in league with those wretches, pointing to the prisoners; and a great deal more to the same effect; showing great obstinacy in his asseverations, and resisting every attempt of the worthy Magistrate to stop him, or to obtain explanation of the particulars of the assault. The worthy Magistrate at last interposed, and begged the complainant to compose himself. He was among friends there, and need not be afraid either of being taken in, or made the subject of practical jokes or ill-treatment. He (Mr. B.) sat there in the Court of public opinion, to administer the law, and inflict summary punishment, and he would take care the complainant had full justice.

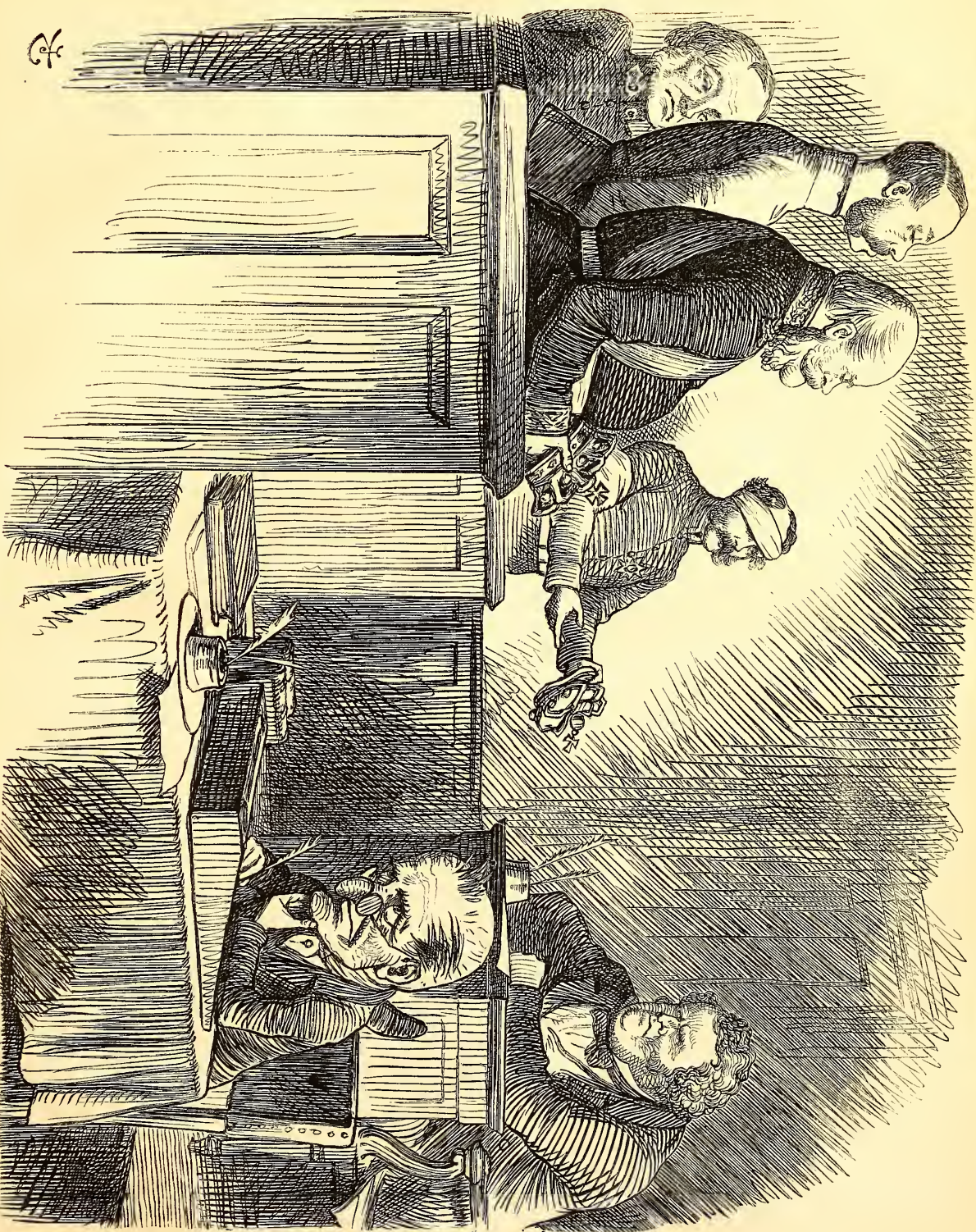
The complainant on this became calmer, and as well as his fearful injuries and imperfect knowledge of the English language would allow him, went on to state that he had recently succeeded to a considerable, though rather embarrassed, Estate in Copenhagen, including some outlying land in Jutland, Schleswig and Holstein, as to the

ownership of some parcels of which—more particularly the last—there had been long disputes and much litigation in the time of the former owner. The prisoners at the bar appear in the first instance to have gone to this land, of which the complainant had just taken possession, under cover of a regular writ of ejection, which they insisted on serving, as agents of certain claimants. But whether this claim rested on an alleged title as heirs-at-law, or as mortgagees, by virtue of a failure of covenant, or what its exact character was, we found it impossible to make out, from the very confused account of the complainant, the constant interruption of the prisoners, and the extremely imperfect efforts of several volunteer interpreters who intruded their services with rather suspicious eagerness. At last the worthy Magistrate got a little impatient, and said "he was not sitting there to try a nice question of title; a brutal assault had evidently been committed. You had only to look at the unfortunate object in the witness-box to see that."

Here the older and more plausible prisoner, HOHENZOLLERN, interrupted with great vehemence:—"GLUCKSBOURG was a bully and a tyrant; he had behaved shamefully to his (prisoner's) relations, and all he (prisoner) had done was to protect his relations from the complainant's violence. This gentleman (pointing to the other prisoner) had gone with him to help him."

The worthy Magistrate said, "Surely, it did not require two great hulking fellows, like the prisoners, to deal with one small and weakly person, like complainant, even if they had any legal rights, or good ground of grievance against him."

The complainant protested "he had never ill-used prisoners' relations; he only wanted his rights, of which the prisoners and their relations had ousted him." He then stated that on going down to take possession of his property, prisoners, who had collected an armed posse of followers just outside the gate, declared, with very bad language, that they would be the death of him if he dared to set foot on the land. Complainant remonstrated, and offered to go into the papers with them, and to make an appointment for the earliest day possible with his men of business for the purpose. The prisoners said "that



BRUTAL ASSAULT—REMANDED FOR A MONTH.

“YOU’RE BOTH REMANDED FOR A MONTH; AND IF YOU DON’T SETTLE WITH THE COMPLAINANT, I’LL BE THE WORSE FOR YOU.”

was all stuff and nonsense: that they'd been humbugged long enough; they'd be — if they'd stand any more palaver; they meant to have the land then and there; they were twenty to his one: if he resisted, it would be the worse for him."

Complainant told them he wasn't to be bullied, and warned them off at their peril: "If he was weak, he'd friends who wouldn't see him ill-treated and robbed"—(here the complainant became much affected); "he thought he might say that: *had* had friends who had promised to stand by him and see him through it—they hadn't kept their word: he would rather not say who those friends were."

The prisoners replied that "he and his friends might be —." Was it necessary to repeat the exact language?

The worthy Magistrate said it was not necessary.

"Prisoners then advanced, threateningly, to the gate. He tried to hold it, with the help of two farm-servants, and a woman who was weeding, and a small boy who had been fetched from crow-keeping in the neighbouring fields, but the prisoners and their followers, who carried fire-arms, had forced the gate, nearly—if not quite—murdered the complainant's servants—he saw the men on the ground, a huge fellow running after the boy with a jack-knife, and several men kicking the woman, before he lost his own senses—then knocked down complainant, beat and cut him fearfully, firing several shots into him as he lay on the ground, jumped on him with heavy boots, tied his hands and feet, tore the clothes off his back, took all his money and papers, and would no doubt have finished him outright, but for the arrival of a strong body of the European police-force, who had been drawn to the spot by the disturbance."

The worthy Magistrate said it was a very extraordinary there never seemed to be any lack of policemen after an outrage. He only wished they were as active in preventing rows and assaults, as they were ready to make their appearance in that Court, and talk about them after they were over.

INSPECTOR RUSSELL "hoped the worthy Magistrate didn't mean the police neglected their duty; because if such a statement was published by the reporters with the worthy Magistrate's name to give it weight—"

MR. B. "could only say that he wished the police would *ou* and then try the plan of locking the stable-door before the steed was stolen." —Laughter in Court, which was instantly suppressed by the worthy

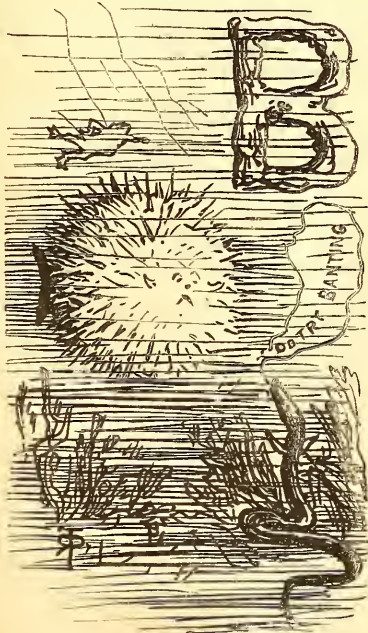
Magistrate: "He would clear the Court if that was repeated. This was a very serious case; a poor man had been brutally ill-treated, robbed, and beaten within an inch of his life—if he ever got over it." Here the complainant became very faint, and was supplied by the Usher with a glass of water, which revived him.

The prisoners, on being called upon for their defence, made a rambling and contradictory statement, to the effect that they had only been acting for their relatives, the real owners of the property, who had been kept out of their rights by the complainant and the owner he claimed under; his legal title was bad. Didn't remember that they had once recognised his title and signed a paper to that effect. (On being shown the paper.) Had no doubt they did; but that was in consideration of promises that hadn't been kept. Always kept their own promises. The prisoner, though he looked small and weakly, was really a very violent, harsh, tyrannical, and bullying person. Prisoners were hard working men, who paid their way, respected other people's rights, and only wished to do as they'd be done by. They had been called in by their relations, who required protection from complainant. They were very fond of their relations—quite a happy family. Their relations were *not* now in possession—quite the reverse. They (prisoners) were, and meant to remain so—in trust for their relations. Their feelings were outraged; they might have used a little more violence than was necessary, but it was all the prisoner's fault. Hoped the Magistrate wouldn't be hard on them. They were willing to own the prisoner's title now, and to make it square with him if they had a chance."

The worthy Magistrate said "he would remand the case for a month, and the prisoners had better try to settle matters with the complainant in the meantime. It was one of the most brutal outrages he ever remembered; and if a satisfactory arrangement were not made, with ample compensation to the complainant for his sufferings and losses, he (the Magistrate) would promise the prisoners the heaviest punishment he was empowered to inflict."

These observations were followed by applause from the bystanders, which was instantly suppressed by the Magistrate. It was stated in the Court that the complainant is a most quiet and inoffensive person, and that he has a daughter very respectably married in this country. We condole with her sincerely on the abominable usage which her father has experienced.

SIR GIOVANNI FALSTAFF.



LESS thee, *Bottom*, bless thee! thou art translated!" —

But whether into High Dutch, Portuguese, French, Feejee, or Italian, *Peter Quince* doth not inform us. Still we really should not wonder if, some evening at the Opera, we be introduced to *Il Dolce Bravo Bottom*. That certainly would scarce sound stranger in our ears than *Sir Giovanni Falstaff*. Imagine plain *Jack Falstaff* being dubbed SIR GIOVANNI! Conceive his being spoke of as *questo grasso Cavaliere!* Fancy hearing him complaining of the scurvy trick played on him by *le Mogli Scherzanti*, and his describing in a recitative how they had half smothered him *nel cesto del bucato*; and then only think of his calling to the tapsters, "*Olà da ver portate — dov' è 'l mio sack?*"

Assuredly "plump *Jack*" is one of the last persons we should have ever dreamed of seeing appear as an Italian, and warbling

a duet. But SHAKSPEARE has been acted everywhere of late, and one can surely no more wonder to find him at Her Majesty's than to see him at the Vic.

As presented at Her Majesty's, the weakest part in *Falstaff* is *Sir John* himself. O that LABLACHE the Great had lived to play the character! What a jollity would he have thrown into the part, and, even without padding, how well he would have looked it! Still *Falstaff* (barring *Falstaff*) is most creditably "executed," as the slang phrase goes, and a special word of praise is due to FRAULEN TIETJENS, who

is the chief executioner. They who have heard her best in tragedy—say as *Norma* or *Lucrezia*—might doubt if she could play one of the sprightly Merry Wives. But let them go and see, and then if they have any eyes they will soon see that she can; and if they have any ears than what *Il Dolce Bravo Bottom* possessed in his translation, they will certainly discover that she can sing her part as sweetly as she sprightly performs it. The other *Moglie Scherzanti* too is really vastly pleasant; and, thanks to good SIGNOR ARDITI, who does not drown the voices to show how fine his band is, the music of *Sir Giovanni* can be heard throughout with pleasure, though *Giovanni, Sir*, in spite of his rotundity, has not such solid stuff in him as *Giovanni, Don*.

INTENSELY SYMBOLICAL.

WE have a friend who is great in mathematics. In fact he is so wrapt up in them that he converses solely in mathematical language. He addresses communications to his cousin, ENSIGN A., of the Fifth, "*n sin 5a.*" He is equally precise in other matters. Finding him one morning deeply immersed in Lunar Theory under the inspiration of the fragrant weed, we asked him how he could possibly read and smoke; to which we received answer, "That he was one of those men who considered that the pipe and cymbals (symbols) harmonised." Speaking to him of the fate of HENRY THE EIGHTH'S wives, he observed, that with regard to ANNE BOLEYN and CATHERINE HOWARD, it was certainly a case of "oblique axes." Since which we have quite despaired of reforming the "excentric Angle."

A Barbarous Name.

BY a letter from St. Petersburg we are informed that —

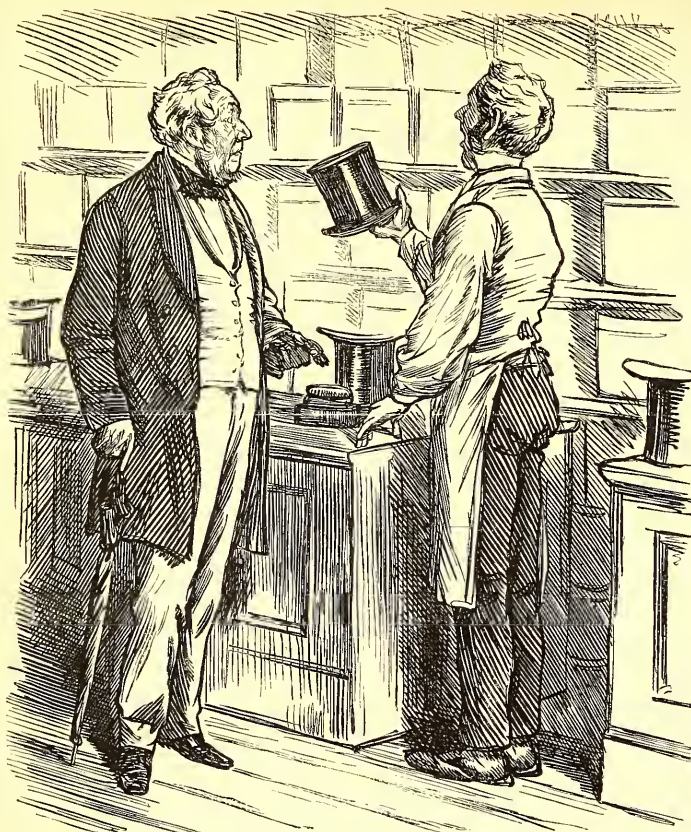
"The GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, brother of the EMPEROR, Lieutenant of his Majesty in the Caucasus, and Commandant of the troops stationed there, will for the future bear the title of Commander-in-Chief (glavnocomandouyoustchy)."

The sound of "glavnocomandouyoustchy" may be laughable, but its sense is no joke. To us "glavnocomandouyoustchy" seems only a hard word, but the unhappy people who are subject to the satrap so denominated probably find his tyranny hard lines.

THE BEST NEWS FOR MANY A DAY.

THE combined flotilla of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and the KING OF PRUSSIA has been defeated.

So have the troops of the KING OF DAHOMEY.



Customer. "A SLIGHT MOURNING HAT-BAND, IF YOU PLEASE."

Hatter. "WHAT RELATION, SIR?"

Customer. "WIFE'S UNCLE."

Hatter. "FAVOURITE UNCLE, SIR?"

Customer. "'UM—WELL, YES."

Hatter. "MAY I ASK, SIR, ARE YOU MENTIONED IN THE WILL?"

Customer. "NO SUCH LUCK."

Hatter (to his Assistant, briskly). "COUPLE O' INCHES, JOHN!"

BRAYVO, BASS!

(A Song for Bass-Voices, but not for Barrel-Organs.)

If I met an Organ-man, wot wouldn't go,
D'ye think I'd wallop him?—No, no, no,
For who knows what the beak who applies the laws
Might be pleased to admit was "reas'nable cause?"

There are beaks with heads so uncommon thick,
They defy you sense into 'em to stick;
And some with skulls so uncommon thin,
They won't hold sense, when it's been got in.

There are beaks who can see no "reason" at all
For stopping an organ's eafterwaul,
Unless there be one in the house so ill,
That the organ's grind is likely to kill.

The grinning rascals who organs grind,
More sympathy oft from such beaks will find,
Than the scholar whose brain o'er his volumes reels,
Or a BABBAGE abstracted among his wheels,

Or the artist whose fancy, on wings of wind,
Flees from the demd perpetual grind,
Or the weary watcher whose hard-earned rest
Is snatched as he can—not as likes him best.

But BASS proposes to ask the law,
Definition of "reas'nable cause" to draw;
And as law will be law, though the beak be an ass,
Mister Punch his cry is "Brayvo, BASS!"

Not BASS's bitterest barrel of beer,
Is bitter as are these barrels I hear.
E'en good music on them drives me mad . . .
Then think what it is when the music's bad!

A barrel-organ 'mongst those that brew
Is BASS from China unto Peru;
But a barrel-organ the throat that cheers,
Not a barrel-organ that racks the ears.

When BASS's Bill into law is past,
The organ-grinder has ground his last;
And my days untortured shall quiet pass
In a constant blessing on MR. BASS.

And when MR. BASS after ailing long,
Is received the blessed brewers among . . .
I'll his epitaph write, "MR. BASS lies here,
Who brought organ-pests to their bitter bier!"

A SCENE OF HIGH COMEDY.

LAST week a deputation waited upon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in order to call him to account for his real or supposed share in causing the departure of GARIBALDI at an earlier date than was pleasing to divers persons who had intended to hook themselves on to the Italian Liberator during the progress he had originally designed to make through the provinces. The deputation consisted of persons whose names are nearly all unknown to *Mr. Punch* and to the public, but MR. GLADSTONE received his visitors with the most preternatural affability, and the following is a slightly condensed report of the interview:—

A MR. BEALES. We thought that you wanted to see us.

MR. GLADSTONE. Well, no, that is not it. But you may ask me any questions you like, and I may mention that I have read a speech by one of you, called SHAEN, which contains statements that are untrue.

MR. BEALES. He says they are not.

MR. GLADSTONE. Really. But as nobody but GARIBALDI and myself were present at the interview MR. SHAEN pretends to describe, I don't know how he means to support his allegations.

A MR. SHAEN (of the Irish persuasion) then made a statement.

MR. GLADSTONE explained what had really occurred, and declared the rest of the story to be "absolute invention." He, on the part of eight gentlemen, had told GARIBALDI that he had undertaken what would be perilous to his health.

MR. SHAEN believed that the General believed that pressure had been put upon him.

MR. GLADSTONE had told GARIBALDI that fables were abroad, and therefore had made an explanation in the House of Commons.

MR. SHAEN said that people were under an impression.

MR. GLADSTONE. People should not get under impressions. There

was such a thing as being too clever and outwitting oneself. LORD ABERDEEN used to say, that he had a habit of believing people, and it was a very good habit. He, MR. GLADSTONE, detested an atmosphere of suspicion.

A MR. ODGERS. The working class are not satisfied. They had nothing to do with his keeping bad hours, as they always wanted to see him between six and nine in the morning.

MR. GLADSTONE. Why couldn't you leave him to rest in bed?

MR. ODGERS. He said he was well enough.

MR. GLADSTONE. I can't go into the question of his health, but there is DR. FERGUSON'S letter.

A MR. BAXTER LANGLEY. Being in the Medical Profession myself, I consider that letter unprofessional.

MR. GLADSTONE. Dear me, are you, and do you? But I really cannot go into that subject.

MR. BEALES. The excitement was pleasureable.

MR. GLADSTONE. Do you think so?

MR. BAXTER LANGLEY. The people think that you have been made a fool of.

MR. GLADSTONE. Really. Well, now, I think GARIBALDI did right to forego the tour. No man, not even LORD PALMERSTON, could have gone through the proposed work.

MR. SHAEN. LORD SHAFTESBURY was told by GARIBALDI that he hoped it was not expected that he should tell a lie.

MR. GLADSTONE. I know nothing about that.

MR. BAXTER LANGLEY. The QUEEN'S name has been mixed up in the matter, and reports are about tending to diminish the popularity of the PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

MR. GLADSTONE. People might be considerate enough to remember that the Prince and Princess are not so happy as I am, and cannot meet estimable deputations and defend themselves.

MR. BEALES. Well, on the whole, we think that you have been explicit.

MR. GLADSTONE. I am rejoiced to hear you say so. I am exceedingly happy to hear you say so. It will be the pride and joy of my heart to recollect that you have said so. If my friend the ATTORNEY-GENERAL were here, I would ask him to lend me his hymn book that I might sing a little hymn of rejoicing to hear you say so. Going? Must you go? Well, if you must. (*Rings.*) Door, SNUMPS. Good bye—Nay, I must shake hands with all of you—you, and you, SHAEN, and you, LANGLEY (never mind pulling your glove off), and you, BODGERS,—

ODGERS.—ODGERS.

MR. GLADSTONE. I beg your pardon, ODGERS—I know it rhymed to codgers—good bye—mind the stairs. You don't know how happy you have made me.

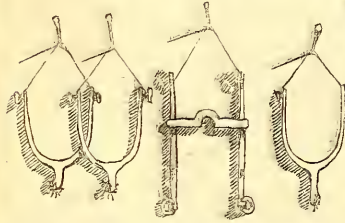
[*Exeunt the Deputation.*]

MR. GLADSTONE (*solus*). Well, if there were a secret, I think one might almost manage to be a gentleman and keep it, at the risk of losing the good opinion of that sort of people. *Populus me sibilat*, and so forth. Are they gone, SNUMPS?

SNUMPS. Yes, Sir. The Irishman wanted to make a speech to BLOBBS, the hall-porter, but BLOBBS didn't seem to understand, and said he had nothing for him!

MR. GLADSTONE. Ha! ha! Open the windows, SNUMPS, and give me that volume of PLATO—thanks.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.



SHOULD we not touch upon Equestrian dialogues, having done with Pedestrians?

The Horse presents at once a subject for remark, and removes all difficulty in opening a street conversation. Whether you understand a horse's points, or not, is of no consequence. A. is on horseback, and B. is on foot. If both were pedestrians they would

be at a loss for a topic, merely repeating some few of the inanities, which have been, in these papers, so often reprobated. As it is, B. is the first to speak, and either placing his hand on the horse's mane, if near enough to the kerb, or critically examining his hoofs, he says,

"That's a nice animal you've got there."

B. calls him an animal, as if uncertain whether it is a cow, a pig, or a buffalo that his friend is bestriding.

"Yes," replies A., slightly stooping forward, and patting the horse; "he's not bad."

"A very nice nag," says B., who will not commit himself to particularising, by calling it a mare, or a horse. He would probably like to venture upon saying something about a cob or a filly; but as names of this sort are likely to lead the user of them into the difficulties of an unknown country, he adopts the safer course of generalising.

"Have you had it any time?" he inquires. Observe that B. does not venture upon saying Him or Her. Of course it is perfectly immaterial to him whether the horse has belonged to A. for one, seven, fourteen, twenty-one, or any other term of years.

"Yes," says A. vaguely, being quite aware that whatever information he may give is a matter of not the slightest interest to his interrogator; "I've had him some time." He then adds in an off-hand manner,

"He suits me very well."

This is to give B. to understand that his opinion, whatever it may be, will have not the slightest weight with A., and therefore B. need not trouble himself to form one.

"Yes," returns B., "he looks a good, useful,—er—sort of—er—"

B. has some difficulty in finishing the sentence: he doesn't like the sound of "horse." Mare, from his friend's conversation, is evidently not the word; and it sounds insulting to call him a beast.

So, after a few seconds of er—er—erring, during which he eyes the hind quarters, he happily hits upon a way out of his muddle.

"Yes," says he, making a sort of corrected copy of his speech, "a very useful sort of creature."

"I only hack him," observes A.

"Ah!" returns B., as if this was exactly what he had expected.

"You don't ride much yourself, eh?" asks A., feeling that it is his turn to start afresh.

Mark what an absurd form of question this is. B. either rides or he does not. If he rides, he rides, himself; whether much or little is not to the purpose. It is himself who rides, when he does ride.

"No, not much now," answers B.

By this B. would imply, that, at one time, he used to keep six horses at least, and ride every day and all day.

"Going into the Park?" asks B.

"Yes, I think so," answers A., hereby implying that his friend can't suggest any better destination for an equestrian.

"Well," says B., "Good bye."

The horseman only nods a farewell, and so they part company.

The above dialogue, translated for general use, will run as follows, and should be learnt by all Equepedestrian Conversationalists:—

B. I see you are on horseback and I'm afoot; but you're not a bit the better for all that. I speak to you because I rather like to be seen talking to a man showily mounted.

A. I permit you to stop and talk to me, because I feel some sort of pity for your situation on the pavement.

B. I don't know anything about a horse, but it's not worth while abusing it, so I may as well say it's a nice animal.

A. My dear B., I don't care a rap for your opinion one way or the other, but, as you say it is a nice animal, I do not mind informing you that you are right.

B. I should like to find fault with him if I could, and, I've no doubt but that a horsedealer would tell you the brute isn't worth sixpence; yet, as it in no way concerns me, I repeat that it seems a very useful sort of creature.

A. Yes, and you would be very glad to have such an one yourself. I don't think you can ride, I'm pretty sure you can't afford to keep, or hire, but I'll just flatter you, my poor fellow, by asking you if you ride much yourself? I'll stop for your answer merely out of indolent politeness, only I hope you will give it as quickly as possible, because I've really had quite enough of you.

B. You're not acquainted with my means, and for aught you know, I can ride as often as I like; however, as you have never, to my knowledge, seen me when mounted, it will be as well to answer that I don't ride much now. As an impertinent fellow like you, may ask certain other needless, but uncomfortable, questions, I will suggest your pursuing your road immediately, by asking if you're going into the Park.

A. I am, because that's what I came out for; but I shall not say so for certain to you, or else you'll make a point of following and nodding to me in Rotten Row, or waylaying me at the corner of the Drive. Ta-ta my poor B., I am for an Equestrian Swagger among Equestrian Fellow-Swaggerers; for aught I care, while I wave my hand and smile cheerily upon you, you may go to the blank. Ta-ta.

MY Mission is accomplished. Henceforth I will be silent; oyster-wise. Dumb until, that is in good Latinity, dumb, *dum* the voice of necessity evokes again the Social Prophet and Reprover.

Farewell, my Pedestrians of Piccadilly. Remember my lessons, short and easy. Give to every man, as his due, such answer as befiteth his question.

Farewell my Equestrians!

Forget not, my Riders, my propositions. Ye mounted ones in Hyde Park, know that Society is Rotten at the Roe.

Farewell!

The voice of the Peripatetic dieth away.

His heart is full: so, soon shall his mouth be.

Lo! he dineth.

Peace to his Hashes. *Tace!*

THE LUCK OF MR. SPURGEON.

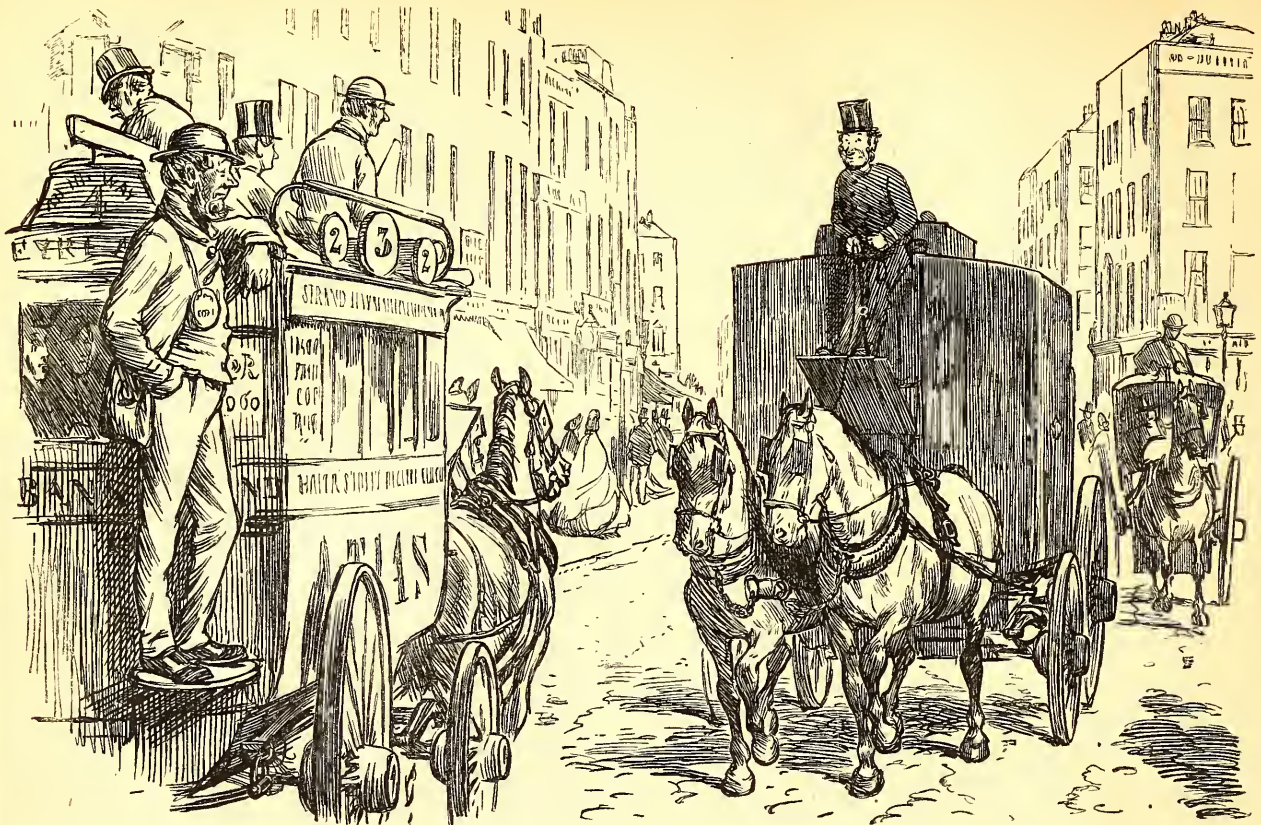
UNDER the heading of "A Valuable Dead Letter," a newspaper paragraph, the other day, related a good story about MR. SPURGEON, to the effect following. MR. SPURGEON, like a sensible man, is in the habit of declining to take in letters which are not prepaid. One amongst the epistles rejected by the reverend gentleman having been opened at the Dead Letter Office, was remitted to him with a statement that, being anonymous, it could not be returned to the sender, and that it contained something valuable. On this hint, SPURGEON accepted the letter on the usual terms. It enclosed a £20 note. He will probably take care in future how he turns away any note from his door, and at any rate we shall ever observe that caution. Now, here is a chance for any person really gifted with clairvoyance. Whosoever can engage to tell, by that faculty, whether an unopened letter contains a banknote, may be assured of lucrative employment at 85, Fleet Street. The clairvoyant shall receive half the amount of every note so discerned in any unstamped envelope that may be sent to *Punch*.

Court Fashions.

Head-Dress.—With a view to making this present season one of unusual brilliancy, ladies should adopt the style of head-dress recently worn at Her Majesty's Concert by H.R.H. the Duchess of Meddlinburg-Seidlitz, which was composed entirely of Jets. Arrangements for the use of this novel ornament can be entered into with any Gas Company.

ROYAL OFFENDERS.—THE KING OF PRUSSIA and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA have had a month given them. We wish it was six months.

THE ANCIENTS OUTDONE.—Talk of Dædalus and Icarus! A man made wings to his house, and had a fly in it!



FRIGHTFUL LEVITY.

Bus-Driver. "HULLO, GOV'NOUR; GOT ANY ROOM?"

Policeman, Driving Van (with great want of Self-respect). "JUST ROOM FOR ONE; SAVED A PLACE A PURPOSE FOR YOU, SIR."

Bus-Driver. "WHAT'S YER FARE?"

Policeman. "BREAD AND WATER, SAME AS YOU HAD AFORE!"

THE DEFRAUDED OF DELHI.

DELHI will have fallen seven years ago come next July. Will the captors of Delhi have been by that time paid the prize-money which is due to some 3,000 of them? As yet they have received only the first instalment of it, and nothing whatever subsequently to the payment of that, one year and eight months since. The interval has been occupied by the Government with an inquiry into what it calls "contingent claims." So much is stated by one of those who, on this pretence, have been kept out of their money. According to this complainant, who writes to the *Times* under the signature of "THE FATHER OF ONE WHO FELL," the soldiers, whose valour is rewarded by protracted delay in rendering them their portion of its fruits, are getting impatient of the treatment which they thus experience at the hands of the nonsolvent authorities. He says that "More than one regiment has threatened that, if called out for active service, they would protest against going till its claim was satisfied." The Government perhaps thinks it a good joke to recompense the troops who quelled a mutiny by driving them to the verge of mutiny themselves. The following extract from the letter above-quoted will show how the Delhi prize-money is paid, when any of it is paid at all:—

"On behalf of a son who fell in the July of the siege I, last year received £8 12s. at Chelsea College, but before I could do so had to walk eight journeys of seven miles each. Two policemen were stationed at the door, and every man who could offer them a small bribe was first admitted, while those who had no cash to spare were obliged to wait."

