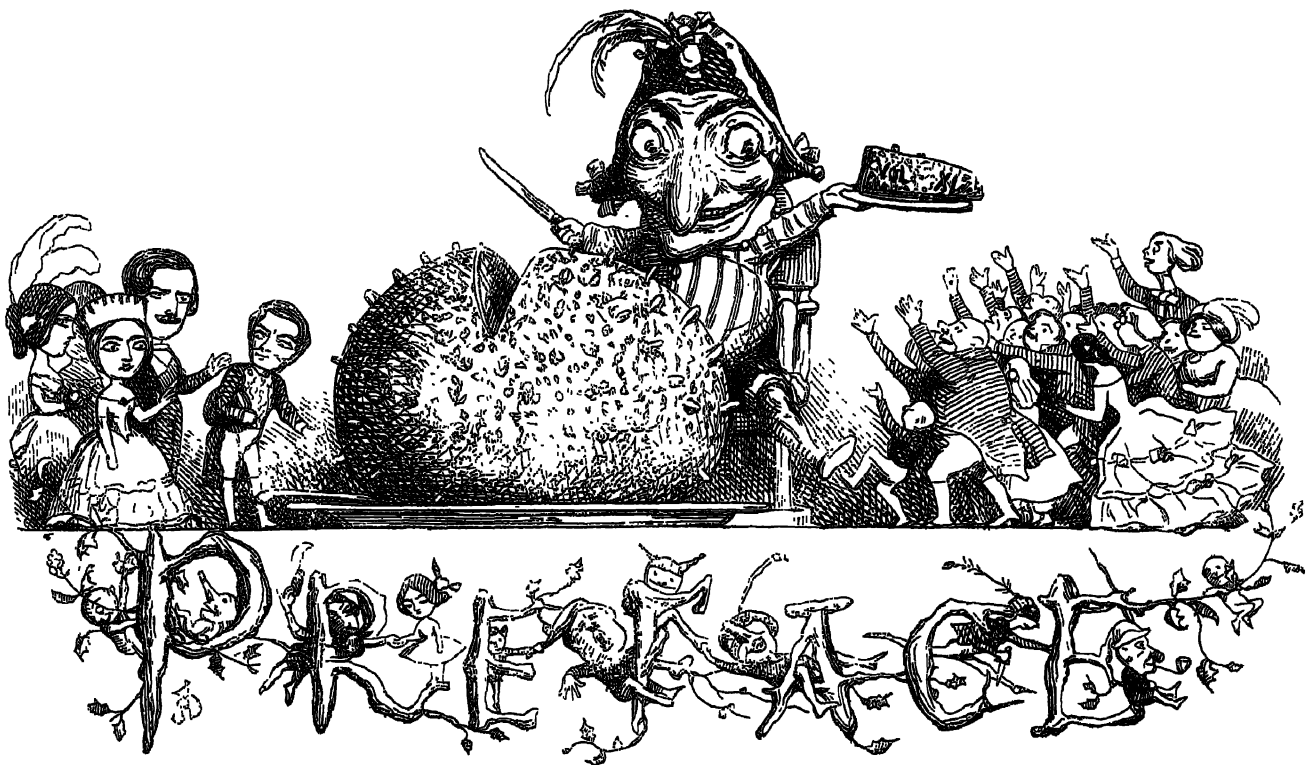


VOLUME
THE ELEVENTH

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AT the present Christmas—in this very season of Mistletoe and Holly, 1846,—*Punch* offers to the whole Reading Race of Man a most succicing slice of Plum Pudding. Yes: touched by the benevolence of the season, *Punch* will deny no man the bliss of a slice; a slice that, well digested, shall impart to the partaker a warmth of heart, and a certain comforting of the stomach; shall, moreover, incline him to think tenderly upon those denied the happiness of any sort of mouthful.

For the past six months *Punch*—the fact is known wherever the sun shines—has been busy compounding this mighty Pudding. Up early—down late—the marvellous work has been the sole possessing object of his life. How has he not laboured to obtain the best ingredients! For, as the immortal SOYER profoundly observes: “Some eggs are much larger than others; some pepper stronger; salt salter; and even some sugar sweeter.” Therefore *Punch*, knowing that he was making a Pudding for the whole Human Race—(a very different thing, mind you, from the Pudding that your dear Mrs. CAUDLE, Sir, makes for you and all the little C.’s; though, may *that* steam like a sweet sacrifice to all your nostrils, and sit lightly as butterfly upon rose-leaf on all your stomachs!)—*Punch*, knowing that this Pudding would be eaten by Tartars, Greenlanders, Russians, Chinese, Pennsylvanian Bondsmen; nay, even by the poor Troglodytes in their cabin caves; *Punch* makes his Pudding of the strongest and of the best, and of that most likely to keep.

There are certain wretches who, having made some wonderful discovery in a stew-pan, die with the secret. Culinairy misanthropes! it is their pride to go out of the world, carrying the receipt looked up in their brain; looked up for the worm to pick and feed upon. Now it is the pride—surely the pardonable pride—of *Punch* to publish to the ends of the universe (and what *can* he publish that is not safely delivered there?) the ingredients of his Christmas Plum Pudding. Here they are; and let the reader, if he will, get the same articles, and make a Pudding for himself. (*Punch*, by the way, feels quite safe in this little bit of liberality; for though folks might obtain some, nay, *all* the ingredients, can they ever hope to arrive at *Punch*’s inimitable way of mixing?)

PUNCH'S PLUM PUDDING.

EGGS (GOLDEN) from the bird, the property of Mother Goose; with the Egg of a Phoenix—the only one ever laid—taken from a nest of Cinnamon-sticks, and found in a Nutmeg Tree, in Arabia Felix. Beat well in a crystal bowl with a spoon of satin-wood.

SUET from the Ten Thousand Prize Oxen fattened by order of Poor-Law Commissioners, for Christmas Fare in all the Unions. Chop with the Sword of Justice.

FLOUR ground from wheat grown in every corner of the world, presented by CERES, the Goddess of Free Trade.

BRANDY, benignly winked at (“on this occasion only”) by FATHER MATHEW.

LEMON PEEL from the Gardens of the Hesperides.

RAISINS from Valencia, and packed in liquidated Spanish Bonds.

JAMAICA PEPPER freely contributed by free Negroes, (all grateful and enlightened readers of *Punch*.)

SALT sent to *Punch* by the East India Company, as a sample of the untaxed material henceforth to be enjoyed by the Ryots of Hindostan.

CURRENTS (from Zante) the gift of KING OTHO, and—to use his Majesty's own words—“as a small, but sincere acknowledgment of the Constitutional Wisdom derived by him from the pages of *Punch*.”

SPICES that will embalm wit and good humour for ages.

MILK—OF HUMAN KINDNESS; get it where you can—and when got, make the most of it.

It has been said of a cake, you cannot eat it and have it. Now it is especially otherwise with PUNCH'S PLUM PUDDING; for, though always eating that, you always possess it: it fills you—warms you—makes your blood dance merrily down to your toes (no slight advantage this at the present season), and is never diminished. Devour every bit of it to-night, and you find it whole upon your shelf in the morning.

We have given the ingredients. Well, then, mix them——No—no—no. None but *Punch* can do this; and in this happy season *Punch* will mock no man with impossible counsel. However, as none save *Punch* can make this Pudding, so are there none so liberal with the blessing when compounded.

Witness his generosity. Here, you fellow, kicking your legs upon the wall of China—you Esquimaux, stop your rein-deer, and come out of your sledge—in a word, all the Human Race—every one of you—TAKE A SLICE.





"THE TIMES" ON TOM THUMB.

"MR. PUNCH,

"MAY I beg your protection, your championship, against the wicked attack of the *Times*. As a lady of quality—as one of the superior classes—I ask it. In the *Times* of the 26th ult. there were—in a leader, I think you call it—these abominable words :—

"The display of a disgusting dwarf attracted hordes of gaping idiots, who poured into the yawning pockets of a Yankee showman a stream of wealth one tithe of which would have redeemed an honourable English artist from wretchedness and death. It is terrible to think, that in the London "season" of this century, in the heart of the greatest city, and under the eyes of the wealthiest people in the world, such should have been the lot of a gentleman who, if he wanted those plant qualities which sometimes supersede both talent and merit in worldly success, had almost merit and talent enough to compensate the deficiency, and failed in no other of the requisites for competence and fame. These are the events which impel even sober-minded men towards the conviction that this condition of society should no longer exist, whatever be the cost of the change."

"It is evident that the *Times* herein hints at a revolution of some sort; and I have immediately ordered all our doors and shutters to be lined with shot-proof iron. But, Sir, to speak of TOM THUMB; for it is that interesting creature whom the *Times* so unfeelingly assails.

"I, Sir, have visited TOM THUMB'S levees, I know not how many times. In common with thousands of Englishwomen, I have kissed and fondled that delicious little creature: but, Sir, I never flew in the face of the world—that is, of my world; I waited, calmly waited, for the authority of high precedent, before I rendered myself at the Egyptian Hall. And I was rewarded for my prudence.

"When TOM THUMB was sent for again and again to the palace; when he received articles of jewellery from the fair hand of the representative of BRITANNIA herself—

"When the QUEEN DOWAGER had a miniature watch expressly made for him—

"When the DUKE OF WELLINGTON (who is the appointed conscience-keeper for all the nobility) condescended to visit him—

"What was I—what was the whole world to do? Why, *Mr. Punch*, I, and thousands, rushed to the Egyptian Hall to dandle that sweetest, prettiest specimen of the *genus* man. And for this, am I, Sir, to be called 'a gaping idiot' by the *Times*?

"Not, I trust, when I have made out the case I have made; when I have shown that I only acted in obedience to the dictates of fashion—of fashion, set by crowned queens and the noblest of the nobility.

"Awaiting, Sir, the apology of the *Times*,

"I remain,

"Your Old Correspondent and Constant Reader,

"GLORIANA WESTEND."

"P.S.—I suppose that now—although the dear little loves have danced their native flings and reels at Buckingham Palace—there will be a cruel onslaught upon the last arrivals, the dwarfs from the Highlands."

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

LORDS, HOUSE OF. One of the constituent parts of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and comprising the body known as the Peers; so that they who insist that our Constitution is peerless, are guilty of a slight error. The Lords are either spiritual, including the archbishops and bishops, or temporal, who may have been so called from their ancestors having first obtained their dignities by a readiness to temporise. The eldest son of a peer is a peer at his father's death—as if in the aristocracy of talent the eldest son of a poet should be born a poet. From the old proverb, one would imagine this was the rule of succession to the Temple of the Muses; but the words *poeta nascitur*, must be qualified by *non fit*, which may be translated, "Unless he is not fit for it." Peers are sometimes created from amongst lawyers and soldiers, when, to prevent the coronet being like a tin-kettle fastened on to the head, as in the celebrated dog case it was tied to the tail, it is usual to settle a pension in tail male, on the recipient of a peerage. The peers have been called the hereditary wisdom of the legislature; but as it is thought they can sometimes evince their wisdom better by holding their tongues, and keeping away from the house, their presence is not necessary to their votes, which may be given by proxy.

LORDS JUSTICES. Persons whom, since the Conquest, until very recently, it was customary to appoint to take care of the kingdom during the temporary absence of the sovereign. The last occasion was on GEORGE THE FOURTH'S visit to Hanover, in 1821, when nineteen Lords Justices were appointed, and an immense number of commissions, waiting for the royal signature, which was a *sine qua non*, got signed by the Lords Justices, who, being new at the work, went *con amore* into it. Her present MAJESTY, who never lets anything connected with the business of royalty fall into arrear, had no Lords Justices appointed on her visits to France and Germany. Railroads and steam have given such facilities to communication, that the helm of government may be managed at any distance, and it is not unlikely that it may eventually be worked in one country by a sovereign in another, through the medium of a submarine electric telegraph. The vessel of the state is under such command, that HER MAJESTY might give directions to "go on easy," "turn a-head," "turn her astern," or "stop her," just as well from the Tuileries as from her own palace of Buckingham.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

The following has been handed about the Coffee-Houses as a list of the new Ministry :—

| | |
|---|------------------------------|
| Prime Minister | GENERAL TOM THUMB. |
| Minister of Foreign Affairs | DON FRANCESCO HIDALGO. |
| Lord Chancellor | } THE THREE HIGHLAND DWARFS. |
| Chancellor of the Exchequer | |
| Minister of the Home Department | |
| The other Appointments | THE PIGMY CHILDREN. |

As for ourselves, we put no faith in the above list; but the reader, of course, will please himself.

LES ADIEUX DU PREMIER.

My cab is at the door,
Of my red-box here's the key,
But before I go, JOHN RUSSELL,
Here's some good advice for thee.

Act, that honest hearts may love thee;
Act, that party-knaves may hate;
And from office when they shove thee,
Have a heart to meet thy fate.

Tho' Protection roar around thee,
As loud as roar it can,
Tho' they set on to confound thee,
"Young BEN," that "nice young man.—"

Tho' county members yell,
Tho' you sever Party's link,
Tho' Bedchamber Lords rebel,
Speak out boldly what you think.

Tho' for shorter term than mine,
Quite sufficient of a bore
You'll find office, I opine,
And be glad when it is o'er.

BENTINCK'S "SUDDEN THOUGHT."

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK has accused SIR ROBERT of "hunting CANNING to death;" this accusation was made, too, after nineteen years' cordial intimacy between the Lord and the homicidal Baronet. LORD GEORGE surely meant to parody CANNING's speech in *The Rovers*:—"A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear eternal hatred."

A NEW NAVAL DRAMA.

THEATRE ROYAL, WHITECHAPEL ROTUNDA.

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

THE SEAMAN'S PIPE!

OR, THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE."

ACT I.

A SEAMAN'S LOYALTY.

The scene represents the village green, the village church in the midst; on the left, DAME ROSEMARY'S cottage.

Enter SUSAN, TOM CLEWLINE, and VILLAGERS from the Church. SCREW from opposite side.

Tom. Yes, lads, old TOM CLEWLINE's spliced at last; hauled up high and dry, hey, SUXY, my lass? Come into dock like an old sea-dog, after twenty years' battling with the ocean and the enemy; and laid up in ordinary in Susan's arms.

Screw. Fiends! Perdition! A thousand furies and demons! married! but I know of a revenge. [Exit.

Tom. And now, lads, what next, before the supper's ready?

All. The hornpipe; Tom's hornpipe?

Tom. Well, then, here goes.

[Tom dances the well-known truly British figure. While dancing the hornpipe, re-enter SCREW, with a press-gang, consisting of a young Midshipman (MISS TIBBITS) and four sailors, with battle-swords in their girdles.

Screw. (After the encore of the hornpipe) There's your man!

[Press-gang draw cutlasses and advance.

Tom. What! on my wedding day? After twenty years' service,—after saving the lives of nine Admirals, and scuttling four-and-twenty men-of-war? Dash! it is hard! isn't it, SUSAN? And for that anivelling traitor there—(turning fiercely upon SCREW)—but never mind; a British tar doesn't trample upon worms; a British seaman knows his duty to his king. What ship, Sir?

Mids. The *Blazes*, CAPTAIN CHAINSHOT, with ADMIRAL CHAINSHOT'S flag to the fore.

Tom. I know his honour well. I cut him out of a shark at Jamaiky. Bless you, bless you, SUSAN, lass!
Susan. Farewell, dearest; here is your bundle. Here is the baccobag I worked for you, and here is your pipe.



Screw. Ha, ha! put it in your mouth and smoke it.

[General Tableau.—National Air.—Press-gang wave their cutlasses—Peasantry in groups—TOM tears himself from SUSAN—SUSAN faints.

ACT II.—The Breeze.

SCENE I.—The Quarter-deck of the "*Blazes*" off Tobago. The American ship "*Gouger*" lies N.N.E. by S.W. in the offing.

1 American Officer. A tarnation neat frigate this!

2 American Officer. And a pretty crew; and yet I calculate the old *Gouger* would chaw her up in twenty minutes if she were placed alongside of her.

Captain Bowie. Silence, gents! we are hurting the feelings of yonder honest seaman at the wheel.

Tom. Belay, belay there, noble Captain; jaw away and never mind me. Chaw up the *Blazes*, indeed! [He hitches up his pantaloons.

Captain (to Tom, mysteriously, having given a signal to his officers, who retire up the mizen mast.) You seem a gallant fellow, and, by the cut of your forstrop, an old sea-dog.

Tom. Twenty-five years man and boy. Twenty-nine general hactions, fourteen shipwrecks, ninety-six wounds in the sarvice of my country—that's all, your honour.

Captain. Ha! Try this cigar, my gallant fellow.—(They smoke on the quarter-deck; the American Captain expectorates a great deal.)—So much bravery, and a seaman still! Some few faults, I suppose? a little fond of the can, hey? There's a power of rum on board the *Gouger*.

Tom. No, no, Captain, I don't care for rum, and the bos'n cat and my shoulders was never acquainted. 'Tis the fortune of war, look you.

Captain. Look at me! THOMAS CLEWLINE. I'm a Commodore of the United States Navy; I've a swab on each shoulder, a seat in the Senate, and twenty thousand dollars a-year. I'm an Englishman like you, and twenty years ago was a common seaman like you. Hark ye—but ho! the British Admiral!

Admiral Chainshot. CAPTAIN CHAINSHOT, you must read out the order about smoking, to the ship's crew.

Captain Chainshot. Ay, ay, Sir.

Adm. To begin with TOM CLEWLINE, at the helm there. Tom! you saved my life fourteen times, and have received ninety-four wounds in the service of—

Tom. Ninety-six, your honour. Does your honour remember my cutting you out of the shark, in Jamaiky harbour?

Adm. I was swimming—

Tom. Up comes a great shark—

Adm. Open go his jaws, with ninety-nine rows of double teeth—

Tom. My gallant Captain sucked in like a horange—

Adm. But TOM CLEWLINE, seeing him from the main-top gallant—

Tom. Jumps into the sea, cutlass in hand—

Adm. Cuts open the shark's jaws, just as they were closing—

Tom. And lets out his Captain.

Adm. My friend!

Tom. My Admiral!

[They dance the hornpipe.

[Sailors gather round, smoking; the American Officers look on with envious countenances.

Adm. But, Tom, I've bad news for you, my boy. The Admiralty has forbidden smoking on board—all smoking, except in the galley.

Tom. What! Tell that to the Marines, your honour,—forbid a sailor

his pipe. Why, my pipe was given me by my SYOUSAN. When I'm smoking that pipe, on the lonely watch, I think of my SYOUSAN; and her blessed blue eyes shine out from the backy * * * *

(The British Seaman may be accommodated to any length in this style.)

Only smoke in the galley! Why, your honour, the black cook's so fat that there's scarce room for more than two seamen at a time,—and that the only place for a whole ship's crew!

Crew. Hum! hum! wo-wo-wo-wo. [They make the usual strange noise indicative of dissent.]

Capt. A mutiny! a mutiny!

Adm. Silence, men! Respect your Queen and country. Each man fling down his pipe!

[They dash them down to a man.—National Anthem.—Grand Tableau.]

Adm. My heart bleeds for my brave fellows! Now, Captain Bowie, your gig's alongside, and I wish you a good day. You will tell your government that a British seaman knows his duty. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Sunset—Moonlight—Six bells—Midnight.—TOM still at the wheel.

Tom. No—no, but I wouldn't, I couldn't break SYOUSAN's pipe—my pretty little pipe—my pretty SYOUSAN's last gift! part with you! No, not if I were to die for it. (He puts it in his mouth.)

Captain (coming unperceived out of the binnacle). Ha! smoking!—You

Commodore. You are right, BRACE; you are right. Why did they cut off our backy, and make mutineers of our men? We'll do our duty by the stars and stripes; eh, gentlemen? and will show Britons how Britons can fight. Are the men at their guns, LIEUTENANT BANG?

Lieut. Ay, ay, sir; but I think there's something would give 'em courage.

Commodore. What! grog, is it?

Lieut. No, sir; the national hornpipe. (Commodore dances the hornpipe.) And now, all things being ready, let the action begin, and strike up "Yankee Doodle."

[The "Blazes" buffs up with her head across the bows of the "Virginia"]

Boarders follow CHAINSHOT. Terrific rush of the British, headed by the CAPTAIN, who clears the maindeck and lee-scuppers of the enemy. Yankee Rally. Combat between the Commodore and the CAPTAIN. CHAINSHOT falls: the British crew fling down their arms.

* Adm. My son! My son! Ah, this would not have happened if TOM CLEWLINE had been by my side.

Commodore. HE IS HERE! (Opening his cloak and showing the American star and epaulettes.) TOM CLEWLINE, whom your savage laws made a deserter—TOM CLEWLINE, to whom his native country grudged even his backy—is now COMMODORE CLEWLINE, of the American Navy. (Takes off his hat.)

Adm. Commodore—I am your prisoner. Take the old man's sword.

Commodore. Wear it, sir; but remember this: Drive not loyal souls to desperation. GIVE THE SEAMAN BACK HIS BACKY, or, if you refuse, you will have thousands deserting from your navy, like TOM CLEWLINE.

Susan. And if our kyind friends will give us their approval, we will endeavour to show, that as long as the British Navy endures, and the boatswain has his pipe, 'tis cryouel, 'tis unjust, unkyind to deny his to the seaman! [Curtain drops.]

Old Furniture for Sale.—Auction.

Lot 1. The Seat of War (in India).—This seat has been very much knocked about, and has scarcely a leg to stand upon. With a little money, however, judiciously laid out, it could be put into immediate repair. It has been carried about for half a century all over India, and is now to be disposed of, as the owners have no further use for it. It is offered to the French Government as a seat the best adapted for the standing army in Algiers. With a little French polish, and turning the seat into Morocco, it is an article which will last for years.

Lot 2. The Glass of Fashion.—This glass has lost its brilliancy, from having been so frequently looked into. It is best calculated for those persons whose evening's amusements will bear the morning's reflection, as every object viewed through it is seen in a new light. Old beaux and young ladies, residing on the shady side of forty, will find their silver well laid out on this Glass of Fashion.

Lot 3 will be the identical Tapis upon which have come all the marriages in high life for the last fifty years.

Lot 4. There is some hope of the Pipe of Peace, which France and England have lately been smoking, being put up for sale, but this depends entirely upon LORD PALMERSTON being made Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Lot 5. Several Autographs of F.M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, written during the march of intellect, will be also submitted to the amateurs of rare things.

Lot 6. A few Flowers of Rhetoric, and several Figures of Speech, will be handed round the room for the inspection of parliamentary and pot-house orators. The flowers are beautifully cut and dried, and have been preserved in the leaves of HANSARD. The figures are well stuffed, and clothed in the strongest language.

Lot 7. The Laurels of FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT, as reared by him in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, will be shown for the inspection of all military persons who produce their Waterloo medals, and small sprigs will be sold to country gentlemen who hold commissions in HER MAJESTY'S Militia.

Lot 8. The Silver Spoon which Mr. HUDSON had in his mouth when he was born, will be put up for competition among railway chairmen.

The Clothes which the Tories ran away with when the Whigs were bathing, will be hung round the room, but will not be sold, as they form part of a collection of unredeemed pledges.

In addition to the above attractions, the celebrated Rod of Iron, which was formerly used in England, has been sent over from Ireland expressly for this sale, and the Rule which BRITANNIA uses in ruling the waves, will be kindly lent by LORD ELLENBOROUGH for this exhibition only.

ABSURD RUMOUR.

THERE was no truth whatever in the report that the "500 Cardinals," who are constantly on view at a linendraper's in Oxford Street, went to Rome to assist at the election of the new Pope.—Standard.



shall have five hundred lashes, as sure as my name's CHAINSHOT. Ho, bos'n! pipe all hands for punishment. (Exit CAPTAIN.)

Tom. What! flog me? flog TOM CLEWLINE? No, dash it, never. Farewell, admiral! Farewell, my country! SYOUSAN, SYOUSAN!

[Jumps overboard.]

Cries of "A man overboard! He's swimming to the American Frigate; she's standing out to sea!" &c.

This is a beautiful scene. The "Gouger" with all her canvasses set, her downlines gaffed, and her maintop-halyards reefed N.S. by S.N., stands out of the harbour, and passes under the bows of the "Blazes." Distant music of "Yankeeoodle." Tom is seen coming up the side of the ship.

ACT III

SCENE I.—The main-deck, U.S. line-of-battle ship "Virginia," COMMODORE ——. In the offing, the "Blazes" is seen in full chase, with her dead-eyes reefed, her caboose set, and her trysail scuppers clewed fore and aft.

Susan. But, my love, would you fight against your country?

Commodore. SYOUSAN! go below to the gun-room. The deck is no place for woman, at an hour like this. (Exit SUSAN.) How's the wind, Master?

Master. North-South by East.

Commodore. Ease her head a little, MR. BRACE; and cluff her gib a point or so. How's the enemy, MR. BRACE?

Master. Gaining on us, sir; gaining on us, at ten knots an hour. I make her out to be the old Blazes, sir, in which we sailed.

Commodore. Hush! The Blazes, ha! And I must meet my countrymen face to face, sword in hand, stern to stern, and poop to poop! Who would ever have thought that I—I should fight against my country?

Master. My country's where I can get backy.

A PUZZLING ORDER.



"I'LL TROUBLE YOU TO MEASURE ME FOR A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS."

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ON SOME POLITICAL SNOBS.

I DON'T know where the Snob-Amateur finds more specimens of his favourite species than in the political world. Whig Snobs, Tory and Radical Snobs, Conservative and Young England Snobs, Official and Parliamentary Snobs, Diplomatic Snobs, and About-the-Court Snobs present themselves to the imagination in numberless and graceful varieties, so that I scarcely know which to show up first.

My private friends are aware that I have an aunt who is a Duchess, and as such, Lady of the Powder-Closet; and that my cousin, LORD PETER, is Pewter-Stick in Waiting and Groom of the Dust-Pan. Had these dear relatives been about to hold their positions, nothing would have induced me to be savage upon that dismal branch of the political Snobs to which they belong; but her Grace and LORD PETER are going out with the present administration; and perhaps it will alleviate the bitterness occasioned by their own resignation, if we have a little fun and abuse of their successors.

This is written before the ministerial changes are avowed; but I hear in the best society (indeed TOM SPIFFLE told me at the BARON DE HOUNDSDITCH'S *déjeuner* at Twickenham last week) that LIONEL RAMPANT succeeds to my cousin PETER'S Pewter-Stick, TOFFY is next to certain of the Dust-Pan; whilst the Powder-Closet has been positively promised to LADY GULES.

What the deuce can her ladyship want with such a place? is a question which suggests itself to my simple mind. If I had thirty thousand a year, if I had gouty feet, (though this is a profound secret) and an amiable epileptic husband at home, like LORD GULES, and a choice of town and country houses, parks, castles, villas, books, cooks, carriages, and other enjoyments and amusements, would I become a sort of a-kind of a what-d'ye-calleme—of an upper servant in fact—to a personage ever so illustrious and beloved? Would I forsake my natural rest, my home and society, my husband, family, and independence, to take charge of any powder-puff in any establishment; to speak under my breath, to stand up for hours before any young Prince, however exalted? Would I consent to ride backwards in a carriage, when the delicacy of my constitution rendered that mode of transit peculiarly odious to me, because there was a scutcheon, surmounted by an imperial crown, on the panels, of which the chief was a field, or

with three lions gules? No. I would yield in affection for my Institutions to none; but I would cultivate my loyalty, and respect my crown *de loin*. For, say what you will, there is always something ludicrous and mean in the character of a flunkey. About a neat-handed PHILLIS, who lays your table and brushes your carpet without pretension; a common servant who brushes your boots and waits behind your chair in his natural and badly-made black coat, there is no absurdity or incongruity; but when you get to a glorified flunkey in lace, plush, and aiguillettes, wearing a bouquet that nobody wears, a powdered head that nobody wears, a gilt cocked-hat only fit for a baboon,—I say the well-constituted man can't help grinning at this foolish, monstrous, useless, shameful caricature of a man which Snob-bishness has set up to worship it; to straddle behind its carriage with preternatural calves; to carry its prayer-book to church in a velvet bag; to hand it little three-cornered notes, bowing solemnly, over a silver tea-tray, &c. There is something shameful and foolish, I say, in John as at present constituted.

We can't be men and brothers as long as that poor devil is made to antic before us in his present fashion—as long as the unfortunate wretch is not allowed to see the insult passed upon him by that ridiculous splendour. This reform must be done. We have abolished negro slavery. John must now be emancipated from plush. And I expect that funkies unborn will thank and bless *Punch*; and if he has not a niche beside WILLIAM WILBERFORCE in the Palace of Westminster, at least he ought to have a statue in the waiting-room where the servants assemble.

And if John is ridiculous, is not a Pewter-Stick in waiting? If John in his yellow plush inexpressibles dangling behind my lady's carriage, or sauntering up and down before St. James's Palace while his mistress is spreading out her train at the Drawing-room, is an object of the saddest contempt, poor fellow, of the most ludicrous splendour—one of the most insane and foolish live caricatures which this present age exhibits—is my LORD PETER, the Pewter-Stick, far behind him? And do you think, my dear sir, that the public will bear this kind of thing for many centuries longer? How long do you suppose Court Circulars will last, and those tawdry old-world humiliating ceremonials which they chronicle? When I see a body of beef-eaters in laced scarlet; a parcel of tradesmen dressed up as soldiers, and calling themselves Gentlemen Pensioners, and what not; a theatre-manager (though this I acknowledge, by the way, is seldom enough) grinning before Majesty with a pair of candles, and walking backwards in a Tom-Fool's coat, with a sword entangling his wretched legs; a bevy of pompous officers of the household bustling and strutting and clearing the way; am I filled with awe at the august ceremony? Ought it to inspire respect? It is no more genuine than the long faces of mutes at a funeral—no more real than LORD GEORGE BENTINCK'S grief about MR. CANNING, let us say. What is it makes us all laugh at the picture in the last number (which picture is alone worth the price of the volume), of "*Punch* Presenting y^e Tenth Volume to y^e QUEENS?" The admirable manner in which the Gothic art and ceremony is ridiculed; the delightful absurdity and stiffness; the outrageous aping of decorum; the cumbrous ludicrous nonsensical splendour. Well: the real pageant is scarcely less absurd—the Chancellor's wig and mace almost as old and foolish as the Jester's cap and bauble. Why is any Chancellor, any Stage-Manager, any Pewter-Stick, any John called upon to dress himself in any fancy dress, or to wear any badge? I respect my Bishop of London, my RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES JAMES, just as much since he left off a wig as I did when he wore one. I should believe in the sincerity of his piety, even though a John, in purple raiment (looking like a sort of half-pay Cardinal), *didn't* carry his Lordship's prayer-books in a bag after him to the Chapel Royal: nor do I think Royalty would suffer, or Loyalty be diminished, if Gold, Silver, and Pewter-Sticks were melted, and if the *Grandes Charges à la Cour*—Ladies of the Powder Closet, Mistresses of the Pattens, and the like, were abolished in *scoutorum*.

And I would lay a wager, that by the time *Punch* has published his eightieth volume, the ceremonies whereof we have here been treating will be as dead as the Corn-Laws, and the nation will bless *Punch* and FREEL for destroying both.

HIGHLAND DWARFS.

"WELL, what do you think?" said BROUGHAM to SIBTHORP, "we shall be just over-run with pigmies. Scotland threatens to send us a whole *lot* of dwarfs." "With all my heart," said the great militia-man; "she may send us the *lot*, if she keeps the fiddle."



A SLIGHT LIBERTY TAKEN WITH THE APOLLO
BELVIDERE.

SUGGESTED BY LORD STANLEY'S SPEECH.—JUNE 17, 1846.



THE FALLEN MINISTER. (AFTER DELAROCHE.)

ALARMING SYMPTOMS AFTER EATING BOILED BEEF
AND GOOSEBERRY PIE.

Little Boy.—“Oh, Lor, Mar, I FEEL JUST EXACTLY AS IF MY JACKET WAS BUTTONED.”

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the year——(but no—I claim the privilege of an unmarried woman, and will not set down the date)—in the city of Westminster. My father was a foreigner of Heligoland, who settled first at Sheerness. He made a good estate by dealing in slops, which he profitably sold to the sailors; and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards in Westminster. Here it was he married my mother, whose name was ROBINSON, whose ancestor was the famous JACK ROBINSON, of whom is still retained a popular proverb, relating to rapidity of expression.

Being the third daughter, and, unlike my two sisters, single—and my father having impoverished himself by bestowing two large dowries, leaving nothing for me excepting at his death,—I had little hopes of marrying in England, or, in other words, of bettering my fortune. I therefore resolved to cross the seas. I had read of several young ladies who, with no money, and very small trunks indeed—and with hardly beauty enough to make any man in England turn back to look at them—had married general officers and rajahs in India. I had heard, and with the easy confidence of youth believed the story, that such was the demand for young-lady-wives in the East Indies, that the black men's boats that brought off cocoa-nuts and yams to the ship, on her dropping anchor, also brought off gentlemen covered with diamonds, and provided with wedding-rings. In many instances, the ship carrying a parson, the ceremony was immediately performed in the Captain's cabin; and the happy couple on landing, immediately started five hundred miles up the country to spend the honeymoon. With these thoughts haunting me all day, I dreamt of nothing at nights but palanquins and elephants, and a husband continually giving me diamonds and pearls as big as swan's eggs.

And when I recollected the education my parents had given me—with all the advantages of the Blackheath finishing-school—I had no cause for despair. I could play at least six tunes upon the grand piano: I had worked a melon in Berlin wool so naturally, that my

dear aunt fainted, as she declared, at the smell of it. I could dance, sing, and speak the very best Italian for—India. My father, seeing me constantly poring over the ship advertisements in the *Times*, guessed my intentions. One day he was confined to his room, having dined the day before at Blackwall. He sent for me, and expostulated with me on what he foresaw was my determination.

“My child,” he said, “do you not perceive that you are born in the happiest state—that is, in the middle state of life? Consider how much grief, either way, you escape by such a fortune. I will suppose you an earl's daughter—in time, to be married to a duke. Reflect upon the drudgery that would then await you. Compelled to be always playing a part; obliged, on all state occasions, to go and mob it at court; to stand behind stalls at fancy fairs; to be trundled about in a carriage, leaving bits of pasteboard from house to house; and, worse than all, if your husband should be a Cabinet Minister, to be obliged, every other month, to be nothing more than a Court lady's-maid, with this difference—that you're allowed to wear your own diamonds, and now and then permitted to see a follower. On the other hand, you might have made shirts at fivepence apiece, and bound shoes at a farthing a pair. Whereas, you hold the happy middle state of life; a state that peeresses would jump out of their ermine tippets to fall into.”

After this he pressed me not to think of leaving home; and further, promised that he would look about him for a husband for me—a steady, respectable young man of my own condition. But I had my head too full of rajahs and elephants to put up with steadiness and respectability. My mother, too, often scolded me, and rated my father for sending me to that finishing-school. “I always said what would come of it,” she cried, “when I heard that the girls, before they went to balls and concerts, always swallowed *eau-de-cologne* upon lump sugar to make their eyes twinkle—I always prophesied how she'd turn out, and so it's come to pass.”

Thus rebuked, I suffered a year to pass away in silence. One day, however, being at Gravesend, eating shrimps upon the pier, six beautiful East Indiamen, in full sail, passed down the river. The tears came into my eyes, and my smothered resolution burst anew into a flame. I resolved, without loss of time, to take my passage for the East. I returned to London; but, instead of going straight home, I went to the Docks, where I accosted a CAPTAIN BISCUIT, of the ship *Ramo Samea*, of I don't know how many tons. Observing that as he passed his tobacco over his tongue, he looked suspiciously at my youthful appearance, I assured him that I had been married at fifteen, in India, that the climate disagreeing with my only child, a lovely boy, I had brought him to England, to remain with his grandmother, and was now only too anxious to rejoin my beloved husband at Budherapore. When I spoke of my husband, the quick eye of the Captain glanced at my left hand; happily, as I wore gloves, he could not observe that no ring was on my finger. Instructed, however, by this accident, on my way home I purchased a ring at a pawnbroker's in the Minorities; purchased it with a fervent hope that, sooner or later, the ring would be found to be of more than money's value. I ought, however, to state that I took my passage with the Captain, the number of my cabin, 20. For this I was to pay seventy pounds. I paid him—for I always managed to have money about me—twenty pounds in advance. “What name?” said he; “*Mrs. BIGGLESWADE*,” said I; and I saw him write down, “*Mrs. BIGGLESWADE, cabin 20*,” on the list.

As for three years past I had determined upon this step, I had saved nearly all the money allowed me by my dear father for pocket-money and clothes. And as, moreover, I made it always a point of being lucky at cards, I found myself mistress of a hundred and fifty sovereign pieces. “Now,” thought I, “if my outfit even costs me fifty pounds, I shall have, passage and all paid, thirty pounds left!” money, I thought, more than sufficient, even though a husband should not come off in the boat with the cocoa-nuts and yams, to marry me in the Captain's cabin.

All my thoughts were now bent upon my outfit. With this purpose, I used to steal out morning after morning to make my purchases; having them all sent to the house of a good woman—she had been our cook, and had married a green-grocer—to keep for me for the appointed time. I laid in six dozen of double-scented lavender; a dozen of the finest milk of roses; twenty pounds of the best pearl powder; a gross of court-plaster; six ounces of musk; a quart of oil of bergamotte; two boxes of rouge, and—not to weary the reader—a hundred of the like articles, indispensable to a young gentleman.

I next visited MADAME CRINOLINE's, and entirely cleared the dear creature's window of her whole stock of petticoats, etcetera, of horsehair. I had heard that birds were caught with horse-hair; and why not?—

in the skittishness of my heart I thought—why not husbands? Besides this—as I had heard much of the effects of Indian fevers—I bought myself three sets of curls, brown, dark brown, and auburn. To capture in an engagement, I thought it was lawful to use any colours.

My outfit completed, I awaited, with beating heart, the 10th of May. On that day the *Ramo Samee* was to drop down to Gravesend. On that day I left my home, telling my dear father that I was going with some fashionable acquaintances to the exhibition of a sweet little love of a child with two heads and twelve toes. I hurried with my faithful friend to Gravesend. She went on board the ship with me; and, before the Captain, kissed me and bade me farewell, as her dear daughter.

We weighed anchor; the breeze freshened, and I went below, with some natural thoughts about my native land and my hand-boxes.

ANALYSIS OF THE STABLE MIND.

THE stable variety of the human mind has so long escaped the notice of metaphysicians; but now that LORD GEORGE BENFINK has brought it into celebrity, it is high time that it should be analytically explored. The principal faculties of the ordinary mind are considered

to be Perception, Conception, Memory, Imagination, and Judgment. In the stable mind these powers are remarkably modified. Perception exists, but it is confined to the points of a horse—to his harness, and appurtenances, and to those weaknesses in the human character that constitute the dupe or flat. Conception is as limited in its nature; but Comprehension is extensive, regarded as the faculty of taking in.

The Memory of the stable mind is strong with regard to certain events, such as bets made some time ago; but it is observed to fail with respect to these in cases wherein its possessor has lost his wager.

As to Imagination, it can hardly be said to exist at all in the stable mind, which has no appreciation whatever of the sublime or beautiful; but rather delights in the reverse of both; and it is remarkable, that the productions of stable-minded painters are characterised by being wholly unimaginative.

The horse, the whole horse, and nothing but the horse, except the hostler, is the staple of stabular art. As to Judgment, when it is said that the stable mind is a good judge of horse-flesh, as much is said of it as can be truly predicated. With respect to certain other mental qualities, it may be stated, that Taste, in the stable mind, is the simple sensibility to the aesthetics of tits and turns-out; that Attention is merely an habitual concentration upon the same objects; and that Sympathy is nothing but a fellow-feeling with other minds of a kindred—that is, a stable order. We ought not to omit the mention of Association, which the stable mind displays very strongly, in a tendency to keep company with grooms and jockeys. This principle, also, of Association, it is that regulates the language in which the stable mind expresses its ideas, its phraseology being borrowed from the class of persons with whom it is accustomed to consort.

A VERY SLOW MOVEMENT.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD has left Algiers to make fresh treaties with the neighbouring tribes. The future King of Algiers seems to have turned his *bâton de maréchal* into a musical conductor's, considering he is always making *ouvertures*.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

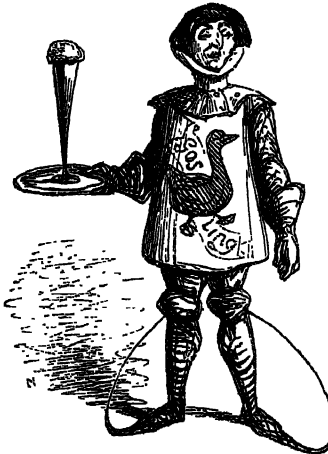


Some well-meaning people are continually talking of "the good old times," as if the present times were not good enough for all practical purposes. We suspect that if we could go back to the habits of our ancestors we should find them rather inconvenient; and as an illustration, or rather as a series of illustrations of this theory, the annexed drawings may be of some service.

Though some of the liveries of the present day are ridiculous enough, we think the absurdity and bad taste might be trumped by the above representation of a middle-age turn-out, with middle-age coachmen and funkys.

We should also prefer continuing to be waited upon by the individual in a barber's jacket and apron, who is continually saying, "Coming," and practically keeping away, than have our champagne handed to us by such a specimen of a mediæval *garçon* as that which we here subjoin.

Cooks and housemaids are people one happily don't often come in contact with, but they are certainly more presentable in the dresses they usually wear, than they would be if they were clothed in accordance with the tastes of our ancestors.



THE TRUE TEST OF A WOMAN'S TEMPER.—No man can say his wife is an angel, till he has called her MRS. CAUDLE.—*Emilia Wyndham.*

A RAILWAY REVIEW.

THE London and Birmingham Railway, having a company of individuals employed upon it no less than two thousand strong, felt of course some anxiety to show off before IBRAHIM PACHA, and a grand Railway Review was at once resolved upon. The Euston detachment of Heavy Porters was accordingly drawn up in line, for the purpose of performing some of the wonderful and difficult evolutions that are requisite in consequence of the break of gauge. The gallant fellows looked exceedingly well, and wore their rich velveteen corsets over their *cothurne* of fustian. The usual articles being put in requisition for the performance of drill, namely, a pig, a picture, a child, some eggs, and a box of glass, on the word being given to



"Shift Luggage," the manoeuvre was splendidly performed, though some inconvenience was occasioned by the eggs and glass being rather refractory. This favourite piece of Railway drilling is accomplished in different ways, according to the article it is required to shift. Thus, when the word of command is given to "Shift Luggage," the man who has to perform this operation on a pig, brings his right hand smartly down on the animal's ear at the word "shift;" on the syllable "lug," he grasps the creature's tail; and on the "gauge" being pronounced, runs off with the poor brute from one gauge to the other. A child may be treated in much the same way; but eggs, glass, and pictures, are rather more difficult in dealing with; for as they are packed in different ways, and it is not always easy to ascertain which is the top and which is the bottom, the side that ought to be upwards is sometimes downwards, to the great damage of the property. The corps of Railway police was next put through its exercise, which was performed to the perfect satisfaction of IBRAHIM PACHA.



At the words "Collar Passenger,"—a manoeuvre sometimes rendered necessary by the manoeuvre of the passenger himself, being desirous of avoiding the payment of his fare—several well-dressed individuals were clutched by the coat with beautiful precision and prompt alacrity. The only part of the drilling in which we fancied we noted a want of uniformity was in the "signal exercise," where, to use an expression appropriate to the subject, the police corps most signally failed. At the conclusion of the Review IBRAHIM PACHA retired, much pleased with the discipline of the Railway troops, and the generally effective manner in which they went through their arduous exercise. By his Highness's request, the pig that had been employed to illustrate the shifting of luggage on the break of gauge, was introduced on the following day to IBRAHIM PACHA, at dinner.

Sale of Manuscripts.

A VERY interesting sale of Manuscripts has recently taken place, and the prices fetched have suggested to us the idea of bringing into existence a new class of property. Several lots, for which we would have given the regular waste-paper market-price, appear to have sold exceedingly well. For instance, 249 duplicate letters, from January 3rd to November 28th, 1878, written or signed by SIR LEOLINE JENKINS, commanded at auction no less than seventy pounds. We presume SIR LEOLINE JENKINS was some illustrious pawnbroker; but however famous he may have been in his day, seventy pounds seems to be a high figure for 249 of his duplicates.

We were rather surprised at the high price obtained for three letters by the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, considering the extreme facility there has been in extracting a billet from

the hero of Waterloo. The three letters, which sold for four pounds eleven shillings, must have paid the parties well if the epistles happened to have been answers to such inquiries as whether MR. JONES is liable to be drawn for the militia? If he can be released from the income-tax, or some other of the numerous frivolities on which it is customary to put queries to his Grace, which his Grace is in the amiable habit of answering, any one has only to invest a shilling in postage stamps, write to the Duke, get his answers, and put them up to auction in a collection of manuscripts.

The literary signatures did not fetch a great deal, though, perhaps, more than might have been expected. JOHNSON'S signature to a receipt went for only three guineas, though such a document must have been rare indeed, for the Doctor was, according to BOSWELL, in the habit of forgetting the names of the subscribers to his books, and spending the money, so that it is not likely he was very fond of giving receipts for it.

A letter from STERNE respecting the loan of 20*l.* sold for 3*l.* 18*s.*, which appears to be a good price for a single letter. A poor author in the present day cannot get as much for his signature, even when it is enhanced by the addition of a bill stamp worth a couple of shillings.

Perhaps these things, which go begging among the money lenders in the present day, will be snapped up some day by collectors, at a high price. It is only to be regretted that no one has the spirit and enterprise to invest his money in these treasures while the authors are alive, to profit by the value which posterity may set upon their autographs.

A NOTE FROM THE SHADES.

"MR. GRAY, poet, and author of a little thing intitled, *An Elegy written in a Country Church-yard*, presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and wishes to know if the subjoined four lines might not be appropriately inscribed on the pedestal of a statue (in biscuit) erected in the matter of the Corn Laws, to SIR ROBERT PEEL:—

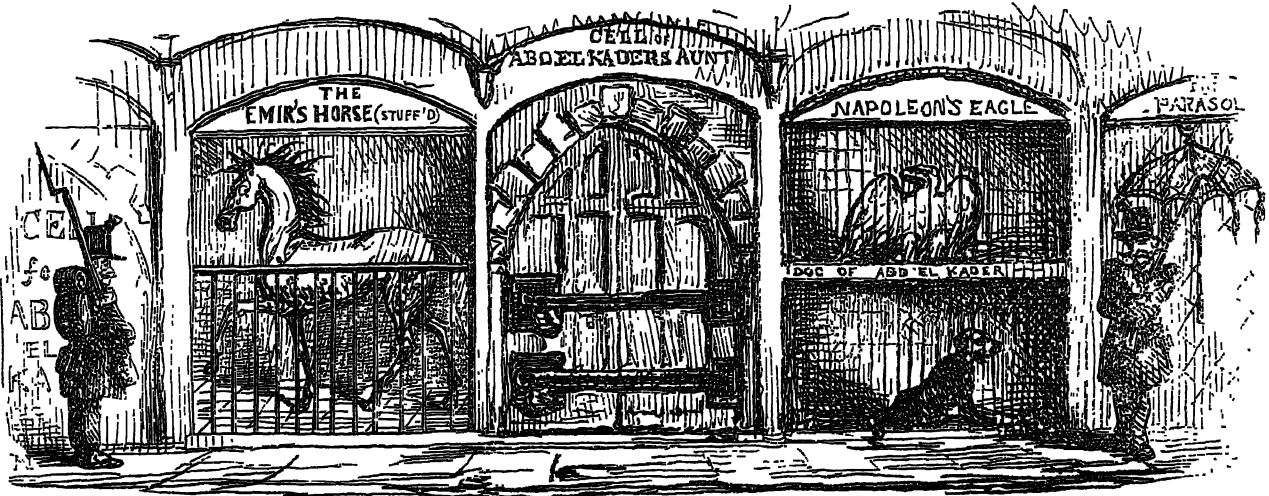
"The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation's eyes?"

Punch, in answer, begs to inform MR. GRAY that he (*Punch*) has submitted the verse to the opinion of MR. DISRAELI, and that crystal-headed legislator pronounces its fitness to be admirable.

THE DOG-DAYS.

WE now understand the use of the basins in Trafalgar Square. They were evidently never meant to be ornamental, but they promise to become extremely useful. During the late warm weather we observed several dogs standing on their hind legs drinking out of the basin. The dogs like to have their water like ginger beer, "fresh from the fountain." There is no doubt the basins are kept as large preventives against hydrophobia, and we must say, ugly as they are, we only wish there were more of them in the metropolis. Notices should be written up, directing the canine species to Trafalgar Square, with directions, to avoid confusion, that "they are to sit down with their heads towards Pall Mall, and to take up with their tails on a line with the lion's at the top of Northumberland House."

MUSEUM OF FRENCH PRISONERS.



THE captives continually being taken by the French are, we mentioned, accumulating so fast that an exhibition is about to be made of them in the French capital. The exhibition will be chiefly Zoological, for the French have a peculiar knack of getting hold of animals belonging to great men, instead of the great men themselves; and though "Love me, love my dog" is a proverb, "Catch me, catch my dog" will by no means hold, as a piece of sound military practice. The French have got ABD-EL-KADER's horse without ABD-EL-KADER, and that individual's dog without its master. With reference to inanimate objects, they are equally lucky, for they have secured the parasol of the EMPEROR OF MOROCCO without the celebrated proprietor.

The worst of these trophies seems to be, that they are so easily imi-

tated as to admit frequently of a doubt whether they are always genuine. ABD-EL-KADER's dog, for instance, might be a pug or a poodle for what we know, or a turnspit, or a Scotch terrier, while his horse may have been either a clever hack, a useful cob, or a thorough-bred Arabian. We shall expect soon to hear of the capture of ABD-EL-KADER's cat, which would be better than securing the dog, for the former animal, having nine lives, would be equal to nine prisoners.

If France should have war with us—which we hope will never be the case—she would no doubt make frequent captures of QUEEN VICTORIA's canary, or PRINCE ALBERT's prize bullock. Any of our enemies are quite welcome to trophies like these, provided they catch hold of nothing of greater value.

BLACK MONDAY.

MR. PUNCH'S THOUGHTS ON HIS RETURN FROM THE HOUSE ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 29.

He is gone, dear friends. We saw him drive down to the House, rolling in his gold coach like KING PIPPIN, but his heart must have been cheered by the roar of thousands of voices, which said "God bless him!" Did he catch sight of *Punch* up in a lamp-post, yelling, "Bravo, PEEL! PEEL for ever!" fit to crack his lungs? Dear old PEEL! We have had many a tiff—but he is gone, and the Whigs are in. Which is the better, *cum Whiggibus versari quam sui meminisse*? Now he is gone, the thought strikes one. Perhaps, to live with them will be less sweet than to remember BOB.

He went to the House: and the dear old fellow made his last speech, and recanted so as to bring tears into your eyes. He spoke about Ireland. If he had but spoken a little sooner in that way, where would Repeal be? O'CONNELL says he is fit to be a Precursor. Will the Whigs follow him? They must, my dear friends; there's nothing like *emulation*. They'll bid any price against him. Let us keep up this wholesome competition, and we shall have the day which the Liberator pines for, when he shall give up agitation and retire to Derrynane.

He spoke about the finances of the country: and on this subject the Whigs did not seem easy. He found the finances queer and he left them prosperous. He found the revenue poorly and left it jolly and thriving. He levied an income-tax, which people were happy to pay, although the Whigs *did* say it was a cruel imposition on a suffering people. He talked about extended commerce and Free Trade, and the Whigs (Heaven bless them) cheered as if they had invented it.

After talking of foreign commerce he talked of foreign relations. It may be doubted whether IBRAHIM PACHA would ever have dined at the Reform Club, if the Tories had not kept the peace with MEHMET ALI. We are all right all over Europe, where everybody loves our artless and simple disposition. The British Lion has roared at Ching-wang-foo so as to make the Mandarins tremble—he is rampant on the entrenchments of Ferozeshah—he scours the plain of Aliwal—and he wags his tail in the waters of the Columbia (up to the 49th parallel) without any fear of the Yankee rifle.

Then as to Corn-law repeal—"No," says PEEL, with delightful candour, "it was not I that did that; nor LORD JOHN, that takes the benefit of the act: it came from a greater than either—it was done, Gracious

Heavens, is it possible? by a man who never was at Oxford; by a fellow who is a cotton-spinner, and once, they say, was a bag-man; by a person who is not a natural-born patriot and leader of the people, as the Whigs are—by RICHARD COBDEN!"

Yes; he acknowledged it. One of the people has achieved the great pacific revolution of the world; not a man whose fathers have done "priceless services," like LORD JOHN RUSSELL's, who have been martyrs ever since HENRY THE EIGHTH's reign, but a mere Manchester trader, of whom the Whigs thought so highly that they offered him a fifteenth-rate place when there was a talk of their coming into office through his means, some month ago.

And so the great aristocracy of England is beaten. The rebels among them are disgracefully routed. The doubtful come in and proffer a sulky surrender. The wisest, cleverest, and most prudent of them hand in their allegiance, and take the oath, on their knees, to RICHARD COBDEN. O ghost of the Protector, behold RICHARD your heir! O red-nosed shade of OLIVER, rise up and see!

But, what is the best, the battle being over, little LORD JOHN will come in and calmly take the government of the army, and divide the plunder, and parcel out the commands to the little Whig family, so that they may do a few more "priceless services" to the nation.

PEEL is gone meanwhile; and shall we long miss our BOBBY from his box? What will BEN DISRAELI do now? The amiable creature will pine like the ivy, when his attached oak is removed from him. My dear friends, I think of PEEL and what he has done, and what he has undone. Let by-gones be by-gones. I should like to shake the hand that flogged the Corn-law, and gave HAYDON fifty pounds. I never believed, for my part, that COBDEN did actually intend to assassinate him; and I agree in the words of MRS. JUDY, who says, "My dear, I hope one day to see PEEL and COBDEN cotton together."

PUNCH.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—"I don't know," said Mr. SMITH, of the City, to Mr. JONES, of St. James's, "what the clubs say against SIR ROBERT, or in favour of LORD JOHN; but this I know, THE OMNIBUSES GO WITH SIR ROBERT PEEL."