To give a man the trouble of going seven miles eight times to get £8 12s. is to do what is calculated to discourage him from continuing to go for the money. If this persevering person had not persevered, had stopped at the seventh journey, and, instead of going the eighth, had given up his demand as a bad job, he would have done that which those who gave him all that trouble apparently wished to make him do. He was fubbed off and fubbed off, like *Dame Quickly* by *Falstaff*, and, for all that is visible, with equal honesty. It is inconceivable how the

redtapism, "contingent claims," can be any other than a shuffling excuse. If contingent claims did not prevent a first instalment of the Delhi Prize Money from being paid, in what way do they prevent the payment of another, or the whole? Why is the money to be paid at long intervals, as a dividend is declared out of a bankrupt's estate? Does Downing Street do business after the manner of Basinghall Street? If Downing Street is not the quarter infamous for not paying the soldiers, what is that which is? Is it Whitehall, or do Whitehall and Downing Street divide the infamy? Base are the knaves who do not pay what they owe, and why are the rogues who retain the money they are bound to administer like a musical instrument? Because they are double-base. And who are they who retain the Delhi Prize Money? Some gentleman in the House of Commons will perhaps ask the SECRETARY FOR INDIA. Let the accountable parties be immediately called to account, and not suffered to get off by pretending that they are bad hands at accounts, and have not chalk heads sufficient to settle "contingent claims."

Sporting Intelligence.

Starters for the Derby.—There will be a great number of Starters this year, chiefly from the Metropolis, weather permitting, and we hope they'll get down to Epsom safely.

(By Electric Telegraph.)

There will be only One Starter for the Derby. MR. —, we forget the name, but he carries a flag. He will not start Himself.

Court Mourning.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY, who had set out upon a murdering and plundering expedition into the country of an offending neighbour, has been defeated, and one thousand of his soldiers have been killed, and many wounded. The Courts of Berlin and Vienna have, in consequence, gone into mourning, out of compliment to their royal brother.

DRAWN FROM THE BANK.

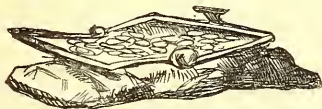
THE City article of the *Times* is to be illustrated in future by lively woodcuts, appropriate to the several items of intelligence.

Some forcible representations have been made for this purpose by eminent merchants who desire to impart a genial interest to the mass of figures now so painfully correct and stiff, and which, in their department, really ought to be allowed a little play. This hieroglyphic news will be more read than the present prosy sentences, and while one glance at the sketches will suffice for the busy merchant, continual amusement will be afforded by them to his junior clerks.

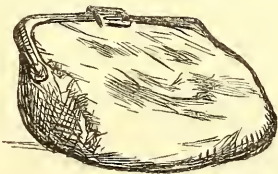
A specimen of this improved money column, with the meaning of each sketch, will show at once how pleasant it will be to look at the Illustrated Article.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The Bourse opened flat,



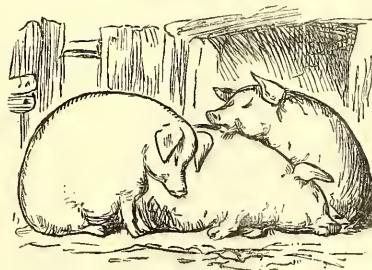
But assumed a more lively appearance after business hours.



Leather Market.—Hides active, but with a downward tendency.



Iron Market.—Pigs dull.



Cotton Market.—Stripes tending upwards. Grey shirtings still unchanged. Soap, no

demand. Tallow, yielding. Lard, lively. Paper, no news. Rags, scarcely covering remittance for rents. Chaff, no end of.



Foreign Stocks.—A shade higher, and gold advanced.

Confederate Bonds.—Those still on hand are not so tight as formerly.

Among the new companies lately formed (which will soon be enough for an administrative battalion) is the "Butcher's Beefsteak Association (Limited)." This is a joint-stock concern.



NEWS FROM SYDENHAM.

GODFATHER to the Crystal Palace, and having in that capacity carefully tended it from the erection of the first iron to the end of the last concert, and being moreover on the whole tolerably well satisfied with his god-child, *Mr. Punch* has received, not without emotion, a circular upon one subject which has always given him pain.

There is no doubt that the Refreshment Department at the Palace has been the Blot on the Transparent Escutcheon. No civilised person ever thinks of dining there. Yet it would be the pleasantest place near London for the great business of life, could that business be performed with befitting rites. How delightful it were, to the husband whose occupation keeps him in town during the day, to appoint a meeting at seven, at the Rosery, with her whom he has sworn not only to cherish but to nourish, and with whom, sweetly smiling at his punctuality, he might proceed to the brilliant saloon, or the quiet cabinet, feast, tastefully, yet not extravagantly, and then, emerging into SIR JOSEPH'S lovely gardens, send up the only cloud that should come over the happiness of good-tempered persons in easy circumstances. How pleasant for the father of a couple or a leash of bright-eyed daughters—for the manly and kindly-bantering son of an attached mother—for the attentive nephew of two not unendowed and non-evangelical aunts—for the lover of a graceful maiden and (for the time) of her placid Mamma—to finish a charming promenade in that Palace with either a merry, calm, or sentimental repast, according to idiosyncrasy. But hitherto the thing has been impossible.

Not, *Mr. Punch* repeats, without emotion, has he received a touching Circular or Communication, stating that a new era has commenced. Two new Men appear upon the scene. He knows nothing, literally nothing of them, but their names are of good omen. One is called BERTRAM, a name dear to the admirers of *Robert le Diable*, and the other is called, not *Robert*, but ROBERTS, a name that hath been borne by many good men, and by no bad men that we remember. Let us overhaul their manifesto.

They promise Important Improvements. *Mr. Punch* assures them that the field is almost unlimited.

New Dining Saloons, adapted for from four to thirty people. Thirty be hanged, but a room for four will hold *Mr.* and *Mrs. Punch*, and he often wants a room that will hold eight, and never sits down with more.

ROBERTS is, personally, to superintend the *cuisine*. We like the word "personally." It would be pleasant to us to know that he had

kicked a cook, *pour encourager les autres*. Let him be stern, and never make an excuse for a cook under any circumstances whatever, except the non-punctuality of guests, whom, under such circumstances, we hereby authorise him to insult, blaudly. A cook is the slave of Time, and owes his chief allegiance there. In any other case of complaint, let the cook's second offence be his last.

The Tariff will be arranged with Moderation. All very well, but cheapness is dearness if nastiness be present. Charge reasonably for good viands. We do not want a slap-bag on Sydenham Hill, neither do we want to pay as at Richmond, where a season hath three mouths only. We will dine with you all the year round if you will make it worth our while.

"The Wines have been selected from the best cellars." We shall take the liberty of testing this statement before we offer a remark, beyond saying that we have drunk,—at least tasted—wine—at least fluid—whereof we can only say that we have no doubt that it was selected from the best cellars, to be got rid of, as we select weeds from gardens.

"ALLSOPP'S Pale Ale. BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Porter." These be good words; *pace* MR. BANTING.

"The Refreshment Counters will present an increased display of light refreshments." Well, an improvement on dry sandwiches and stale sponge cakes is conceivable. "There will be greater quickness of attendance." Hitherto, so far as *Mr. Punch* has observed, the waiters either quarrel frightfully, or converse confidentially, and in neither case is the public a gainer. "The Tea and Coffee will be of the highest character." We never tried the tea, but, urged by unwise women, have three or four times ordered what was called coffee, and though it might be good enough for ladies at the Crystal Palace, no high-minded gentleman at penal servitude would praise it. *Mr. Littimer* would have said that it did him good to be tried with the coffee of affliction, and *Mr. Uriah Heep* would have said that it was 'umble stuff and we ought to be 'umble. When one thinks of the coffee in Paris—*Bôn!*

Well, *Punch* is true to his god-child, and gladly gives it this one more chance in regard to Refreshments. It is the most important question connected with the well-doing of the Palace. Make the CRYSTAL DINNER a London feature. We shall be down, *incog.* one of these fine days, and our report of the proceedings shall be as frank and outspoken as has been our welcome of the promise. Shall we not take our ease in our Crystal?

PUNCH.



Cousin Floracc. "WELL, TOMMY, AND SO YOU LIKE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND PHILIP, DO YOU; AND HOW OLD DO YOU THINK HE IS?"

Tommy. "WELL, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW; BUT I SHOULD THINK HE WAS RATHER OLD, FOR HE BLOWS HIS OWN NOSE!"

THE RECRUITING SURGEON.

WE are not as yet at war, so that there is no extraordinary number of legs and arms in the Army requiring amputation, nor do any bullets need to be extracted from the bodies of any British soldiers, except those engaged in fighting the Maories, not to mention the blackamoors of Ashantee, who fight shy. What is there, then, to account for this advertisement, which has appeared in the *Times*?—

ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, 6, WHITEHALL YARD, 22nd April, 1864.

ACTING ASSISTANT-SURGEONS being REQUIRED, for temporary service with the Army in the United Kingdom, gentlemen duly registered to practise medicine and surgery under the Medical Act of 1858, and desirous of obtaining such appointments, may apply immediately to the Director-General for the printed form required to be filled up by every Candidate previous to employment. They will receive pay at the rate of 10s. a-day, and allowances equal to those of a Staff Assistant-Surgeon. Gentlemen are not eligible for these appointments whose age exceeds forty years.

J. B. GIBSON, M.D., Director-General.

Whence the pressing demand for Army Surgeons, manifested by the foregoing notice? Simply, from the revocation, at Head Quarters, of the Royal Warrant of 1858, which assured Surgeons in the Army of suitable relative rank, proper precedence, and the social position due to gentlemen. The faith thus pledged was coolly broken by certain orders called the *Queen's Regulations*, issued in 1859, which rescinded the QUEEN'S WARRANT of 1858 with a dishonesty most derogatory to HER MAJESTY'S name, audaciously connected with them. These new arrangements, dictated at the instance of the so-called "combatant" officers, provided that the medical officers should rank as civilians, and be treated as snobs. The consequence is what has necessitated the above advertisement. There is a surgeon-famine in the Army. Men of education refuse an office which subordinates them to a lad who is possibly a contemptible puppy. Service in the Army, instead of being sought through the ordeal of a competitive examination by spirited young Surgeons, has to be importunately tendered to practitioners of the mature age of forty. Their practice must be very unprofitable if they can gain anything by exchanging it for temporary employment in the Army.

COURTSHIP A' LA MODE.

Lover and rich Mistress walking in garden.

Lover (log.) My lady's cheeks are like the rose
Aside. (The yellow rose, I mean);
My lady's eyes are, like the sloes
Aside. (When they are *very green*);
My lady's lips are like the cherry
Aside. (The *white* ones—not the red);
My lady is a diamond
Aside. (Ay—*diamond black lead*).
My lady's teeth are sets of pearls
Aside. (But then they're not her own);
My lady is a rich ripe peach
Aside. (Because her heart's a stone);
My lady is a spring bouquet
Aside. (When it is *very old*);
My lady is the queen of flowers
Aside. (She is my *Mari-Gold*).

"ASKING FOR MORE."

THE poor Custom House officials are clamouring for more pay, and no wonder, when their salaries have remained unimproved for twenty years. *Mr. Punch* feels that the time has come when we should mend our *Customs*, our *Manners* having advanced with the age. The Custom House clerks ask to be put on a footing with their brethren of the Inland Revenue, and why should they not? It is by no means the custom of *Mr. Punch* to underpay any of his *Civil Servants* who do their work well, and he hopes the Government will listen to the unanimous and forcible petitions which have been presented in shoals to Parliament, and that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will loosen the strings of the public purse, and enable the deserving and hardworking Customs' officials to live in a decent and respectable way. Those collecting twenty-four millions of money must feel the tortures of Tantalus, when they see "Money, money, everywhere, but almost none for them;" whilst their more fortunate *confères* in the squandering departments of the Civil Service receive respectable salaries.

When the gallant combatant officer, who insists that his Surgeon shall be a snob, comes to have his leg removed, or a bullet extracted from his hip-joint, he will perhaps lament that the operation has to be performed by an operator for whom DR. GIBSON, the Director-General, was reduced to advertise, in his capacity of Recruiting Medical Officer.

COLONEL NORTH, in a late debate on the Estimates, stated that there were two hundred vacancies for Army Surgeons the other day, and that only six candidates presented themselves for examination. If war ensue, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in action, should unfortunately receive any injury needing surgical aid, it is to be hoped that the Surgeon who shall render that aid to his ROYAL HIGHNESS will be one of those six. In the meanwhile, perhaps, the restitution of the Royal Warrant of 1858 will relieve DR. GIBSON of the necessity of touting for surgeons to job the Army.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 19. *Thursday*. It seems hardly worth mentioning, but a form is a form, as the boy said when he knocked his shins against one, and the Berkleian usher said it was no matter. The Commons re-assembled after the Whitsuntide holidays, and then did a much more sensible thing—they adjourned almost immediately.

Friday. Again the Commons met, and LORD PALMERSTON appeared among them after his illness, and was received with all acclamation. Some talk on foreign politics elicited the facts that the Government do not intend to interfere in China—unless it seems expedient so to do—and that the very objectionable Ashantee war is to be concluded. This latter news is satisfactory.

For the Use of Schools.

(By a Cockney.)

WHY should not DR. WATTS' POEMS be read by youth?
 Because they contain *Hymn-morality*.



OUR FRIEND, BOB SNYFFLETON, GOES IN FOR BEING A GREAT SWELL. HE HAS BEEN WALKING WITH THIS COUNTRY COUSIN, AND TAKING HIM IN "TO RIGHTS," BOWING TO EVERY WELL-APPOINTED CARRIAGE, AND DROPPING PLAIN CARDS AT THE BIGGEST HOUSES IN MAY-FAIR AND BELGRAVIA.

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE PAPAL BRIGANDS.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, the other day, gave utterance to some very fine sentiments touching the atrocities committed by order of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA on the insurgent Poles. The subjoined statement, however, in a letter from the *Times*' Correspondent at Naples, would seem to show that the Holy Father shines much less brightly in practice than he does in preaching with regard to nationalities asserting their independence:—

"It is a very speaking comment on the evil influence which Rome exercises in this province, that brigandage is now confined almost exclusively to the Basilicata and Terra di Lavoro, which latter district borders on the Papal States. Here fresh bands are reported continually, while in the Basilicata, under the direction of GENERAL PALLAVICINI, they are exterminated."

Torture and murder, to say nothing of cannibalism, as practised by ST. CIPRIANO DI GALA and his companions in bonds under sentence of martyrdom, appear to be, in the estimation of his Holiness, one thing when perpetrated in the service of the schismatic CZAR, and another when performed in that of the faithful EX-KING OF NAPLES. However, be that as it may, the POPE's privileged robbers are not so much more brutal than savage beasts as to be incapable of being mollified by the charms of music. So, at least, it appears from the sequel of the foregoing statement:—

"A curious story is told of the capture of a tenor named GUGLIELMI, when on his road to Potenza, to sing in the theatre of that city during the Carnival. Full of apprehension, he resolved on trying the effect of his voice, and sang a romanza of VERDI. The band were delighted, treated him with great attention, and made him rich presents; but it was not till after a captivity of two months that he obtained his liberty, and then his hair was white, although he was only twenty-five years of age."

Here is a safe plot for an Opera. All the regular elements of a popular lyrical drama are present. You have an adventure among brigands, the hero of which is himself a singer. He mollifies the ruffians into whose hands he has fallen by the charms of song. The action takes place amid Italian scenery. A dance of the bandits with their female associates absolutely introduces itself. So does a drinking

chorus with a burden of tric-trac, or snick-snack, or something equally sensible, and a peasant girl's ballad, with as wise a refrain of tra lira la. A vesper hymn, illustrative of the piety of the papal freebooters, is equally a matter of course. The author of the *libretto* will only have to provide the hero with a heroine, whom he ultimately marries, his whitened hair having been completely restored to its previous colour by ROWLANDS' "Incomparable Macassar." The Opera might be entitled *The Tenor among Thieves*, and, out of compliment to the patron of MESSRS. LA GALA & Co., it should be dedicated to the POPE.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

REMARKING on the PRINCE OF WALES's graceful address at the Literary Fund dinner, a daily contemporary says—

"A dedication to some illustrious personage will no longer sell a dull volume; and the compliments of My Lord or his Grace would be wholly inefficacious to induce MESSRS. LONGMAN OR BRADBURY AND EVANS to become the publishers of a work which had not its own merits to recommend it."

We are not in possession of authority to make any statement on behalf of MESSRS. LONGMAN, but we are sure that in all transactions they would be guided by their accustomed good judgment. But *Mr. Punch* may possibly have had some slight glimpses into the minds of the gentlemen last mentioned, and may be justified in saying that "compliments" is a word of elastic meaning, and that if that word accompanied a manuscript transmitted to those parties by a real nobleman, they would not think of insulting the aristocracy by limiting the significance of the syllables. They would be held to mean that his Grace guaranteed the entire expenses of the work, and a sale to himself, if not to the public, of at least 50,000 copies. If a work were entirely unobjectionable, therefore, the "compliments" of a nobleman would certainly procure its publication in Whitefriars, and *Mr. Punch* may mention this, on the part of his friends, as a modest aristocracy may at present be debarred from publishing much which would appear were the exact cost ascertainable.



"YES, THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR IT; THERE WAS ADOLPHUS MUFFYNS, OF THE EXTERNAL AMALGAMATION OFFICE, ON THE OUTSIDE OF A HORNSEY 'BUSS, IN A LOCK ON LUDGATE HILL, JUST OVER MRS. SWELLINGTON'S BAROUCHE."—(Extract from an unpublished MS.)

PLAY IN PUBLIC OFFICES.

THE attention of the Ministry is hereby directed to the expediency of immediately supplying the Government offices with billiard-tables. A painful shock has been inflicted on the feelings of all who sympathise with the right sort of people, by LORD DE GREY'S dismissal and degradation of the clerks in the Accountant-General's Office for playing at chicken-hazard during office-hours.

LORD DE GREY, however, can hardly be much blamed for this act of severity. It was almost if not quite necessary, for doubtless the gambling in the Accountant-General's Office would have come to the knowledge of the Opposition, and then, unless the parties implicated in it had important Conservative connections, the EARL OF DERBY in the House of Lords, and MR. DISRAELI in the House of Commons, would of course have made a fuss about it in order to damage the Government.

It must be admitted that chicken-hazard, blind-hokey, and pitch-and-toss are not exactly fit kind of games to amuse the leisure of gentlemen in public offices. But that leisure is very abundant. In the Accountant-General's Office, for instance, they have nothing more to do than to examine slightly voluminous accounts from all parts of the world relative to stores, pay, and allowances of all kinds; to check, arithmetically, the expenditure of the fifteen millions which the country has to pay for its military establishments.

Therefore, it is a mere vulgar error to suppose that the business of the nation is neglected by Government clerks when they amuse themselves with games of chance. Nobody but a Snob suspects that the delay in settling "contingent accounts," and distributing the Delhi Prize-money, can have arisen from any such cause as chicken-hazard. The hours between ten and four must necessarily be most of them vacant hours, unless employed somehow otherwise than in official labour. It is not every clerk who has the inclination or the ability to devote those vacant hours either to the study or the augmentation of his country's literature, or to any other profitable pursuit. The nails of clerks employed under Government do not grow so fast that those gentlemen can find a constant resource in paring them. So, to keep idle hands out of that mischief which, according to DR. WATTS, the Persouage who is now at the KING OF PRUSSIA'S elbow ever finds for them to do, the Government has no choice but to furnish its officials with the means of innocent recreation, such as billiards, except the option of providing them with work instead of play.

MAY GROANS.

(From a Sensitive Londoner, with a tendency to Dyspepsia, and a hatred of Conventionalism, Poetry, and other Humbug.)

Oh, May is here! Yes—May is here—
It's called "sweet spring-time of the year"—
And asses one knows are going about,
Remarking "the chestnuts at Bushy are ont"—
If they had their own way, I haven't a doubt
They'd see London somethinged before they'd blow
To serve the Cockney snobs for a show.
I can't say I've known much that was sweet
In the Mays I've passed in our "quiet street."
It's either been sultry and stifling without steaming—
(Oh, Lord! there's that baby next door screaming)—
Thermometer eighty in the shade—
Such weather may suit the baking trade—
With the flags red-hot to one's wretched soles,
And one's butter melting without hot rolls;
And one's meat getting high as one's spirits get low—
And even one's "sky-blue" on the go—
That's what most idiots mean when they say,
"I call this a most delightful May!"

I admit 'tisn't often one has to complain
Of the want of cold, and wind, and rain;
For most of our merry months of May
Are wretched in just the other way.
Frost at nights, with hot sun and east wind by day—
A nice state of things for people like me,
To whom an east wind is misery!
I certainly do remember Mays
That were wretched in very various ways;
But a May that answers the poet's description,
As far as I know, is absolute fiction.
Besides, leaving weather out of the question,
And all its effects on health and digestion—
Supposing rheumatism not to exist,
And lumbago not there with its twinge and twist,
And bile and bronchitis, and cold and catarrh,
'Mong the things that *were*, not the things that *are*—
I ask you what are the joys of May,
As known to London, at this time o' day?

Is't in the May Meetings at Exeter Hall,
Where fanatics snuffle, and brag, and bawl,
And strait-laced Christians pitch into each other,
About some humbugging scheme or another?
Or, leaving saints, and turning to sinners,
Is the joy of the month in its public dinners?
With their poisonous wine and their horrible dishes,
Their dish-water soups and their flabby fishes,
Stale *entrées*, and roasts half cold, half raw,
And pastry that should be forbidden by law,
Their forced subscriptions,—licensed robbery,
Their long-winded speeches,—organised snobbery,
Their puffy toast-masters, oniouy waiters—
Exasperating exasperators,
The steam and the smell, and the hurry and heat,
The stuff you must hear, and the stuff you must eat!
It may well be the "merry month of May"
With a public dinner every day!

Or is it because the London Season
This month attains its height of unreason . . .
Its balls, where there's no room for dancing,
Its Rotten Row, too crowded for prancing—
Its routs where your best luck's to stick in the door;
Its Operas and Concerts, where music's a bore;
Its Derby drags, with their cargoes dreary
Of dupes and demireps, brazen and beery;
Its stuck-up dinners, that set you gaping,
Where every snob his betters is apug;
As if *à la Russe* could excuse or explain
Green-grocers and gooseberry champagne,
Or the sin of bad dishes, at uduue hours,
Were the less for being disguised in flowers.
For which of all these pleasures, say,
Must I hail the "merry month of May?"

Perhaps in the country there *may* be Mays
With a better right to the poet's praise:
But what to me are the birds elsewhere,
Who hear the organs in street and square:

Whose flowers in the coster's basket grow,
And are offered in barter for "any old clo'";—
Whose laburnums and lilaes must fight to the death
'Gainst the granite-dust and the millions' breath:
Whose May-day garlands are those one meets
Hawked for pence through the reeking streets;
Whose May-day blossoms, if ever seen,
Are the paper ones tacked to a Jack-in-the-Green?

No, no! of all the humbugs I know—
And they're pretty abundant as times go—
The greatest humbug, I beg to say,
Is the humbug 'bout "merry" months of May!

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



MY DEAR PUNCH,—
IF managers run pieces only while they draw, and if the merits of a play have anything to do with its attractiveness to playgoers, I doubt if the two Comedies which have lately been produced will be found to hold the stage for many hundred nights. It charmed me as a playgoer to hear that two new pieces were about to be made visible; but the gloss went off the charm when I learned that they were both of them adapted from the French, and moreover were adapted both from the same play. I had smacked my lips beforehand

to think what doubled relish I should have for the two novelties; but alackaday! the *entrées* were stale and *réchauffées*, and there was the same flavour at the bottom of them both. Of the one served at the Haymarket, *Punch* hath already spoken, and with justice, in dispraise; and I need but add a word to hint that DAVID GARRICK, even if he did get tipsy, was too much of a gentleman to stumble against ladies and tumble on their laps. Of the piece at the St. James's—which is less obnoxious in some sense than the other, as the name of a great actor is not taken in vain in it—I cannot say I think the reputation of its author is advantaged much by having this "new" Comedy of his dragged out of the obscurity where it has been hidden for some half-a-score of years. As a critic who writes anything that is not complimentary, will soon be as rare a creature as a Dodo or a Phenix, I beg to prove that such an animal is not yet quite extinct, by quoting what the *Morning Advertiser* says—and very sensibly withal—aneut the *Foxchase* :—

"Such a play is of the stage most stagey; and Mr. BOUCICAULT has shown his utter contempt for anything but getting a laugh at his generally smart dialogue, or exciting by some surprising sensation. Actual character, human probability, natural coherence of conduct, he seems to consider as antique and pedantic requisites of a drama. To push along and keep moving, and if possible to excite, are the aims he thinks it the duty of the dramatic muse to pursue."

SHAKSPEARE—pray don't be alarmed: I am not going to speechify about his Tercentenary; that's all over, thank goodness! and his birthday may be kept for another hundred years without a blare of penny trumpets and a blaze of fireworks—SHAKSPEARE was no scholar, so his friend BEN JONSON tells us; and it may indeed be doubted if he ever went to school. His "small Latin and less Greek" he picked up nobody knows where: and perhaps to read and write in his case "came by nature." But then SHAKSPEARE was a genius,* and a genius can do things that a common mortal can't. I fear young LUBBERLYE for instance, would never find much Greek or Latin come to him by instinct, while as for that dunce GOGGLETON, he never would have learned so much as *Arma virumque cano*, had it not been for the teaching of a man

* Note. Bravo MR. CRESWICK! for the way wherein at Stratford you dwell upon this fact. Said you :—"To a reflecting mind it appeared strange that the Great Creator should have inspired the greatest genius, humanly speaking, not to counsel them from the senate, not to judge them from the bench, not to admonish them from the pulpit, but to teach, move, soften, mould, and instruct them from the stage."

armed with a cane. So although it may be true that SHAKSPEARE never went to school, yet there are ample reasons why a school with SHAKSPEARE'S name to back it should be started, for the good of the profession to which himself belonged. The project has been fairly set afoot by MR. WEBSTER, and it remains now for the public to make it a success. Subscription lists are open for this new public school, which will differ from the old ones in so far that it will give a gratis education only to the children of those living by the stage. Actors, as a rule, have many claims upon their pockets, and can't afford to send their sons to Charterhouse or Harrow, where they would not be cold-shouldered, as the chance is they may be at "little snivelling private schools." So I hope the Shakspeare Eton will flourish and succeed; and assuredly the names (the Provost of Eton foremost) that appear in the Committee list, are a sufficient guarantee that the scheme deserves success.

ONE WHO PAYS.

P.S. I must just add one word to say that people who remember how charmingly PRISCILLA HORTON used to act the dainty *Ariel*, and to warble "*Where the bee sucks*," may once again hear her sweet voice in it at the Gallery of Illustration, where she and MR. REED now have some pleasant Shakspeare music after their return from Egypt every evening, and before dear *Mrs. Roseleaf* gives her charming "little party."

"PAPER—PA—PAR."

ON Saturday last the Inaugural Dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund took place at the Freemasons Hall, and the Chairman was LORD HOUGHTON, whom, in connection with literature, we prefer to call MR. MONCKTON MILNES. His speech was in admirable taste. The Fund needs no recommendation, but everybody who reads a paper ought to send a contribution, and the names of all the best men of what MR. CARLYLE calls "the writing sort," are guarantees for the due administration of the institution. *Mr. Punch* will only say, that to those who do not support this association, and have not real and valid excuse (not an Income-Tax excuse, but one satisfactory to the conscience), he wishes all sorts of newspaper evils. For instance. May their paper be late, or not come at all, when there is most interesting news. When they have been presented at Court, may their names be left out by mistake, or may an error make the world believe that it is their hateful cousins and not themselves who have been honoured. If any of their family get into a scrape and come before a Magistrate, may the case be reported in full, and if the wrong-doer should be in the family of some very dear and particular friend, may the report be omitted. May any marriage they put in be printed wrongly, and SMIDJTHE be reduced to plain SMITH. May Supplements often come to them instead of the inside sheets. If they live in the country, may the local postmaster always steal their paper to amuse his Sunday. May their contributions to charities be published in shillings instead of pounds, and when they write complaining letters about anything, may the Editor either omit them, or put in a jeering title to the letter, and, by mistake, the real name and address. There—cordially wishing them all this if they do not support the Newspaper Press Fund, we cordially wish them the exact reverses if they do.

A FRAGMENT BY MR. R. BROWNING AND THE PRINTERS.

THE *Observer*, the other day, rebuked MESSRS. CLOWES AND SONS, Printers of the Royal Academy Catalogue, on the liberties taken by them with the metre and punctuation of MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S Fragment, descriptive of LEIGHTON'S picture of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, which, thanks to the Printers, or MR. BROWNING, is as follows :—

"But give them me—the mouth, the eyes, the brow. Let them once more absorb me! One look now will lap me round for ever, not to pass out of its light, though darkness lie beyond! Hold me but safe again within the bond of one immortal look! All woe that was forgotten, and all terror that may be defied; no past is mine, no future! look at me!"

"Look at me," indeed! We looked at the fragment until we became quite dizzy. The darkness certainly does not "lie beyond us" at present. Is it Orpheus, or is it Eurydice, who requests the loan of the other's mouth, eyes, and brow? To be absorbed in a mouth is simply suggestive of cannibalism! And although we ourselves have ere this, had many nice girls in our eye, we should object to the absorption of the bodily presence of the brawny Orpheus "in that precious seuse." Can any lawyer of our acquaintance frame a Bond of an immortal look for us? We are anxious to see the party without any *past* or *future*, and would, out of charity, give him a *present* to console him. If the printers are to blame, surely MR. BROWNING will avenge himself by giving them "one look that will lap them round for ever."

THE CHINESE NAVY.—When Chinese Sailors are short of food, they salt their Junk and eat it.



THREE CHEERS FOR BASS AND HIS BARREL OF BEER, AND OUT WITH THE FOREIGN RUFFIAN AND HIS BARREL-ORGAN!

THE FALSE START.

From our Political Turf-reporter.

I HAVE only time for a line about that false start of GLADSTONE'S, which has caused so much talk. The fact is that this jockey is nearly the cleverest fellow out, and as you know, he's quite up to the Greeks, and not to be done when tin's in question. Nobody rides neater, and though he keeps the whip pretty quiet, he makes it felt when he does use it. But there are wheels within wheels, and on that Wednesday, when the New Franchise Stakes were run for, it was expected that he would ride *Procrastination*, and make a waiting race of it, lo and behold there he was on *Democracy*. I suppose it had been squared among the nobs, but nobody thought that GLADSTONE, of all jockeys, would let a horse bolt with him. Bolt he did though, and all the shouting in the world was no good; he never got the nag's head round till he'd past the U.S. (universal suffrage) post, when he pulled up. I need not say the BAINES lot were radiant at getting GLADSTONE into their colours, but though he showed his horse's points he did no more, and when the struggle came, *Democracy* was pumped out, and *Previous Question* came in previously, by many lengths. GLADSTONE has been blamed by some who have the pluck to check him, which everybody hasn't, but he says he knows what he's about, and does not keep all his eggs in one basket. He adds that one of these days he'll show some folks the way to take the lead and keep it, and I dare say he will.

Clear Enough.

A PROVINCIAL journal says, "We observe that some Scotch writers actually advocate the street-organs, which are found such a nuisance in civilised cities. We cannot understand this." Our provincial friend is dull. Street-organs supply a noisy and rather a coarse amusement—and one which can be got for nothing. Ergo, Sawney likes them.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—The Great Lights of the University of Cambridge are the Two Moderators.

FROM A GRATIFIED SWELL.

DEAR PUNCH,

Conservative Club.

I DON'T often write letters, or bore myself in any way more than I can help, but I must say that I think a great benefit has been conferred upon good society. I mean by the way the *Times* has to-day adopted with the names in the Births, Marriages, and Deaths column. That printing the leading names in big letters, don't you know?

Declare to you I haven't looked down that column for years. The class of folks that, because they have the half guinea, or whatever it is, to pay for the printing their names, have been pleased to advertise their domestic arrangements, have made the list perfectly offensive. Swear to you, a fellow read out at breakfast the other morning that the landlord at the "Pig and Whistle" had married the barmaid from the "Cow and Cucumber." What the deuce right have such *canaille* to compel me to take notice of their concerns, just because I want to see whether anybody I know has been and died or anything?

Times don't go half far enough, and ought to exercise a censorship about these notices, and not send all over the civilised world the important information that an attorney's clerk's lady has presented him with an attorneylet, or that a butcher respected in the parish (is that R. I. P.?) has transmitted the chopping block to his successor. Or they might put this sort of thing by itself, and keep a separate part—consecrated ground—for us. But it's something to print the names in big letters, as one learns to skim them, like a butterfly, and miss the infernal hollyhocks and cabbage roses, and settle on the tulips and camellias—pretty image that, old fellow. I tried it in a quadrille, and it went no end.

Can't help thinking that your notion for a fourth column, for Divorces, ought to be taken up, for a fellow never knows who he's talking to in these days, but all in good time. I've a right to be glad of this approach to reform, for the *Times* that had my marriage with LADY ANNABELLA in it put us between the marriage of my tailor and that of her mother's upholsterer, and we nearly had a row at Windermere because she thought it was my fault. Knows better than to make any rows now, but the moral's the same.

May 18th, 1864.

Always yours, ALGERNON SANGBLEW.



THE FALSE START.

PAM (THE STARTER), "HI! GLADSTONE! DEMOCRACY! TOO SOON! TOO SOON! YOU MUSTN'T GO YET!"