"A MAYOR AT CHURCH."—Under this title appeared an article in our last, on a certain advertisement: we are credibly informed that his Worship must be held innocent of the implied ostentation of blowing a trumpet to call the folks to Exeter Cathedral when he communicates.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER II.



BEING booked as a married lady about to return to her husband at Hyderabad, I was particularly cautious in my conversation with many of the female passengers, the greater number of whom were really the wedded wives of officers and state civilians; ladies who had really left their little ones in England, and were returning to their Indian firesides. I say I was reserved in my speech, lest I might betray my inexperience. Besides the married ladies, there were a dozen young gentlewomen, consigned to the Captain for the same purpose as I proposed to myself; namely, for instant marriage on their arrival. I will confess it, that the number of spinsters a little disconcerted me; as I had

picked out from newspapers something about the harmony of demand and supply, and therefore knew that if only twelve officers came off in the yam and cocoa-boats for a wife, there must, by every rule of arithmetic, remain one virgin unwedded. I will not attempt to describe my perturbation when I reflected that this one might be myself! However, after I had well surveyed the whole twelve, I took great heart. Three had very red hair; four irregular teeth; two—but no; it is a melancholy, a thankless task to number the imperfections of our fellow-creatures. Let it suffice that, with the ingenuousness of a woman's soul, I knew myself to be the most attractive of the lot. Thus, I would not despair should even a general officer come off in the cocoa-boat.

Much that I saw and heard, naturally enough, surprised and disconcerted me. I was a week at least before I could reconcile myself to the frequent order to "put the ship in stays." At first I believed it was nothing but CAPTAIN BISCUIT'S wit; but as nobody laughed, I of course looked as grave as the rest. When, too, the Captain declared that "he knew we should have a squall before night," I, innocently enough, asked him, "which lady among us he thought most likely to scream?" Silly creature that I was! But I was soon to learn the difference between a feminine scream, and the scream of BOREAS. A warning this, I trust, to all roving young ladies who, not content with the chance of steady and sober husbands (as my dear mother, with tears in her eyes, used to call 'em) at home, must even take ship for the Indies to marry officers in regimentals, and so—but I will not anticipate the sorrows that overtook me.

We had sailed for many days with the wind, as they told me, south-west by west; which, as well as I could then make out, was as much as to say the Elephant and Castle by St. James's Church. Thus, after my own fashion, did I make out the theory of the winds. When we had been at sea a week, CAPTAIN BISCUIT with peculiar emphasis declared that we were at last "in blue water." It was not of course for me to contradict him: but, looking over the ship, the colour appeared exactly what I had often bought at the mercer's for a sea-green. But CAPTAIN BISCUIT was an odd man.

We had been at sea, I think, twenty-seven days, when we killed a dolphin. The sweet creature died beautifully. As I stood contemplating the brilliant hues of the expiring fish, beholding how the colours burned and intermingled, a tear stole into my eye, and the words involuntarily escaped my lips,—“What a lovely shot for a dress!” And this is human vanity! Alas! how little did I dream of the terrors of the coming night. The sun went down like a ball of dull fire, in the midst of smearing clouds of red-currant jam. The winds began to whistle worse than any of the lowest orders of society in a shilling gallery. Every wave was suddenly as big and high as Primrose Hill. The cords of the ship snapped like bad stay-laces. No best Genoa velvet was ever blacker than the firmament; and not even the voices of the ladies calling for the stewardess were heard above the orchestral crashing of the elements.

For myself, with one hand clutching the side of my berth, lest I

should be rolled into the bosom of a whole family lying in disorder before me, and the other grasping a smelling-bottle, my thoughts—what could they do?—flew backward, home. Then I saw my father, mildly sipping his one glass of toddy ere he departed for bed; my mother making believe to knit; TRB, the cat, upon the hearth; Joss, the pug, upon the stool; and my sampler—yes, so roused was my fancy, I saw my own sampler—with the row of yew-trees, in green silk, framed and glazed above the chimney! And then my father's words, "I'll get you a sober and steady husband," rang in my brain; and—so quick is imagination in moments of peril—I absolutely saw that interesting man, saw him as my wedded lord, and beheld myself in a very sweetly furnished house, surrounded by I know not how many happy children. The thought was too much for me. I wept.

I know not how long I had remained in this sad condition, when I heard the voice of CAPTAIN BISCUIT shouting down into the cabin—"Tumble up, ladies! Ship's going down!" I leapt from my berth, and with wonderful presence of mind seized a favourite handbox. Nor, even in that hour of terror, were the curls (spoken of in my last chapter) forgotten. I will not dwell upon the scene that met my view when I rushed upon deck; though the patterns of some of the nightcaps I saw never can go out of my mind.

As I was about to rush by the gangway, I was seized—I know not by whom—and literally flung into the barge below. This violence struck the handbox from my hand; and I saw it borne away for ever by the remorseless deep. Ere, however, I could express my feelings upon this bitter loss, I heard a shout—the voice, I think, of CAPTAIN BISCUIT—the barge gave a lurch, and when I was next conscious, I found myself alone upon the deep—miraculously supported by my garments—and in this manner passed along from wave to wave. This, however—I knew it—could not last. Gathering my senses about me, I therefore began to swim.

And here let me bless my prudence that had turned a month's visit to Margate to profit, teaching me to swim. I might, with the thoughtless and vain, have raffled at libraries—I might have sat whole hours upon the beach pretending to read the last new lovely tale—but no, I knew—I felt—that life was made for better things; and therefore, once a day, launched out into the deep, and—in flowing garments, learned to swim. The curious world might be gathered on the beach; I cared not, but struck out. And now, at the most eventful moment of my life, I found the value of my skill. Therefore is it, that I hope my example will turn some of my sex from dancing in all its variety of vanity to a more worthy and enduring accomplishment. True, dancing may obtain a husband; but swimming saves a life. Happy, then, the woman who quits the ball-room for the deep—who turns from cork-soles for a cork-jacket. To return to my story.

After much swimming, a mighty wave threw me ashore; but NER-TUNE, doubtless for some unknown purpose, sent a bigger wave to fetch me back again; fortunately, however, my flounces—they were worn then very full—catching among the rocks, held me fast ashore. Taking advantage of this circumstance, I rose and ran away from the next billow.

I looked about me. It was plain I was upon some island. Yet, although my father had been regularly charged for my learning the use of the globes at the Blackheath School, the fault was either in the teachers or myself, that I could not possibly guess upon what part of the world I was landed.

Not wearing pockets, I had secured nothing about me, except a pair of scissors, a smelling-bottle, and a box of peppermint drops.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO MR. GOULBURN.

THE *Morning Post* suggests to the Undergraduates of Cambridge that, at the approaching "Commencement," they will be expected to show MR. GOULBURN some fitting mark of their appreciation of his services as Member for the University and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The *Morning Post*, however, trusts, for the sake of academical decorum, that hissing and hooting (those customary manifestations of Undergraduate disapprobation) will not be resorted to on the occasion. There seems to remain but one course open to the Undergraduates, namely, to supply themselves with unmarketable eggs; and there is no doubt that it is a testimonial in this oval form which our decorous contemporary intimates his desire to see adopted.

AFFECTING FAREWELL.

LORD BROUGHAM left his corner of the Woolsack on Friday night. As he took his farewell he said, in an unshaken voice, "*Au Revoir.*"

THE PREMIER'S FAREWELL.



THE ministerial season has come to a close, and the present manager, having retired from the direction, has been called for in compliance with the usual custom, and has delivered the following address:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“The period of our management having arrived, it becomes my pleasing duty to come before you, for the purpose of thanking you for the support with which you have honoured us. Though it has been our effort to foster British productions, we have, in accordance with the fashion of the day, determined to avail ourselves of foreign aid, and we hope that the experiment may lead to a mutual interchange of the productions of different countries.

“Upon referring to our bills you will find that much has been done, and most of what we have undertaken has been eminently successful, in spite of some interested opposition from quarters to which I will not further allude. I regret that our

last effort, upon which we had staked our managerial success, has not met with your usual favour. I may, perhaps, be allowed to allude to our farces, of which several have been produced during the session, and which, thanks to the humorous efforts of MR. DISRAELI, and a few other performers in that line, have created the greatest laughter.

“Hoping at some future time to meet you in my managerial capacity once more, I now most respectfully bid you FAREWELL.”

The Manager retired amid a shower of bouquets and the loudest applause.

“SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.”



AMONG the wonders of the age, one of the most extraordinary is the gradual diminution of GENERAL TOM THUMB. This curious fact we gather from the advertising carts, which are pasted over with coloured portraits of him. From these it would appear that the decline commenced when he undertook the character of the “English Sportsman.” We next find him a few inches shorter, as somebody, in a pair of tights, with a spear and a fireman’s helmet. The next stage of smallness is where he is doing the Highland Fling, after which he diminishes with fearful rapidity into FREDERICK THE GREAT; and sinks at last into the peasant of some undiscovered country, who is dancing about with a blue shirt and a garland of sunflowers. His greatest littleness, however, is reserved for NAPOLEON, who, by the side of the “Fine Old English Gentleman,” looks so pitifully small, that it is our wonder the French Government has not made it a *casus belli*.

We perceive that he is advertised to take—positively—a “last tour in the provinces;” (which, in plain English, means the last but six,) at the end of which time we should not be at all astonished to find him so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. He will have to be exhibited through an oxyhydrogen microscope, which, after multiplying him 6,000,000 times, might bring him back again to his original size.

“A BAD BOOK.”—LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, in fighting the cause of Agricultural Protection and opposing SIR ROBERT, must have learnt that it is not always safe “to take the field against the Favourite.”

DR. REID AND THE JUDGES.



IT will be remembered, that MR. BARON PARKE threatened, some short time ago, to shed his judicial wig, and cast his baronial skin, or robe, if DR. REID was permitted to suffocate the Court of Exchequer by his ventilating process. As the wisdom is in the wig, and the dignity in the gown, these appendages cannot be actually dispensed with, though it may be possible to produce all the necessary effect by placing them on the bench by the side of the judge, who will thus be released from their oppressive burden. It might, perhaps, be allowable for a ticket-porter, or some other muscular individual, accustomed to carry loads, to sit by the side of the judge, decked out in the official trappings, and thus supporting the dignity of the bench when the weather happens to be too hot to admit of the dignity being bearable by a person not accustomed to carry heavy packages. Counsel, also, might perhaps be permitted to combine comfort with etiquette, by having a pole at their sides in Court, on which the big-wig might be hung on the days appointed for wearing it.

We merely throw out these suggestions for the consideration of our legal friends; since it seems, that though Parliament is to be freed from DR. REID, the courts of Law are still to be left to the mercy of the Great Suffocater.

The Flags of Manchester.

THE asphalte in Manchester, owing to the warm weather, has melted to that degree that it has officiated as a boot-jack in pulling off gentlemen’s Wellingtons and the high-lows of the bagmen. A number of ladies’ shoes have been picked up, which had floundered in the asphalte, and the authorities have been obliged to put up boards marked “Dangerous,” to warn the venturesome passenger from sinking, and finding a bituminous grave in the Manchester roads. We hope that the Paving Commissioners will quickly mend their ways, and put the pavement on a sounder footing. To insure this, we kindly advise them not to pitch their asphalte the next time quite so strong.

A BAD OMEN.

SIR ROBERT PEEL again leaves behind him a surplus. We may expect, therefore, in less than a year of the new Government to have another proof of the Whigs’ deficiency.

“ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.”

LORD BROUGHAM has been heard to say, that “the last few days he has been so distracted with the new changes, that he positively has not been able to see yet which way to turn.”

PUNCH'S NURSERY RHYMES.

SIR ROBIN.

A very well-earned dig
At Protectionist and Whig.

(Suited to Politicians of all Parties.)

POOR ROBIN Premier's
Curfew Bill did fail,
By the country party's head,
And the Irish party's tail.



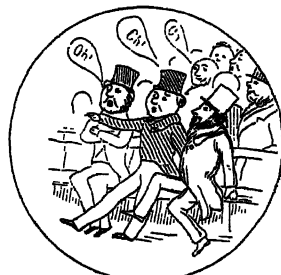
Here sits SIR ROBIN,
Sad and sold :
His fate this rhyme
Will soon unfold.

This is ROBIN Premier,
So proud and cold, but good,
Who carried through the Bill for
Giving us cheap food.

Who floor'd SIR ROBIN ?
"I," said BEN DIZZY,
"With my speeches so fizzy ;
And I floor'd SIR ROBIN."



Here is BEN DIZZY,
With his speeches so fizzy.
Who howl'd him out ?
"We," said the Rout,
"With a scoff and a shout ;
And we howl'd him out."



Here is the Rout
Howling him out.

Who 'll take his place ?
"I," said LORD JOHN,
"That is, I'll try it on ;
I'd fain take his place."



Here is LORD JOHN,
Trying it on.

Who headed the ruck ?
"I," said LORD GEORGE, so able,
Racy speech and mind stable,
"And I headed the ruck."



Here's LORD GEORGE, so able,
Racy speech and mind stable.

Who 'll prove him a scamp ?
"I," said Mrs. Harris,
"A 'base man' and a Pharis-
ee ; and so 'll Sairey Gamp."



Here's Harris and Gamp
Proving ROBIN a scamp.

Who 'll try to look grave ?
"I," said PUNCH, "when Whigs go on,
'Gainst coercion, and so on :
I'll try to look grave."



Here's PUNCH, the sly knave !
Trying hard to look grave.

Who 'll give PEEL a good word ?
"I," said COBDEN, outright,
"For he's fought a brave fight ;
I'll give PEEL a good word."



Here's COBDEN and BRIGHT,
Bidding ROBIN good-night.

Who 'll bid ROBIN farewell ?
"I," said JOHN BULL,
With a heart sad and full,
"I'll bid ROBIN farewell."



Thus honest men fall
To sighing and sobbing,
For they felt 'twas not well
Thus to oust poor SIR ROBIN.

IBRAHIM PACHA'S WANDERINGS.



We cannot feel otherwise than angry at the manner in which this distinguished individual has been allowed as it were to shift for himself, so far at least as he has derived any assistance or advice from official quarters. If a small German Prince comes over to this country, everything is done to make him pass his time pleasantly. Apartments in a royal palace are assigned to him, horses from the royal stables are at his disposal for riding; and if he wishes for a drive he has at his command one of the royal carriages. IBRAHIM PACHA, on the contrary, has been compelled to put up at an hotel, to go about in a hired fly, and when he attended the Review in Hyde Park, there being no saddle-horse for him to ride, he was kindly provided with a charger from Astley's stud, who of course executed all sorts of manoeuvres during the Review, and insisted on taking IBRAHIM in a canter round and round a small circle, like the one in which the animal had been accustomed to move from his infancy. The impetuous Pacha, not being aware of our English customs, and of the necessity for producing a voucher that the livery stable-keeper has paid the duty upon a horse that is hired, has of course been fearfully harassed at the various toll-gates, by the pikemen coming out and inquiring respectfully whether it is for "one day or two" that he has taken a lease of his quadruped. IBRAHIM, who was never stopped by the pikes of the enemy, is terribly disgusted at this obstruction from the pikes of a friendly power; but the authorities having left him to his own resources there is of course no help for him.

It has been, no doubt, observed by the public that in the reports of our contemporaries who undertake to give intelligence of IBRAHIM's movements, there is a great deal of the Pacha's time wholly unaccounted for. The fact is, that he gets into all sorts of holes and corners, into which the reporters are quite unable to follow him. He goes every day at large,—

"Without a mark, without a bound,
And traverses London round and round;"

for nobody seems to care what becomes of him. A little while ago he was groping about the Thames Tunnel, and subsequently we find him a captive to a mercenary showman, imprisoned in the skeleton of a whale, looking through the ribs like a miserable *detenu* through the bars of his jail, and remaining wholly at the mercy of the ruthless exhibitor. A few days afterwards he found his way to Chelsea—probably in a 'bus—and wandered into Cremorne Gardens, where he was of course instantly converted into a part of the entertainment, and divided, with the invisible post and the balloon, the gaze of the company. We shall expect to hear of his being found in the gallery of the Victoria some night, or taking a refreshment ticket at the bar of the Bower Saloon in Stangate Street, under the impression that he is going to one of the places of amusement frequented by the aristocracy.

The manner in which he goes blundering about London is truly lamentable. It is not, perhaps, generally known that he came stumbling the other day into the *Punch* Office. He drew up in a fly, and our publisher seeing him enter the door, mistook him for a Lascar beggar, and in choice Hindostanee observed, "There's nothing here for you, my good man, so you had better go about your business." When the visitor was found to be IBRAHIM PACHA, every attention was of course shown to him. He was escorted behind the counter, and the pigeon-holes for the different works of the *Punch* library were pointed out to him. He was allowed the privilege of inspecting the till, and on seeing the heaps of money, he inquired, "how it was the national debt was not paid off?" and added, "that if his country had a debt, and any merchant had so much specie, it would all be taken from him to relieve his country of its burdens."

On his expressing a desire to see a joke actually made, one of the writers of *Punch*, who happened to be in attendance, manufactured a complete pun, first taking the raw material, then spinning it out into a fine yarn, and then winding it round until a perfect pun was made, which was handed over to IBRAHIM, who gave it at once to SAMUEL—*quære SAMUEL?*—PACHA, who seemed much embarrassed what to do with it. His Highness left the office *per 'bus* for Charing Cross, *en route* for MIVART'S.

IBRAHIM PACHA's accidental dropping into the Reform Club has been perhaps the most fortunate casualty he has experienced, for the members asked him to dine on the strength of his visit. Here, however, he was doomed to be victimised; for though they gave him a magnificent repast, and plenty of Champagne, in which he nearly succeeded in devilling himself, they followed it up with a quantity of dry speechifying on the merits of the late, and the prospects of the present Government. IBRAHIM, however, mistook the glee-singers for the principal people, and thought the speakers were quite secondary personages. He went away with the impression that "Hail, smiling Morn," was a sort of ministerial programme by LORDS JOHN RUSSELL, GREY, and PALMERSTON; while the applause that followed was misinterpreted by IBRAHIM as an expression of confidence in the new Government. He will, no doubt, go home and say, that on a change of Administration it is usual for the new officials to make a musical announcement of the principles they intend to act upon.

It is lamentable to see an illustrious foreigner blundering into all sorts of places, and forming all sorts of erroneous opinions, for want of a little attention in the proper quarter. In the name of common politeness, we call upon the Government to place at the disposal of the son of MEHMET ALI a *cicerone*, a *laquais de place*, or at least a commissioner. One of the two porters who stand at the Temple Gate might, we think, be safely entrusted with this special mission.



MANAGER PEEL TAKING HIS FAREWELL BENEFIT.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAP. XIX.—ON WHIG SNOBS.



I don't know—we are too modest to calculate (every man who sends in his contributions to *Mr. Punch's* broad sheet is modest) the effect of our works; and the influence which they may have on society and the world.

Two instances — *apropos* of the above statement of opinion—occurred last week. My dear friend and fellow contributor JONES (I shall call him JONES, though his patronymic is one of the most distinguished in this Empire), wrote a paper entitled

“Black Monday,” in which the claims of the Whigs to office were impartially set forth, and their title to heavenborn statesmanship rather sceptically questioned. The *sic vos non vobis* was JONES's argument. The Whigs don't roam the fields and buzz from flower to flower, as the industrious bees do; but they take possession of the hives and the honey. The Whigs don't build the nests like the feathered songsters of the grove, but they come in for those nests and the eggs which they contain. They magnanimously reap what the nation sows, and are perfectly contented with their mode of practice, and think the country ought to love and admire them excessively for condescending to take advantage of its labour.

This was JONES's argument. “You let COBDEN do all the work” says he, “and having done it, you appropriate the proceeds calmly to yourselves, and offer him a fifteenth-rate place in your sublime corps. JONES was speaking of the first and abortive attempt of the Whigs to take office last year; when they really offered RICHARD COBDEN a place something better than that of a Downing Street Messenger; and actually were good enough to propose that he should enjoy some such official dignity, as that of carrying LORD TOM NODDY's red box.

What ensued last week, when PEARL gave in his adhesion to Free Trade, and meekly resigning his place and emoluments, walked naked out of office into private life? JOHN RUSSELL and Company stepped in to assume those garments which, according to that illustrious English gentleman, the Member for Shrewsbury, the Right Honorable Baronet had originally “conveyed” from the Whigs, but which (according to JONES and every contributor to *Punch*) the Whigs themselves, had abstracted from RICHARD COBDEN, CHARLES VILLIERS, JOHN BRIGHT, and others,—what, I say, ensued? Dare you come forward O Whigs? JONES exclaimed.—O WHIG SNOBS! I cry out with all my heart, and put RICHARD COBDEN and his fellows into the rear rank, and claim the victory which was won by other and better swords than your puny, twiddling court blades ever were? Do you mean to say that *you* are to rule; and COBDEN is to be held of no account? It was thus that at a contest for Shrewsbury, more severe than any MR. B. DISRAELI ever encountered, one FALSTAFF came forward and claimed to have slain HOTSPIRE, when the noble HARRY had run him through. It was thus in France that some dandified representatives of the people looked on, when HOUCHE or BONAPARTE won the victories of the Republic.

What took place in consequence of *Punch's* remonstrance? *The Whigs offered a seat in the Cabinet to Richard Cobden.* With humble pride I say, as a Member of the *Punch* administration, that a greater compliment was never offered to our legislative body.

And now with respect to my own little endeavour to advance our country's weal. Those who remember the last week's remarks on Political Snobs, must recollect the similitude into which, perforce, we entered—the comparison of the British Flunkey with the Court Flunkey—the great official Household Snob. Poor JOHN in his outrageous plush and cocked hat, with his absurd uniform, facings, aiguillettes; with his cocked-hat, bag-wig and powder; with his amazing nose-gay in his bosom, was compared to the First Lord of the Dustpan, or the Head Groom of the Pantry, and the motto enforced on the mind was—



“AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?”

The result of this good-humoured and elegant piece of satire is to be found in the *Times* newspaper of Saturday, the 4th July.

“We understand that situations in the Household have been offered to His Grace the DUKE OF STILTON, and His Grace the DUKE OF DOUBLEGLOUCESTER. Their Graces have declined the honour which was proposed to them, but have nevertheless signified their intention of supporting publicly the new administration.”

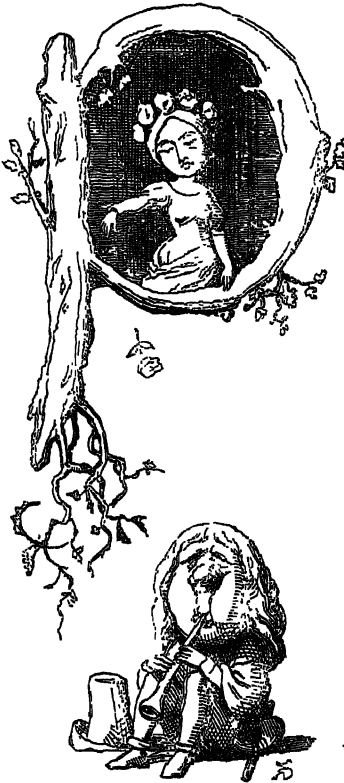
Could a public writer have a greater triumph? I make no manner of doubt that the Dukes alluded to have, upon perusal and consideration of the last chapter of Snobs, determined that they will wear no livery however august; that they will take no service however majestic, but content themselves with the modesty of their independence, and endeavour to live reputably upon five hundred or a thousand pounds *per diem*. If *Punch* has been able to effect these reforms in a single week—to bring the great Whig party to acknowledge that there are, after all, as great, nay, better men than they in this wicked world—to induce the great Whig magnates to see that servitude—servitude to the greatest Prince out of the smallest and most illustrious court in Deutschland—does not become their station,—why, we are baulked of the best part of our article on WHIG SNOBS. The paper is already written.

Perhaps the race is extinct, (or on the verge of extinction,) with its progeny of puny philosophers, and dandy patriots, and polite philanthropists, and fond believers in House of Commons' traditions. Perhaps My Lord or SIR THOMAS, who condescend, from their parks and halls, to issue manifestoes to the towns and villages, and say, “We approve of the wishes of the people to be represented. We think that their grievances are not without foundation, and we place ourselves at their head in our infinite wisdom, in order to overcome the Tories, their enemies and our own.” Perhaps, I say, the magnificent Whigs have at last discovered that without a regiment, volunteer officers, ever so bedizened with gold lace, are not particularly efficient, that without a ladder even the most aspiring Whigs cannot climb to eminence; that the nation, in a word, no more cares for the Whigs than it cares for the STUART dynasty, or for the Heptarchy, or for GEORGE CANNING, who passed away some few hundred years afterwards; or for any collapsed tradition. The Whigs? CHARLES FOX was a great man in his time, and so were the archers with their long-bows at Agincourt. But gunpowder is better. The world keeps moving. The great time-stream rushes onward; and just now a few little Whigging heads and bodies are bobbing and kicking on the surface.

My dearest friend, the period of submersion comes, and down they go, down among the dead men, and what need have we to act as humanity-men, and hook out poor little bodies?

A paper about Whig Snobs is therefore absurd!

RAMSGATE INTELLIGENCE.



OSITIVELY this Cockney combination of Naples and Baden-Baden, where the sun and the sea make a very good substitute for Italian skies and scenery, while the raffing and wheels-of-fortune give all the air of German gambling—this fashionable resort for unfashionable people—is just now at its acme of gaiety. The German green-baize band has materially contributed to the fascinations of the place by giving concerts on the cliffs, and turning the Ramsgate Rocks into a huge Rock Harmonicon. This really excellent band is indefatigable in its efforts to fill the air with melody, and mix the musical wind of their instruments with the salt breezes of the ocean. An opera air amalgamates very nicely with an air of *ZOLUS*, and *NEPTUNE'S* crotchets accord remarkably well with the demisemiquavers of *DOXIZETTI*. Occasionally the band is put in requisition for private parties; but as it would be rather too powerful for the small Ramsgate tenements, it has been ingeniously arranged to make an orchestra of the coal-cellar, or turn the dusthole into a handbox, from which the notes of the performers issue with more softness than if they were stationed in the apartments where the dancing is proceeding.

The spirited proprietors of the Victoria Bazaar have added a large assortment of sixpenny tooth-brushes to their already valuable stock, and these useful articles are being rapidly carried off by the lucky holders of sixpenny tickets gained by the payment of a shilling to the Wheel of Fortune, which keeps the flower of the Cockney youth in one continued whirl of excitement. The elegant *SNOWBIRNS* and his fascinating sisters, are constantly coming forward to make the three that are wanted to complete the number for a two-shilling chance in the raffle for a *papier-maché* blotting-case, to be raffled for by sixty subscribers—the highest to win the case and the lowest the blotting-paper.

At one of the Libraries the enterprising lessee has secured the services of a harp-player in real mustachios, a juvenile pianist in spectacles and turn-down collar, to give the appearance of a student of the "classical" in music, and a tenor singer with a base *falsetto* and a great facility for going down very low, which he accomplishes by bobbing down at the end of each song under the music-stool, which he uses as a kind of green-room, to retire to in the intervals of his vocal efforts.

The commercial arrangements of the town are on the same liberal scale as heretofore. The marquee is munificently provided with two morning papers in the evening, and one evening paper on the day following; while the Magazines for September, 1845, give pleasing variety to the green-baize table of that establishment. The delightful apathy of the towns-people to the exciting news of the day is very pleasing, and proves how seclusion dulls the appetite for the gratification of morbid curiosity.

Though the papers are brought down daily by the earliest train, such is the Arcadian innocence of the inhabitants, that the bundle of journals is permitted to lie unopened at the Railway Station until some visitor, vitiated with a taste for early intelligence, rouses the natives into a state of consciousness that the papers have arrived, and are to be had by the trouble of going for them.

We regret to observe, that the Margate Slipper trade seems to have fallen into decay, for we have only counted three pair in wear during a whole week, and two of these were on the feet of a glazier's man and a sweep, who had been desired to change their shoes on being admitted to clean a window and sweep a chimney.

WANTED, A GOOD PAIR OF HANDS. Punctuality indispensable; as they are expected to be on the premises, the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night. Apply, immediately, at the Horse-Guards' Clock.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

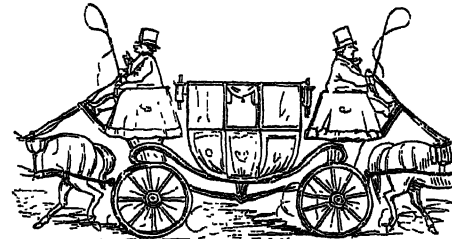
AMONG the various lists that were handed about during the interregnum, the following appears to have escaped observation. It came into our hands from a correspondent "upon whom we are in the habit of relying," as *Mrs. Gamp* says of the authentic sources from which she is continually deriving her mares' nests:—

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|---|--------------------------|
| <i>First Lord of the Treasury</i> | MR. PETER BORTHWICK. |
| <i>Master of the Horse</i> | LORD G. BENTINCK. |
| <i>Lord Chancellor, and Keeper of the Royal Conscience.</i> | MR. J. A. ROEBUCK. |
| <i>Attorney-General</i> | MR. BODEYIN. |
| <i>Solicitor-General</i> | MR. COMMISSIONER DUBOIS. |
| <i>Chancellor of the Exchequer</i> | MR. ALDERMAN GIBBS. |
| <i>Secretary of State for the Home Department</i> | MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. |
| <i>Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs</i> | SEÑOR LABLACHE. |
| <i>Colonial Secretary</i> | MR. PAUL BEDFORD. |
| <i>Postmaster-General</i> | THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH. |
| <i>Lord Lieutenant of Ireland</i> | LORD WILLIAM PAGET. |
| <i>Governor-General of India</i> | RAMO SAMEE. |
| <i>Commander in Chief</i> | COLONEL SIBTHORPE. |
| <i>Lord Chamberlain</i> | MR. WIDDICOMBE. |
| <i>First Lord of the Admiralty.</i> | MR. T. P. COOKE. |

It will be seen that the above appointments would have comprised that union of parties which is thought in the present day absolutely essential to the stability of a government. Though some of the new ministers might have been objected to, it must be allowed that the attempt to introduce "all the talents" was at least a bold one. Whether such a government could have held power through an entire session may be a matter of doubt, but it might, at all events, have been worth while, under existing circumstances, to have tried the experiment.

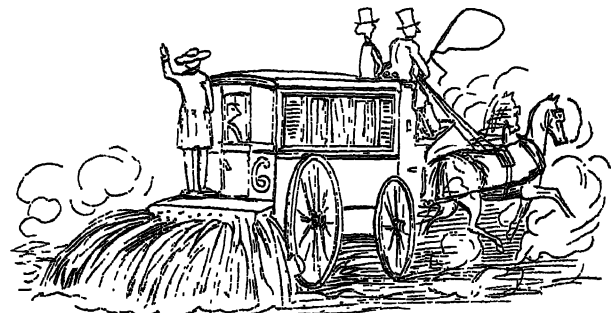
NEW PATENTS.

MR. DENNIS SMITH, of Patrick Street, Dublin, has taken out a patent for a new Carriage, with a pair of horses both before and behind. It is on the principle of the *Ant* and *Bee* steamboats, which have a rudder at each end, to save the trouble of turning. The new carriage has not been tried yet, as some little difficulty has been experienced in inducing the horses to run backward; but it is expected that with a pair of good jibbers this difficulty will soon be got over.



THE NEW DOUBLE-ACTION CARRIAGE.

MR. SEPTIMUS SHARPE has taken out a patent for a new vehicle which is to combine the *utile* of an omnibus with the *dulce* of a watering-cart, that is to say, every omnibus for the future is to be its own watering-cart. To accomplish this, a portable cistern will be affixed to the bottom part of the omnibus which will keep playing as long as it is in motion, and cease the moment it stops.



THE NEW WATERING OMNIBUS.

SUICIDE PREVENTED.

THOUGH it may have been suicide in SIR R. PEEL to persevere with his Coercion Bill, we must reconcile ourselves to the official death of a Minister, when we find that his sacrifice has saved the lives of forty Irishmen. It appears, from a letter addressed by MR. O'CONNELL to "Dear RAY," that "the Repealers, to a man, had resolved to perish on the floor of the House rather than the Bill should pass." We suppose they all came provided with bare bodkins into the House on the memorable night of the Division, to give themselves their respective *quietuses* in the event of a different result from that which happened. What a noise the report in the next morning's newspapers would have made! In the "Summary," we suppose it would have been merely stated that "the forty Repealers then put a period to their own existences, and the House adjourned." Perhaps the Speaker would have quietly rung his bell, given directions to the attendant to "sweep away the tail," and the orders of the day might have been disposed of if there had been any on the list. Perhaps, however—and it is the more reasonable conjecture—the forty would have been satisfied with crying out "Och, botheration! I'm murdered! I'm kilt!" if the Bill had been suffered to pass; for this exclamation is the extent to which "dying on the floor of the House" is likely to be carried by the Irish members.



THE TRAPPIST DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE.

EGYPTIAN IMPRESSIONS.—No. II.

From FUDDOOL EFFENDI, in London, to his friend, KY BOSH-LEU-HUM-BOOGHE EL-HADJ, in Musr (Cairo).

"I TOLD thee, O HADJ, O my friend, in my last letter, how these *Gaours* (dogs) and sons of *Shaitan* (SATAN) strove to destroy thy friend, and the Bashà, our Lord—to whom be honour!—by eating and drinking. By the head of HOSEYH, they are a wonderful people. The *koorsea* (table) is amongst them *mooséummees'alegh* (sacred), even as the bread and the salt among the children of the Prophet, to whom be honour! If they meet together to transact business, what is begun in the bazaar is finished over the table of wine and strong meats. If their hearts are enlarged unto charity, it is when they have eaten exceedingly. By my head, O HADJ, if the liver of me, thy friend, have not crumbled away from much eating, it is by reason of the medicines of the Franks.

"Verily, O HADJ, O my father, our Lord the Bashà hath been much honoured in this city of *Jinn* (evil spirits). His face is white before the mistress the QUEEN, and her husband the Bashà AL-BERT. He hath had much glory before the chief of the unbelievers.

"This is the blessing of the Prophet. To him be the honour! Only to a true believer it is vouchsafed to win honour before the QUEEN, and to be very white in the eyes of her husband the Bashà AL-BERT, if he be of the ordinary stature of man. But they that are exceedingly small—such as he whom the Saxons call EL-THUMBEE, a son of littleness, like the people of two cubits, whom EL-SINDIRAD beheld in the Island of Raminé—sit in the seat of honour. 'Unto the small,' saith the Chorán, 'is given wisdom.' But never, save in this land of unbelievers, hath thy friend seen proper honour paid unto the exceedingly little. They sit among the councillors, and the great Agas, and the wise *chkadées* (judges), and none may say unto *Elsitt* (the mistress) that their faces are black.

"Besides EL-THUMBEE, who is the smallest, and whom they much love to honour, there is a wonderful family of dwarfs from El-Scot (which is a town in the province of Ed-deén-buróo). They are two brothers of smallness and a sister of littleness, whose faces caused the knees of thy friend to wax slack. By the head of ALEH! they were ugly. These the QUEEN hath called to her, and set upon the *deewán* (cushions), to take council with them, and hath given them the robe of honour, and made her face to shine exceedingly upon them, and bestowed on them many thousands of *deenárs* (a coin equal to 10 s), and they are great in the land. The Moolahs and Agas of this city tell me that it is by reason of their smallness that they are thus honoured. But surely, O HADJ, this is untrue. By ALLAH! it is not true, O my father! But it is by reason of their wisdom, as the *Fathah* (first chapter of the Chorán) declares, that "unto the small is knowledge."

"Also, the Bashà AL-BERT causes his face to shine upon the largest among oxen and horses. Here is now the father of all oxen, which is to other beasts as the rockh unto other birds. His face is white before the Court. Yet, the Bashà, though not a little man—may his shadow be increased!—hath won honour, and the drops of royal favour have flowed also over the beard of thy friend. Surely I shall write again unto thee of other wonders."

MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

DIRECTLY the result of the division was known, MR. BRIEFLESS, who had been staying at Gravesend, returned to town, and remained at his chambers to meet any contingency that might be likely to happen. Unfortunately the first contingency was the sending in of his tailor's bill; and as this was a contingency he was quite unable to meet, he at once returned to Gravesend.

During the whole of the crisis, CAPTAIN SNOOKS, of the *Waterman*, moored his boat opposite the Admiralty, but no communication reached him from that or any other official quarter. This treatment of SNOOKS is scarcely what could have been expected by SNOOKS himself, but no one else seems to have expressed the slightest astonishment.

As long as the state of ministerial uncertainty existed, TOMKINS, the indefatigable accountant, took an office in the neighbourhood, and left his address at the Exchequer, with a circular for the Chancellor of that important department.

A New Registry Office.

LORD BROUGHAM has registered a vow—so says a newspaper—not to rest till he has driven the Whigs from the head of affairs. It is time, we think, that there was a Registry Office for vows: they accumulate so fast that it is impossible to recollect them all. It would be curious to see at the end of the year how many of these vows have been kept. A heavy fee should be paid on registering; otherwise, every old woman in the House of Lords, and every Irish member in the House of Commons would be rushing to the office every week to register a new vow.

"MY BOYHOOD'S HOME."

A NEWSPAPER, amongst the fashionable news, says,—“LORD GEORGE BENTINCK started yesterday for his native place.” No name is mentioned, but it must be "Obscurity."

PUNCH'S POLITICAL FABLES.

ADDRESSED TO SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

(A propos of his Speech on Mr. WATSON'S Roman Catholic Relief Bill.)

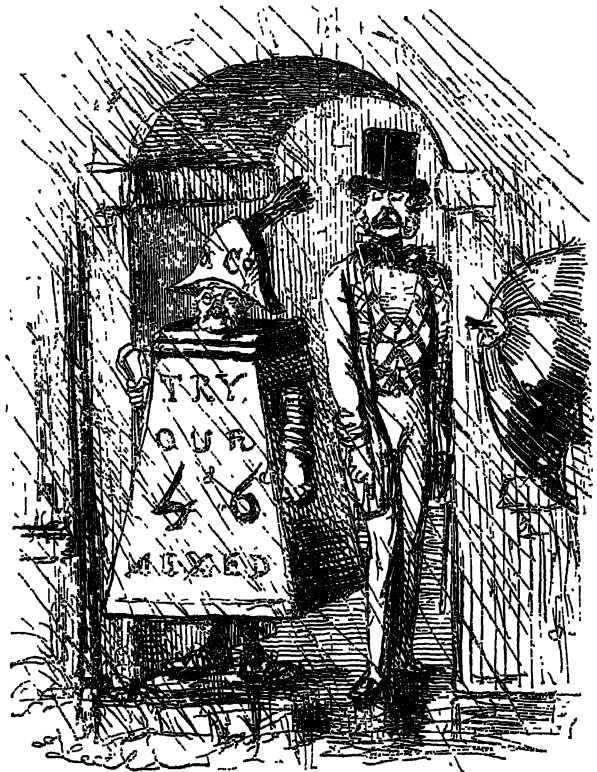
The Rooks, the Raven, and the Scarecrow.

WHEN the birds peopled the earth a colony of Rooks took possession of a field, from which they had driven out another race of the same colour but different species. From time to time some of the expatriated birds would return timidly to their old property, to destroy worms and slugs, for the new comers were very slovenly, and cared little for the crops, provided they secured enough to fill their own craws. Whenever they caught one of the original Rooks at this work, they straightway accused him of destroying the seed, and hung him up, without giving him time so much as to caw in his own defence.

At last, when the whole field was dotted over with these unhappy victims, and the other birds were annoyed by the perpetual persecutions and executions, they remonstrated with the intruding rooks, and declared that the original birds should be allowed their share of the produce of the field, which was the more just, as they had reclaimed it from the common by their own labour. The intruders made a terrible outcry, and declared that all the original Rooks wanted, was to destroy the grain and them together. At last, however, they agreed, on the Eagle threatening to destroy the whole race, to give up their habit of hanging the visitors, and allow them a corner of the field; but on one condition, that a dreadful Scarecrow, called "Pains and Penalties," should be set up in the very middle of the plot they retained, to scare away the old birds from this portion, which was nine-tenths, at least, of the whole ground. This was done accordingly, and a very terrible sight the Scarecrow was, in a Bishop's cassock and apron, with a shovel hat; stuffed with old acts of parliament, and brimstone matches for fingers.

At first, not one of the original rooks ventured out of his little corner. You might see them in thousands, sitting on the rails round it, turning their heads on one side, looking now down at some tremendous slug, and anon up at the hideous Scarecrow. At last, one banished bird, bolder than the rest, hopped a few feet into the forbidden ground, lured by a most tempting worm, which he secured though in agonies of fear that "Pains and Penalties" would be upon him every moment. Seeing that the Scarecrow remained as it was—its rags shaking in the wind, and the old parchments fluttering harmlessly out at its knees and elbows, he took courage, and next day repeated his inroad without any mischief. His example was followed; and, as the slugs and grubs were very abundant, all the old colony were soon at work in the forbidden territory, and the Scarecrow ceased to have any terror for them; nay, they would often perch upon it, and befool it, and peck away under its very shadow, and steal bits of its old stuffing for their nests.

Upon this the Jackdaw one day in the parliament of the birds proposed that the Scarecrow should be taken down. It was an ugly thing, he said, and his last brood had contained one little wretch far too like the image to be pleasant to his feelings as a father. Besides, it clearly served no purpose, except to keep alive unpleasant recollections. It did not frighten away the original rooks, who did more good than harm by keeping the ground clean, when their successors were too lazy to do so themselves. "Take it down!" quoth an old Raven, the Home Secretary of the birds; "who ever heard the like? Why, the whole colony of established Rooks would instantly be ruined. We should have the original birds eating every grain in the field." And as he said this, he winked at the Jackdaw:—"Caw, caw, caw," screamed the established Rooks, in a chorus of satisfaction. "The Scarecrow! The Scarecrow! It's our safeguard; our defence! Caw! caw! caw!" The Raven then turned slyly to the Jackdaw, and whispered, "You fool! why make a fuss about the Scarecrow? it does no one any harm, because no one minds it. Let it stay where it is. It will tumble down of itself in a year or two. The established Rooks must be respected. Leave them their Scarecrow." And the old Raven chuckled very drily, and dined that very day with the patriarch of the intruders, and was blessed by him as the saviour of the Rook establishment. Next year down fell the Scarecrow, out of sheer rottenness.



AWFUL POSITION DURING A STORM.

PARTING PRESENTS.

WE believe it is the intention of the League, previous to its dissolution, to present a testimonial to *Mrs. Gamp* and *Mrs. Harris* for the great service they have done to the cause of Free Trade by writing with such undaunted energy for so many years against it. We are glad to perceive that in the hour of triumph old friends are not forgotten, and that their real talent has at last been fully recognised. We owe *Mrs. G.* and *Mrs. H.* many a little favour, and are anxious to repay it. We suggest, therefore, that the testimonial—to do the thing handsomely—should be a couple of wet blankets.

The Intense Heat.

THE heat has been so intense in Ireland that it has nearly melted away the whole of the Repeal Fund. The Rent is oozing in large drops every week. If the present warmth continues, the dissolution of Repeal is certain. The heat has lately been so intense that an enormous split has taken place in Conciliation Hall. O'CONNELL has tried to cement it once or twice, but it is no sooner made up in one place than it breaks out in another.

A NICE QUESTION.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know whether the rejection of the "Charitable Trusts Bill" will in any way affect the credit given by tailors to some of their poorer customers. We recommend him to take counsel's opinion on the point as soon as possible.

LAMENTABLE DESTITUTION.

NOW that SIR ROBERT PEEL has retired, the question is, What will become of DISEASEL? He must attack somebody. For the want of a victim, we should not be surprised if he turned round and abused himself. He could not possibly have a better subject.

A Sad Stick.

AN individual, happily for us not of our acquaintance, spent the whole of the week before the races in going about to the various vendors of walking-canes, to inquire for a Derby Club.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XX.

ON CONSERVATIVE OR COUNTRY-PARTY SNOBS.



IN the whole Court of KING CHARLES there was no more chivalrous and loyal a Conservative than SIR GEOFFREY HUDSON, Knight; who, though not much better than a puppy dog, was as brave as the biggest lion, and was ready to fight any body of any stature. Of the same valour and intrepidity was the ingenious hidalgo DON QUIXOTE, of la Mancha, who would level his lance, cry his war-cry, and gallop at a windmill, if he mistook it for a giant or any other nuisance; and though nobody ever said that the Don's wits were of the sound order—every one acknowledged his courage and constancy, his gentle bearing and purity of purpose.

We all of us have a compassionate sweetness of temper for all half-witted persons—for all ludicrous poor dwarfs engaged in enterprises, utterly beyond their ability; for all poor blind, cracked, honest idiots, who fancy that they are heroes or commanders or emperors or champions—when they are only a little way removed from a strait-waistcoat, and barely tolerated at large.

In regard of Political Snobs, the more I consider them the more this feeling of compassion predominates, until, were all the papers upon Snobs to be written in the same key, we should have, instead of a lively and facetious series of essays, a collection that would draw tears even from undertakers, and would be about as jovial as DOCTOR DODD'S "Prison Thoughts" or LAW'S "Serious Call." We cannot afford (I think) to scorn and laugh at Political Snobs; only to pity them. There is PEELE. If ever there was a Political Snob—a dealer in cant and common-places—an upholder of shams and a pompous declaimer of humbugs—Heaven knows *he* was a Snob. But he repents and shows signs of grace: he comes down on his knees and confesses his errors so meekly, that we are melted at once. We take him into our arms and say, "BOBBY, my boy, let bygones be bygones, it is never too late to repent. Come and join us, and don't make Latin quotations, or vent claptraps about your own virtue and consistency; or steal anybody's clothes any more. We receive him, and protect him from the Snobs, his ex-companions, who are howling without, and he is as safe in Judy's arms as in his mamma's.

Then there are the Whigs. They rejoice in power; they have got what they panted for—that possession in Downing Street for which, to hear some of them, you would have fancied they were destined by Heaven. Well—now they are in place—to do them justice, they are comporting themselves with much meekness. They are giving a share of their good things to Catholics as well as Protestants. They don't say "No Irish need apply," but enliven the Cabinet with a tolerable sprinkling of the brogue. LORD JOHN comes before his constituents with a humble and contrite air, and seems to say, "Gentlemen! Although the Whigs are great, there is something, after all, greater—I mean the People; whose servants we have the honour to be, and for whose welfare we promise to look zealously." Under such dispositions, who can be angry with Whig Snobs?—only a misanthropic ruffian who never took in a drop of the milk of human kindness.

Finally, there are the Conservative, or—as the poor devils call themselves now—the Country-party Snobs. Can anybody be angry with *them*? Can any one consider DON QUIXOTE an accountable being, or alarmed by GEOFFREY HUDSON'S demeanour when he arms in a fury and threatens to run you through?

I had gone down last week (for the purpose of meditating at ease and in fresh air, upon our great subject of Snobs) to a secluded spot called the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich, when, interrupted by the arrival of many scores of most wholesome-looking men, in red faces and the fairest of linen, I asked AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, the waiter, what this multitude was that was come down to create a scarcity amongst white bait? "Don't you know, Sir!" says he, "It's THE COUNTRY-PARTY." And so it was. The real, original, unbending, no surrender, aristocrats; the men of the soil; our old, old leaders; our Plantagenets; our Somersets; our Disraelis; our Hudsons, and our

Stanleys. They have turned out in force, and for another struggle; they have taken "the RUFERT of debate," GEOFFREY STANLEY, for leader, and set up their standard of "no surrender" on Whitebait Hill.

As long as we have CROMWELL and the Ironsides, the honest Country-party are always welcome to RUFERT and the cavaliers. Besides, hasn't the member for Pontefract come over to us? and isn't it all up with the good old cause now he has left it?

My heart then, far from indulging in rancour towards those poor creatures, indulged only in the softest emotions in their behalf; I blessed them as they entered the dinner-room by twos and threes, as they consigned their hats to the waiters with preternatural solemnity, and rushed in to conspire. Worthy, chivalrous, and mistaken Snobs, I said, mentally, "Go and reclaim your rights over bowls of water souchy; up with your silver forks and chivalry of England, and pin to earth the manufacturing caitiffs who would rob you of your birthrights. Down with all Cotton-spinners! St. George for the Country-party! A GEOFFREY to the rescue!" I respect the delusion of those poor souls. What! repeal the repeal of the Corn-laws? Bring us back to the good old Tory times? No, no. Humpty-dumpty has had a great fall, and all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men can't put Humpty-dumpty straight again.

Let the honest creatures cry out "No Surrender!" and let us laugh as we are winning, and listen to them in good humour. We know what "No Surrender" means—any time these fifteen years. "It is the nature of the popular *bellua*," says the dear old *Quarterly Review*, with its usual grace, and polite felicity of illustration, "never to be sated, and to increase in voracity and audacity by every sop that is thrown to it." Bit by bit, day by day, ever since the Reform Bill, the poor devils whom the old *Quarterly* represents have had to feed the popular *bellua*—as anybody may see who reads the periodical in question. "No Surrender!" bellows the *Quarterly*, but *Bellua* demands a Catholic Emancipation Act, and bolts it, and is not satisfied—a Reform Act—a Corporation and Test Act—a Free-Trade Act—*Bellua* swallows all. O horror of horrors! O poor dear bewildered old *Quarterly*! O *Mrs. Gamp*! O *Mrs. Harris*! When everything is given up, and while you are still shrieking "No Surrender!" *Bellua* will be hungry still, and end by swallowing up the Conservative party too.

And shall we be angry with the poor victim? Have you ever seen the *bellua* called a cat with a mouse in preserve? "No Surrender!" pipes the poor little long-tailed creature, scudding from corner to corner. *Bellua* advances, pats him good-humouredly on the shoulder, tosses him about quite playfully, and—gobbles him at the proper season.

Brother Snobs of England! That is why we let off the Conservative and Country-party Snob so easily.



Ministerial Rumour.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL was closeted with *Punch* on Thursday last till a very late hour. The interview is said to have lasted till the candles went out. The result is not yet known, further than his Lordship left *Punch* in very high spirits. The Funds rose the following morning.

AN EASY CAPTURE.

We are informed by the French papers that ABD-EL-KADER is defenceless; that he has lost his army—his baggage; that he is without a horse; that he has not a friend; that he is alone in the Desert. If this is all true, the greatest wonder is, the French do not take him.

A NEW SHOWER BATH.



WHEN a thing is neither ornamental nor useful, there is only one course left; namely, to clear it away. Such must be the fate of the Trafalgar Fountains, if their ugliness is not speedily redeemed by something like utility. The time will never come when the ridiculing

“Flocks shall leave the Fountains,”

as long as they are in their present unprofitable, as well as unsightly state; and we have, therefore, a grand design in contemplation by which those

“Who came to sneer will stop to bathe.”

We propose, therefore, that an awning should be thrown over the fountains during the summer months, which will, at all events, have the excellent effect of making the contemptible pile invisible, while the interior could be allowed to serve as a shower-bath, at a penny a head, for our old friends “the million.” The two illustrations annexed will furnish a good idea of our intention; and even if the shower-bath plan should fail, we are quite convinced that the plan of covering in the fountains with a tent will be considered a wonderful improvement to the present most unsightly “finest site in Europe.”



MISSING.—If any one will give information to MARSHAL BUGEAUD as to the present residence of **AMB-EL-KADER**, he shall be rewarded with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. He was last seen at Italy, about two years ago, but the French have been missing him ever since.

“WHO IS MR. COBDEN?”

THIS is a question that *Mrs. Gamp*, standing up in her pattens, has indignantly put to the echoes of Shoe Lane! “Who is Mr. COBDEN?” cries the *Herald*, and the echoes not deigning a satisfactory reply, *Mrs. G.* proceeds straightway to answer herself in the following words; with apparently increasing indignation at the extent of her knowledge. Never was old woman so confounded by her own powers of information!

“And who is Mr. COBDEN, and what has he done? HE IS THE SON OF A SUSSEX FARMER, WHO PREFERRED THE TRADE OF A CALICO-PRINTER. Succeeding in this business, his ambition led him to covet a seat in Parliament. To gain this, zeal and agitation were necessary. He therefore threw himself into the anti-corn-law agitation, and has succeeded in his aim!”

Should **LADY GORDON** publish a volume of the *Lives of English Criminals*, the life of **RICHARD COBDEN** must, of course, be therein printed in the fullest-faced type and in the blackest ink. Indeed, we are aghast at the dreadful iniquity of the delinquent. First, we are struck by the peculiar atrocity of his birth—by the greater lump of original sin which it was the fate of the wretched infant to bring with him into the world. Consider it—ponder on it. “He is the son of a Sussex Farmer!” Were he the son of a burglar—could we even trace the descent of **RICHARD COBDEN** down a line of highwaymen beginning with **RICHARD TURPIN**—there might be some sort of alkali wherewith to wash the moral blackamoor; some sort of fullers'-earth to take out the hempen stain. But—“the son of a farmer!” Why, **CAIN** was the son of an agriculturist; and **CAIN** murdered **ABEL**—and **COBDEN**, though he could not knock out the brains of Protection, has slaughtered the **CORN-LAW**! **CAIN** and **COBDEN**! The *similitude*, as *Mrs. Malaprop* would say, strikes us directly.

“The son of a Sussex Farmer!” An animated clod of the valley! A base-born thing of heavy clay! The poetic mind—our own, of course—is so struck by the earthiness of **COBDEN**, as a thing of the soil, that his birth appears of no more original dignity than the birth of the first brutes. “The grassy clods now calved,” says **MILTON**; and **COBDEN** was no doubt originally such a calf from such a clod. How basely different from the born aristocrat, who comes into the world with a bound and a roar:

“The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane!”

The born calf is the Leaguer, and the rampant lion is some mighty **LORD JOHN**, who, addressing the citizens of London, disgraces his brinded mane and switching tail by basely confessing that he has been taught free-trade lowings by the original Sussex clod. That such lions—like the china lions on our mantel-pieces—made of the very finest loam, should ever disgrace themselves by learning anything from calves sprung from “stiff clay!” Who can wonder at the indignation of *Mrs. Gamp*? But—(if we can pluck up courage)—let us proceed.