R

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

ALWAYS ready with a Prophecy, my bloaters, when the Derby day comes round, likewise when it comes square, as I hope it will to all of you, and as I'm sure it will to such of you as put your trust and confidence in your only true and lawful prophet one and indivisible, like the French Empire, except that that's divided into two parts, Paris and France, eh, M. the Minister of Lost Elections? But never mind that at the Derby—LORD DERBY has lost elections before now and behind then, and yet I'll bet MALMESBURY'S English to JOHNNY RUSSELL'S French, that my LORD RUPERT never sulked over it. *Revenons à nos moutons*, which means let us come on to our horses. *Birch-Broom* turns up first. Of course he is good in a Sweep, (ha!) but a birch to be of any good, must come behind other things. New brooms sweep clean, and I have no doubt of many pockets being swept with the utmost cleanliness. Next comes *Coast Guard*. Now, the business of that personage is not much running with spirit as preventing spirits being run, but then we don't always all mind our own business, or everybody's business would be minded, and the Golden Age would come back and Austria Redux and all that. And a Coast Guard is always ready at a signal. On we goes to *Paris*. How do you do, our American friend, and how are your light heart and ten pair of—yes, Sir. Now yew calculate as a Yankee razor; sharpened in Paris, will just shave All England, you guess. Wall—only don't knock your head agin it, and then say it was me. *Baragah* is an often-sively obscure name, and comes from the savages who use boomcrangs, but when the bell rings he may be thought a *bel Savage*. On *Ely* I see the odds taken *free-ly*. Mr. CARTWRIGHT'S name is a good one for a dentist, but does the horse understand Stopping? Now for *Blair Athol*. BLAIR'S Sermons are stupefying, so is Athol brose, but that doesn't make no odds, you fool, as the ghost politely remarked to the young lady who objected to be buried on the frivolous ground that she wasn't dead. Well, bloaters, *Blair Athol*, like my heart, is in the Highlands, but you see these are Epsom Downs. *Nec timothy nec temmery* be your motto. *Copenhagen* was peppered by NELSON, and also carried WELLINGTON very well at Waterloo, but is now getting old. However, he comes out of the Danes'bury stable, which is consistent in him, and he is half bred, and a half bred is better than no loaf, my loafers. What's a *Holly-fog*—a sly cove who gets in all his Christmas invitations and chooses the best, or is it Yorkshire for Halifax? I can't find it in Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT'S *English Cyclopadia*, and anything that isn't there, isn't worth knowing. He belongs to VALENTINE, so we'll see whether the Derby Day in future shall be called Valentine's Day. If so, won't the Falmouth bells ring, my dear lord of Tregothnan? *Historian* is a good name, and historians are long-winded, though they don't get over the ground quick. *Prince Arthur* came to grief over a wall—mightn't have done so over a hedge—don't you. *King John* was in the list, and if he had run, *Prince Arthur* would, I should think, have done all he knew to get away from his sanguinolent uncle, but uncle's scratched, and nephew lacks the domestic stimulus. As for *Forager*, I was challenged by a rival poet to make a rhyme to his name. I shut up the pump in a minute; for says I, "If the brute will not start, I mean *Forager*, call some eminent counsel—don't scoff; SERJEANT BALLANTINE, shrewd MR. ORRIDGE or, SERJEANT PARRY will soon get him off." There's rhyme, no extra charge. *Isaak Walton* won't get me in a line, and *Dormouse* may roll up. Then *Idler*, well, *dulce est*—to be an idler—in loco, but there's a motive to be locomotive at Epsom. I don't seem to see him in front. If you ask me what *Ackworth* is, I reply to you with the utmost frankness, a place in Yorkshire, and too far north for yours truly. *Strafford* may do something if the jockey will behave better to him than KING CHARLES did, and only let him have his head; but though *Valiant*'s friends may put on the pot, I don't like pot-valiant people. Listen, listen, Mary mine, To the whisper of the Apennine, says SHALLEY; but shelling out on him's another matter; and though the racing folks insist on spelling him with two p's, he may not be as right as two pease. However, *Appennine* comes of a good stock, though clearly not an Alpenstock. I shall look at *Planet* through my telescope, and may find him near the Pole. *Master Richard*'s mamma is called *Energy*, and I think he will show himself a lively little boy. A word in your private ear—notice *Privatier*. Then there's a horse called *Windham*. This is such a common name now that they might as well have called him Smith. His mother was a Frigate; but he may be a beauty. *Warrior*, if like his nautical namesake, can't be selected as a cockboat; and as he belongs to a nobleman called BATEMAN, I hope he'll run as well as *Leah*. American associations naturally lead me to *Washington* (there is a Southern American Association, called an army, which may, spite appearances, lead GENERAL LEE there one of these days), and he is the son of *Charleston*, and, like another Charleston, finds "no takers." I next name *Sans Change*, who may leave his friends' pockets so. Dancing out of France into Spain, like DOCTOR FORSTER'S pupils when they had been whipped, I perceive *Guerilla*, but if you'd called him *Gorilla*, I shouldn't put a monkey on him. *Major* and *Miner* may pair off together, and be blown, or, if you insist on a complete syllogism, my third proposition is that we should now liquify. That's better, and having wiped my mouth with cambric, I take up *Surat*, merely to say that I don't cotton to him. He was formerly called *Rehoboth*, who was the son of SOLOMON, who is not in the race, though *Solon* is, a horse from the isle of wisdom, need I name Ireland? If he gives much law he'll lose, even if he gives it to *Outlaw*, who will be proclaimed anything but winner. He must be rather a pirate than an outlaw, for he carries a Cannon. *Signalman* will not, I think, be seen at the post; *Rappel*'s name certainly implies beating, but for his mamma's lovely name, *Hesperithusa* (I shall call my next daughter so), I wish him luck. Take off your hats, for here are *Cathedral* and *East Minister* (what's that about Nave's-mire, knave?), but I am not one of the choristers who sing about the former, and as for the latter, As I was going over West-Minster Bridge, I met a West-Minster scholar; He pulled off his hat, And Drew off his glove, and wished me a very good morrow, and you may apply the verse, and ask your children his name, which you have told them in the affable little recitation. Regarding *Wardance*, my dancing days are over (though I should like to make COLONEL WAUGH dance to an accompaniment of my own performance);

but this Indian dance was usually executed around the stake of a victim, and *Victim* was *Wardance*'s dam, and he may get the stake if he can. *Peon*, pronounced pune, has also Indian proclivities; but I fear this poor Indian has an untutored mind, and through Epsom mists will not see much behind. Touching *Alpheus*—well, *c'était primitivement un chasseur*, says M. QUICHERAT, and he must go at a quicker rate than I think he will if he is not still found following something else. *Jack Frost* is out of place in May, and won't be in a place at the finish, and the *Knight of Snowdon*, who is one of (WALTER) SCOTT'S lot, will also, I fear be a Roderick Doo. Then there is an anonymous article, the *Hersey* filly, but I fear this *flet d'Hersey* will not be in great demand among the horsophagi. Now, my beloved bloaters, which shall we say to *Scottish Chief*? Is *his* heart in the Highlands too, or is yours in your highlows? 'Tis good to be Merry and wise, To get of the race a good view, 'Tis good to eat FORTNUM'S game pies, And drink hock, if you're asked so to do. Still remember, the *Scottish Chiefs* was written by MISS PORTER, and some persons may miss porter and find only small beer. The difficulty as regards *Cambuscan* is that CHAUCER accents the last syllable, and MILTON the second, and are we to follow JOHNNY or GEOFFREY. No consequence? Why, you everlasting outrageous insensate owl and hippopotamus, are we not speaking of a horse, and is a question of feet of no consequence? By Jove! By Thor! By Seeva! By Buddha! *Cambuscan* may rhyme with Tuscany, or *Cambuscan* may rhyme with MARY ANN, and I had rather rhyme than reason with MARY ANN, or any other of her delightful gender. But, not to leave untold The Story of *Cambuscan* bold, I think he will win if a certain obstacle does not prevent him. Lastly there is *General Peel*, in honour of whom pull off your coats, and in fact have a general peel. For let me tell you, and indeed I will tell you whether you will let me or not, that when SHAKESPEARE made *Thersites* observe "Did not The General run then," SHAKESPEARE (who knew PEELE well) knew what he was writing about. After what I have said, my bloaters, you would be nothing better than herrings, mere soldiers, heavy dragons, if you wanted any plainer indication of the winner of the Derby for 1864, but I will just add that, as you see, his name is in fact the same as that of yours perpetually,

PUNCH.

THE EXCELSIOR BILL.

THE well-known song, *Excelsior*, always reminds us of a climbing boy, though with this difference, that, whereas its hero reaches the mountain top, the sweep is likely to be stifled half-way up the chimney. But *Excelsior* ought not to remind us of climbing boys, at any rate of those who climb chimneys, as the employment of such chimney-sweeps was prohibited by Act of Parliament twenty years ago. This Act has, however, come to be evaded to such an extent, that more than three thousand children are still kept at labour in the filthy and unhealthy slavery of chimney-climbing. The kidnapping of little boys for that servitude has even been revived, and it appears that the children used in sweeping chimneys are not boys only. At a meeting, lately held at York, with a view to the suppression of this cruel usage, or abuse, of infants, the following agreement was signed by the assembled Sweeps:—

"We, the undersigned Master Sweeps of the City of York, mutually agree, from and after this date, not to employ Climbing Boys and Girls in our business; that the Act of Parliament on their behalf made should be strictly complied with; and that we ought no longer to risk the heavy penalties it prescribes, both against householders and ourselves."

It thus appears that, in York at least, the employment of climbing girls has become almost or quite as common as that of climbing boys. It is enough to say against chimney-climbing that, besides its nastiness, and its obvious cruelty, it is the cause of a malignant disease—for which see COOPER'S *Surgical Dictionary* under the head of Cancer. Well, then, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY has introduced into the House of Lords a Bill for the effectual protection of children from Master Chimney-Sweeps. Amongst other provisions well calculated to accomplish this purpose there is one whereby—

"A chimney-sweeper convicted of compelling, or knowingly allowing, a person under 21 to ascend a chimney, or enter a flue for sweeping it, or extinguishing fire, may be sent to prison for a term not exceeding six months, with or without hard labour."

With hard labour, by all means. This clause, if enforced, will practically do pretty well, as there are very few adults of the dimensions of TOM THUMB, and those few possess so great a fortune in their own littleness, that they can be under no temptation to climb chimneys for a living. Of course Parliament will take care to pass the above-quoted Bill: and then the *Excelsior* movement will have to be practised by no Sweep except Master Sweeps, offending against the statute enacted to restrain their brutality. They, indeed, will practise the movement, without making the ascent, which "*Excelsior*" implies, on the treadmill.

A Fat Angel.

A CRITIC in the *Morning Star* says that he has always been accustomed to regard *Sir John Falstaff* as—what do you think? "A kind of fallen Archangel." Well, that did not occur to us, even when we saw MR. PHELPS lying on the ground after Shrewsbury fight. But there is authority, *Falstaff*'s own, for the idea. "Your ill Angel is light—he that looks on me may take me without weighing." Still, a fallen Archangel! However, a fallen *Star* should know.



AMERICAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"Born when the United States and Great Britain were under the same Government and flag, of course SHAKESPEARE can be claimed as an American."—*New York Herald, April 18.*

LONDON'S UNMUSICAL SEASON.

THE following arrangements will be carried out in the course of the present Season, which, we hear, owing to MR. BASS's most salutary Bill, will be the last of the Great Unmusical Seasons of London. The subjoined plan will be only wholly and duly observed in the most quiet streets of the Metropolis; but persons inhabiting Squares, or thoroughfares possessing ample accommodation for itinerant musicians on the pavement, will be gratified by the occasional performance of portions of the entertainment. Perhaps they would be more gratified by the performance of no part of the programme whatever.

PROGRAMME FOR QUIET STREET MUSICAL PERFORMANCE

During the London Season.

Time of day. 9 A.M.—German boy and girl, solo and duet, accompanying themselves on double bass and guitar. Introduction—Tuning for ten minutes; during this time, the educated amateur will have much pleasure in noticing the laudable efforts made by the double bass to get into the same clef with the guitar. Despairing of ultimate success, and unwilling to keep their audience waiting any longer, they play as follows:—

Guitar. Probably the unfinished composition of some great original genius.

uncertain note. ditto, only more so.

Double Bass. &c., &c., ad libitum.

In any time, according to the fancy of the performer. hazy note.

This performance will last until 9'45, after which—
 10 A.M.—Full German Band, with music-stands and a conductor,
 Overture *Guglielmo Tell.*
 This last piece, though very fairly executed, at all events by comparison

with other itinerant performances, frightens several horses. This concludes at 10'30.

From 10 A.M. until 1 P.M. will be heard, at intervals, clearly or faintly, according to the thickness of the walls, the two young ladies in the next house, practising scales, SCHUBERT's variations, operatic music arranged as waltzes, galops, &c.

11 A.M.—Man with Organ. 1

Air *La mia Letizia.*

played very slowly, with whistling accompaniment, out of tune.

12 A.M.—Man, without Organ, but with monkey.

Air, performed by monkey, on cymbals . . . *Vague.*

Firing gun by monkey, shouting by man, and other performances, including a broadsword combat between Man and Monkey.

12 45 P.M.—Combination of talent. Man with organ and monkey. Tradesmen's boys cat-calling, and whistling reminiscences of popular airs.

1'15 P.M.—During luncheon, organ with donkey. Seated cripple, charitably supposed to be deaf, turning the handle, and old woman, who collects money, and shakes tambourine. This Organ is equal to three entire brass orchestras of fifty performers, drums, cymbals and triangles included.

2 P.M.—The Infant German band, composed of small dirty boys evidently learning their notes.

Overture . . . (supposed to be) . . . *Guglielmo Tell.*

2'30 P.M.—Indian musician with his tum tum tum.

3 P.M.—Niggers, accompanied by admiring crowd.

3'30.—Solo . . . (Flageolet) *Home Sweet Home.* 1 (*New version.*)
 Street-boys whistling reminiscences as before.

4 P.M.—More niggers, in costume, with kettle-drums, a man with a false nose, and a female singer.

Balcony Stalls (area railings) 1½d.
 Pit (pavement) ½d.
 Dress Circle (door step) 2d.
 Private Boxes (upper windows, well filled with servants) . . . *ad. lib.*

5 P.M.—Dancing Pony. Whip smacking. "Hi! Hi!" "Hoop!"
 Volunteer band in distance, marching out to drill.

5'30 P.M.—Itinerant vocalists, distressed weavers, with singing children.

Solo and Chorus . . . *I'm Leaving Thee in Sorrow, Annie.*

6 P.M.—Solo, violin.

7 P.M.—Grand Finale. Organ corner of street. Niggers, new set, with two extra voices, and a Leader, who squeaks shrilly. Oratorio kind of organ opposite corner of street. Volunteer band in the distance, marching home after drill.

The entire Concert concludes punctually at 7'40.

8 P.M.—A POLICEMAN is seen slowly passing before the dining-room window; and all is still.

10 P.M.—Somebody going home playing accordion.

10'30 P.M.—Somebody else, whistling.

11 P.M.—Cats.

Such are the delights of the Great London Unmusical Season!

"Peace, Cousin Percy, you will make 'em Mad."

THE great Metallurgist, need we name DR. JOHN PERCY, has aroused a revolution in the Mining Districts. He has thrown a thundering Bomb, with fatal precision, and the explosion has shattered a "system" which sadly wanted shattering. The demolished interests are frantic, but the sufferers by the system, who have more than a pecuniary concern in the prevention of catastrophes, hail the great doctor as a Liberator. We expect detailed news, meantime the telegram quotes *Henry IV.*, and declares—

"The Land is burning, PERCY stands on high,"

while the acidulated authorities mutter, classically, *Percyos odi pure Apparatus.*

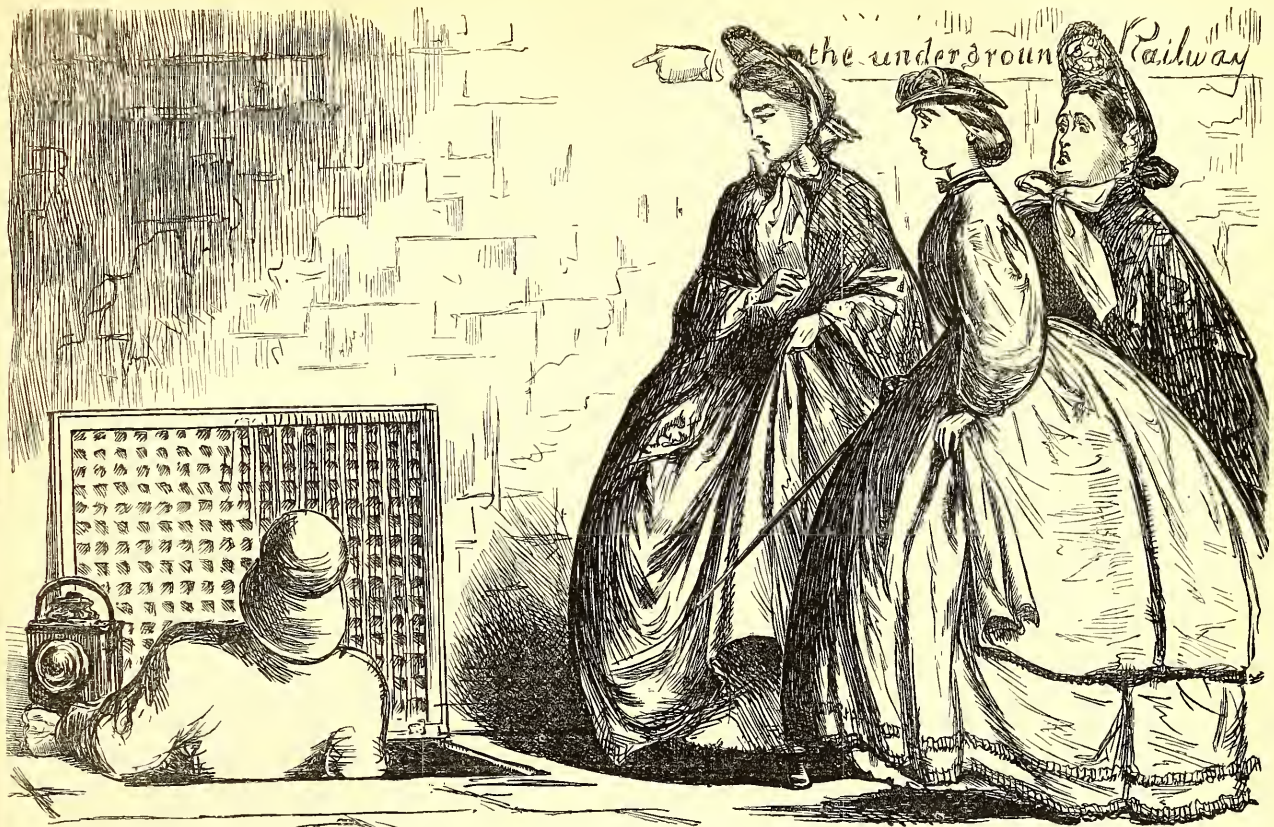
FROM OUR GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.

WHY would a good-natured Dramatic Critic be a valuable specimen in an Anatomical Museum? Because he takes to Pieces easily.

ORNITHOLOGY FOR SMALL HOUSES.

A STUFFED Duck, placed under a glass case, on a table in the space 'twixt the front door and the parlour, cannot be called a Bird of Passage.

MOTTO FOR A TAILOR WHO MAKES COATS OF THE BEST ENDURING CLOTH.—*Furimus; i. e. We wear.*



UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

Old Lady. "WELL, I'M SURE NO WOMAN WITH THE LEAST SENSE OF DECENCY WOULD THINK OF GOING DOWN THAT WAY TO IT."

MORE MATLOCK CODICILS.

(By Special Express Telegraph.)

Matlock, Monday, 12 a.m.

IN addition to the new Codicil that tumbled out of the bed, which, by a remarkably lucky coincidence, was purchased by MR. ELSE's brother-in-law, another has just been found in an old bird cage which used to contain a favourite canary of the late MR. NUTTALL'S. It bequeaths £150,000 to MR. ELSE, who is to look for it till he finds it.

Half-past Four.

Another Codicil has been discovered. A farmer's boy, going home after work, went bird-nesting, and fell down a disused mine-shaft, at the bottom of which he found a warming-pan, containing a new Codicil, in which MR. NUTTALL bequeaths the Peak, Derbyshire, with all the Satanic scenery, to MR. ELSE. The poor boy is very little injured, as the depth was only eighty yards.

Quarter-past Nine.

A fresh Codicil has turned up. Some men digging in a field near MR. ELSE's, found an enormous large turnip, which they wantonly split across with their spades, and out came a bottle, containing a Codicil, by which MR. NUTTALL bequeaths Chatsworth to MR. ELSE for life, remainder to the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. An ejection has been served on his Grace.

Half-past Twelve.

Wonders will never cease! A heavy shower of rain choked up the gutters of a house next door to MR. ELSE's, and a man went up to remove the obstruction. In doing so, he found an abandoned nest of a magpie, and in it a brass tobacco-box, covered with bladder, and on this being opened, there were found nine fourpenny pieces, and a Codicil giving MR. ELSE eighteen houses in Sheffield, and a sack of potatoes said to be lying at a pawnbroker's in that town.

Quarter to Three.

Again accident has contributed to justice. A female cottager near MR. ELSE's had complained of severe pains in her inside, and thought she should like some warm beer. Expressing this wish in the hearing of MR. ELSE's cook, the latter kindly fetched an old sauce-pan to warm

the beer in. On opening this, a Codicil was found, unfolding some poor mau's plaister, also some corn-plasters, all of which are devised to MR. ELSE for life, with cross-remainders over to the most deserving inmates of the Matlock Union.

Half-past Seven.

No more Codicils have been found up to this hour, but public opinion is strongly in favour of further discoveries.

Quarter to Eleven (night).

A most singular and almost melodramatic discovery has been made. Evening Service had been held at Matlock church, and a young woman fell asleep in one of the pews, and was locked in. There are ghosts in her family, so she was not frightened, but made herself a comfortable bed in the churchwarden's pew, with the cushions. Under one which she removed, she found a Codicil, which she hastily read by moonlight, and immediately rang the bells, and on the astounded sexton opening the door, she rushed over him and out of the edifice. He is likely to recover, and so is MR. ELSE, for the new Codicil gives him one side of the principal street in Derby, and all the onions in the testator's hayloft.

Seven (morning).

There are rumours of more Codicils, especially of one which is said to have been found in a washing-stand drawer, and which is reported to contain sixteen hundred spade guineas and a tooth-brush, but I abstain from sending particulars until I can verify them.

(More in a later Edition.)

A CARD.

A POLITICAL organ declares with a sigh
That reformers are rightly for indolence blamed,
And that what we all want is A VERY GOOD CRY
OF WHICH NO CLASS OF CITIZEN NEED BE ASHAMED.

Mr. Punch has observed the appeal, and would state
That the article wanted has come from Judæa;
And now may be had every night, about VIII,
Of his gifted young friend, MISS KATE JOSEPHINE LEAH.

THE JOINT-STOCK BUBBLE COMPANIES BURSTING-UP ASSOCIATION.



A
PRELIMINARY Meeting of this excellent Society was held the other morning at Phillis's Rooms, for the purpose of electing a working Committee and, of determining the mode by which the ends of the Society might best be carried out. As many as one hundred and eleven ladies were present, the majority of whom were recognised as being the sisters, wives and daughters of gentlemen well known to be of speculative temperament, and who may be regarded as the principal supporters of new joint-stock bubble schemes. After a discussion of some matters not quite relevant to the objects of the meeting, such as the Crystal Palace Flower Show and the last new shape for bonnets, MRS. PRUDENCE SMYTHE was voted to the chair, and in opening the business proceedings of the

meeting, the Chairwoman observed that the aim of the Society was to promote the bursting-up of joint-stock bubble companies. (Hear.) She need hardly tell the ladies whom she saw before her that the production of these bubbles was daily on the increase. Nearly every lady present, doubtless, had to read the paper to her husband or papa, or, if not required to read it, had (which was worse) to listen to it while he read it out to her (Cries of "Yes, dear!" "Oh, it's horrid!") Now they knew that the first thing their pas and husbands looked at, or asked to have read out to them, was that odious dry stuff about the City and the Money Market. (Sighs and groans.) Instead of reading about the Court, and what the PRINCE OF WALES did yesterday, and matters which a lady would consider of chief interest, what their pas and husbands wanted was to hear about the funds, and to know if things were "getting easier" or not, and whether such and such a bank had been "going up or down," and what was the last price that so and so was "quoted at." (Titters.) Some ladies might smile at this masculine propensity, but she (the Chairwoman) considered it to be no laughing matter. They might depend on it that men who seemed so anxious about money had not much to spare of it, and, when a husband appeared nervous about the price of shares, his wife might feel assured that he had made a bad investment. (Nods of assent, and a Voice, "Quite true, dear!") Now the aim of the Society was to discourage speculation, and restrain papas and husbands from blindly running into it. She felt sure that female influence, if properly directed, might do much towards this object, and, by dissuading gentlemen from venturing their money in insecure "securities," might by degrees relieve the country from the speculative schemes which persons without principle now found it to their interest to endeavour to promote. (Murmurs of applause and much tapping of the floor with the sticks of parasols.)

MRS. ASPENNE said she trembled to think what would become of her, if something were not done to keep her husband from the City, where she knew he must be losing mints and mints of money every time he went to it. (Sensation.) Her nerves were in good order before he took to speculating, but now the slightest thing would put her in a quiver, and every day at breakfast time she really shook all over when she handed him the Times. (Great sympathy, and several cries of "Oh, poor dear!") She had observed that he looked pale whenever certain names (which she believed were those of some atrocious bubble schemes) were mentioned in his presence, and she had heard him cry "confound it!" on several occasions when he looked into the newspaper, and once he used so violent and terrible an expression that it very nearly threw her into a fit. (Cries of "Oh, the brute!")

MRS. SEEDIE said they saw in her a victim of imprudent speculation. Her husband when he married, had a tolerable income, or she would not have had him. (A Voice, "Quite right, dear; I wouldn't.") In an evil hour, however, he was tempted by a friend to put some money in the Sunbeams out of Snowballs Steam Extraction Company, in which his money as quickly melted as the snowballs would have done. To retrieve his loss, he joined the Chickweed and Groundsel Sub-Sea Cultivation Company, and when this had likewise failed, he rashly placed the small remainder of his property in the General Oceanic Highway Lighting Company, which was started for the purpose of lighting up

the sea, by means of gaslamps placed in it a hundred yards apart, just fancy, all over the world. (Titters.) This scheme succeeded only in making light the purses of those who were investors in it, and now her husband was so poor that, as they saw, his wife was scarce fit to be seen. (Sensation and a shrill Voice, "No, she really isn't.")

MRS. GREYMARE said her husband never speculated. (Cheering and cries of "What a darling duck!") She should like to catch him at it. (Laughter.) If she did so, he might rest assured that he would have no peace until he desisted. Thank goodness, she had a strong mind, and she would take good care she wasn't ruined by his weak one. ("That's right, dear!") She thought that married ladies had the power in their hands, or rather in their tongues, to keep their precious husbands out of speculative messes. A course of curtain lectures, if properly administered, would in most cases be found to act as a deterrent; and, when a husband had been making a great donkey of himself in some fine bubble speculation, she would recommend his wife to treat him with her sourest and sulkiest of looks, and to lose no opportunity of saying something stinging, especially in company. (Hear.) In this way, husbands might be taught to spend their money on their wives, as by rights they ought to do (applause), and not to waste it in imprudent and reckless speculation.

MISS PEACOCK, who was most extravagantly dressed, and wore a crimoline of quite a score of yards in its circumference, said that really nobody could tell what she had suffered from these horrid bubble companies. Her Pa at one time used to give her a new bonnet once a quarter, and a new frock every month (A Voice, "Oh my! how delightful!"), and when she wanted a new ball-dress she only had to ask for it. (Sensation, and cries of "Gracious me! how nice!") But since he joined some dreadful company (she forgot its odious name), he had behaved in an atrociously mean and stingy manner. Her bonnet, as they saw, was trimmed with only ribbon, and not one scrap of lace (A Voice, "Poor dear! so it is!"), and she had actually to exist sometimes for seven weeks together without getting a new dress. (Great commiseration, and cries of "Oh, how dreadful!")

MRS. FLASHLEY said her case was worse even than Miss PEACOCK'S. (Question.) Yes, she who, ladies might remember, always used to pride herself on dressing in the fashion, had now, as they perceived, to wear a bonnet made last season and a mantle two years old. ("Dear, dear, how truly terrible!") And all this misery was owing to those wretched bubble companies, which it was the bounden duty, she conceived, of every lady to discourage and suppress. ("We will! we will!") A year ago her husband possessed a certain income of some £3000 a-year, which, as ladies knew, was little enough to live upon (A Voice, "Yes, I should think so"), and in the hope of getting a larger interest for his money, he had embarked in speculation which had very nearly ruined him. At the instance of a friend, who was one of the directors, he first of all invested in the North and South Pole Junction Atmospheric Railway Company; and, when this bubble had burst, instead of taking warning by the loss he had sustained, he actually took some shares in the Poppun and Pegtop Foreign Manufacture Company, and allowed his name to appear as a director of the Submarine Anemone Steam Propagation Company, both which bubble speculations had, if she might be permitted the masculine expression, come rapidly to grief. (Sensation.) That was what she and her family were coming to, she knew, and it would be a mercy soon if they'd so much as common bread and meat to live upon. Last autumn, instead of going down the Rhine, she had actually to take her darling girls to Ramsgate; and she expected soon her pin-money would so much be reduced that she would scarce be able to buy a bit of ribbon with it, much less a silk dress. (General consternation, and a chorus of "Oh, poor thing!")

The Chairwoman then rose and moved a resolution to the effect that speculation was terribly destructive to the interests of the ladies, because it tempted men to waste in it what they might spend upon their wives. The resolution being carried with considerable clamour, and the meeting having pledged itself to support the Joint-Stock Bubble Companies Bursting-Up Association, lunch was ordered in, and further business was postponed until the middle of next week. }

A Pun for Potter.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, in the course of a sensible speech, delivered the other day at the Whittington Club, on the subject of Working Men's Clubs, observed that "the Working Men's Clubs must be made to take in all classes of working men." As yet this object has been accomplished by Working Men's Clubs only in a sense not contemplated by the BISHOP OF LONDON. The Benefit Clubs are Working Men's Clubs, and some of them have taken in the working men shamefully.

WEATHER AND SPORT.

If the Derby Day, on which Mr. Punch comes out, and pretty strongly too, is anything like 102° in the shade, there will be, besides the races marked on the C'rtrect Card, a Great Heat and a very large number of Runners.



THE DRILL COMPETITION.

Captain of our May Fair 'Company that won the Badge. "YES, IT'S A GREAT TRIUMPH FOR US; SO LUCKY THOSE OTHER COMPANIES WERE SHORT OF MEN, EH? BUT MY FELLOWS ARE OBLIGED TO GO A GOOD DEAL INTO 'SOCIETY,' YOU KNOW. CAN'T EXPECT 'EM TO DRILL MUCH DURING THE SEASON!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 23rd. Monday. LORD PALMERSTON having remembered that Tuesday was the QUEEN'S birthday, and Wednesday the Derby Day, mentioned those facts to the House, and proposed that both anniversaries should be observed as holidays. His proposition was received in the most cheerful manner. Nothing else, of the slightest consequence, was said.

Tuesday. HER MAJESTY completed her Forty-fifth year.

Wednesday. Blair Athol won the Derby.

Thursday. In the House of Lords there was debate upon the conduct of the Prussians in Jutland, who are revenging themselves, by plunder on land, for their losses at sea. LORD RUSSELL spoke of arrangements and promises which are clearly violated. LORD ELLENBOROUGH hoped that the Sovereign imitated GEORGE III., and did not allow German connections to influence her conduct. LORD RUSSELL said that whatever Ministers proposed to the QUEEN, Her Majesty assented to, an answer which was unfair to his Royal Mistress, because it was a mere evasion, whereas he might have given a frank and complete reply.

Then the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH proposed to let Scotch Episcopal clergymen into the Church of England, whereat the Bishops had a good deal to say, and the Bill goes to a Committee.

In the Commons MR. HENNESSY originated a debate about Poland, and wished the House to resolve that Russia had violated her engagements, and therefore had forfeited her sovereignty in that country. LORD PALMERSTON spoke at some length, and agreed that Russia had behaved tyrannically, but he thought that it would be below the dignity of the House to pass a resolution which it was not intended to follow by any action.

Friday. The Lords (and we are bound to say that all idea of legislation being abandoned in both Houses, and a series of *conversazione* being instituted instead, the conversations in the Upper House are far the most piquant and interesting) had a pleasant discussion on Educa-

"THOROUGH."—*Archbishop Laud.*

WHEN you do a thing, do it thoroughly. When you break up an establishment, dismiss everybody. We are glad to see that the following advertiser is a root-and-branch man, and on abandoning housekeeping, not only gets rid of his wife, but suggests a satisfactory arrangement for the lady's future life:—

A GENTLEMAN, who is breaking up his establishment, has very great pleasure in RECOMMENDING his COACHMAN, and WIFE; the former to take charge of the stable and drive; and the latter as Dairywoman, or to take charge of poultry, or both duties combined. Address, &c.

Except that if he were really a gentleman he would have mentioned the lady before the menial, we think this advertiser a model of thoughtfulness.

"NOT DEAD YET."

GARIBALDI has published a letter, in Turin, wherein he warmly thanks the English nation for its hospitality, and adds, "I withdrew when I saw fit to do so, without ceding to instigation of any kind." We hear that BEALES & Co. (of Primrose Hill) have chartered a steamer, and are going out to Capraera to examine the Liberator, and to ask him, first, whether the above statement is true, and secondly, what he means by making them look like the greatest fools who ever earned notoriety by hooking little names on to a big name? We admit that for the first time in his life GARIBALDI has done an unkind thing. But patience has its limits, though folly has none.

A Trifle Too Meek.

OUR dear Bishops are not brave. Should another JAMES THE SECOND arise, we fear that there are no Seven to give a new MACAULAY the chance of writing another such immortal chapter as that which describes the Trial. The EARL OF SHAFESBURY has charged the whole bench with "a gross breach of duty," and not one of them has dared to call him to account in the House of Lords. Yet he is thought to represent the Exeter Hall mind. Either the Bishops despise Exeter Hall, and its "bray," or they are sadly deficient in the courage which should characterise noblemen. Does a spiritual peer mean a peer without spirit?

tion as practised at our Public Schools. LORD STANHOPE expressed himself with much grace and good sense. He would not hear of the abolition of the study of Latin, wherein he is right, for graphic and slip-slop writing is far too prevalent, and it is desirable to keep up something like purity, besides, the interchange of a few words from HORACE is a freemasonic sign between gentlemen previously strangers, and at once does away with any apprehension of dropped aitches or pocketpicking. But he thinks that a great deal too much Greek is taught, and here he is right again, because there are but two Greek words that anybody need understand, *kudos* and *nous*, and most young ladies, even, are now aware of the meaning of both. Further, he considers that everybody should know French, and for the third time we have much pleasure in endorsing his opinion, for otherwise people could not read the Parisian letter in the *Realm*, which declines to translate its French correspondent. But as regards the accomplishments which LORD STANHOPE favours, we are not so sure. Music certainly keeps a good many young persons out of mischief, and if not very bad, is almost tolerable under certain restrictions, and drawing has the same merit, with the additional one of being quieter; but we incline to agree with the *Times* that the great object of education is to teach a young fellow that he must grapple with matters which are hard to master, even though he thoroughly dislikes them, and they give him the headache. LORD CLARENDON had something to urge in reply, and defended the recommendations of the Commissioners on Education, who represented that at Public Schools lads were not thoroughly grounded even in what it was professed to teach, and were not able to stand the gentlest College examination without coaching. Our Schools he thought behind the age, and though it was not proposed to legislate for them, he hoped that the authorities would take the hint. This kind of chat occupied the hour before dinner, which was announced at a quarter-past seven.

The Commons made a long evening of it, having some eighteen matters to talk over, but most of them were bores. Complaint was made by some Irish gentlemen that the Law Life Assurance Company has acquired a good deal of property in Connemara, and manages it in a cold-blooded Saxon way, making the poor tenants pay their rents,

turning them out if they fail to comply with that tyrannical arrangement, and generally going on in a style not understood in Oireland. It was humbly urged for the Company that it had advanced very large sums on mortgage of this oppressed property, and had been obliged to take to it, and on the whole the Government did not see that the Company could be committed to prison and their land handed over to the peasantry.

The question of Meetings in the Parks came up again, and SIR GEORGE GREY, with some show of surprise at the ignorance of certain Members, stated that the Parks belong to the QUEEN, and that no meetings can be held there without her permission, signified through her advisers. But Primrose Hill is in a different category, and is under MR. COWPER, and it is not probable that he will interfere with any reasonably decent and orderly assemblage that may be idiotic enough to prefer listening to bad speeches to lying about on the grass and smoking the pipe of peace.

MR. SCULLY, snubbed for talking too much, explained that he had supposed that on Friday nights everybody was to speak on every subject. The imaginary rule might be inconvenient, as he will see, if he will multiply the 18 topics of the night by the 658 Members.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE OPERA.



BEING blessed with what is called "a good ear for music," (though which ear is the good one we can't precisely specify), we never miss a chance of going to the Opera. We rejoice therefore to hear that a new Opera is open to us, and that, as it will be open only in the afternoon, it will not interfere with our visits to the old ones. We have an Opera in a Hay-market and an Opera in a Garden (to wit, the one called Covent), and this Season we have also an Opera in a Green-house. At the Crystal Palace Concerts Opera music is performed by the best of foreign artists (if we were a critic, we of course should say *artistes*), and performed as well as either in the Garden or the Hay-market. At these pleasant Concerts, too, you sit in cool fresh air, and not in heat and gaslight, and you have greenery to look at, if you have not scenery. In many scenes, moreover, the Crystal Palace greenery is all that can be

wished. There are real flowers there for the garden scene in *Faust*, and that is more than you will see upon the stage of MR. GREY, or that of MR. MAPLESON.

Thus at the Crystal Palace Opera there is pleasure for your nose as well as for your ears and eyes; and you hear the sweetest airs of DONIZETTI or MOZART,—

"While gales of roses round you rise,"

as MR. THOMAS MOORE affirms they did around ANACREON.

So thank you, MR. BOWLEY, for your Opera at Sydenham, where one may pleasantly employ one's ears and eyes and nose from lunch-time until dinner; after which, if one so liketh, one may take them in the evening to the Opera in London.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

(General, Political, Polemical, Moral, Social.)

It is a long time since I treated you to a general article on the current events of the day. I then told you, if you will refer to the Number (which it is, I forget), that I was blessed, or otherwise, with the very shortest memory of man, which seems always to be running to the contrary. That is a legal phrase, you know, and exactly expresses my case. Talking of cases, I must say a few words about America. Of course, one has to converse on this unhappy subject continually; but although I manage very fairly, I have never thoroughly mastered the events. The other day I came into my club, and anxiously inquired for the Second Edition of the *Times*. I generally do this as early as possible in the afternoon, and then somebody is sure to say, "Eh! what? Second Edition? Any important Telegrams from America?"

I confine myself to replying ominously, "Yes, expected."

While deploring the miserable state of Transatlantic matters at a dinner-party, a lady says to me, "Oh! MR. MUDDLE, you can tell me. What is the American War about?"

Everybody at table was silent, in order to hear my exposition.

I'd have given anything for a tooth-ache, or a summons on business that would have taken me out of the room.

Here was a question with a vengeance! "What is the American War about?"

I attempted to parry, jocosely. "About as bad, Ma'am," I began, using a very old form of joke, much patronised by my lamented Grandfather, and preserved in our family, when this She-inquisitor interrupted me with, "No, MR. MUDDLE, I mean what is the Cause of the War?"

Had I been asked the Origin of Evil, I could have spoken well, knowing that others knew little more on the subject than I. But on the Cause of the American War! that was quite another thing.

"Well, MISS VIVID," I said (she's a maiden lady, affecting a girlish carelessness regarding everything, but—ahem!), "Well, MISS VIVID," I said, sententiously, "You see the North and South" (I was safe so far), "The North and South are—in fact—fighting, with one another, in order, ahem—to see which will get the mastery." This was all very safe, and would have historically suited the Romans and Carthaginians, Jews and Philistines, English and Maoris, SAYERS and HEENAN, or any other combatants.

"But," persisted the intelligent female, "which are the Confederates, and which the Federals?"

Now this is precisely the point that has invariably puzzled me. How many times I have got the fact by heart, I'm afraid to say; but I've always forgotten it again. I wisely answered her thus—

"The Confederates are those who confederate together—from two Latin words, *con* and *federate*: and the Federals are those who don't confederate, but are bound by a *Fædus* or treaty."

"Yes," said she, "but are the Northerners the Confederates, or the Southerners?"

The eyes of the dinner-party were upon me.

"I must do something to save my character," I said to myself.

Boldly assuming an air of incredulity—"What!" I exclaimed, "You do not mean to say that you don't know?"

"Well," she began, apologetically—

Directly she fell into this strain, the game was mine. She was a weak soul, and I triumphed. Sir, I refused to give her the required information, on the score that she ought to ascertain it for herself from the Papers. At this moment, an old gentleman stepped in good-naturedly, and said—

But I beg your pardon—this is not what *he* said, but what *I* say—my intention was to have given you a general article on social, political, polemical, and moral subjects.

Sir, if my memory serves me fairly, I will write to you upon the very first opportunity.

OUR DERBY PROPHECY.

POOH, pooh, no thanks—there, take your hands out of your pockets, I want no "trifle of your Winnings," dear bloaters. When I give you a piece of sporting information I do it out of sheer generosity and good-nature, and not for the sake of any wretched commission. Only, as you certainly will have to pay no other propheth this time, for the whole boiling was about as floundering and helpless as so many porpoises on dry land, you may send subscriptions to the Newspaper Press Fund, in gratitude for the capital accounts of the Derby Day. If you think it's easy to write such things, just try, that's all. *Difficile est communia dicere*, PINDAR tells you, and so does *Punch*. So it wasn't the *Knight of Snowdon* but the day of Snowdon, eh? There, don't shake a fellow's hand off, if you can help it. I told you that *Blair Athol* would win, and that *General Peel* was a very good horse, and would run well, and that *Scottish Chief* would turn out small beer. You know how they were placed. I said, "Blair Athol, like my heart, is in the Highlands, (meaning, of course, bloaters, that the beautiful place whence he takes name is there,) but that it was upon Epsom Downs that the horse would run." And did he not? And, says I, *nee timothly nee temmery*, and if you did not understand what *two necks* meant you are not fit to read my writings. But I also said, by way of making assurance a double sewer (like the high and low level drainage), that the name of the winner was, *in fact*, the same as my own. Well, so it is. What am I but the greatest thin out, *under Snowdon*? Very like whales, that, isn't it? But you are sold again, and I have bought a ninepenny cigar with the money and eight-pence farthing added by myself, for I meant that I am often what Blair Athol was, "Caviar to *The General*," and that I am always ahead in the course followed by *PEEL*, the Second. Yah!

PUNCH.

Change of Name.

IN consequence of the notoriety of one of the persons interested in the Great Nuttall Will Case, he who was nobody at all, will now be known as Somebody ELSE.

HAGIOLOGY.—The Patron of Accountants and Sporting Men is *St. Ledger*.

MY BUTLER.

A TALE OF PRIDE AND PUNISHMENT.

PART I.—PRIDE.

Now if there be, as I believe,
Foul spirits in the air,
Who grin to see us mortals grieve,
And dance at our despair,
They must have had a special treat,
And shrieked with prescient fuu,
When, in a somewhat obscure street,
I sought for MRS. GRUNDY
BY'S office, where, my Paper said,
I could not fail to find
Servants, in every virtue bred,
Both male and womankind.
And when "come in" my rat-tat-tat
Evoked at 73,
There in a pleasant parlour sat
DAME GRUNDY at her tea.
Ah, never, since, in days long fled,
My boyhood did perspire,
Applying surreptitious bread
To unpermitted fire,—
Never such toast my wistful eyes
Had lit with hunger's glow,
And, in my gladness and surprise,
I told DAME GRUNDY so!
"Might she presume?" "Oh, surely, yes,
Nor formal words begin;
One sniff of buttered toast like this
Doth make the whole world kin."
She pointed to a cushioned chair,
And from her mantel-shelf
She took, and wiped with dainty care
A cup of shining elf.
There, in a cozy corner snug,
I gave myself to tea,
Till, like the cat upon her rug,
I purred with pletho-ry.
And then to business—first we had
A plaint of dole and woe,
Of servants going to the bad
As fast as they could go.
So changed, so lapsed to foul disgrace
Since that more virtuous age,
When no one ever left their place,
And rather liked low wage.

We spoke of butlers who had passed
Their lives in one pan-try,
And left their little all at last
To the Infirma-ry.
Of cooks, high-principled, whom gay
Butchers could ne'er allure;
Who weighed each joint, and gave away
Their dripping to the poor.
Cooks, who ne'er scowled with sullen ire,
When friends to dine dropped in,
But smiled, their "faces all afire
With labour," not with gin.
Of happy housemaids, passing fair,
But as cold Dian chaste,
Who nor by lads nor laces were
Compressed about the waist.
No charm from Nature's lovely lines
They ever sought to lovel;
Nor added to what she defines,
Save that sweet cap, called "Mob."
And then from those pure halcyon days
In which DAME GRUNDY served,
To modern servauts' wicked ways
Our conversation swerved.
I spoke of Ladies-maids I'd met
Ou other peoples' stairs,
And bowed to them as of "our set,"
They gave themselves such airs.
I quoted "Punch:"—what pencil could
On "Flunkeyana" preach—
Sermons in stoues, or rather wood,
Like thine, delicious LEECH!
But when I asked, "Was Virtue dead,
And whether GRUNDY knew
Of any honest folk?" she said,
"Well yes, there was a few.
"There was a few, and though, perhaps,
She didn't ought to say,
And meant no nasty sucers nor snaps
At SMITH'S across the way—
"But fax was fax, which scorn she should
A gentleman deceive,
And, asking parding, hoped I would
A widdy's word believe,
"That of all servants, most renowned
For conduct and good looks,
The names and ages would be found
In MARTHA GRUNDY'S books."

What joyous news! my tongue, inspired
By trustfulness and tea,
"Could she then find," at once inquired,
"A butler fit for me?"
"Fust, would I kindly please to state
What wages there was guv?
For" (with a smile, said GRUNDY'S mate)
"The best won't sarve for luv."
A transitory smile, for when
Of "Forty Pounds" I spake,
Her lineaments relapsed, and then
She gave them all a shake.
"Nothink fust-rate," she, pitying, sighed,
"Which well beknown it is,
Could at that figure be supplied,
So salaries was riz."
"She did know one, perhaps I might
At fifty pounds engage,
A tip-top man, a treasure quite,
She'd knowed him from a page.
"Knewed him as footman, valet, in
The best of fami-lies;
An under-butler last he'd bin,
RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF G.'s."
Ah, woefraught words! for one of those
Grim spirits in the air,
Who love to gaze upon our throes,
And dance at our despair,
Heard them, and stooped with fiendish hate,
To whisper in mine ear;
"You'd like to have a mau to wait,
Who'd waited on a Peer."
"You'd like to see your table set,
And envious friends to view,
With novel taste, reserved as yet
For noblemeu and you.
"You'd like your buckskins soft and white,
Instead of hard and stained;
You'd like your 'topps' to gleam as bright
As laurels wheu it rained.
"You'd like all offices performed,
As for *la haute noblesse*,
Your champagne iced, your claret warmed,
Your 'things' put out to dress.
"You'd like," he paused: the Angler saw,
His float to bob and dip—
His bait was in my wretched maw,
His hook was in my hip!

EYES RIGHT, VOLUNTEERS!

It is a mistake to suppose that the gallantry of our brave Volunteers does not, for the present, expose them to personal danger. A letter in the *Times* from "A SURGEON TO A LONDON HOSPITAL," pointing out the mischief done by cheap percussion caps in putting out the eyes of the boys, and likewise and otherwise injuring the Cockney sportsmen and all who are accustomed to use them, has received, in the same journal, the following corroboration from a witness who signs himself "A VOLUNTEER:"—

"The percussion caps supplied with the ball cartridges issued the last two years to Volunteer corps on exploding, are attended with exactly similar results as the supposed cheap caps described by your correspondent. Instead of, as formerly, expanding only upon explosion, the caps now fly into two or three and even five pieces. I was standing a few days since about three yards to the right of a friend while firing kneeling, and was struck by a piece of an exploded cap, which cut through my trousers and fetched blood. I found the piece adhering to the cloth. On another occasion I saw a man struck twice in the course of an hour in the face while firing, laying his cheek open."

The caps denounced in the Surgeon's letter to the *Times*, instead of being made of good copper, are composed of a cheap alloy, which is brittle, and, when the cap explodes, flies about. That such caps should be supplied to the public by manufacturing scoundrels is too much of a piece with the reckless rascality prevalent amongst the present race of commercial men to excite any wonder. But it is astonishing that the officials employed by Government to supply the Volunteers with proper ammunition are not more careful or competent than to supply them

with percussion caps by which they run an imminent risk of having their eyes destroyed every time they use them. We should like to know whether the issue of these cheap and bad caps is the result of beggarly economy somewhere, or villanous fraud. If, as is likely, a long time elapses before this evil is reformed, Volunteers, if they value their eyesight, will in the meanwhile buy their own caps, and save that sight without which there is no use in sighting their rifles.

Salmon or Whitebait?

A COURT of Aldermen will shortly be called to take into serious consideration the question whether or no it is expedient to promote the breeding of Salmon in the Thames. It will be recollected that some weeks ago a Salmon taken about the mouth of that river was found to be full of whitebait, which were supposed to have attracted him thither. Now if, in case there are Salmon in the Thames, the Salmon will eat up the Whitebait, the question will be between Salmon and Whitebait, and this is the momentous one which their Worship will have to decide.

COURT DRESS.

GENTLEMEN should go to Court in knee-breeches. If you have any conscientious scruples on this matter, a compromise may be effected by tucking up your trousers. This is not perhaps generally known.



YET ANOTHER AMERICANISM.

"HERE, MARIA, HOLD MY CLOAK WHILE I HAVE A FLING WITH STRANGER!"

REVERSING THE PROVERB.

A FABLE, BY JOHN (PUNCH) GAY.

THAT oysters may be crossed in love
Is, well we know, the law of Jove,
But hear the poet, and you'll find,
They're also troubled in their mind.

Bold BETHELL, now a noble Peer,
Of brow serene and tongue severe,
Had ordered lunch, and at his wish
A dozen natives graced the dish:
Fat, juicy bivalves, fresh and white,
Fit for a Judge's toothsome bite,
The ale was pale, the bread was new,
The butter delicate of hue,
A slight but nourishing refecton,
Not interfering with reflection,
But formed to silence inward groans
While plaintiff's counsel bores and drones.

Withdrawn to his retiring room,
Erst used by ELDON, LYNDHURST, BROUGHAM,
His Lordship cast his robe aside,
And with content his luncheon eyed.
"Here's my Refresher in the cause,
And better earned than JABBER JAW'S."

He said, the tiny trident reared,
And the first fish had all but speared,
When, vertical upon the board,
An Oyster thus addressed my Lord,
Not in a whistling timid key,
Eut in a voice well-trained at sea.

"Ho! Equity's great guard and friend!
Attention and assistance lend."

Unblanched as was Pelides' cheek
When his own horse began to speak,
Was BETHELL'S face. He slightly backed:
"Move, but confine yourself to fact."

"My Lord," the Oyster said again,
(Edging away from the Cayenne)
"We ask relief, nor singly come,
But in the name of Oysterdom.
Too long, my Lord, a proverb old
Links us with justice missed, or sold,
Too long we've been the ribald type
Of all who give the law a wipe,
And now we hold it fitting time
That you should quite reverse the rhyme.
Why should an Oyster's fate recal
Two suitors cheated of their all?
Why should adulterous the Oyster quote
As tumbling down the lawyer's throat?
My Lord, our state is one of trouble,
We heave, we hiss, we spit, we bubble,
That we, aristocrats of food,
Should always suffer jeers so rude,
So beg that you, whose powerful hand
Protects all Natives of the land,
(And land, as well your Lordship knows,
Is where the ocean ebbs and flows.)
Will take some measures to abate
The nuisance of our grievous fate,
And cancel the injurious saw
Which thus describes the end of law:—
'A shell for him, a shell for thee,
The Oyster is the lawyer's fee.'
So make your Orator your debtor.
Orator, if you like it better."

He ceased, arranged his beardy fringe,
And sank upon his widowed hinge.



REVERSING THE PROVERB.

"The Oyster where it ought to be, | And Shell and Shell the Lawyer's Fee."

The Keeper of the Conscience smiled :
Paused, and replied, in accents mild :—

“ From many a Silk and Stuff in there,
From many a politician rare,
From many a Lord, profane, divine,
I’ve heard much worse harangues than thine.
The only drawback I would state
Is that your rhetoric’s rather late.
Of two greats blots I’ve sought to purge
The law, and meet the views you urge.
The Rich I’ve helped with measures bold,
And land is cheaply bought and sold :
The grim Conveyancer is crushed,
His dusty webs away I’ve brushed,
And those who’ll learn my simple rules,
May save large costs—who won’t, are Fools.

The Poor are now my earnest care,
The workman hath enough to bear,
Nor scoundrel tallymen shall join
With bailiffs for his hard-earned coin,
And low Attorneys, long his dread,
Shall now beg coarse but honest bread.
Henceforth the rhyme that carries smart
To my poor Oyster’s oozy heart,
Shall in another fashion run,
And thus be passed by sire to son :
‘ The Oyster where it ought to be,
And shell and shell the lawyer’s fee.’ ”

Again he smiled, so says the fable,
And drew his chair up near the table,
When all the Oysters, seen and hid,
Cried, “ Eat, and welcome.” And he did.

THE STREET-NUISANCE REMOVAL BILL.



TAKE NOTICE,—Gentlemen of the House of Commons, next year there will be a General Election, and such of you as entertain a wish to keep your seats, had better take good care to be found in them next Wednesday, that you may help to pass the Bill which MR. BASS has introduced to relieve us from the misery inflicted by street-music.

Haply there be some of you who, living in the country, where a street band or a banjo is a pleasurable excitement, or else studying and sleeping, (the words are oftentimes synonymous) at the back of a town house so big that no street-noise is heard through it—there be some of you, I say, who may doubt if a mere hand-organ can ever prove a nuisance. Indeed some of you,

perhaps, may entertain a doubt if street-musicians still exist, since you yourselves so rarely hear them. To guard against your being misguided by these doubtings into giving a wrong vote, Mr. Punch begs to inform you that fifty street tormentors were met the other morning in but half an hour’s walk, within a very little distance from his own official residence. Mr. Punch knows an eye-witness who will (if he be asked politely) make affidavit of this fact,* and MR. BASS, may make what use of the intelligence he pleases, when he moves the second reading of his Bill.

So, Gentlemen, now’s your time to secure your next election ; and here’s a little song which you may sing next week in chorus, when you go into the lobby to vote for Mr. BASS :—

Here’s to the Member whose Bill *Punch* hath seen,
And its purport most thoroughly sifted :
’Twill surely receive the assent of the QUEEN,
When through Commons and Lords it hath drifted.
Let the Bill pass,
Vote for brave Bass,
The man who’d encourage street-music’s an ass.

* Deposition taken before worthy Mr. Punch in the Court of St. Bride :—On Tuesday, May the Seventeenth, while walking from the Elephant and Castle over Blackfriars Bridge to the foot of Ludgate Hill, at eight o’clock, A.M., I met the following band-itti, viz. :—

- 39 Barrel Organs.
- 1 Monster ditto, drawn by pony.
- 2 Dirty little whistling boys, each with a white mouse.
- 2 Fiends with hurdygurdies ; and
- 6 Italian Pifferari, who in their scarecrow clothing looked anything but spiffy-rari.

To the truth of this statement I am ready to swear.

(Signed)

I. WITNESS.

A Pint in Question.

THEY are talking of giving beer to cattle. Let ’em put some spirits into ’em.—say gin. Well, say you, what kind of gin? Why, say I, as it’s for Cattle, try Oxy-gin.

THE ROBBERS IN JUTLAND.

THE subjoined, as given by *Reuter’s Express*, is part of the proclamation issued by GENERAL FALKENSTEIN, the Second Robber of the KING OF PRUSSIA’S gang of marauders in Jutland, otherwise called Commander-in-Chief of his Prussian Majesty’s troops there, by order of the First Robber, *alias*, his Excellency Field Marshal FRIEDRICH VON WRANGEL. It is a statement of the scale of contributions to be levied on Danish landlords for the supply of the Prussian thieves :—

“ 1. *To Officers*.—For breakfast : coffee, with accessories. For dinner : soup, meat, and vegetables, roast and butter, and cheese, and a bottle of wine. For supper : tea, bread and butter, and meat. Eight cigars per man daily.

“ 2. *To Men*.—For breakfast : coffee and accessories. For dinner : soup, 1 pound of meat and vegetables, bread and cheese, a bottle of beer, an eighth of a pound of tobacco, or ten cigars per man.

“ 3. *To Horses*.—Four measures of oats, 8 pounds of hay, and the necessary straw.”

Well now, really, the liberality of these allowances for Prussian felons and cutthroats is extreme. It beats even the dietary profusion on which convicts were until lately, if they are not still, regaled in British prisons. In the most luxurious of all our gaols, criminals, we believe, were never indulged with cigars, if with any tobacco at all ; certainly none of them have ever been allowed so many cigars as from eight to ten, or as much tobacco as an eighth of a pound a-day apiece.

Some one may say that it is not fair to compare the Prussian soldiers occupying Jutland to the malefactors who occupy our gaols. There are differences between them. The principal one is that the Prussian soldiery are out of gaol, whereas the British felony are in gaol. The other is that whilst the latter depredators are spontaneous, the former are compelled to plunder their neighbours. But though the Prussian soldiery in Jutland are out of gaol, they are maintained equally with the British felony at the expense of the public with whom they are at war. And, notwithstanding that the KING OF PRUSSIA’S forces are plunderers, by command of his Majesty, they do his Majesty’s will nothing loath.

In the foregoing extracts from GENERAL FALKENSTEIN’S villainous edict, it will be observed that for breakfast, both officers and men are allowed “ coffee with accessories.” Doubtless, “ accessories ” mean bread-and-butter, sugar, milk and cream, eggs, ham, and whatever else the brigands may please to call for. The word “ accessories ” suggests a question. If the principals in the murder of the Danes at Sønderborg and elsewhere deserve to be hanged, what do the accessories before and after the fact deserve ?

FALKENSTEIN ! The name reminds us of WALLENSTEIN ; no doubt by a natural association with *The Robbers*.

The KING OF PRUSSIA and HERR VON BISMARCK, in ordering the plunder and slaughter of the Danes, have, to borrow the words of an author said to be known in Prussia, though his writings have not exerted any moral influence there, but taught bloody instructions, which may one of these days return to plague the inventors, if the inventors are in the land of the living, not in a worse. They have thrown away all regard to the rules of civilised warfare, and in any war in which they may hereafter be engaged with any nation, both sides are to be as barbarous as they please. Any enemy invading Prussia will, by Prussia’s own precedent, be justified in ravaging Prussia with the most merciless cruelty, and will be encouraged in so doing by the applause of all honest Europe.

A Protest.

WE observe an incessant announcement of a fact of limited interest. We perpetually read “ *Janita’s Cross*.” Of the lady we have no knowledge, and of course know nothing of the reasons for her crossness, but she and they what they may, we think her friends act harshly in publicly recording what is really a private affair, especially as her temper may be attributable to the eccentric weather. We have often reprehended these invasions of the sanctity of domestic life.



Little Gent (indignantly). "REASONABLE! WHAT! 7s. 6d. A-HEAD FOR HALF A SOLE, A CUTLET, AND RHUBARB TART? WELL, IT AIN'T MY IDEA."

Head Waiter (blandly). "HOH, SIR, IF YOU'D A' SPOKEN BEFORE'AND, WE'D 'AVE PERWIDED A DINNER MORE SUITED TO A STYLE OF GENTEEL HINDIGENCE."

UNIVERSAL HERO-WORSHIP COMPANY (LIMITED).

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES' ACT, 1862.

[By operation of which the liability of each shareholder will be limited to the amount of cheers, or other manifestations of enthusiasm (including banners, dinners, subscriptions to memorials, &c.) invested.]

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed to supply a want severely felt in these days of general enlightenment, keen appetite for sensation, and singularly demonstrative enthusiasm.

Every sharp-sighted person must have remarked, with regret, the great waste of popular and productive enthusiasm, on occasions like the late visit of GENERAL GARIBALDI, the Shakspeare Tercentenary, the BURNS and HANDEL Festivals, &c. &c., owing to the want of a proper organisation for employing these manifestations in a remunerative manner, on the great principle of co-operative capital which seems destined to be the regenerator of industry in the present day. How productive popular enthusiasm may be made is sufficiently shown by the enormous profits realised by enterprising individuals, or Associations—as the Directors of the Royal and Italian Opera, the Crystal Palace, and principal Railway Companies—by judicious operations in the widespread excitement on the subject of GENERAL GARIBALDI, the memory of SHAKSPEARE, and similar investments of Hero-Worship.

It is hardly necessary to point out that co-operation and combination would have enormously increased even these large receipts, and secured to a gigantic Association, such as that now brought forward, the returns hitherto monopolised by individuals or small Companies. The Directors have introduced this Company with a view to extend to the wide, and hitherto only imperfectly worked field of Hero-Worship, the principles on which are founded the *Crédit Mobilier* and *Crédit Foncier* in France, and the influential Companies lately formed in imitation of them among ourselves. As these Associations gather into a mountain of aggregated capital myriads of pecuniary molehills, so the Directors propose to fuse

A GOOD COOKE.

QUIBBLE, a cab-driver (the name is from the police report) summons a fare. Apparent misunderstanding—claim allowed. Two other points. MR. COOKE, Magistrate, reprobates, most strongly, the practice indulged in, by snobs, of "treating cabby." The custom is a vulgar relic of the old coach time, when bottle-nosed ruffians were propitiated by donated liquor. And if "cabby" gets treated too much, and a subsequent fare is ill-treated, who's to blame? We trust that all Magistrates will instantly consider any case proved as against any treater. Next, MR. COOKE, Magistrate, strongly reprobated the practice indulged in by cabmen of saying, "I'll leave it to you, Sir." It plainly means, as MR. COOKE says, extortion. But this can easily be remedied. The moment a cabman has said that, the law of fares is suspended. Let the rider pay sixpence, and let the Magistrate refuse all further redress. MR. COOKE, however, deserves thanks for his judicial and judicious lesson.

"TRAVELLERS DO STRANGE THINGS."

"THOUGHT is free," says a singer in the *Tempest*, and so for that matter is dress. Yet, without the slightest idea of infringing upon sumptuary liberties, is not—eh—well—but is not this rather—you understand—an odd costume for a person engaged in commercial pursuits. He says,—

TOWN TRAVELLER.—Has Travelled Eight Years in skirts, stays, under-clothing, and millinery. First-class references.—Address * *, Shepherdess Walk.

The address makes the affair quite Arcadian, but as the advertiser has first-class references, we shall ride second-class should we see him in the train, for fear of being provoked into the rudeness of smiling. That's all.

A Hint.

THE Telegrams from Germany say that "the prospects of the DUKE of AUGUSTENBURG have greatly improved." When a swaggering lodger, who established himself on the first-floor, is sent up to the attics, he usually obtains an improved prospect, but seldom boasts much about it.

into an overwhelming general excitement the small individual enthusiasms now unproductive, or productive to particular speculators only.

The money returns of the undertaking they have every reason to believe will be enormous.

In furtherance of their object the Directors propose that the Company should enter into arrangements with GENERAL GARIBALDI for a prolonged residence, and widely extended series of progresses, in this country (having first taken all necessary precautions for the fortification of his health), and this they have reason to think may be effected on terms which, while they will defray the General's expenses on the most liberal scale, will yet, owing to the simple habits of the General, be insignificant in comparison with the returns to be expected by the Company.

They have also entered into negotiations with several leaders of fashion, and persons high in the official world, on terms highly advantageous to the Company,—it having been found that publicity and notoriety (which the Company will be in a position to secure in their most imposing form) are of greater weight with these classes than pecuniary remuneration.

It is the purpose of the Directors, in all cases, to work, in the first instance, all the metropolitan sources of admiration and sympathy. When these are exhausted, their operations will be transferred to the provincial field of supply.

They have already entered into preliminary arrangements with former objects of hero-worship, now thrown into the shade, but which only require a little judicious treatment, and a course of well-directed newspaper articles—for which the Directors need only say that they command the most eligible channels—to be again made productive.

The operations of the Company will gain greatly by being systematic, as the various veins of enthusiasm will be judiciously tapped in a carefully-planned order, based on the soundest calculation of the love of variety and sensation among the masses, high and low. Thus a course of patriots will be followed by one of Continental sovereigns, with occasional intervals of popular pugilists, high-rope performers, and literary lions, alive and dead.

As the best means of ensuring brilliancy and effect for their operations, the Directors are happy to say that they have all but concluded negotiations with MR. E. T. SMITH, MR. COOKE, and MESSRS. HOWES AND CUSHING for the use of the banners and scenic resources of the first, and the equestrian studs, performing elephants, and four-legged lions of the latter. The best results are anticipated from the artful combination of the quadrupeds and bipeds of the genus Leo, which has hitherto been neglected. They have also made a liberal offer—now under favourable consideration at Her Majesty's Office of Works—for the funeral-car of the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON, which they propose to turn to account in the celebration of deceased worthies. MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER has accepted, provisionally, the arduous office of bard to the Company, and negotiations are in progress with POET (not ARCHDEACON) CLOSE, to relieve MR. TUPPER on the rare occasions when he requires time to think, or his Pegasus to recover his wind. DR. CUMMING has kindly agreed to accept the office of Clerical Enthusiast and Millenarian Trumpeter to the Company: and MESSRS. WASHINGTON WILKS and G. F. TRAIN have been applied to, to act as Standing Orators when no enthusiastic nobleman is available to take the chair at the demonstrations which it is one main object of the Company to organise throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Extensive arrangements will be made with Keepers and Showmen of Lions, alive or dead; and Proprietors of Relics, Hero-worship-Promoters, Anniversary-Organisers, and owners of Moral-Engines for the Production of Enthusiasm at high-pressure, will be treated with on liberal terms and in the strictest confidence.

Bankers.

MESSRS. HORNBLOWER AND FROTH, Green Court, Threadneedle Street.

Solicitors.

IN LONDON:—SKINDEEP AND STRUTT, Swallow Street.

IN PARIS:—GOBEMOUCHE BLATANT ET COMPAGNIE, Rue Veauquittette.

Directors.

(To be Announced in a future Prospectus.)

GENERAL MANAGER OF MANIFESTATIONS, ORGANISER OF OVATIONS, AND SECRETARY, *pro tem.*

J. B. BARNUM, New York.

(With power to add to his number.)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

MR. PUNCH comes out just in time to assist the University authorities, in this trying season of Rejoicing and Gaiety, by publishing clear and lucid directions for those ladies and gentlemen, who are assisting at the Academical Ceremonies.

CONFERRING DEGREES IN THE SENATE HOUSE ON THURSDAY, JUNE 2.

1. Ladies with blue tickets will enter by the right hand door on the other side; taking care to come round the corner quietly, and sitting down in the order of seniority, respectively. All disputes concerning age to be referred to the Senior Proctor.

2. Ladies with pink tickets, may exchange with ladies with blue tickets, by applying to the Vice-Chancellor, on or before ten o'clock in the morning. They will pay their visit in caps and gowns. They will come in, in any case, on the left hand side, unless they can get in before the ladies with blue tickets, when they will enter by the main door. Each lady must present the Registrar with a certificate of baptism, and be ready to state the names of her Godfathers and Godmothers. M. or N., as the case may be, will, in no instance, be received as a satisfactory answer. Orders not admitted after 11 A.M.

3. Ladies with white tickets will enter by the opposite door.
4. Gentlemen on horseback, will dismount before reaching the Gallery, which will be entirely and solely appropriated to the use of undergraduates, and anyone who can get a place in it. Umbrellas, walking-sticks, parasols, and erinolines to be left at the door.

5. The Proctors' Bands will perform several beautiful pieces of music during the ceremony. The Vice-Chancellor may, by a Grace of the Senate, call upon any Member of the University for a song or a sentiment; but he will not be expected to join in chorus.

6. The Undergraduates are expected to cap all the Vice-Chancellor's jokes.

7. Smoking will be permitted in all parts of the building. The proceedings will commence with a request from DR. WHEWELL, that all orders may be given while the waiters are in the room. The Provost of King's will then, weather permitting, start the key-note of Number Ninety-nine in the Books, on a tuning fork.

8. The Public Orator will deliver a speech in Latin, which the ladies will consider very clever, and the gentlemen applaud whenever MR. CLARKE either pauses to take breath, or pronounces some familiar word.