COBDEN, with a depravity of mind that will for all ages distinguish him in the history of human wickedness, not content with his original baseness, seeks, by turning “calico printer,” a deeper infamy. The Sussex clay would fain become Manchester mud. **COBDEN** is allowed to have his wicked will, and absolutely, and with malice aforethought, and not having the fear of *Mrs. Gamp* before his eyes—“prints calico!” Of printed calico—(we hazard the assertion with the like diffidence that the **DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE** spoke of potatoes, “believing we are right”)—of printed calico gowns are made. Now, we pass the mischief that gowns have brought, and are every day bringing upon the world; though *Mrs. Gamp* might speculate upon the many hearts that **COBDEN** has helped to break with his coloured patterns—we pass this, to contemplate the low and earthy ends of the man, for there is little doubt that **COBDEN**'s calico may be found upon what *Mrs. Gamp* would call the offal of society. Our own housemaid (we keep a housemaid) may, at this moment, have the Manchester sins of **COBDEN** on her back! And this man, this individual, who helps to clothe housemaids, to dare to rise up against the **DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM**—to darken and entirely wrap up the jewel blaze of a corset in a rag of printed cotton! Well, the cut-purse *Claudius* with the precious diadem of Denmark in his pocket, is a royal thief, and therefore to be respected; **BLOOD**, with the crown of England under his cloak, is nevertheless an officer and a gentleman; *Jack Shepherd* himself, on his own avowal, “though a thief, never told a lie,” and therefore when he swung at Tyburn (“the blossom that hung on the bough”), hung there, a miracle of veracity—but **COBDEN**, the born clod and transformed calico-printer, he to stand up against Protection Peers, and

beat them, too—our iron pen glows red hot with indignation, and the ink that should trace syllables of loathing and contempt, dries up, hissing its scorn!

Well, as an illustrious biographer has observed, "We next meet our hero," not "cheapening a pair of highlows in Monmouth Street"—but nevertheless sitting with BENJAMIN DISRAELI in the House of Commons. And here he tops all his former atrocities, for he not only opposes the Corn Laws; he not only fights for their destruction, but—he succeeds! And who can pardon success? Neither the *Mrs. Gamps* in black bonnets—nor the *Mrs. Gamps* in coronets. The cackling is of the same kind, whether arising from amid the bowers of Stowe or from the muck and mist of Shoe Lane.

And COBDEN is, after all, the son of a Sussex farmer, who preferred, the trade of a calico-printer!

Directly that this truth flashed upon us from the sun-bright type of the *Herald* (so very "dark with excess of light"), we felt a sense of personal injury. For we had witnessed the ceremony of the dissolution of the League. We had seen this COBDEN; and his calm, unostentatious bearing—he, the bloodless victor of giant prejudice, of ruthless wrong, of ignorance in its darkness only doing evil—his noble simplicity, his outward gentleness, when his heart must have been beating like a drum with a sense of his immortal triumph,—had in it something sublime, affecting; when we thought what his conquest was—what an example it set to all the nations—what fruits of plenty grown in universal peace it promised to unborn millions. We heard him pronounce the funeral oration of the League. And he spoke of its doings with the wisdom of a sage, and the gentleness of a child. His note of triumph had not the braying of vulgar conquest—it was not glory achieved by ball and steel, and flourished by vocal brass—but it was the triumph of humanity, speaking from its overflow of heart; of achieved happiness for the whole human race. It was the voice of honesty, pure and simple, and free in its effusion as water from a rock. Commerce made free throughout the world, would use her unbound hands to bind the bully war. Such, oh, Horse Guards! despite your shining helmets, and your tails of equine hair, will unbound Commerce do! And as COBDEN spoke of universal peace assured by universal trade, the imagination heard a wail from the iron bowels of Woolwich Arsenal, and saw portentous clouds gather over that delicious spot—now fragrant with saltpetre—devoted to rocket-practice! And still as COBDEN spoke, and as the League was dissolving fast—its great end gloriously, because peacefully, accomplished—sure we are that every corn field waved more beautifully beneath the all-encircling heavens; whose impartial bounty shed upon all men, should teach all that they are of one family—created to assist, esteem, and live in peace with one another. And this glorious lesson (never to be taught by schoolmasters with bullion on their shoulders) will, ultimately be taught by Free Trade. Such were the thoughts,—such the belief that the last oration of RICHARD COBDEN awakened in us, listening.

And now we learn that—"HE IS THE SON OF A SUSSEX FARMER, WHO PREFERRED THE TRADE OF A CALICO-PRINTER." We feel that we have been grossly insulted.

PUNCH'S DEMANDS ON THE NEW MINISTRY.



CONCEIVING that we have as good a right as MR. O'CONNELL to say what we expect of the Ministry, we have prepared a programme of measures which we purpose sending in, by the next post, to the head of the Government. The Irish Agitator is a great deal more unreasonable than we are, for he asks a variety of things that are impracticable, whereas we confine our requests to a very limited catalogue of measures, all of which can be accomplished with the greatest ease in the world. We will not compromise ourselves in the manner that O'CONNELL has done, by promising that if we get what we now seek we will hold our tongues in future about the

measure we think indispensable to the happiness and welfare of our country. We, on the contrary, will only pledge ourselves to conditional quietude, for if we are not satisfied when we get all we desired, we give timely notice that we shall very probably want something more. We recommend LORD JOHN RUSSELL, however, to let us have at least an instalment of our demands—something just to begin with—something, in fact, to enable us to judge how we like that for which we have thought proper to ask.

The following is a short statement of a few of the things that *Punch* intends to insist upon from the new Government:—

A Bill to Facilitate the getting along Fleet Street at all hours of the day.

A Bill to provide for the placing of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON on a better footing with the public, than the one selected at the top of Constitution Hill.

A Bill for the total abolition of Trafalgar Square.

A Bill to provide handsomely for ourselves, and every one belonging to us.

A Bill for allowing a drawback on the brandy used in brandy-balls.

A Bill for taking the taxes off everything except Patience, Ingenuity, Memory, and other similar articles.

A Bill for inquiring into the fine points of Chartism, and ascertaining what relation they bear to points at cribbage.

A Bill for the transfer of the British Lion into the hands of the Animals' Friend Society.

A Bill for allowing the British Lion the run of the Woods and Forests at the West End of the Town.

A Bill for making MR. BRIGHT Lord Chancellor, with the power of appointing a deputy at a thousand a-year.

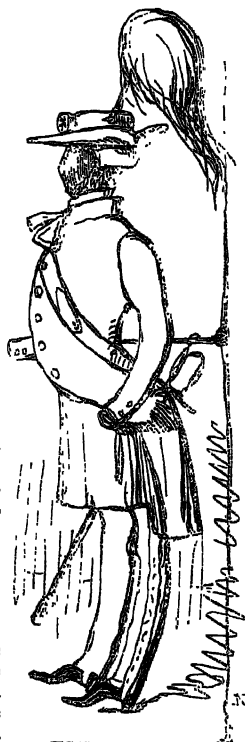
When we have had some experience of one or two of these measures, we shall make up our minds whether to give our confidence and support to the new Government.

Any applications from the Members of the Ministry must be directed to the *Punch* Office, and will not be taken in unless the postage has been previously paid.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* has called attention, under this head, to the practice of making parsons into Deputy-lieutenants of counties. The office of the latter being military, it is naturally asked whether these pious and pugnacious people are considered qualified "for any situation, civil, military, or ecclesiastical?" When we consider that it is the practice of Deputy-lieutenants to appear in uniform, it becomes a matter of serious import that the parson should not be entirely lost sight of in the soldier; and we therefore have to suggest a mixed costume, combining the clerical and the military in as great a degree as possible.

The shovel hat might be set off to advantage by the streaming feather, and the formally-cut coat could be easily improved by the addition of the belt and gorget of the soldier. We liberally place at the disposal of any clerico-military tailor, the accompanying sketch for the costume of reverend Deputy-lieutenants, who are becoming a very fashionable article of manufacture, for the Lord-lieutenant of Somerset has made two within the last fortnight.



AH! WOULD YOU?

WE understand that there is to be one sinecure in the Cabinet, namely, that of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, filled by MR. WOOD. This gentleman will have the advantage of PEEL'S tariff, by which wood comes in free of duty.

EPIGRAM.

'Tis said that PEEL,
The State to heal,
Without the least aversion
Resigned his place:
'Tis not the case—
He left it on "Coercion."

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

DEPARTURE.—MR. JOHN BULL and family, from Peel's Coffee House to the Russell Hotel.



Fond Mother. "WHY, HE DOESN'T WRITE VERY WELL YET, BUT HE GETS ON NICELY WITH HIS SPELLING. COME, ALEXANDER, WHAT DOES D. O. G. SPELL?"

Infant Prodigy (with extraordinary quickness). "CAT!"

THE AGGRIEVED PROFESSORS.

To the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and to the learned Corporations and Societies of England at large,

The Humble Petition of us, the undersigned respectable Scientific Men and Philosophers Natural and Moral;

SHEWETH. That Your Petitioners belong to a class of persons from whom, at Colleges and Institutions for the advancement of Science and Literature, Lecturers and other Teachers are selected:

That such individuals, in their official capacity, are commonly styled Professors:

That certain other individuals, in divers advertisements, and in sundry bills, placards, and posters, have of late assumed and added to their names the title or appellation of Professor; and that by the said appellation or title of Professor they have procured themselves to be commonly called and known:

That of these individuals, some are teachers of dancing, others fiddlers, and others posture-masters, not to say mountebanks; that others of them, again, are Professors of pills and ointment, and that one of them hath lately announced himself to the world as Professor of a ventilating peruke:

That, from thus serving to denote dancing-masters, and fiddlers, and players of monkeys' tricks, and quack-salvers, and barbers, the name of Professor hath acquired a significancy which rendereth it anything but a creditable one.

Your Petitioners, therefore, have humbly to request that you will find some other title for your Lecturers and Teachers than this same denomination of Professor; which your said Petitioners do object to share with the kind of persons above mentioned.

And Your Petitioners, as in duty bound, &c.

;(Here follow the Signatures.)

A Shower of Frogs.

AN account of a shower of frogs, which "darkened the atmosphere for miles," has appeared in the newspapers. We have noticed that this shower is very periodical in its appearance—that the frogs always come down about once every quarter of a year. We can only account for it by supposing that the paragraph is always kept standing, and that when the Editor of a country newspaper has the corner of a column to fill up which is not large enough to admit of "An Enormous Gooseberry," he calls out to the compositors, "Here, somebody bring me a 'Shower of Frogs!'"

THE CALM OF "THE TEMPEST."

Prospero Resigns his Command of the Elements.

Ye men of mills, works, spinning-looms and lathes,
And ye that on the soil, with toilsome foot,
Do earn the paltry pittance that denies you
Wherewith to live; you tenant-farmers, that
Mere moonshine all my arguments did make,
Whereof ye now repent; and you whose pastime
Is to make free-trade lectures, that rejoice
To hear the Corn-Bill's settled; by whose aid
(Weak masters tho' we be) I have bedimmed
Protection's sun, called forth the mutinous Peers,
And 'twixt the great PEEL and the stable mind
Set roaring war! To the loud-boasting STANLEY
Have I given fire, and silenced MILES' stout talk
With his own facts; the rigid Iron Duke
Have I made shake; and on one bench have set
GRAHAM and WAKLEY. Lords at my command
Have waked their senses, gaped and used their eyes
By my so potent League; but this rough magic
I here abjure: and when I have required
Some heavenly music (which even now I hear)
To work the end unto those factions that
Were Whigs and Tories, I'll break up my staff:
Bury me, hero-fashion, in my works,
And deep within the well, where Truth is found,
I'll drown the Books!

Paternal Anxiety.

MEHEMET ALI, as a true believer, and with the natural anxiety of a Mahometan father, has addressed a letter to *Punch*, begging to know of him "whether his absent child, ISRAHIM PACHA, drinking toasts at the banquets of the unbelievers, drinks them in wine or coffee?" *Punch*, in return "assures MEHEMET that ISRAHIM, at all the dinner parties, never forgets the interest of the *Porte*."

JUDICIOUS APPOINTMENT.

"It is rumoured that the DUKE OF NORFOLK has accepted the Mastership of the Horse."—*Times*. [His Grace is chosen for the horses, —it being thought that he, of all men, can best curry them.]

A DREADFUL SHOCK TO THE NERVES.



"PLEASE M'EM, LET'S COME UNDER YOUR RUMBERELLER!"



COBDEN, THE FREE TRADE PROSPERO.

A SCENE FROM "THE TEMPEST." ADAPTED TO 1846.

I here abjure :
* * *
" But this rough magic
I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my ——— newspaper."

[Solemn music.]

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER III.



CONTINUED to walk about on the shore, much wondering at the fortune that had saved me, and grateful to my own discernment, that at Margate had prompted me to shun the meaner pleasures of the place, to learn to swim. And then I suffered alternations of happiness and despair. I thought of my female comrades; and believing them to be in the deep, all thoughts of rivalry charitably died within me. I thought of ardent hair and irregularity of teeth with a pity—a sym-

pathy that surprised me. So true it is that no trouble, however great, has not, in the core of its very greatness, some drop of comfort—for the human heart, like a bee, will gather honey from poisonous blossoms—that from my very solitude I snatched a triumph. Should I meet an Indian prince—and, for what I knew, I might be in the empire of the Mogul—there was no lady to contest with me his royal affections. And again, this feeling was saddened by the thought that no other woman could witness my conquest. For all my acquaintance were gone; I never saw them, or any sign of them afterwards, except a jaconet muslin nightcap (the horrid pattern!) and a wave-tossed rouge-pot.

And still my feelings of satisfaction began to abate, for looking about me, I saw no habitation; and though I listened—my sense of hearing sharpened by my peril—I heard not the sound of a muffin-bell. I therefore concluded that I was in a land to which the blessings of civilisation were utterly unknown. And besides this, I began to feel that my feet were very wet; and—though I struggled long—I at length burst into tears when I thought of my evening blue buried in the bosom of the deep. And then I began to have confused feelings of hunger. A sea-bird screamed in the distance, and I thought of the liver wing of a chicken. This threw me into terrible disorder. Only that I knew nobody was there to catch me, or what could I have done but faint?

As a child, I always screamed at a spider. As a woman—I throw myself upon the sympathy of my sex—though fond of milk, I always ran into the first shop or door-way, or grasped the first arm of the first gentleman on meeting even a cow. What, then, were my feelings when I thought of wild beasts?—beasts that revenged the wrongs of the beasts in cages, by eating the unprotected travellers on their shores? I had read horrid tales of bears and apes; and when I remembered I had nothing but a pair of scissors (with one point blunt too) to protect me, how I wept—how I repented of my folly, that had brought me in search of a military husband, coming in a boat with cocoa-nuts and yams, to perish at last, perhaps, in the claws of some wild and foreign animal.

Daylight, as if in mockery of my terrors, waned fast away. Where was I to sleep? That I, who at the least dusk had never walked from number nine to the Thompsons' at number six, without the man or the maid—that I should sleep out all night, I knew not where, shocked me past words to paint! Respectability seemed sinking with the sun! Suddenly, I heard a sound—whether the voice of a tiger or a frog I knew not; but equally alarmed, I ran to a tree. Instinctively looking about to see that nobody observed me—and, for the moment, (silly creature that I was,) thinking only of the country stiles of happy England—I put one foot upon the lowest bough, and with an agility that surprised even myself, continued to climb. At length I threw myself into the umbrageous arms of a young hawthorn, and prepared myself for rest. I put one peppermint drop in my mouth, and soon sank to sleep. Even at this lapse of time I wonder at myself; but I never even thought—vain as the thought would have been—of paper for curling my hair.

I awoke, as usual, about eleven o'clock. It was a love of a day. The sun shone beautifully hot, and the sea was like a looking-glass.

For the first few minutes—ere fully awake—I thought I was at Margate; and, so were images mixed and confused, that as the small shingle was moved and shaken by the advancing and receding wave, I thought I heard the rattling of the library dice. Moving, a sharp thorn—the tree was full of them—brought me, as adversity lowers pride, instantly to myself. With a heavy heart I descended the tree, feeling it vain to wait for the breakfast bell. Again and again I looked around me—I was such a figure! It was foolish, weak; but nevertheless, it showed the beauty of the female character. I dreaded lest even some savage should see me in my horrible *dishabille*. And then—though my nobler reason told me it could not be so—I shrank at every motion of the sea and air, lest the Indian prince, or general officer, should suddenly rise before me, and then—in such a dress what *would* he think of me? In such a state, it seemed to me a blessing when I could really think that I was upon a desert island, all alone! Solitude was bad, but to be caught with my hair in such a fright—with all my flounces limp (much starch was then worn,) and my gown as though waxed about me—I felt it, I should have died upon the beach.

After a time my pride abated as my hunger rose. I could not have believed it, but I thought less of my hair and more of my breakfast. A lesson to human arrogance,—for did I ever believe that the human soul could so have hungered for a twopenny twist? I walked upon the beach: it was strewn with oysters. Nevertheless, though there were thousands about me, it was June, and I knew that oysters were not *in*. "At least," I thought, "and whatever fate in its bitterness may have in store for me, as I have lived in the fashion, in the fashion I'll expire." And this determination—mere men cannot conceive its deliciousness—comforted me exceedingly. Nevertheless—for I write down here every then emotion of my soul—though I abhorred the thought of oysters in June as food, I could not forget them as the probable depositaries of precious pearls. Famished and destitute, I thought, being in the Indian seas—as I believed I was—I might be destined to be one of those lucky people of the world, who have pearls washed ashore at their feet, and never run the risk of diving for them. Though I was as hungry as the sea, the thought like a sunbeam played about me, that I might be destined to wear my own head-dress of pearls, obtained from the living fish by my own hands, at some future drawing-room! And whilst I thought this, my hunger was in abeyance! CLEOPATRA dissolved *her* pearl, as ill-nature dissolves the treasures of life, in vinegar; but I enriched *my* pearls by honied thoughts. (What would I give had either of the Misses WHALEBONE, principals of the Blackheath Seminary, lived to read *this*—this from their pupil!)

I continued, with my footsteps, to print the sand. And shall I confess to what I believe is what is called an association of ideas, as taught me by my venerable father? Bear with the weakness, the affections of a daughter, whilst I speak of it. "My dear girl," said that revered man to me, "I'll tell you what is meant by 'society of ideas.' Thus it is, as it happens to your blessed father. When, at about ten at night, your mother—darning a stocking, or what not—looks up, full at me—I can't help it—I think of a lemon; then I think of whisky—whisky leads me on to a glass—a glass goes to nothing but hot water—hot water cries out sugar—sugar asks for a spoon; and before you can say 'Jack Robinson'—the name of your blessed ancestor, who was a very quick chap, and came over with the Normans—I say to your mother, and all beginning with the lemon of her looking at me, '*my dear; the toddy!*' And this, my darling girl, is the 'society of ideas!'"

And, in this way, as my footsteps printed the sand, so was I resolved—if ever rescued from that desert island—to print my thoughts and sufferings whilst living upon it. To this resolution I will hold, as shall be shown in succeeding chapters.

Prophecy for the Whig Administration of 1848,

IF IT LASTS SO LONG.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|----------------------------|-----------|----|-----|
| 1847.—Surplus | 1 | 3 | 6 |
| 1848.—Deficiency | 2,834,000 | 18 | 10½ |

The Commissioners appointed for the Reduction of the National Debt have met and carried to the balance of the United Kingdom the sum of £2,833,999. 15s. 4½d., being the deficiency upon the two years' revenue of the Whig Administration.

Whitehall, August 2, 1849.

THE VENTILATING GUY FAUX.

By the recent ejection of DR. REID from the houses of Parliament we are reminded of the happy frustration of the plot of GUY FAUX and his desperate associates. The ventilating Guy was on the point of carrying his project into execution, when LORD MONTEAGLE, like his predecessor in the title, received an anonymous letter, intimating that the Legislature would all be blown up if some caution were not exercised. Upon this an inquiry took place, and the new buildings being searched were found to be entirely undermined by the most fearful apparatus, which was ready for the striking of the fatal blow on the first opportunity. The effect would have been dreadful, as the annexed sketch fully exemplifies. The Guy would certainly have effected his object but for his own want of energy in carrying out his purpose, and his attempts to put it in force against some of the judges, in whose courts repeated explosions were heard, which led to inquiry, when it was found that REID was at the bottom of the business. The date of REID'S exclusion from the house will, we hope, be celebrated in the same manner as the Fifth of November, with the substitution of air balloons for fireworks.



Ibrahim Pacha Dining Out.

DURING the early part of IBRAHIM'S visit to this country, every one seemed disposed to cut him; but now every one seems inclined to ask him to dinner, and instead of the "cold shoulder," he gets every delicacy that the season can afford. The Reform Club deserves praise for having been the first to show this piece of attention to the illustrious stranger, though it was rather too bad to place him next to SIR C. NAPIER who had bothered him at Beyrout—so called probably from its having been the scene of the routing of some Bey—and next but one to LORD PALMERSTON who, as Foreign Minister, put poor Pacha into a desperate flight by an adverse policy. Nevertheless, the dinner at the Reform Club was a compliment; and if *bis dat qui cito dat* is applicable to dinners as well as everything else, the Reform Club dinner was equal to a couple of meals, by the promptitude with which it was offered to the "impetuous IBRAHIM."

The bill of fare must have proved exceedingly puzzling to the guest of the evening, who can hardly have acquired, during his sojourn in the French capital, a sufficient acquaintance with the language to have assisted him in translating the dishes into intelligible terms. Of the sixteen soups, the four à la Comte de Paris aux Légumes Printaniers, may have been within IBRAHIM'S comprehension, though we confess it is beyond ours! for how the heir-apparent to the French throne, surrounded by spring vegetables, can give any notion of a *potage*, we are totally at a loss to conceive.

We can better understand the *Quatre capons à la Nelson*, which we suppose consisted of four capons with the white feather entirely suppressed; or if the birds were really à la the Hero of the Nile they would, of course, plume themselves on being without this one dishonourable plume. The "Four Turbans smoked into an Epigram," which we presume to be a free translation of "*Quatre Turbans Epigramme au fumée*," must have been intended as a good-natured quiz upon the Eastern fashion of wearing turbans. The "*Quatre côtelettes en surprise à la Reforme*"—"four chops in surprise at the Reform," we take to have been the most natural dish of the whole lot, for the chops may well have been surprised at the speed with which they were devoured.

We think it would be as well that MONSIEUR SOYER, whose inventive genius devises all these delicacies, as well as their names—should publish, with every bill of fare, a translation of the title into English; and perhaps it might be still more satisfactory if he would add a chemical analysis of the ingredients, for the benefit of those who are de-

sirous of knowing what they are eating. This, however, is a class which, in these days of culinary science, has probably become very limited; for the advance of cookery has confounded all distinctions of alimentary matter, and the viands, as well as the guests, are often equally à la surprise.

A Prophetic Voice from Norfolk Island.

NEW SOUTH WALES BALLAD.

Dedicated to His Grace the Duke of Richmond.

'Twas when the winds were howling,
And loud the ocean's roar,
A convict lay deploring
On Norfolk-Island shore:—

"Now aint the joke a rare one?
When I am here in thrall,
The hare for which they lagg'd me
Is 'varmint' after all!

"A hare is now but 'varmint'!
I always thoft the same;
But Constable and Justice,
In those days thoft it 'game.'
Experience makes fools wiser;
So now they better know;
But I'm at Norfolk Island
Because I tould them so!

"My Sal is in her green grave:
Her heart no more can stir,
Her children in the Bastile—
They'd better been with her!—
And I'm in Norfolk Island,
And bitter is my thrall;
While the hare for which they lagg'd me
Is 'varmint' after all!

"They'd better spared my children,
And better spared my wife;
They were too dear a ransom
To save a 'varmint's' life!
But now their eyes are open'd,
And now they better know,
Though I'm in Norfolk Island
Because I tould them so!

"Ah! how the jade called 'Fortin'
Disports with us poor elves!
The men wot game 'protected'
'Protection' wants themselves:
And county-freehold's risin',
And wheat is like to fall—
And the hare for which they lagg'd me,
Is 'varmint' after all!"

THE PROTECTIONISTS' DINNER.

We are happy to give the bill of fare of the dinner that took place at Greenwich, at the Trafalgar.

Soups. Soupe maigre à la British Labourer. Bouillon de STANLEY à la New South Wales. Fish. Flounders à la Protectioniste—Flat Fish au naturel—Plaice sautés en l'air—Gougeons d'Agriculturist grillés aux fines herbes.

ENTREES. Saddle of Mutton à la GEORGE BENTINCK and Tête de Veau en tortue à la DISRAELI—Canards à en surprise à la Corn Bill—Poitrine de mouton piquée et glacée à la PEEL, with sauce piquante à la BROUGHAM—Purée de Cornichons à la House of Commons—Pheasants stuffed with bread sauce aux Fermiers—Dindon curried à la NORFOLK—Pointes d'Epigrammes d'Agneau fatiguées à la Standard—Boar's head, disguised à la CAMPBELL—Saucissons d'Oxford à la INGLIS.

PRODDINGS. Plummary Pudding à la ROEBUCK—Brioche à la BUCKINGHAM—Sponge cake à la BORTHWICK—Cabinet Pudding Soufflé—A Trifle from the Carlton—Petits Pâtés de Madame Gamp—Norfolk Dumplings.

Punch's Nursery Rhymes.

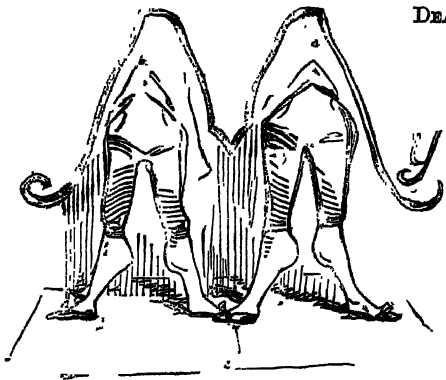
ROBIN and RICHARD
Were two pretty men,
They fought 'gainst each other
Again and again ;
Till up jumps ROBERT,
And says, very dry-
ly, " You're right, Brother RICHARD,
The Corn Laws must die.
You've gone before,
With your League and your Tracts,
And I'll follow after
With Parliament Acts."

GEORGE and BEN,
With tongue and pen,
Swore they'd give PEEL no quarter ;
GEORGE broke down
With small renown,
And BEN—he caught a Tartar.

A PLEA FOR PLUSH.

Belgravia, July 1, 1846.

DEAR SIR, Having observed on several occasions in your paper a tone of kindly feeling expressed towards the JEAMESES of the metropolis, I desire to call the attention of the public, through your means, to an instance of excessive cruelty which is daily practised by a heartless Duchess, who resides in this parish, towards several of the finest specimens of humanity which it has ever been my good fortune to behold.



"You must recollect, *Mr. Punch*, the state of the thermometer during the past month—generally between eighty and ninety degrees in the shade. Well, sir, during the whole of that fiery season, the merciless woman whom I am anxious to expose, kept four of her fellow-creatures daily encased in close-fitting garments of scarlet Plush!!! They wear them still.

"It makes my heart bleed to witness the protracted sufferings of these large, plethoric men; one of them a Hall Porter, of mature age and startling obesity. There they stand, on the steps before the street door, making passers-by wink and nursery-maids blush at the splendour of their attire—white, scarlet, and gold—perspiring exceedingly, and irritated to madness by the blue-bottle flies and impudent little boys of the vicinity, who unceasingly exclaim, with exasperating monotony, 'I say, BLAZES, vy don't you buy a Wenham frigerator?'

"I have ascertained, with grief, *Mr. Punch*, that these unfortunate men have little or no hard work to do, that all their messages are performed by deputy; they get their five meals a day—with beer—regular, besides snacks, and I feel convinced, that if the hot weather lasts, unless they are indulged with some light genteel occupation, and in the nankeen shorts, (which have latterly been introduced with great success by several benevolent ladies of rank in the neighbourhood) the wretched creatures will inevitably be struck down by apoplexy on the hall steps on which they are so barbarously exposed every day from two till seven.

"I have the honour to remain, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"Φιλοφλωνικης."

We readily give admission to our correspondent's benevolent remonstrance in behalf of the injured Plush family. But if he had seen, as we did, at the DUCHESS OF DOUCHA'S *dejeuner*, (where the rain came down in torrents, and the breakfast was served under a mackintosh marquee,) the dripping condition of several of the nobility's footmen who sported the new summer nankeen lower uniform, Φιλοφλωνικης would acknowledge, that in our variable climate PLUSH is, after all, a better stuff than nankeen for the breeches of a British footman.

MIND YOUR EYE.—Somebody has been comparing SIR ROBERT PEEL to POLYPHEMUS—his most prominent feature being his enormous "I."

THE BOY BROUGHAM.



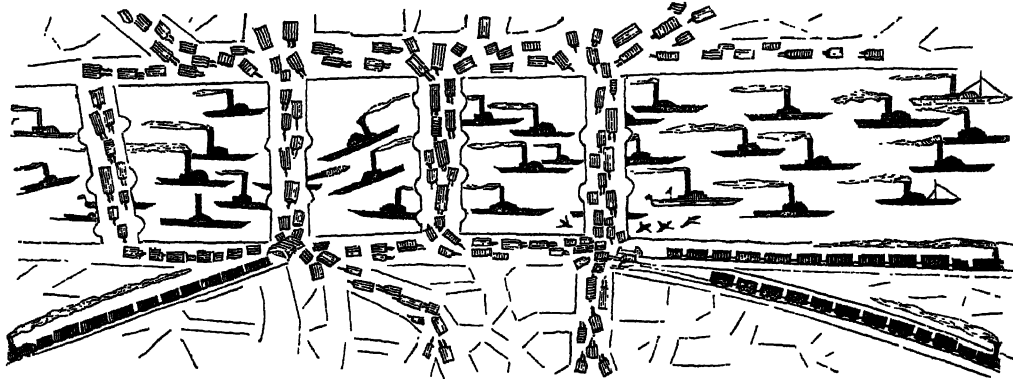
"HE SHALL GO TO VAUXHALL—HE SHALL—HE SHALL!"

WE are delighted to find that the continued activity of LORD BROUGHAM, so far from telling upon his mind and body, has rendered him really a much younger man than he was several years ago. The yearning of the song-writer who expressed his vain desire to be "a boy again," has been realised in the case of the Ex-Ex-Ex-Chancellor, who is now, by-the-bye, literally the treble X Chancellor, for there have been ten administrations since the days when he used to write to his sovereign by the General Post "a long time ago." It is, however, most refreshing to hear the accounts of LORD BROUGHAM's juvenility after so long a period devoted to the service of the public and of himself.

We find him foremost in all the pursuits and pleasures of youth, from the boar-hunt at Cannes, to the juvenile *fetes* at Vauxhall Gardens. On the last occasion of a grand gala for the little folks home for the holidays, the name of LORD BROUGHAM was first in the list of visitors. We do not grudge him his infantine diversions, and are exceedingly gratified to perceive that an old boy can be still as much a boy as the youngest amongst them. We are happy also to find that a state of second childhood is not insensible to all the amusements which we take pleasure in during the first gush of youthful buoyancy. We cannot do less on this occasion than celebrate it in the fresh language of immortal and always juvenile poesy:—

BROUGHAM is still a little boy ;
Heigho, heigho !
Pleased with every novel toy ;
Heigho, heigho !
Seeing an advertisement,
Like a child on pleasure bent,
He to the juv'nile gala went ;
Heigho, heigho !
BROUGHAM became at last a man ;
Heigho, heigho !
And a very noisy one ;
Heigho, heigho !
He took a politician's part,
At the Woolsack made a dart,
And reach'd it—but was made depart ;
Heigho, heigho !
BROUGHAM we thought was getting old,
Heigho, heigho !
But we've been regularly sold,
Heigho, heigho !
If he should live to ninety-two,
He'd play the boy, as urchins do ;
I'm sure I think he would—don't you ?
Heigho, heigho !

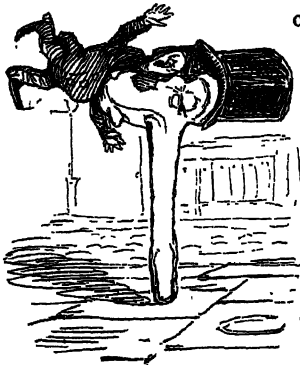
LONDON LEAVING TOWN.



EVERY ONE hears that at this period of the year all London goes out of town; but it is difficult to form a very correct idea of the actual appearance of that ordinary annual movement. We have therefore the pleasure of presenting the public with a sketch taken from the top of the Monument by an enthusiastic follower of High Art, showing the ex-urban progress of the various locomotives, steamers and vehicles along the roads, the rails, and the river.

The plate is given more as a memento of an annual "great fact" than on account of its intrinsic value as a piece of drawing. The artist is anxious to impress upon the public mind his desire not to be judged by this specimen of his powers, which is merely an attempt to catch as they fly the various moving machines that take the metropolis beyond itself at this sea-sidean season.

ELYSIUM DISCOVERED.



o those who are curious as to the locality of Elysium, it will be gratifying to learn that Mr. GEORGE ROBINS has at length discovered that favoured spot. The metropolitan public will be delighted to hear that the abode of bliss is within a sixpenny fare of London, and may be reached by omnibus at least thirty times a day. The announcement will cause no less satisfaction than surprise, when we are enabled to state that Elysium is in Thistle Grove, Old Brompton, and that it will be submitted to public competition at the Auction Mart, on the 30th of July.

We had no idea, until we perused the advertisement of Mr. GEORGE ROBINS, how comparatively economically a terrestrial paradise can be formed. The chief characteristic of the Elysium which Mr. GEORGE ROBINS has announced for sale is, that "the doors of the drawing-room are distinguished by plate glass." We had no idea, until we saw this paragraph, that Paradise, like a large linen-draper's establishment, depends much upon its decorations. It is also a most refreshing fact that Elysium stands within the small compass of less than an acre of ground.

It is not surprising that some restrictions should be attached to the enjoyment of Elysium, and we think it, on the whole, a very moderate condition that the fixtures must be taken at a valuation, and the planned furniture is imperative. The only unaccountable portion of the matter is, that the present proprietor of Elysium should be willing to part with the invaluable treasure he possesses.

What Ibrahim Pacha will do next Week.

THE labours of HERCULES are nothing to those of IBRAHIM PACHA. How he can find time to eat his meals, or to dress, much less to sleep, is a mystery to us. He attends shops, routs, political meetings, fêtes, penny shows, with all the ardour of a German Prince who comes over for six days to write a book on "England and the English." The Pacha is indefatigable. His appetite for pleasure seems only to be exceeded by his thirst for business. We have been favoured with a programme of his Pachaship's movements for the following week. We think they will astonish the industrious and confound the lazy.

MONDAY. The Industrious Fleas—A Cabinet Council—The Trafalgar Fountains—Sainsbury's summer beverage manufactory—Sitting to Beard for Photographic Portrait—A dinner with the Lumber Troop. In the evening, a visit to White Conduit House—A cup of tea at the British and Foreign Destitute—Ball at the Portland Rooms—Oysters at Lynn's.

TUESDAY. "Salon des Variétés" in St. Giles's—Slaughtering a fine bear in Bishops-

gate Street—Protectionist Meeting in Field Lane—Calls on the Pigmy Children, Lord John Russell, and the Dwarf Cow—Visit to an Ale and Sandwich Shop—Smithfield Market and the Common Council—Trip to Gravesend—Dinner on board the Steamer—Concert on Deck—Ball at Rosherville Gardens—Supper with Baron Nathan.

WEDNESDAY. Breakfast at early Puri House on the Dover Road—Baths in Holborn—Visit to Kilpack's Divan, Covent Garden—Sitting to Chalou for Portrait—Journey to Hicks' Hall—Buckingham Palace—The Kitchen of Cann's Soup Shop, Holborn—Dinner at the Club of the We-went-go-home-till-mornings—Bower Saloon—Balls in Belgrave Square, Brook Green, and Gower Street—Coal Hole.

THURSDAY. Start at 6 o'clock for Osborne House—At 2 o'clock sit for Portrait for the Illustrated News—Visit to Lucifer Manufactory, Islington—Ascent to the top of the Monument—The Raw Recruits in Bird-cage walk—Cabinet Council—Dinner with the Parcels Delivery Company—Sherry cobbler at the South American Coffee House—Tea with Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris—Garrick Theatre—Cheroot at the Parthenon—Inspection of the Welsh Rabbits at Simpson's.

FRIDAY. Review of the Police in Bow Street—Umbrella Exhibition of the Fine Arts in Tottenham Court Road—Barber Beaumont's Pump in Piccadilly—Grand Flower Show in the balcony in Cambridge Terrace—Fishing excursion in the Serpentine—Sitting for Portrait to Madame Tussend—Meeting at Exeter Hall to consider the appointment of Commissioners for watering the Desert—Dinner with the Directors of the Ant and Bee Steam Boats—Cigar on Hungerford Bridge—Tivoli Gardens, Battersea—Soirées at Buckingham Palace—Early Coffee Shop in Whitehall.

SATURDAY. Clare Market—Beulah Spa—Sitting for Portrait for the Egyptian Hall—Mysterious Lady—Visit to the Pecksniffery—Adelaide Gallery—Nassau Balcon—Trip in ditto—Dinner in ditto—Voyage back to Alexandria in ditto.

HOW ABOUT THE OPPOSITION?

It must be gratifying to LORD GEORGE BENTINCK to know that we have now some prospect of a Stable Ministry. LORD JOHN RUSSELL appears to have bound up, pretty securely, his bundle of sticks—the Cabinet, we hope, will excuse the metaphor. There may still, however, exist considerable doubt as to how the business of the country is to be carried on. HER MAJESTY, it is true, is provided with Ministers; but where is HER MAJESTY'S Opposition? ECHO, at a nonplus, repeats the interrogation.

The antagonism between the late and present PREMIER has been converted into resemblance: they now correspond to the POMPEY and CÆSAR, not of Roman History, but of Nigger anecdote. "POMPEY and CÆSAR very much alike, especially POMPEY." It is really to be feared that there will be an end to party strife; and, of course, to the excitement and fun of politics. The difficulty, perhaps, will be less felt in the House of Lords, where LORD BROUGHAM will be an Opposition in himself; but who will impede legislation in the House of Commons? The fact is, that *Punch* must become a Member of Parliament.

ASTOUNDING PHENOMENON.

THERE have been three fêtes at the Horticultural Gardens, Chiswick, without a shower of rain!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mallett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1846.

OUR ARTIST.



"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE PRINTER'S BOY CALLED AGAIN!"
 "OH, BOTHER! SAY, I'M BUSY."

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
 MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER IV.

WALKING ON, I raised my eyes, and what was my astonishment, my delight, to behold the ship—the *Ramo Samee*—reclining as upon a sofa, on a bank of sand about two miles distant! My heart fluttered. After all, I might not be alone upon a desolate island. The captain might be spared; if not the captain, at least the boatswain. Again, when I looked upon the vessel, soft thoughts stole into my bosom; hope stirred within me, and all about my plum-coloured silk and my crimson velvet,—and the band-boxes, every one with a love of a bonnet, and the night-caps (I was always particular in my night-caps,) with their beautiful lace borders, chosen with an eye to the hopeful future. These thoughts forced tears from my eyes; and I resolved to save my wardrobe; or, as I once heard a gentleman in blue silk and spangles exclaim, "perish in the attempt."

I satiated my hunger with raw periwinkles,—for I found they strewed the lower part of the beach,—which I was enabled to do, having several pins in my dress. I had never thought of it before; but how beautifully has Nature or Fashion, or whatever it may be, ordained that woman should never be without pins? Even as Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow woman with pins; a sharp truth not all unknown to the giddy and frolicsome.

Though dreading to approach my boxes, lest I should discover that the salt water had spoilt all my things, I nevertheless determined to visit the ship, and preserve what I could of my beautiful outfit. A pang shot through my heart when I thought of a certain white satin, made up—for I had provided against being married unawares in case of the officer coming off in the yam-boat. Allowing it to be preserved from the wrathful billows, of what avail would it be in such a place? Of what avail, indeed, any of my clothes, for who could see them? And when I thought of this, my tears flowed anew.

As I proceeded, my eyes beheld what, at the distance, they believed to be a monstrous eel. It is a fish I am prodigiously fond of; and I will own it, for the moment I forgot the horrors of my situation in the thought of my gratified palate. I ran to seize the prize, when, to my passing disappointment I discovered that what I thought to be an eel was nothing more than an india-rubber life-preserver, that had floated from the vessel. My better feelings were aroused, and I will not repeat what thanks I uttered for the accident.

Taking off my gown—for the flounces were very full, and there-

fore would hold much water, I put on the life-preserver, and made for the ship. It is true I was a good swimmer, and could have gained the vessel without any foreign aid; but I husbanded my strength, for I knew not what trials awaited me. Now and then I shivered as a flying-fish rose before me; for where flying-fishes were found, there, I had heard, were sharks; and my feet were wholly unprotected, the Adelaide boot being at that time wholly unknown. How strangely doth fear magnify circumstances! More than once I screamed at what I believed I felt to be an alligator,—at the very greatest, perhaps, it was a shrimp. I swam round and round the ship, looking for an easy place to get up. At length, I saw a bit of rope hanging out of the captain's window, and—always being a good climber—I was speedily in his cabin. The silence—the solitude appalled me. His pipe—relinquished when the breeze began to freshen—still lay upon the table. There was something about that pipe that—I know not why—affected me.

I crept from cabin to cabin: all was still. I sat down upon a bench, and was buried in reflection. Now my thoughts dwelt upon my sad condition, and now they wandered to the wardrobe and jewels of the female passengers: poor things! all removed from the toil and trouble of such vanities. Whilst thus occupied, I felt something rub against my knee. The thought electrically shot through me—"I am not alone, then. Is it the captain: is it the boatswain?" This, I say, was the thought of a second, and ere I could look about me. Then, casting my eyes downwards, I beheld a cat—the ship cat. Now, cats I had always treated with very distinguished contempt; believing them, in my maidenly superstition, the inevitable companions of single wretchedness. And as the animal continued to rub against me, and stare at me with—as somebody somewhere says of melancholy—its "green and yellow eyes," and mew and mew, that its voice thrilled my heart-strings, I thought the creature cried, "Welcome, Miss ROBINSON, to old-maidhood; welcome for ever to celibacy." The idea was too much for me. I rose, and running and stumbling, reached my own cabin. There I found some water, and a bottle of *eau-de-cologne*. Equally mixing the liquids in a horn, I drank the beverage, and was revived considerably. Another and another libation put new heart into me, and I continued my search from place to place. My own boxes were safe, and—shall I ever forget the emotion that swelled my heart—dry. A canary-coloured satin slip was, however, utterly ruined by the salt-water; though I thought that probably the surrounding country might furnish me with materials to dye it for common.

It was with some natural feelings of curiosity that I rummaged all the boxes of my late female companions. Could I choose my readers, I would not hesitate to name the many artifices of millinery that I discovered; the many falsehoods made of buckram, and wool, and wadding,—and—but no; far be it from me to put a weapon in the hands of the male malignant. In every box I found a large supply of French slippers and shoes: but, of course, they were all much too big for me.

By dint of great exertion I got all these boxes upon deck. Had their weight been of anything else than beautiful dresses, I do not think I could have lifted it. But I know not what it was that put a mysterious power within me. I carried up trunk upon trunk as though it had been no more than a Tunbridge Wells work-box. "How happy," thought I, "could I be with such a wardrobe, if anybody could see me wear it!"

In the steward's cabin there were all sorts of pickles and preserves, guava jelly, and preserved ginger. All these, and fifty other kinds of pleasant eatables, with—what could have prompted me to take it, I know not—one bottle of gin, I brought and set down upon the deck. My next thought was—and for a long time it puzzled me—how to get them ashore. But this I managed, as the reader shall learn.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

Weal of Fortin, July 18.

MR. JEAMES PLUSH presence complimence to his Exlensy the Lord Leftenint, and aving sean advuttid in the Irish peapers, the appointment of Mr. So and So as 'Gentleman at Large,' begs respectkly to inquire what is a Gentleman at lawge; what's the dooties, what sawt of yowniform: whether it's a heasy place: and whether there are any more on 'em?

To His Xlansy the Lord Leftenint
 Dubling Castle, Castle Street, Dubling
 Hiredland.

NAUTICAL LECTURES.



"THE union of amusement with instruction has become such a very popular notion that the Admiralty has, we understand, determined on adopting it. In order to introduce among the junior members of the Naval service a knowledge of their profession, an arrangement has, we believe, been entered into with Mr. T. P. COOKE, to give some of those faithful representations of the character and habits of the British Seaman for which he has long been eminent.

It is in contemplation to obtain his attendance at the various sea-ports in succession, for the purpose of going through a series of semi-dramatic lectures, in the presence of the officers and crews of the ships at the different stations. The following is a slight sketch of the programme of the first of these performances, which will take place at Portsmouth, as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed:—

PART I.

Introduction to Naval Life—The deck of the *Daisy*—Anecdote of a Thames Stoker—Young BEN, the pride of Putney—Song: "I'm Afloat"—Yeo heo-heo!—Abaft the binnacle once more—Life in a paddle-box—Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!—"Jack's the boy"—Naval hornpipe, and Off she goes.

Between the Parts, a Naval Hornpipe.

PART II.

"The Sea, the Sea"—Epsom salts and salt water—Neptune out of tune—Rigs in the rigging—Anecdote of GEORGE ROBINS—A Sail! A Sail!—A Dance on deck—"To the Pumps, to the Pumps"—A Quadrille in the Channel—Channel sole Shoes—Who's for the Shore—"The Shark and the Shrimp"—The Learned Pig and the Sow Wester—A Sea, Fight—Hornpipe in character—concluding with

RULE BRITANNIA.

It is intended that the lectures shall be varied as the marine pupils advance, and the whole science of navigation, illustrated by songs, anecdotes, and hornpipes, will be laid open to the student. It is confidently anticipated that a perfect British Seaman may be turned out in half-a-dozen lectures. The room will be fitted up with a mast and rope ladder, so that the illusion will be as complete as possible.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN PRO-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Motto.—"Pro Catena, Furca, et Flagello."

ALL those right-minded and respectable persons who wish for a revival of the "good old times;" who like to see the common people kept in their proper place, and taught nothing more than to do as they are bid; who would have boys flogged, and men hanged, that deserve it; are invited to co-operate in the formation of an Association now about to be instituted, to be called THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN PRO-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The foundation of this Society has become necessary in order to counteract the machinations of the Anti-Slavery Society for the diffusion, at home and abroad, of the dangerous principles of Liberty.

The following are the objects for which the Pro-Slavery Society will contend, in utter defiance of what is styled public opinion:—

1. Agitation for the repeal of the Negro Emancipation Act. Petitions will be circulated for the pardon of persons convicted of the so-called offence of slave-dealing, and every effort

will be made for the revival of this important branch of our national commerce, in which our slave-holding brethren on the other side of the Atlantic will be politely requested to unite.

2. The continuance of flogging in public schools; for the training up of our youth in habits of servitude.

3. The maintenance of impressment in the navy, and of corporal punishment in the army, and the opposition of the fatal and mischievous scheme of educating the common soldier.

4. The unflinching championship of the game laws, and the inculcation of the sacredness of the head of game, and the inviolable privileges of the lord of the manor.

5. The perpetuation of our glorious gallows, the true tree of the British Constitution, round which every member of the Pro-Slavery Society is exhorted to rally, beseeching the woodman to spare at least that tree.

Such will be the leading objects of this Society; and it will aim, generally, at the suppression of enlightenment, and the universal establishment of despotism.

Principles of the New Ministry.

A Leader for "The Observer."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL having been called upon in the House of Commons to declare the principles on which he will conduct his Government, we, who are not called upon, and who object to the principle altogether of premature disclosure, will state our own views, as far as we can see, which in the present state of darkness is quite impossible. In the first place it is probable, though we do not pledge ourselves, and if we were pledged we might perhaps be taken in, still we believe it possible, and indeed anything is possible to a certain extent, that the Premier will not attempt more than he thinks he can accomplish, unless indeed he overrates his own powers, when he may be led into such an error.

It is very true that EARL GREY'S Administration did much that LORD JOHN RUSSELL cannot do, because it has been done already; but we are not prepared to say that, if LORD JOHN RUSSELL had been in EARL GREY'S place, which in fact he is now—but we of course mean then—he would have acted as that Nobleman did. Not as he would have done in 1846, but as he did when he did, which is, in fact, when he should have done.

This brings us to the Government of LORD MELBOURNE, but we do not know why, or if we did know why, we should be at a loss to say how, it would be required of LORD JOHN RUSSELL to place himself in a similar position to that of the other at the very juncture. We mean eight years ago, when the political aspect was, taking a similar view of it, altogether different. It is all very well, by which, of course, we mean it is highly blameable, for members of Parliament not in office,—though we do not mean to say they ought not to be in office, though we defy any but themselves and their friends to say they should—to cavil at the new Minister for his reserve.

If we were at the head of the Government—though we only put the case for the sake of argument, but we do not mean to hint that we would take anything from any administration, which we never did, though if we had, we are not sure any one would have a right to complain except ourselves, at least if we could be so absurd as to complain of anything for our own advantage—that is, supposing it to be advantageous—we should certainly, or rather vaguely, furnish a very imperfect outline of our own intentions. Such we take to be—as far as we know, but we again warn our readers to remember that we really know nothing—the object of the new Minister.

A Letter from Mehemet Ali to Ibrahim Pacha.



THE fact is not generally known that IBRAHIM'S rather sudden departure from this country was occasioned by a paternal letter, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy. It will be observed that the document is written in the ordinary style of English correspondence, for MEHEMET ALI endeavours to adopt European habits as far as he possibly can, and, as when in Rome he would do as Rome does, so his son, being in this country, is addressed as an Englishman. The following is the letter:—

“MY DEAR BOY,

“I am getting very uneasy about your prolonged absence, and I do not exactly like the way in which you have been conducting yourself in England. You have not behaved with that gentlemanly dignity which would have been becoming to your station and dignity. Your stopping at an ordinary hotel was scarcely agreeable to my feelings, but if the Government offered you no better accommodation, there was no alternative. I am, however, chiefly

annoyed by the eagerness you have shown to enter into a life of gaiety utterly inconsistent with the dignity of the heir to a highly respectable, if not very powerful, empire.

“I am also grieved beyond measure at hearing that you made yourself very conspicuous at a place called Cremorne House, indulging in jokes at the expense of the Invisible Poet, and behaving very absurdly towards a highly respectable aeronaut. It was right, perhaps, that you should endeavour to see as much as you could of Life in London, but I do not think the Coal-Hole is exactly the place for the son of MEHEMET ALL. Your dining at the Reform Club was well enough in its way, but I am given to understand, that the quantity of Champagne you consumed created a degree of hilarity, which was not decorous, to say the least of it. Besides, my dear boy, the cost of your trip is much greater than I expected it would have been. You have already drawn upon me to a large extent, but if any bill is presented here after that for sixteen rupees due on the 4th instant, I give you timely notice that I shall not honour it. I regret to be obliged to write to you in this strain, but my paternal duty is paramount to my inclination; and if I were to fail in the former, I should be unworthy of the title of

“Your affectionate Father,
“MEHEMET ALL.”

Immediately on the receipt of this communication, IBRAHIM PACHA packed up his carpet-bag, and made arrangements for returning home as speedily as possible.

DUCKS AND DRAKES ON THE RIVER.

It has long been notorious, that among the civic sports and pastimes the game of swan-hopping is a very favourite one. It may not be so generally known that with this is combined another species of aquatic amusement, to which the Lord Mayor and Aldermen are extremely partial. We allude to the diversion of “ducks and drakes.” For this pleasant recreation, a convenient piece of water is necessary, and such an accommodation is afforded by the river Thames. It is usually played with pebbles, bits of slate, or oyster-shells; but instead of these the civic monarch and his subordinates use money, than which nothing can more readily serve to play ducks and drakes with.

It was stated, the other day, by MR. ANDERTON, in the Court of Common Council, that £3000 are annually thrown away on this amusement, in the conservancy of the river. A grand match is shortly to come off at Oxford, where it has been arranged to take place by the Court of Aldermen; and as the expense of it is to be unlimited, it will be fine fun, as well for those who are to enjoy, as for the people who will profit by it. It is, however, declared by the Livery, that what may be fun for the Mayor and Aldermen is death to them, but this is the language of the frogs in the fable, and is to be regarded as mere croaking.

The amusement of “ducks and drakes” is generally considered to be a puerile one, but as practised with unlimited funds by the civic dignitaries, it must, at all events, be admitted to be no child's play.

A REAL ECLOGUE.

Two genuine swains, in rustic frocks bedight,
WILLUM and TUMMUS by each other hight,
Beneath a hedge-row, at the hour of noon,
Sat, shelter'd from the scorching sun of June—
From haymaking to snatch a moment's rest,
Whilst thus their mutual notions they express'd:—

TUMMUS.

Phew! I be briled wi' this here heat well nigh;
Hast any beer, mun?—I be precious dry.

WILLUM.

Beer? Ah! I wish I had. I've drink'd it up,
And han't a farden for another cup.

TUMMUS.

Nine shill'ns a week, wi' wife and kids to feed,
Dwoocant lave a feller much for beer, indeed!

WILLUM.

How is't now, mun, as gurt folks cram and stuff,
Whilst there be they as doesn't git enough?

TUMMUS.

Well, that 's the thing as always puzzles me:
Why, measter's pigs be better fed than we.

WILLUM.

WILLUM, I never passes by their sty,
But wishes one o' them there pigs was I.

TUMMUS.

He med feed us with what 'a flings away
In stuff'n up and over fatt'n they.

WILLUM.

But, WILLUM, look where yander measter rides;
He'll gie it to 's if here we longer 'bides.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING LITERATURE.

WE find in the *Times* of July 14th an advertisement of “a Gardener, with one child who thoroughly understands his business;” and another announcement, also of “a Gardener, who has no objection to a cow.” We do not see the advantage to be derived to an employer by the precocity of the infant of his servant; but we presume the gardener will be able to point out, on further inquiry, how the “one child who understands his business” may be made available. The other gardener, who “has no objection to a cow,” seems to be going rather unnecessarily into *minutiae*, when he sets forth the fact of his non-antipathy to that most harmless animal. The man must be captious, indeed, who would entertain feelings of hostility to that most unexceptionable of creatures. “No objection to a cow, indeed!” We should think not; the fellow might as well advertise that he is not afraid of butterflies.