9. The Belles of St. Mary's will attend in full dress. Hair in ringlets. They will be ushered in by SIR ROBERT PEEL.

10. After the honorary degrees have been conferred, MR. BANTING will be duly appointed as a Tutor of Corpus.

11. A few modulations will then be played on the Organ by the Master of Keys (*Caius*).

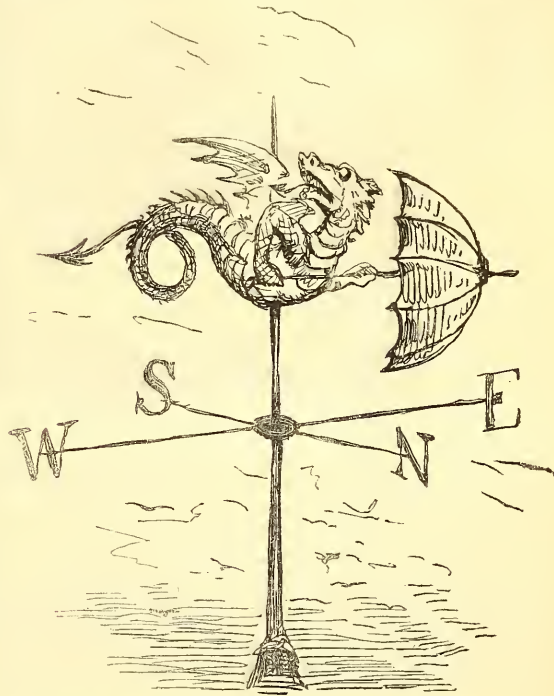
12. The public is informed, that the performers will not be allowed to respond to *encores*. The proceedings will terminate with a dance in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Vouchers for anything can be obtained from the University Dragsman, and the Junior Bulldogs.

13. Professor of Modern History will discourse on Muscularity, finishing up with a set-to with MR. JACKSON, Professor of the Noble Art.

14. Fireworks in the evening. Squibs objected to.
15. On Friday morning, there will be leap-frog over the backs of the Colleges. (Children in arms cannot be admitted within the Senate House, except by Special Grace. This does not apply to young Volunteers.)

16. The Boat Procession, in balloons, will be up Trinity Street to Downing College; if the state of the roads render it feasible.

17. On Saturday everybody will stop in bed all day. Vouchers not required.



EVEN THE DRAGON ON THE CHURCH SPIRE GETS TIRED OF THIS EVERLASTING EAST WIND.

Note from the MS. Diary of an Intelligent Foreigner Visiting England.

"THE Clergy of the Anglican Established Church dress in black coats, black waistcoats, showing a fair amount of shirt front, and white cravats tied in bows. They are very humble. I have seen them in this dress fulfilling the most menial offices: waiting at the tables of the rich; and either driving, sitting by the coachman, or perched up behind the carriages of the wealthy."

Cruel Practical Joke.

IN anticipation of a General Election at no distant date, some wag at Oxford, supposed to be a Conservative Doctor of Divinity, has placarded the walls of all the Colleges with:—"GLADSTONE, the Working Man's Friend," "GLADSTONE, Freedom and Equality," "Vote for GLADSTONE and Manhood Suffrage."

"BID THE MERRY BELLS RING."

Blair Athol's triumphant arrival at the Winning Post last Wednesday was instantly followed by a *General Peal*.

RULE IN ARITHMETIC TO BE REMEMBERED BY GERMANY AND PRUSSIA.—Two into one! you can't!



OUR CAPTAIN IS ONE OF THE GALLANTEST FELLOWS IN THE SERVICE (R.V.), BUT HE CANNOT FACE H.M.'S GUARDS IN THE STREETS. HE GENERALLY TAKES REFUGE IN A HANSON.

TRIBUTE TO THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, at a banquet deservedly given to him by the Salters' Company, in responding to the toast of His Royal Highness's name associated with that of "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers," made a remark which may, with special propriety, be transferred to these columns. Said the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to the Worshipful Salters:—

"The way to make your moral influence bear on the affairs of the world is by keeping your physical power so efficient, that should the moral influence break down, a ready resort can be made to the physical. (*Cheers and a Laugh.*)"

We congratulate the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE on the foregoing observation, which, being an extremely sensible one, of course created a laugh. An extremely sensible observation generally does. A very wise saying produces just the same effect as a very foolish one. The wisdom of the ancient jester afforded as much amusement as his folly. Perhaps the former was sometimes mistaken for the latter by those who called the jester their "fool." In the sense in which they probably used the word, we may be permitted to say that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, at the dinner that was given to him by the Salters' Company, in propounding a maxim the truth of which is so strikingly illustrated by the conduct of all foreign powers, and especially just now by that of Austria and Prussia, made a very great fool of himself. His Royal Highness deserves to be crowned with our own cap and bells.

Notes and Queries.

ALGEBRAIST wants to know where X Square is in London? (It is out of London; not far from Kew.—Ed.)

MAMMOTH asks whence the following quotation comes:—

"Beware of jealousy, it is a Green Eyed Monster,
It blesses him that gives and him that takes,
And being gone he is a man again."

(We can't call the passage to mind at this moment. Consult a Solicitor.)

PROFESSORS IN A PASSION.

LET dogs delight to quarrel over their bones; but, Members of the Ethnological Society, do not fall out over yours. Cannot skulls be discussed by philosophers without the interchange of abuse? You should not let such angry passions rise as you did one evening last week, at a meeting of your learned Association, when a Paper was read by DR. DONOVAN, "On Empirical and Scientific Physiognomy;" the system of LAVATER in contrast with that of GALL and SPURZHEIM. In the course of his observations on that subject, DR. DONOVAN is reported to have "made fun" of some remarks of SIR DAVID BREWSTER respecting it. He thereby fairly laid his own open to be made fun of likewise by any ethnologist present capable of making fun. Instead of that, his opponents made use of strong language. PROFESSOR BUSK is stated to have denounced his paper as a "farrago of nonsense," and his jocosity in regard to BREWSTER as "disgraceful to a scientific meeting." DR. HUNT is represented as having declared that it "ought not to be read," and another gentleman, we are told, said that a work of COMBE'S on Phrenology, quoted by DR. DONOVAN, was "one of the most trashy publications on a scientific subject which had ever appeared." DR. DONOVAN, in reply, expressed the gratification he felt in having "trotted the antiphrenologists out."

Mr. Punch is a decided phrenologist, because he has himself such a fine forehead. He believes that when an antiphrenologist is a violent antiphrenologist, it is simply because that antiphrenologist has a bad one.

After-Derby Prosody.

Synalepha is the cutting off a vowel at the end of a word before another at the beginning of a word: as, "*Ishaway w'have in th'army.*"

Ecthiipsis is the cutting off the letter M before another word: as, "*We won't goho'f'ull morling.*"

Crisis is the contraction of two syllables into one: as, "*T'u d'light doesh'pear.*"

Diaeresis is the resolving one syllable into two: as, "*F'he'sha jolly good suf-fellow.*"



1st Navy. "A YE SIN A DAWG ABOUT YEAR, YEAR 'ALF, TWO YEAR OLD, TAIL INCH, INCH 'ALF, TWO INCH LONG?"

2nd Navy. "OI, SIN 'IM ABOUT HOUR, HOUR AN' 'ALF, TWO HOURS AGONE, MILE, MILE AN' 'ALF, TWO MILE DUN T' ROAD!"

[Exit 1st Navy, whistling.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 26th. Monday. A nation with a virtue which all nations admire, bravery, and doubtless with other virtues which are not so apparent to the eye of JOHN BULL, with his constable, taxes-paying, and general decorum ideas, as they might seem to a less rational person, is in course of extermination. There were, a few years ago, 100,000 Maoris in New Zealand, there are now about 50,000. In a few more years there will be none, and against this loss are to be set two items, the comfort of the colonists, who covet quiet possession of the Maori lands, and the extinction of LORD MACAULAY'S abominable New Zealander. LORD LITTLETON, speaking to-night, considered that we had not behaved altogether humanely to these aborigines, with whom we are now waging a warfare that means something as like extermination as the usages of polite war will permit. As nobody knows anything about the colonies, it may not be superfluous to mention that while England ruled the New Zealand settlers, the natives got tolerably fair play, but now that we have given the settlers a Constitution, they not only seek to have the Maoris put down altogether (and it is very natural that they should) but they make English folks carry on and pay for the war. In *Punch's* spirit of the most impartial justice he ought to add, that there are many Volunteers, among the colonists, who are extremely ready to aid in serving out the New Zealanders, and that the latter war after a fashion which they think fair, but which we call murder. This was the subject of the Monday night conversation in the Lords, and the Government had not much to say, but thought that the first thing to be done was to subjugate the natives. This work the gallant GENERAL CAMERON is doing with all desirable vigour.

Those Liverpool Steam-Rams, which of course were not built for the Confederates, but for the French, also for the Bey of Tunis, likewise for the Pacha of Egypt, are delivered from law, for the Government has bought them for the nation, for £220,000. As the Confederates had nothing to do with them—did not the builders say so?—it is very strange that Confederate organs should express irritation at this purchase, but there are some things that no fellah, not even an Egyptian Fellah, can be expected to understand.

The Volunteer Review, before the PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES,

was a glorious sight. As glorious, in its way, was the muddle about tickets to behold it. Red Tape was once more in all its glory. People who ought to have had cards had none, and people who had no right to any had lots, a state of things which was alleviated by tickets being of no use, because the police let anybody who liked take the places. The mess is between the War Office, the Police, and the Works, and it may be illustrated by the fact that tickets were thrust into the hands of Volunteers as they were marching to the ground, when such things must have been singularly useful. "System" is not dead, and we shall have another Crimean business one of these days, unless we establish a Volunteer War Office. An official of *pur sang* would far rather a regiment went to battle without cartridges than that they should be given out before all possible letters had been written, all possible entries made in ledgers, and all possible red tape expended. It did not much matter in the Park, but it will matter a great deal in Prussia, or wherever the next war may be.

Parliament ascended to semi-practical joking, and a debate on the Spirit Duties was linked to one on MR. HOME and his Spirits, and his expulsion from Rome. WHITESIDE was for cheapening the alcohol, and ROEBUCK for avenging the Spirit-rapper. Government triumphed on the first point, and common sense on the second. SIR EDWIN'S Lions were again promised—one this year.

Tuesday. LORD GRANVILLE, answering LORD CHELMSFORD on a matter of no consequence, accused the good-natured, but rather talkative ex-Chancellor of being still actuated by a rule dear to young barristers, namely, that "it is unprofessional to refuse any brief." Slightly impertinent, but not so bad. The Penal Servitude Bill was read a Second Time, LORD GREY thinking it not severe enough. Some Peers saw objections to the proposed police *surveillance* over the ticket-holders. It would be well if the police had also *surveillance* over the ticket-sellers, who establish mock box-offices to cheat Opera-going provincials, who deserve it, however, because they will not go to the right place.

A great Chinese debate in the Commons, but as MR. COBDEN justly said that a man would sleep more soundly if he knew the whole Chinese Empire, of 300,000,000 souls, were to be destroyed in the night, than if he had arranged to have a tooth pulled out in the morning, we shall merely say that British interference in China was deprecated and defended, and

that London will be much more interested in learning that ALDERMAN SALOMONS brought in a Bill for doing away with Tolls on our Bridges. By the way, how a cabman hates to hear the instant "right," from the tollman at Waterloo. It shows that you had your twopence ready—*ergo* that you know London—*ergo* that you know the fare.

Finally, we had a "warm" debate on the formation of the Committee which Government has discovered is necessary to clear its honour in the ROBERT LOWE and Document-Mutilation business. MR. CLAY hit LORD ROBERT CECIL very hard for his sharp practice in handing about a paper which he knew MR. LOWE was physically incapable of seeing. Later, a Committee of Five, with two non-voting *adessors*, was appointed. Who cares?

Wednesday. The Bill for doing away with the Tests at Oxford. Rather a warm debate—the fires of theology do warm people, especially amateurs of that pursuit. LORD ROBERT CECIL declared that no man could be a good Churchman who was not a good Conservative, whereto SIR GEORGE GREY demurred. MR. LEATHAM'S speech was far the best. He is a Dissenter. Of course he supported the Bill, but said that his fear was lest young Dissenters, going to Oxford, should yield to the *genius loci*, and become Churchmen. ARCHBISHOP PUNCH sees no objection to this. His Bishops tell him that the new clergy daily fall shorter and shorter of the desired standard, and judging by his own experience, he can well believe it. Why not let in the fresh, acute, fearless, young Dissenters? They want to be Scholars and Gentlemen. Dissent crects beautiful Gothic churches that shame the wretched contract-built barns of Evangelical architects, and as for social *status*, the REVEREND MR. JAY, a Star of Nonconformity, has left, as his parting legacy to the rising sectarians, advice to marry rich girls, "even though not endowed with personal advantages." Is not that clergymanly? The Bill triumphed, on this stage, by 236 to 226.

Thursday. Inspired by *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon of last week, LORD CLANRICARDE brought in a Bill in favour of the British Oyster. During June, oysters are not in (except in the celebrated picture of the "Chelsea Pensioners hearing the News of Waterloo"), and we shall therefore examine MESSRS. PIMM, LYNN, RULE, HARVEY, and other eminent oyster-merchants, who have now plenty of leisure and lobsters.

With deep regret, and some shame, *Mr. Punch* states that he has again been a heavy sufferer from his unfortunate habit of hearing both sides before a rush into gush. He is convinced that the best course is instantly to accept a police report, or a provincial paragraph, and dash into indignation. Having foolishly waited for explanations, in reference to a case of *primi facie* hardship, and an apparently severe sentence by MR. PAYNE, the Magistrate, *Mr. Punch* is done. SIR GEORGE GREY stated to-night that the culprit had lied awfully, and was a confirmed rogue, and that there was nothing to find fault with in the sentence. In future, *Mr. Punch* intends to imitate some of his contemporaries, and to attack Judges and Magistrates on the statements of prisoners, or his poetry and enthusiasm will be chilled.

An Education Wrangle, and Irish Chancery. We shall not insult readers by adding a word.

A Bill called the Married Women's Acknowledgment Bill was read a Second Time. But why useless legislation? Everybody knows how prompt a married woman is to acknowledge anything that her husband does in the hope of pleasing her. How, if the husband makes her a present, she would die (or own she dyed) sooner than criticise it unkindly, or say that he had better give her money instead of wasting it on rubbish, and then she could buy what she really wanted, and had begged and prayed for so often. How instantly she makes acknowledgment if she is in the wrong, or thinks it would please you to be told so. We deprecate all needless law-making, and hope that the Lords, who are the husbands of Ladies, will throw this measure out.

Friday. LORD SHAFTESBURY earnestly advocated the Bill for prohibiting the employment of boys in sweeping chimneys. That after nearly 1864 years of Christianity such a measure should be necessary is very horrible, and also very suggestive. The details which the Earl brought forward are too shocking for reproduction here, but fine ladies who mew over the sorrows of the Circassians, and devout ladies who send missionaries to the Chinese, had better know what is done in their own houses, and within a few feet of their own beds, with the children of white English folk.

New Minister CHILDERS explained that Greenwich Hospital is to be reformed. The building is to be kept for the infirm, and the other old salts are to have their allowances, and spend them where they like. At present, the Hospital has £150,000 a-year, and wastes £80,000.

The Scotchmen actually had a debate, but it ended in the decision that Scotland manages her legislation very quietly and well, and that no alteration in the system is wanted.

Advertisement.

(For a Suburban Music Hall Proprietor.)

TO VOLUNTEER DRUMMERS.—DO YOU BEAT YOUR RE-TREATS? If so, go to Somers' Town; SMITH'S "RETREAT" can't be beaten by anyone. Commence at, &c. Admission, &c.

ABBEOKUTA AND DYBBÖL.

OH the KING OF DAHOMEY'S infuriate ire
Against Abbeokuta breathed slaughter and fire!
He went forth with his men and his women of might,
To assault it, and sack it, and raze it outright.

He led on his black bands in their battle array,
All athirst for the bloodshed, all keen for the prey;
And they grinned and they glared, males and females as well,
Whilst they tramped to the tomtom with warwhoop and yell.

But the Egbas, forewarned, had long kept a look-out,
And their walls had well mounted and manned round about,
By their brave Abashoron prepared to abide
All the onslaught of BADAHUNG'S rapine and pride.

Thrice one thousand armed savages rush on the wall,
But the battlements blaze, and the miscreants fall,
Some sprawl biting the dust, these are shot right down, those
Are dragged over the ramparts and slain by their foes.

Lo, to scale the wall striving, the Amazons' band,
One the parapet grasped—off was chopped her right hand.
Then she fired with her left, but a sabre's edge smote
Her down dead, and the Fury fell back in the moat.

Of ten thousand black rascals one thousand were slain,
Besides many more wounded; two thousand were ta'en.
With the Egbas behind them the rest of them fled,
And the first ran away with their King at their head.

O that right could at Dybböl, too, thus have prevailed,
And the savage attack upon Sönderborg failed!
Yes, and O that KING WILLIAM, KING BADAHUNG'S peer,
Had been thus chased away with a flea in his ear!

But this difference there is 'tween Dahomey's dark sons,
And your Prussians; the negroes have no needle-guns,
Or those thieves might have seized on their neighbours' domains,
And the fate of the Egbas been that of the Danes.

Great and grave is the peril wherein the world stands,
From the weapons of science in savages' hands.
Let us look to our arms, that, in coming to blows,
We may lick, like the Egbas, the like of their foes.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

"WE need hardly say how great is our respect for the intelligence of the Law: in fact, it is only out of regard for the maintenance of its due dignity, that we feel compelled to draw the attention of the members of the Learned Profession to the system of flagrant puffing adopted in the legal announcements of the newspapers. We allude especially to the notices relating to the Bankruptcy Court. Thus, may be seen in one single staring line—

"MR. REGISTRAR ROCHE is the Registrar of the day."

A very excellent gentleman and most admirable Registrar. But to say that he is "The Registrar of the Day!"—that is, the Registrar *par excellence*—is rather hard upon MR. HAZLITT, who is, we are sure, no whit behind MR. ROCHE in the skill with which he discharges his professional duties. It's all very well for MESSRS. NOSES & SON, or BUY'EM & Co., to placard the town with flaring posters to the effect that he (that is, either one or the other) is the *The Snip of the Day*; but it is a step or two down the ladder for MR. REGISTRAR ROCHE to be a party to such an arrogant assertion as that of which we complain.

While upon this subject, we would draw attention to the mode in which Public Business in transacted by some of our principal Legal Functionaries. Among the arrangements we find:—

"Before MR. COMMISSIONER HOLROYD.

"BEALES, *Audit*, at 11."

Good gracious! Everyone knows what "Audit" is. It is the celebrated powerful Ale brewed at Trinity College, Cambridge. Strong ale at eleven o'clock in the morning! For what is Mr. Commissioner fit for the rest of the day? Let us ask him what does he take at One? What is his tittle at Three? And—shade of COKE upon LITTLETON!—what can his Nightcap be!

And then they call Law a *dry* study. Yes, we should think it was.

A SEA-PIECE.

WHEN is a Fishing Boat in danger of sinking? When it has got a fissure in it.

FOUR GEMS IN ONE SETTING.



THE ways of business-men are inscrutable, as inscrutable is their jargon. But we have all a right to use our reason and common-sense, when examining anything that is set before us. We distinctly declare, in defiance of all the dogmatism of business-men, that we do not believe in the reason assigned, in the following Yorkshire advertisement, for the prosperity of the concern which it is proposed to part with:—

TO LET, a Brewery, now doing a good business in consequence of *laminess*. Anyone taking it may be taught the art of Brewing. Address * * * Hall.

How can a Brewery, by any natural or non-natural interpretation of language, be affected with *laminess*? Does the advertiser mean that the Hull folk know good beer from bad, and that he is obliged to do too much Hop? Without pausing for a reply, we cross the sea, and proceed to an Irish stable:—

FOR SALE, at No. **Leinster Road, a Bay Horse, nearly thorough-bred, perfectly gentle, a good roadster, &c.: goes in harness, and stands 15½ *fet.* Apply to * * * as above.

Some Irishmen are affable, some are haughty, but we did

not expect to hear of any Hibernian gentleman riding the high horse to this extent. A horse more than five yards high would suit the Irish Giant who has taken off his flesh and stands, for coolness, in his bones (as we should have been glad to do just before the East wind came) in Surgeons' Hall. It is to England's advantage that Oireland should emigrate, if she produces such monsters. But, talking

of monsters, here are evidences of the most brutal cruelty among a class which we believed was becoming more humane and civilised. This is from canny Newcastle:—

WANTED, AT THE FELLING COLLIERY, a MAN as KICKER. Must be able to Write well, and keep Accounts. Apply personally, with recommendations, at * * * *, Newcastle.

Felling and kicking. Was ever such ferocity publicly proclaimed? Keep accounts, indeed! The savage who fells his fellow-creatures and then kicks them, ought himself to be accounted for in the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*. Recommendations! They should come from the Ring, surely, and yet our fiercest fighters never kick a man after they have felled him. Willingly turning from such a revolting subject, we come to as hideous a notification, put forth in a London paper:—

TO CONFECTIONERS.—WANTED, a MAN, to BOIL, two or three days a week.—Apply to D. SKELTON, &c. &c.

SKELTON, indeed! Skelton must surely be the horrid name. A Confectioner boils a man two or three times a week. Times have altered. A Cook (and Confectioner probably) was boiled in Smithfield, in the dark ages, for poisoning an entire family in soup, and his recipe, with slight modification, is evidently in the possession of several cheap eating-houses; and this wholesale boiling of one's fellow-creatures shows that we are relapsing into Simmerian darkness. We can write no more. Confectioner, *Jam satis*.

Dictionary Made Easy.

"REVENDICATE," said MARIA, as her blue eyes fell upon a leading article the other day. "What a pretty word; but what does it mean, CHARLES?" "Ask me to kiss you," said her Cousin. "Well, I'm sure," replied MARIA, "and what do you please to mean by that impertinence, Sir?" "Only that it would be revindicating"—said the arch CHARLES, "that is, claiming back something that was taken from you." "You're a great story, Sir," said MARIA, boxing his ears.

PICKED UP AT EPSOM (AFTER THE EVENT).

WHY should three Scotchmen have had the first three horses? Because none of them were scratched.

A ROAR FROM A LION.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM a Lion; in fact, I am *the* Lion whose cast, if you live long enough, you may live to see adorning the completed Nelson Column. My great-grandfather first sat as a model for the work, and the honour that thus reached him has through succeeding generations descended upon me. Both my grandfather and father spent their lives in the same service, and as I inherit a likeness to the family, SIR EDWIN next did me the honour to select me for the work. Of course, I thought it a great compliment, and have tried to look my best. But I've been sitting such a time now that I'm getting rather tired of it, and I'm afraid that my expression is not quite what it was. Besides, I don't mind telling you that my hair is falling off, and my tail is sadly bare from being so much sat upon. I don't want to whine about my personal disfigurement, or to growl because my patience is pretty nigh worn out. I know SIR EDWIN would not have kept me so long sitting, but that he wished to take the greatest pains about the correctness of his cast. Still I wish you would just hint to him that time is of importance at my somewhat advanced age, and that he had best complete my likeness before I get *quite* bald, and altogether lose my pristine elegance of figure.

If you chance to come my way, I hope you will look in, and if it be feeding time, come and pick a bone with me. The tiger says I am so aged that you would hardly know me. But any of the keepers will direct you to my den, and I shall be delighted to shake you by the paw, and thank you for your kind insertion of this letter.

With a roar of admiration at the way in which my family are always drawn in *Punch*, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours faithfully,

THE LION.

P.S. If you come I hope you will bring *Toby*, as I know some little cubs who would revel in a romp with him.

A GRATEFUL COUNTRY.

IN commenting, the other day, on the Volunteer Review, then in prospect, a contemporary remarks that:—

"Every man who is on the ground deserves well of England, and England is not wont to be ungrateful to her sons who render her good service."

Most true. As the *Army and Navy Gazette* observes, in an article relative to a certain gallant body of forces:—

"Any one who chooses may employ one of the finest soldiers who ever faced an enemy—whose breast is covered with medals and ribands, amid which hangs that of the Victoria Cross—to run of errands for him for threepence a mile, and the man who belonged to this very battalion of which we speak is glad to get it."

A Commissionaire with the Order of Valour on his breast, and an empty sleeve pinned by the cuff beside it, running an errand for threepence, and glad to get the money, presents a fine example of England's gratitude to her sons who render her good service, and lose a limb in doing so. A still finer example is presented by a winner of the Victoria Cross who has lost his legs, and cannot run, and will be very much obliged to you if you will give him a halfpenny.

"Black Loses."

At a critical point in the Hyde Park Review, A "Devil's Own" Company parted in two:

Accept the good omen, rejoice one and all!

When AULD CLOOTIE'S "divided," he's going to fall.

Tabernacle.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Military Administration.

At the Volunteer Review in Hyde Park, particular attention was attracted by a battalion in scarlet. This was the 1st Administrative Battalion, Derbyshire Rifle Volunteers. We have no doubt that the Derbyshire, and, indeed, every other Administrative Battalion, if ever it comes to be engaged with anything like equal numbers of an enemy, will administer to its adversaries a sound drubbing.

HAGIOLOGY.—Patron of a Fishmarket.—St. Poly-carp.



A SCENE IN BELGRAVIA—AND A FACT, TOO.

YOUNG LADY GOING OUT FOR A RIDE—ORGAN-GRINDER STRIKES UP—PONY REARS—CHILD NEARLY FRIGHTENED TO DEATH—NOT A CASE OF ILLNESS!—CAN'T INTERFERE—DIRTY RUFFIAN PLAYS ON, WHILE POLICEMAN EATS ORANGE.

THE EXIT OF PRIVATE LIFE.

PERSONS who are nervous, and persons who wish to be thought smart, find a difficulty in getting out of a room. For their comfort, *Mr. Punch* has compiled a variety of LIGHT EXITS (to use the stage phrase) by the aid of which a member of either class may promote the comfort of the company by departing with grace and promptitude. Let him watch his opportunity, and then introduce any of the following little speeches:—

“I was glad to see that HER MAJESTY walked yesterday on the Slopes; and, talking of that, I must slope” *Exit.*

“Do you think it’s going to rain? I hope not; but weather or no, I must mizzle” *Exit.*

“Your fire requires looking to, MRS. BROWN, or it will be going out—as, indeed, I must be” *Exit.*

“A beautiful geranium, indeed, MRS. JONES, and raised, I suppose, from a cutting—ha! ha! I must be a cutting, too” *Exit.*

“A very interesting auction at CHRISTIE’S yesterday, and it was curious to see how the things were going—like me” *Exit.*

“The concert was very brilliant. I never heard MISS POOLE sing that song better, ‘O don’t you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt’—and I must bolt” *Exit.*

“It would have been a foolish match, my dear lady. She had nothing, and a squint, and he had nothing, and his debts. It’s off, and so am I” *Exit.*

“Hastings is pleasant, but there is so much boat-building that, go where you will, you smell Tar, which I must now say” (*kisses fingers and*) *Exit.*

“COWPER said something in the House about the dirty state of the Fountains, and said that he must look to the source, in fact, *au reservoir*” *Exit.*

“Angling has just begun at Hampton and the other Thames places, but I prefer sea-fishing, for there, when a fish bites, you are sure to hook it; as I beg to do” *Exit.*

“Do not, my darling ARABELLA, walk out too early in the day, for you are delicate, and at that time the grass is covered with what I must now say—a dew” *Exit.*

“Some Americanisms are exceedingly quaint and humorous. To say ‘I go,’ is to say nothing, but anyone must laugh to hear a person say ‘I absquotulate’” *Exit.*

(*Ingenious variations and additions suggested, as the fashionable amusement of the season.*)

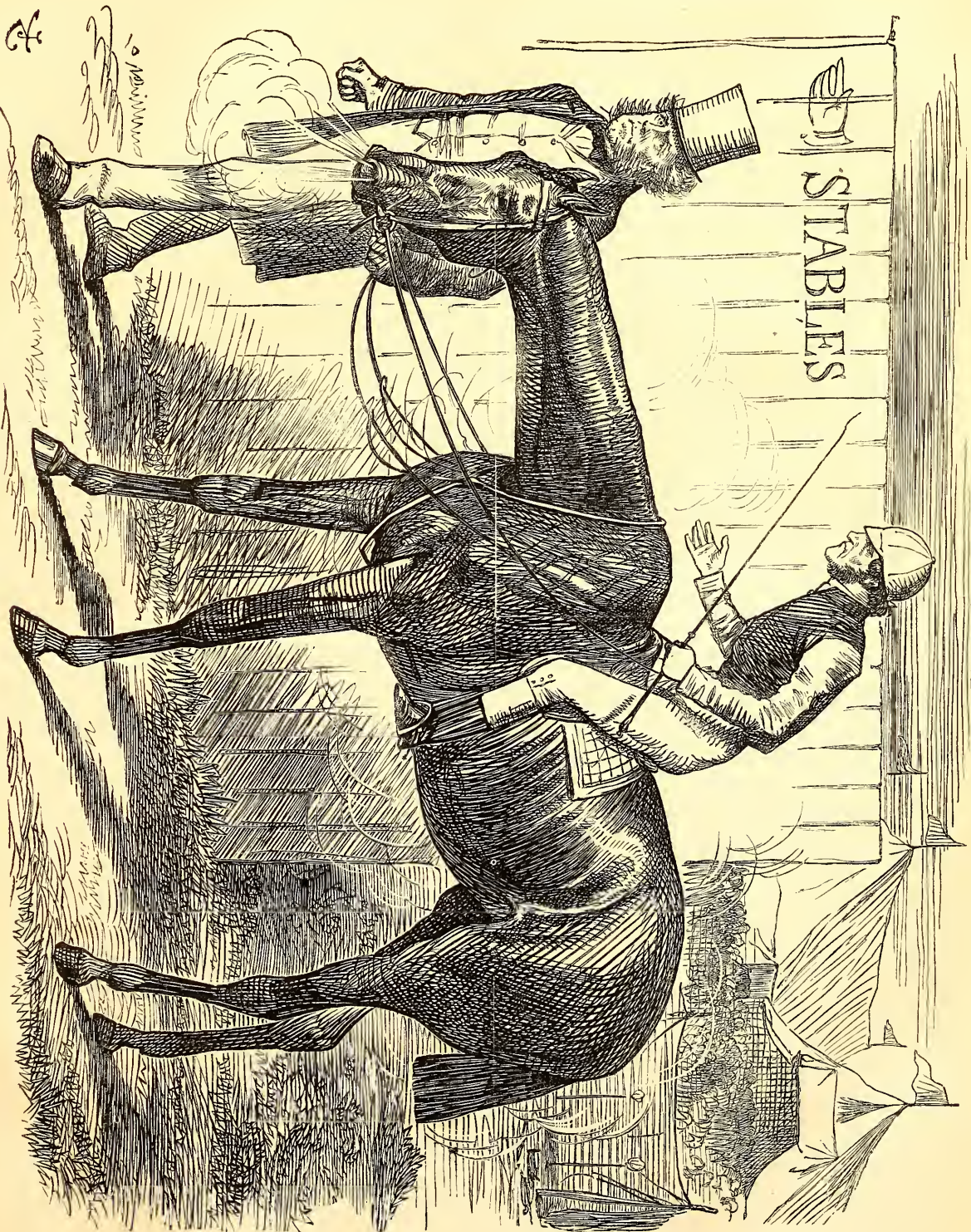
CURIOUS HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

“A STUPENDOUS national calamity, however, was averted by LORD COODLE’S making the timely discovery that if in the heat of debate he had said that he scorned and despised the whole ignoble career of SIR THOMAS DOODLE, he had merely meant to say that party differences should never induce him to withhold from it the tribute of his warmest admiration.”—*Bleak House.*

“A STRANGE national agitation, however, was allayed by MR. GLADSTONE’S making and printing the timely discovery, that if in the heat of debate he had said that he scorned the allegation that any class of men was not entitled to the suffrage, he had merely meant to say that theoretical belief never induce him to disturb the balance of representation.”—*House of Commons.*

From a Twaddling Old Cynical Fidget.

WE say “posting a letter.” Our combative cousins across the sea say, “mailing a letter.” They are nearest right. Post is a meaningless word now—except when a letter is put into a pillar. But mails still exist. Without further critical remark, we will add that mailing a letter is a much safer course than femaling one; for a gentleman to whom you confide your despatch has some idea of the desirability of early posting, whereas a lady thinks any time will do—except when the letter is to ask MR. WEBSTER or MR. FECHTER for stalls.



OUT OF THE RACE.

GLADSTONE. "PERMIT ME TO EXPLAIN—DEMOCRACY—"

PAM. "OH, BOTHER YOUR EXPLANATIONS! YOU'VE BLOWN YOUR HORSE, AND YOU'RE OUT OF THE RACE."

A GROWL FROM A BRITISH FLAT.

WELL—here I am—laid up against the wall of the Lyceum scenedock, werry bad in my distemper, and my size as much reduced as if I'd been kep on BANTING'S system for a twelvemonth. Wish I had. It's a deal werry than that. I'm laid off, bless ye. Flats ain't no use in this here theayter now, leastways not behind the scenes; they've no objection to 'em in front, I'll be bound. We're on the French system, we are: our scenes is worked under the stage—all ground and set-pieces, and no wings nor borders nor grooves, nor nothing as it used to be. Well, they may say what they like, 'taint English. English scenes, ever since I knowed a theayter—and I was primed sixty year ago under Old GREENWOOD at the Lane—has been worked fair and above board, unless it was a sink now and then, or a pantermine scene, or some such low-lived Christmas or Easter rubbidge, that was painted for the lower horders, and lodged on the mazarine-floor, which it's much the same thing in the theayter as the airy or cellars in an 'ouse. But the real respectable cloths and flats—them as did the reg'lar stock business, and worked the season—we'd a' seen a stage-manager far enough if he'd tried it on, lowering us to the mazarine floor. We was down to the legitimate business, we was—the sides and crossins and pints that's been good for three rounds ever since BETTERTON'S time, and GARRICK'S and KEMBLE'S, and old KEAN'S. We know'd 'ow a play should be got up, togged, and mounted, from the first music to the come-down of the dickey. We'd a' seen the theayter farther afore we'd a' stood a live Mossoo in SHAKSPEARE. I don't believe there's a real old legitimate British flat that respects hisself as a flat in a London theayter ought tu, that wouldn't have stuck in his groove agin all the scene-men that ever shoved, sooner than 'ave let hisself be run on to back an 'Amlet in a flaxen wig, and without his left stockin' rolled down to show the fleshins.

But it's all of a piece. Bless you, *nous avong changy too slar*, as we say in *this* theayter. We upsets the old pints, pitches venerable old scene flats to blazes, tramples on the vested rights of properties that's been in the theayter since old Nosey led the music, kicks O.P. and P.S. about the prompt-book, as if they was no better nor supers or bally-gals, picks the stock to pieces, and bundles out 'ard working old shirts and shapes, robes and fleshins to take their chance among the Jews and the rag-shops, as if they 'adn't 'arned a right to be wore, as long as they could 'ang together.

But the scenery! Naturally that's what I feel most. All our fam'ly that's allowed in the place is sent down-stairs—we ain't to be seen on the fust floor—oh dear no! We're *low*, we are . . . we must be kep' dark, and do our work, like servants in swell fam'lies, without bein' seen. They said we wasn't to be heard neither. But we showed 'em the difference. Bless if ever I hear such a row, as in these here 'Amlet sets. The Guv'nor will make a tidy thing of it, if the public makes as much noise about the revival as his set-pieces does. And I don't wonder at 'em . . . knockin' their 'eads together in the dark, poor things, down in that nasty mazarine. It may do for French flats: I dare say they're used to it, as they is to frog-size, and scene-shifters in wooden shoes; but it don't soot British battens, canwas that's got relations in Her Majesty's navy, and colours that ain't got no call whatsumever to the tricolor. So, if set-pieces *does* run rusty, and flats won't be druv', and flaps strike work, and objects to play, and suiks sulks, and flies 'angs fire, it's only nateral, put down as they is, and trampled on, and the werry size in their weins set on the bile, at being ordered about by a Frenchman!

And what does it all come to? What does he get out on it, arter all? A front scene jammed down agin the float, and a big set at the back, the last so far back, it's ruination in cloths and supers, and the first so far forrard, that actin's impossible, and effect's out of the question. I defy the best scene that ever old STANNY knocked off at the Lane or such as TELBIN hisself turns out, to do its work with pleasure to itself and satisfaction to its employers within eight foot of the float.

I fancy I see myself offered such a situation, when I was took off the frame. Flats has their feelings. I was rath'er nuts on myself, I can tell ye, when I was a young 'un. Bein' a Gothic Castle, with a practicable door and sloats and scruto-work about me, it's only nat'ral I should have some fam'ly pride. Many and many's the night I've been run on for the platform of the Castle of Elsinoor. I wouldn't like to say how often poor JEM WARD'S walked afore me as the *Ghost* at the Lane. JEM had a feelin' for his line o' business. He'd a' stood none of your parley-voos.

Owsomever, if this sort of thing goes on, the company will be runnin' as rusty as the scenery, that's one comfort. The Guv'nor's a takin in out on 'em, and sarves 'em right too. There's his name in the street posters a good hinch longer nor any o' theirs, and all theirs, from the *King* down to *Bernardo* and *Marcellus*, the same size to a nail. They'll like that, uncommon! The Guv'nor aint no mercy on 'em, and I'm glad on it. A party as can treat scenery as he's done ain't to be expected to think much of his company.

About the actin'?—Well I like the Guv'nor in 'Amlet better than I thought I should. He's gettin' into a pint or two, 'ere and there; and, if he goes on another twelvemonth, he'll know something about the

pronounciation of the English language—that is, if he'll only take time, and mind his stops, and put his hemphasis right. The worst on it is, that he do slip about dreadful when he gets excited, and makes an awful 'ash of the dialect. About the make-up; well, p'raps you'll say there ain't no 'arm in a flaxen wig—mind, I don't think so—but I 'ope you'll allow there ain't no reason 'Amlet should wear that 'ere black crape wdder's cap 'atop on it; it do make him look uncommon top-'eavy. And I'd like to know if 'Amlet hadn't ought to look a lecttle out of sorts, arter he seen the ghost. If the Guv'nor won't turn down his stockin's, at least he might 'ave a lecttle of the front curl took out of his wig, or something or other. But he look as band-boxy in the third and fifth acts as he do in the first. Bless if *that* can be right.

About the rest? Well, for a scratch lot, they're not bad. Mind, I don't see why the Guv'nor's name should be in such uncommon big letters. The wust on 'em all is that they've ketch'd the way of the place, and gone in agin' the old business.

There's that EMERY now—I remember his father in *Tyke*. He's a clever young man, but he ain't made up as I remember the *King*. He's more like the picturs of Danish Kings that our property man was showin' the other day out of the *Illustrated History of England*, and he seem to make the points pretty much as he likes without caring much for the old ways. His father wouldn't a' stood that. And there's JOHN BROUGHAM'S *Polonius*—why he make him quite a respectable old gentleman—hasn't none of the old gags; didn't get six good laughs in all his nine lengths. Why, old DOWTON had 'em in a roar all through. His *Polonius* was a'most as great as his *Major Sturgeon*. Ah—that was something like an actor. No, I was fairly ashamed o' BROUGHAM. What? *Polonius* was an old gentleman . . .? Trusted by the King and Queen and the rest of the Royal Family? a sort of Prime Minister! much such as PALMERSTON is now? Well! wonders will never cease. There's nothing like new lights. The old 'uns was enough for me. The *Poloniuses* in my time went in for the laughs and the gags.

About the *Ophelia*! Well, I dunnow. I remember 'em all—from MRS. JORDAN and MISS O'NEIL downwards. . . There was PRISSEY HORTON too, in MAC'S time at the Garden . . . and the Lane arterwards! She was a good un. I didn't think there was a gal on the stage now could a' got a new rise out of the part. But that there little TERRY—I don't mind tellin' you—she give me a reg'lar turn. I've knowed her since she was a mite at the Princesses. A good, quiet, clever, 'ard-working, little thing as ever took her pound a week home to her family. She'd a pleasant smile for everybody, and everybody had a kind word for her. We was all quite fond on her somehow. Some said she'd do great things. I didn't. I've seen lots of these young 'uns. They are mostly like forced mushrooms—werry well early in the season, but not worth much when the reglar-grow'd ones comes in. But this here little girl—she've growed somehow, since they give over forcing on her. Mind I won't say she were the old style. She didn't come the Elocution, as I've heard some on 'em; and she don't give herself the airs of a first juvenile lady, and take the stage, and eye the audience over, as much as to say, "Here I am, won't you give me a round?" She've a good deal to learn, I should say, afore she makes the most of herself. But somehow she looked so good and sweet, and innocent; and she spoke so pretty in that scene with *Laertes*, and seemed so sad when they all keeps a snubbin' on her about young 'Amlet, and then when she give 'Amlet back his presents . . . altogether, somehow—mind it warn't actin' as I've seed it, and been taught it ought to be—but still it brought my 'art into my practicable door, and set my old water-colour a runnin'—I say it's the damp, when any o' these here new-fangled set-pieces on the mazarine floor pokes their fun at me. In short, it give me a regular turn.

I can't say more than that. The mad scene? Well, I can't tell you; it made me cry, and sent a cold shiver down my battens; and I'd rath'er not talk about it, on'y I recommend you to go and see it. Never mind the Guv'nor's bad English. You go and see it. P'raps you'll tell me whether it's actin' or not. Leastways it's werry affectin' . . . but mind it ain't the old style. PRISSEY HORTON, perhaps, she warn't old style neither, bless her heart. I often thinks I'll ask TELBIN if he can't get me a turn at the Gallery of Illustration along with PRISSEY. But I feel I'd like to have a night or two more of little KATE TERRY'S *Ophelia* first.

I know I'm on'y an old flat—but them's my feelins.

Biters Bit.

"AN M.P." corroborated by "AN EX-M.P.," writing to the *Times*, complains of having been pestered with a telegram which turned out to be the puffing advertisement of a firm of dentists, from their name apparently Semitic. Dentists, who resort to the means adopted by these persons to obtain publicity and custom, must be supposed to deal in teeth which may be expected to bite.

WHY IS MR. BASS like a Dentist? Because he's going to remove the grinders.



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Undergraduate (who will buy straw-stem Wine-glasses and curiously-cut Decanters, though they are always coming to grief). "HALLO, PIRQUIZZIT, WHY WHAT IN THE NAME OF," &c., &c.

Intemperate Gyp (recently engaged in "washing up" on the landing above). "WHY, SIR—THESE YER—GLASSES O' YOURN—THEY WON'—STAN' THE 'OT WATER."

HOME AND ROME.

THOUGH pleasures the Tuileries yield him, yet Rome,
Howe'er he may grumble, is no place for HOME.
The POPE and the Cardinals sternly declare
That he must be off, and no longer stay there.
HOME, HOME, Medium HOME,
Where'er you may wander, you can't stay in Rome.

Those spirits of yours PLO NONO can't stand;
The spirits you deal in he calls contraband.
There's only one sort that he thinks genuinc;
All others he deems the reverse of divine,
HOME, HOME, &c.

Oh! HOME, Medium HOME, if you only would get
Up some apparition like that of Salette,
Or cause a Madonna to wink, MR. HOME,
Your spirits and you might continue in Rome.
HOME, HOME, &c.

Railways.

THERE is, we believe, a scheme on foot to form a junction between the Subterranean Metropolitan and the Charing Cross-the-Thames Railways. The "Chatham and Dover" having been found a taking title for advertisements, the proposed Line, in consequence of the route being first through tunnel then across the Bridge, will be called, "The Under-and-Over Line."

TELEGRAM.

From Russia.—The EMPEROR has purchased a magnificent parrot. It has already learned to cry, "Scratch a Pole."

THE LATITUDE OF LADIES.

SIR,

IN the House of Commons I find MR. COWPER making the subjoined observation relative to the fact that, at the Volunteer Review, many persons, regardless of the notice printed on the cards of admission, which reserved the first three rows of chairs for ladies, took the front seats for themselves, and refused to give them up to those whom they were intended for:—

"It was a source of great regret to him that Englishmen should have disgraced themselves, as he thought they had done, on Saturday afternoon, by retaining seats while ladies were standing by."

Sir, I am not the person to advocate want of gallantry, and proper behaviour towards ladies. But what I say, is, if they want to have that consideration shown them which they have been accustomed to receive, and still think themselves entitled to expect—they had better give up Crinoline. Ladies, however, naturally attractive and agreeable, are not to suppose that they can create interest, and also an obstruction.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, SMELFUNGUS.

P.S. *Place aux dames* is all very well, but I do not like to be thrust off the pavement into the gutter, Sir. Neither do I relish having the accumulations of the pavement wiped off on my knees, whenever I ride in an omnibus.

S. T. P. for Cork.

CONSIDERING the wonderful erudition in the science of Divinity displayed the other day in the House of Commons by the Hon. Member for Cork in his remarks about the Athanasian Creed and other subjects therewith connected, we have much pleasure in nominating MR. V. SCULLY Professor of Theology.

MONEY MARKET.—Shares, in Ascension Island Company, going up.

ORGAN-GRINDING AT Highbury.



PECULIAR kind of case, one of a class, quite a generic instance of the organ-grinding nuisance, came before MR. D'EYNCOURT one day last week. The complainant was the REV. JOHN MEADOWS RODWELL, of Highbury New Park, a clergyman of the Church of England, the defendant an Italian organ-grinder named VALENTINE. This fellow had disturbed the studies of the reverend gentleman, who is engaged in the translation of several Oriental works in so many languages, by playing in the front court of the house of an opposite neighbour, a MR. HALLÉ, who is something in the City. He had been engaged to play there by MR. HALLÉ's wife. Thence he refused to move, and the HALLÉS insisted on keeping him there. Re-

monstrance with MR. HALLÉ only occasioned him to rush into the house of the complainant, and, according to the latter's statement, behave himself in a very offensive manner. There was no remedy for the annoyance thus caused by discord encouraged by vulgarity. The Italian wretch had a legal right to remain where he was stationed by his patrons to the injury of his neighbour. MR. HALLÉ's ignorance of his duty towards his neighbour, appeared so great to the Magistrate, that he charitably sent an officer to instruct him therein. It is to be feared

that the messenger experienced a no more kindly reception from the party whom he was dispatched to enlighten, than the prophets of old did from those who stoned them, and to whose posterity many lovers of barrel-organ music appear to belong.

The case above epitomised is, as aforesaid, a class case. Who, living in those squares and other regions of London which are inhabited by a certain class of civic people, is not familiar with the annoyance occasioned by an organ-grinder patronised by a bounceable woman, of tawdry exterior and violent deportment, whose husband, as well as herself, has connexions in Houndsditch. When remonstrated with by any gentleman who has the misfortune to live near him, on the disturbance occasioned by his wife's musical proclivities, he becomes insolent and abusive. Who does not recognise this sort of man as one of a tribe?

Pray, MR. BASS, take care that your Bill for the abatement of the organ-grinding nuisance shall effectually prevent anybody from doing his duty towards his neighbour in such wise as that duty was done towards the REV. MR. RODWELL by MR. HALLÉ, in a manner that could hardly be sanctioned by the Law of Moses.

Give him Rope Enough.

THE Correspondent of a contemporary says, "I think that a surprise may be expected, and that the Austrian, with one single step, will raise himself to a tremendous height." We have no objection to see any burglar imitate the last act of HAMAN, but we think that he will require several steps.

SKETCHES FROM SOME SCHOOLS.

THERE can be no doubt that the male young of the human species give their elders much trouble. As MRS. GERMAN REED asserts nightly:—

"The Essence of all Bother
Is bottled in a Boy."

If we send him to a public school, he is most unreasonably dissatisfied with his treatment. He states, truly enough, that his blanket is taken away on a cold night to warm a bigger lad; that he is perpetually licked with sticks or cricket stumps; that he is tumbled over walls to smuggle forbidden drinks in, is flogged by his senior if he does not go, and by his master if he does; has to lay his hand on the table that his tyrant may cut at his fingers with the edge of a college cap; that he is brutally kicked; that he has little sleep and always wakes in a fright; that six cuts over the calf of his leg with a racket is his senior's way of hinting displeasure; that he has to perform the united menial offices of a scullion and a shoeblack; and that after a few months of fagging he is no longer fit for the athletic exercises in which he formerly excelled.

This, ladies, and especially mothers, is all proved, and solemnly written down, as evidence taken before Parliamentary Commissioners who were ordered to inquire into our Public School system. You may read it, and much more, which you will not find such pleasant reading as a sensation novel. Well, as we have said, boys complain, and some parents take them out of what the foolish children are pleased to call "misery"—some don't.

But when you have taken your troublesome child out of his "misery," you must do something with him. You try a Private School. If you are fortunate, that is, if you make proper inquiries, and become acquainted with the master, and do not choose a teacher with less care than you use in choosing a butler, you will probably discover a worthy guide, philosopher, and friend for your son; and happily there are hundreds of such men, now at work for the England of the Future. But you may as well be careful, or you may have more bother.

Last week, at the Bromley Petty Sessions, the Magistrates had to deal with a MR. EDGAR GLENNIE SMITH, who keeps a private school at Beckenham. The parents of two little boys, one ten, the other eight, placed them with MR. E. G. SMITH, and as the terms were £150 a year, the establishment must have been considered respectable. The little boy had been delicate, "and," said SERJEANT BALLANTINE (corroborated by the mother on oath):—

"The boys were sent to the school on the express understanding that no personal chastisement was to be administered, their mother having pointed out that the child was delicate and subject to glandular swellings, and it was upon the assurance of MR. SMITH that he used persuasion and endeavoured to win the love of the boys, and never resorted to personal violence, that she consented to leave her

boys under his care, believing that she had found them a home. But the course pursued by the defendant with regard to the younger boy was such as rendered him unfit to have the charge of boys. The boy was set to learn lessons, and because he did not accomplish them to the defendant's satisfaction, he 'flew' upon him, and beat him about the head and face in a most unmerciful manner, by which his nervous system suffered so great a shock that it was some days before he recovered. The poor child's head, face, and ears were all bruised, and although the assault complained of happened some seventeen days ago, the marks about his head and cheeks were still visible. DR. JEFFERSON, who was the medical adviser of the family, and who was called in to see the boy, would tell them that if such treatment had been continued it would have been at the risk of the child's life."

The case was heard at great length and very fairly; counsel's statement was certainly made out, though another boy tried to soften the case, "but admitted that MR. E. G. SMITH had told him what to say," and though a housemaid, called JOWELL—it should have been JEWELL—with the most loyal alacrity swore that the child was "even more sprightly and cheerful after the punishment than before." The magistrates deliberated, and then fined MR. EDGAR G. SMITH, Five Pounds.

Such are some Public and some Private Schools; and really it is impossible not to feel irritated at the trouble one has to dispose satisfactorily of the creature called a Boy. However, as he must have been created for some wise reason, we must try and do our duty by him, both as he is; and certainly we scarcely think that duty fulfilled by sending him to Schools, Public or Private, like those which have been illustrated in the Parliamentary evidence, or in the case of MR. EDGAR G. SMITH of Beckenham. We are afraid, parents, and especially mothers, that you must really take the trouble of making a good many inquiries before you delegate your duties; and MR. PUNCH, in the interest of the risen and rising generations will aid you so far as he can, by giving you any information he may possess as to where not to send the latter. We want another COWPER and another TIROCINIUM.

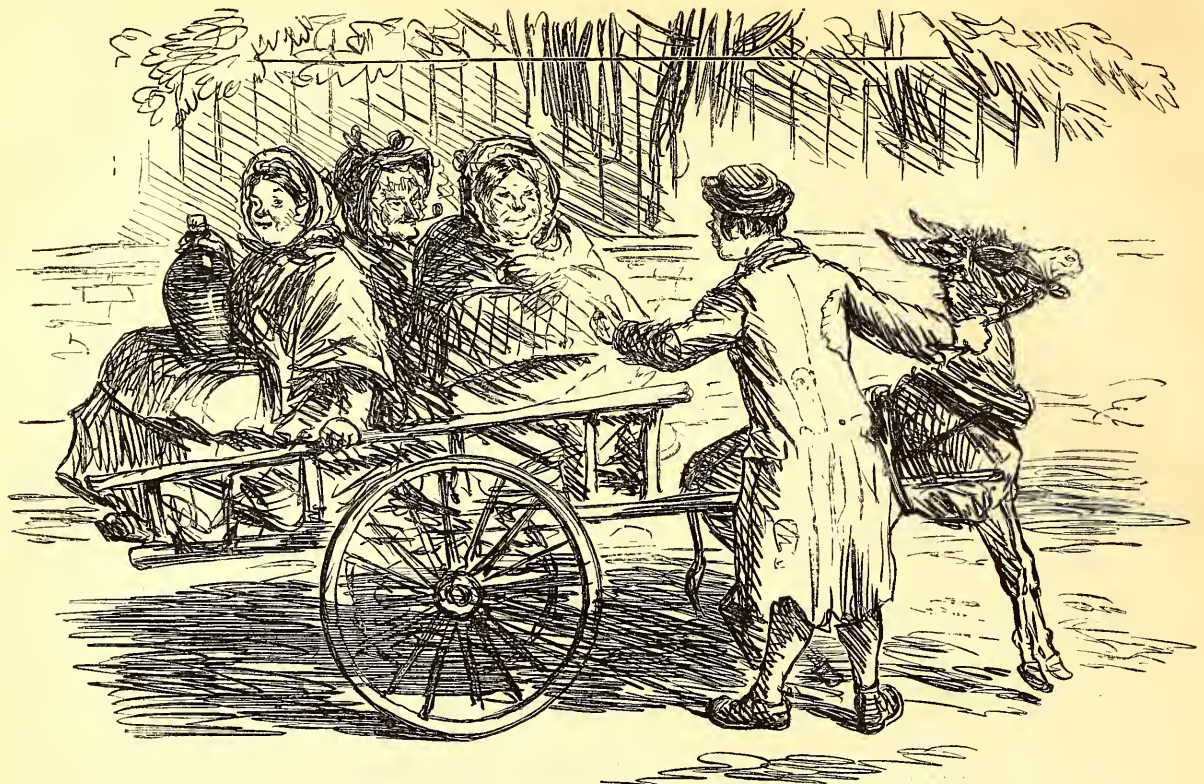
PUNCH.

A HERCULES ON THE FIDDLE.

WONDERFUL are the words of writers upon music. For instance, see this scrap from a recent report of a Philharmonic Concert:—

"The next instrumental piece—BEETHOVEN's violin concerto, a colossus, to grapple with which successfully demands no less than the grasp and vigour of a Hercules on the fiddle—took us into another world."

A Hercules on the fiddle! That's rather a strong phrase. We suppose we next shall hear of a Jupiter on the trombone, or a Mars upon the drum. And fancy a bit of fiddling that can carry away a critic "into another world!" Why it really almost beats MR. HOME and his accordion. Perhaps the critic when he got there heard the music of the spheres, or Pan upon his pipes playing *The Ruler of the Spirits*. If so, he might as well have written a report of the performance.



NOTHING LIKE DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Mrs. Buncher Greens. "DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT GOING TO HEPSON; IT AIN'T A FIT PLACE FOR FEMALES. GIVE ME HASCOT, IN YER OWN CARRIDGE."

Mr. B. G. "WELL, I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SARER—YOU MUST TRIM THE BARRER A BIT, OR YOU'LL NEVER BE IN TIME FOR THE CUP!"

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

SOUND the Crumpets, beat the Drums! Pardon the allusion; I write this immediately after breakfast.

The Reserves of the A 1 Division of Police, looking, in their new helmets, like amateur firemen, are forming a line in Trinity Street. They are preventing the crowd—the *hoi Polloi*, as the Public Orator calls them (clever fellow, the Public Orator!)—from mobbing the Royal Carriage.

Three cheers for the Royal Carriage! There is nobody in it. These towering ruffians of the Civil Executive Department—Police-firemen! Why can't they let the poor people enjoy themselves?

From a comfortable situation aloft I cheer the crowd. A policeman will not allow a butcher to pass. Butcher grapples with the minion of the Law.

"Don't stand that, Butcher!" I cry, impulsively, siding with the Million against the Minion.

An official calls at the house to remove me for inciting the mob to riot. I explain. My meaning has been misunderstood. I said "Don't stand *there!*" that is, I meant so to express myself. Perfectly satisfactory.

I go down into the crowd, and am hustled by greasy vagabonds. A member of the A 1 Division rescues and protects me.

Gallant fellows these Policemen! Noble defenders! Worthy lovers of order! I cling to them in the hour of need.

I abominate and detest a crowd. Knock that butcher on the head, my gallant A 1.

The Prince has bowed one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six times to-day (Thursday).

The Princess (bless her!) has smiled indefatigably ever since her arrival.

Huzzas! Huzzas! as ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK proceeds gloriously from Trinity College to the Senate House. Not only Huzzas, but the Duke of Manchester's Light Horse troop also, escort Her Royal Highness.

Lime-lights atop of St. Mary's! Bells ringing! Guns firing! Ball at the Fitzwilliam Museum, where all the specimens had a holiday.

For several days previous to the Royal Visit the Stewards of the Ball, and the President and Secretary, with other officials belonging to the A.D.C., had been practising walking backwards, without turning to look behind them, in order that they might be at their ease in receiving Royalty.

Flower Shows, Boat Processions, Amateur Performance, up and down the Royal Road, in and out the College, that's the way the Money goes, Special Services, Dinner Services, whirligig, whizzling excitement.

The Trinity Ball is grand: Lighted Cloisters, Tent in the Old, Old Court. The Master—splendid figure—looming in the distance.

A rush! It is whispered that The Master is about to dance a fandango by himself. He has refused—positively refused, and is sulking over a strawberry ice in the corner. The report is not even founded on fact. The last light in Trinity is being put out.

The Visit has been a Great Success. Nothing can exceed the popularity of their H.R.H.s among the University men, past and present.

Isn't it a pleasant thing to see a fine young Prince shaking hands with his old young friends who were "up" in his time? ALBERT EDWARD, Sir, is to quote the immortal Poet:—

"A Jolly Good Fellow,
And so say all of us."

Farewell! as Nurse says to little Ticksywicksy when the sugarstick has been judiciously secreted, "All Gone! All Gone!"

[The reader's kind indulgence is requested for our elated Contributor.—*Ed.*]

Public School Commission.

THE Public School Commissioners thinking it advisable to reduce all Headmasters' and Sub-master's fees, propose amalgamating themselves under the title of the New Dock Company.

THE RIGHT CONSTABLE IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Policeman K 9 (Canine) at the Islington Dog Show.



RATHER BEHIND HIS TIME.

Policeman. "HADN'T YOU BETTER BE GETTING HOME, YOUNG MAN?"
Wanderer. "WHA' FOR? TERSH'N'T'ERERY AIN'T OVER YET! Y' KNOW!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 6th. *Monday.* The hero of the week, and of all weeks in which letters are delivered, SIR ROWLAND HILL, is to receive £20,000 as a present from the Government, to which directly and indirectly, he will have presented millions, with advantage and contentment, moreover, to the contributors to the revenue. The gift was recommended, in the Lords to-night, by the CHANCELLOR in the name of the QUEEN. On the following Wednesday, in the Sheldonian theatre at Oxford, *Mr. Punch* had the pleasure and glory of seeing his distinguished friend receive the degree of D.C.L., which may, *pro hac vice*, be interpreted, Donor of Cheap Letters.

The nuisance of Park Lane, the narrowest and most dangerous street in civilised London, was assailed by LORD LUCAN, LORD MALMESBURY, and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. Of course, the authorities shift the responsibility; somebody says that it is the business of St. George's vestry, somebody else that it is the Government business, and a third somebody that it is the business of THWAITES, and among them all people are knocked down and nearly killed, or the traffic is closely blocked, fifty times a day. Why not break through Hamilton Place without asking anybody's leave, and then get an Act of Indemnity? Are we always to be the slaves to red tape and vested interests? There is a corn-chandler, too, who has the fiendish wickedness and demoniacal effrontery to let carts, containing his goods, be loaded and unloaded at his door, to the hindrance of carriages? Why is he not hanged? These are specimens of all the arguments on the subject. But something ought to be done, for *Mr. Punch* himself, who is royal in his love for punctuality, was actually late at a party in Eaton Square last Wednesday, owing to the Park Lane block, and to his having let his outriders go to chapel.

An interesting conversation on Public School Education elicited the important fact that when WILLIAM LENNOX LASCELLES FITZGERALD DE ROS, Baron, was a little boy at school, he was fag to the present ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, cleaned his shoes, and doesn't seem to have been much walloped by his Grace (or the marks have gone away), for LORD DE ROS declared to-night that fagging was a good institution. *Mr. Punch* declares it to be nothing of the kind, but an institution that

LAWSON'S LOST LIQUOR BILL.

The Lament of the United Kingdom Alliance.

HARD lines, to be refused permission,
 But to impose a prohibition
 From drinking spirits, wine, and beer,
 On other folks! Poor we! Oh dear!

Pipe, Ebenezer, pipe thine eye;
 Mourn, Salem, Little Bethel, cry.
 Weep, O ye Jumpers, and lament,
 Ye congregations of Dissent!

Condole with us, ye Sunday Schools,
 Derided as officious fools,
 We've had our Liquor Bill kicked out;
 Still to be sold are ale and stout.

Content we must, meanwhile, remain
 Ourselves from liquors to abstain;
 Can't make our neighbours do so too;
 How cruel! What a shame! Boohoo!

THE DIGNITY OF THE FRENCH LEGISLATURE.

WHAT a people the French are! The Session of the Corps Legislatif was closed with a speech from the President, the DUC DE MORNAY. According to telegram:—

"M. DE MORNAY'S speech was received with great applause. The deputies then separated with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

Fancy Parliament prorogued with the customary speech from the Throne, read by LORD WESTBURY, and then separating with cries of "Long live the QUEEN!" Only conceive the EARL OF DERBY and EARL RUSSELL, LORDS ELLENBOROUGH and GRANVILLE, LORD PALMERSTON and MR. DISRAELI, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and MR. GLADSTONE, SIR GEORGE GREY and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, MR. LAYARD, MR. BRIGHT, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, MR. COBDEN and MR. ROEBUCK, one and all taking leave of each other with that loyal vociferation, and going away for the Parliamentary vacation, shouting and bawling like boys breaking up for the holidays.

makes a weak boy a sneak, and a strong boy a tyrant. The BISHOP OF LONDON, as usual, spoke wisely, deprecated leaving things as they are, and strongly advocated the teaching French. So do we; not that French is worth learning, for itself, for it is a wretched language, but as (and possibly by reason of this last fact) the majority of people understand it, French is one of the disagreeable necessities of the time. You do not learn French in order to study poetry or eloquence, but in order to be able to vituperate French cooks, and assure the various French ladies whom you meet that you have been, for the first time in your life, inspired by each of them with a passion which will be enclosed with you in the tomb. Therefore, we quite agree with the Bishop. LORD DERBY said that Grammar could not be taught at Public Schools. We can't say how this may be, but it never is. The Archbishop thought that "French ought to be made imperative," and our friend the Elected of the Millions will doubtless concur with the Protestant hierarch.

There has been a great powder explosion at Corfu, but LORD HARTINGTON was happy to say that, as it had occurred since our troops left, it was only Greeks that had been blown up.

LADY ELGIN, widow of one of the best and ablest noblemen who ever preferred serving his country to living an idle and foolish life, is, most properly, to have a pension of £1000 a year, in testimony of our sense of the merits of her illustrious husband. We trust that she may long be reminded of a nation's gratitude.

Then we had a lively row. The Conference was the theme, and MR. DISRAELI made what PAM called "a magnificent display of virtuous indignation." He abused the Government for telling nothing, also for having no policy, also for abandoning the policy which LORD PALMERSTON had vigorously announced a few weeks back. The PREMIER complained of being attacked when he could not defend himself, demanded what policy the Opposition wanted, and refused further explanations. LORD ROBERT CECIL accused him of making an experiment on the patience of the House, and of betraying Denmark under the pretext of serving her. MR. KINGLAKE rather agreed, generally, with MR. DISRAELI, but thought the Government might be right in backing out of an untenable position.

Then we had a still livelier row. The National Gallery was the theme, and MR. COWPER asked for £10,000 towards the erection of a

new one at Burlington House—to cost in all £152,000. The most fearful nonsense was profusely talked on all sides, but finally the House decided that the Academicians should walk, and not the Old Masters, and LORD JOHN MANNERS beat the Government by a large majority, 174 to 122.

Tuesday. MR. CAIRD made an able speech in favour of his proposal for the collecting and publishing Agricultural Statistics. The subject is extremely important, and perfectly uninteresting, except to the producers of the nation's food, and to smart London men, who on the strength of having taken villas a few miles out of town, cock their eyes in the most profound manner at the fields they pass in the train, and talk about "poor soil" and "thin crops" as solemnly as if six months back they knew wheat from barley. Government resisted the proposal, and MR. CAIRD beat the Government by 74 to 62.

Wednesday. MR. LAWSON'S Bill for robbing a poor man of his beer was—we don't like strong language, but the vulgar tongue is proper when common prayer demands strong action—kicked out by an indignant House, the numbers being, kickers 292, friends of the kicked Bill, 35. That was all right. *Mr. Punch* hates intoxication almost as much as he hates tyranny, and will add, that while rejoicing that a partial and oppressive measure has been defeated, he desires to see drunkenness much more severely punished than at present, instead of its being accepted as any sort of extenuation of the crimes it generates.

Thursday. LORD WESTBURY has a new plan for giving attorneys their due. He promised to explain it at a later date. We deem it right to mention that we are opposed to corporal punishments, and therefore trust that these will not form part of his scheme.

Federal enlistment in this kingdom still annoys sundry Peers, but LORD RUSSELL said that it was effected, not by MR. LINCOLN'S Government, but by private speculators, and added, "consolingly, that 'only Irishmen could be credulous enough to be so deluded.'"

LORD RUSSELL also said, in reference to the American struggle, that "he wished the North could see the inconsistency of attempting, by war, to prevent five or six millions of their former fellow-subjects from putting into action the principle of independence which, on every 4th of July, they met in New England to celebrate." MESSRS. LINCOLN & DAVIS will please to take notice that these are the EARL'S own words, addressed to the Peers of England, and that the report is no forgery. Are we apprehended?

LORD PALMERSTON stated that, by agreement of Conference, the German burglars were not to resume their course of crime for a fortnight after the expiration of the armistice.

MR. GLADSTONE, ever eager for the better collection of taxes, moved on his Bill for making his machinery more effective. It was a good deal opposed, but unwisely. If we are to be plundered, at least do not let the plunder be wasted *in transitu*.

The Street Music Bill came on for Second Reading, and MR. BASS showed that the present law was, as SIR RICHARD MAYNE complained, wholly inefficient to prevent a cruel nuisance. SIR RICHARD said that unless a person could declare that he was actually dying, the police had no power to remove a grinding ruffian who might seek to extort pay from the friends of the sick man. MR. LAWSON said that the publicans chiefly maintain the musicians, as it is good policy to hire the brutes to amuse drinkers into sopping themselves. Here, by the way, licensing Magistrates have a good pull on the Bung. MR. AYRTON and MR. ADDERLEY supported the Second Reading. MR. BUTT, as might be expected from his name, went on the Bung side, and as might be expected from his antecedents, talked Bosh. So, for a wonder, did MR. GLADSTONE, who, however, may be justified, if he is bent, as it would appear, on courting popularity among those whose applause is not usually coveted by educated men. However, his colleague, SIR GEORGE GREY, who is too proud to stoop for such plaudit, spoke in favour of the repression of a nuisance which especially assails those on whom MR. GLADSTONE is ever ready to pile taxation, though he will not help to relieve them from annoyances that do much to prevent their earning the income he mulcts. SIR ROBERT PEEL also delivered himself in manly fashion, in favour of the Bill, and ridiculed MR. GLADSTONE'S crotchet that there was any wish to hinder the people of amusement, the object being to send the musicians where they are liked, instead of permitting them to get hush money out of the tormented folks by whom they are hated. We are happy to add that an attempt to defeat the Bill was itself defeated by a majority of 37, and the Bill was read a Second Time.

Friday. It seems that it is the Dames who will not hear of a longer armistice than the one above mentioned. They are full of fight, and they object to the German burglars having time to settle and strengthen themselves in the districts which they have violated.

A plan of LORD ROBERT CECIL'S for saving trouble to the Parliamentary Committees was discussed, but not approved. As if most of the Parliament men did not privately enjoy the dignity and fuss of sitting on Committees. Besides, they are an excuse for avoiding flower shows, garden parties, fêtes, concerts, and all the rest of the afflicting follies of fashionable life.

Of course, a really interesting debate on the subject of a Gold Coinage

for our Eastern Empire was unattractive. Finally, the House was Counted Out. We ought to add that at the parliamentary pigeon-match at Hornsey, the Opposition killed more birds than the Liberals, from which fact we have no doubt that the Conservative organs will argue that LORD DERBY ought to come into office—they use much weaker arguments for the delight of the dowagers and the donkeys of the Party.

MISCONDUCT TO THE MAYOR OF WINDSOR.

BEHOLD a prodigy till now unheard of and unknown,
A Mayor repulsed from showing his devotion to the Throne;
A thing 'tis to wide ope the eyes and bristle up the hair!
The thought of such indignity inflicted on a Mayor!