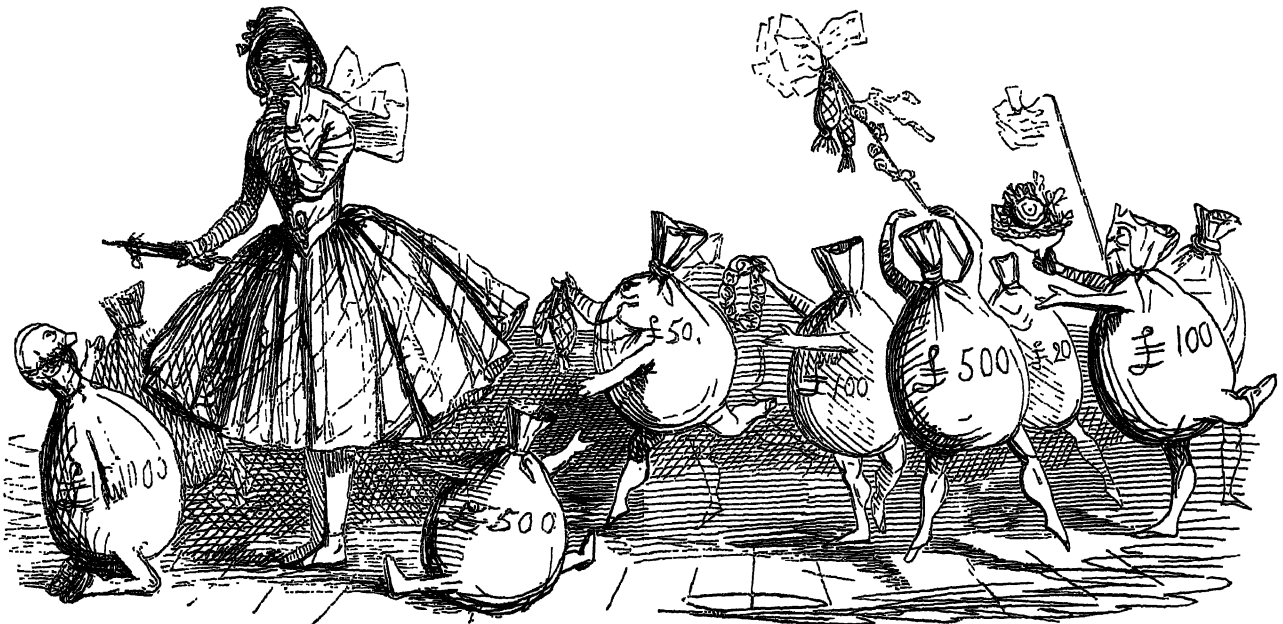
By the bye, the advertising-nuisance inventors seem trying to out-punch *Punch*. Their devices are as extravagant as their terms are cheap, and it is clear that they mean to surpass us in preposterous conceptions. A lot of fellows are now going about town in white smocks, “branded,” as the *Daily News* says, “with advertisements.”

We should think that a few broad-backed coalheavers would find regular employment by application to the cheap tailors, sleeve-leaf merchants, and quack doctors.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.

A NEW work has been advertised, called “Dangers by Land and Water.” The frontispiece should be an illustration of Westminster Bridge.

THE TAGLIONI TREATY.



TAGLIONI YIELDING TO THE ENTREATIES OF HER FRIENDS.

OREGON and its Treaty were important; but TAGLIONI and her treaty are, in the words of a celebrated anti-grammarian, "importanter still." On hearing that the *déesse de la danse* had been prevailed upon by her friends to reappear for a few nights at Her Majesty's Theatre, the subscribers to the Opera were in ecstasies. The public delight knew no bounds, the Stall market was in a most active state, and even the eight-and-sixpenny pit scrip was in eager demand at all the music-sellers'. Much praise is due to the parties who brought America to terms, but the bringing of TAGLIONI to terms is a still greater achievement. MR. LUMLEY is the diplomatist who has accomplished this most difficult task. Settling a boundary line is nothing, compared to the successfully bringing TAGLIONI within reasonable bounds—an effort which none but the present manager of the Opera would have ventured on.

In order to effect this tremendous object the intervention of the friends of the fair *danseuse* has, we are told, been necessary. Those friends have been despatched in large numbers by MR. LUMLEY, and their arguments have had their influence. Such friends are worth their weight in gold, and their portraits appear in the annexed illustration. It required, however, the united efforts of a vast concourse of these friends to prevail upon TAGLIONI to rescind her resolution of retiring from the theatre of her many triumphs. At length, however, they exercised their sovereign sway, and the Syphide has exhibited a proper deference to their golden opinions. It certainly betrays an amiable weakness, thus to yield to the notes of friendship when all other inducements have proved fruitless. No one ought to take a step without consideration, and TAGLIONI never, we believe, thinks of taking a step without some very serious consideration being bestowed upon it.

SYMPTOMS OF LEISURE.

AMONG the symptoms of leisure afforded to SIR R. PEEL by cessation from the cares of Government is the curious and rather inconvenient fact of his having cut his foot—fortunately not seriously—by resting it on a china basin. It is evident that the Ex-Premier has been indulging in what is usually called a rollick on his happy release from the labours he has for some years incessantly undergone as Minister. He has clearly been imitating BARON NATHAN in a true jousness of spirit, by capering among a set of breakfast things. How did he get his foot into a china basin, unless he was attempting some feat of dexterity by poisoning himself gracefully on the edge of the delicate article which belongs to his tea-service? We are sincerely sorry for the little accident, but we are pleased to find that SIR R. PEEL is able to indulge these harmless freaks in the bosom of his domestic circle.

We should not wonder if the incident arose out of some little joke upon the sugar question, when the Ex-Premier would naturally congratulate himself on the fact that sugar, in a political point of view, need cause him no further uneasiness. We can fancy his saying playfully, "Thus do I trample it under my foot!" and skipping briskly on to the edge, as we have seen the clown at FRANCONI's walk along the tops of the champagne bottles. When he next attempts a gambol of this kind, we recommend him to try an earthenware pan, on the rim of which he might perch without fear of its breaking under him.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

We noticed a shower of black rain two numbers back. This has been followed in the north by a shower of red. It seems that the "inky clouds" can pour down any coloured ink they please. The next shower, of course, will be blue. We are inclined to believe the Clerk of the weather is the Emperor of all the Incas. (Oh!)

THE DANIEL LAMBERTS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

We certainly did not envy the huge beasts last week at the Newcastle Agricultural Show. Imagine an unfortunate cow, twice the size of Daniel Lambert, with three chins, buried in acres of fat, scarcely able to breathe, bending under the accumulated weight of grease and glory, locked up with fifty other apoplectic animals, on a day when the heat was so intense that the legs of mutton were roasting in the butchers' shops. The farmers walked about the show in their shirt-sleeves, too glad to take off their coats, and we have no doubt the poor animals wished they could do the same. Our wonder is there was not a river of liquid tallow, as broad as the Tyne, running through the pavilion. The Southdowns alone seemed to escape the heat, but this probably was owing to their superior breeding, which enables them to rise above the ordinary we(a)ther. We noticed, with gushing drops of perspiration a poor wheezing bull, munching a bit of cake, which we thought was only adding insult to injury. We thought of the insatiable hatred and withering scorn we should feel for the monster in human form who, if we were dying of thirst on the burning sands of Arabia, offered us a pound of gingerbread or a pot of anchovy paste.

The Snubbed One.

SIR CULLING EARDLEY SMITH never alluded once at Edinburgh to the British Lion. This neglect from one, who, on every former occasion, clung to the Lion's mane, and pinched his tail to make him roar, met with its due reward. SIR CULLING was thrown out. Yet we cannot help thinking, if he had thrown himself boldly on the British Lion, he would have been brought in. If SIR C. EARDLEY SMITH had only let the British Lion loose, we are sure he would have carried everything before him.



POLITICAL ECONOMY ; OR, LORD JOHN IN PEEL'S CLOTHES.

THE QUEEN (*log.*)—"WELL ! IT IS NOT THE BEST FIT IN THE WORLD, BUT WE'LL SEE HOW HE GOES ON !"

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAP. XXL—ARE THERE ANY WHIG SNOBS?



ORTUNATELY this is going to be quite a little chapter. I am not going, like THOMAS of Finsbury, to put ugly questions to Government, or obstruct in any way the march of the Great Liberal Administration. The best thing we can do is not to ask questions at all, but to trust the Whigs implicitly, and rely on their superior wisdom. They are wiser than we are. A kind Providence ordained that they should govern us, and endowed them with universal knowledge. Other people change their opinions. They never do. For instance, PEELE avows that his opinions on the Corn Laws have gone right round—the Whigs have never changed; they have always held the Free-Trade doctrines; they have always been wise and perfect. We didn't know it: but it's the fact—LORD JOHN says so. And the great Whig chiefs go down to their constituents, and congratulate themselves and the world that Commercial Freedom is the law of the Empire, and bless Heaven for creating Whigs to expound this great truth to the world. Free Trade! Heaven bless you! the Whigs invented Free Trade—and everything else that ever *has* been invented. Some day or other—when the Irish Church goes by the board; when, perhaps, the State Church follows it; when Household Suffrage becomes an acknowledged truth; when Education actually does become National; when even the Five Points of THOMAS of Finsbury come to be visible to the naked eye—you will see the Whigs always *were* advocates for Household Suffrage; that *they* invented National Education; that *they* were the boys who settled the Church Question; and that they had themselves originated the Five Points, of which FEARGUS O'CONNOR was trying to take the credit. Where there's Perfection there can't be Snobbishness. The Whigs have known and done—know and do—will know and do everything.

And again, you can't expect reasonably to find many Snobs among them. There are so few of them. A fellow who writes a book about the Aristocracy of England, and calls himself HAMPDEN, Junior, (and who is as much like JOHN HAMPDEN as *Mr. Punch* is like the APOLLO BELVIDERE), enumerates a whole host of trades, and names of Englishmen who have been successful in them; and finds that the aristocracy has produced—no good tin-men, let us say, or lawyers, or tailors, or artists, or divines, or dancers on the tight-rope, or persons of other callings; whereas, out of THE PEOPLE have sprung numbers more or less who have distinguished themselves in the above professions. The inference of which is, that the aristocracy is the inferior, the people the superior race. This is rather hard of HAMPDEN, Junior, and not quite a fair argument against the infamous and idiotic aristocracy; for it is manifest that a Lord cannot play upon the fiddle, or paint pictures by a natural gift and without practice; that men adopt professions in order to live, and if they have large and comfortable means of livelihood are, not uncommonly, idle. The sham HAMPDEN, I say, does not consider that their lordships have no call to take upon themselves the exercise of the above-named professions; and above all, omits to mention that the people are as forty thousand to one to the nobility; and hence, that the latter could hardly be expected to produce so many distinguished characters as are to be found in the ranks of the former.

In like manner (I am willing to confess the above illustration is confoundedly long, but in a work on Snobs, a RADICAL SNOB may have a passing word as well as another), I say, there can't be many Snobs among Whigs; there are so very few Whigs among men.

I take it, there are not above one hundred real downright live Whigs in the world—some five-and-twenty, we will say, holding office; the remainder ready to take it. You can't expect to find many of the sort for which we are seeking in such a small company. How rare it is to meet a real acknowledged Whig! Do you know one? Do you know what it is to be a Whig? I can understand a man being anxious for this measure or that, wishing to do away with the sugar duties, or the corn duties, or the Jewish disabilities, or what you will; but in that case, if PEELE will do my business and get rid of the nuisance for me, he answers my purpose just as well as anybody else with any other name. I want my house set in order, my room

made clean; I do not make particular inquiries about the broom and the dust-pan.

To be a Whig you must be a reformer—as much or little of this as you like—and something more. You must believe not only that the Corn-Laws must be repealed, but that the Whigs must be in office; not only that Ireland must be tranquil, but that the Whigs must be in Downing Street: if the people will have reforms, why of course you can't help it; but remember, the Whigs are to have the credit. I believe that the world is the Whigs, and that everything they give us is a blessing. When LORD JOHN the other day blessed the people at Guildhall, and told us all how the Whigs had got the Corn-Bill for us, I declare I think we both believed it. It wasn't COBDEN and VILLIERS and the people that got it—it was the Whigs, somehow, that *ostroyed* the measure to us.

They *are* our superiors, and that's the fact. There is what THOMAS of Finsbury almost blasphemously called "*A Whig Dodge*,"—and beats all other dodges. I'm not a Whig myself, (perhaps it is as unnecessary to say so, as to say I am not KING PIPPIN in a golden coach, or KING HUDSON, or MISS BURDETT COURTS,) I'm not a Whig; but, Oh, how I should like to be one!

Extraordinary Confession.

WE now and then hear instances of people going and giving themselves in charge for some great crime or other which they have never committed; but this kind of self-accusation is frequently the result of dining out, and the conscience gets cleared by a bottle of soda water and an appearance before a magistrate. It is seldom, however, that we find a person issuing printed placards in which he announces himself to have been guilty of some offence, of which he is completely innocent. An auctioneer's posting bill from Gravesend, however, commences in the following startling manner:—

"SALE BY AUCTION.

No. 4, EDWIN STREET, GRAVESEND, the very House where the

MAIL BAGS

WERE SEQUESTERED WHEN

THE GRAVESEND POST-OFFICE

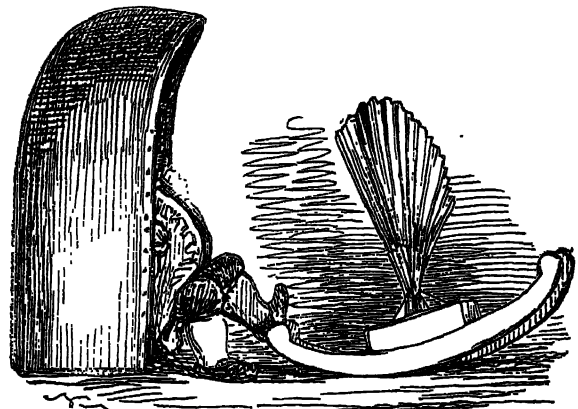
WAS ROBBED, BY

MR. EVERSFIELD,

On MONDAY, JULY 13th, 1846. &c. &c."

Fortunately for this gentleman, it is a notorious fact that he did not rob the Gravesend Post-office on the day he alleges himself to have done so, for the establishment was not robbed at all on that day, nor has there been any robbery except one, for which the real delinquent has already been tried and sentenced to transportation. It is, we presume, with the view of attracting public attention to the sale that the auctioneer has announced himself to be the robber of the Gravesend Post-office, a charge for which there is no foundation whatever. We think this is going a little too far in zeal for his employers, and we recommend MR. EVERSFIELD not to venture too far in this style of puffing, which, if it should happen to be taken literally by those unacquainted with the respectability of his character, might do him serious injury.

THE ROCKING FAN.—A COOL CONTRIVANCE.





Boy. "MR. PESTLE'S OUT OF TOWN, MEM. CAN I GIVE YOU ANY ADVICE?"

WORK FOR WARNER.

As the great stumbling-stock to the trial of CAPTAIN WARNER'S Long Range is the expense connected with the destruction of a man-of-war, we beg leave to propose certain subjects, the demolition of which would be hailed as an immense boon to the community. There is that fine old specimen of craziness, Westminster Bridge; we are sure old Father Thames would be unspeakably grateful for having such a load taken off his bosom, and no one would be dissatisfied excepting a few watermen who officiate, as cockney Charons, in ferrying over the timid souls who prefer, in crossing the river, the safety of a wager-boat to the danger of a bridge. There is also Battersea Bridge, and its worthy brother Putney, both of whom, if tried by their piers, would have been condemned long ago. It is time that their knells were tolled. Let CAPTAIN WARNER have a "shy" at these nuisances, and if he succeed in knocking down any one of them, his "Long Range" should be immediately bought up by the Commissioners for the Improvement of the Metropolis. Such a besom has long been wanted to sweep the metropolis clean of its many unsightly obstructions. When it had nothing better to do, it might have a gentle brush at Temple Bar.

The Poetry of Steam.

"MR. PUNCH,

"SIR,—Being a stoker, it is natural I should feel enthusiastic on the subject of steam. It appears to me, Sir, that MR. WORDSWORTH makes a great mistake when he talks of steamers and railways as—

'Motions and means on land and sea, at war
With old poetic feeling.'

For my own part, I think there's a deal more poetry in steam-engines than in anything else, except men and women. I have tried my hand at a description of the Seven Ages of Steam, after SHAKESPEARE, and venture to send it to you to show the world and my brother stokers that there is some poetry about us.

"Yours respectfully, JOHN COKE."

"The world's ruled by steam,
And all the men and women are its subjects:
It guides their movements and their whereabouts;
And this steam, in its time, plays many parts,
Its acts being Seven Ages. At first, the kettle,
Hissing and sputtering on a kitchen hob,
And then NEWCOMEN'S engine, to its piston,
By atmospheric pressure, giving force
Imperfectly to pump: Then WARR'S condenser,
More economic, with its stuffing-box
And double-acting movement: Then a steam-boat,

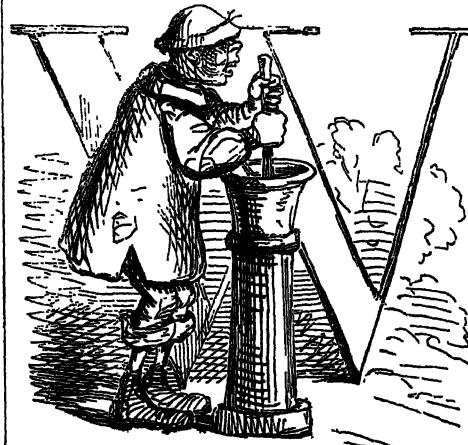
Full of strange smells, and cramm'd like NOAH'S ark,
(It, on high pressure, sudden and quick to explode,)
Raising up FULTON'S reputation
In everybody's mouth: Then the steam-horse,
By STEPHENSON devised, on Wall's-End fed,
With boiler grimed and—wheels of clumsy cut,
Spurning brass knobs and copper ornaments—
And so he plays his part: The Sixth Age shifts
Into the war of broad and narrow gauge;
BRUNEL on one, HUDSON on t'other side—
Their several lines stretching a world too wide
For the Committee's and Steam's manly voice
That, in the kettle's childish treble piped,
Now whistles o'er the world: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is general brotherhood, and mere oblivion
Of troops, of wars, of blood, and all such things."

THE LEGAL MAELSTRÖM.

THIS dangerous eddy is situated in the vicinity of Lincoln's Inn Fields. There is, perhaps, no vortex in the world so certainly destructive to everything that may come near it; nor is there any shoal or quicksand that can rival it in fatal celebrity. Scylla and Charybdis are mere mill-pools compared to it; the Goodwin Sands may have swallowed up one estate, but this has gulped down thousands. The moment any description of property gets within its reach, it may be regarded as irrecoverably lost. The owner, if he is wise, will instantly give himself up for bankrupt, and prepare to meet his doom. When first entangled, he is heard to utter cries of distress, which gradually increase as he gets nearer and nearer to the gulf about to swallow him. At length, on the brink of this horrible end, maddened by despair, the frantic wretch often commits suicide.

Will it be believed, it is in the power of the Legislature to do away with this frightful whirlpool, and yet the thing is not done? The obstacle to its accomplishment lies with certain legal fishermen, the principal of whom are termed Law Lords, who derive a booty from the wrecks occasioned by the abyss. This Maelström is commonly called the Court of Chancery, and its abolition now rests with LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

FUDGE FOR THE FARMER.



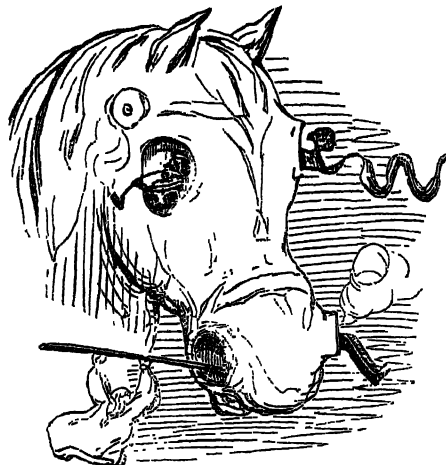
ORTHY MEASTER
PUNCH,— "ZUR,—
'Tother day I zee in
the Newspeepers a
'count of a meetun
at Newcastle on
Tyne of the Royal
Agricultural Soci-
ety. Well, thof I
doubts whether there
be any way so good
as the old un, I be
glad to see volks set
to work a cultivatun
the soil so as to make
as much as they can
grow upon 't. It
shows, don't it zur,
that they dwoant
think 'tis all up wi'
the farmer yet, spite
o' the passun o' the

Corn Bill? But I must say I wur zummum took aback to read about all the noo implements for farmun as was show'd there;—Nar-weegun Harrers, Hay-hand-makers, Patent Haxuls, and I dwoant know what;—drat me if I can spell haaf the neams on 'em. If I warn't tole-rable sartain as not one quarter on 'em ood aanser, I should be a most afeard they'd drive labourers out of employ. They do seem, dwoant they now, contrivances for throwun Christians out o' work? But there—I spose 'twill all be right in the end. Howsomdever, there was two bits o' machinery as I couldn't for the life o' me help laafun at the notion on. One on 'em was CROSKILL'S Clod-crusher, 'tother was a Corn-crusher, belongun to MR. J. PARKER. Tell 'ee what, Measter Punch; if you wants to zee a clod-crusher, or a corn-crusher, zummum like, you just come down to my farm in Hampshur. Take aer a one o' my carters, and if you dwoant say that the best clod-crushers or corn-crushers either be their boots, never you trust

"SIMON HODGSKINS."

"P.S. I wish I'd a thought on't. I'd a zent a pair o' them boots up to Newcastle. Blest if I dwoant think they'd ha' carried off the prize!"

REFLECTIONS ON THE DUKE'S STATUE.



We have heard a great deal of the new equestrian statue at Hyde Park, and if all the accounts of the interior be correct, it will certainly beat all the other statues hollow. It seems that small dinner parties have been given inside the horse. If this is true, it may be the intention of the Duke to hold the Waterloo Banquets, for the future, inside his own statue.

We think, however, if these entertainments for man and beast are repeated, it may be as well to give

the public notice, or else the patriotic passer-by, sniffing up the smoke as it issues in savoury curls from the nostrils of the horse, may go home (as most Englishmen are led by the nose) with the notion that the statue is fed upon venison and turtle: such a conclusion, at a time when there is an increase of £7,000,000 in the expenditure of the country, might lead to dangerous results.

But we think the great room there is inside for improvement might be turned to considerable advantage. Why not let out the statue in lodgings? We are positive the following advertisement would bring a thousand applications.—

TO BE LET. A Comfortable Room in the Hind-Leg of the Equestrian Statue of the Duke. A suite of rooms may also be had, extending from the right shoulder to the left hip. The situation is exceedingly airy, the prospect delightful, commanding a splendid view of Hyde Park and Lord FRANCIS EGERTON'S bed-room, and the ventilation perfect, as the eyes and ears of the horse are kept wide open all day. The lodging can be reached at all hours of the day by means of a ladder. The Duke's head still vacant.

There should be a proviso in the letting, that no Frenchman was to be a tenant—or else some vindictive Bonapartist might get on the weak side of the Duke, and do him bodily injury.

We would not mind living in the Duke's heart ourselves, if we thought there was any room for us, but we know too well that every corner of it is occupied by his country. We only wish the lease was for 999 years.

PUNCH'S FABLES AND APOLOGUES.

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG POLITICIANS.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENI.

(Dedicated to Sir Robert Peel and Richard Cobden.)

THERE was once an old Fish-er-man call-ed ROB-ERT. He went out to fish, and cast his net in-to the sea. And when he drew up his net, he found it ve-ry hea-vy. "Al-lah pre-serve us," said ROB-ERT, "what can be in my net that it is so hea-vy?" So he pull-ed and pull-ed, and at last got his net upon the shore, and found in it a dead Don-key. And the Don-key's name was burnt on the Donkey's side, and the name was "PRO-TEC-TION." Then ROB-ERT turn-ed the dead Don-key o-ver ma-n-y times, to see what he could do with it. At last, "Out upon it," said he, "and up-on my ill-luck! What good can be done with a dead don-key? I will try an-o-ther cast." So he threw the dead don-key back into the sea, and let down his net a-gain. And as he pull-ed it up he found it ve-ry hea-vy, and he thought he had got some large fish. And when he drew the net on land he found in it an old pot, on which was punch-ed "Fixed Duty," but the pot was full of holes, and would not hold wa-ter.

Then he curs-ed his ill-luck once more, and said, "I will make one more tri-al, and if I get no fish I will not try a-gain to-day." So he threw the old pot in-to the sea, and let down his net again. And, as he pull-ed it up, he found it much more hea-vy than e-ver, and he said, "I flat-ter my-self this is a large fish." And when he drew the net on land, he found in it a ves-sel of bronze with a seal on the mouth, on which was writ-ten "Re-stric-tion," and on the ves-sel was the word "League." And he heard a voice from the in-side of the ves-sel, which said, "Take off the seal." And he took it off a ve-ry lit-tle way, and there came a thick smoke out of the bot-tle, and it grew and grew, till it rose up to

the skies, and it was like a great gi-ant. And its eyes were like flame, and its limbs like the cranks and pis-tons of steam en-gines, and on its right hand was writ-ten "Peace," and on its left hand "Know-ledge." And ROB-ERT fell on his knees, and said, "O migh-ty Gi-ant! who art thou, and what wouldst thou have?"

Then the Gi-ant said, "I am a great pow-er, and I have been for a great ma-n-y years, con-fined by that seal, which thou hast re-moved, and for this thou shalt be great and hap-py." So when ROB-ERT heard this, he was very glad; but he could not un-der-stand how so huge a Gi-ant could come out of so lit-tle a ves-sel. So he said to the Gi-ant, "I can-not be-lieve that so large a bo-dy could come out of so small a place." Then the Gi-ant said, "Will you be-lieve it, if I go back a-gain, for while the seal is off, I do not care for go-ing back in-to the ves-sel?" And then the Gi-ant grew less and less, and went by de-grees into the ves-sel un-till he was quite out of sight. And then he said to ROB-ERT, "Throw the seal in-to the sea, take the ves-sel, and keep it by thee al-ways, and thou wilt be good and hap-py, and all men will love thee." And ROB-ERT threw the seal into the sea, took the ves-sel, and did as the Gi-ant bade him, and he lived long and hap-py, and brought great good and much mo-ney to all his fa-mi-ly and all the coun-try round a-bout.

ANOTHER BLOW AT THE DRAMA.

In the *Times's* Supplement of the 13th, was the subjoined audacious advertisement:—

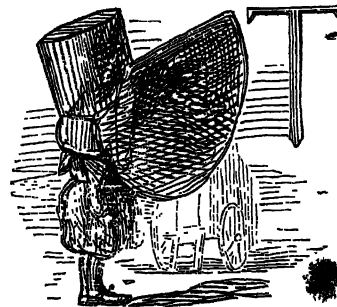
TO PERSONS KNOWING FRENCH.—A theatrical country manager offers a SITUATION to any person capable of translating those French pieces that appear at the London theatres for his own establishment; and further, to join with that duty the office of Prompter. Terms £3 per week all the year round. No member of the Dramatic Authors' Society will be treated with. Apply by letter, post-paid, to X. Y. Z., at Mr. F——'s, theatrical printer, M—— Street, B——.

This, it is plain, is a mortal blow aimed at the best interests of the drama. Consider it, enthusiastic patron of the stage; if, as certain tailors "keep a poet," every country Manager employs his own translator, doubling him with prompter, messenger, or private knife-cleaner—what is to become of a large, a useful, and most industrious body of men, at the present time occupied upon their own account as go-betweens to the French and London play-houses? We consider the above advertisement to be malignant and mischievous, and call upon every translator (if the call be not unnecessary) to be "up and doing."

Prizes at the Agricultural Show.

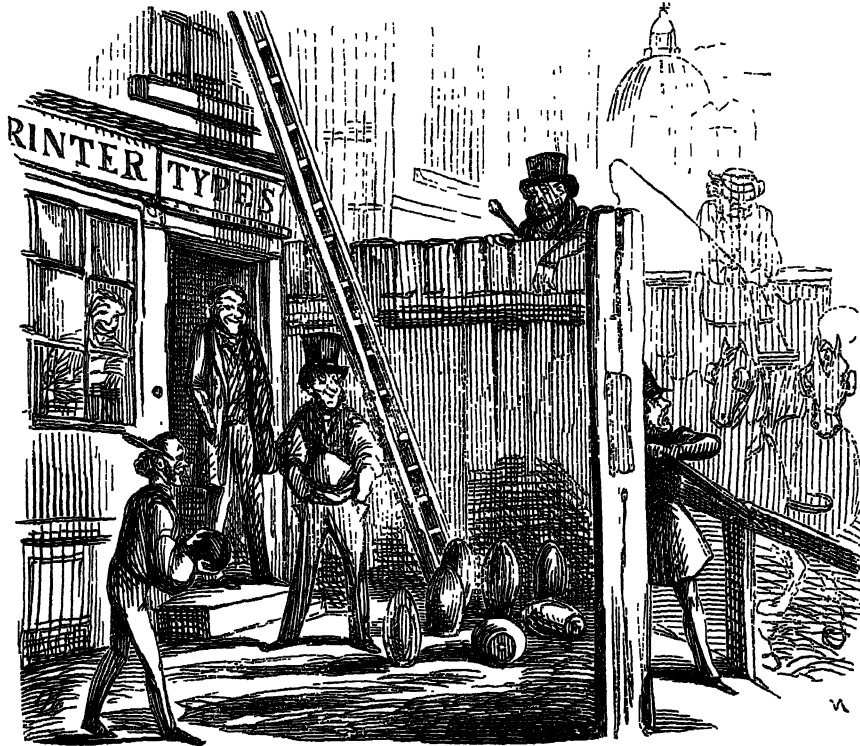
PRIZES were given to SIR ROBERT PEEL, for a new corn-crushing machine, in the shape of a bill; to MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE, for a new style of chaffing; to MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL, for the best set of tools, for draining a poor soil; to PRINCE ALBERT, for an improved tile for drills; to LORD BROUGHAM and LORD LYNDBURST, for a short process of cutting wool; to MR. HUME, for a machine for paring in all seasons; and to SIR CULLING EARDLEY SMITH, for the best machine for bolting.

HOW TO TELL THE AGE OF A LADY.



THE age of a lady could be ascer-tained a short time ago by the number of founces she wore on her dress. Thus, if not more than twenty, she had only two founces; if above thirty, she had three founces; if she had passed the woman's rubicon—forty, then she displayed four deep founces; and so on, adding an additional founce for every ten years. Since this scale of measurement, however, has become generally known, the preposterous fashion of having the dress all founces, running from the pavement up to the waist, has been gradually going out. It is a rare thing now to meet a lady whose dress displays more than one founce. We even saw a lady at Kensington Gardens, the last band day, whose *mousseline* had no founce at all, which we thought was carrying the female propensity of concealing age to too great an absurdity; but on peeping under her bonnet we saw at once the difficulty she must have laboured under, for she certainly looked as if—like SHAKESPEARE—she was of no time, but belonged to all ages.

FLEET STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.



CONSIDERABLE inconvenience is every now and then occasioned by the erection of a boarding in Fleet Street, in front of some house where nothing appears to be going on in the way of repairs; and our curiosity has naturally been excited to know what on earth has been going on within the inclosure. By the aid of the barrier and our own energy we succeeded in scrambling up the sides of the railing a day or two ago, and witnessed a most extraordinary scene; which, had not our artist come to our aid, we should have been utterly unable to give a description of. The inclosure, cut off from the thoroughfare, to the obstruction of the carriage-way and the utter absorption of the foot-path, was being devoted to a quiet game at skittles, in which the shopman was engaged, while the good-humoured proprietor was looking on at the innocent pastime.

We should like to know by what law or authority these inclosures are made, and what amount of repair to a house or shop justifies the taking a large slice out of the street by way of pleasure-ground. Nothing is easier than to determine on putting in a new square of glass, or doing some trifling piece of work to the front of a house, and instantly to make the repair the pretext for running up a hoarding to secure a vacant space for the recreation of the inmates. We are as anxious as any one for the healthy recreation of the people, but we think those who live in such thoroughfares as Fleet Street ought to take the trouble of going to Kennington Common, or some other popular place of out-of-door exercise before they think of turning the city pavements into "good dry skittle grounds."

A SCENE IN THE LORDS.

LORD BROUGHAM rose with considerable emotion to complain of a most unconstitutional, a most irregular, a most improper, and a most outrageous proceeding, with reference to the salaries of the Judges. He, LORD BROUGHAM, had found with terror, with confusion, with indignation and alarm, that those functionaries received reduced salaries by private arrangement with the Treasury. It was monstrous—it was fearful—it was dreadful—it was indecent—it was intolerable—it was unbearable; in a word, it was shameful, and he made use of every one of those epithets advisedly; nor would he, when he left that house and retired to his couch, retract one of those epithets: it was all he had described, and more than he could describe, without violating the rules of the House, that this arrangement should have been entered into.

EARL GREY admitted the fact to be as LORD BROUGHAM had stated it; but it so happened that the thing having been done when LORD BROUGHAM himself was Chancellor, it came under LORD BROUGHAM's department, and indeed LORD BROUGHAM himself was chiefly responsible for the irregularity he now complained of.

LORD BROUGHAM begged to say that he had never heard a word about it.

EARL GREY must contradict the noble lord, and repeat, that he was cognizant of the whole proceeding.

LORD BROUGHAM. Never heard a word about it.

EARL GREY was sorry to differ, but he happened to know that the noble and learned lord who now complained was a principal party to the arrangement.

LORD BROUGHAM. Pooh, pooh! It's all new to me. I never heard a word.

EARL GREY felt himself bound to adhere to his statement, that the noble and learned lord was cognizant of the proceeding.

LORD BROUGHAM thought it very irregular that he should be thus contradicted. He, LORD BROUGHAM, had said one thing, and what right had any noble lord to say the other?

EARL GREY would not have been obliged to say the other, if the one thing said by LORD BROUGHAM had been correct.

LORD BROUGHAM. Nonsense, stuff, rubbish—never heard a word about it—humbug—tomfoolery—trash—

The rest of the noble lord's remarks were inaudible in the gallery; and after a short soliloquy from LORD BROUGHAM, which proceeded while the other business of the House was going on, the subject dropped.

THE HYDE PARK CORNER CLOCK.

To the nocturnal pilgrim passing out of the Great Metropolis, the Clock over the Curds and Whey House used to be a sort of shrine—a species of minor Mecca, produced by mechanism. It was consoled to see the hour, and companionable to see the face of a friend, especially when that friend was continually extending both his hands in amiable amity. Lately, however, for some reason or other, which is of course no reason at all, the Clock has not

"Smiled as it was wont to smile,"

for it has been impossible to see its face, or recognise its figure. The Clock, which, under the influence of enlightenment, may be said to have

"Lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came,"

has latterly been exceedingly dingy after dark, and it is impossible to ascertain its meaning. For the sake, therefore, of the travellers to the "far west," we earnestly call upon the Gasman to light that Clock, in the same spirit as the Woodman was requested to spare that Tree:—

Gasman, light that Clock,
The time I cannot see;
It can't be more than twelve,
And yet it looks like three!
Its hands are all confused,
Its numbers none can trace:
Say, is that humble Clock
Ashamed to show its face?

It can't be very late:
True—I've been out to sup;
But, ho! what says the Clock?
Come, Gasman, light it up.
Say, can the mist be caused
By fumes of generous wine?
Is it three quarters past eleven,
Or is it only nine?

Is it half-after twelve,
Or six, or eight, or two?
That dismal rushlight kept inside
No good on earth can do.
When I go home to bed
I'm quite afraid to knock
If I've no notion of the hour—
So, Gasman, light that Clock.

Parliamentary Papers.

MR. HUME. To move for a return of all the policemen in plain clothes.

MR. HUDSON. To move for a return of all the Railway Directors who have left England.

LORD BROUGHAM. To move for a return of LORD LYNDBURST to the woollack.

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THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXII.—ON THE SNOB CIVILIAN.

Nothing can be more disgusting or atrocious than the exhibition of incendiary ignorance, malevolent conceit, and cowardly ill-will, which has been exhibited by the PEKINS of the public press, and a great body of Civilian Snobs in the country, towards the most beloved of our Institutions; that Institution, the health of which is always drunk after the Church at public dinners—the British Army. I myself, when I wrote a slight dissertation upon Military Snobs,—called upon to do so by a strict line of duty,—treated them with a tenderness and elegant politeness which I am given to understand was admired and appreciated in the warlike clubs, in messes, and other soldatesque societies: but to suppose that criticism should go so far as it has done during the last ten days; that every uneducated Cockney should presume to have a judgment; that civilians at taverns and clubs should cry shame; that patriots in the grocery or linen-draperies should venture to object; that even ignorant women and mothers of families, instead of superintending the tea and butter at breakfast, should read the newspapers, forsooth, and utter their shrill cries of horror at the account of the Floggings at Hounslow—to suppose, I say, that society should make such a hubbub as it has done for the last fortnight, and that perhaps at every table in England there should be a cry of indignation—this is too much—the audacity of Civilian Snobs is too great, and must be put an end to at once. I take part against the PEKINS, and am authorised to say, after a conversation with *Mr. Punch*, that that gentleman shares in my opinion that the Army must be protected.

The answer which is always to be made to the Civilian Snob when he raises objections against military punishments, promotions, purchases, or what not, is invariable.—He knows nothing about it.—How the deuce can you speculate about the army, PEKIN, who don't know the difference between a firelock and a fusee?

This point I have seen urged, with great effect, in the military papers, and most cordially agree that it is an admirable and unanswerable argument. A particular genius, a profound study, an education specially military, are requisite, before a man can judge upon so complicated a matter as the army; and these, it is manifest, few civilians can have enjoyed. But any man who has had the supreme satisfaction of making the acquaintance of Ensign and Lieutenant GRIGG, of the Guards, CAPTAIN FAMESH, of the Hottentot Buffs, or hundreds of young gentlemen of their calling, must acknowledge that the army is safe under the supervision of men like these. Their education is brilliant, their time is passed in laborious military studies; the conversation of mess-rooms is generally known to be philosophical, and the pursuits of officers to be severely scientific. So ardent in the acquisition of knowledge in youth, what must be their wisdom in old age? By the time GRIGG is a Colonel (and, to be sure, knowledge grows much more rapidly in the Guard regiments, and a young veteran may be a Colonel at five-and-twenty,) and FAMESH has reached the same rank—these are the men who are more fitted than ever for the conduct of the army; and how can any civilian know as much about it as they? These are the men whose opinions the civilians dare to impugn; and I can conceive nothing more dangerous, insolent—Snobbish, in a word—than such an opposition.

When men such as these, and the very highest authorities in the army, are of opinion that flogging is requisite for the British soldier, it is manifestly absurd of the civilian to interfere. Do you know as much about the army and the wants of the soldier, as FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE OF WELLINGTON? If the Great Captain of the Age considers flogging is one of the wants of the army, what business have you to object? You're not flogged. You are a PEKIN. To lash fellow-creatures like hounds, may be contrary to your ideas of decency, morals, and justice; to submit Christian men to punishments brutal, savage, degrading, ineffectual, may be revolting to you; but to suppose that such an eminent philanthropist as the great Captain of the Age would allow such penalties to be inflicted on the troops if they could be done away with, is absurd. A word from the Chiefs of the army, and the Cat might have taken its place as an historical weapon in the Tower, along with the boots and the thumb-screws of the Spanish Armada. But, say you, very likely the Great Captain of his Age, the DUKE OF ALVA, might have considered thumb-screws and boots just as necessary for discipline as the Cat is supposed to be now. PEKIN! Don't meddle with subjects quite beyond the sphere of your knowledge. Respect the Articles of War, and remember that the

majority of officers of the British army, from His Grace down to ENSIGN GRIGG, are of opinion that flogging can't be done away with.

You can't suppose that they are inhumane. When that wretched poor fellow was lashed to the ladder at Hounslow, and as the farriers whirled the Cat over him, not only men, but officers, it is stated, turned sick and fainted at the horrible spectacle. At every military punishment, I am told that men so drop down. Nature itself gives way, making, as it were, a dying protest against that disgusting scene of torture. Nature: yes! But the army is not a natural profession. It is out of common life altogether. Drilling—red coats, all of the same pattern, with the same number of buttons—flogging—marching with the same leg foremost—are not natural: put a bayonet into a man's hand, he would not naturally thrust it into the belly of a Frenchman: very few men, of their own natural choice, would wear, by way of hat, such a cap as COLONEL WATTS and his regiment wear every day—a muff, with a red worsted bag dangling down behind it, and a shaving-brush stuck by way of ornament in front: the whole system is something egregious—artificial. The civilian, who lives out of it, can't understand it. It is not like the other professions, which require intelligence. A man one degree removed from idiocy, with brains just sufficient to direct his powers of mischief or endurance, may make a distinguished soldier. A boy may be set over a veteran: we see it every day. A lad with a few thousand pounds may purchase a right to command which the most skilful and scientific soldier may never gain. Look at the way ENSIGN GRIGG, just come from school, touches his cap to the enormous old private who salutes him—the gladiator of five-and-twenty campaigns.

And if the condition of the officer is wonderful and anomalous, think of that of the men! There is as much social difference between ENSIGN GRIGG and the big gladiator, as there is between a gang of convicts working in the hulks and the keepers in charge of them. Hundreds of thousands of men eat, march, sleep, and are driven hither and thither in gangs all over the world—GRIGG and his clan riding by and superintending; they get the word of command to advance or fall back, and they do it: they are told to strip, and they do it; or to flog, and they do it: to murder or be murdered, and they obey—for their food and clothing, and twopence a day for beer and tobacco. For nothing more:—no hope—no ambition—no chance for old days, but Chelsea Hospital. How many of these men in time of war, when their labour is most needed and best paid, escape out of their slavery! Between the soldier and the officer there is such a gulf fixed, that to cross it is next to a miracle. There was one Mameluke escaped when MESSIAH ALI ordered the destruction of the whole troop of them; so certainly a stray officer or two may have come from the ranks, but he is a wonder. No: such an Institution as this is a mystery, which all civilians, I suppose, had best look at in silent wonder, and of which we must leave the management to its professional chiefs. Their care for their subordinates is no doubt amiable, and the gratitude of these to their superiors must be proportionably great. When the tipsy young Lieutenant of the 4th Dragoons cut at his Adjutant with a sabre, he was reprimanded and returned back to his duty, and does it, no doubt, very well: when the tipsy private struck his corporal, he was flogged, and died after the flogging. There must be a line drawn, look you, otherwise the poor private might have been forgiven too, by the Great Captain of the Age, who pardoned the gentleman-offender. There must be distinctions and differences, and mysteries which are beyond the comprehension of the civilian, and this paper is written as a warning to all such not to meddle with affairs that are quite out of their sphere.

But then there is a word, *Mr. Punch* declares, to be said to other great Commanders and Field-Marshal besides the historic Conqueror of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo. We have among us, thank Heaven! a Field-Marshal whose baton has been waved over fields of triumph the least sanguinary that ever the world has known. We have an august FAMILY FIELD-MARSHAL, so to speak, and to him we desire humbly to speak:—

"Your Royal Highness," we say,—“your Royal Highness, (who has the ear of the Head of the army,) pour into that gracious ear the supplications of a nation. Say that as a nation we entreat and implore that no English Christian man should any longer suffer the infernal torture of the Cat. Say, that we had rather lose a battle than flog a soldier; and that the courage of the Englishman will not suffer by the loss. And if your ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT will deign to listen to this petition, we venture to say, that you will be the most beloved of Field-Marshal, and that you will have rendered a greater service to the British people, and the British army, than ever was rendered by any Field-Marshal since the days of MALBROOK.”

A CASE FOR FEMALE SYMPATHY.



REALLY the Ladies should get up an agitation in favour of the QUEEN OF SPAIN. She has about twenty lovers, and is not allowed to marry one. France offers a husband whom she must not have for fear of displeasing NARVAEZ. NARVAEZ introduces a young prince whom England does not like. England sends a member of that fine matrimonial country, Coburg, where princes are taught at school to sit upon thrones, and wield sceptres; but LOUIS-PHILIPPE says "No: the Queen can't have a Bourbon, and she shan't have a Coburg." Portugal even recommends its candidate, whilst CARLOS, MIGUEL, and QUEEN CHRISTINA have each a miserable protégé, who are continually proposing to ISABELLA, and being married regularly once a week—in the newspapers. But amidst all this confusion of opposition husbands, the poor Queen is likely to die an old maid. She is not allowed to marry any one she likes, and every state is wishing her to marry some one she does not like. We propose, therefore, in order to end these differences, that there should be a royal election. Let all the princes go to the poll, and he

who gets the greatest number of votes be returned husband of the QUEEN OF SPAIN. We think, in a matter of this delicate nature, the Ladies only should vote. What an animated scene it would be! We can imagine all the placards! "Keine Bourbon." "A bas le Cobourg." "Vote for PRINCE WIDDICOMB, and a Real Moustache." "DON HENRIQUE and Spanish Liquorice." "Le Duc de Montpensier, et beaucoup de Champagne." "Le Prince des Asturies. Tous ses châteaux sont en Espagne."

The state of the Poll would be returned as follows:—

| THE FISCALIAL, 5 O'CLOCK. | |
|--------------------------------|------------|
| Prince Widdicomb of Widdicomb | 30,000,000 |
| Le Duc de Montpensier | 268,324 |
| Prinz Hermuth von Suckerwasser | 33,825 |
| Le Prince des Asturies | 110 |
| Don Henrique | 6 |

Great Triumph of the Reai Moustache!! Long live King Widdicomb!!!

Seriously, we hope some scheme will yet be devised to put an end to these petty squabbles about choosing a husband. One would really think that the QUEEN had no voice in the matter. Considering she is the party the most interested, she ought to be allowed to do as she likes! Ladies, rally round the QUEEN OF SPAIN, and assert your rights!

THINGS WHICH REQUIRE TO BE "PUT DOWN."

A NUMBER of Ladies have written a round-robin to SIR PETER LAURIE, begging of him, since he has a reputation for "putting down" everything, to have the kindness to save their bonnets and their complexion by "putting down" the dust.

The brewers, omnibus-men, and private coachmen have written a memorial to the same indefatigable magistrate, praying that at his earliest leisure he will "put down" the pavement in Holborn, which they complain has been up ever since the recollection of the oldest hackney-coachman.

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have written to SIR PETER LAURIE, saying they only want £1,500,000 to complete their Biographical Dictionary. If SIR PETER will "put down" this sum, the Society will be very much obliged to him.

Lastly, if SIR PETER LAURIE will try his hand upon the Trafalgar Fountains, Westminster Bridge, the wind at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, the advertising carts, and other nuisances, and put them all down, we will willingly confess, on the part of ourselves and the nation, that he is really the greatest Putter Down the world ever knew.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE report is at the music-sellers' that ROSSINI is about to write a new opera. We understand it is a companion to the "Mosè in Egyptto," to be called "Mosè in Minori," or Mossas in the Minorities.

BE CONSISTENT.

THE Protectionist gentlemen, who have suddenly become so fastidious that they will not take a cup of tea because it is sweetened with slave-grown sugar, should really carry out their fastidiousness with regard to other things. There should be a consistency in their aversions. The diamond mines are mostly worked by slaves. How would the wealthy Lords of Exeter Hall like throwing up their stars and coronets because the pearls and precious stones in them are worked by slaves? We wonder, also, they do not throw up all their silver and gold, since they are indebted to the labour of slaves for every sovereign and every sixpence they have. We propose the following amendment to LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, the next time the Currency Bill is discussed:—

That as the use of gold and silver only encourages the labour of slaves, that the circulation of the country be for the future restricted to bank notes and penny-pieces only, which are the produce of English copper, and the result of British labour.

SLAVES IN SMOCK FROCKS.

'MEASTER PUNCH,

"Plaze Zur, I zee my likeness, or zomebody else's, the imidge o' me, draad 'tother day in your peeper, a poundun zummit in a doctor's pessul and martur. I be glad to vind you teaks zum account o' we poor country fellers, and if you'll only goo on draaun true picturs on us, I'll warrand you'll do's good. In the mane time, Zur, I'll meak so hold as to ax'ee for a word of advice; hopun you wun't be 'fended at the liberty I be a takun of. I be a varmer's labourer. My'wagis is in generl zevn shilluns a wake; zumtimes I med git aight or nine; but precious seldum. I've got a wife—moor fool I—and a kit o' children, wuss luck! What we lives upon is mostly taters and zalt. We han't had a taste o' bhaacon for I dwoant know how long, nor a drap o' beer since last harvust whooam. We bides in a crazy ramshackle consarn of a cottidge, nare a mossle better than a cowus—nit so good. How much longer we can keep out o' the Union is moor than I can tell; it must come to that, I spose, in the end. This here's a dull look out, Measter PUNCH, baint it? Now, I've heerd a good deal o' late 'bout nigger slavery; what a sin and a shcam 'tis, and how the poor slaves be to be pitied. Here's a lot o' fellers, wi' LARD BROUGHAM at the head on 'em, as wun't buy their sugar cheap, nor, what's wuss, let me buy mine cheap neither; all 'cause they shouldn't encouridge the slave trade.

"What there is in a nigger to meak 'em take sitch a fancy to 'un, I dwoant know. I only wishes as how I was one; 'cause then praps they'd take a fancy to me. Thof I be white, baint I a man and a brother too? What I wants your opin-yun about, Zur, is this here. Dwoant'ee think, now, if I was to black my veace, and goo hollern and bawln my greevunces about street, I should stand moor chance o' beun 'tended to? Or d'ye think I'd better bide as I be, and git zum o' they good gennulmun as calls themselves Poor Man's Friends to make a stir agin White Siavery. I wish, Measter PUNCH, you'd spake to zum on 'em vor me; your favourat, BEN DISRALY, for instunce. Couldn't 'ee persuaid un to spoort a broad-brim'd hat, and a quoa't wi' a square taail, to gie un the cut o' the jib of a sart o' pantiler like, so as to git the Exeter Hall folks to listen to un? Thof 'twould make un look a bit of a Gy, that are ood be just the trim for un to spake a good word in, for

"Your obajunt Zarvunt,
"MATHER WAX."

AN AGREABLE SURPRISE.

WE were perfectly astounded with our last Number. We read it over most carefully, and did not find a single allusion to Trafalgar Square.



FANCY GOES A GREAT WAY.



"OH! HE'S AN 'ANSUM DOG, BUT HE AIN'T ARF SO 'ANSUM AS HIS BROTHER WERE."

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

LOTTERIES. These have been abolished by Act of Parliament, and marriage is now the only lottery that the law allows. Lotteries still prevail at Ramsgate and some other watering-places, by means of an instrument called a Wheel of Fortune; but these do not come under the head of games of chance, being, in fact, games of certainty, in which the public must be losers. Life is sometimes called a lottery; and there are some persons whose existence is a mere blank, while others aim at the great prizes by trying to secure number one, though it often turns out to be the wrong number at last, and nothing is gained in the end by too much selfishness.

MACHINERY. This word has been defined by lexicographers to mean any complicated work in which one part contributes to the motion of another. This will not apply to the machinery of an Act of Parliament, in which the complicated parts, instead of contributing to the motion of the others, often make the whole thing impracticable. Man is sometimes called a machine, and a coach-horse is frequently described as a valuable machiner; from which it must be inferred that the brute is considered well adapted to draw a bathing-machine at a watering-place.

MAGISTRATE—from the word *Magister*, a master. The term Justice used formerly to be applied, but Justice having become obsolete among many functionaries of this class, they have got the name of Magistrates. The distinction appears to be, that while JUSTICE is said to be blind, preventing her from seeing any difference of persons, a Magistrate has both eyes open, or is, vulgarly speaking, wide awake to all the varieties of rank and station.

A CONSCIENTIOUS CANARY.

THERE is a Canary in the possession of an old woman at Goodwood which will not touch a bit of Sugar that is not grown in the British colonies. Nothing will induce it to taste the most refined Muscovado that is the produce of slave-labour. This wonderful little Canary is to be exhibited shortly at Exeter Hall.

TESTIMONIAL TO BARON NATHAN.

WE are always delighted to hear of the success of those to whom we have given encouragement, and it is, therefore, with pride we have learnt that a scarf has been presented to BARON NATHAN, by the inhabitants of Rosherville. As the inhabitants consist of the landlord of the gardens and his family, the contributors to the testimonial are not numerous; but the scarf, a rich remnant of blue satin, a yard and a-half long by fourteen inches wide, is worthy of the illustrious recipient.

The presentation took place on a gala-night, when a fair maiden,

clad in India's delicate muslin, and wearing shoes of the finest satin of Denmark, tripped forth with lightsome step, and, as the Baron fell upon one knee, threw the dazzling sky-blue "remnant" over his neck and on his shoulders. NATHAN, overcome with emotion, felt the tear of sentiment trickle down his manly nose; and, in a voice suffocated with his pocket-handkerchief, he uttered a few incoherent sentences. He was understood to express a hope, that when he looked upon that blue scarf, he might think of the blue eyes of the fair creature who had done him the honour of putting it round his neck, and he hoped it would prove a tie—not an opera tie (*laughter and cheers*)—between himself and those around him. After adding that this was the happiest moment—but six—of his existence, he announced that the night of his benefit had been fixed, and that in lieu of the celebrated *pas des œufs*, or egg polka, he had danced on previous occasions, he should come out in a grand bolero among a recently-hatched brood, being his first appearance as the donkey among the chickens. The announcement was received with thunders of applause, and some printed verses were handed about the room; but as we forget their purport, we present the following as a substitute:—

Illustrious NATHAN! thou whose rapid leg
Whirls innocent above the fragile egg;
Who seems supported on an eagle's wings,
Whilst hovering o'er a set of breakfast things—
Accept this scarf, and may it ever prove
A tender type of Roshervillian love.

THE LITERATURE OF TEA.