The QUEEN, returned from Scotland, was at Windsor Station due,
And I went to greet my Sovereign, like a Mayor and liegeman true,
As sure I was in duty bound to dance attendance there:
Such, on all such occasions, is the place of every Mayor.

We—I and Mr. Alderman, my worthy brother, BLUNT—
Did thither march, HER MAJESTY with welcome to confront;
There followed in our retinue a train of ladies fair,
Who, by accustomed privilege, accompanied the Mayor.

But when we reached the Station—I can hardly tell my tale—
I pant, I gasp, I gulch, I choke; my stifled accents fail—
Railway policemen barred the door, and did, yes they did dare,
Deny me entrance—me, I say—me, me myself, the Mayor!

"Strict orders from the platform's view the public to exclude?
Why, fellows, what! We are the Mayor and not the multitude.
Knaves, look at me! How! Don't you see the robes and chain I wear?"
"You can't have no admission here for all you are the Mayor."

Who ever read, or heard, or thought, or dreamt of such a scene?
Policemen telling their own Mayor he can't approach his Queen!
Ill if in England monarchy can ever come to fare,
It will if Jacks in Office stand between it and the Mayor.

A LIFT FOR A LADIES' SCHOOL.

LIKE every true gentleman, *Mr. Punch* loves the ladies; and being a man of mind, he specially loves such of them as mentally are loveable. *Mr. Punch's* love is vast, and embraces all womanity: but, provided they be equally devoted and attached to him, he must own that he prefers a pretty woman who has brains to a pretty one without them. So *Mr. Punch* is ever ready to encourage with his smile any scheme which tends to show that there are ladies in existence who not merely have brains, but are learning how to use them: and as the Female School of Art appears adapted to this end, *Mr. Punch* thinks it deserving that he should say a word for it.

"To make this institution permanent and self-supporting," the Committee say they want more scholars and more school-rooms. Whether the art scholars all wear crinoline or not, the Committee do not state. Haply some of them have brains enough to counsel its rejection; or perhaps it is a rule that the scholars hang their hoops up when they enter school, and by sitting with limp skirts, take up as little space as possible. Be this how it may, the school wants two new class rooms, and a portion of the building fund is promised by the Government, provided that the rest of it "be raised by other means." Among these other means, a bazaar is to be held on the Twenty-third of June, and people who like walking in the Gardens at South Kensington had better walk there then. The PRINCE OF WALES is going, and so is the PRINCESS, and so too is PRINCE PUNCH. Not a word more need be said to show that everybody who is anybody, will be present at the fête, and if you would not be thought a nobody, you had best not keep away from it.

SOBER AND DISORDERLY.

At a meeting held on Monday last week, in Exeter Hall, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors, the first of a string of resolutions in favour of MR. LAWSON'S now rejected Permissive Bill, having been put by the Chairman, was carried almost but not quite unanimously, "one unfortunate person near the door," says the *Times*, "holding up his hand against it." Of course you would think that the wretch was treated by an assembly convened for the purpose of enforcing sobriety with silent contempt. Oh, dear, no!

"This was the signal for a tremendous uproar, which was with great difficulty quelled by the Chairman."

Such, as exhibited by an assembly of agitating teetotalers, is temperance!



Colossal Old Lady (politely). "YOU NEEDN'T MOVE, SIR. I SHALL SOON SHAKE DOWN."

TALLYHO THE ORGAN-GRINDER!

DEAR PUNCH,

You know everything, from talking in Chaldee to playing knurr-and-spell (if I could think of anything more difficult I'd mention it), so of course you know that there's a comic song extant called *Tallyho the Grinder!* I never heard the song myself, and I don't desire to hear it, for I detest all singing, save the singing of a tea-kettle. Still, I really wish that one of your young poets would just parody this song, and adapt it to the use of those who hate street music. *Tallyho the Grinder!* would be a famous song to sing while hunting down an organ-man; and I will give you some idea of how I think it should be sung. I would suggest that the first verse should be written as a solo for the infuriated householder, who, being tortured past endurance by the grinding of a hand-organ, at length rushes forth resolved to tallyho the grinder, and hunt him from the street. A duet might next ensue for him and the policeman, whom he luckily encounters just outside his doorstep, and by a bit of silver suasion gets to join him in the chace. The "varmint" having "stolen away" the chorus, *Tallyho the Grinder!* might be sung by all the pack of idle dogs who are about, and who are ever ready to give tongue in a pursuit. When the chorus flags, the burden of the song might be kept up by the policemen, each one in rotation when the beast comes on his beat.

Were some such hunting song as this adapted for the sport, the chace of organ-grinders might become a most exciting and most popular pursuit, and our streets might soon be cleared from the varmints that infest them; for after every hunt, of course, the organ should be broken up and thrown among the pack.

Trusting some of your young TENNYSONS may carry out my notion, and compose a rattling good organ-hunting song, believe me, with much sympathy for all enraged by street musicians, yours constantly,

I. RATUS.

P.S. If a subscription pack be started to hunt down street musicians, I know a lot of would-be quiet fellows, like myself, who would willingly subscribe to it.

Notes and Queries.

Query. It might have been the Ettrick Shepherd who said, after sleeping out all night on the Grampians, that they ought to be called the Crampy'un Hills.

PUBLIC SCHOOL COMMISSIONS.

Proposed Alterations in The Eton System: to be adopted in 1865; in order to prevent any Boys from "leaving Eton, in such a state of ignorance as reflects no credit upon the School."

6 A.M.—Rise. Get two propositions of Euclid by heart while washing, and solve two algebraic equations, settled overnight, while dressing.

6'30.—Leave your Dame's or Tutor's, and go into school. "Saying lesson," VIRGIL, HOMER, or OVID. No boy to say less than thirty lines, and only to be prompted once. He will be permitted to look over the book, if he can, and be prepared to take the consequences. No *pena* to be under one hundred and twenty lines, Greek, or one hundred and sixty, Latin.

7'15.—School over. Back to Tutor's or Dame's. Prepare Lesson, *Scriptores Græci* or *Script. Romani*, ten pages, for next school. Every word to be looked out conscientiously, there being monitors (Harrow fashion) appointed to see that this order is obeyed: while walking from room to room, monitors will take their breakfast.

8.—Every boy to breakfast in his own room, and while eating, he will, in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of art, draw his teapot, rolls, butter, &c. The teapot shall also draw.

8'10.—Every boy will sing a Latin grace, accompanying himself on some musical instrument.

8'15.—Write out a theme in German, on the Political Economy of the Cherokees, or some such comprehensive subject.

9.—Pupil room. Construe lesson, previously prepared, to tutor. Forty derivations to be fairly written out by each boy.

9'45.—Drawing Fortifications in the Mathematical School-room. Painting the same.

10'30.—Exercises in French, Italian, Russian and Slavonic Dialect.

11.—School. Construe lesson prepared at 7'15.

11'45.—Out of school. Playtime, except for boys who have to write out punishments, be flogged, or have to fag for upper boys. Cricket for a quarter of an hour. Boating for a quarter of an hour. Five minutes being allowed to get to the river from the playing fields. While fagging out, each boy will be learning a passage of BOLINGBROKE, BURKE, SHERIDAN or BACON, as his tutor may see fit.

12'20.—Going in to prepare Greek Grammar for three o'clock school.

12'35.—Singing Lesson in Upper School.

12'45.—Pupil-room. Take down "sense for verses," and commence working at them.

2.—Absence. Attend in the School yard to answer to your names.

2'5.—Dinner, except for those boys who have to write out punishments.

2'30.—Prepare Lesson for five o'clock school.

3.—School. Lesson prepared at 12'20.

3'45.—Prepare Lesson for six o'clock school next day.

4'30.—Pupil-room. English Composition. Writing from dictation; unless writing out punishments.

5'15.—School. Take in Lesson prepared at 2'30.

6.—Tea, to be taken during a Lecture on Natural Science, open to all boys who are not writing out punishments given at five, or finishing others which have been increased in consequence of not having been shown up in due time.

6'30.—Prepare "Private Business" for tutor.

7.—Private Business in tutor's Pupil-room.

8.—Take down "sense" for, and work at, Greek Iambics, under the supervision of tutor.

9.—Chemistry. Botany. Astronomy. Geology. Write out and learn questions and answers on all three subjects.

10.—Bed. Or write out punishments given by tutor, or finish any other extra work.

The Boys, as parties chiefly interested, are now forming themselves into a Committee to take the above proposed alterations into serious consideration.

TELEGRAM.

Slough, Wednesday, June 15th, 10 A.M.

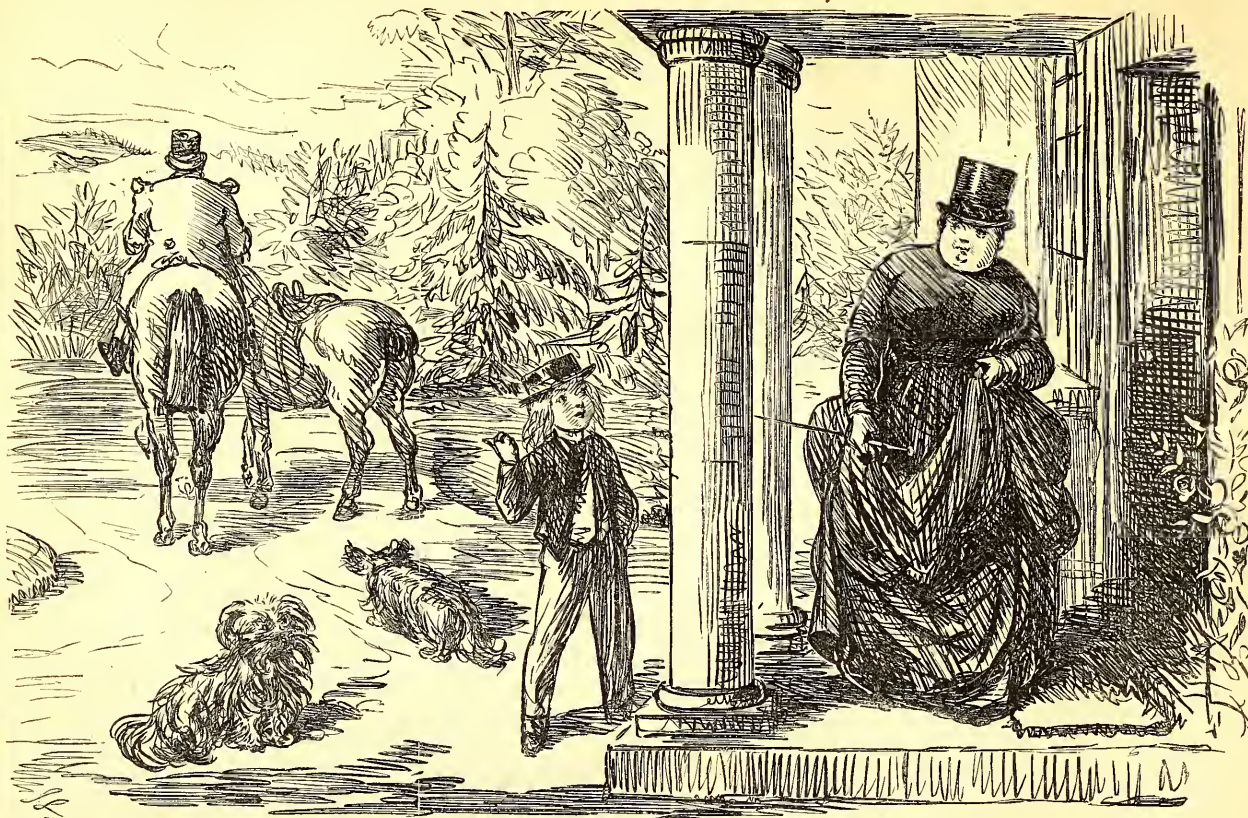
Proposal negatived by 600 to 1.

LATEST.

Slough, Wednesday, June 15th, 10'15 A.M.

The minority has been kicked. He now votes with the majority. They have no power to unkick him.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to LORD STANHOPE.



Inquiring Youth. "PLEASE, MAMMA, WHY IS UNCLE'S HORSE CALLED A *COB*?"

Mamma. "OH, MY DEAR! BECAUSE—BECAUSE—WHY BECAUSE HE HAS A THICK BODY AND SHORT LEGS!"

Inquiring Youth. "WHAT, LIKE YOU, MAMMA?"

POLICE CASE EXTRAORDINARY.

PROCEEDINGS ON REMAND, BEFORE MR. BULL.

(From our own Reporter).

THE two disreputable foreigners, FRANCIS-JOSEPH CHARLES HAPS-BURG, and FREDERICK-WILLIAM LOUIS HOHENZOLLERN,* were brought up on remand on the charge of assault and highway robbery with violence, preferred against them by a weakly and undersized Dane, CHRISTIAN GLUCKSBOURG. We have already described the deplorable condition of the Complainant. He appeared somewhat recovered from the effects of the ruffianly treatment which he had experienced from the Prisoners, though he was still unable to move without crutches, and complained of severe internal injuries, causing serious intestinal derangement. His face showed several ghastly scars, and his right arm was still bandaged. His doctors are understood to have recommended amputation, but to this the sufferer very naturally objects.

In answer to the worthy Magistrate's inquiries, Complainant said that "he still felt very weak and ill; doubted if he should ever get over the ill-treatment of the Prisoners, but hadn't lost his pluck for all that. If he couldn't get back the property that had been taken from him, and obtain security against future violence, he'd stick to the prosecution, though it cost him the coat off his back and the shoes off his feet. He had been violently threatened by the Prisoners' associates since the former proceedings in this Court. They wished him to compromise the case and make an agreement with the Prisoners, leaving the plunder in their hands, and declared if he refused to agree to this, they would have his life. But he was determined to have his rights—if he died for it."

The plucky manner in which the Complainant expressed this determination, in spite of the contrast between his weakly and disabled appearance, and the embodiment of brute force in the brawny, hulking prisoners, produced a burst of applause in the Court, which was instantly suppressed by the worthy Magistrate, who said that "much

as he admired pluck—and certainly the Complainant appeared a person of great courage—this was a Court of Justice, in which such expressions of feeling could not be tolerated."

He wished to know whether, since he had remanded the case, the Complainant had been able to come to any fair terms with the Prisoners. He could not approve of anything like compounding of felony; but here there certainly had been some dispute about title, which just removed the case from the category of ordinary highway robbery with violence, and justified a remand with a view to arrangement between the parties.

GLUCKSBOURG said that he had not been able to come to any terms. The Prisoners' agents had been in occupation of the house, which formed part of the property in dispute, ever since the assault upon him, and had been eating and drinking, as he understood, in the most wasteful and expensive manner, at his expense; they had killed his cows, calves, sheep, pigs, and fowls; broken into his cellar, and smoked his tobacco. Then they had kissed his maid-servants repeatedly. . . .

The worthy Magistrate inquired if the maid-servants had lodged any complaint of that abominable outrage.

GLUCKSBOURG said he was not aware that they had actually applied for warrants against the offenders, but they were understood to have complained. . . . they did not like being kissed. . . . not by the Prisoners' men; they were plain, wore beards, smelt strong of tobacco and garlic, and had an objection to soap and water. . . . in fact, they were pigs, hounds, and *schelmen* (a German term of abuse and contempt as we understood from M. ALBERT, the intelligent interpreter).

The Prisoners here interposed, and asked if this sort of language was to be permitted. . . . It was very painful to their feelings.

The worthy Magistrate said (severely) he should have had more consideration for the Prisoners' feelings if they had had a little more consideration for the Complainant's bones and pockets. (*Laughter in Court, in which the Complainant joined.*) Still, he would recommend the Complainant to avoid abusive language.

Complainant said he did not complain so much of their kissing the maids, nor even of the havoc they had made in his larder and cellar, as

* See our "Police Report Extraordinary," page 210.



THE BEADLE AND THE DANE.

MR. RUSSELL. "BETTER TAKE IT! HALF A LOAF'S BETTER THAN NO BREAD, YOU KNOW!"

of their continued occupation of the property. They had absolutely refused to stir, and now declared it was their intention to remain in possession, in defiance of the European Police. He wished to know if this was to be put up with. He had asked INSPECTOR RUSSELL to make a representation to the Prisoners' agents

INSPECTOR RUSSELL said he had made a representation—several representations had done nothing but make representations for the last month, but as yet without effect: they were representations in writing. He had copies with him which he would be glad to read to the worthy Magistrate

The worthy Magistrate said he had much rather not. There was a good deal too much representation in writing, he thought, went on in the Inspector's Office. He thought persons employed in a Police Station would do well to busy themselves less with pen, ink, and paper, and more with their bulls' eyes, truncheons, and handcuffs, and with looking sharp after suspicious characters and notorious offenders. What had the Inspector to say as to the reception of his representations by the Prisoners' agents?

INSPECTOR RUSSELL said he could not say anything very pleasant indeed, if the worthy Magistrate would allow him, he would rather not say anything at present he was still making representations

The worthy Magistrate said he took that for granted. Inspector still hoped that the Prisoners and their friends might be brought to reason. Had reason to think that the Prisoners had some shadow of a ground of complaint against GLUCKSBOURG.

The Prisoners here burst into loud asseverations that they were the most innocent, injured, and ill-used of men: a declaration which called for an irrepressible burst of hissing and hooting among the crowd in Court, which the worthy Magistrate in vain endeavoured to suppress.

The Complainant here muttered something about a Cross—about the Police being in league with the Prisoners.

INSPECTOR RUSSELL said he protested against such an insinuation. He had made a suggestion to the Prisoners to give up a considerable part of the property in dispute; in which case he thought they were not likely to dispute Complainant's possession of the remainder. Considered it was part of his duty to make such suggestions—in writing of course; might have put it disagreeably for Complainant, but didn't mean to

do so. Hoped the Magistrate was satisfied of that, and approved of what he had done.

The worthy Magistrate said that might have been all very well before the Prisoners had committed such a brutal assault. But he must say, he thought the Inspector had failed grossly in his duty, in not preventing the outrage. He owned he saw the beginning of the fray: he had been in communication with the Prisoners; he had been appealed to for protection by the Complainant, and seemed to have promised it.

The Inspector said he only did so conditionally. The Magistrate did not wish to go into that. He wished to know why he had not prevented the assault?

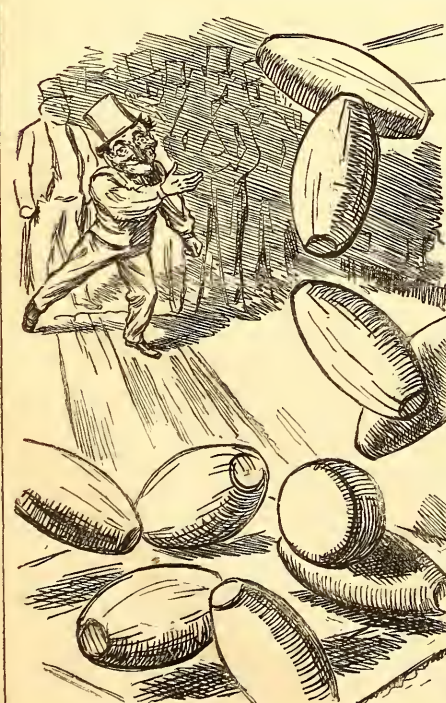
The Inspector said he had only a very small force at his command, and was afraid, if he interfered, the row would spread itself further, as much excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood. Had generally found that his interference made matters worse.

The worthy Magistrate said he could not wonder at it, if it was the sort of interference he seemed to have such a taste for—interference in writing. It was the duty of the Police to prevent the beginning of these outrages at any hazard. What were the Police for but to keep the peace? They carried their truncheons for no other purpose, and if, in the fulfilment of their duty of keeping the peace, it became necessary to break the heads of ruffians like the Prisoners, it might be a disagreeable duty—particularly to the Prisoners—but it must be done. As to the offer that had been made to the Complainant, and which INSPECTOR RUSSELL seemed to have taken upon himself to pronounce reasonable—he had no sufficient evidence how that might be, and would at present offer no opinion; but he would remand the Prisoners for another fortnight, that Complainant might have time to turn round and think it over. At the same time he must warn the Prisoners, that if they, or their agents, threatened, or otherwise bullied, or assaulted the Complainant, it would be the worse for them.

Complainant, who protested vehemently against the arrangement proposed under the sanction of the Inspector, was led out of Court by his daughter, a very interesting young lady, who had stood near her father during the proceedings, showing him the most filial attentions. The worthy Magistrate bowed to her on her leaving the Court, and the crowd gave her three cheers.

THE PUBLIC TIME.

(An After-Dinner Letter.)



O OLD PUNCH,
I'M just come back from Greenwich, and write this while I think of it. Bother stops and all that. Had a first-class dinner at the Ship and wish you'd beenthre. Funny word that looks. ? on paper. ; Nevrmind Stops.

I shall get nother fler to write, this, for me as pen sobad and can't write bad pen know. ; ; ! ? . : never mind stops— ; ; ? ? ! ! ! ! ! ? ; — lots of stops, put 'em where you like. Jolly good fler. Who? Don't know. Never mind.

What was going to say was thish. ? this: ! Letshee. No Lets see.

(In another hand.)

Sir, at this point my friend lays down his pen and requests me to acquaint you

with the fact of the Public Time being wasted on the Greenwich Line, i.e. from Charing Cross to Greenwich.

The case is this. The Trains start from London every quarter of an hour; and they arrive every twenty minutes.

Now, Sir, what becomes of the missing five minutes? that is, of the

missing quarter in each hour? or roundly, of the missing sixty quarters, no I mean twenty-four hours, I should say sixty-four quarters in every day?

I have not got this calculation quite right: 'tis too late to stop over it now. But we all agreed after dinner that there was a great Waste of Time Somewhere.

Yours truly,
WHYTE BATES.

(In same hand as the first.)

P.S. Jolly fler wrote this. unstands what says. Hoorray? ! : never mind stops. Going to dine gain Gridge come dine at Gridge? ? ! ; Nevrmistops.

** The rest of this important correspondence is, we regret to say, utterly illegible.

THE DESERTS OF ARMY DOCTORS.

It appears that there is a great dearth of Surgeons in the Army, particularly in the Indian branch of it. No Assistant-Surgeon has been gazetted for the Indian service since 1861. Such is the statement of "X" in the *Morning Post*, and according to "A SUFFERER," writing in the same paper, Government has adopted a singularly likely measure to remedy the surgeon-famine amongst Her Majesty's forces in India:—

"The pay and allowances have always hitherto been equal to £1,200 a-year, but are now reduced to £800, so that at one sweep every Regimental Surgeon in India is at once deprived of £400 a-year of this hard-earned income."

As we tell the plundered Danes, half a loaf is better than no bread, and £800 to £1,200 is as more than half a loaf, according to COCKER, or COLENSO, who is an authority at any rate on this sort of numbers. But the expenses of living in India leave an officer little to bless himself with out of an income of £800; so that there is moderation in "A SUFFERER'S" remark that:—

"After this, if medical men can still be found to enter the Army, then, I say they richly deserve all they get."

Certainly they do; and very much more.

Mr. Bass's Bill.

For the removal of Street Nuisances, we do not want the "Law as it Stands;" but we require it to be put in motion against all Organ Grinders and other unmusical wretches, with one great sweeping order to "Move on!"



LATEST FROM ASCOT.

Cad. "I SAY, CRUSHER! SEEN OUR KERRIDGE?"

Inspector. "NO, I AIN'T; BUT MINE'S JUST ROUND THE CORNER, AND I SHALL GIVE YOU A LIFT UP TO TOWN BEFORE NIGHT, I DESSAY." [Cads shut up, and exeunt.]

OUR OWN ON OXFORD.

[We are bound to say that nothing but the absolute fitness of publishing some sort of account of the Oxford Commemoration should induce us to insert the following wild narrative. We thought that our Cambridge Special had gone nearly as distracted as a gentleman should go under any provocation, but the Correspondent whom we dispatched, with some confidence, to the other Eye of England, has transcended the insanity of his predecessor. However, the article must appear.—*Ed. Punch.*]

HERE we go round the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush—difficult quadrille, this Lancers, with the great rotatory figure—set to her, O, ah, thanks—hope I didn't tread upon your dress—yes, awfully jolly, and not so hot as a ball-room usually is—ha! ha! we notice these things when we get to five or six-and-thirty—now you are not to laugh, MISS AMARANTH, because I am all that, and I remember the QUEEN'S Coronation distinctly—good band that of JULLEN'S, isn't it? That's *Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen*—not many of them here, are there—severe, no, how can you say so? Two or three widows of fifty, though,—well, it's JULLEN'S fault, putting the words in my head, I didn't make them. Can I make songs—ah, under *some* inspiration, perhaps—now, ladies, all round us—here we go round the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush. You can't think how pretty you all look from the gallery when you make that deep slow curtsey. Why didn't I stay in the gallery, then, if I liked it so much? Because I liked better to be down here, dancing with somebody who doesn't appreciate my feelings. Let's go and have some ice. Not yet, very well. That—yes, that is LORD MORN. Looks as pleasant as his name? Very neat—I'll tell him what you say. How well the Masons look to-night with their collars and stars and badges? Am I a Mason—of course I am, and your Brother, so you may tell me anything. Will I tell you the secret—well, I might be induced to do that, but not while I am unappreciated. Pretty—no, but her hair is, and the flowers are very graceful. Not flowers—O—I thought they were—no, it does not show how little notice I take of the ladies, but how much I take of one of them—that's the DUKE of THREE-DUKES, handsome young fellow—no, I didn't say it slightly, but at two or three-and-thirty one thinks such young fellows mere boys.

ARCADIA ON THE SURREY SIDE.

You have heard of a *rus in urbe*; did you ever hear of a *rus in municipio*? If not, you will apprehend a novelty in hearing that the Borough of Southwark is a *municipium* in which there is a *rus*, or rather wherein there are *rura*. For a vacancy has occurred in the rural deanery of Southwark, and the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER has divided it into three rural deaneries; now, to enable him to do this, the rurality of Southwark should be spacious. So much so, in fact, is it, as to have enabled DR. SUMNER, out of the original rural deanery of Southwark, to constitute the new rural deaneries of Lambeth, Southwark, and Streatham. The last named rural deanery may be somewhat rural in a bucolic, and agricultural sense, but what extent of pastoral scenery, and how many shepherds and shepherdesses, or herdsmen, except drovers and swains of that sort, are to be found about the New Cut, or the vicinity of MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Brewery?

OCCASIONAL POETRY.

BY A SMALL HOUSEHOLDER.

Composed on an Alteration made on the Premises.

My Landlord he have sunk the well
Beneath my scullery floor:
The water-rate they can't compel
Me for to pay no more.

When the Collector calls, to claim
The payment of his due,
I wish as he may get the same.
He's werry likely to!

For now I've got the means to wipe
Out all arrears that's owed;
And they, if they cuts off our pipe,
May do it, and be blowed!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—There is no place like Home. Fallacious. If your home be in a row of houses, it is probable that the homes of your neighbours will be very like yours.

That's a Knight Templar, with the white mantle and red cross on it. Yes, a very handsome dress. Why don't I have one? Because I have only chambers in the Temple. But I *will*, if—. Don't let's dance this square dance, but have some ice. Engaged, never mind, he won't find you, and he's no loss. How do I know that—why, didn't I hear him begin to talk about the weather? Didn't understand, didn't I, and perhaps he meant something about to-morrow and St. John's Gardens—artful little man. Not so little? Yes, he is, and you shouldn't dance with the pigmies. Pleasanter for waltzing, O? As if you cared about the mere dancing. Care very much indeed, do you. Then you are happy in your present partner. Auburn, indeed, she's red; r, e, d, three letters, no less and no more. That slight, melancholy-looking man? That's MR. EPICURUS ROTUNDUS, the author and moralist, but he is not, I believe, so unhappy as he looks. His novels are charming? Glad you think so, indeed we seem to think alike on most subjects. Not to flatter myself? May I flatter you? No, I don't think I could—one never flatters when—Mamma looking at us as if you ought to sit down—not the least, you don't understand the expression in her eye, it means go and take some refreshment. You must be obedient? Of course you must. Strawberry, vanilla, lemon, which I shall get you? Here's a chair. A wafer? Give me a piece and I will keep it as a consecrated wafer. No harm in that, I'm sure. A little more out of the draught. The procession of boats, yes, I saw it, and the crew that capsized on purpose—very good-natured to make fun for us, but that sort of thing would not be in my way. Yes, I was at the New College flower-show, and looked for you everywhere. Couldn't have looked long? Two hours at least. Beauty? Yes, certainly, a great deal. Where? Well, in the flowers. Do you know your Mamma has asked me to lunch after Commemoration to-morrow? Asks all sorts of people, does she? I am coming, though, for all that. You are going with LADY SWANNEST somewhere else? You can't break my heart that way, because she's going away in the morning, for BLANCHE CYGNET told me so. I have a good deal of MISS CYGNET'S confidence? Well, she has a little to spare, you know. Haven't told you the Masons' secret? Let me tell you another first. Square dance over? Never mind. But you do mind? Then we'll go

back, but I take you in to supper, and I have numbers 13, 15, and 17, yes, look at your card, and you'll be at St. John's to-morrow. Answer all that?—yes, and something else—

[There are five sides more of this nonsense, which means,—we conceive after some consideration, may mean—that the writer was at the Masonic ball. We dare say that he talked none of the absurdity which he has written, but if he did, we beg to apprise the young lady that five or six-and-thirty, which we observe dwindled to two or three-and-thirty, should have been forty, *bien sonné*, and that our Correspondent is subject to an occasional attack, which he is pleased to call lameness, but which we happen to know is treated with colchicum.—*Ed. Punch.*]

MEMS. for article for *Old P. [unch]*. Oxford handsomest place in the world. Gardens glorious. Buy a Guide, they are capital. Fudge up the architecture and all that. BURGESS is going to do Worcester Chapel, MILLAIS to design staid windows. Use the word Carfax, it sounds well, and *mem.*, the bishops weren't martyred where the memorial is, nor yet where the mark is in the street, but in the old ditch. WREN built the theatre. University don't mean college, but all the colleges make University. Responsions is the same as little go. Say go down when you mean go away from Oxford. Say Maudlin, and perhaps tell story of man reading it so in second lesson in chapel. *Mem.*, jolly Bath chairs for sixpence, used instead of cabs. Don't believe there's a good cigar sold in Oxford—all the men who know get from town. Beestly railway entrance to O, write blazingly about the beautiful coach entrance over bridge. Torpids mean second boats. Jesus College, green, Welsh, *mem.* leeks. Speak of Show Sunday, folks go to Broad Walk, dressed no end. Get some bits of Latin out of BURTON, looks well in an article on a scholastic place.

[Our correspondent, evidently under some unexplained influences, has enclosed the above, instead of what is probably an elegantly written paper, now, of course, useless. The only paragraph which he has forwarded is as follows.—*Ed. Punch.*]

The merry undergraduates had early crowded the upper gallery of SIR CHRISTOPHER'S beautiful theatre, and their shouts could be heard long before you reached the famous edifice. Entering, you beheld a brilliant array of ladies in what may be called the dress circle, while a

miscellaneous mass of masculine humanity filled the pit. The cheers and jokes of the students occupied an hour, and then the organ spoke out, the anthem was heard, the great doors opened, a lane was formed through the crowd, and an awful procession of Dons entered, and ascended to the seats of dignity, the VICE-CHANCELLOR himself taking the chair of LORD DERBY. Small reverence had the high blooded youth of England, on this day, for those dread Dons, and chaff was poured out like hail. The VICE-CHANCELLOR vainly tried to be heard, and looked rather more angry than was necessary. But the forms were observed, and at length the red-gowned candidates (we do not forget the meaning of *candidatus*) for the honours of the day were introduced. A tall and stately BERESFORD, Archbishop, a closely shaven and gentlemanly French historian, THIERRY, the thoughtful presence of ARTHUR HELPS, were noted with approbation, Ireland was honoured in LORD BANDON, and Money in LORD OVERSTONE. But the cheers of the undergraduates were few, and somewhat cynical, until one man ascended, and stood by TRAVERS TWISS. As soon as the name was known, a shout arose that might almost have been heard at the General Post Office. SIR ROWLAND HILL came to receive his crowning honour—the Man of Letters in the Home of Learning. Again and again came the cheering, in a storm, and had the grateful undergraduates known that an earnest and thoughtful face, with white hair around it, on the VICE-CHANCELLOR'S right, was that of a brother who had come to see his brother receive his guerdon, another cheer would have gone out for MATTHEW DAVENPORT HILL. The new D.C.L. took his seat amid renewed plaudits, and the theatre has never echoed to cheers bestowed more worthily than by Oxford of 1864 upon the great civilizer of the day.

[Cordially approved. *O si sic omnia!* We have only to add that our Correspondent, having certainly done his duty in recording the above gratifying event, appears to have taken himself off to St. John's College, to the *fête* mentioned in his first rigmarole, and somewhat later, to have secretly departed in company with a lovely heiress, to whom he was next day united, as may be seen in the *Times* of Saturday. Our young men are always marrying heiresses, and it is a very inconvenient practice. We consider ourselves lucky in getting even the above article, under the circumstances.—*Ed. Punch.*]

CECIL AGAINST PALMERSTON.



HE high-mindedness and purity of motive, actuating the Opposition to her Majesty's Government, shine out with dazzling brilliancy in the subjoined remarks reported as those of LORD R. CECIL on a reply by LORD PALMERSTON to a question from MR. BERNAL OSBORNE touching the progress of the Conference:—

"The noble Lord had told the House calmly to reflect upon the motives of Her Majesty's Government. He had done his best calmly to reflect upon them, and he had come to the conclusion that the answer to that appeal was that they had now arrived at the 6th of June. (*A Laugh.*) The noble Lord knew that if by answers such as he had just given, he could veil himself behind his position of a negotiator—if he could put off from day to day the necessity of giving the House of Commons the account which he was bound to render—if he could put off any explanation until the summer was so far advanced that he could not be called to serious question, his Government would be safe at least for the present year (*Cheers.*) And to the noble Lord and those who sat with him the welfare of Denmark, the maintenance of treaties, and the upholding of the pledged word of England were trifles compared with that which was paramount in their minds—the advanced state of the Session. (*Cheers, and cries of 'Oh!'*)."

This is plain speaking, as plain as speaking can be to be parliamentary. It imputes to LORD PALMERSTON conduct which, out of Parliament, might, in language not at all too strong to be applicable, be called that of a traitor and a scoundrel.

But how can we sufficiently express our admiration for a statesman, whether rising or risen, whose conscience will permit him, and whose confidence will enable him, to accuse LORD PALMERSTON to his face of sacrificing the righteous cause, and his country's faith and honour, to a base desire to retain office? Of course the statesman who can dare to

bring such an accusation against such a man, must feel strong in the consciousness of belonging to a party whose leaders not only never ask questions tending to hinder the public service, in the hope of damaging the Government which they wish to supplant, but also never make common cause with a Liberal placehunter who does ask questions of that kind from displeasure at being out of place. "What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?" The statesman, who feels that under his ribs, is thrice armed, or rather four times, for around his breast there are *robur et æs triplex*; not only the *robur*, British oak, the symbol of Conservative principles, but also the *æs triplex*: which appears to fortify the brow if not the bosom of LORD R. CECIL.

DRAMATIC JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

MR. PUNCH,—SIR,
WHY does not MR. FECHTER restore that effective scene in *Hamlet*, in which occurs the celebrated speech beginning with:—

"Now I might do it, Pat; now he is praying!"

Which would give him the opportunity of introducing an Irishman, in the part of what you call a *muta persona*, and would be considered a mighty great compliment by the sons of Erin. Good luck to you, Sir.

I am, your continual reader,

DENNIS.

P.S. I'm thinking the Irishman might be a Souper.

Paulo Post Futurum.

THE *Moniteur*, in an announcement relative to the insurrection in Algeria, says:—

"GENERAL DELIGNY foresees the time approaching when the insurrectionists will be obliged to disperse."

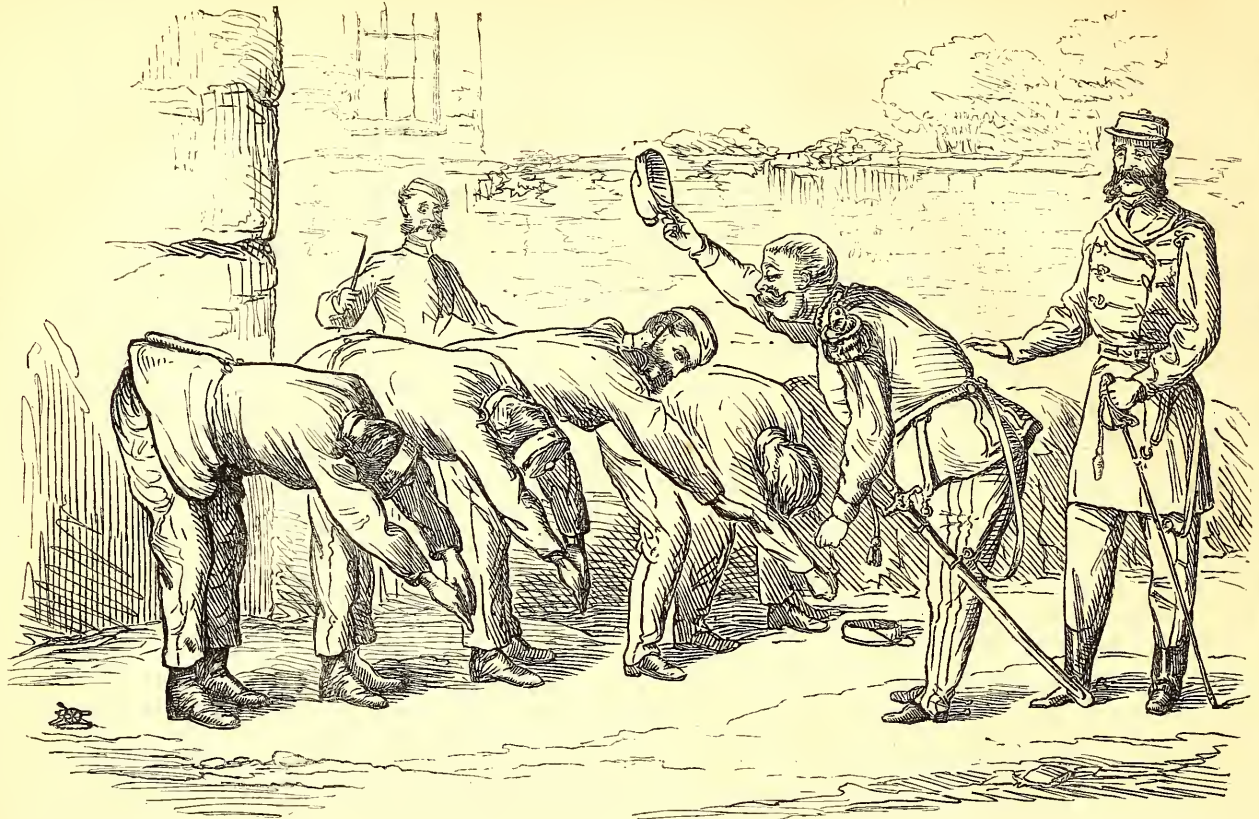
Does he? Then GENERAL DELIGNY does not see that the time when the insurrectionists will have to disperse has as yet arrived. The irony of the *Moniteur* is reassuring.

Latest from Longchamps.

THERE is no truth in the report that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has become a Member of the Ethnological Society. The mistake arose, apparently from the fact that his Imperial Majesty has lately taken a great interest in the study of races.

A QUESTION FOR THE CONFERENCE.

WHAT is that which destroys a town, and makes a martyr? Canonisation.



EXTENSION MOTIONS.

"HAT THE WORD 'TOW' HINCLINE THE BODY FORWARD, HUNTIL THE FINGERS TOUCHES THE TOES, KEEPIN' THE 'ED BETWEEN THE HARMS. TOW!!!"
[Foreigner of distinction, who is witnessing our Volunteer Drill, is under the impression that he is receiving a general salute.]

A YORKSHIRE SHEPHERD.

AMONGST contemporary events which ought to be commemorated, may be noticed the retirement from the service of his employers, of a very meritorious Shepherd. This is MR. E. SHEPHERD, six years Assistant-Governor, and then thirty-two years Governor of the West Riding Prison. He retires on account of the exigences of his health.

MR. SHEPHERD introduced the Silent System into the prison discipline of England in 1833. Though the silent system has made much noise, many people will now first know to whom the country is indebted for that Pythagorean improvement in penal probation.

The management of the West Riding Prison, as conducted by MR. SHEPHERD, saves the West Riding about £7000 per annum. He has rendered it in a great measure self-supporting, as a House of Correction which is at the same time a manufactory of goods in cocoa-nut fibre. The sum of £7000 a-year is somewhat preferable to the results of unproductive labour, isn't it?

MR. SHEPHERD has also established a successful Reformatory Institution, an "Industrial Home," in the neighbourhood of the Wakefield Prison. It pays its own expenses, and has 300 reformed rogues, out of 734 rogues, to show as the fruits of its working. So that this SHEPHERD has actually contrived to whiten some of those black sheep that have constituted the flocks committed to his custody.

The facts above specified are stated in a memorial addressed by MR. SHEPHERD to the Magistrates whom he has served so long, and they have done themselves the honour to refer to the Visiting Justices "the consideration of a retiring pension to be granted to MR. SHEPHERD to the full extent allowed by law," which he will get, of course. In justice to the Justices of the West Riding it is necessary to remark that the liberality which handsomely remunerates long and faithful services is particularly creditable to those who are themselves the "Great Unpaid."

SHAKSPEARIAN AND GHOSTLY.

NEW Reading from SHAKSPEARE by PROFESSOR PEPPER:—

"Is that DIRCKS that I see before me?"

PEACE OFFERINGS AT THE PALACE.

THERE are so many pretty things to look at in the Crystal Palace that, even if you were an Argus, you, with all your hundred eyes, might miss seeing one half of them when you spend an afternoon there. Some of the prettiest things, however, you will find in the Art-Union Court, and if you have not seen them you had better go next Saturday, and get presented at this court, for which, you may as well be warned, a court suit is not necessary. You will find the PRINCE OF WALES and his Princess at the court, and when you leave it, if you like, you may put them in your pocket. To this privilege, however, you will only be entitled by becoming a Subscriber to the Crystal Palace Art Union, which you may do by merely paying one, two, three, or five guineas, as may suit your income and your inclination. Besides the Prince and Princess, you will also be permitted to put SHAKSPEARE in your pocket, if four guineas be paid; and as he (at the Crystal Palace) is only thirteen inches high, his presence in your coat-tail will not much incommode you.

If you wish to make your wife a present for her drawing-room (and this, after the Derby Day, you perhaps may think expedient), you will find in this Art Union many articles of *vertu* which will atone for any vice you may, in her opinion, have committed on that day. Moreover, for each guinea you subscribe you get a chance of winning something in the Prize Distribution; and if your chance to have been born beneath a lucky star, you may get a prize of very much more value than you ever gained at school. So, after the next concert, go and be presented at the Art-Union Court; and when you have appeased your wife and enriched her drawing-room, be grateful to your *Punch* for teaching you how to do so.

Sir James Wilde's Last.

WHAT is the difference between a Correspondent and a Co-respondent? One is a gentleman what does write, the other is a gentleman what does wrong.

AN EXAMPLE OF ALLITERATION.—GLADSTONE and Grinding Organs.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

INTENSE DELIGHT OF LITTLE MONTAGUE HUPKINS AT HEARING A 5555 TELL A COUNTRY PARTY THAT THAT GENT CROSSING THE COURSE WITH THE WHITE HAT AND CIGAR IN HIS HAND IS THE CELEBRATED SPORTING PEER, LORD—

[N. B. That Nobleman's shadow occupies the foreground of the picture.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 13th. *Monday.* We like the persistence of the Yorkshire men, who are not inclined to say die about the removal of the Assizes to dirty, smoky, crowdy Leeds. It is true that the Order in Council has been made, that JUDGES BLACKBURN and KEATING have made an appointment for interviews with gentlemen who are to come under the unfavourable notice of twelve of their countrymen, and that the Leeds folk have been artfully incurring expenses to prepare Courts, in order to be able to talk about good faith and all that. The sturdy men who desire that Wakefield should be the place don't care for all this, they have a good case (which they should have been prompter to press) and LORD WHARNCLIFFE fought their battle to-night in the Lords, carrying, by 80 to 54, an address for reconsidering the decision, and MR. ESTCOURT has given notice of a similar motion in the Commons. At the end of the week the QUEEN sent word that the above appointment must stand, but that the subject was quite open to re-consideration as regards subsequent Assizes. Now, Yorkshire, stick to your work.

More Public Schools talk in the Lords, and it appears that LORD GRANVILLE, speaking of the merits of some of the Christ Church men, let out something which one of the Examiners writes to say his Lordship had no right to tell, and also told inaccurately. Later in the week the Bill, on which so much has been said, passed, after an eulogium by LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE on the English Schools. We dare say that they are better than those in Turkey, though the Turks do not torture little boys, nor take away their blankets on a cold night, to warm bigger boys. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE states that these Schools form character. This is a safe statement, as proof and disproof are alike impossible, and we must accept the declaration that the Public Boys are like the Welshman's Owl, and that if they can't talk (especially French) they are beggars to think.

A Bill about fishing at Herne Bay was read a Second Time in the Commons. We have not seen this measure, but hope that it does not propose to interdict the harmless amusement of trying to catch white salmon from off the long pier, because, as one never catches anything but cold and chaff, it is hard to say that vested interests are injured by the process. Has the one policeman been examined. If not, we shall have the Bill sent to a Select Committee, for the sake of the tradesmen who let on lease the most remarkable fishing-rods that ever amused the congregation of St. Antony.

Government, having been compelled to keep the present National Gallery, means to make us feel what we have been about. MR. COWPER proposes to enlarge the place at an expense of £300,000. Moreover, he will not say that he intends to give the Academicians immediate notice to quit. We are open to a bet that unless the Ministry go out, the Lion-column will be finished long before the improved Gallery, and that all complaints will be met by a taunt about Burlington House. The official mind is obstinate and slightly spiteful.

Three times this week has LORD PALMERSTON declared, with emphasis, that he knew nothing about what was going on in the Conference. Once he answered, tartly, that he was not a member of that body, and therefore could give no information. It is rumoured that he is discontented with the non-proceedings, but we shall hear all about it some time or other. The House takes his replies very good-humouredly.

We had a debate on the case of AZEEM JAH, who claims the title of Nawab of the Carnatic. We have some idea what the last word means, because a poet (the poets are your best embalmers) once told us to beware of Russia, and that—

“By Allah the Awful, if late by a sun,
The Carnatic will stable the steeds of the Don.”

But about his Highness, JAH, who is alleged to have been wronged by the East India Company, we own to having known little until MR. SMOLLETT recited his History. MR. LOWE said that the Nawabs had been traitors, and though our transactions had not been such as we need to be particularly proud of, there was no use in reviving such stories, and so thought the House. We had, however, some sharp words, for the Attorney-General had been rude enough to laugh, and no Member of the Government had spoken. SIR ROUNDELL, (who is not a laughing man, but may have been put into a merry mood by a certain task which he was daily performing, that of editing a Family Library edition of some difficult love-letters, for the Peers of England) explained his laugh, and PAM said that Ministers would not reply in debate, if they are not allowed to finish discussions, instead of being replied upon. This must have amused MR. DISRAELI.

We guaranteed a New Zealand loan, and were told that GENERAL CAMERON was pounding SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO in great style.

Tuesday. The Lords united in a tribute of praise to SIR ROWLAND HILL, and in the grant of £20,000 to that illustrious D.C.L. LORD BROUGHAM spoke out warmly touching the incalculable advantages which the middle and lower classes had derived from the facilities afforded for correspondence. The upper classes are not much of the “writing sort,” as MR. CARLYLE says, but education and reformed public schools will in time make those classes also aware of the utility of letters.

Many thousands of children are overworked, but otherwise shamefully neglected, in various Factories, and an excellent Bill, for bringing the poor little creatures under the provisions of the Factory Acts, was read a Second Time. Its chief promoter is MR. AUSTIN HENRY BRUCE, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, and the children should be told the name of this worthy Welshman.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS does not see why the Postmaster-General should be a Peer. Nor does *Mr. Punch*, and he intends to be in his place when MR. GRIFFITHS extorts from some Minister the red tape reasons for the existing custom.

An Income-Tax debate arose, MR. HUBBARD, the indefatigable, once more attacking the present unjust and cruel tax. His objections to it are, however, somewhat better than the system he would substitute, and of course MR. GLADSTONE was ready with a reply. MR. BOVILL said—and let it be recorded to his honour—that “nothing could justify taxing flesh and blood, brains and intellect, at the same rate as realised property.” MR. HUBBARD expressed his confidence in the ultimate triumph of the principles he advocated. They will triumph some day, but not until millions of money shall have been wickedly exacted from the class which, from its love of industry and order, is the easy victim of clumsy financiers. But some day the middle class will put out its strength, and then terrified Chancellors of Exchequer will begin disgorging like leeches when you salt them.

Then we debated on Irish Education. Protestantism is indignant at the support given to Conventual schools. But

if you cannot get children sent to the best school, as is the case where the priests have power, surely any education is better than none at all. We must take the Irish nation as it is, and as MR. O'HAGAN well said, not with rigorous logic or in the spirit of a doctrinaire.

No one forgets the awful disaster at Sheffield. But were there any danger of its being forgotten, the Waterworks people are resolved that the Sheffield locality shall remember it, for they are obtaining leave from Parliament to increase the water-charge upon the inhabitants of the district. The arrangement seems a cool one, so far as we can understand it, but if Sheffield has no objection, it is not for us to make any.

Wednesday. Felons' goods are forfeit to the Crown. MR. C. FORSTER thinks the system barbarous, inasmuch as it punishes the innocent. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER was not for doing it entirely away, as felons often acquire large property by dishonest means, and the Crown has now the power of restoring it to the owners. MR. HUNT thought that as a rich man had facilities for evading justice, he ought to be restrained from crime by the reflection that if convicted he would be beggared. MR. WHITESIDE thought that hanging a man was almost enough punishment. MR. FORSTER'S Bill was read a Second Time.

Thursday. Some time this Session we are to have the Lords' Report on the system of over-working Milliners and Dressmakers. Of course such creatures can wait, though their employers' customers can't.

A good hearing in the Commons. Ships are off to fetch away the troops who have been engaged in the Ashantee War. But there was a frightful story told next night, and a catastrophe, which red tape thought much more frightful, nearly followed.

What is to be said to the blatant FERRAND, who burst on the Commons to-night with one of his choicest orations against the Charity Inspectors? There was much truth, of the most disagreeable kind, in what he said, and no doubt the Whigs have grabbed all the patronage in the most unblushing manner, and the antecedents of some of the folks whom they have appointed are not brilliant. That was just the sort of case for MR. FERRAND, and he revelled in it. The Minister said that there was no objection to inquiry, but that MR. FERRAND'S language was so offensive that there could be no acceding to his proposition, and MR. J. A. SMITH reminded the House that in 1844 the Commons had branded MR. FERRAND with a charge of calumny. By 116 to 40 his motion was rejected. But if some gentleman would bring the matter on, the result might be different.

Then we had a long Supply debate, and some good fun about the POPE and MR. ODO RUSSELL (who privately talks to his Holiness about England, because, as we will not receive an ecclesiastical envoy—Jupiter knows why!—we cannot have regular relations with Rome), and LORD PALMERSTON defended the tone that had been taken, "because the House was in a merry humour." Why should it not be merry, when voting away thousands of sovereigns? The *Moniteur*, speaking of M. RENAN, says that "men of intellect always display irritation when you talk to them of so low a thing as money." The House of Commons was not irritated, though the subject was much pressed upon it, but we would by no means draw an impertinent conclusion.

Friday. The small trader (who has a vote) is too strong, at present, for the working man, and the CHANCELLOR has withdrawn his County Courts Bill, for the relief of the latter, as he believed that the measure would not pass in the Commons.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH, with a view to intervention in behalf of Denmark, demanded whether our fleet were equal at once to the blockade of the German ports and the defence of the Danish islands. LORD RUSSELL, guarding himself in a generality, said that the fleet was prepared for any service it might be called on to render. LORD DERBY said that if the Conference led to no definite issue Parliament would no longer allow its voice to be stifled. The Government organs give very significant hints to the Germans that England may fight, and the French organs say that if the war be resumed, she must.

LORD GAGE is unhappy because chapters from the Apocrypha are sometimes read in church, and so is LORD EBURY, because, he says, that work contains things which it is "unpleasant to read in the presence of ladies." LORD LITTLETON reminded the delicate nobles that the same remark applies, with greatly increased force, to the Jewish Scriptures. The BISHOPS of LONDON and OXFORD stated that there were very noble passages in the Apocrypha, and the latter Bishop said that LORD EBURY, by reading them, would become, not a sadder but a wiser man. LORD GAGE'S anti-Apocryphal Bill was withdrawn, but we have no objection to console him with a new title, that of LORD GREENGAGE.

But in the Commons the Government was all but killed. The proceedings were curious. A debate on the Ashantee war was opened by SIR JOHN HAY, who lost a brother in the expedition, and all but avenged him by destroying the Government. After a long and earnest discussion, closed by a fiery encounter between the PREMIER and the Opposition leader, there was a division on SIR JOHN'S motion, which was practically a vote of censure in respect to the Ashantee affair. The numbers were 233 to 226, the Government getting a majority of seven only, in a House of 459 Members. The Opposition cheering was thunderous for about three minutes. So this week the Parliamentary squib finished with a good bang.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ?

OR, THE HOUSEKEEPER'S CONSTANT COMPANION.



CONTAINING everything that a Housekeeper ought to know, and a good deal that she oughtn't to know, with hints for every day in the week, maxims for the month, receipts, songs, light literature, dark sayings, rules for lines of conduct, gardening, farming, pharmacy, stories of the beau monde, toxophilical anecdotes or something about the bow-and-arrow monde, and a variety of entertaining and instructive matter not to be found in any publication of this sort hitherto attempted.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The following opinions, having been written before the printing of the work, are of a most unbiassed character.

"A Real Treasure to Ladies."—*Musical Gazette.*

"No recently married young couple ought to be without this admirable work."—*Morning Star.*

"Invaluable!"—*Ladies' Newspaper.*

"It was once told of DEAN SWIFT, &c., &c. But we would place this Companion in everybody's hands."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"We cannot bestow sufficient praise upon this excellent *Vade Mecum*."—*John Bull.*

"Equally suited to the Boudoir, the Study, the Drawing-Room, or the Kitchen, no gentleman's table should be unprovided with this 'What do you want?'"—*The Economist.*

"Calculated to reform the entire system of Housekeeping."—*Press.*

"Supplies a long felt want."—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

"A great desideratum in the world of Letters."—*The Leeds Diurnal Perambulator.*

"The Working Classes have at length got what they desired."—*Mining Journal.*

We commence in this present month of Juue :—

General Remarks.—June is sometimes one of the summer months in London. There is no certainty about the matter.

Housekeeper's Tablet.—*Peculiar mode of preparing Salmon for Dinner.*—Purchase a Salmon alive. Let it go without anything to eat for four-and-twenty hours, it will then be thoroughly prepared for dinner.

Whitebait are really young whales. To the taste for this delicacy, providentially, as says MR. QUATREMAIN, implanted in our countrymen's gullets, do we owe it that the sea is still navigable.

Domestic.—When your husband brings home a friend to dinner unexpectedly, overwhelm the guest with continued apologies for the scantiness of the meal. Frown at your husband, and do not permit him to take twice of any dish.

The most Economical Method of getting a nice little cold Dinner for Four.—Order it to be hot for One.

Bad Day.—The 22nd of June is a bad day for lending anyone £100. This may be very generally applied throughout the year.

Advice.—In June and July avoid mad dogs.

Fishing.—Glitter attracts mackerel. Nearly all fish may be taken with tin. Try the experiment at any fishmonger's, who will tell you the quantity of tin required.

TO COLNEY-HATCHERS AND OTHERS.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

A GENTLEMAN, who wishes to change his mind, would be glad to hear of some one in a similar position, willing to accommodate him. The Advertiser will be ready to go out of his mind at the shortest notice.

LOST.—A Head, belonging to a Country Gentleman. It was unfortunately lost while visiting the top of the Monument.

FOUND.—A Person, name unknown, has recently been found in Tea and Sugar. She is still living. Apply at Bow Street Police Station.

FOUND.—A Body in some fine old Crusted Port. Apply to MESSRS. BLACKING & Co., Sloe Lane.

FINAL DECISION OF THE CONFERENCE.—"We must draw the Line Somewhere."

MR. BANTING'S MOTTO.—*Casus Belli.*

MY BUTLER.

A TALE OF PRIDE AND PUNISHMENT.

PART II.

PUNISHMENT.

I HAVE a cart, a homely cart,
Which carries to and fro
My servants, when they come, depart,
Or on a visit go.

For my new man I sent that same,
And sore perplexed was I,
When piled with luggage, back it came,
But he came in a fly!

I went to scold, but when I met
My butler, courteous, bland,
Obssequiously polite, and yet
Extinguishingly grand.

More calm, more self-possessed, more neat
From boot to well-brushed hair,
Than certain of my guests he'd meet,
And wait behind their chair.

And when he bowed and spoke to me
(A voice to calm and soothe)
"To-day's Times would I please to see?"
Just ironed, dry and smooth.

I could not chide, perhaps I'd best
At once the trick declare,
And own, a coward fool confess,
To chide I did not dare!

No! from the very first he took
Me as his lawful prize;
And though my slave in tone and look,
Began to patronise.

In tone: yet something in mine ear
Still said, with quiet ease,
"Of course you will not interfere;
I'm from the EARL OF G.'s."

In look: yet did I oft-times see
The question in his face,
"How could you bring a man like me
To such a poky place?"

The way he moved, his stately tread,
Made all my rooms look small:
I could have punched that builder's head
Who planned my narrow hall.

I showed him o'er my cellars, stocked
With wines and *eau de vie*,
And when we left, he calmly locked
The door, and kept the key.

He "puts out" what he likes, each day
My best Lafitte doth flow,
And yet I dare not say him nay,
My LORD OF G. does so.

I have two suits of evening clothes,
The one for common wear,
And one, by POOLE, which only goes
Out on occasions rare.

Or rather used to go, for now
It comes out every day,—
"The worn-out blacks" he told me how
"Of course he'd put away."

My "tops," 't is true, are white as snow,
My boots like Scarborough jet,
My buckskins all I wish, but oh!
The bills for paste I get.

* * * * *
In every country neighbourhood
Presides some gorgeous swell,
Who doth by wealth or noble blood
All meaner folk excel.

Our grandees are exalted high
From their abundant means;
In house, dress, equipage, none vie
With the DE WYNTON GREENES.

Such glass, such crockery, and plate!
A *ménu* so refined!
My cook for days I seem to hate
When with the GREENES I've dined.

And when, with condescension sweet,
They come to dine with us,
These potentates we ever treat
With great parade and fuss.

And knowing the great love they bear
To their high-sounding name,
Our butlers we instruct with care
How to give out the same.

They came one night, begemmed and flounced,
And grand as kings and queens,—
"MR. and MRS." (he announced)
"And two MISS WINTER GREENES!"

And though with sham simplicity
And mock respect 'twas done;
The truth still twinkled in his eye,
"I'll rile these snobs for fun!"

And then to see, all dinner through,
The supercilious stare
With which my butler deigned to view
The other servants there:

Gazing with calm disdain, as though
He said, "Twixt you and me
There's no resemblance—union—no
Butler's Analogy."

As for the REVEREND JONES's man,
A fresh-caught, country lout,
Before the second course began,
He coolly turned him out.

I marked in REVEREND JONES's mien
A change:—I saw him wince;—
And on our friendship there has been
A chillness ever since.

* * * * *
Oh, if there be, as I believe,
Grim spirits in the air,
Who love to see us mortals grieve,
And dance at our despair—

How must they chuckle to proclaim,
And glory to deride,
The anguish, punishment, and shame
Of my poor fallen pride!

MR. GLADSTONE'S MORNING CONCERT.

A CONCERT was given yesterday morning to the Right Hon. the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in front of his private residence at Carlton Terrace. The entertainment commenced by a vocal and instrumental performance of nigger-minstrels, who executed a variety of national airs. The programme included:—

- "Polly Perkins" SNOBSON.
- March from *Faust* GOUNOD.
- "The Young Man from the Country" GENTLENS.
- "The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue" BEEST.
- "Still so Gently" BELLINI.
- Sestet—"We've got no Work to do" CADGERS.
- Fantasia on Violin BLOKE.
- Recitative—"My Christian Friends" MUMPER.
- Pot-Pourri LANDLAUFER.

The first five pieces of the foregoing list were performed on the grinding organ by SIGNOR SPORCHINI, of Genoa and Saffron Hill, who encored himself several times. CADGERS's popular invocation of public charity was characteristically rendered by a party of singers in white aprons, who personated mechanics out of employ; a lot well known to the police. The fantasia of that obscure composer, BLOKE, was interpreted by MR. MILBANK in his usual style; and the blindman's Appeal, "My Christian Friends," was effectively delivered by BAMFIELD. A German band performed LANDLAUFER's medley of polkas, waltzes, and overtures, and did, in every respect, full justice to the composer's name.

The effect produced on MR. GLADSTONE, by the performances above specified, in regard to street music, was, it is said, a determination to support instead of opposing MR. BASS's Bill for the abatement of that nuisance.

AN ETON FAG.—No, child, *mayora canamus* does not mean "let us cane the bigger boys," but we could expect no better scholarship from you, and we appreciate the wish that was father to the translation.

THE LEGAL GAME OF FORFEITS.

THE House of Commons has been behaving itself pretty well lately. It has kicked out SOMES's Bill and LAWSON's Bill, and it is going to give a Second Reading to MR. CHARLES FORSTER's Forfeiture of Lands and Goods Bill. As the law is, anybody convicted of the slightest offence which may be nominally a felony, forfeits land and goods; whereas a villain found guilty of the grossest crime, if it be legally only a misdemeanor, forfeits nothing. Manslaughter by misfortune, for which a just judge would award five minutes' imprisonment, entails forfeiture. Thus a British and brutish jury may be enabled to run a poor doctor, for example, who has had the ill-luck to kill a patient in endeavouring to save his life.

By forfeiture of land and goods the innocent family of a felon is punished as well as himself. If he is hanged or transported for life, it touches them alone.

These wrongs considered, can it be conceived that any Member of Parliament could have been capable of opposing MR. FORSTER's measure designed to right them? That measure was, however, opposed by MR. W. HUNT, the representative of North Northamptonshire. What manner of men must the men of North Northamptonshire be? Shall you not think that the majority of them, with respect to legislation, have the intelligence of asses and the moral sense of pigs, if they re-elect MR. W. HUNT?

Ecclesiastical.

A TRAVELLER on the Eastern Counties Line wishes to know when Bishop Stortford was consecrated?
We can not inform him.

It is rumoured that SIGNOR TAMBERLIK is to be created an Italian Bishop, with a see in *alt*.

LEAH.—The Great *Leah* BATEMAN has left us: let us console ourselves with a Greenwich dinner, and the little White Bait, man.



Fare (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling). "BUT WHY, MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU PUT THAT CLOTH OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD?"
Cab-Driver. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, THIN—I SHOULDN'T LIKE HIM TO SEE HOW LITTLE YE PAY FOR SUCH A HARD DAY'S WORK!"

CONTINENTAL TOURISTS' COMPANY (LIMITED).

ABBREVIATED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed in order to supply a long-felt want. This want is, solely and only, of money in the pockets of the Promoters and Directors.

It must be evident to every one who has been in any way interested in the statistics of our vast and increasing population, that there are thousands among us, who, either from want of means, time, or opportunity, are totally unable to quit their own native country and inspect for themselves the beauties of Foreign Lands. In the first of these just mentioned positions have been placed for many years the present Promoters and Directors of this Company. They now propose to remove these existing disabilities, and to afford themselves ample means for visiting the most distant parts of the habitable Globe.

Arrangements have already been made by which the best rooms in the first-class Continental Hotels can be secured for the Travelling Directors, who will spare no expense in the interests of the Shareholders.

The practical control of affairs will be placed in the hands of a Manager, who is a gentleman of sound experience, and who has passed, during the greater part of his life, from city to town, from town to village, from village to mere encampments, adopting the most economical principles.

With a view to purchasing a Special Private Hotel, there will be an additional Deposit made upon the Shares, and the Directors will take a Site.

Further particulars, with a Form of Application for Shares, &c., &c., will be shortly issued.

At the Opera.

"OH, that dear duck, MARIO, how like a nightingale he sings!" exclaimed a gushing girl the other night to *Lord Dundreary*, "W-well, no, I c-can't see that p-p-precisely," said his Lordship, "if any fella's like a n-n-nightingale, it must be JUG-JUG-LINT!"

THE FRITH OF FROME.

THERE is a place called Frome, which elects LORD EDWARD THYNNE, as it has a perfect right to do, and which has just had a Conservative banquet, to which, if the Mechanics, in whose Hall it took place, have no objection, we have none. The two LORDS THYNNE were the aristocracy at this feast, and it might seem that the Committee were hard up for speakers, as a martial parson had to propose the health of the Army, Navy, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. Another parson made a little speech, which has caught the REV. MR. PUNCH'S eye:—

"THE REV. E. C. FRITH in the course of his remarks, said that though he could not quite agree with what was said in the House of Commons the other day, that every Churchman must necessarily be a Conservative, still he thought the proposition might be inverted, and that it might be said, every good Churchman should be a Conservative."

MR. FRITH is no doubt a good man, but if his sermons are framed on the model of the above sentence, we should prefer attending his church when he didn't preach. It really is not "inverting" BOBBY CECIL'S nonsense to prefix "good" to Churchman, and to substitute for the verb of necessity the preterite of shall, as an auxiliary verb denoting obligation. Is this Conservative grammar? If so, no wonder that the party forgets its antecedents and quarrels with its relatives.

Pleasant American News.

(For Once.)

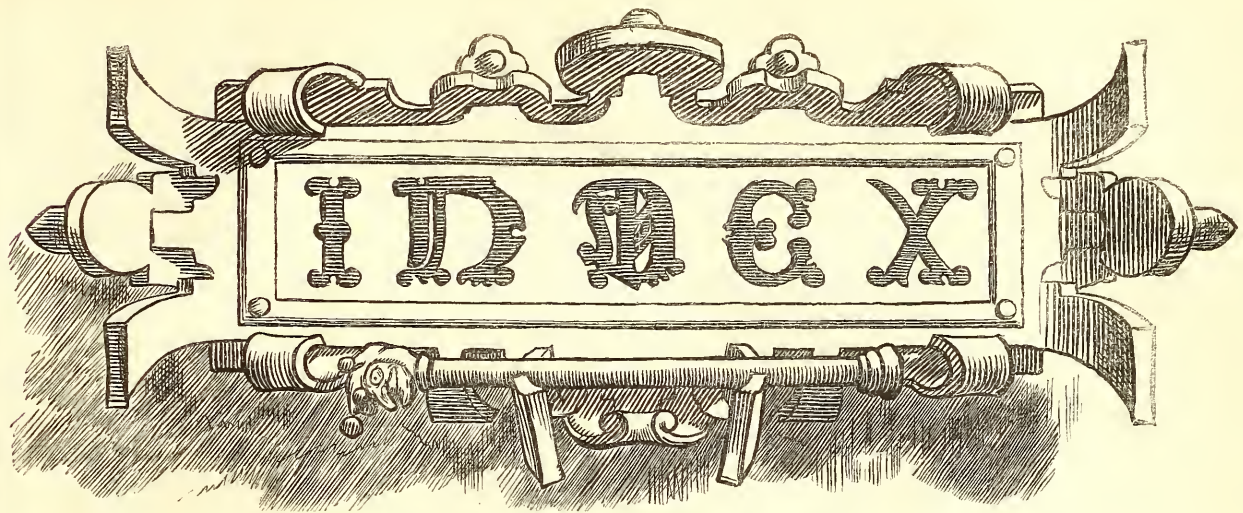
In the interest of all the playgoers, *Mr. Punch* contradicts, (on authority) the statement that Miss BATEMAN "is about to leave the Stage, and marry a gallant officer in Her Majesty's Service." Miss BATEMAN is not going to leave the Stage, nor to marry any officer, gallant or otherwise. It is true, however, that she is engaged, and it is to MR. WEBSTER, and will fulfil her vow by appearing at his theatre early in the new year. Public writers have no business to read our bosoms with false tidings, and those who spread perturbing reports ought to be made to pay for the cab we took to ascertain the fact, and the champagne we had to drink before we could allay our agitation.

ST. STEPHEN'S ACADEMY



NEXT HALF.

MRS. GAMP. "WHERE'S YOUR SPEERIT? BAR 'IM OUT! SMASH 'IS WINDERS! DO SUMMUT!"
MASTER DIZZY. "OF COURSE WE SHALL—NEXT HALF!"



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