WE have received an extremely friendly circular from a dealer, on the subject of Tea; in which we are amiably assisted in our selection, by little hints that such a tea is "a grateful tea," another "a matured tea," and a third "a tea possessed of great virtues." We admire gratitude wherever it is to be found, and "a grateful tea" must be a very desirable sort of thing to cultivate. "A matured tea" cannot be such an intrinsically meritorious tea; for "maturity" is a merely physical accident, dependent on longevity. By the way, we are a little amused at the endless degrees of comparison which the relative merits of teas will admit of; for while we are referred to best tea at 3s. 4d., we are led on to a superior at 3s. 8d., a very superior beyond that at 4s. 3d., and a tea in the highest perfection at 6s. 6d.

Specimens of British Industry.



OR a fortnight ago IBRAHIM PACHA took a quantity of live stock and English goods out with him to Egypt. The following articles, however, were not mentioned in the list. We hasten to repair the slight that has been cast upon every one of them. He has taken with him the bill he paid at Mr. VART'S Hotel; this is to be shown to his father, as an instance of English hospitality, and is to be framed, and hung up in the PACHA'S palace, at Alexandria.

He has likewise a prize-bull. He has the portraits of the most popular dancers of the day, to give his countrymen an idea of the far-famed SHAKSPEARIAN drama. He carries out with him a few bottles of Ginger Beer and Bass' Pale Ale, as specimens of the wines of the country. He has a recipe for making sherry cobbler, and a number of straws for teaching Young Egypt to suck the same. He has the diet table of a Poor-Law Union, to convince his father of the little an Englishman can live upon. He has a penknife with a hundred blades in it; a sheet of paper "which makes fifty different objects, not two of which resemble one another;" all the portraits of PRINCE ALBERT, which the PACHA imagines to be the portraits of a hundred different individuals; a cat-o'-nine tails, kindly presented to him by one of the authorities at the Horse Guards, to be introduced into the Egyptian army; a bottle of London fog, and London milk, hermetically sealed; a pair of stays, and a few volumes of LORD BROUGHAM'S Natural Philosophy, which are to be exhibited in the Alexandrian Museum, as specimens of the torture and literature a country will endure. We should not at all wonder if the PACHA does not open, with these curiosities, an English collection at Alexandria, similar to the Chinese Collection we have here. We would promise to furnish him with the remaining articles he would want to give his countrymen a reverential idea of our high state of civilisation. Mr. PETER BORTFIEWICK and LORD GEORGE BENTINCK might be sent over as natives, to attend the exhibition.

RATHER ALARMING.



Lady. "You wished, Sir, I believe, to see me respecting the state of my daughter's affections with a view to a matrimonial alliance with that young lady. If you will walk into the library, my husband and I will discuss the subject with you."

Young Corydon. "Oh, gracious!!!"

COSTUMES FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

We understand that it is in contemplation to provide, at all the stations on the Eastern Counties Railway, a dress adapted for travellers along this celebrated line, by which they will be secured from the chances of injury by the collisions that are continually happening.

Considering that padding is not unfrequently resorted to, for the purpose of improving the figure, it would, we think, be quite reasonable to extend the fashion to the purpose of protecting the limbs as well as adding to their symmetry. We are sure that if a good pair of false calves for the Eastern Counties could be got up at a reasonable price, there would be a very great demand for the article, among those who risk their legs whenever they set their foot in a carriage on the line alluded to. The public would have no objection to a slight addition to the fares, for the purpose of insuring something like protection against accident.

The tariff of the Company might be so varied as to allow of the "first class, with paddings" being available at a small extra cost; while the "second class, with calves," could be something lower; and for the benefit of the humbler passengers, the third class might be charged sixpence extra "with knee-caps."



SAFETY DRESS FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

ADVERTISING MANIA.
They are covering all the bridges now with bills and placards. They will be turning the bed of the river next into a series of "four-posters."

Terrors of the Teetotalers.

THE *Daily News* states that at a meeting of a Total Abstinence Society, held the other day, at Liverpool, a resolution was adopted, deploring the increased amount of drunkenness which will probably be caused by drinking PRINCE ALBERT'S health in intoxicating beverages; and, with a view of averting this result, adopting an address to his Royal Highness. We are glad to find that the Prince is getting so popular, as the fears of the teetotalers indicate. But what his Royal Highness can do to meet their wishes, we cannot imagine. He might express a desire to be drunk in toast-and-water, perhaps, unless they should object to being drunk at all. He might take ginger-beer under his especial patronage, and transfer to it, from the trowsers honoured with his name, the title of ALBERT Mixture.

But why should PRINCE ALBERT have been singled out as affording a pretext for inebriety? Is not the QUEEN DOWAGER just as bad? Are not the rest of the Royal Family quite as dangerous—the KING OF HANOVER excepted? Ought not the teetotalers to stand in as much fear of the Army and Navy? By the by, they may as well petition the forces not to gain any more victories; which always afford an excuse for carousing. Is not the Church, with its "jolly full bottle," as alarming as the health of their Prince? But, above all, what a horror they must have of the Ladies!

THE BRITISH LION.

THE Protectionists having used the British Lion almost entirely up in his natural state, have at length been seized with the happy idea of bringing him forward in a new light, by making a black of him. The success of the Ethiopian dodge has been so great, that every provincial town has got a party of soot-smear'd melodists. The process has at last been applied to the British Lion, who has roared already till he was nearly black in the face over the downfall of the Corn Laws, without producing any effect. His patrons have therefore determined to try the effect of actual blackening, so that if the animal cannot command respect, he may at least inspire a feeling of alarm; and the British Lion has been transformed into an object familiarly known to juveniles as a "Bogy." Sugar is to be the question on which the British Lion is to come out in his new character. Every philanthropic heart will, it is expected, bound against every waistcoat at the bare idea of seeing the British Lion reduced to the condition of a zoological nigger. The noble animal brought down to the state of the black slave, is more than patriotism can bear, and the Protectionists will call upon every one to seize the British flag and wipe out the black stain from the British Lion's countenance. The trick is a bold one, but the next week or two will show whether it is to prove successful.

Secrets worth Knowing.

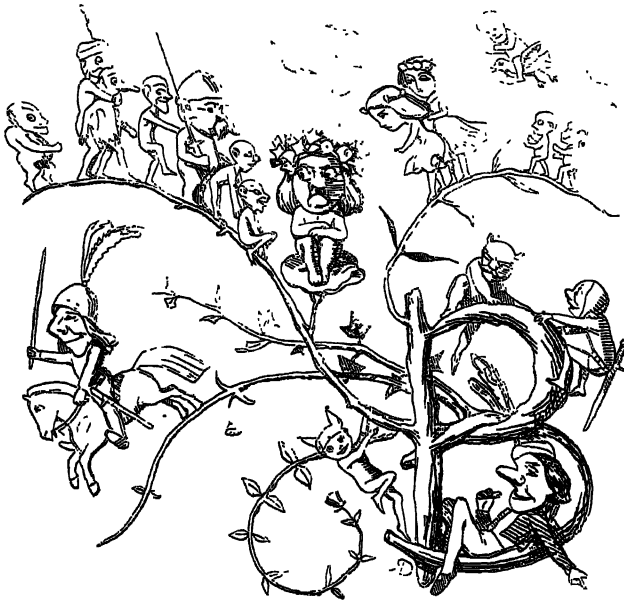
WHAT is done with the Secret Service Money? There is a trifle of 39,000*l.* voted every year for secret services. As none of this money comes into our pocket, we have a perfect right to inquire where it goes to. We recollect there was a secret department in the Post Office. Pray, have there been any prizes distributed for breaking seals;—premiums awarded to the clerks who were the best hands at steaming the "wafer?" Let the services be what they may, the nature of them cannot be very commendable, or else there would not be so much secrecy about them.



THE BRITISH LION IN A NEW CHARACTER;
Or, Protection Trying the Nigger Dodge.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER V.



Y RUMMAGING with all the earnestness and intelligence of my sex—and who, when she likes, can rummage like a woman?—I discovered, in the steward's store cabin, a crate full of life-preservers; a sufficient number to have saved the lives of the crew of what I think on the voyage I once heard called a three-decker. How they came to be forgotten in the hour of our peril, is only to be accounted for by the frequent truth, that we can rarely put our hands upon anything when we are in a hurry for it. (The reader who has ever mislaid her scissors, or any particular ball of cotton, will at once understand me.) Now, the life-preservers were exactly of the same sort as the one I found upon the beach. It immediately occurred to me, that by filling some fifty or more of them

with air, and tying them together with tight string, I might make what is called a raft, upon which I might safely deposit the trunks, the band-boxes, and other valuables. With this thought I set to work; beginning with all my power to blow up every single article. Exhausted as I had been by the terrors of the previous night, this was no easy task. But perseverance was always my motto—as it should be that of every young woman setting out in life for a husband—and though I had had but a poor breakfast, I succeeded in perfectly well blowing up every one of the articles, and then flung every one of them overboard. Recruiting myself with another horn of *eau-de-cologne* and water, and some potted anchovies, found in the captain's cupboard, I again set to work to finish my task. I descended the ship's side, and with my preserver still about my waist, with some tight string bound every piece of buoyant India-rubber close together. Returning to the ship I threw overboard a patent water-bed, which subsequently I laid upon the life-preservers, and very snug and comfortable it looked. I then moved trunk by trunk and box by box from the ship upon the raft; and who can know, who can understand, my delight, when I perceived that every box, though trusted to uncertain NEPTUNE, remained as dry as a bone! For the sea was like glass. there was not spray enough to straighten the curls of a mermaid.

Whilst thus employed, securing my own boxes, and the boxes of the other lady passengers, I cast my eyes towards the shore. The tide, I perceived, had risen, and was carrying away my gown, with all its frouces. I felt a momentary pang; but, looking at the boxes on the raft, permitted myself to be comforted. Having first secured all the articles of wearing apparel, my next thought was to provide myself with a sufficient store of food. A few sides of bacon—stowed away in the steward's cabin—half-a-dozen hams, and all the pickles and preserves, with twenty packages of Embden Groats (for how, I thought, could I bear existence without, now and then, my gruel!) were, with much pain and labour, discovered, and safely placed upon the raft. A very beautiful mahogany case of surgical instruments—the *Ramo Samee* had advertised to carry a surgeon—providentially attracted my notice. This I also secured; and happy was it that I did so.

My next thought was to secure some weapons to protect me against the bears and lions that might already be in the island, or the savages that might visit it. The captain's pistols were in his cabin; and as nobody saw me, I took them down, without even attempting to scream—which, I have no doubt, I should have done had anybody been present. A canister of powder, and a bag of shot about as big as pins' heads, next rewarded my scrutinising vigilance. I will not stay to number all the things secured, (many of them will immediately arise to the recollection of every housewife,) but state, that as I thought my raft pretty well furnished, I had nothing more to do than—as I had heard the sailors observe—shove off.

I again descended from the vessel, and was about to cut the string that secured the raft to the ship's side, when—the thought flashed upon me, and as I may say, with its brightness illuminated the very depths of my being—when I remembered that I had no looking-glass!

A woman, nursed in the lap, and dandled upon the knees of luxury, without a looking-glass! Imagine it—dwell upon it—is it possible for fate, in its worst malignity, more cruelly to punish her? When at home, with every blessing about me, I thought nothing of the chief delight, the happiness of sitting two or three hours before my mirror, trying here a patch and there a patch. Now limiting the furtive wanderings of an eyebrow—and now making pretty experiments with my hair, for all the world as they practise in Woolwich marshes—for more certain killing. I

had heard something about “painting the rose, and giving a perfume to the violet,” and every morning, for two hours at least, determined to try if it couldn't be done. I shall not, at this lapse of time, be accused of vanity when I declare that very often, as I then believed, I succeeded to a miracle.

To think of the looking-glass, and again to be on the ship's deck was, I may say, the same thing! As the poet says, “Like the darting swallow” I fled into the lady's cabin, for there, I recollected, was a large gilt-framed mirror, nailed to the wall, with lion's claws (doves, not lions, ought to support looking-glasses; for what, in her innocence, knows woman of claws?) standing upon nothing. How to detach it, for it seemed to have been nailed up by a giant! Rummaging about, I found a chisel, with which—I know not how long—I laboured. I shall never forget the various expression of my features in that looking-glass, as I worked and toiled. I looked red, and black, and angry, and savage; and still, in the very height and depth of my despair, I could not help pausing and asking if it could be possible that it was the same Miss ROBINSON reflected in the crystal, the very same that had so often “painted the rose, and perfumed the violet.” Again and again I thought I must leave the glass to the mermaids. And then the thought of breaking the glass, and at least rescuing the fragments, rose within me. And then I shuddered.

Nerved by a thimble-full of *eau de cologne*, I resumed my task. How shall I describe my emotions, when I felt the first nail yield to the chisel? My face—I caught a look of myself—seemed to go off as it were in one tremendous smile, (often as I have since practised for the same look, I never could touch it). Nail followed nail; and, not to weary the reader—for such person may be of the male sex—I folded the liberated mirror to my breast, as I released it from the wall. Had it not been a mirror I should have considered its weight quite insupportable; as it was, I felt it light—light, as somebody says who knew nothing about it—as vanity.

My next care was to place the glass upon the raft. Very thick, and very violent, were the beatings of my woman's heart as I brought the mirror over the ship's side. No words, though bright as rainbows, can paint my feelings when I saw the glass safely lowered among my other goods. I sank upon the deck, and grateful tears ran, like rain-drops on cottage casements, down my cheeks. Finally recruiting myself for my great effort—to land my goods—I descended upon the raft—it bore me beautifully; and it was not without some pride that I gazed upon my valuables, so safely stowed, my looking-glass included.

Taking an oar in my hand—I had once, in an hour of childish hilarity, rowed a boat upon a lake, somewhere near Hornsey, so was not altogether unskilful in the management of skulls—I paddled, as some one once said to me (oh, memory! and oh, fate!), “like a little duck as I was.”

I steered towards a slit—a creek, I think it's called—in the shore; to avoid the billows that, big as feather-beds, were rolling over the rocks. Then I trembled for my raft; felt cold and hot, and hot and

cold for my mirror. However, all went smoothly enough for a mile ; and the more I paddled, the greater confidence I felt in my powers. Keeping—pardon the unfeminine expression—a sharp look-out, I steered and paddled on ; but knowing nothing of flats and shoals, my raft suddenly run aground on the edge of a rock or something. I merely shifted my oar ; and, summoning all the energies of my soul, endeavoured to shove off. And I did so. But judge of my despair—think of my horror ! The raft violently moved, gave a sort of lurch : it communicated motion to one article—then to the next—then to the next—until, striking against my mirror, it sent it headlong (if I may use the word) headlong into the sea ! After this loss, consider if you can, what were my reflections !

THE HYDE-PARK CLOCK.

THIS dismal dial continues in the same state of hopeless want of enlightenment. If the clock is incapable of managing the works with which it is entrusted, let extra hands be put on immediately. It is, however, only at night that the clock shows symptoms of indisposition, for then an eruption breaks out all over the face, which exhibits such confusion that even LAVATER would be puzzled to read its expression. Who may be the illumer of this illuminated clock we do not know, but it is enough to excite our ill-humour to see the dingy condition of this once bright and happy-looking dial. It has, however, lost the smile that once shed brilliance over its countenance.

Such were our reflections as we passed by Hyde-Park-Corner a night or two ago, when our feelings naturally took the form of the following ballad :—

Oh ! smile as thou wert wont to smile
Before the London air
Had black'd thy face, and for awhile
Left only darkness there.
Some gas, perchance, 'twere best to add—
One little extra jet ;
With which—should some one wash your face—
You may be useful yet.

Oh ! do not name departed clocks,
That were as bad as you :
Though the Horse-Guard's the public mocks,
With pale and sickly hue.
Perchance, by sitting up all night,
Weary and dull you get ;
But, with a little stronger light,
You may be useful yet.

ELEVATE THE HANGMAN !

ONE of those milk-and-watery assemblages of sickly sentimentalists that are continually disgusting the manly mind and nauseating the good old school, took place the other day, at the Eastern Institution, Commercial Road. Having stigmatised them *en masse* as sickly sentimentalists, we need hardly say that their object was the abolition of capital punishment. And yet, was it not a little un sentimental to desire the cutting down of that fine old tree, the Gallows ? In the chair was Mr. BROTHERTON, M.P., who, with reference to the topic under discussion, must needs commit the extreme impropriety of quoting Scripture out of church. But we know who, as well as Mr. BROTHERTON, can cite Scripture for his purpose. Faugh ! As if the precept to love one another were at all incompatible with the practice of hanging one another ! as if the profession of Christianity were inconsistent with the profession of JACK KETCH ! Nay, as if there were any difficulty in conceiving a religious hangman.

It is high time that the Church should speak out, and formally acknowledge KETCH for her son. But how ? Could he not have an appointed place in cathedrals—a pew, for instance, under the Bishop's throne ? Might he not bear a mace, or a wand, or some other emblem of office, before the Dean ?

It would be well if, by some means, he could be chartered a gentleman to boot. Why not give him the *entrée* to public assemblies—to the Court, the Ancient Concerts, and to ALMACK'S ? Provide him—wherefore not ?—with an official box at the Opera ; and let his salary be worth the acceptance of a member of the aristocracy. Hanging must be upheld ; therefore, elevate the hangman !

WANT PLACES.—The Members of the House of Commons generally, who, in the present confused state of parties, do not know where to sit.

ONE "WHO CAN ADMINISTER TO A MIND DISEASED."



"YOU SEEM IN LOW SPIRITS, JEM ; YOU REALLY SHOULD GO INTO SOCIETY."

MINISTERIAL ANECDOTE.

(By our own Eaves-Dropper.)

THE following anecdote has reached us direct from the area of the Treasury, where our sneak has been in attendance ever since the change of ministry. We do not vouch for the authenticity of the facts alleged to have taken place ; but we think there is as much truth in the paragraph as can be expected at the price we have paid for it.

SWEETS OF OFFICE.

IT is a curious fact that the bitters of the present Government are likely to arise from that which is the source of sweetness. The other day LORDS JOHN RUSSELL and PALMERSTON were discussing the affairs of the nation over a glass of grog. Before mixing another jorum of the stimulating beverage, LORD JOHN RUSSELL called for sugar and hot water—"Ah !" said LORD PALMERSTON, "sugar and hot water, indeed ! I'm afraid we shall have enough of both before the session's over." LORD JOHN RUSSELL went on thoughtfully stirring the mixture, and at the conclusion of the operation, philosophically remarked—"See ! the sugar and the hot water have led to a Dissolution."

Taxes on Fashion.

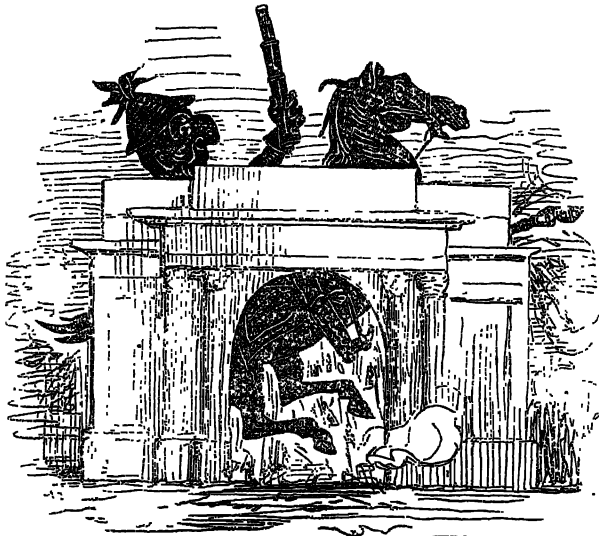
A NEWSPAPER paragraph informs us that "the Miss _____, on the eve of becoming the HONOURABLE MRS. _____, is the niece, not the daughter of LORD _____." This lovely young lady is the daughter of GENERAL _____, and is said to be as amiable as she is handsome."

If the enchanting Miss PHIPKINS is going to be married, no newspaper paragraph advertises her as a "precious duck" or congratulates Young SPOONER on the possession of such a delicious creature. If Lords and Honourables encourage these allusions to their domestic arrangements, it is all very well, and simply a matter of taste ; but if daughters, sisters, and brides are trotted out for comment on their personal appearance, without the sanction of fathers, brothers, and husbands, it must be a very painful tax on birth, to be subjected to so much impertinence. Fond as women are of admiration, we think there are very few who can like to have public attention called to their attractions in the way in which the Gentlemen of the Press are in the habit of resorting to.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.

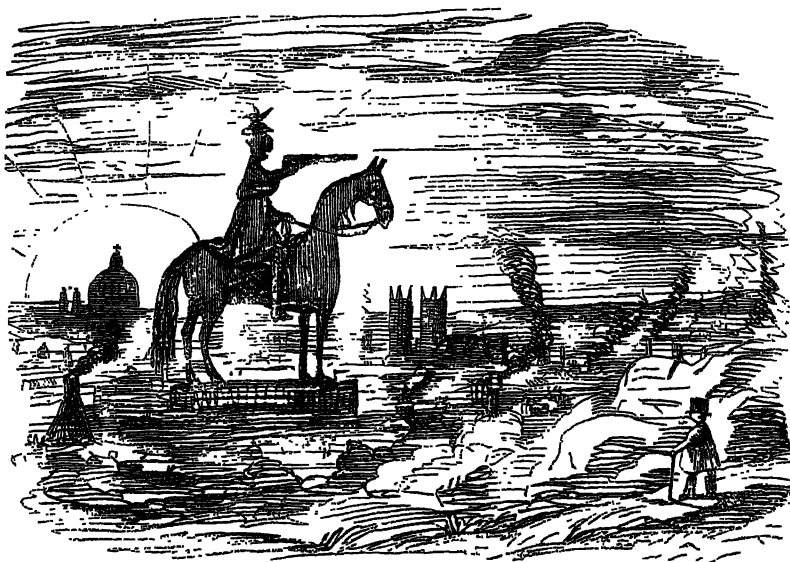
WE are not surprised at LORD GEORGE BENTINCK having come forward to make a fuss upon this subject, for there cannot be a more appropriate instrument than a spoon to make a stir in sugar.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE AND THE ARCH.



It appears from the *Times* that SIR R. INGLIS has obtained a parliamentary document relating to the erection of the colossal statue of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON on the comparatively diminutive arch at Hyde-Park-Corner. The architect, MR. BURTON, has remonstrated against the imposition of such a tremendous weight on a place that never was intended to bear anything.

It certainly seems hard that when an architect has done his best to erect an arch that shall be a monument of his abilities, some one else is permitted to spoil its effect by raising some incongruous structure on the top of it. The authorities might as well propose to put a fountain in full play on the top of GEORGE THE THIRD'S head, or stick a statue of QUEEN VICTORIA up to her knees in one of the Trafalgar basins. We have not so much that is beautiful in art in the Great Metropolis, that we can afford to disregard the old piece of advice to "let well alone;" and as the arch at Hyde-Park-Corner is a very respectable structure, it is too bad to allow the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to ride rough-shod over it.



DISTANT VIEW OF LONDON (TAKEN FROM PUTNEY HEATH).

According to the architect who built it, however,—who ought to know best—the deformity is not the worst that we have to dread from the proposed arrangement. The probability is, that the whole concern will come down with a tremendous crash, and that the Duke's horse will be found kicking and plunging about in the fearful gap his own weight will have occasioned. We seriously warn the public against passing under the arch when the statue shall be placed at the top of it. We are not very happy at mathematical calculation, but it strikes us very forcibly that as A B C is to D E F, those who are not D E F to the voice of reason must allow it to be as plain as A B C, that the arch cannot bear the weight of the statue. The effect of the colossal monster towering at night over every other object in the metropolis,

will have a fearful effect upon the inhabitants of London. We are sure that the WELLINGTON horse will prove a night-mare to all who are compelled to sleep within the capital. We say nothing about the expense of the arrangement, which will make this metallic steed the greatest charger that was ever heard of.

The New Roman Road.

ANCIENT ROMANS, ancient Romans—
 CATO, SCIPIO AFRICANUS,
 Ye whose fame's eclips'd by no man's,
 PUBLIUS EMILLIANUS,
 SYLLA, MARIUS, POMPEY, CÆSAR,
 FABIUS, dilatory teaser,
 CORIOLANUS, and ye GRACCHI,
 Who gave so many a foe a black-eye,
 ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and CRASSUS ;
 And you, ye votaries of Parnassus,
 VIRGIL, and HORACE, and TIBULLUS,
 TERENCE and JUVENAL, CATULLUS,
 MARTIAL, and all ye wits beside,
 On Pegasus expert to ride ;
 NUMA, good king, surnamed POMPILIUS,
 And TULLUS, eke 'yclept HOSTILIUS—
 Kings, Consuls, Imperators, Victors,
 Prætors, the whole world's former victors,
 Who sleep by yellow Tiber's brink ;
 Ye mighty manes—what d'ye think ?
 The POPE has sanctioned Railway Bills !
 And so the lofty Aventine,
 And your six other famous hills
 Will soon look down upon a "Line."
 Oh ! if so be that hills could turn
 Their noses up, with gesture antic,
 Thus would the seven deride and spurn
 A Roman work so unromantic :—
 "Was this the ancient Roman Way,
 With tickets taken, fares to pay,
 Stokers and Engineers, perhaps—
 Nothing more likely—English chaps
 Bawling away, 'Go on !' for *Ito* ;
 And 'Cut along !' instead of *Cito* ;
 The engine letting off its steam,
 With puff and whistle, snort and scream ;
 A smell, meanwhile, like burning clothes,
 Flouting the angry Roman nose ?
 Is it not, Conscript Fathers, shocking ?
 Does it not seem your mem'ry mocking ?
 The Roman and the Railway Station—
 What an incongruous combination !
 How odd, with no one to adore him,
 A Terminus—and in the Forum !"

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO SOLDIERS.

MEETINGS are held, and petitions presented, from time to time, against flogging in the army ; in the meanwhile, soldiers are whipped to death. The costermonger is limited in the application of the lash ; surely the commanding officer might be restrained a little. The donkey is a brute not so very much nobler than the private. Now if a costermonger were to take his donkey, tie it to a ladder nailed to a wall, and deliberately whip the skin off the creature's back, the miscreant would be fined, or sent to the treadmill, amid the execrations of the mob. Yet thus may a court-martial treat a fellow creature. But the one man is a costermonger and a blackguard ; the others are officers and gentlemen. Still even officers, and gentlemen to boot, should not be allowed to behave exactly like fiends incarnate.

The law should not suffer them to torture poor soldiers to death. There really is required a MARTIN'S Act for the military. It is with the view of procuring some such an enactment that we recommend the formation of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Soldiers. The Animals' Friend Society protects even the Cat from man, but we want a Society for protecting man from the Cat.

MAY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION NEVER ALTER
FRIENDSHIP!



Dumpy Young Lady. "WELL, FOR MY PART, MATILDA, I LIKE LONG WAISTS AND FLOUNCES."

THE PAS DES DEESSES.

THE engagement of TAGLIONI having caused a general promotion of the principal *dansuses* at the Opera from mere mortals into Goddesses, a *pas* has been prepared for the exhibition of their celestial qualities. ST. LEON, in the character of *Paris*, having secured a real Ribstone, is supposed to prepare for the adjudication of that popular pippin to the Goddess who deserves it best; not on account of her beauty, but by virtue of her dancing. By the bye, if dancing were to be the test of superiority among the Olympian females, why did not TERSIOMORE walk, or rather caper in, and settle the business? The celestial contest was, however, confined to the old recognised trio, JUNO, VENUS, and MINERVA, who all tried their best to twist themselves into favour. Nobody got the apple at last, which ought to have been cut into slices and divided amongst them, while PERROT should have been allowed the stalk for the trouble he took in arranging the *divertissement*.

Bouquets, of course, flew in all directions, and there were ample materials for a flower-show. The *Pas des DéesSES* is expected to put at least fifty pounds a-night into the pockets of the Covent Garden dealers, until the end of the opera season. The scene at the conclusion was perhaps worth all the rest, for a desperate effort was made by the three Goddesses, to induce PERROT to come forward to receive the cheers of the audience. He was at length dragged on by main force, when CERRO, insisting on his going down upon his knees, began flowering his head with a shower of garlands. This interesting struggle having continued for some time, *Les DéesSES* retired to their dressing-rooms.

Railway Definitions.

- Q. WHAT do you mean by an "Up Train?"
A. A train whose engine explodes.
Q. What do you mean by a "Down Train?"
A. A train whose engine gets off the line, and throws the carriages over.

A PARTING SALUTE.

THE gladiators before fighting used to salute the Roman Emperor in the following words, *Moriturus te saluam*. Travellers before getting into the Eastern Counties Railway might with justice salute the engine in precisely the same words.

TO THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES.

MR. NATHAN,

OF TICHBORNE STREET,

COSTUMIER TO ALL THE PRINCIPAL MASQUERADES,

HAVING observed that very proper regulations have been made to exclude from the inclosure of St. James's Park all persons in the

HABILIMENTS OF INDUSTRY,

BEGS LEAVE TO CALL THE ATTENTION OF MECHANICS TO HIS EXTENSIVE

STOCK OF SECOND-HAND LIVERIES.

He has a Large Assortment of plush and other breeches, gold-laced hats, and coats turned up with a variety of colours, which will entitle the wearer to the privilege of admission into any of the Park inclosures. The keepers having received strict orders to exclude all persons in fustian jackets, white aprons, and other badges of

HONEST, BUT EXCEEDINGLY PLEBBIAN LABOUR,

MR. NATHAN feels assured that his Liveries will be found

Worthy of Patronage,

as they will quite counteract, by their air of costly indolence, anything like the appearance of hard labour. Mechanics calling at MR. NATHAN'S Establishment may be Rigged Out in a style equal to the

FIRST FOOTMAN IN THE LAND,

on the most moderate Terms. Should the patronage of the Industrious Public afford sufficient encouragement, MR. NATHAN will apply to the

RANGER OF THE PARKS

for permission to have Stations at the various gates, where working-men may be supplied with dresses to qualify them for admission within the inclosure.

STATE OF PARTIES.



THE difficulty of finding suitable sides of the House for the various members, since the recent fusion and confusion of parties, has induced an ingenious individual to construct a moveable chair, which, by being wheeled from side to side, may become a Ministerial bench, an Opposition bench, or a cross bench, at a moment's notice. This curious arrangement will quite obviate the difficulty that is now so often experienced by members not knowing where to take a position: for circumstances might cause them to be desirous of voting with the Government and against the Government on the very same evening. By the new contrivance, they can change sides with every fresh motion, if they are desirous of doing so. Parliamentary conductors must of course be appointed to carry out the arrangement, so that when a member feels he must suddenly join the Opposition, he has only to hail the proper officer and desire to be set down immediately on the side of the House opposite to the Government. Benches might be advertised to run both ways so many times during the evening, for the accommodation of those who are likely to be obliged to change places in the course of the night's proceedings.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER VI.



SINCE that beautiful looking-glass was gone for ever,—for never having learned to dive, it was impossible that I could hope to recover it—I still had hope. I remembered the number of lady passengers we had brought out, and felt comforted. There must be, I thought, twenty more looking-glasses in the wreck; though not such a love as the mirror I had lost.

Having pushed my raft as far near the land as possible, I fastened it with a string to a large stone, believing that, as the tide went down, the raft would be left upon the shore. I had not calculated falsely. So it happened. My next work, however, was to look about me. Where was I? In what corner of the earth? It could not be Peru, for I saw not a morsel of gold upon the beach; it was not one of the Spice Islands, for not a single nutmeg was to be seen upon any of the trees. Was it the Canaries?—flights of birds flew past me; but they flew so high, it was impossible for me to discern if there were any canaries among them. And here—I must confess it—I felt some anger towards the respected principals of my Blackheath Boarding-School. I have said that I was nominally taught the Use of the Globes; my learning was down in the bill, and paid for every quarter. I had been taught to talk about California and Behring's Straits, and the Euxine and Patagonia, as if they were all so many old acquaintance; and yet I knew not if at that moment I might not be upon some of them. And then I sighed, and felt that it isn't for a young lady to know anything of the world, because she sits with the Globe in her hand two hours a day. And I felt too that if I ever should have a daughter—and how my eyes did sadly wander about that uninhabited tract—I should not conclude that she knew anything of geography, because I had paid for it.

However, I was resolved to look about me, and explore the country. Whereupon, I waded into the water, and removed one of the light trunks, and one of the bonnet-boxes. Of course, I could not go out without first dressing myself. My mortification was very great, though very foolish—for what could I have expected?—to find the box locked. Fortunately, it was a hasp lock; I therefore sat down upon the beach, and with a large stone hammered away until I had broken it. With some natural anxiety, I lifted the lid. The first thing that burst upon my view was a very pretty muslin—worked with a green sprig—a nice morning thing. I remembered the lady to whom the box belonged, and felt that the gown could not fit me—it must be at least half-a-quarter too wide in the waist. But I felt half-comforted, and much distressed with the thought that nobody would see me. I therefore began my toilette; and, considering my many difficulties, felt—for though I had no glass, we feel when we look well—I felt myself interesting. I contrived to pin in the gown, hiding it where most wanted with a primrose-coloured China crape shawl. Dressing my hair in bands—for, though from childhood it always curled naturally, it could not be expected to curl so soon after so much salt water—I put on a beautiful chip bonnet, (I am certain the unfortunate soul had brought it out with her ready-trimmed for a hasty marriage). I was not troubled with the shoes; for, by some strange fatality, even in England I never could get a shoe small enough for me; and the lady whose shoes I was doomed to wear had a foot like—but no; never while I live will I speak ill of the dead. I said my hair would not curl. Let me correct myself. One lock always could, particularly well. And this lock—do what I might—always would show itself just under my bonnet. And so it happened now.

Among the many little elegances—which I will not stop to name, for they will find names in the bosom of every lady—discovered in the box, I found some court plaister. This was a blessing. I felt that even among tigers—if there were tigers—I should not be deprived of my daily beauty-spot. I also found a very handsome shot-silk parasol, fresh from the shop, wrapt in its virgin paper. Now, I never thought too much of my beauty—no woman can. But, from the loveliness of my complexion, people had called me, from a child, Little Dresden China. Therefore, my emotions on discovering the parasol,

the sun being at the time—perhaps two hundred in the shade, may, in the words of a great public writer, “be more easily conceived than described.”

Being as well dressed as my dreadful circumstances would permit, I felt that I might venture out. As, however, the country might be inhabited—(my heart beat thicker at the thought)—I felt it necessary to be prepared for the worst. For what I knew, it might be an island not far from Constantinople, and—the pure blood of a free-born English maiden burned in my veins—I would prefer death to the captivity of the Harem, or (according to the last editions) Harem. At the thought, I remembered that I had been suckled at the same breast with the British Lion, and knew the proper moment when—to die!

My sister readers—and these pages are written for them alone—cannot therefore but applaud my resolution when I inform them that I took with me (placing them like sleeping vipers in my bosom) my pair of scissors, and in my right hand (my left carried my parasol) one of the captain's pistols. If the country was not inhabited by Hottentots or Hindoos—I always had a horror of a black skin, whereas there is something romantic in the true olive—there might be lions and tigers, leopards and crocodiles.

I therefore began my morning walk, never once turning round, though now and then—how deceitful is fancy!—I thought I heard footsteps following me. They might be men: but even then the lessons of my dear mother were not forgotten—I never looked behind me: I tripped a little quicker, unconsciously lowering my parasol. I began to ascend a hill, I should say quite as high as Highgate. Arrived at the top, I turned round and round, and wherever I turned saw nothing but the sea heaving about me. Then I felt that I had, after all, learned something of geography. I knew I was upon an island.

Was it inhabited? There was a beautiful double opera-glass in the box I had opened. Why had I not brought it with me? If inhabited, I might have beheld the smoke of chimneys; the dancing, perhaps,—what indecorous, what different dancing to the aerial movements of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre—of the benighted savages. No: it was plain I was alone. Alone! My eye rested upon my sprigged muslin—my feelings flew back to my white chip—and I wept.

I descended the hill; and at the bottom, that was skirted with some thick bushes, I heard a noise. In a moment, and with a courage that at any other time I should have thought it impossible for me to possess, I turned my head aside, and presenting my pistol, fired. Something, with a heavy bump, fell a few yards from me. Before I ventured to look, I asked myself—“Is it a tiger?—is it an eagle?” I turned round, and saw it was neither one nor the other. It was a bird of an enormous size, with large fleshy knobs about its head and neck. Had I seen such a bird before? I had been to Mr. WOMBWELL'S; he had nothing like it. And then I recollected that I had seen something like the bird in London, at Christmas. In a word, after much deep thought and patient examination, I discovered the bird to be a turkey—a wild turkey. At least, I thought, here is a dinner. But how to get it home? “Home!” so sweet is the word; it follows us everywhere. My “home” was where my boxes were. “How to get it home!”

“If anybody,” I thought, forgetting my desolation, “was to see me carrying a turkey, could I ever look the world in the face again?” Instinctively I looked round and round that nobody might behold me, and at length lifted up the turkey by the neck. I do not profess to be a correct judge of weights and measures—I never could learn 'em at school, but I am very much mistaken if the turkey did not weigh at least seventy pounds. It was most oppressive to carry; but I thought how nice it would be when cooked.

Cooked! Who was to cook it? I, who never even made a custard—because I thought it low—how was I to cook such a tremendous animal as a turkey! However, I walked on—wearily enough—until I came back to my boxes. The tide had left my raft upon dry land. I would therefore, I thought, prepare my dinner. I knew that the turkey must be picked. But how? There was a dressing-case in one of the boxes. I had secured that. I therefore searched for it; and taking from it a pair of tweezers, sat me down upon the beach, and began to pick my turkey.

“TRAIN UP A CHILD,” &c.

We see that Grammar Schools are to be erected on different railways. The pupils will certainly get perfect in their accidents.

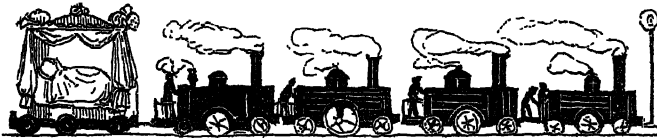
PUNCH AND HIS PRINCE AT LIVERPOOL.



URING a considerable time all Liverpool has been in a state of excitement on the subject of the contemplated visit of PRINCE ALBERT; the local papers have been filled with interesting announcements of preparations in progress. We have been told how STUBBS had been summoned to attend with his harmonic band; and though it is true we never

heard of STUBBS, nor caught the faintest echo of his harmonic band, still, coupled as the statement was with the startling intelligence that ATKINS had received orders to prepare a splendid display of fireworks, there was strong evidence of a determination "to do the thing" regardless of cost on the part of the Liverpoolians. We were apprised, moreover, through the public press, that the bill of fare was being printed a fortnight in advance, and we only wonder that in their zeal the inhabitants did not insist upon having the dinner cooked a week before it was wanted.

A state bed was ordered direct from London; as if the Prince had feathered his nest so beautifully in the great metropolis that he could not repose, even for a night or two, upon provincial goose, though surely there can be nothing much softer than the geese of Liverpool. Some people, however, cannot sleep in a strange bed, and PRINCE ALBERT is doubtless one of the number; though it is odd that he did not calculate on the soporific quality of the speeches sufficiently to enable him to have dispensed with the trouble of bringing down with him his own bed and bedding.



The tickets to be issued to the *déjeuner* were made the subject of competition among the lithographic artists of the town, nearly all of whom sent in a design, and that of GEORGE SMITH & Co. was decided upon. We can fancy the splendid field for imagination which a design for a ticket to a breakfast must have presented to the artists of Liverpool. A breakfast-cup rampant, between a couple of muffins couchant, would have, no doubt, rushed into the mind of one or more of the competitors; or perhaps, Commerce sailing round the world in a slop-basin would have suggested itself as an appropriate heading to a ticket for the *déjeuner*.

The silver trowel to be used by the Prince was also the subject of considerable discussion, until MR. DISMORE, of Bold Street, threw his heart and soul completely into it, and turned out an article of the most exquisite workmanship. Even the mortar was to be piled up into a handsome pat, like so much butter, and stamped with the arms of England on one side, while the other was to have a portrait of the Prince going down to posterity in a bricklayer's hod, carried by BRITANNIA.

The only drawback to the pleasure of preparation consisted in the alleged favouritism shown by the Mayor in sending out invitations to the persons intended to be present at the ceremony. It is said that HIS WORSHIP evinced a desire to give way to certain prejudices in his selection of guests, and the result was a regular heartburning among the inhabitants. It is a fearful thing when a whole city is seized with heartburn; but we trust the application of the usual remedies may have been found effectual. The local prints were evidently very mad,

and raved furiously against the Mayor, declaring that the company ought to have been mixed, because the QUEEN reigns over a mixed



THE MAYOR INTRODUCES HIS FAMILY TO THE PRINCE.

people. It seems to us that on this principle HER MAJESTY ought to have now and then a pickpocket to dine with her at Windsor; for it might fairly be said, "Why exclude any class of her subjects? She rules over a mixed people, among whom there are rogues as well as honest characters."

All the preliminaries having been at length arranged, the Mayor and the civic authorities rushed to the station to receive his Royal Highness upon his arrival by the railway. He addressed a few complimentary words to each, and very ingeniously varied every separate speech which he made to the crowd of functionaries that surrounded him. With a happy felicity of expression, he contrived to give to a simple sentence on the subject of the weather, at least fifty different forms of phraseology; and knowing the tendency of Englishmen to talk about the weather, his Royal Highness made it the grand topic of conversation with the people of Liverpool.

The Prince was next escorted to the Judges' lodging, to see his bedroom, and to get the dust wiped off his boots, as well as to run a comb through his hair to restore the "parting," which had become confused by the length of the journey. Our own reporter—the same who got ducked a year or two ago—informs us that PRINCE ALBERT took a clean collar from between the leaves of "BRADSHAW'S Guide," which makes a very compact travelling-case for those who do not journey about with extensive wardrobes. For the accuracy of this statement we will not vouch, but it is not by any means improbable.

Having left the Judges' lodgings, the Prince repaired to the Town-Hall, where the address was to have been read to him by the Mayor, but the poor Mayor commenced in a nervous whisper, and after stammering over a few words, amid loud cries of "Speak up!" handed to the Recorder the precious document. A scene of fearful confusion and consternation ensued among the members of the Corporation, some of whom kept nudging the Mayor and muttering "Go on," while others were pulling him back, exclaiming, "No, no;" and a few were heard to reiterate, "Yes, yes, he'll get through it; now then, take courage, HODGSON."

The Prince beginning to exhibit signs of impatience at this extraordinary scene, the Recorder, giving the Mayor a slight push, which sent him into the back-ground, proceeded to read the address, which has already appeared in the newspapers. It is a very powerful document, stating that "Liverpool must receive an impulse," &c., &c., and the answer, in the same spirit, expresses a hope that "Liverpool will" &c., &c., &c. On his Royal Highness's attention being drawn to the box in which the address was inclosed, he remarked facetiously to his Secretary, MR. ANSON, that "the box was the best part of it." This remark was not overheard by the Mayor and Corporation, who were having a private squabble about the bungling business that their chief had so far made of it.

The Prince then went to open the new Dock, and an enormous crowd had assembled, expecting to see His Royal Highness move back the flood-gates with his own hand, or do some other feat of dexterity, for the purpose of opening the Dock-yard. It was, however, all plain sailing; for he merely steamed round the centre, amid the cheers of the spectators, who seemed a little disappointed that His Royal Highness had not, at all events, "lent a hand" in pulling back the Dock bridge to effect an opening.

Soon after three, the Prince was taken to a *déjeuner* in one of the warehouses, which was fitted up with long tables, constructed of planks supported on tallow casks. A quantity of sacks of corn made the cushions for the seats, being covered with red cloth for the occasion, and the Mayor was elevated, as Chairman, on a cask of free-labour sugar.

The *déjeuner* consisted of every delicacy at the chief table, dwindling down towards the lower end of the warehouse into a much humbler kind of entertainment. At the conclusion of the repast, the health of the QUEEN was proposed by the Mayor, who expressed a hope that the feelings of respect, duty, and loyalty of the people of Liverpool would be done up into a parcel, and conveyed by the Prince direct to HER MAJESTY. His Royal Highness, by an assenting smile, seemed to undertake the office of light-porter between the Liverpoolians and their



august Sovereign. Among his luggage will no doubt be found a parcel labelled "Liverpool Feelings. With care! This side upwards." In consenting to become the PICKFORD of private life, His Royal Highness showed that he was not above uniting himself with the commercial classes of his country.

The next toast was PRINCE ALBERT's own health, in acknowledging which, he declared that "the scene he then saw would never be effaced from his memory."

His Royal Highness, after having seen a few sights in the town, repaired to THE BANQUET, which was on a splendid scale of profusion. The chickens seem to have conspired with the lobsters in a desire to render the salads of which they are respectively the heroes in every way worthy of the great occasion. The capons appear to have vied with the ducks in that spirit of loyalty which induced them to grow to that enormous size which rendered them prodigies at the table of their Prince and their demolisher. Such devotion in farm-yards was never before known, for it is a fact that the feathered residents had long been straining every nerve to get fat, in order to qualify themselves for sacrifice at this festivity. The toasts were almost the same as at the *dejeuner*, but the speech of PRINCE ALBERT being an after-dinner one, was longer and warmer than that he had made in the morning.

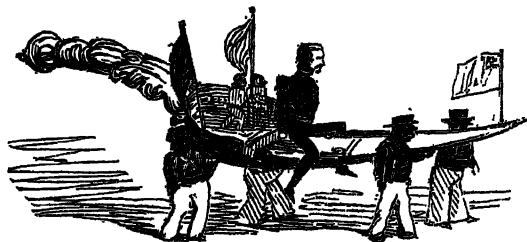
At twenty-five minutes past twelve, the dinner-party broke up, and the Prince went home to sleep upon his own bed, which had been put up at the Judges' lodgings. In the evening ATKINS came out, not very brilliantly, with a partial display of fireworks, and a sort of chequered exhibition of loyalty occurred, in the shape of a few scattered illuminations over the principal thoroughfares. Here and there a blaze of fervour burst out in the letters "P. A.," when a dingy house without any illumination, next door, threw a kind of wet blanket over the enthusiasm of a more amiably disposed neighbour.

In the morning the whole city was on the tiptoe, and, indeed, we are almost justified in saying not merely tiptoe but on positive stilts, for the grand ceremony of the week, the laying of the first stone of the Home for Sailors. A procession had been for a long time set forth in large printed particulars, but we must confess that though dignified by large capital letters the procession seemed to us to promise better in quantity than in quality.

It began with our old friends the POLICEMEN, who were distinguished—we suppose for the sake of variety—as FIRE POLICEMEN in the procession at Liverpool. We then had a band, followed by Blue-Coat Boys, with more bands and a party of Druids—lent, we suppose, from the Theatre, which had lately been performing *Norma* with an augmented chorus. Several other trades, in parties of a thousand and five hundred, were then followed by

THE TROWEL
AND
THE PRINCE;

but it was generally believed that the Trowel, as an object of curiosity, got rather the best of it. The cheers for the Prince were very enthusiastic; but the cheers for the Trowel exceeded anything of any kind ever heard at any time anywhere. The Prince, on arriving at the spot, gave the first stone a tremendous blow, and it was remarked, that a thing of the kind was never before laid with so much energy. Having taken a little bit of mortar from the prepared pat, he laid it on tolerably thick; and the ceremony being concluded, he hastened to the Station, preparatory to resuming his own station by the side of HER MAJESTY.



Death by Accidents' Compensation Bill.

We learn, from the above Bill, that their Lordships are going to make a compensation to people when they are killed by accident. This is very kind; but as the only compensation which can be made to a person who has been killed is to bring him to life again, we are only afraid the generosity of their Lordships will be completely thrown away.



"TELL YOUR GOVERNOR THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S BELOW WHO WAS IMPLORED TO RETURN TO THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY, AND EVERYTHING SHOULD BE FORGIVEN."

A Testimonial for the British Lion.

THE British Lion takes the liberty to ask whether he is not entitled to a testimonial? He has worked hard, has growled whenever he was wanted, and was never slow in wagging his tail, when called upon, at a moment's notice. He has saved the British constitution oftener than he likes to mention; has carried elections innumerable, which, but for him, must have fallen to the ground; and he has been the besom friend of the Protectionists, the terror of the Radicals, and the cheerful companion of the Whigs and Tories for more centuries than he can recollect. Under all these circumstances, the British Lion cannot help thinking he is entitled to something. His voice, once so loud that it could be heard from one end of the kingdom to the other, is no longer so good; and his tail, once so strong that it has often knocked over a Member's seat merely by wagging, has dwindled away absolutely to nothing.

After a long life spent in standing up for his country, the British Lion is anxious for a little rest. He will not further enlarge upon his claims, but he will say, if in this shower of tributes and testimonials one does not drop down upon his head, to make him comfortable in his old age, he shall retire with disgust from the platform of public life, and never roar or wag his tail again. N.B.—Subscriptions to be sent to Exeter Hall. Nothing but bank-notes received.

Scarcity of British Bricks.

No less than 60,000 bricks have been imported from China. This is a curious instance of the extent of the building mania, when bricks have to be sent all the way from China. There will be a scarcity of mortar next, and the time will probably come when English houses will be built with Chinese bricks, put together with Poo-Loo cement.

"Hard of Hearing."

A NIGHT or two since, LORD BROUGHAM declared that "he had heard nothing of the potato disease!" MR. CURTIS, the aurist, waited upon his Lordship the next morning, and has from that time been engaged upon his Lordship's ears, with, it is feared, but very little hopes of opening them—to the misfortunes of others.

INTENSE HEAT.

SUCH was the intense heat last Friday, that it was reported the ACHILLES in Hyde Park had melted away.



A Row in the City Kitchen; or, Aldermen v. Common Councilmen.

THE PERILOUS PASS OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



We are happy to present our readers with a plan of the chain of mountains which the hardy traveller has to pass in making the ascent of Westminster Bridge. It will be observed that some of the links in the chain are longer than others, but this only diversifies the scenery, and makes the journey twice as interesting by making it twice as long. There is always a certain pride and enjoyment in surmounting danger, and the traveller, in crossing Westminster Bridge, will have these pleasurable feelings materially enhanced as he views a fresh prospect at every turn, of falling in or tumbling over. The beautiful precipices, also, which occur at every step—and which may be called the breaks in the chain—invest the scenery with a boldness and a depth which are not to be met with on any other bridge. This chain is shortly to be broken up, but as long as it is in sufficient repair to hang together, guides are to be stationed at the foot of each mountain, to conduct travellers safely over, and finger-posts are to be erected at certain distances, directing the tourist what path he is to follow in climbing the next arch. In the centre a grand hospital will probably be built, where the weary cab-horse may rest his bruised knees, and the venturesome omnibus stop for a fresh pole or a missing wheel.

A Flag to be Sold.

A FLAG—a little worn—with "NO SURRENDER" inscribed upon it, is offered to the collectors of national relics. The flag has been used in the campaigns of the Corn Law and the Sugar Questions, and will now go at a price very much reduced from its original cost. Should the flag be again required in any future service, a liberal sum will be given for the loan. Apply for terms to the DUKE OF RICHMOND, post-paid.

The River Jordan Company.

PROVISIONALLY REGISTERED.—CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

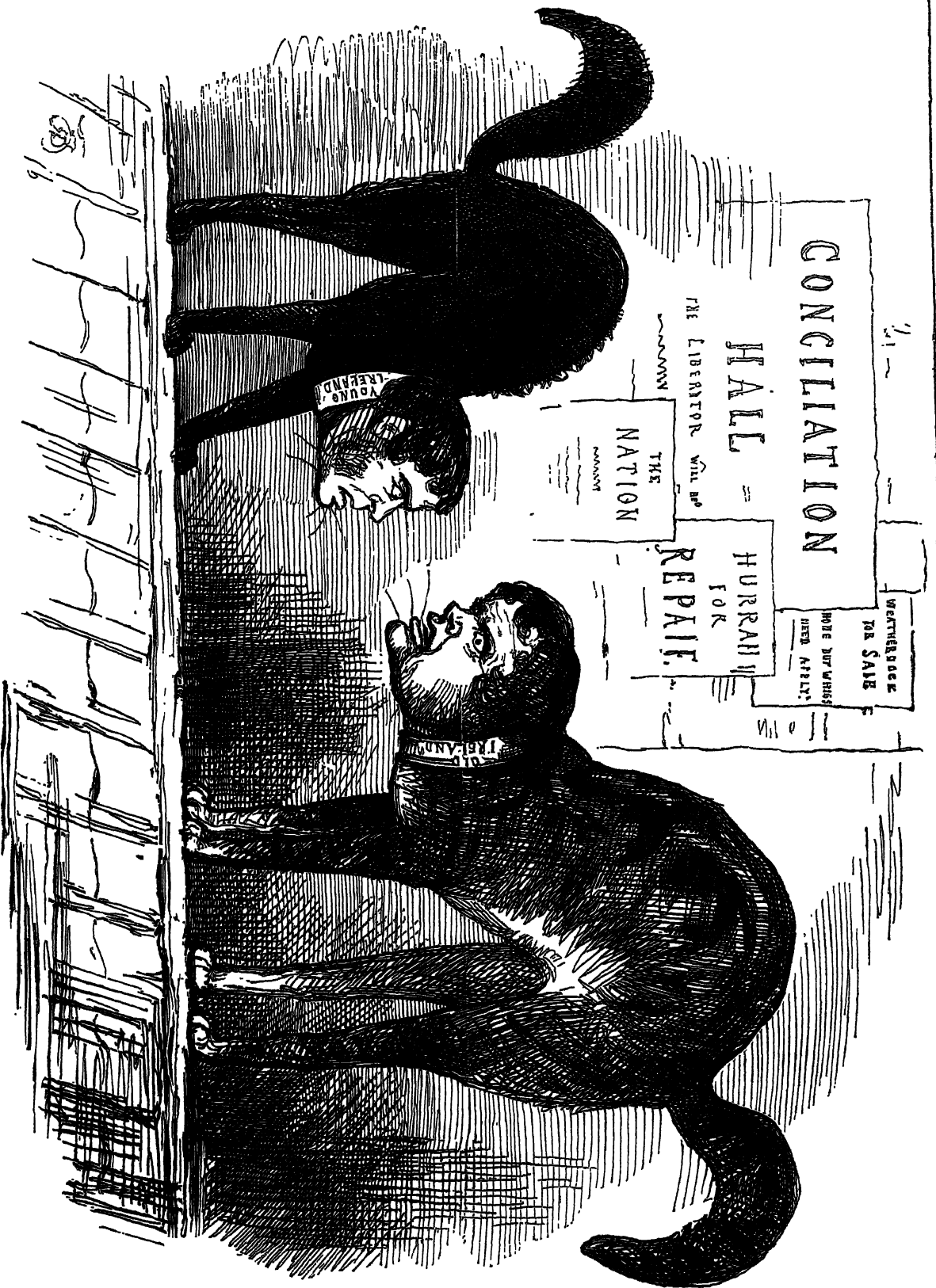
THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of supplying a demand, which may now be confidently expected to arise, for water from this celebrated river. It is scarcely necessary to hint at a fashion which must necessarily be set by an illustrious example; but the Directors of the Association feel assured that no christening in high life will now be considered complete without the article which the Company has been formed to import. The water will be contained in large stone bottles, capsuled, and the lower end of the cork marked with the Company's initials, in order to prevent imposition. As it is the determination of the Company to place this water within the reach of the humblest classes, they have made arrangements for its sale at a moderate price, extending thus to the lowly village church a luxury which has hitherto been restricted to the Royal Chapel.

The People and the Parks.

MERE mechanics have, of late, been excluded from the Parks. The vulgar creatures, absolutely working, and, in this weather, perspiring for their daily bread, have been thought unfit to mingle with the genteel middle classes, that sit at desks, keep shops, or travel with samples of their goods. The matter has been taken up, and the gatekeepers—"the misbegotten knaves in Lincoln green"—are now ordered to do their "spiriting" very gently. They are to view the buttons on mechanical coats in a benevolent light, and not to refuse admittance to the wearers, if the said coats have a button or two missing. They are moreover directed to let all pass who have only washed themselves with common yellow soap,—the previous order compelling them to turn all away who were not scented with real Windsor.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

SIR ROBERT PEEL said, in his speech about Art-Unions, that "there was not a man who had a bad picture who did not endeavour to get rid of it by a raffle." Why not try the same means, then, for getting rid of the imitation HOLBEN in the National Gallery? A spirited raffle at five shillings a share would certainly induce all the Licensed Victuallers to take a chance, in the hope of turning it into a public-house sign. It would doubtless pass at Pentonville, without fear of detection, for an original MARQUIS OF GRANBY.



THE KILKENNY CATS; OR, OLD AND YOUNG IRELAND "COMING TO THE SCRATCH."

"Oh, leave them alone,
 They'll fight to the bone,
 And leave naught but their tails behind 'em."

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAP. XXIII.—ON RADICAL SNOBS.



AS the principles of *Punch* are eminently Conservative, it might be thought that anything we could say about Radical Snobs would bear an impress of prejudice and bigotry, and I had thought of letting off the poor Radical Snobs altogether; for persecution they had enough in former days, Heaven knows, when to be a Radical was to be considered a Snob, and every flunkey who could use his pen was accustomed to prate about "the great unwashed," and give himself airs at the expense of "the greasy multitude." But the multitude have the laugh on their side of late years, and can listen to these pretty jokes with good-humour.

Perhaps, after all, there is no better friend to Conservatism than your outrageous Radical Snob. When a man

preaches to you that all noblemen are tyrants, that all clergymen are hypocrites and liars, that all capitalists are scoundrels banded together in an infamous conspiracy to deprive the people of their rights, he creates a wholesome revulsion of feeling in favour of the abused parties, and a sense of fair play leads the generous heart to take a side with the object of unjust oppression.

For instance, although I hate military flogging, as the most brutal and odious relic we have left of the wicked torturing old times, and have a private opinion that soldiers of crack dragoon regiments are not of necessity the very wisest of human creatures, yet when I see QUACKLEY the Coroner giving himself sham airs of patriotism, and attacking the men for the crime of the system—(of which you and I are as much guilty as COLONEL WHYTE, unless we do our utmost to get it repealed)—I find myself led over to the brow-beaten side, and inclined to take arms against QUACKLEY. Yesterday, a fellow was bawling by my windows an account of the trial at Hounslow, and "the infamous tyranny of a brootle and savidge Kurnal, hall to be ad for the small charge of Won Apny." Was that fellow a radical patriot, think you, or a radical Snob; and which was it that he wanted—to put down flogging or to get money?

What was it that made SIR ROBERT PEEL so popular of late days in the country? I have no question but that it was the attacks of certain gentlemen in the House of Commons. Now they have left off abusing him, somehow we are leaving off loving him. Nay, he made a speech last week, about the immorality of lotteries and the wickedness of Art-Unions, which caused some kind friends to say—"Why, the man is just as fond of humbug and solemn cant as ever."

This is the use that radical Snobs, or all political Snobs are made for,—to cause honest folks to rally over to the persecuted side: and I often think that if the world goes on at its present rate—the people carrying all before them; the aristocracy always being beaten after the ignominious *simulacrum* of a battle; the Church bowled down; the revolution triumphant; and (who knows?) the monarchy shaken—I often think old *Punch* will find himself in opposition as usual, and deploring the good old days and the advent of Radicalism along with poor old *Mrs. Gamp* and *Mrs. Harris*.

Perhaps the most dangerous specimen of the Radical Snob to be found in the three kingdoms is that branch of Snobs called Young Ireland, who have been making a huge pother within the last fortnight, and who have found a good deal of favour in this country of late years.

I don't know why we have been so fond of this race; except that it wrote pretty poems, and murdered the Saxons in melodious iambs, and got a character for being honest somehow, in opposition to old MR. O'CONNELL, to whom the English prejudice denied that useful quality. We are fond of anything strange here, and perhaps our taste is not very classical. We like TOM THUMB; we like the Yankee melodists; we like the American Indians; and we like the Irish howl. Young Ireland has howled to considerable effect in this country; and the SEAN VAN VOGHT, and the men of '98, have been decidedly popular. If the O'BRIEN, and the O'TOOLE, and

the O'DOWD, and the O'WHACK, and the MULHOLLIGAN would take St. James's Theatre, the war-cry of Aoda O Nyal, and the Battle of the Blackwater, and the Galloglass Chorus might bring in a little audience even in the hot weather.

But this I know, that if any party ever fulfilled the condition of Snobs, Young Ireland has. Is ludicrous conceit Snobbishness? Is absurd arrogance, peevish ill-temper, utter weakness accompanied by tremendous braggadocio, Snobbishness? Is TRIBS a Snob or not? When the little creature threatens to thrash TOM CRIB; and when TOM, laughing over his great broad shoulders, walks good-humouredly away, is TRIBS a Snob, who stands yelling after him and abusing him,—or a hero, as he fancies himself to be?

A martyr without any persecutors is an utter Snob; a frantic dwarf who snaps his fingers (as close as he can lift them) under the nose of a peaceable giant, is a Snob; and the creature becomes a most wicked and dangerous Snob when he gets the ear of people more ignorant than himself, inflames them with lies, and misleads them into ruin. Young Ireland shrieking piteously with nobody hurting him, or waving his battle-axed hand on his battlemented wall, and bellowing his war-cry of Bug-Aboc—and rearing out melodramatic tom-foolery—and fancying himself a champion and a hero, is only a ludicrous little humbug; but when he finds people to believe his stories, that the liberated Americans are ready to rally round the green banner of Erin—that the battalions of invincibility of France is hastening to succour the enemy of the Saxon, he becomes a Snob so dangerous and malevolent, that *Mr. Punch* loses his usual jocularly in regarding him, and would see him handed over to proper authorities without any ill-timed compassion.

It was this braggart violence of soul that roused the *Punchine* wrath against MR. O'CONNELL, when, mustering his millions upon the green hills of Erin, he uttered those boasts and menaces which he is now proceeding, rather demurely, to swallow. And as for pitying the Young Irishmen any longer because they are so honest, because they write such pretty verses, because they would go to the scaffold for their opinions—our hearts are not tender enough for this kind of commiseration. A set of young gentlemen might choose to publish a paper advocating arson, or pointing out the utility of murder—a regard for our throats and our property would lead us not to pity these interesting young patriots too tenderly; and we have no more love for Young Ireland and her leaders and their schemes, than for regenerate England under the martyrs THISTLEWOOD and INGS.

A SITE TOO BAD.

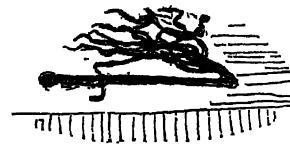
(Note from the Duke of Wellington's Statute.)

"FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S STATUE presents its compliments to the DUKE OF RUTLAND and the Committee for the erection of the Statue to the Duke. F. M. the Duke's Statue is not accustomed to interfere with what does not concern it; but the proposal to place it on the top of MR. BURTON'S Arch concerns it very much indeed.

"THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S STATUE presumes that the DUKE OF RUTLAND and the Committee, in proposing to set it over the gateway in question, were actuated by the desire to cater to the amusement of the public, by affording it a perpetual laughing-stock.

"If such was the intention of the Committee and its Chairman, it is the opinion of the Statue that they could have carried out their design more effectually than by the plan they determined on.

"THE DUKE'S STATUE does not think that the top of the gateway opposite to Apsley House is quite the most ridiculous situation for it in all London. It imagines it might look rather more absurd if placed over Temple Bar. The Eddystone Lighthouse would be a site still more eligible."



PORTRAIT OF A FAVOURITE CAT, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE FAT MAN'S FRIEND.

AN Irish paper says, when Repeal is carried "it will throw England completely into the shade." According to this, Repeal must be something in the shape of a prodigious parasol, or an enormous gig-umbrella. The sooner it is carried, and hung over the head of England in this warm weather, the better.

PRIDE FEELS NO PAIN.



Arabella. "Oh! Don't be ridiculous, Frederick It isn't the shoe, for that's a great deal too large."

THE TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

We print these communications without comment:—

No. I.—A PLANTER TO PUNCH.

"Sir, "I don't expect much sympathy from you. I'll tell you why. When my medical attendant, at Cheltenham last year, recommended what he called 'peristaltic motion of the lower viscera' for my liver complaint, (for I've not lived in Berbice eighteen years for nothing, and yet there wasn't a planter in the colony more moderate in his sanguinum and sangaree,) he suggested taking in your publication, which, he said, would make me laugh, and produce the motion with the odd name above mentioned. Well, Sir, I ordered your publication, and laughed a good deal at it I must say, but every now and then I came across some high-flying bit of stuff, which I dare say the fellow who writes it calls humanity and philanthropy, but which, between you and me, is humbug and nothing else.

"I dare say if you'd lived in 1833, at the time of the iniquitous emancipation of the black fellows, you'd have been one of the loudest in the 'man and brother' clap-trap. You don't know the Snow-balls as well as I do. I've seen them under the cart-whip; and the more 's the pity since the cart-whip was hung up for good and all. I felt it was all up with the colonies when that happened. I could not sell my estate, but I leased it to my attorney, and with the paltry share I got of your so-called compensation, (a downright robbery by the way, if ever there was one), left Berbice, and settled at Cheltenham, alongside of some old Guiana cronies, in the same predicament with myself. Sir, we are a small and far from cheerful part of wronged and ruined men. They're going to take away the little protection that was left us. Of course I don't intend to chime in with the abolition nonsense of that old rascal CLARKSON, about encouraging the slave trade and such like stuff. I only wish we were where Cuba is, and had been wise enough to keep our blacks under the collar when we had 'em there. But that's all over, the more 's the pity. I'll tell you the real point where the shoe pinches. The black fellows won't work. They're a set of the idlest vagabonds! They've no respect for the rights of property and the interests of their employers. There's a gang of scoundrels about Mount Pleasant—my estate—rascals that were my slaves, most of them since they were pickaninies fighting for bananas under my dinner-table, up to that fatal 1st of August.

"I've clothed those fellows, Sir, I've fed them, I've let them cultivate provision grounds on my waste, and fatten themselves like pigs

with the cane-juice at boiling times; I've flogged them (that is, my overseer has) week after week, and done what I could to teach them industrious habits, by field-work twelve hours a day, six days out of the seven—for I know what's due to the Church. What's my reward? Why, now that the fellows are free, as they call it, they haven't the gratitude to work more than two days in the week. That brings them in their eight shillings, and they can live the whole seven days through like fighting-cocks for six. So, their two days' work done, there they sit, as lazy as so many gentlemen and as happy as so many kings, under their verandahs, with their wives by their sides and their pot-bellied little SAMBOS and JULIUS CÆSARS tumbling about their feet, and won't do a stroke of work—not if the Governor was to go on his knees to 'em. Now, I put it to you,—is this a tolerable state of things? How would you like to see the labourers in England kicking their heels in comfort, and putting their thumbs to their noses while tenant and landlord were begging and praying them to go to work, when once they'd made enough to keep them for the week? What comes of it all? The negroes are enjoying themselves, and the planters are ruined; four-sixths of the plantations are out of cultivation, and many of the rascally black fellows are saving money and clubbing it to buy us out one after another,—fellows that you've seen writhing and squeaking under your dining-room windows and your own cart-whips! They'll have all the property of the colony before ten years are gone.

"I always said what it would come to. How the Government can reconcile it to their consciences I don't know!

"I am, Sir,
"Your indignant Reader,
"NATHANIEL THRESHER."*

No. II.—A FREE NEGRO TO PUNCH.

"MASSA PUNCH, "Mount Pleasant, Berbice.
"SIR, We read you ebbery week, dat you come here reglar, saar, wid bery great satisfakshun, and much amusement, self and wife, DINAH.

"Saar, we receive papers from home, (dat England, saar, always call him 'home,' now 'mansipashun diffused in dese happy quarters of the 'arth), and find dat de Pertekshun is to be took off de furrin and slave-grown shugar. Some white genlman make uncommon row, and say dat 'dis ruin dis deliteful col'ny of British Guiana, where I write to you, saar, at present. But do white genlman berry much de worse for aggrawashun, let me 'sure you, saar, black gentlman perfectly frankle, as to 'liberations of British Parliament.

"Sir, I don't aut to blush to say dat, once, owing to circumstances ober which I could not control, I myself was in de 'gradin persicion of common slave-field nigger! Den I work bery unpleasantly hard, 'specially bilin-times: once, sir, perticler, berry near fell into biler by reason ob being overtook wid sleep after four days' work and extra rum. Dat time, sir, is unpleasant reminisense; but now as free black gentlman let me 'sure you, saar, for self and friends find change of life uncommon pleasant. We are not berry ekal in demand and supply hereabouts, (you see, saar, I hab studied polical 'comony), especially for labour. Uncommon plenty white persons ob property in cane-land, not so many black gentlmen to work. Wages being unobjekshnable at a dollar a day, and two days a week quite 'nuff for illigances of life for self and Dinah. White properioter come to black gentlman to ask him work ebbery day in de week. 'Diculous! what for work, in de name ob common sense, when you can get de luxshries of life widout putting oneself out of de way to do nothing ob de kind? No, I say to white properioter, 'No, saar, 'scuse me; when hab misfortune to be slave-nigger, you fix de work-hours. Now dat I free, 'tanks to de British legislature, I settle 'em for self and family—no tank you.' Also, saar, I mass money. Seberal black persons of my 'quaintance done de same, and we s'pose soon to set up a plantashun of our own. Old MASSA THRESHER, perhaps, hab no 'jekshun to sell Mount Pleasant, near where I now reside. Den, saar, we shall rebel in de proud feelins of dark properioters, where we once worked common field-niggers wid de driver berry sharp behind. Berry proud feelin, saar, and I 'sure you, I feel affected to look at Dinah, and de lubly obspring she have maternally reared, and tink what dey wood have been ten year long ago, and what dey are now under de new redgment! I 'sure you, saar, dat dis is exlent place for black gentlman now. He don't wish at all for any change whatsomdever,

"Especially yours,
"POMPEY JONES."

THE SINK OF THE THAMES.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE is to be removed. We knew it would become such a nuisance at last that it never could be passed over.

* "Late Importer of 10,000 hogsheads of Sugar from Berbice,—now imports 0."

LEGISLATIVE "ASIDES;"

OR, "WHAT 'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS NOT SAUCE FOR THE GANDER."

SCENE—The House of Commons. (The Debate on the Art-Unions Bill going on.)

Mr. Goulburn (speaking). They were by this Bill trying to avail themselves of one of the vicious propensities of our nature,—to engage in games of chance.

1st Member (aside to 2nd Member). Have you anything on the Goodwood Stakes?

2nd Member (aside to 1st). Heavyish book. Will you do anything on Camera-Obscura?

Mr. Goulburn (speaking). In fact the scheme was neither more nor less than gambling, which, I am sure, this House would be the last assembly to encourage.

1st Member (aside). I don't mind taking the odds. Ponies.

2nd Member. I'll book it. That will just suit me.

Sir Robert Peel (speaking). These people then said, "We are patrons of Art." Not at all! They were patrons of gambling.

3rd, and very young Member (very loud). Hear! hear! (Aside, to 4th Member.) I was regularly in the hole on those infernal Cup Stakes. GIMLET gave me the office. swore Best Bower was coughing all Monday night.

4th Member. How green you must be to trust a fellow like that! I'll give you a hint—never believe touters or premiers. Look at PEEL.

Sir Robert (continuing). They could not prevent betting at races.

2nd Lord of the Treasury to Under Secretary. I wish you'd arrange with — and — and — for a special train to bring us up after the last race, in time for that fellow's questions to-morrow night. Come, we're going to divide. That's a comfort.

Under Secretary. I'll see about it. It's too bad to sit through the Goodwood meeting. (Shouts) Divide!

Several Members. Divide! Divide!

1st Member to 2nd Member. You vote with GOULBURN, of course?

2nd Member. Of course, it's nothing but gambling.

3rd Member (dividing against the Bill) to 4th Member. Are you in the Carlton Goodwood lottery?

4th Member. Yes. I've Red Robin.

Division announced. For the Bill 50

Against it 18

Bill carried!

2nd Member. Ah! They'll allow lotteries next.

4th Member. What can you expect from a set of radicals! [They resume their seats sulkily.]

THE PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION.

WE have been favoured with the following outline of the constitution the KING OF PRUSSIA has promised to give his subjects on the 3rd of this month. We must say we doubt if it will be by any means so good:—

- I. The tax is to be taken off beer.
- II. Every Prussian is to have full liberty to smoke in the street, or the theatre, or the Senate, or wherever he pleases.
- III. The taverns are to be kept open till twelve o'clock.
- IV. Government officials are to be allowed to wear moustachios.
- V. No Prussian is to serve in the Army before the age of ten or after the age of fifty.
- VI. German students may sing the "Marseillaise," and "Was ist das Vaterland?"
- VII. The duty to be reduced on tobacco.
- VIII. Caricatures to be allowed, providing they are kept strictly to foreign governments, and do not attack the king, or his constitution.
- IX. Joking to be permitted indiscriminately, to the fullest extent a German is capable of.
- X. The censorship on nursery rhymes, books of fashion, bonbon-mottes, and pantomimes, to be universally abolished.
- XI. Passports to be done away with in cases where a person is going on a tour of pleasure not exceeding five miles from his place of residence.
- XII. The Police to be reduced 3,000,000.
- XIII. Every German to say what he pleases, and to go to bed at what hour he pleases.
- XIV. Free Trade to be allowed henceforth with all parts of the world, in German sausages, Berlin wool, Presburg biscuits, Prussian blue, and sauer-kraut.
- XV. All Prussians to be equal at the table-d'hôte.

White-bait Dinner to Sir Robert Peel.



LAST week a numerous meeting took place at Exeter Hall, to consider the expediency of giving a White-bait Dinner to SIR ROBERT PEEL and his late colleagues.

AN EMINENT PHILANTHROPIST was in the chair.

AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN rose and said, "Every one knew SIR ROBERT had resigned, and resigned, too, at a period when the sacrifice was all the greater, for if he had stopped in power only a short month longer, he and the other Ministers would have made their annual trip to Blackwall, and have eaten their annual White-bait dinner. But how stood the question at present? SIR ROBERT, by going out, like cherries in the month of June, had taken the white-bait out of his mouth, and deprived his colleagues of a handsome dinner! Should a sacrifice like that pass unrewarded? Should a noble act of heroism, because it was in a Prime Minister, not elicit their warmest sympathy, and be rewarded with that usual tribute of an Englishman's admiration—a dinner? No, for the dinner voluntarily abandoned, let another dinner be given. He, for one, would willingly lay down his guinea, and he was sure when it was generally known that SIR ROBERT PEEL had not allowed a dinner to stand in the way of principle, and had sacrificed his stomach to his reputation, that all England would cry as with one voice, "Give me a ticket," and every white-bait in the Thames would be too happy to be eaten in such a glorious cause. (Great cheering.)

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN begged to propose that the subscription be limited to a penny.

THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN did not mind, but he thought it would be rather inconvenient if every gentleman who subscribed his penny insisted upon being present.

A voice from under the gallery, suggested that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE be invited to take the chair.

THE PHILANTHROPIST thanked the voice for the suggestion, and said "Of course."

THE resolution was then put from the chair, and carried unanimously. To show how general was the admiration of the great principle laid down by SIR ROBERT and his Ministers, SIR JAMES GRAHAM has been included in the invitations.

THE dinner is to be left open to all England. A list of Stewards will be immediately published, and it is expected that LORD BROUGHAM and the Ethiopian Serenaders will attend. Tickets may be procured at the Punch Office.

THE DANCING PACHA.

AMONG the last new novelties in dance music are, we are informed by advertisement, some "IBRAHIM PACHA Quadrilles." To these, perhaps, might be set the words following:—

IBRAHIM PACHA had a dance
Out of Egypt into France;
From France to England o'er the main,
And then to Egypt back again.

But what has his Highness to do with quadrilles? We have often heard of dancing dervishes, but never of a dancing PACHA.

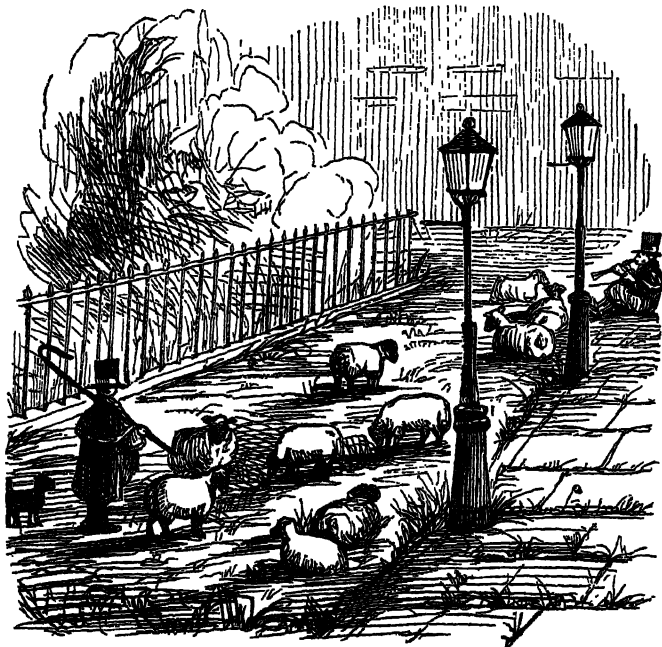
"The New Mode."

THE Daily News tells us that "a new mode," lately "introduced into fashionable life, threatens to be subversive to the enjoyment of social intercourse;" for there being several tables,—as at VERRY'S and other fashionable cookshops,—

"—the clever things that come from the mouths of the wits are limited solely to the table at which they may happen to be placed."

This is inconvenient, certainly, especially as fashionable wits and professional jokers, like TOM THUMB and WAPPREY'S quadrille band, are not yet hired "to attend parties." We think, however, that if joke-master TOOLE were engaged, he might be the means of securing the attention of the public for "the clever things from the mouths of the wits." For instance, whenever the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE should find himself uneasy with a repressed good thing, the Crier might then advertise the fact—"Lords and ladies, pray, attention for the joke of his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE"—"Silence, if you please, for the bon-mot of COLONEL SIBTHORP," and so forth.

LONDON OUT OF TOWN.



As the period is now close at hand when the whole of London takes itself out of town, we may expect the streets to assume the appearance shown in the annexed picture. It is very probable that the grass will be shortly growing in the streets, and we have therefore to suggest that arrangements should be made for taking advantage of the anticipated vegetation. We think that sheep might be turned out to graze with advantage to themselves, and perhaps with profit to the rate-payers; for a charge might be made for pasture, which would go some way towards the cost of paving on some future occasion. The beadies might be usefully employed in tending the flocks, and some lace-coated *CORRYDON* would add to the sylvan beauty of the scene by playing on "most musical, most melancholy" pipe on the kerb-stone.

The proposed arrangement would have the additional good effect of supplying something like a glimpse of country life to those whose pursuits keep them penned up—often by a pen at the desk—all their lives within the metropolis. The squares, from the probability of their being completely deserted, as well as from their being possessed of a few trees, would be the most eligible spot for trying the experiment in the first instance. Golden Square, from its secluded position, as well as from the pastoral simplicity of its inhabitants, and the rural predilections of its Beadle, who whiles away his leisure on the garden roller under the shade of a modest holy-oak, would be perhaps the very best spot for carrying the project into operation.

THE KENSINGTON RAILWAY.

We have heard very gratifying accounts of the state and prospects of this little suburban line, which, in consequence of the fineness of the weather, has lately experienced a considerable addition to the value of its stock—of vegetables, which have been for some time the chief ground of its revenue. A most gratifying report will shortly be laid before the proprietors, and, from our own peculiar sources, we are enabled to furnish the following particulars, which may—or may not—be relied upon:—

The shareholders will be informed that the Directors, encouraged by former results, had determined on laying down a double line—of lettuces, near the Kensington Station, and had tried the experiment of filling up the spaces between the sleepers with spring onions, which has been attended with the happiest consequences. It has also been agreed to run an extra train of scarlet-runners along the whole line, from the terminus in the middle of the Scrubs at Wormwood to the station at Kensington. All this is in addition to the first, second, and third class potatoes that have been running up for the last four months. In consequence of this activity on the part of the Directors, a dividend will shortly be declared of one pound—of potatoes—per share, but the certificates must be deposited, at least a week in advance, with the resident gardener—who has superseded the engineer—of the Company. The holders of the preference debentures will be informed that one

lettuce will be in course of payment upon each debenture, on and after the 1st of September, at the greenhouse of the Company.

The pound of potatoes payable to the shareholders will be free of income-tax, and the holders of half or quarter shares will receive half and quarter pounds, but no diseased potatoes will be exchanged without the payment of the usual transfer-fee to the Company's solicitor. A dividend with a bad eye may be refused at the time, but it is expected that the shareholders will use their own eyes when the potato is tendered. For the accommodation of the shareholders, a special engine will be placed upon the line, so that the dividend may be boiled at a trifling per-centage, if desired.

The Directors will no doubt state the gratifying fact, that the policeman and guard have agreed to take celery for salary, and have pronounced in favour of this view of the question. Three heads, therefore, of what they call salary has been voted to them as a *bonus*, and a mark of the confidence of the Directors.

With reference to the traffic, the report will not be so encouraging. A proposition will perhaps be made to try the experiment of special trains at a shilling an hour, for the conveyance of nursery-maids and children backwards and forwards from the station at Kensington. The Directors regret that their hopes of a large income from the conveyance of Shepherds to the Bush have not been realised. It is now under consideration whether the Scrubs may not be laid out for the cultivation of the wormwood that once abounded in the soil, and estimates are being now made of the probable consumption of wormwood in the metropolis, should the Company resolve on taking up that article as a source of revenue.

The scheme for making the railway available to the laundresses in the neighbourhood, for washing linen in the boiler and mangling it under the wheels of the carriages, has at length been abandoned, the Directors having found that the line is defective as a clothes-line, in many important particulars.

NEW STYLE FOR ROBINS.

MR. GEORGE ROBINS must find himself occasionally very much puzzled to vary those wonderful productions of the inkstand which stream in flowing eloquence down the advertising columns of the newspapers. The most prolific fountain must be exhausted at last, and the most active pump will degenerate ultimately into dryness. We do not say that the inimitable ROBINS is yet reduced to that state, but there are occasional symptoms of sameness in his announcements, which we should be happy to find wearing an air of freshness and novelty.

Within the last few days we have observed no less than three different Elysiums "on a small scale" offered to public competition, and threatened to be knocked down by the ROBINSIAN hammer. There seems to be some danger that the market will be glutted with little Paradises, and it is to be apprehended that fairy lands of six rooms, with a fore court and back garden, with omnibuses passing the door eighty-eight times a day, will become a positive drug, unless something is speedily done to diminish their number in the catalogues of the Auction Mart.

We think, for the sake of novelty, it would be as well to try the effect of advertising the more substantial advantages of the properties offered for sale, instead of dwelling too much upon their purely ideal attractions. Instead of saying that the surrounding scenery inspires the fancy, and suggests poetical associations worthy of the

PIERIAN SPRING,

it would be much more inviting to purchasers to be able to announce that there is

A GOOD PUMP ON THE PREMISES.

A realization of Elysium in the

FAIRY-LIKE QUIETUDE

around would not be half so likely to induce practical people to come forward, as a good bold line in the bill, stating that there is

A PUBLIC-HOUSE CLOSE AT HAND;

or, that the abode of bliss is

WITHIN FIVE MINUTES' WALK OF THE BUTCHER.

We earnestly recommend MR. GEORGE ROBINS to pay attention to our suggestion for the improvement of his announcements, which otherwise may possibly sink into a monotony which the public will find unbearable. The same genius that has revelled so long in the imaginative will be quite as much at home in the matter-of-fact, and we look forward with intense interest to MR. GEORGE ROBINS's first attempts in the suggested new line of composition.

A TEA-TABLE TRAGEDY.



Miss Potts. "MARRIED HER UNCLER'S BLACK FOOTMAN AS I'M A SINFUL WOMAN."

Mrs. Totts. "No?"

Mrs. Watts. "O!"

Miss Watts. "LAW!!"

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A LITTLE MORE ABOUT IRISH SNOBS.

You do not, to be sure, imagine that there are no other Snobs in Ireland than those of the amiable party who wish to make pikes of iron railroads, (it's a fine Irish economy) and to cut the throats of the Saxon invaders. These are of the venomous sort; and had they been invented in his time, St. PATRICK would have banished them out of the kingdom along with the other dangerous reptiles.

I think it is the FOUR MASTERS, or else it's OLAUS MAGNUS, or else it's certainly O'NEILL DAUNT, in the Catechism of Irish History, who relates that when RICHARD THE SECOND came to Ireland, and the Irish Chiefs did homage to him, going down on their knees—the poor simple creatures!—and worshipping and wondering before the English king and the dandies of his Court, my lords the English noblemen mocked and jeered at their uncouth Irish admirers, mimicked their talk and gestures, pulled their poor old beards, and laughed at the strange fashion of their garments.

The English Snob rampant always does this to the present day. There is no Snob in existence, perhaps, that has such an indomitable belief in himself; that sneers you down all the rest of the world besides; and has such an insufferable, admirable, stupid contempt for all people but his own—nay, for all sets but his own. "Gwacious Gad!" what stories about "the Iwish" these young dandies accompanying KING RICHARD must have had to tell, when they returned to Pall Mall, and smoked their cigars upon the steps of WHITE'S!

The Irish Snobbishness develops itself not in pride so much as in servility and mean admirations, and trumpery imitations of their neighbours. And I wonder DE TOCQUEVILLE and DE BEAUMONT, and the *Times' Commissioner* did not explain the Snobbishness of Ireland as contrasted with our own. Ours is that of RICHARD'S Norman Knights,—haughty, brutal, stupid, and perfectly self-confident;—theirs, of the poor wondering, kneeling, simple chieftains. They are on their knees still before English fashion—these simple, wild people: and indeed, it is hard not to grin at some of their *naïve* exhibitions.

Some years since, when a certain great orator was Lord Mayor of

Dublin, he used to wear a red gown and a cocked hat, the splendour of which delighted him as much as a new curtain-ring in her nose or a string of glass beads round her neck charms QUEEN QUASHEENABOO. He used to pay visits to people in this dress; to appear at meetings, hundreds of miles off, in the red velvet gown. And to hear the people crying "Yes, me Lard!" and "No, me Lard!" and to read the prodigious accounts of his Lordship in the papers! it seemed as if the people and he liked to be taken in by this twopenny splendour. Twopenny magnificence, indeed, exists all over Ireland, and may be considered as the great characteristic of the Snobbishness of that country.

When Mrs. MULHOLLIGAN, the grocer's lady, retires to Kingstown, she has "MULHOLLIGANVILLE" painted over the gate of her villa; and receives you at a door that won't shut, or gazes at you out of a window that is glazed with an old petticoat.

Be it ever so shabby and dismal, nobody ever owns to keeping a shop. A fellow whose stock in trade is a penny roll or a tumbler of lollipops, calls his cabin the "American Flour Store," or the "Depository for Colonial Produce," or some such name.

As for Inns, there are none in the country; Hotels abound, as well furnished as Mulholliganville; but again, there are no such people as landlords and landladies; the landlord is out with the hounds, and my lady, in the parlour talking with the Captain or playing the piano.

If a gentleman has a hundred a year to leave to his family they all become gentlemen, all keep a nag, ride to hounds, and swagger about in the "Phaynix," and grow tufts to their chins like so many real aristocrats.

A friend of mine has taken to be a painter, and lives out of Ireland, where he is considered to have disgraced the family by choosing such a profession. His father is a wine-merchant; and his elder brother an apothecary.

The number of men one meets in London and on the Continent who have a pretty little property of five-and-twenty hundred a year in Ireland is prodigious—those who *will* have nine thousand a year in land when somebody dies are still more numerous. I myself have met as many descendants from Irish kings as would form a brigade.

And who has not met the Irishman who apes the Englishman, and who forgets his country and tries to forget his accent, or to smother the taste of it, as it were? "Come, dine with me, my boy," says O'Dowd, of O'Dowdstown, "you'll find us all English there;" which he tells you with a brogue as broad as from here to Kingstown Pier. And did you never hear Mrs. CAPTAIN MACMANUS talk about "I-ah-land," and her account of her "fawther's esteet?" Very few men have rubbed through the world without hearing and witnessing some of these Hibernian phenomena—these twopenny splendours.

And what say you to the summit of society—the Castle—with a sham king, and sham lords-in-waiting, and sham loyalty, and a sham HARBOUR ALRASCHID, to go about in a sham disguise, making-believe to be affable and splendid? That Castle is the pink and pride of Snobbishness. A Court Circular is bad enough, with two columns of print about a little baby that's christened—but think of people liking a sham Court Circular!

I think the shams of Ireland are more outrageous than those of any country. A fellow shows you a hill and says, "That's the highest mountain in all Ireland;" or a gentleman tells you he is descended from BRIAN BOROO, and has his five-and-thirty hundred a year; or Mrs. MACMANUS describes her fawther's esteet; or our old DAN rises and says the Irish women are the loveliest, the Irishmen the bravest, the Irish land the most fertile in the world: and nobody believes anybody—the latter doesn't believe his story nor the hearer:—but they make-believe to believe, and solemnly do honour to humbug.

Oh Ireland! Oh my country! (for I make little doubt that I am descended from BRIAN BOROO too) when will you acknowledge that two and two make four, and call a pikestaff a pikestaff?—that is the very best use you can make of the latter. Irish Snobs will dwindle away then. and we shall never hear tell of Hereditary Bondsmen.

P.S. The Snob of England acknowledges the receipt of a communication signed "I. H. S." "I. H. S." is a judicious critic: and a worthy and kindly Snob.

YOUNG IRELAND'S SWORD.

MR. MEAGHER, having taken away with him Young Ireland's sword, *Punch* has privately sent to him the name and address of a distinguished keeper of marine-stores, who gives the highest price for old iron.

AN AFFECTING SEPARATION.



Jane. "GEORGE! YOU'RE A-GOING TO RICHMOND!"

George. "HALLO! STOP THE BOAT! I'M FOR MARGATE!!!"

THE PAGANS OF WINSLOW.

WE are not very good geographers; but we have a strong belief that Winslow is somewhere in Barbary—in a part of burning Africa; famous, according to poets, as the dry-nurse of lions,—*arida nutrix leonum*. We know that the uneducated—such is the bigotry of some forlorn Englishmen—declare that Winslow is in Worcestershire. Well; we will show our own liberality by respecting the opinions of others. All we have to repeat is, our conviction that Winslow is a part of some Pagan state, its laws being administered by Mahometans, or idolaters, or some hapless creatures dwelling, as in an earth-pit, in moral darkness, in no way lightened by the least glimmering of that divine Christianity which, according to the BISHOP OF NORWICH, is the peculiar pride of every respectable Englishman. We repeat it; WINSLOW is some Pagan place, as the following story—how it crept into the *Worcestershire Chronicle* we know not—will indubitably testify:—

"STEALING PEAS AT WINSLOW.—MARY LINES, aged six years, and SARAH MOSS, aged twelve, appeared in answer to a summons for having picked two handfuls of peas in a field through which there was a path, and in which they were walking, being the property of Mr. ROBINSON. SARAH ROBINSON, wife of the owner, proved the complaint against the younger child for the act, and the elder for inciting her thereto. Mr. P. BEAVY appeared for the defence, and subjected the witness to a severe cross-examination, touching some circumstances which tended to show that the proceedings originated out of spite to the parents of the children, who are sisters-in-law. The magistrates, having no alternative, from the positive manner in which the case was pressed by the prosecutor, who laid the damage at 6*d.*, fined the parties 6*d.* for damage and 13*s.* costs; and in default of payment the elder child was committed to gaol for fourteen days."

The writer—or, rather, translator of the above—has, it is seen, put it into a very English dress, the better, we presume, to communicate it to the simple minds of his Arcadian readers; who, learning what punishment is inflicted upon a child of twelve years old for picking two handfuls of peas, price 6*d.*, in a pagan country,—may clasp their hands in thankfulness, and with their smock-frocks wipe the grateful dew from their eyes, blessing their destiny that they are born in refined, philanthropic, Christian England. And then, two handfuls of peas, price 6*d.* (the translator, of course, means English money). Peas must be very dear in Pagan land. But we have it. It is well known that the arch-impostor, MAHOMET, taught a pigeon to peck peas out of his ears, that he might gull his dupes with the flam that the pigeon, thus pecking, was bringing him commands from the higher world. (LOUIS NAPOLEON took this hint; and when—primed with Champagne—he landed at

A VOICE FROM EGYPTIAN HALL.

Owing to the violent hailstorm last Saturday having broken several of the windows at Egyptian Hall, great fears were entertained that Mr. FABER's speaking-machine might have caught cold, and have lost its voice. But we are happy to state that the Automaton runs up the scale as nimbly as ever, and that his "G" excites the admiration of the whole room every time he succeeds in going down to it. To guard against accidents, however, we should recommend Mr. FABER to have a duplicate machine always in attendance, on the plan of the Brussels Company, in which every actor has a "double" ready at a moment's notice to perform his part, in the event of his being indisposed to sing.

As this "double" is generally a rising singer, the indisposition of a *prima-donna* rarely lasts longer than a day, in fact a favourite tenor has been known to recover his voice the moment his name was taken out of the bills, though he was so hoarse the minute before that he could not sing a note. It must be mentioned, however, to the great credit of the Automaton, that, though he is encored about twelve times a day in "*God save the Queen*," and is indisputably the most popular singer of the day, not a single apology has been made for him yet. We hope we are divulging no secret in stating that he takes a couple of STOLBERG's voice lozenges regularly every night.

FRAMING A BILL.

The glazier who has mended the 7,000 broken windows of the Houses of Parliament, has sent into Mr. BARRY his account headed thus—"A Bill for Panes and Penalties."

Boulogne to take France, had an eagle all ready to perch upon his head; the eagle having long practised upon beef-steaks laid upon the NAPOLEON *caput*.) Well, there is no doubt that these precious peas (price 6*d.*) are peas in a right descent from the Mahomet peas; sacred peas; and hence their enormous value.

The price of the peas, however, is as nothing to the costs (what are costs?) of Pagan land; they amounting to 13*s.* (for again the translator calculates in English money). And the wretched girl, not having thirteen shillings and sixpence (according to our coin) is taken away—poor little barbarian!—to be shut up in gaol for fourteen long days! And when in gaol—so foolish are these Mahometans—there is every cause to believe that a Mufti, paid by the Government, will very carefully catechise the little offender, and especially command her to read her Koran. How lucky is it that Winslow is—as we are certain it is—somewhere in Barbary, and not in Worcestershire.

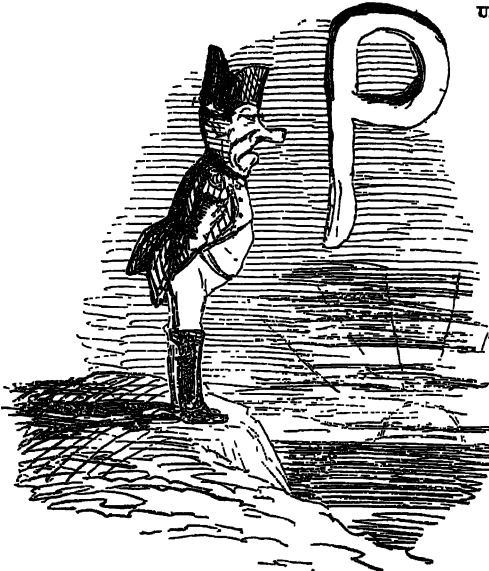
BUTTERFLIES AND BISHOPS.

A WEEK or two ago the papers alarmed us by stating that an immense cloud of butterflies—a cloud darkening the sun—had been seen somewhere upon the coast. It was said the farmers were in great trepidation, as the insects threatened to devour everything. *Punch* is not superstitious, but he certainly had a dread of some untoward event from this alarming cloud, and his fears have been fully justified by a Bill introduced into the Commons by MESSRS. FREWEN and COLQUHOUN—a Bill to make no less than nineteen new bishops! Within the last week the price of lawn has gone up two shillings a yard, and wet-nurses have struck for wages, because of the sudden dearness of black silk aprons.

Going Backwards.

MR. DISRAELI says, "History is nothing but a series of reactions," in which everything, after a time, retraces its steps. According to this, MR. DISRAELI will shortly be a Radical again. We should not be surprised if O'CONNELL proposes him, next year, for Clonmel.

RELICS AT A DISCOUNT.



PUNCH observes with regret that the rage for relics has abated considerably since the days when the identical egg-shell of the identical egg that NAPOLEON was eating before the battle of Austerlitz, fetched a guinea and-a-half under the hammer. We have known the time when the announcement of a sale of relics would have brought large capitalists into competition for the precious lots. But now we really believe, that if NAPOLEON'S best St.

Helena night-cap, or his Fontainebleau slippers, were to appear in a catalogue, there would be no great sensation excited in the public mind by such an announcement.

At a sale the other day, LORD GREY'S coat was put up and only got a bidding of seven shillings, which must have been actually less than it would have produced in Holywell Street. Perhaps, however, as a lot of Whigs were continually hanging on to his skirts, the coat of the noble Earl may have been so much worn as to render it nearly valueless.

If BROUGHAM'S coat had been the lot in question, we should not have been surprised at the smallness of the offer. As it was once said that the mantle of ERSKINE had fallen on the Ex-Chancellor, we recommend him to call in an old clothesman when he wants to get rid of it, seeing that at public auctions a fair price cannot be relied upon.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM THE LORD MAYOR TO THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

"Mansion House, Thursday Evening, July 30th.

"THE LORD MAYOR presents his compliments to the Clerk of the Weather, and begs to inform him, that, having a private dinner party at the Mansion House on Saturday next, at six, and being unable, after repeated applications, to get any ice from the exhausted stores of the Wenham Lake Company, that, should the Clerk of the Weather have remaining by him any small pieces calculated for mixing in sherry cobbler, and could send a supply into London about that time, the LORD MAYOR will feel himself deeply indebted to the Clerk of the Weather."

We need not inform the public how promptly this request was complied with. The liberal supply of hailstones that was thrown into London on the Saturday so warmed the heart of the LORD MAYOR, that he has sent the Clerk of the Weather the freedom of the Glaziers' Company.

The Pen and the Sword.

THE British Lion never wanted to make a meal, not even of a Yankee cabin-boy; and we hope that the American Eagle is now content to feed upon native Indian corn, instead of dining upon Britishers, gloriously dead upon the battle-field. MR. CALHOUN, however, very wisely attributes all this to the tongues of statesmen and the quills of public writers. "Had there been," says the American, "the least false step on the other side—had the speeches in Parliament, or the articles in the public journals been of an exasperating character, we could not then have arranged matters on this side as we have done." And then he lauds the moderation of PEARL and ABERDEEN. And all this cheering for the present, is hopeful for the future. A statesman's windpipe, wisely employed, may in good time shut up in rusty dumbness those—

"mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jov's dread clamorous counterfett,"

and half-a-dozen quills of half-a-dozen journalists prove too much for a whole park of artillery. Mortars are devastating instruments—and yet they may be beaten by inkstands.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY HANNIBAL.

SCENE—A Dining-room, with a very well-spread table. Present, HANNIBAL and Friend.

WHAT! let in slave-grown Muscovados!
Help Brazil of her sugar to rid!
What! give way to Free-trade bravados!
No! WILBERFORCE, CLARKSON, forbid!
I'd not touch such a sweet'ner accursed,
Tho' it cost but this penny a pound—
(And HANNIBAL flourish'd his copper,
Dug in Cuba, by slaves, from the ground.)

To wormwood 'twould turn in my cobbler,
To gall it would change in my tea;
For a conjuror, potent as DOBLER,
Is the spirit of hu-man-i-tie!
Ere my babes should suck lolly-pops slave-grown,
I'd hang them all up, Sir, in that—
(And HANNIBAL fingered, heroic,
His slave-grown, sea-island cravat.)

No, no; at my table you're safe, Sir,
From all fruit of the negro's despair—
But, bless me! amidst all this talking,
You eat nothing at all, I declare!
Pray, do try that curry—for boiling
The rice I've a plan of my own:—
(And HANNIBAL gulped down a spoonful,
'Twas the best Carolina—slave-grown.)

What? you really have finish'd your dinner!
I can answer for that Curaçoa;
From a friend, a great Rotterdam merchant—
Slave-grown?—Oh, how can you talk so?
You shock me! I must have some coffee,
For the nerves 'tis a famous resource—
(And HANNIBAL swallow'd his Mocha,
'Twas slave-raised, Brazilian, of course.)

And now, as my wife's down at Brighton,
And yours hors de combat, old boy,
We'll make it a Bachelor's dinner—
'Tis a treat we don't often enjoy. [Brings out box of cigars.
There! Puros! Direct from Havannah!
You may wink, but I tell you they are—
(And HANNIBAL straight disappear'd
'Neath the cloud of a slave-grown cigar.)

The Church in Danger.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I was educated at Oxford, Sir; subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles, and all that; and therefore have, I trust, the affection of a most dutiful child for Mother Church. Well, Sir, with this filial love beating beneath my white waistcoat, (for I am proud to say it, I am not all unknown to that growing power, that kernel of the country, Young England), it is not without a mixture of horror and indignation that I have read the account of what is called the SALOMONS Scholarship. It seems that MR. SALOMONS, in gratitude to the infidel PEARL for throwing open the Mayoralty to Jews—(I only hope that the gold chain mayn't be missing in a year or two)—has founded a scholarship to bear his Hebraic name! He—a Jew—gives money to educate a Christian in the very bosom of Mother Church; and we, a Christian people, look on and applaud the act; and SIR ROBERT INGLIS does not put himself in sackcloth, or shake a cinder-sieve above his head!

"But this is not all. The *Morning Herald*—the last hope of the truly faithful—eulogizes the act of MR. SALOMONS as 'an act of generosity that recommends itself by its pure patriotism and disinterestedness.' And this is the way that the *Herald* writes of Jews! I should as soon have thought to see my blessed grandmother kiss an old clothesman!

"However, *Mr. Punch*, I have done my duty. If the SALOMONS' scholar should, after all, not be a Christian, but a Jew in sheep's clothing—and I confess I have my private doubts upon the matter—if he should not have placed a lamb, but a viper in the bosom of Mother Church at the University—if the Chancellor turns a Rabbi—if the feast of Purim is celebrated on the banks of the Isis, and the Passover held in the Halls of Oxford, I still, amidst the wreck of all that is dear to every Englishman, have this consolation—I did not suffer myself to be silent. If the Capitol of our liberties was betrayed, it wasn't for the want of the warning voice of

"A LOVER OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER VII.



WHILST picking the turkey—which, in my heart, I wished a golden pheasant, not so much for its flesh as for its feathers for a tippet—my thoughts continued fixed upon my home. I then felt the bitter fruits of my obstinacy. I had neglected all the truly useful arts of life for its vain accomplishments. I could work a peacock in worsted; but, I felt it, I could not draw a turkey. Again and again had my dear mother tried to impress upon my giddy brain Mrs. Glasse's golden rules "to choose poultry, game, &c.;" and as often I

had turned a careless ear from the dear soul, saying, that all such learning would, of course, be known to my housekeeper; that I would never marry a man who would expect me to know the age of poultry; and other impertinence of the like kind. I ought to have known that "a turkeycock, if young, has a smooth black leg, with a short spur." But when I should have laid this wisdom to my heart, it was beating for spurs not to be found upon turkeys. Then for telling the age of geese,—I despised such homely knowledge. Enough for me, if I could tell the age of certain beautiful officers, with white feathers not to be thought of with poultry. How I bewailed the time I had given to the Parks, bestowing no thought upon the kitchen!

Having, with the aid of my tweezers, picked my turkey, I had a confused suspicion that the bird should be drawn, and stuffed, and served with gravy. I turned it over and over, looked at it again and again; and felt humbled by my ignorance. Then I thought of cooking it as it was, just helping myself to little bits of the breast. Again I thought, fortune will not send a turkey every day; therefore no part of it should be wasted. In my perplexity, I at length resolved to hang it to a tree until the next day, that I might reconsider the difficulty. I did so; but I could not silence the self-reproach that said: "Herc you are, Miss ROBINSON, a finished young lady. You can play the Battle of Prague—can read very easy French—can work chain-stitch—can paint tulips on velvet—can dance any country-dance as though you came into the world with the figure in your head: but you cannot cook a turkey." Oh, my dear sisters, may you never feel the pang of that reproach!

Assuaging my hunger with some biscuit and the captain's potted anchovies, I set to work to barricade myself against savages or wild beasts. With infinite labour I piled trunk upon trunk and bandbox upon bandbox in a complete circle. Never being accustomed to sleep in the dark, you may imagine how I missed my rushlight. A woman always feels protection in a candle; and the lion itself, as I had heard, was to be awed by a lighted long-six. However, worn out by fatigue, I soon sank to sleep; and awoke about the time—so far as I could judge from the sun—that hot rolls are served in the morning. I made a hearty breakfast of shell-fish and biscuit—but somehow, I felt a strange vacuity, an "aching void," as Doctor DONN somewhere says, that I could not account for. I wanted something; an essential something. It was the *Morning Post*. It was always such blessed food—such support and gladness for the day—to read the "Court Circular;" to be sustained by a knowledge of the royal ridings and walkings; and though I knew I should never be invited to such junkettings, still it imparted a mysterious pleasure to know that "THE MARQUENESS OF MAXFAIR had a party, at which all the *Elite*," &c. It was, somehow to see the jewels reflected in the type—somehow to catch the odour of high society even from the printers' ink. And this, the balm of life, was denied me. I was so haunted by the thought that, with playful bitterness, I sometimes wrote with a stick "*Morning Post*" upon the sand; and then wanly smiled and moralised, as the rising tide would wash that morning print away! After a season I devoted the time formerly given to the *Post* to my parrot; and found in the eloquent intelligence of the bird much more than a recompense for my loss. But let me not anticipate.

I made continual trips to the wreck, and every time returned with new treasures of food and goods and raiment. What a wardrobe I

had—if anybody could but have seen it! Sometimes, when aboard the ship, I felt a concern for my stores on land, lest they should be ravaged by men or beasts, but on my return from the ship I found all as I had left it. Once only I saw two little creatures run from among the boxes. They were, I thought, either ermine or rabbits. If real ermine—the notion would rise—what a muff and tippet I might promise myself!

Whilst loading my raft, an accident occurred that mightily discomposed me. The wedding-ring that, for safety, I continued to wear, became severed in the middle. It was plain there was a flaw in the virgin gold. Solitude had made me superstitious; and I looked upon the broken circle as an omen that I was doomed to perpetual celibacy. The thought of never-ending singleness fell upon my heart with a crushing weight. And, to make my misery perfect, the cat that I have spoken of in a former chapter, again came rubbing herself against me, looking upwards with horribly speaking eyes, as though confirming my fear of destitution.

I took the fractured ring from my finger. Hope whispered—"Take heart, Miss ROBINSON; like a first love broken, it may be soldered." With this, I secured the precious bit of domestic metal, and renewed my work, a little comforted.

Like a bee gathering sweets, I went from cabin to cabin. Rum-maging a locker I found three razors; I was about to leave them, when my previous train of thought recurred. "The fate that requires a wedding-ring," said the thought, "also gives a value to razors." I therefore resolved to take the instruments: and the same resolution induced me to bring away a prodigious stock of tobacco. "I shall never smoke myself," I seemed to remark; "but *he* may."

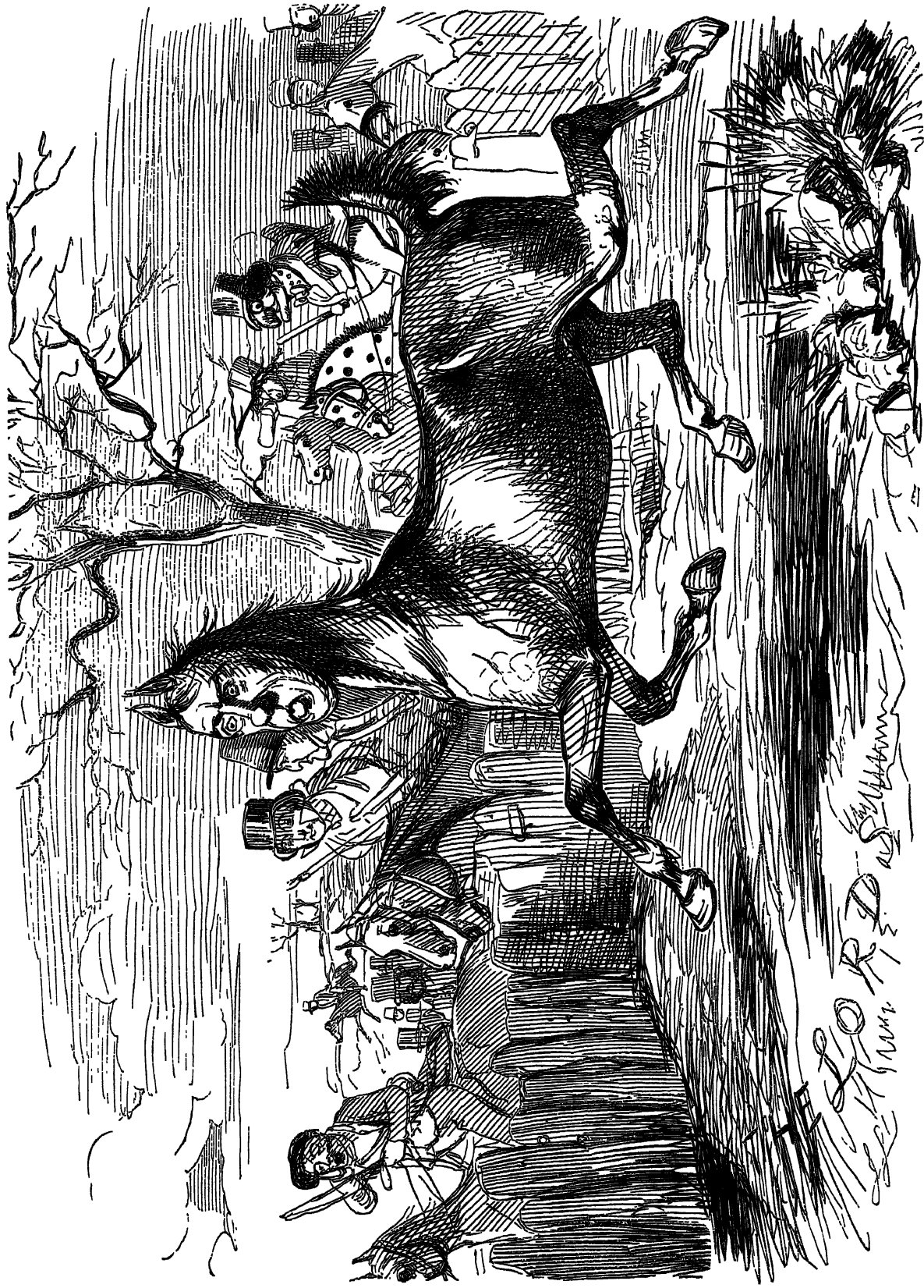
In another locker I found some knives and—I could have wept with gratitude—some silver forks. It having been made one of the first principles of my education to consider a silver fork essential to any assertion soever of human dignity, I felt myself lifted by the discovery. I had learned that what was known as the Iron Age, was no other than the time of Iron Forks: or why did I take real silver to Black-heath with me? The age of iron was the age of vulgar toil, when everybody laboured: now the first-known silver spoon—as I was instructed by the MISSES WHALEBONES—came into the world in the mouth of the first gentleman.

In another locker I found a bag of sovereigns. They made me sigh. "Of what use, O sovereigns!" I said, "are you to me? You cannot buy me a seat at the Opera. You cannot take me to Brighton. You cannot waft me to RUNDALL and BRIDGE's, to make choice there." Flinging down the gold, I said, "O drug, stay there, and"—and then the thought of the shops in Bond Street, and with the thought the stock of the four seasons rose in my mind, and I moralised no more, but took the bag. As I did this, the sky became overcast, and I found that if I would secure my goods I must shorten my stay. I ran into a cabin which I recollected had been occupied by a very nice old gentleman, a clergyman, going out to join his regiment, then fighting very hard indeed, in India. But, like a dove, he was going out with the olive in his mouth, to comfort the wounded and preach patience to the flogged. Taking a hasty glance, I saw nothing but a book upon the bed-clothes of his cot—the book he had doubtless been reading when the ship struck; without opening it, I secured my prize, and ran upon deck. The sky was getting blacker and blacker, and I resolved to swim for it. The weight of the gold was a little embarrassing, but, for the first time, I found that almost any amount of gold might be borne in difficulties. After a time I seemed to swim the lighter for it.

The wind continued to rise, but at length I got ashore, and making a hasty supper of biscuit and salt-beef, with the smallest imaginable drop of *eau-de-cologne* on a lump of sugar, I went comfortably to bed; for I had in the course of my trips secured a hammock, which I suspended right across my barricade, by tying each end of it to the handles of opposite trunks. I must confess that for a long time it was very difficult for me to get into the hammock, as I no sooner got in on one side than I fell out from the other. However, as I knew there could be no witness of my awkwardness, I persevered, and in a few nights not a midshipman in the whole of the royal navy could jump more adroitly into his sleeping-berth than I did.

DRY ENTERTAINMENT.

THERE was a great deal of speaking at the Lynn demonstration dinner, but very little to eat. The Protectionists talked, and talked, as if the farmers would not mind for any other food, as long as they gave them plenty of food for laughter.



BROUGHAM—A CELEBRATED OLD HUNTER.

Formerly in the Possession of the BRITISH NATION, and now the Property of

MR. PUNCH.



“ A GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES ; ” OR, DAN AND HIS “ FORCES . ”

Lines on the Lash.

TO THE QUEEN.

QUEEN of Christian England, hearken ;
 Know, the nation that thou swayest,
 That a guilty shade doth darken :
 Wilt thou chase it? for thou mayest.
 Thy wish only need be spoken
 In the Senate of the land,
 And the cursed Lash is broken ;
 For thy wish is a command.

Royal woman ! hast thou thought
 That the men who guard thy crown,
 And to shield thee think it nought
 To lay life and member down,
 For a trifling word of scorn,
 For a hasty threat or blow,
 Have their flesh to pieces torn
 Whilst the living blood doth flow ?

Thy defender thou hast seen
 In his red and gold array'd,

Hast admired his gallant mien
 At review or on parade.
 Hast thou ever seen him stripp'd ?
 Hast thou heard him shriek and groan
 Whilst his quivering flesh was whipp'd—
 Whipp'd by piecemeal from the bone ?

Hast thou traced him to the bed,
 Where, in torments worse than death,
 He at length hath bow'd the head,
 And hath yielded up the breath ?
 Gracious Lady, credit us,
 It is true that such things be.
 Should the soldier perish thus—
 He who would have died for thee ?

Let thy queenly voice be heard—
 Who shall dare to disobey ?—
 It but costs thy Royal word,
 And the lash is cast away.
 With thyself it rests to scour
 From our arms the loathsome stain ;
 Then of mercy show thy power,
 And immortal be thy reign !



The Young Ladies' Idol.

WHAT RAGGED SCHOOLS MAY COME TO.

It is with peculiar satisfaction that we view the establishment of Ragged Schools in various parts of the Metropolis. We speak advisedly when we describe our satisfaction as peculiar. For it is not merely that we are rejoiced at the idea of a number of youthful mendicants being prevented from becoming thieves and pickpockets, taught to earn an honest livelihood, and rescued from vice and misery, through the instrumentality of these seminaries. No ; our views are much higher than such plebeian considerations as these ; and they also extend far beyond the present time. We have an eye to the benefit of our posterity, and to that of the superior classes generally.

When we consider that Eton was established for the reception of poor and indigent scholars, and that Winchester and most of our other public schools were, at their first foundation, charities, we may not unreasonably indulge the hope that the Ragged Schools, originally, like them, destined for the instruction of the tag-rag-and-bobtail, may ultimately become gratuitous institutions for the education of the children of the aristocracy.

THE "MORNING POST" ON CHIVALRY.

THE *Post*—like STERNE'S cook-maid on another domestic event—never chronicles a marriage in high life that it is not an inch the taller for it. A recent wedding very much delights our funkey contemporary, who says :—

"Among the *on dit*s current in fashionable circles relative to the above marriage, is one which, if true, affords a gratifying proof that even in these days of *matter-of-fact* and *cold calculation* the spirit of gallantry and chivalry, for which their forefathers were *erewhile* so celebrated, is not yet extinct among the youthful scions of our nobility."

And then the *Post* narrates how that LORD MAIDSTONE, just before the Derby, offered to LADY CONSTANCE PAGET his celebrated horse, TOM TULLOCH : and the lady accepting it, his lordship then offered himself ; and he was accepted too. Proving that, according to the *Post*, in the days of chivalry, the heart of a woman was always tested by horseflesh. Very great, indeed, is the *Post* on TOM TULLOCH ; had Tom not been a horse, but another animal, ranked equine by naturalists, the *Post* could not have shown more sympathetic interest towards the quadruped.

THE MEETING BETWEEN THE SULTAN AND MEHEMET ALI.

(From our own Correspondent.)



CONFORMABLY with previous arrangements, at mid-day precisely, by the great clock of Saint Sophia, as the bells of all the minarets in the city rang a triple bob-major, and amid the roaring of the guns on the Propontis and the Thracian Chersonese, the Pasha quitted his steamer, which lay off the romantic little village of Trebizond, and entered the great state barge, rowed by forty-eight Janissaries, and steered by the Grand Inaum. All the ships in the harbour had their flags half-mast high, in honour of the auspicious event; the yards were manned by the gallant Muffis, and in several

instances the ships were hung with festoons of variegated kibobs; while, on the respective poops of the vessels of war, the bands of the various regiments were playing the "National Anthem."

HIS HIGHNESS THE VICEROY OF EGYPT was dressed in a simple bulb, with little ornament, save his venerable white beard, and a few tulips and polyanthus (sent from the Gardens of the Sweet-waters, and a present from the SULTANA VALIDE) arranged tastefully in his cocked hat. A papoosh (or pink diamond) of tremendous brilliancy, glittered in the hilt of his yatabal. HOKY BEY and BOSK PASHA attended the Egyptian Sovereign. The eight-and-forty rowers lay to their oars; and the narghile cut rapidly through the waters of the blue Bosphorus amidst the shouting of the people from the twenty thousand caciques that followed in the wake of the gilded barge of state.

The Russian squadron, stationed off Karamania, manned yards as the vessel passed, and gave a royal salute; and the French and English ships-of-war saluting similarly, and striking up simultaneously "Rule Britannia" and the "Marseillaise," caused a delightful harmony that was heard all over Stamboul.

The ladies of the Harem lined the walls of the Seraskier's tower, and waved their shulwars in the air to welcome the illustrious vassal of the Porte. One of them, lifting up her veil incautiously, to look at the *cor-tège*, was seen by the chief of the Eunuchs and instantly sewn into a sack and flung into the Bosphorus. Her struggles and ludicrous contortions caused a great deal of laughter, and served to *égayer* the crowd, who had been waiting for many hours in order to see the procession.

At the stairs at Seraglio Point the Dromedary Aga was in waiting, with the two brilliant regiments he commands; and a very large and double-humped animal, cream-coloured, with his mane and tail tied up with pink ribbons—the sacred colour, (indeed, this animal is descended from the Prophet's own camel) was in waiting to receive the renowned MEHEMET ALI. As soon as he mounted, a catherine-wheel fixed at the crupper of the animal was lighted, and thus he rode into the great gate of the Seraglio in a perfect blaze of glory. The roaring and clanging of the gongs of the Etméidans on guard,—the frantic yells of the Yakmaks,—the howling, in chorus, of the ten million dogs which infest Stamboul,—the jangling of the mosque-bells and the roaring of artillery, created a festive uproar which may be imagined, but never, never can be described. A line of dancing Dervishes on either side of the street performed the most graceful yet most fantastic evolutions as the magnificent procession passed; and the Armenian Patriarch performing on an acolyte, and the Greek Episkopotatos (the venerable SPYRIDION PAPAOKIDIKES) beating on a drum, headed their respective sects, and vied with each other in demonstrations of loyalty.

The Synagogues were one and all illuminated, and the Chief Rabbi stood at the porch, dressed in yellow, and blowing on a ram's horn.

The DIPLOMATIC BODY appeared in full uniform, the Chief Secretary of each legation bearing a superb banner, with the national arms, such as the British Lion, the Cock of France, that interesting and extremely rare bird, the double-headed Eagle of Austria, the Ducks of Russia, &c. The American Minister flung about showers of Illinois and Pennsylvanian Bonds; which, however, were received with utter disregard by the Turks—for the most part unable to read, and ignorant of their value.

The CORRESPONDENTS OF THE LONDON PRESS appeared in their very best Sunday attire, several of them sporting new fronts for that auspicious day. A terrific row took place between the Correspondent of the *Chronicle* and the gentleman who represents the *Daily News*, in a scramble for twenty kopek pieces, which the Pasha's dragoman was

flinging out of his saddle-bags among the crowd; but this unseemly squabble was put a stop to by SIR STRATFORD CANNING, who ordered the worthy fellows a pot of porter at the "Timour the Tartar" public-house—the canteen for the troops close by the Seraglio gate.

Within that famous edifice His Highness the SULTAN ABDUL MADJID was in waiting to receive his mighty vassal. The Grand Vizier came out to hold MEHEMET ALI'S foot as he dismounted from his dromedary; but the Pasha slipping as he descended, the illustrious pair rolled over and over, to the no small amusement of His Highness, who was seated on his peacock's throne, dressed in the blazing salama-kek and pilaff, which he wears on state occasions.

As soon as IBRAHIM had got off the dromedary, it was carried off to be cut up and roasted for the day's banquet; this is invariably the custom when any man has crossed a camel of the breed of the Prophet. Its meat is delicious. Its hump is pronounced by epicures to be of the richest flavour; its tail resembles the favourite ox-tail so much used in the soups of the English aristocracy.

The Pasha, advancing backwards, according to etiquette, towards the royal divan, was affectionately received by his youthful Sovereign, who gave him a place by his side. Pipes were instantly brought, both Dutch and Turkish.

"Bring coffee—*black coffee*," said His Highness the Sultan to the Caffidge Bashi.

"BLACK COFFEE!" cried MEHEMET, looking wildly round; "it—it— it don't agree with me."

A ghastly smile played upon the lips of the Sultan, as with a demonic look he

Here the letter is torn off, but our readers may rely upon it as the best and only genuine description of this remarkable interview.

AFFECTING PASSAGE IN AN UNPUBLISHED MELODRAMA.

Young Lovel. ADIEU, LOVE! This watch declares that another moment's delay will render me too late for the train.

Evelina. Whither away, my EUSTACE?

Young Lovel. Adored one, to the Eastern Counties' Railway.

Evelina. Then, dearest, farewell for ever! [Falls senseless.]

THE HEAVIES.



CAPTAIN RAGG AND CORNET FAMISH. (Scene—the Park.)

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

F. "I HATE THEM BECAUSE THEY DRESS SO LIKE TIGERS. HATE A MAN WHO DON'T DRESS QUIETLY."

R. "DEM 'EM, SO DO AY."

THE NEW OMNIBUS.



In consequence of the repeated stoppages of the public thoroughfares, it is found to be a thorough loss of time in nine cases out of ten to enter an omnibus. As the fatigue of walking may, however, be considerable, a vehicle is in the course of construction by which passengers will be able to retire to separate apartments at the top of the 'bus, where the operations of shaving, hair-cutting, &c. &c. may be carried on, so that no time will be lost even during an entire obstruction of the thoroughfare. The only difficulty that might have arisen, was caused by a consideration of the propriety of erecting public vehicles to the elevation of two or three stories; but the advertising-vans having carried puffing to a tremendous height, it can no longer be a question whether the public may not have the advantage as well as the inconvenience of the principle.

It is proposed to lather the company during the progress of the 'bus, and apply the razor during the dead stand-stills. There will also be a compartment for letter-writing—as at the clubs—and the parties who avail themselves of the accommodation will adapt their penmanship to the speed—of course practising a running hand when the 'bus is going at a tolerable pace, and resorting to the old jog-trot style when the vehicle is making its way over fragments of broken pavement. There will be a refreshment-room in connection with the boot, and a circulating library near the top, so that a passenger on entering may subscribe either for the whole or a portion of his journey.

The Benefit of an Example.

A few days ago JUSTICE COLE, at Bodmin, thus addressed an unhappy girl, who, under frightful circumstances, had been indicted for infanticide, but was acquitted of the charge, and found guilty of the concealment only. The Judge said, "Not to add reproach to you, but to hold you up as an example to others, I feel bound to pass upon you a severe sentence." And the sentence was two years' imprisonment. Now, in the name of justice, if the girl, for the crime committed by herself, did not deserve so severe a visitation, why, we ask it, should she suffer as an "example" to others? To suffer for a crime committed is justice; but to suffer *only* that others may be deterred from evil, is to be a martyr, and not a culprit.

KING HUDSON.

It is rumoured that His Majesty is so disgusted with his railway kingdom, situated on the Eastern Counties' Railway, that he intends, in imitation of NAPOLEON at Fontainebleau, to abdicate. The Isle of Dogs is spoken of as his Elba.

Incidents of the late Storm in the Metropolis.

"Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the storm must be very pitiless indeed which does not shower down advantages on somebody. In the first place, the tremendous rain of Saturday week came to the aid of the LORD MAYOR, who had been calling in vain upon the water companies to open their hearts and their sluices. The Clerk of the Weather acted the part of turncock on this occasion, and flooded the metropolis with some millions of gallons of that element which "cheers" (those who like it) "but not inebriates." The common sewer was never in such a swellish state before, and the face of nature—in the metropolis—got such a washing as it does not often experience.

It is not generally known that a Cabinet Council which happened to be sitting during the storm had a refresher thrown upon their usually dry proceedings, by the sudden entrance of a cataract through the roof and windows. The business of Government was carried on for several minutes under a tremendous gig umbrella, lent by the house-keeper to the Ministers until the tempest was over.

The effect of the storm on the newspapers was tremendous, and we understand the spirited proprietor of the *Morning Herald* intends engaging MR. BRADWELL, to get up a storm occasionally, of which that paper is to have the exclusive benefit. The hurricane will commence at Shoe Lane and terminate on the west side of Faringdon Market. Three columns of the electric fluid will appear as leaders in the paper of the next day, and two "own reporters" will be carried away in a whirlwind, of which they will take ample notes, with a view to publication.

ANOTHER STOPPAGE.

FLEET STREET is stopped again, making somewhere about the twentieth time this year. Considering the street is oftener stopped than used, we think the thoroughfare had better be blocked up altogether, and then persons in a hurry would know at once they had better run round by Holborn when they wanted to go from the Strand to Ludgate Hill. We advise the LORD MAYOR therefore to put up the following notice:—

"Considering Fleet Street is a constant source of annoyance, and has been found to be terribly in the way of persons having to transact business in the City, it will be closed to all public traffic on and after August the 10th, and will be laid out for the future exclusively as a Cab-walk and practising-ground for advertising-vans. Sealed tenders from advertisers and cab proprietors, stating highest terms for the lease of the entire street for one year, to be sent into Guildhall.

By Order of the

LORD MAYOR."

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.



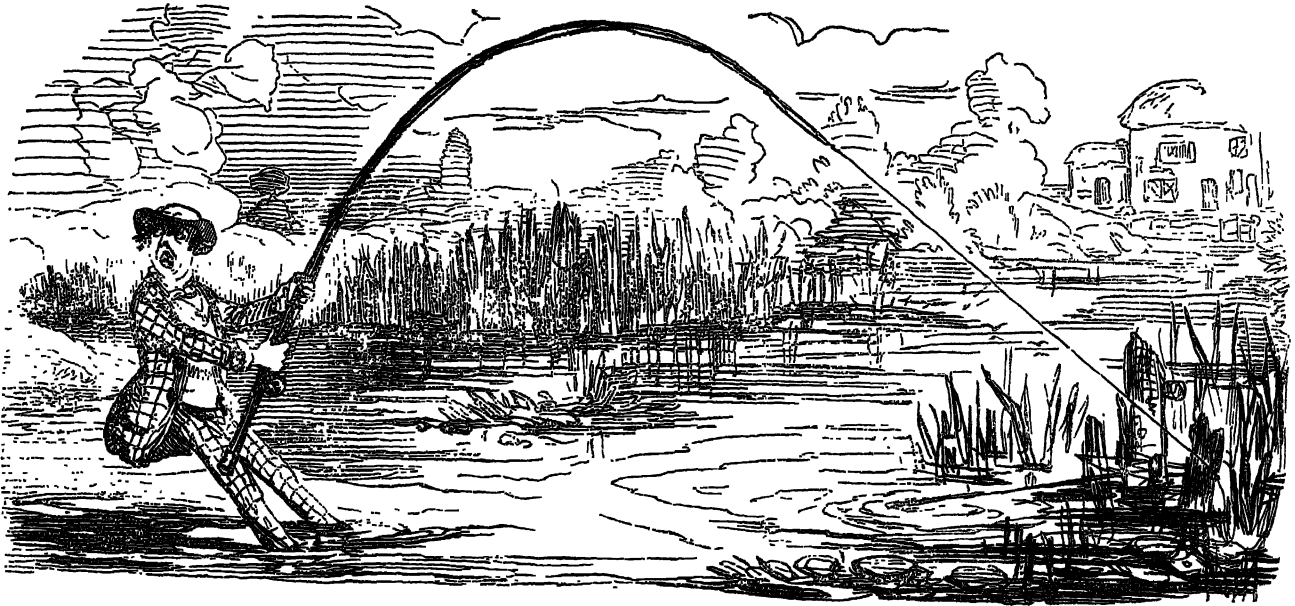
WE understand that the two senior captains of the Iron Boats have agreed to take the retirement lately offered. The mate of the *Cricketer* was reported to have sold out; but on inquiry it proved that he had only sold out his stock of ginger-beer on one of those "hot Saturdays" which have recently been got up on the river, in imitation of the "long Thursdays" at the Opera.

It is whispered, in circles very likely to be misinformed, that the penny steam-boats intend issuing day tickets at a fare and a half, which will be available for two hours from their date; and season tickets, which may be used for a whole week, will be sold for threepence.

The spirited Directors of the *Ant* have prepared a Report, from which it appears that, after declaring a dividend, there will be three hundred-weight of small coal to add to "the rest" in the cellars of the Company.

The crew of the *Daisy* have been laid up with the whooping-cough, and the boy who is cutting his teeth has been a severe sufferer. The captain's feet were in gruel when our reporter left, and the skipper was trying to get down a quantity of oatmeal and vinegar, which had been recommended to him as an "emulgent." The squadron of evolution off Hungerford continues to perform the most difficult ins and outs with perfect safety.

A PLEASANT STATE OF THINGS.



Piscator, (at the top of his voice). "HI—TOM, BRING THE LANDING-NET; HE'S PULLED ME IN, AND GOT ROUND A POST."

THE HANGMAN'S WIFE.

To the enthusiastic, the hopeful advocates and lovers of human progress, it is occasionally very disheartening to learn the backsliding of those who, from their position, ought to excite within us the liveliest expectations of human perfectibility. We have just laid down the *Worcestershire Chronicle* with a saddened, dumpish heart. The hangman's wife—we learn from that print—has made a false step from the line of moral rectitude, having strayed into Mr. C. ROBERTS'S potato-field. But we subjoin the brief history of this misfortune, most depressing to those who look upon JACK KETCH as a practical *conservator morum* :—

"Early on Sunday morning, Policeman BRAY, while on duty at the Heath, fell in with SARAH TAYLOR, wife of JACK KETCH, and perceiving she was encumbered with a basket and bundle, examined them, and found that one contained potatoes, and the other beans. As she gave evasive answers, he took her into custody, when she confessed she had rooted them from a field belonging to Mr. C. ROBERTS, and that three others had been with her."

It is not often that we feel disposed to despair of human improvement : but we look upon the condition of SARAH TAYLOR as hopeless. We very naturally, very justly require of those fortunate individuals who in their childhood have received the benefits of careful moral training, conduct more exemplary, more useful to society and honourable to themselves than we can conscientiously demand of the poor human waifs and strays of this unequal world. In the like manner, we think we have a right to expect from the spouse of the hangman conduct more guarded, habits much more respectable, than from other women less happily wedded. We should say of MRS. JACK KETCH as of MRS. CÆSAR : "She must not be suspected." And for this reason—the partner of her heart, and bed and board, being the public teacher of great moral lessons—the solemn schoolmaster of the halter—she ought, by the extreme punctiliousness of her conduct, to show to the world the elevating benefits of a close companionship with such a national moralist.

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still,"

sings Mr. MOORE, and after him ten million young ladies. In the like manner, no evil fortune, no one kind of ruin in its many varieties, should fall upon the wife of JACK KETCH, to the destruction, the entire passing away of that moral scent of roses with which the hangman, as her partner, and, insensibly, her daily teacher, must have endowed her. The hangman should be typified as the husband of the blind woman,—Justice. What are we to say, then, of his marital influence, when his spouse whips the bandage from her eyes, that she may all the better root up a Mr. C. ROBERTS'S potatoes? The hangman's wife, ponder-

ing the many wrongs which her husband, in his time (before work with him was so very slack) had to set right,—reflecting upon the inestimable value of his moral influence, as once testified by the House of Commons, the Lords spiritual and temporal, and the KING, with the crown upon his head, making Hanging Acts,—ought to be as full of probity as an egg is full of honest meat. To step aside but an inch—to trip but a finger's-breadth, is to commit a great social treason, a fearful breach of faith with the country at large. The least peccadillo on the part of such a woman, so favourably chained in marriage to such a teacher, shakes the national faith in the moral influence of the hangman. MRS. SARAH TAYLOR is wife of JACK KETCH; and therefore, as we should have thought, to be trusted in the garden of the HESPERIDES with the apple-guarding dragon asleep and snoring. And lo! such is our sad disappointment in our hopes of human goodness taught by good example, when Mrs. JACK KETCH—stooping as low as woman can stoop—steals potatoes!

DEATH TO THE DOCTORS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"Let me call your attention to the following paragraph, which appeared the other day in the *Daily News* :—

"THE FRUIT SEASON.—There has seldom been known a greater scarcity of fruit than in the present year, and what there is, generally speaking, is of inferior quality. It has been one of the worst cherry seasons ever known, and peaches and plums are far from abundant."

"I can vouch, Sir, for the truth of the above melancholy statement. My practice this year has not been one half its annual average at the present season, owing to a want of the usual number of young patients, who become indisposed from indulging in fruit. Sir, the profession is in a sad state; we shall be ruined, unless an improved system of horticulture secures us a regular fruit-season. If it does not, surely some protection should be afforded to British Medicine.

"Yours respectfully,
"FIAT HAUSTUS."

VERY ALARMING!

LORD BROUGHAM said, in the House of Lords, "To do or say anything to spread alarm is very prejudicial." LORD BROUGHAM has spread universal alarm, having hinted that he is about to publish his decisions when he was Lord Chancellor. *Ergo*—but we leave it to his Lordship to draw his own inference.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER VIII.



WHILST making my breakfast, I began to think—it was the constant custom of my dear father—of my dinner. My thoughts immediately flew to the turkey; and again I felt confounded by my ignorance. How was I to dress it? Whilst in this state of perturbation, and inwardly reproaching myself for the time I had lost at tambour-work that might have been so usefully, so nobly employed in at least the theory of the kitchen, my eye fell upon the book I had brought from the wreck; the book lying in the cot of the regimental chaplain going out to India. Listlessly enough, I took the volume in my hand—opened it, and, equally to my astonishment and joy, read upon the title-page—*The Complete Art of Cookery!* My gratitude was unbounded, and I blessed the good man whose midnight studies had indirectly proved of such advantage to me.

With beating heart, I turned over the pages, until I came to "Turkey." Again and again I read the directions; but though they were written with all the clearness of a novel, they only gave me, what I once heard called, a magnificent theory. I felt that drawing required a practical hand; for how was I to know gall from liver? "A stuffing of sausage-meat" sounded very well—but how to make it? And then—though, possibly, the plant might grow in the island—where to get a shred shalot? The excellent chaplain's book, instead of instructing and comforting me, plunged me in the profoundest melancholy. As I turned over the pages—I, a desolate spinster on a desolate island—I seemed scoffed and mocked at by the dishes that I read of—dishes, all of them associated with the very best society, and many of them awakening thoughts of Michaelmas goose, of Christmas beef, of spring lamb, and all the many amenities that impart the sweetest charm to civilised existence. With a strong effort of will, I laid down the book: I would keep it, I thought, for calmer hours. When more accustomed to my hideous solitude, it might soothe and support me, throwing the fascinations of romance about a cold and hungry reality.

Walking upon the beach, I looked, as usual, in the direction of the wreck, and found it—gone. The gale of the night had doubtless been very violent—though I slept too soundly to hear it—and the remains of the miserable vessel had sunk for ever in the deep. I was, at first, very much affected; but when I remembered that with the exception of one box, containing a bonnet of the most odious colour for my complexion, I had brought all my dear sister-passengers' trunks and boxes safe ashore, I felt soothed with the consciousness that, at least I had done my duty.

And I was upon an island—alone; with neither man, nor—excepting the aforesaid rabbits (or ermine)—beast. After a flood of tears, I resolved, like

a true woman, to make the best of my misery. I walked further into the island, and discovered a beautiful bit of grass-plot, backed by a high rock. To this place, with a strength and patience I am almost ashamed to confess, I removed every trunk and every box, placing them in a semicircle, with the rock as—I believe it's called—the gable end. When this was done, I cut down innumerable stakes of willow: this I was enabled to do with the surgeon's saw, a remarkably neat and elegant little instrument. The stakes I drove into the earth, within about six inches round the trunks, by means of a cannon-ball—providentially, as it afterwards turned out, brought from the wreck. This being done—and it cost me incredible labour to accomplish it—I dug up hundreds of creepers, and parasitical plants, and cactuses, that I found in different parts of the island, and replanted them near the willow-stakes. Vegetation was very rapid indeed, in that island. In less than a week the plants and willows began to shoot, and—to anticipate my story a little—in two months every trunk and every box was hidden by a green and flowering wall. The cactuses took very kindly, and formed a hedge, strong enough, I verily believe, to repel a wild beast or a wild Indian. I ought to have said that I had taken the precaution to roof my bower, as I called it, with some tarpaulin, that stained and made my hands smell horribly. However, I had no remedy.

Whilst I worked at my bower, I lived upon the biscuit and potted meats and preserves found in the steward's cabin. In time, however, I began to grow tired of these, and longed for something fresh. As for the turkey, I had left that hanging to the tree, being incapable of drawing and dressing it. Many wild-fowl flew about me, but, disheartened by the turkey, I took no heed of them. At length it struck me that though not much of a cook I might be able to boil some shrimps. The first difficulty, however, was to catch them. During my visits to English watering-places I had observed females of the lower orders, with hand-nets I think they call them, fishing for shrimps. I therefore resolved to make a net. Here, at least, some part of the education acquired at the *MISSISS WHALEBONE'S* was of service to me, for I knew how to knit. Amongst the stores I had brought from my ship, were several balls of twine. Chopping and chiselling a needle, I set to work, and in less than three days produced an excellent net. This I stretched on a stout elastic frame of wood, and the tide serving, walked—just like one of the vulgar women I had seen at Brighton and Margate—bare-legged, into the sea. The shrimps came in little shoals, and in less than a couple of hours I am sure, I returned to the shore with not less than three quarts of the best brown shrimps, Gravesend measure. These I boiled; obtaining a light after this fashion:

When a very little girl, I had always assisted my brother when making fireworks for Guy Fawkes. It was he who taught me how to make—I think they are called, little devils. A pinch or two of gunpowder is taken in the palm of the hand, and wetted: it is then kneaded into the form of a little cone; a few grains of dry powder are laid upon the top, when fire is applied to it, and the whole thing goes off in a red eruption, like a toy Vesuvius. Having prepared the powder, I struck sparks upon it; using my steel busk (how the sparks did fly about it, to be sure!) and a flint. By these means I burnt a piece of linen—a beautiful bit of new Irish, and so got my original stock of tinder. After this, I had only to use my busk and the flint to obtain a light—for I found a heap of matches in the purser's locker—when I wanted it. Gathering dry sticks and leaves into a heap, I made a rousing fire. I had brought away the ship's compass; and so used the metal basin that contained it as a saucepan. In this I boiled my first shrimps. I had no salt, which was a great privation. Necessity, however, the mother of invention—(and, certainly, for a little outcast, he has proved a very fine child in the world; though when prosperous, I'm afraid he very seldom thinks of his mamma)—necessity suggested to me, that if I would pound the gunpowder very fine, it might at a pinch serve for salt. I tried the experiment; and though I must allow that salt is better without charcoal, nevertheless, salt with charcoal is infinitely better than no salt at all.

For some time, I took very much to shrimps; but the

human mind is given to variety—a fact that in my solitude I have frequently pondered on—and I began to long for some other kind of food ; in fact, for some fresh fish. In my wanderings about the island, I had discovered a beautiful piece of water—clear as crystal, and sweet as milk—in which were multitudes of the most beautiful roach, and gudgeon, and pike, and I know not what. I felt very much disposed to obtain some ; but my wishes met with a check from these thoughts. “In the first place,” I said, “I have no tackle ; in the next, I am no fisherwoman.” Now to have made my argument complete against angling, there should have been no fish. But it was not so. I therefore determined to invent me some tackle.

My petticoat—my *crinoline*—I had no doubt there were fifty others in the boxes—flashed upon me. It was a little worn, and the others were, no doubt, new ; besides, I had more than one of my own stock. Knowing that fishing-lines were made of hair, I immediately began to draw my *crinoline*. As I drew out horse-hair by horse-hair I moralized—I could not help it—upon the wondrous accidents of life. “When,” thought I, “for the Crown-and-Anchor Ball, I first put on this *crinoline*, swimming into the room in a cloud of white satin—did I then think it (the petticoat) was ever intended to catch little gudgeons ?” And with these thoughts, I patiently, mournfully, drew out hair by hair, and found that they would bear any weight of fish that might jump at the hook.

The hook ! Where was the hook ? In another instant a thought suggested the ring—the broken wedding-ring. There was a something in the notion that brought to my face a melancholy smile. There was a bitterness, a pleasant bitterness, in the idea, that I relished mightily. I therefore resolved to turn the ring into a rude hook, which, by means of a pair of pliers from the surgeon’s case, I accomplished. And it looked so remarkably like a hook, nobody could have imagined it had ever been a wedding-ring.

A tall, tapering rod grew on every tree. I therefore set out to the brook fully equipped. Arrived at the place, I baited the ring—the hook I should say—with nothing more than a little chewed biscuit, mixed, to keep it together, with pomatum. I threw in, and as fast as I threw in, I had a bite. It was curious to see the innocent creatures fly to the ring ; that is, the hook that was to destroy them. I was for some time astonished at their simplicity. At length I thought, “Poor things ! their eagerness to bite at the wedding-ring proves the island to have been always uninhabited. They bite in this way, because they have never before beheld the face of a woman !”

THE CABS AND THE STOPPAGES.

The cab-drivers of the Metropolis are perhaps the only parties benefited by the obstruction of the various metropolitan thoroughfares. The blocking up has the most extraordinary effect upon the cab-fares, for which a new scale ought to be immediately framed, in order to meet the circumstances of the numerous blockades now abounding in London. It is absurd to say that it is a shilling fare from St. Clement’s Church to Cheap-side, when the shortest communication now open between these two places is at least five miles in longitude.

The proprietors of the numerous Guides to Cab-fares are surely entitled to compensation from somebody or other, on account of these publications being rendered utterly valueless. The traveller who jumps into a HANSON, expecting to be whirled from the foot of Farringdon Street to Temple Bar for eightpence, will be astonished at a demand being made upon him for two-and-eightpence, after dragging him through a quantity of by-streets, and landing him at the end of Chancery Lane, with a digital direction and an announcement that “That’s Temple Bar over on t’other side of them paving-stones.” The cab-fares will be treble everywhere for taking you nowhere, and jolting you about through all sorts of out-of-the-way places without ever bringing you to the end of your journey.

We really begin to suspect that the cab proprietors have a hand in the blockading nuisance ; that they are in league with the New River ; are hand in hand with the gas ; or at the bottom of the sewers ; where—if they are really the instigators of the nuisance—they well deserve to be.

Rubbish for Sale.

As there is a doubt about a purchaser coming forward to bid for the Pavilion at Brighton, we suggest that it be bought up for the Chinese Collection, unless “Number One, St. Paul’s,” should purchase it for their Tea establishment. We know of no other purposes it could be turned to ; and with a few paper lanterns, and a real native at the door, we feel confident a deal of business in selling Tea, or exhibiting curiosities, might be done. If it is pulled down, it will be a fine specimen of broken china.



“WHAT D—— NAWNSENSE IT IS OF A PARCEL OF PEOPLE TALKING ABOUT DOING AWAY WITH FLOGGING IN THE ARMY ! I SHOULD JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHAT’S TO BE DONE WITH A MAN WHO DWINKS ?”

PROTECTION DINNERS.

WHEN children have a tumble or roll down stairs, folks give them fruit or sweet-stuff to stop their crying. The Protectionists having sustained a thumping tumble, are comforted with dinners. MASTER BENTINCK has been treated at Lynn, and MASTER MARQUIS GRANBY has also been consoled at Walsam. His father, the DUKE OF RUTLAND, shone very brilliantly on the occasion. Pity it is that so many coronets have spoiled so many wits ! The Duke opposed the Free-trade principle ; and his opposition was strengthened by the following tremendous illustration. (Several farmers were carried out in fits of laughter, and were not fully recovered until well pumped upon.) The Duke said :—

“He had heard of a gentleman, who having two chances, tossed up with his friend, agreeing, if the sovereign came head, he was to win, but if tail he was to lose. It was not long before the gentleman had the tail, and he feared we should soon be very much in the same situation [Hear, hear, and applause.]”

Now, if his Grace will—for one minute—lend us the illustration, we will venture to observe, that *once* when fate tossed for a Duke for the house of MANNERS, certainly “a head” did not get it.

MR. DISRAELI, who “attends” all Protection dinners at the shortest notice, made at Walsam a dreadful onslaught on Manchester ; the same Manchester, that only two little years ago invited him to preside on a festal occasion, when he said “all things that are pretty and sweet” to the unsuspecting and admiring cotton-pods. And at Walsam, very magnificently did he pooh pooh poor Manchester, asking where it was when Englishmen won Magna Charta ? This is unkind. We have a great admiration for the author of “Coningsby,” and, therefore, in our own meek way, we should reprimand either COBDEN, BRIGHT, WILSON, or any other Manchester man who, seeking to depreciate the parent of “Coningsby,” should ask—“Where, when the Israelites passed the Red Sea, was BENJAMIN DISRAELI ?”

DISCOVERY FOR THE NERVES.

PERSONS, especially fine ladies, who, in consequence of inactive or sedentary habits, the too frequent use of close carriages, and an over-refined and luxurious regimen, are afflicted with the distressing disorder termed Nervousness, will find their complaint effectually cured by six weeks’ residence in a Workhouse.

CRIME AND IGNORANCE.

JOHN SMITH, aged 21 ; WILLIAM SMITH, 19 ; THOMAS BURROWS, 18 ; and GEORGE LEES, 18, were a few days since tried at Appleby, for a most heinous offence. A poor girl was the outraged victim of their combined brutality. The culprits—who would have been hanged under the old law—were sentenced by Mr. JUSTICE CRESWELL to transportation for life. He said in his address :—

“ They were all still very young, and yet apparently, from their previous conduct, and their present demeanor in the dock, so hardened and devoid of shame, that it could scarcely be expected that punishment with them would operate in any other way than as an example for others. They had been well employed here, working like free men in a free country, for masters of their own choosing, and well paid for their labour. But his Lordship would tell them, that they would now have to go where there would be no freedom, and no such wages—where there would be labour, indeed, as that of a slave, but without any pay-day, and where a holiday would never come round.”

Why, this is true—terribly true : and the benighted condition of these men—the hideous state of moral darkness that renders them, like the brute, the mere creatures of the lowest animal instinct—is to be answered for, surely not alone by the culprits, but by a Government that assumes to itself the title of maternal—for is not the QUEEN, by the gentle fiction of the law, the Mother of her People ?—by the State that suffers thousands and tens of thousands to grow up, with no more self-respect taught them than is taught their contemporary cattle. A hideous, shocking spectacle is it to contemplate the condition of these wretched men—as yet upon the threshold of manhood—doomed to a life-long slavery, in which “ a holiday never comes round.” Nevertheless, disgust of the culprits must not make us forgetful of the terrible truth that, had the State fulfilled its first duty to them, they might not have so grievously failed in their duties to a fellow-creature. They were brought up as brutes, and society reaps the terrible fruit of their rearing.

A CARD.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI begs leave to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Ultra-Conservative public in general, that he attends Protectionist Parties, and has a large collection of speeches of every description always ready, together with a set of sarcasms, which he undertakes shall be carefully delivered either in Town or Country.

B. D'I. feels justified in assuming to himself the title of the

ONLY POLITICAL IMPROVISA-TORY ;

for having during several years given his attention to the *impromptu* line, he has on hand a very large assortment of retorts and replies, suited to every occasion. Though he keeps a large quantity ready made, they are warmed up so rapidly after a process peculiar to the advertiser, that he feels justified in announcing them as absolute novelties.

B. D'I. has no objection to enter into a contract to supply Protectionist oratory by the single dinner, or he will go out to evening meetings at a great reduction on an arrangement being made for the entire session. Ministers worried by the day, night, week, month, or year, and Protectionist Peers waited upon at their own houses.

The following Testimonials are humbly submitted to the Public :—

No. 1.
“ I can recommend the advertiser as a willing and attentive person. I have generally found him desirous of making himself useful. I think if he got a place he would do his utmost to keep it. RICHMOND.”

No. 2.
“ The bearer, BENJAMIN DISRAELI, is a very amusing person, and I can give him a character for being a capital waiter at Protectionist dinners. His great anxiety is to get into some regular situation, and I have no doubt he might be made very serviceable, if the duties were not onerous. G. BENTINCK.”

No. 3.
“ Though I do not much like this person, I think there can be no objection to his attendance at a Protectionist dinner-party ; for I know at all events, from my own experience, that he can tell a good story. R. PEBL.”

No. 4.
“ A very nice young man for a very small party. PUNCH.”

A NEW EPIDEMIC.

THE illness among the Brussels Company has been so general, that scarcely on any one night has it been possible to give the performances advertised. There has evidently been something in the air unfavourable to the native productions of Brussels, and we have been given to understand that the Brussels sprouts have felt the influence of the epidemic.

HEATHER NEAR HOME.



N endeavour was made, some time ago, at the inclosure of Hampstead Heath ; but it was deservedly scouted as an attempt at private aggrandisement, to the injury of the public. A proposal, however, for inclosing this piece of waste land has been made to us on entirely new grounds ; and we think these so very plausible, that though we cannot give the

scheme our entire countenance, neither can we exactly turn up our nose at it.

A short time since, in the House of Peers, LORD BROUGHAM complained bitterly of an epidemic which prevails at this time of the year in the Houses of Parliament, where it commits formidable ravages ; and if it does not swell the bills of mortality, occasions a frightful mortality of bills. His Lordship termed it the Legislative Cholera, and described it as a disorder of parliamentary proceedings. In our own nosology, it ranks as the Grouse Fever, its chief symptom being a violent delirium, consisting in an inordinate craving for sport, and producing a dangerous determination of Members to the Moors. It is to check this rush of senatorial blood to the country, and restore its circulation at head-quarters, that the project for inclosing Hampstead Heath is put forward. It is not unreasonably contended, that heather is heather ; that grouse are as likely to thrive on the heather of Hampstead as on any other ; and that it would be possible to have as good shooting on the metropolitan as on the Scotch Highlands.

Accordingly, it is suggested that the Heath of Hampstead should be fenced in, and converted into a preserve, plentifully stocked with grouse of all descriptions. For this purpose all the houses are to be pulled down, except JACK STRAW'S Castle, which is to be converted into a castle of the baronial order. It is in contemplation to change the Vale of Health into the Vale of P'tarmigans ; to promote the ponds into lochs, and to christen the Hill of Primrose by the name of Ben. These alterations effected, it is believed that the sportsman will not have to travel farther north than the “ Spaniards” in quest of game ; so that Members will be enabled to enjoy a day's shooting, and devote their evenings to the service of their country. A strong opposition to the proposed measure is anticipated from the donkey proprietors ; but there is no doubt that, should it be carried into execution, there will be a greater abundance of donkeys on Hampstead Heath than ever.

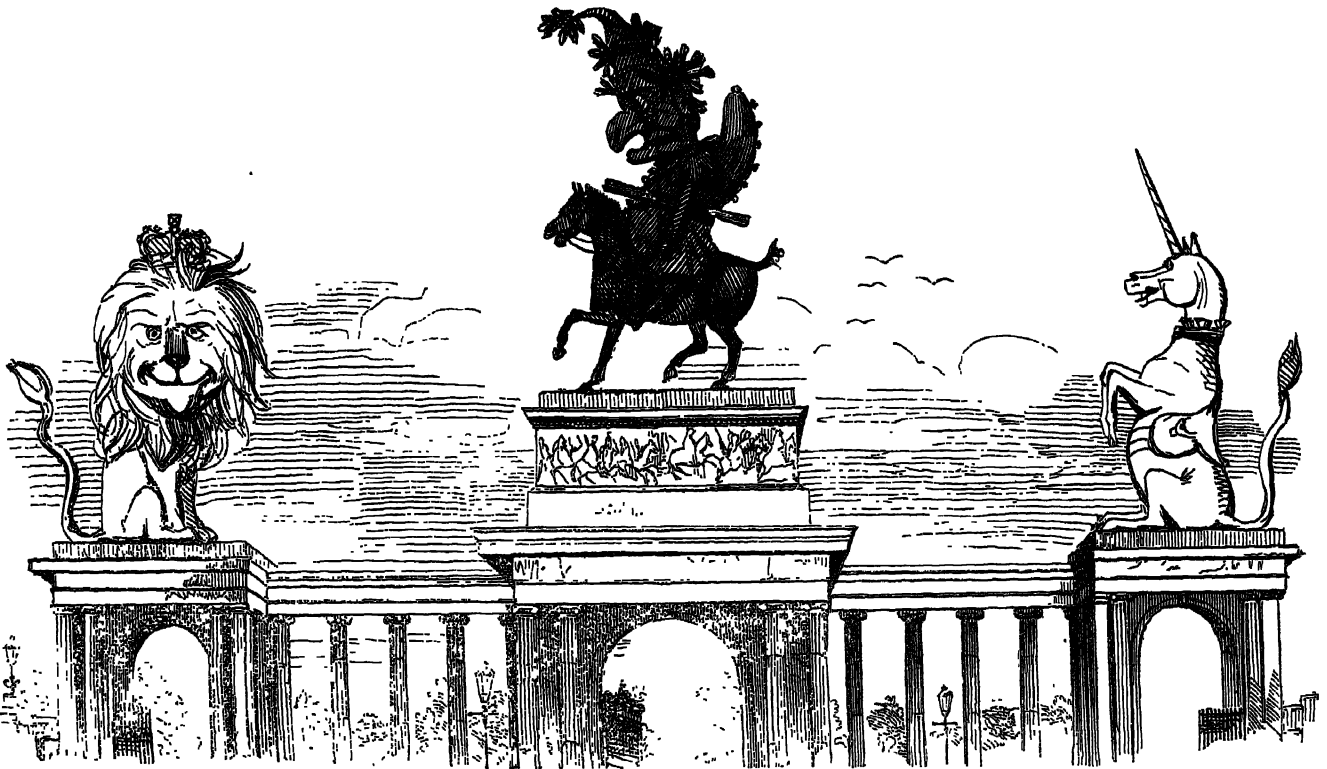
THE WINCHILSEA ECHO.

A LETTER, which has appeared in most of the morning newspapers, has been addressed to the Electors of Great Britain by LORD WINCHILSEA. Of this epistle, the following extraordinary piece of writing forms the commencement :—

“ FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—The warm and enthusiastic reception which you gave to the appeal which I presumed to make to you in 1828, when the voice of Protestant England sounded through every valley, and each surrounding hill re-echoed the cry of ‘ No surrender of those religious principles upon which our civil and religious liberties had been based ’—

Thus much of the noble lord's letter we have quoted, to call attention to the very remarkable echo which his Lordship has discovered among the hills of England. We were aware of the existence of a similar natural curiosity in the sister island, but we had no idea that among our native hills there was an echo so long-winded as this. Till now we had a very inadequate conception of the strength of lungs possessed by Protestant England, which we take to be an *alias* of the British Lion. That noble beast must have “ aggravated his roar” tremendously to have awakened an echo—and such an echo—throughout all the hills in the country, from Skiddaw to Shooter's, and from the Peak to Primrose.

PROPOSED STATUE OF PUNCH AT HYDE-PARK CORNER.



ONE of the great objections to placing the WELLINGTON Statue over the entrance to the Green Park is, that it will give a sort of pig-with-one-earish appearance to the western approach to the British Metropolis. It has therefore been proposed to obviate this difficulty by erecting a statue of *Punch* on the opposite gate which leads to Hyde Park; and thus uniformity will be gained without elegance being sacrificed.

We do not mean to say that we have done more than the Hero of Waterloo, to deserve a statue; but, considering that we are the hero

of at least a million victories over humbug of every description, we think we are entitled to a statue almost as large as that assigned to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

As our proposed pedestal is so situated, that our statue will require supporters, we beg leave to put in a word for those old-established favourites of the public, the British Lion and Unicorn. As the British Lion is expected to be out of work for the next twelvemonth at least, we cannot find him a better post than the one to which our artist has promoted him.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.



RECENTLY this Association has been grubbing about in the neighbourhood of York, with considerable earnestness of purpose. Various papers have been read, but the most interesting papers appeared to be the morning papers; which were perused with eagerness by those who had been listening to the dry details of Archæology.

MR. ALBERT WAX, who seems to have a peculiar way of his own, read a long, prosy affair, about the "alleged discovery of the tomb of CONSTANTIUS CHLORUS, and the ignited lamp found therein." We should be glad to know what materials were used for lighting the

got the best price for their dripping; but they never would have melted their substance by liquidating their precious metals in the style alleged by LASIUS.

MR. WELLBELOVED thinks the story of the lamp a hoax, because there is no foundation for it in fact, but he is quite prepared to swallow the "fat liquor" made from gold, which he declares to be perfectly practicable.

MR. NEWTON has been reading a paper on what he calls Roman Yorkshire. We are preparing a companion to it, under the title of "Grecian Kensington." There is no doubt in our minds that Phillimore Place is of Greek extraction, as the syllable, Phil, clearly indicates.

MR. BROWNE, the historian—by the bye, what history has BROWNE written?—has discovered a crack in the centre tower of York Minster, and as anything cracked is the delight of the savans, they are all cock-a-whoop about the mysterious fissure. The DEAN OF HEREFORD was ready to take his oath to the existence of a crack, and somebody asked, with reference to the "crack of doom," whether there was any crack in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. We recommend the Archæologists to look to their own upper stories before they complain of the cracked condition of those of their neighbours.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS seems to have come out most impressively with an observation of wondrous profundity. He "wished to remind gentlemen present that 6000 gallons of water weighed twenty tons." If we had been there we should certainly have followed up this marvellous piece of truth by reminding gentlemen present that "2 pints make 1 quart, and 4 quarts 1 gallon." PROFESSOR PHILLIPS is the COOKER of the nineteenth century.

PROFESSOR WILLIS declared our Cathedrals were all cracked; but he thinks the wounds may be repaired by the application of plaster. If this is really a remedy, we recommend the Archæologists to dip their heads every morning in a pail of compo. We have no doubt the effect would be as refreshing as the operation would prove salubrious.



YOUNG IRELAND IN BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXV.—PARTY-GIVING SNOBS.

OUR selection of Snobs for the past few weeks has been too exclusively of a political character. "Give us private Snobs," cry the dear ladies. (I have before me the letter of one fair correspondent at the fishing village of Brightelmstone in Sussex; and could her commands ever be disobeyed?) "Tell us more, dear Mr. SNOB, about your experience of Snobs in society." Heaven bless the dear souls!—they are accustomed to the word now—the odious, vulgar, horrid, unpronounceable word slips out of their lips with the prettiest glibness possible. I should not wonder if it were used at Court amongst the Maids of Honour. In the very best society I know it is. And why not? Snobbishness is vulgar—the mere words are not. that which we call a Snob, by any other name would still be Snobbish.

Well, then. As the season is drawing to a close; as many hundreds of kind souls, snobbish or otherwise, have quitted London; as many hospitable carpets are taken up; and window-blinds are pitilessly papered with the *Morning Herald*; and mansions once inhabited by cheerful owners are now consigned to the care of the housekeeper's dreary *locum tenens*—some mouldy old woman, who, in reply to the hopeless clanging of the bell, peers at you for a moment from the area, and then slowly unbolting the great hall door, informs you that my lady has left town, or that "the family's in the country," or "gone up the Rind," or what not—as the season and parties are over; why not consider Party-giving Snobs for a while, and review the conduct of some of those individuals who have quitted the town for six months?

Some of those worthy Snobs are making-believe to go yachting, and, dressed in telescopes and pea-jackets, are passing their time between Cherbourg and Cowes; some living higgledy-piggledy in dismal little huts in Scotland, provisioned with canisters of portable soup, and fricandeaux hermetically sealed in tin, are passing their days slaughtering grouse on the moors; some are dosing and bathing away the effects of the season at Kissingen, or watching the ingenious game of *Trente et quarante* at Hambourg and Ems. We can afford to be very bitter upon them now they are all gone. Now there are no more parties, let us have at the Party-giving Snobs. The dinner-giving, the ball-giving, the *déjeuner*-giving, the *conversazione*-giving Snobs—Lord! Lord! what havoc might have been made amongst them had we attacked them during the plethora of the season! I should have been obliged to have a guard to defend me from fiddlers and pastry-cooks, indignant at the abuse of their patrons. Already I'm told that, from some flippant and unguarded expressions considered derogatory to Baker Street and Harley Street, rents have fallen in these respectable quarters; and orders have been issued that at least Mr. SNOB shall be asked to parties there no more. Well, then—now they are all away, let us frisk at our ease, and have at everything, like the bull in the china-shop. They mayn't hear of what is going on in their absence, and, if they do, they can't bear malice for six months. We will begin to make it up with them about next February, and let next year take care of itself. We shall have no more dinners from the dinner-giving Snobs. no more balls from the ball-givers: no more *conversaciones* (thank Mussy! as JAMES says,) from the *Conversazione* Snob: and what is to prevent us from telling the truth?

The Snobbishness of *Conversazione* Snobs is very soon disposed of, as soon as that cup of washy bohea that is handed to you in the tea-room; or the muddy remnant of ice that you grasp in the suffocating scuffle of the assembly up stairs.

Good Heavens! what do people mean by going there? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable *réunion*, that Britons in the dog-days here seek to imitate it? After being rammed to a jelly in a door-way (where you feel your feet going through LADY BARBARA MACBETH'S lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of UGOLINO is quite cheerful;) after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping BOB GUTTLETON'S white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor BOB into an apoplexy—you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of Mrs. BOTIBOL, the *conversazione*-giver. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four hundredth time that night; and, if she's very glad to see you, waggles her little hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

Why the deuce should Mrs. BOTIBOL blow me a kiss? I wouldn't

kiss her for the world. Why the deuce do I grin when I see her, as if I was delighted? Am I? I don't care a straw for Mrs. BOTIBOL. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way?—Because we are both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society: whose dictates we all of us obey.

Well; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the BOTIBOL is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is LADY ANN CLUTTERBUCK, who has her Friday evenings, as BOTIBOL (BOTTY, we call her) has her Wednesdays. That is Miss CLEMENTINA CLUTTERBUCK, the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems ("the Death-Shriek;" "Damien;" "the Faggot of Joan of Arc;" and "Translations from the German"—of course)—the *conversazione* women salute each other, calling each other, "My dear LADY ANN," and "My dear good ELIZA," and hating each other, as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain dear good ELIZA sees ANN go up and coax and wheedle ABOUT GOSH, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronise her Fridays.

All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the flare of the wax candles, and an intolerable smell of musk—what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call "the gleam of gems, the odour of perfumes, the blaze of countless lamps"—a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. "The Great CACAFOGO," Mrs. BOTIBOL whispers, as she passes you by—"A great creature, THUMPENSTRUMPF, is at the instrument—the HETMAN PLATOFF'S Pianist, you know."

To hear this CACAFOGO and THUMPENSTRUMPF, a hundred people are gathered together—a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy; a faint sprinkling of misses; six moody-looking lords, perfectly meek and solemn; wonderful foreign Counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied simpers, and flowers in their buttons; the old, stiff, stout, bald-headed *conversazione-routés*, whom you meet everywhere—who never miss a night of this delicious enjoyment: the three last-caught lions of the season—HIGGS, the traveller; BRIGGS, the novelist; and TOFFEY, who has come out so on the sugar question; CAPTAIN FLASK, who is invited on account of his pretty wife, and LORD OGLEBY, who goes wherever she goes—*que sais-je*? Who are the owners of all those showy scarfs and white neck-cloths?—Ask little TOM FRIG, who is there in all his glory, knows everybody, has a story about every one; and, as he trips home to his lodgings, in Jermyn-street, with his Gibus-hat and his little glazed pumps, thinks he is the fashionablest young fellow in town, and that he really has passed a night of exquisite enjoyment.

You go up with (your usual easy elegance of manner) and talk to Miss SMITH in a corner.



"Oh, Mr. SNOB! I'M AFRAID YOU'RE SADLY SATIRICAL."

That's all she says. If you say it's fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint that it's very hot, she vows you are the drollest

wretch! Meanwhile Mrs. BOTIBOL is simpering on fresh arrivals; the individual at the door is roaring out their names; poor CACAROGO is quivering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be *lancé* in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in waiting; and where the link-boy, with that unnecessary lanthorn of his, pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honour's lordship's cab.

And to think that there are people who, after having been to BOTIBOL on Wednesday, will go to CLUTTERBUCK on Friday!

THE CLOSING OF THE OPERA.



Of course this event has seriously affected the sensibility of the *Morning Post*, which has gone into some very interesting particulars of the destination of the various members of the company. LABLACHE, with his enormous voice packed in his tremendous chest, is off to Naples; LUCILLE GRAHN, making an elegant little parcel of her *entrechats*, starts for Rome; while CERRO, putting the poetry of motion into a state of locomotion, capers up to the railway station for a professional trip to Liverpool. *Les Déeses de la Danse* are retiring for the present, not only from *The Judgment of Paris*, but from the judgment of London also, and one of them is about to submit herself to the judgment of the English provinces. The apples for which they are going to contend will be golden pippins, which, we have no doubt, will be gathered in bushels by all three of them.

Our fashionable contemporary has, however, made some omissions in his list of the intended resort of the ornaments of Her Majesty's Theatre on the close of the season. We are happy to be enabled, on the very best authority, to supply the deficiency. SIGNOR ARTURO PADDINGTONI, the second bass on the O.P. side in the chorus, will go as first tenor to the Marine Library

at Ramsgate; and the celebrated alto, GUGLIELMO BRUNO, or, as his intimate friends are in the habit of calling him, SIGNOR BILL BROWN, will resume his old place in the cider-cellar glees, when the Welsh Rabbit season recommences.

In the ballet department MADEMOISELLE GREEN will go as the celebrated *danseuse* LE VERT, the Tooting TAGLIONI to the Bower Saloon, where she is engaged to dance the *pas de quatre* as danced at Her Majesty's Theatre. It is true that one person may find a difficulty in getting through a dance intended for four, but the best game at whist we ever played in our lives, was one in which we had the pleasure of playing with three dummies. There was no loss of temper among the partners on either side, and thus the *pas de quatre* of Mrs LE VERT will be free from all those professional feelings of jealousy which in some degree marred the effect of the performance at the opera.

The graceful and energetic MONSIEUR TAILLEUR—*Anglice*, YOUNG TAYLOR—the ninth happy peasant in the ballet of the *Somnambula*, will depart for Gravesend as *aide-de-camp* or *attaché* to his Terpsichorean Excellency, BARON NATHAN, at Tivoli. Further arrangements may be known on application to the hall porter of Her Majesty's Theatre; and it is believed that some of the *troupe* are still open to engagements.

The eighty-sixth violin has been offered the leadership of the ancient concerts held on the Diamond Steam Packets, but he is expected to close with the Margate Pier Philharmonic Society, as *premier* fiddle, with the privilege of introducing a saucer after each performance.

Start Early.

THE LORD MAYOR announces several grand dinners this week. We hope his Lordship has given intimation to every one of his guests that the principal thoroughfares to the City are blocked up, or else he will be sure to be disturbed in the middle of the night by some unhappy foreigner who has just come to dinner. His Lordship should put at the bottom of his invitations, "Dinner at 12 for 6, precisely."

CAMBRIDGE AFLOAT.

Mrs. Gamp has given us—exclusively too—the following romantic narrative that, we trust, will be duly enshrined in the city archives. "On Monday," says Mrs. G., "as the floating monster of the Thames, the city barge, so much *fumed* for fun and festivity;—(the sly old woman!)—

"—was lying under the broad shadows of the trees at Kew, about three o'clock, having just received on board the committee of the London Bridge Approaches, and their wives and daughters, and several other members of the corporation and their ladies, the party was honoured in a manner they little expected."

Now, draw a long breath, reader, and repress your natural anxiety:—

"SIR PETER LAURIE, casting his searching eye around to find some new matter of entertainment, espied"—

What? a tumbler with gold balls, a spring board, and a carpet? A man with dancing-dogs? A young lady in spangled white muslin, with a tambourine, on stilts? No; none of these: something much better, more unctuous; far more droll and jolly: for SIR PETER espied—

"His ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE calmly surveying the civic preparations for dinner."

We must doubt part of this. We know the Duke has philosophy; but we doubt his power of "calmly surveying" any preparations soever for dinner. However:

"Overjoyed at the discovery, [oh, intensest Snob!] the knight, with true corporation hospitality, proposed to Mr. JONES, the chairman, to invite his Royal Highness to partake of the good things provided in the barge."

We do not say that the Duke accepted the invitation. For already the reader knows he did. And—

"His Royal Highness remained for some time on board, and expressed much gratification at the entertainment, which he declared was a 'rich treat' to him."

(Using "treat" in the sense of nothing to pay.) The company, however, we are told, "were delighted with such an accession to their enjoyments!" The Duke made several jokes, but as with great nautical judgment, he made them amidstships, the barge did not lurch, and the ladies did not scream. At length the Duke departed; and then came the wonder and the gratitude at the lucky cause of his visit. This has since been differently explained. On one side it has been said that the Duke was seated in his study, perusing M. SOYER'S sumptuous volume of the *cuisine* (for kitchen's vulgar), when, as the monster of the Thames anchored "under the broad shadows of the trees at Kew," his Royal Highness—like the war-horse, snuffing the battle afar,—scented the turtle and the venison, and immediately made for the beach. Another report—that we should hate ourselves could we believe—states that the whole affair was preconcerted between CAMBRIDGE and SIR PETER. Certainly, to mean minds, the accident has a look of arrangement! but then *Punch* has not a mean mind.

A QUEER CONSECRATION.

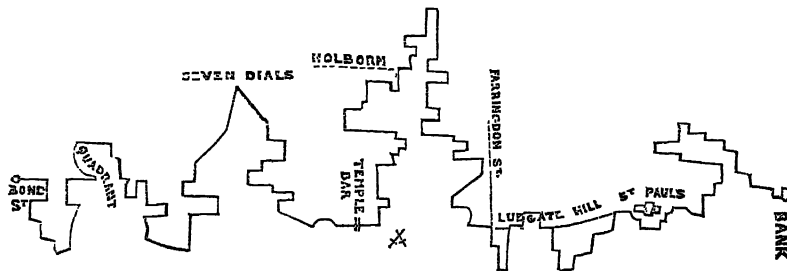
THE 13th Light Infantry have received a present of some new colours from that distinguished veteran, PRINCE ALBERT. The ceremony of presentation took place on Southsea Common. In the report of it, as contained in the *Times*, we read that—

"The Prince dismounted, and entered the hollow square, accompanied by GENERAL PARENHAM, SIR CHARLES OGLE and Staff, and stood uncovered while the REV. J. R. GLEIG, Chaplain-General to the Forces, consecrated the colours."

Consecrated the colours! Is the Rev. Mr. GLEIG a priest of Mars? Colours are strange things to be consecrated by a clergyman. Why not consecrate muskets as well? Why not pronounce a benediction over gunpowder, over cartridges, shots, shells, howitzers, and congreve rockets? Why not give a canonical sanction to cannon? Is it felt that this would be going too far,—would be too palpable an association of Christianity with carnage,—terms, that in spite of alliteration, will not harmonise? Now, it strikes us, that there is a species of consecration which would be much more suitable to the emblems of slaughter than the clerical.

Have any of our readers witnessed the performance of *Der Freischütz*? If so, perhaps they will anticipate our suggestion. In the incantation scene, having invoked *Zamiel*, and in the name of the demon mixed his lead and sundries of sorcery in the bullet ladle,— "And now," says *Caspar*, "for the blessing of the balls." The benison recited on this occasion by our friend *Caspar* would, to our thinking, be the best adapted to the flag of battle. Give a certain personage his due. We are not told, that the service performed by the Chaplain to the Forces was followed by a sermon. Perhaps it was. If so, could his homily have been the Sermon on the Mount?

ROAD-BOOK FOR OMNIBUS AND CAB DRIVERS.



OMNIBUS ROUTE FROM BOND STREET TO THE BANK.

We present the "Whips" of the Metropolis with a map of the most direct route from Bond Street to the Bank. The intelligent Conductor will observe that the road is not as straight as it might be, but still it is much shorter than going round by the "Angel," Islington, and branching off into Holloway, to come into Cheapside to reach the same destination—which will be the case as soon as Holborn is stopped up. There is another road, which can be accomplished in perhaps less time by persons who wish to be put down in the Strand or Fleet Street. This is, by crossing Vauxhall Bridge, keeping all the way on the Surrey side, and coming again into Middlesex over London Bridge.

There are other roads which might, perhaps, be explored; but it will be time enough to recommend them when all the London thoroughfares are blocked up. As soon as this is the case, we have another map in readiness to prove that the shortest cut from Kensington to the Bank, is by going out of town by the Great Western Railway, and returning (*if possible*) by the Eastern Counties. Passengers who are bound for the above excursion, should be cautioned to take with them provisions for four-and-twenty hours.

MR. GEORGE ROBINS AND THE CHURCH.

We have received a letter from MR. GEORGE ROBINS denying the assertion of his having a clergyman in connection with his establishment, for the purpose of writing his advertisements. It appears that those remarkable mines of learning, those essays in which the deepest questions of politics are touched off with the lightness of a feather, those historical essays in which we find data from the time of NOAH direct down to the afternoon of yesterday, those magic fancies by which a grassplot becomes a meadow, and a bank of mustard and cress is transformed into a verdant slope—all these came from that mine of CRESSUS—or rather, to speak appropriately, that mine of mustard and cresses—the brain of MR. GEORGE ROBINS. We almost regret, for the honour of the Church, that it is not one of the clerical body who has contributed these wondrous specimens of literature to the classics of our country. But he would not long have remained obscure, and there is no doubt he would have been transferred from the stool in the office of ROBINS to the bench of bishops.

Slip-Slop Extraordinary.

THE fashionable chronicler of the *Morning Post*, in a notice of the christening of the infant son of the EARL and COUNTESS OF CALEDON, informs us that

"The noble infant received the patronymic of JAMES."

We beg to remind our fashionable friend that names given at the font are called Christian names, not patronymics.

THE SPEAKING MACHINE.

We have been greatly edified by examining the Euphonia, or Speaking Machine, recently brought to this country by its inventor, PROFESSOR FADDER.

By intense patience, and an ingenious union of wind and India-rubber, the Professor has succeeded in inventing an instrument, not, as yet, certainly, complete, but in all respects remarkable; and which, combined with other well-known mechanical inventions, may produce very wonderful results, and a great saving of labour.

There is, for instance, the Verse-grinding Machine, exhibited last year. Combined with the Euphonia it might be made to produce an extemporaneous poet who would throw MR. SLOMAN, the English Improvisatore, into the shade; and might be taught to recite with advantage in the houses of the nobility and gentry.

Combined with MR. BARBAGE'S Calculating Machine, the Euphonia might replace, with perfect propriety, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or a Mathematical Lecturer at the Universities.

Or let us suppose it united with some such instrument as the machine shown at the Society of Arts, which composes and sets up types for the press; and, instead of composing a column of type, it were to decompose or spell the same—as one part of the compound instrument perused each syllable, the phonic part would give it utterance; and thus, by the aid of a simple grinder at the bellows, long speeches might be uttered with all the best benefits of emphasis and oratory, without a Scotch accent like LORD BROUGHAM'S, or a high key like MR. SMEL'S, or a conventicle twang like SIR ROBERT'S.

A parson might set up the Compound Machine in his pulpit, and a clerk or curate work it from the reading-desk, whilst his Reverence was smoking his pipe in the vestry; or an under-secretary might set the bellows going with a speech of LORD JOHN'S, whilst his Lordship was taking his usual glass of brandy-and-water at BELLAMY'S; or a lawyer in full practice might set a score of them to work, and so actually attend twenty committees at a time; or it might be placed upon THE THRONE, with the august insignia laid upon the top of the machine, and the LORD CHANCELLOR (after kneeling profoundly) might pop the royal speech into the proper receptacle and blow it out again to both Houses in the best style.

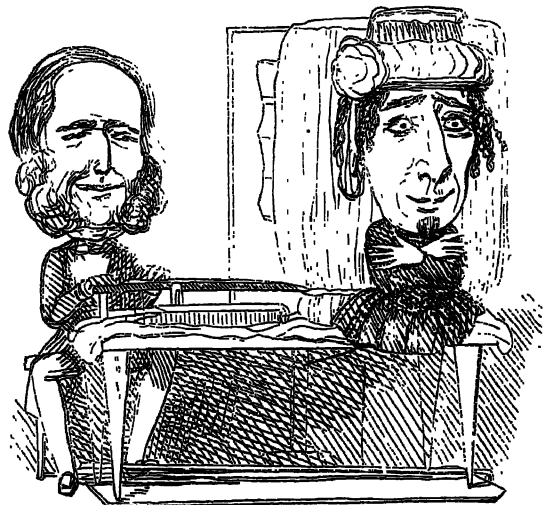
A clear saving of ten thousand a year might be effected by setting up a machine *en permanence* in the Speaker's chair of the House of Commons. Place the mace before it. Have a large snuff-box on the side, with rappee and Irish for the convenience of Members, and a simple apparatus for crying out "Order, order," at intervals of ten minutes, and you have a speaker at the most trifling cost, whom SIR WILLIAM GOSSETT might keep going all night.

The elocution of the Euphonia is not at present very distinct—say about as clear as that of HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. When people are not kindly warned beforehand of the words that the

instrument is about to enunciate, they are generally so stupid as not to understand what it says. In our presence the Euphonia gave vent to a sentence which nobody understood but ourselves, and our hearts perhaps divined the cry. It was, "HOURRAH FOR FIGDORLA." So the machine (a German instrument) pronounced the venerated name of HER MAJESTY.

It sang "God preserve the Emperor" and "God save the Queen" with such clearness and eloquence, that we really felt we ought to stand up and take off our hats.

The Machine laughs—but we are bound to say not in a hearty and jovial manner. It is a hard, dry, artificial laugh; such as that of young Misses on the stage, when they give the genteel comedy-giggle; or of SIR ROBERT PEEL, when he is amused by some of MR. DISRAELI'S good-natured jokes against him.



By the way, why should not LORD GEORGE BENTINCK have one of these machines constructed, with a BENJAMIN DISRAELI figure-head, and play upon it himself at once, and spare the honourable Member for Shrewsbury the bother of being his Lordship's Euphonia?

By far the best part of the Euphonia is its hiss; this is perfect. And perhaps the fact suggests to the benevolent mind the moral that hissing is the very easiest occupation of life,—which truth is, however, beside the present question.



Navigator. "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?"

Policeman. "WHY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STATION-HOUSE IF YOU DON'T MOVE ON."

Navigator. "YOU TAKE ME TO THE STATION-HOUSE? TEN ON YOU MIGHT!"

DREADFUL DESTITUTION IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

It is all very well for DOCTOR SOUTHWOOD SMITH and the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, and others, to write and talk about the dreadful accommodation of the poor. We ask them; Do they know the sufferings of our Sovereign Lady the QUEEN—of the Field Marshal, her husband—of the little Princes and Princesses, happily too young to know the full value of their sorrows? In the ignorance of our democracy, we envied the luxurious conveniences of Buckingham Palace. For hours and hours have we stood contemplating its body and two wings, and saying every five minutes, in confidence to ourselves—"That's a Paradise of stone, that is! There's the Garden of Eden, *without* a snake." And now—but our feelings are such that we must begin another paragraph to give vent to them.

Now, we learn that the dwelling-place appointed for our Sovereign, her Prince, and babies, is a most comfortless abode; a place of nooks and corners; a place of racking noises and villanous odours. Her Majesty is absolutely lodged—but we take from MR. BLORE'S printed report:—

"The portion of the Palace occupied by HER MAJESTY and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT as private apartments, is in the north wing; that they were not calculated originally for a married Sovereign, the head of a family; that the basement of this wing is also used by the Lord Chamberlain's department for store-rooms, workshops, &c., there being no accommodation in any other part of the Palace for these services; and the consequence of this arrangement is, not only that the noise and smell from these workshops, in which cabinet-makers, upholsterers, smiths, &c., are constantly at work (independently of the obvious impropriety of such services being performed in a part of the building so contiguous to the Royal apartments), are at times positively offensive; but that the arrangement is not altogether free from the risk of fire, a quantity of oil being used, and large fires kept for boiling glue," &c.

There! Who, now, will envy the QUEEN OF ENGLAND? Dear lady! whilst, in their ignorance, people think she is breathing airs of Araby, she is offended, stifled, by the fumes of a glue-pot! And when, desirous of pondering on the wants of her people, she wishes to have a quiet half-hour to herself, she is compelled twenty times to send out her Maids of Honour to "beg those carpenters not to make such a dreadful disturbance!" Who would be the QUEEN, now?

And then the blessed royal babies. Only see what holes and corners they are thrust into:—

"It is only necessary to state that the whole of the accommodation which can, at the

present time, be assigned to the nursery department, consists of a few rooms in the attics of the north wing; that these rooms are very small and very low, that in order to extend the accommodation within this very limited space, to meet the growing wants of an increasing family [Eh?] and increasing establishment, every possible expedient has been resorted to; rooms not exceeding 15 feet high, and of small area, have been divided in their length and width to convert them into smaller rooms; and as the Royal children could only occupy attics intended for servants, it has been found necessary to cut the height of the ground-floor story into two, by the assistance of a false ceiling, which has consigned the servants to darker and more uncomfortable rooms than has been agreeable to HER MAJESTY'S wishes."

However, the evil is to be remedied. For only £150,000, a sitting-room and two or three more bedchambers may be built. And then—that economy may preside, as it does, over all architectural doings to be paid for by Government—the Royal Pavilion at Brighton is to be pulled down (that is, if the Brightonians do not rise in a body to preserve the solemn edifice) and the bricks to be brought to St. James's Park, to be employed in the necessary alterations.

BABY PATRIOTS.

THE farce of Repeal, instead of coming to an end, is kept up every day with renewed merriment. MR. O'CONNELL has elected as a member of the Association "MASTER THOMAS MAHER, who was born that morning." We are afraid the "Hereditary Bondsmen" must be getting rather scarce, if the Great Reliever of Ireland is obliged to call on a baby to "strike the blow." One would fancy, too, there had been squalls enough, lately, in Conciliation Hall, without calling in the assistance of a new-born infant to increase the disturbance. Where was "Young Ireland" on the occasion? It should have moved MASTER THOMAS MAHER into the chair; or is it waiting till its representative gives its nurse a few striking proofs of "physical force?"

The late Attempt upon the Lord Mayor's Pocket.

OUR feelings of indignation it is impossible to express, when we read one of those acts of atrocity which fortunately but rarely disgrace this metropolis. If not in the very heart, at least near a large artery of the City, a wretch has dared to make an attempt, which has proved too successful, on the property of the civic Sovereign.

THE LORD MAYOR, the other day, was robbed at the Blackwall Railway Station. The gold watch and appendages of Mayoralty became the prey of the audacious deprecator. We do not mean to say that the mace was stolen, or that the felonious hand was laid on the cap of maintenance; the appendages we allude to were those of the watch, we believe—its seals and key. In the midst of his Aldermen, surrounded by the City Police, that the LORD MAYOR should have been robbed under his very nose, is a fearful fact! Who, it will naturally be demanded, was the wretch who was capable of a deed at once so desperate and disloyal?



The police reports say that it was one JAMES FITZSIMON. Whether it was or was not that individual, a jury of the prisoner's country will decide. If convicted, he will doubtless meet with deserved punishment; but what punishment does he not deserve who commits a crime, which, in a civic point of view, must be regarded as next akin to High Treason?

How to ventilate the House of Commons.

If the House is very cold, let GEORGE BENTINCK begin to speak, and a gradual warmth will be the result. If this warmth is more than the Members can bear, let MR. DISRAELI attack SIR ROBERT PEEL, and the astonishing coolness will strike everybody. If the debate is too oppressive, MR. PETER BORTWICK should be called upon to speak, and he will clear the House in a very few minutes, by sending every Member out of it.

SECESSION FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT.—Our fair readers will learn with considerable pain, that that civil young man, MR. DRUGGETT, has seceded from the Establishment of MESSRS. JACONOT and BOBBINS, and joined the grocery concern over the way.

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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER IX.



ACTUALLY each day I visited this fish-pond; and each day observed the increasing sagacity of the finny creatures. I am now very certain that, as my dear father used to say, we much underrate the moral perceptions of fish. I now believe with him, that fish think. "Who shall say," my respected parent was wont to ask, "that a lobster does not reason? Take a lively lobster: put him in a saucepan full of cold water; then put the saucepan on the fire. As the fluid becomes heated, conveying strange sensations to the lobster, he begins to reason—to suspect that he is not in the sea. Faintly, languidly, perspiring, he gropes with his claws for the ocean bed; and they move scratchingly against a piece of iron or tin that he knows is neither [rock, nor clay, nor shingle. And

then, too late, he feels that he is being cooked; and as his life ebbs away in hot and boiling water, he sees, with his projecting eyes, into the future. He sees himself as scarlet as a soldier of the line. And then he sees himself placed in a dish; and one, or two, or three gentlemen, with twinkling eyes, looking down upon him. And then he feels himself passing in small pieces down the throats of the two or three gentlemen, who smack their mouths, as though they would never have a bellyfull. Now the lobster," my dear father would say, "feels, though he has not words to express as much; the lobster feels, as I began to feel when I got into the Court of Chancery; even as I felt when I found myself chewed up after the suit had risen to boiling point, and I was completely done." Thus my father would hold forth: whilst my mother would move uneasily in her chair, and with the amiable freedom of a wife, beg him not to make a fool of himself.

And I shared in the risible unbelief of my mother; but then I dreamt not of the sagacity of fish, for I had not angled with a wedding-ring. I was very soon undeceived. Doubtless, the uncaught fish quickly began to take count of the great number of their companions ensnared by that piece of gold wire, and so became shy accordingly. Be this as it may, sometimes for half a day and more would I angle with the ring, and never so much as get a nibble; lots of fine, brilliant young fish, with waistcoats of gold and silver scales, would come, floating and swimming, and flirting about the hook, and making-believe to bite; and now, with a sudden twist and plunge of the tail, darting to the other side of the stream. You may be sure that this vivacity, this wariness of the fish, made me frequently moralise; again and again led my thoughts back to a delicious world of routs and dances.

Finding the fish become every day more shy, I laid by my golden hook and tackle for a time; and went abroad, when it was fine, with my pistol, as much for the pleasure of practising at a mark, as to see if I could kill anything that, when killed, I might turn to better account than my turkey. To my great delight, I discovered that the place abounded with rabbits. To be sure, they were as wild and skittish as colts; always running away when they saw me. At length, however, lying down among some high grass, I got a shot; fired, and killed a she-rabbit which, fortunately, had sixteen little rabbits near her. When their mother fell, the poor little things all gathered themselves together and never stirred a foot. Whereupon I took the old one and flung her across my shoulder; at the same time placing all the little rabbits in my gown as in a form, and so carried them all to

my hut. I cooked the old rabbit, first skinning it. "It might have been ermine," I thought, "and then what hopes of muffins and tippets." However, as it was, I felt grateful: for I knew the cold and rainy weather must set in, when even rabbit skins would be better than no skins at all.

And now, I am about to enter into the most dreadful and melancholy relation of a silent life. Consider it, my sisters: a silent life. An existence in which the tongue of woman becomes silent as echo when not spoken to—(dear echo! that, lady-like, always has the last word)—silent as an untouched lute. As well as I can recollect, it was the 30th of September that, my foot—which I had already imagined dancing upon bleeding hearts in an Indian ball-room—first touched this inhospitable island. After a few days, it came into my mind that I would keep an exact reckoning of the time as it passed. I felt the more secure in doing this, that my journal would be quite private. At first, I thought of putting down the days and weeks on paper,—but straying on the beach, an accident determined me otherwise.

It will be remembered, that I spoke of a magnificent mirror that, with all the strength of woman, I tore from the state-cabin. This mirror was dashed by the envious and relentless ocean from my raft, and sent, shivered in pieces, to be shared among the sea-nymphs. By a strong effort of the soul, I had wrenched this mirror from my daily thoughts—when, one morning, bending my steps towards the beach—there had been an unusually high tide—I saw, washed upon t' e shore, that very mirror. Here, I thought, is one drop of honey in my cup of bitterness. I turned the mirror up—it was lying, as I thought, upon its face—and discovered that there was nothing but the frame. The shell was there, but the gem was rifled. There was, indeed, its wooden frame, but its reflecting soul was gone.

Soothing this new and most unnecessary affliction as best I might, I resolved to turn my disappointment into some sort of profit. Whereupon I took the skeleton of the looking-glass, and set it up in the earth. And then upon its sides I cut every day a notch, with double notches for what I recollected were opera nights. And this incident, too, made me prettily moralise. "Had the glass remained," I said to myself—though I do not think, had anybody been present, I should have extended the confidence—"had the glass remained, that, without incision of knife, might have told of departing years;"—told, I must say, more truly than, I fear, I did; for, whether it was idleness, whether it was woman's instinct, I cannot say, but certain it is, I was always behind-hand marking my days—marking, in the long-run, two instead of ten. It may, I know, be urged by the calumniators of our sex, that this on my part was design. But no: I repeat it; I think it was pure instinct—nothing but instinct.

I should observe that, among many things which I brought out of the ship were pens, ink, and paper; but of these I was extremely sparing; resolving to write my life, and not knowing to what extent the materials might extend. I also found in the bottom of an old chest a prayer-book, that, strange to say, had nothing perfect but the Marriage Service. This, I confess it, was an omen that at first a little revived me. And then, let me add, I was not without a companion. No. there was the cat—the very cat that had seemed to glare and mew perpetual celibacy at me—that cat had smuggled herself among the things upon my raft, and was the tenant of my hut.

After a time, considering my situation, I began to put down my thoughts in writing; making a sort of debtor and creditor account of my position. Thus:—

EVIL.

I am thrown upon a desolate island, without a blessed soul to speak to.

I am singled out to be a single woman, when I might have been a wife and a parent.

GOOD.

Then I have this consolation—There's nobody to scandalise me.

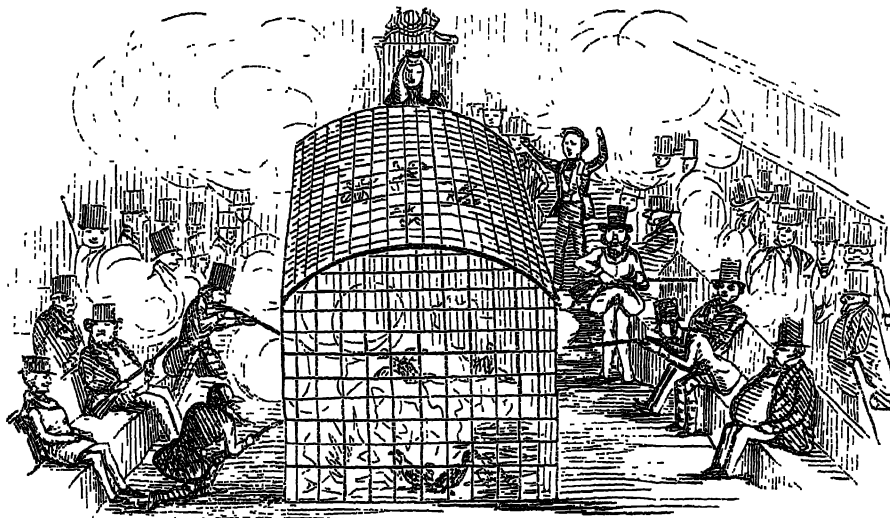
I might have been married early to a brute, and been a grand-mother at eight-and-thirty!

And so summing up this short account, I thought, as my dear mother used to say when she buttered her crumpets, that much might be said on both sides.

A Curious Case of Sensibility.

A SECRETARY of a Club was brought up before ALDERMAN GIBBS on Friday last for keeping back the monies and accounts of the Club. ALDERMAN GIBBS refused to decide for certain reasons which he stated, and for certain other reasons which he did not explain. We wonder if these "certain other reasons" had any reference to his own position as Churchwarden of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. There have been cases known of consciences waking up, after slumbering fourteen years.

GROUSE-SHOOTING IN THE HOUSE.



IN consequence of the extreme length of the Parliamentary session, several Members of Parliament are detained from their favourite sport of grouse-shooting. As it is very hard upon these individuals, who are thus deprived of their recreation by the business of their country, it has been proposed to introduce into each House a large cage of living grouse, at which Members may pop from their places, and thus combine the pursuit of pleasure with the performance of an important duty. They may, by this arrangement, discharge the order of the day and their fowling-pieces at the same time, or bring up the report on a bill simultaneously with the reports of a different character.

THE SUBURBAN SEASON.

To those who are unfortunately unable to go very far from town at this period when every one quits the metropolis, it will be gratifying to learn that arrangements have been made for commencing a season of gaiety at Kensington. The half-way house has long been a fashionable watering-place, but there are very few families at present stopping there. Kensington is now the great centre of attraction, and the town is full of visitors, who promenade the High Street, watching with great interest the arrival and departure of the omnibuses. It is in contemplation to get up a musical promenade at one of the libraries, and the proprietor will try the experiment of singing a comic song at about nine o'clock, so as to give his establishment all the air—except the sea air—of a regular marine subscription room. Should this project succeed, there will be an occasional raffle for a quire of writing paper, which is expected to impart a degree of pleasing excitement to the whole suburb.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL, the "Original Maniac," and only legitimate "Woodman who spared that tree," has taken the theatre, on a lease of three hours, for the purpose of giving his popular entertainment, and is expected to sing the "Ship on Fire," with a real ship lent by the Admiralty expressly for the occasion. The bathing season is in full vigour at the bath in the High Street, and FUMMELL adds to the general gaiety by appearing twice a week in his full beadle's uniform.

ROME ONCE MORE THE CITY!

A PARAGRAPH has gone the round of the papers, stating that the Pope is about to confer on Rome municipal institutions, such as are possessed by the other chief cities of Europe. Are we then, to understand that the City of Romulus is to have a Mayor and Aldermen? We hope so. She will then have citizens indeed.

In her newly-acquired corporation, her Conscript Fathers will revive, and the aldermanic gown will worthily replace the toga. We call upon the Seven Hills, severally and collectively, for a song—a song of joy. Of course they will supply names for the wards over which the new-created dignitaries will preside. The Tiber, also, should lend its aid to the concert; its bosom swelling, by anticipation, with such joys as now gladden the Thames. Yes: imagination revels in the idea of swan-hopping up the Tiber. Already we fancy we behold the Eternal City barge floating on its yellow waters. We hope these contain white-bait, and that a Roman Greenwich and Blackwall will be established—if they do not already exist—within a convenient distance of the Vatican.

Although Britons, our classical sympathies have always made us sorry to see Rome snuffed out by London. True, Rome has a Pope; but what is a Pope to a Lord Mayor? She will now boast of a Mayor and Aldermen. May they prove worthy of her; and may the Roman Corporation, throughout the world, be as celebrated as the Roman nose!

THE "PLEDGE" IN PARLIAMENT.

THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION is continually making some grand demonstration, now meeting in Covent Garden, and now in Exeter Hall, as if it wished teetotalism to embrace all classes, from the playhouse to the platform. Its next "demonstration," we suggest, should take place at St. Stephen's, where intemperance prevails to an extent that is truly lamentable. Witness the speeches of MR. DISRAELI and LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

One of the Allied Army.

THE immense Lion that is on the top of the mound on the field of battle at Waterloo is shortly to be removed, and in its stead is to be placed a Monster Cat. This is due to the British Army, whose bravery, according to its Commander-in-Chief, is only the result of flogging—consequently, if there had been no Cat, the Battle of Waterloo never would have been won.

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.



Indian (log.) "LONG LIFE TO YOUR HONOUR PLAISE TO REMEMBER A POOR IRISHMAN—INGIAN, I MANE."

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

A CARGO of Wenham Lake Ice from America. It is at present remaining in the Strand, previous to mixing in society; but it is expected the entire party will break up at the end of the fashionable season. The greater part of it has been invited by a noble Lord to take the waters.

PARLIAMENTARY TRAIN



We have received several complaints from unfortunate passengers who are compelled to travel on railroads in third-class carriages. It appears that—according to the very narrow views of the framers of the Act—nine inches only are allowed as the width of the seat, and, for the sake of economy, some of the seats have been placed back to back down the centre of the vehicle. By this arrangement eighteen inches are assigned to two of the public, one of whom may be a monopolist of space, in consequence of his bulk, when, of course, the smaller individual does not get the full amount of the accommodation which the law professes to allow him. It was certainly never contemplated that the third-class passengers should be compelled to quarrel over their accommodation; which they are continually compelled to do by the mode in which the carriages are constructed. The space allowed is small enough under any circumstances, and requires a practical acquaintance with the art of balancing; for it is not very easy to preserve one's equilibrium upon a ledge about the size of a duodecimo book-shelf. The difficulty of "holding on" amongst the sudden jerks usually encountered in railway travelling, is sometimes very considerable, and the passengers frequently "lap over," as the old women say—into each other's laps, with fearful violence.

PLEASING CIRCULAR.

"The Committee of the Art Union of London regret exceedingly that they are unable to deliver the prints due for the year 1846, as soon as they anticipated; the subscribers, however, will receive them three years earlier than they did those of the year 1842. The very advanced state of the plates for 1847,—'The Cold Shoulder,' and 'The Pig in a Poke,'—justifies the announcement that those prints will be issued some time before the end of the present century."

"Certain untoward causes have retarded the completion of the plate of the 'Battle of the Registration Court,' due for 1838, but the Committee will spare no exertions to insure the earliest possible delivery of the impressions of that very fine work as soon as the talented engraver begins it."

Different Styles of Legislation.

The Chamber of Deputies was opened last month for the sake of doing nothing, for it no sooner assembled than it was prorogued again. They manage these things much better in France, for the English Parliament meets with precisely the same object, only it is always six months about it.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

MAINTENANCE is defined to be encouraging a man to persist in a quarrel or a law-suit. The word, however, seems to be a misnomer, for encouraging any one in going to law, is the surest way of depriving him of his maintenance altogether.

MARINE. A sort of hybrid animal, half soldier, half sailor, but usually looked upon as neither one thing nor the other by the members of both of the United Services. The Marines are supposed to be so credulous, that they will believe everything that is said to them; and the sailors generally test the strength of human gullibility by telling all their incredulities to the Marines.

MARQUIS. The second of the five orders of nobility, being next to a Duke. A Marquis was originally so called from the word mark, because formerly he was an officer appointed to take care of the marks of the country, which is equivalent to the modern duty now performed by the charity children of beating the bounds. One of the earliest titles of this degree was that of Marquis of Dorset, the original grantee being a butterman of the fourteenth century.

MARTIAL LAW. The establishment of military authority which has been resorted to in times of disorder. By Martial Law an offender may be shot first and tried afterwards, by a tribunal composed of those who have killed or wounded him, as the case may be.

THE SANATORY CONDITION OF THE CITY.



ACCORDING to the Papers, a deputation from some gentlemen who had met to consider the sanitary condition of the Metropolis, waited, some time ago, on the Lord Mayor. "The sum," says our authority, "of his lordship's answer to the deputation was, that he could give no countenance or assistance to the meeting." Very likely not.

We would not, if we were the LORD MAYOR, give such a meeting any encouragement. Who knows what it might lead to? Perhaps to the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the sanitary state of the City, which might publish some such a Report as the following:—

Your Commissioners find that there exists in the City of London a species of disorder termed Podagra, or Gout, which is very prevalent among the Londoners, particularly amongst the Aldermen and other members of the Corporation. The same individuals are also grievously troubled with Dyspepsia or Indigestion, and with divers bilious affections.

Your Commissioners have ascertained that the citizens generally, and the corporate body in particular, are much in the habit of frequenting crowded dinner parties, which are principally held in the Halls of the various Companies. At these are consumed enormous quantities of all descriptions of viands, and the more luxurious and less wholesome in a far greater proportion than the others. In the meanwhile wines, punch, spirits, beer, and other exciting and phlogistic drinks are swallowed to an extent that is incredible.



"DATE OF PLEASURE."

Your Commissioners trace a large majority of civic diseases to the civic mode of living, which consists in taking into the stomach too ample allowances of animal and other substances.

It is the belief of Your Commissioners that the LORD MAYOR'S dinner alone gives occasion, annually, for the services of some hundreds of doctors.

Your Commissioners have to inform you that there are, in the vicinity of the City, two localities which are especially unhealthy. Your Commissioners allude to Greenwich and Blackwall. They attribute the insalubrity of these places in part to the white-bait which accumulates there at certain seasons of the year, but in a greater measure to the iced punch by which this evil is accompanied.

Your Commissioners look with great anxiety to the results, in a sanitary point of view, of the LORD MAYOR'S trip to Oxford, which they sincerely hope may not be such as their experience induces them to apprehend.

In concluding their Report on the sanitary condition of the City, Your Commissioners feel bound to express their opinion, that though supply in general must be regulated by demand, yet, for any improvement in the health of the London citizens, it will be absolutely necessary, by some legislative enactment, to limit their supplies of food and drink.



"THE MORNING'S REFLECTION."

THE RIVER AND THE ROAD.



In consequence of the blockade of Fleet Street, the population of London has been thrown back upon the bosom of Father Thames, and his watery frill has been fearfully ruffled by the number of steamers that are agitating his noble breast. So great is the rush to the river, that the steam-boats have been piled up like pecks of broad beans terminating in a point, of which the top of the funnel forms the extreme apex. There are shrewd suspicions that the Commissioners of Sewers, and the Paving Boards, are in league with the proprietors of the *Bee*, which is gathering honey in pennyworths, and enjoying the sweets of the profit which the obstruction of Fleet Street brings to the river steamers

between the West End and the City. The *Ant* has been compelled to have an extra purser on board to take the pence; and the Captain of the *Cricket* has been heard to declare that he never enjoyed such innings.

The man at the wheel has found the utmost difficulty in steering through the sea of human heads, and the vessel has presented the appearance of a floating pyramid. It is to be feared that if the people should contract maritime habits they will be unwilling to resume the land passage even when it is thrown open. A traveller accustomed to a Thames-faring life will not speedily return to the old jog-trot ways of the landmen.

MARCH OF LUXURY.



Customer. "Hi! JAMES."

Potboy. "NOW THEN, WHAT IS IT

Customer. "JUST POP MY ARF-AN-ARF IN THE HICE FOR A MINNET, THAT'S A GOOD LAD."

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

It having been determined to submit the WELLINGTON Statue for three weeks to public opinion, on the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner, persons desirous of expressing their sentiments, are requested to apply immediately to the gate-keeper. No person will be allowed to exercise the right of voting, unless he has been proprietor, for at least three months, of some group or single figure in plaster of Paris, or other material; and the possession of such figure or group will be considered a property qualification, entitling the owner to record his suffrage for or against the statue's continuing in its proposed position.

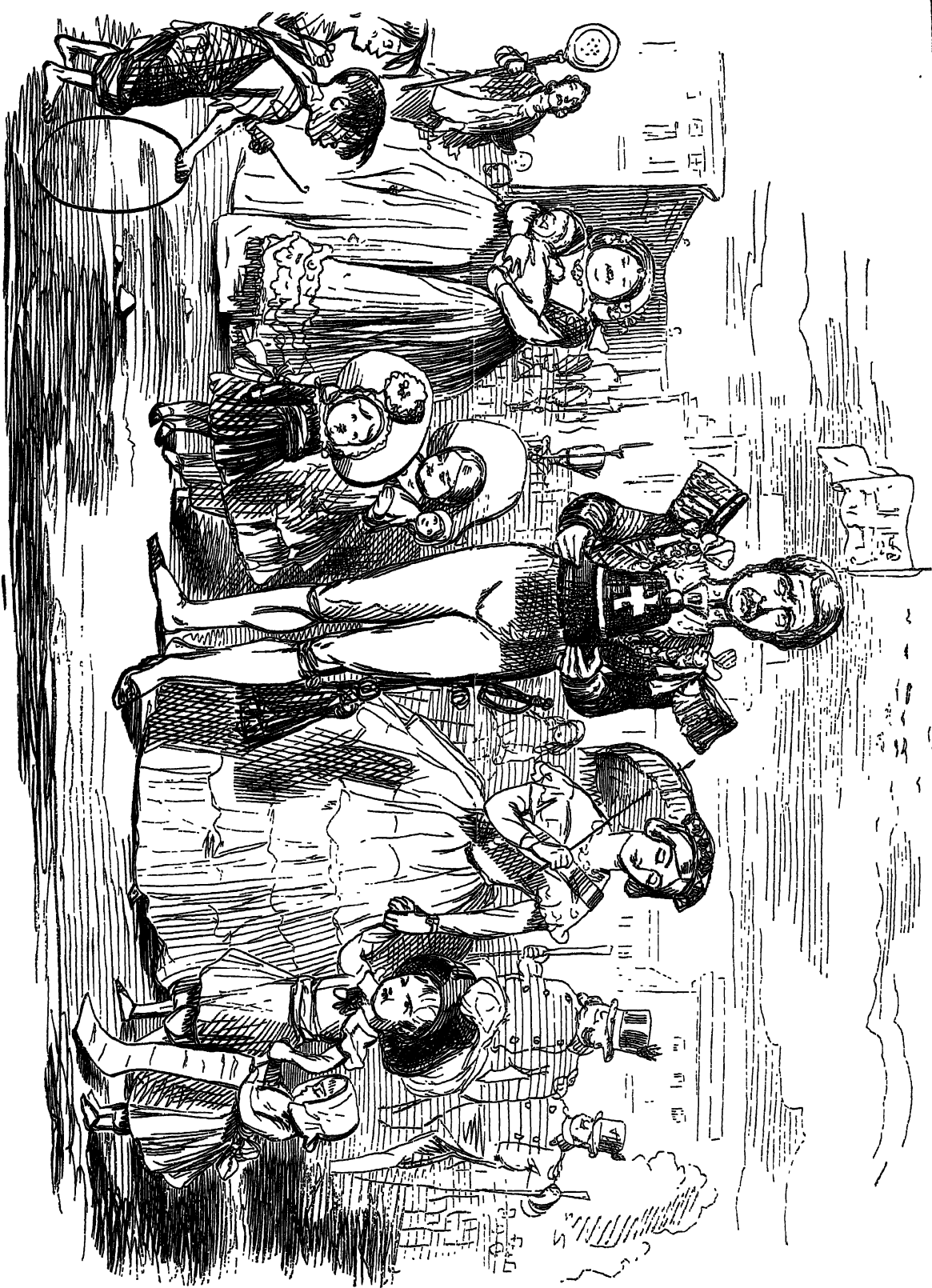
It has not yet been decided how the votes shall be taken, but it has been suggested that baskets of eggs, cabbage stalks, or other missiles, shall be provided for the use of the public, and every article thrown at the horse shall be considered as one hostile vote, and marked in the poll-book accordingly. It has also been proposed, that during the election SIR F. TRENCH shall attend on behalf of the statue, to point out its magnificent effect from the top of the arch, address the public at the conclusion of each day's voting, and give any explanation that may be required. It is also in contemplation to secure the services of some efficient person on behalf of the public taste, to take the other side of the question.

Very Like an Old Joe.

ELIHU BURRITT has lately favoured the public with a batch of recipes for making cakes from Indian corn flour. One of them has been sent to our office with the following heading: "The Language of *Flours*, by the Author of 'Olive Leaves.'"

ROYAL TITLE.

EX-KING HUDSON has been crowned lately on the Eastern Counties' Railway, under the title of "King Boreas," or "Boreas the Great," for he is found by all his subjects to be such a "blustering railer."



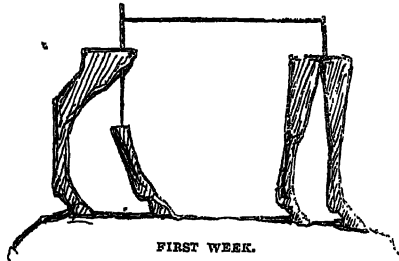
A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

"Good People, play take compassion upon us. It is now nearly seven years since we have either of us known the blessing of a comfortable residence. If you do not believe us, good people, come and see where we live, at Buckingham Palace, and you will be satisfied that there is no deception in our story. Such is our distress, that we should be truly grateful for the blessing of a comfortable two-parlour, with commonly decent sleeping

rooms for our children and domestic. With our slender means, and an increasing family, we declare to you that we do not know what to do. The sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds will be all that will be required to make the needed alterations in our dwelling. Do, good people, bestow your charity to this little amount, and may you never live to feel the want of so small a trifle."

A FIGURE OF FUN.

THERE are wheels within wheels, especially in Downing-street. Who could have anticipated that the peripatetic protectionism of LORD GEORGE BENTINCK and MR. DISRAELI was to end in the elevation of the Duke to his much-contested seat on the arch of Constitution-hill? By what mysterious influences, working on the DUKE OF RUTLAND, this has been accomplished we cannot pretend even to guess. But MR. C. BERKELEY declared it in the House of Commons. Luckily there is one chance still left to the public taste. The Duke is to be merely a temporary erection. He is

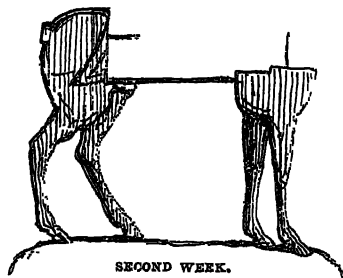


to stand for three weeks on trial; to be put up to view on his bronze horse as those of flesh and blood in the neighbourhood at TATTERSALL'S. The public suffrages should be gathered during this time. Perhaps the sub-committee will take it in turns to stand, like omnibus time-keepers, note-book in hand, to set down the comments of the spectators. The *Times* suggests a register and a balance-sheet. A form of register might certainly be prepared, with columns, headed in an ascending and descending scale of praise and blame. The central point or datum to be O, meaning "silence," which must not, however, be construed into "consent." The praise table may rise from the "Pretty well" of severe ignorance, to the "Beautiful" of enthusiastic bad-taste, represented by SIR FREDERICK TRENCH. The condemnation page, which should be very large, may run from the "What a Guy!" of critical cads, to the "Dreadful!" of MR. DECIMUS BURTON, the outraged architect of the arch, with whom we condole in the deepest sympathy. Some high authority must be appointed to check the sub-committee in their registration.

We are afraid, however, that public opinion is to be slighted for that of "the Government," "advised," LORD MORPETH assures us, "by competent persons." If they disapprove, down comes the Duke, to be set up in a less questionable position; or melted, and the brass distributed to the sub-committee, with a double allowance to SIR FREDERICK TRENCH.

We hope that some information will be vouchsafed the public as to the names of these "competent persons" who are to advise the Government. Are they to be the same "competent persons" who approved the designs for the National Gallery and the Trafalgar Fountains; who recommended the purchase of the Holywell Street HOLBEIN, and allowed RAPHAEL'S *Alva Virgin* to pass into the hands of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA? Are we again to be at the mercy of those remarkably "competent persons" who settled the proportions of the NELSON monument, and the costume of MR. WYATT'S GEORGE THE THIRD? The "competent persons" who advise the Government in matters of art, have succeeded so admirably in filling our streets with public monuments of the most outrageous absurdity, that we confidently anticipate their approval of the Duke on the arch. How can it be otherwise? It has always been. What new light of art has burst upon the Woods and Forests?

The penny showman invariably announces his perfect readiness to return the price of admission "if you are not satisfied with the character of the exhibition." In a like liberal spirit, the sub-committee promise that if the statue be not approved, they will



"replace the whole affair in the same circumstances as at present—viz., remove the statue from the arch, and place it on the ground again." We are afraid this promise will be kept like that of the penny showman. We never remember to have heard of money returned for the sight of an unsatisfactory giant. As little can we anticipate that the Duke will ever be compelled to come down if he is once allowed to get up,

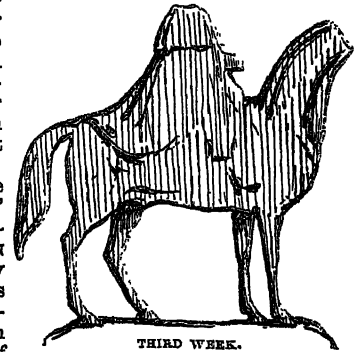
"Sedet, in æternumque sedebit
Infelix ———"

a butt, to all time, for the ridicule of *Punch*, and a source of bitter remorse to SIR FREDERICK TRENCH.

We are afraid that that warm-hearted and hot-headed gentleman rates the influence of *Punch* on an erroneous principle. That influence depends very much, we apprehend, on the same causes as the stability of a government. Among them a "good cry" is well known to be important. So, if *Punch* gets a "good cry" he is formidable: if not,

SIR FREDERICK may perhaps venture to defy his baton. Now, while the Duke continues on the arch, *Punch* will have an unusually "good cry." We shall not be surprised to find it echoing even to Downing-street, and startling the "competent persons" not out of, but into propriety. We agree with SIR FREDERICK that the statue, when up, will be one of the most striking "objects" ever exhibited; indeed, we should almost go so far as to say, one of the most "dreadful objects" that the imagination can conceive. Meanwhile the scaffolding is to remain, that the Duke may have a staircase to descend by if he do not give satisfaction. For three weeks FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE OF WELLINGTON is to be allowed "to enjoy" the testimony of a grateful country from his bed-room windows: that novel gratification promised to his Grace by the sub-committee. If he show a relish for this luxury, it will be hard to stop his allowance at the end of that time; if, on the contrary, we find it too strong for him, is his opinion to weigh against that of the "competent persons?"

There is one comfort in the prospect of this three weeks' elevation. The absurd disproportion which poor MR. BURTON strives so desperately to display in figures, will strike all eyes in bronze. The ill-fated support, too small by half for an arch of triumph, too big by half for a pedestal, will command that public sympathy which mere drawings could never create, nor the sufferings of the architect engender. We should not wonder if even SIR FREDERICK were, at this sight, inspired by good taste, as suddenly as *Orson* is endowed with reason in the popular melo-drama.



THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXVI.—DINING-OUT SNOBS.



IN England Dinner-giving Snobs occupy a very important place in society, and the task of describing them is tremendous. There was a time in my life when the consciousness of having eaten a man's salt rendered me dumb regarding his demerits, and I thought it a wicked act and a breach of hospitality to speak ill of him.

But why should a saddle of mutton blind you, or a turbot and lobster sauce shut your mouth for ever? With advancing age, men see their duties more clearly. I am not to be hoodwinked any longer by a slice of venison, be it ever so fat; and as for being dumb on account of turbot and lobster-sauce—of course I am; good manners ordain that I should be so, until I have swallowed the compound—but not afterwards: directly the victuals are discussed, and JOHN takes away the plate, my tongue begins to wag. Does not yours, if you have a pleasant neighbour?—a lovely creature, say, of some five-and-thirty, whose daughters have not yet quite come out—they are the best talkers. As for your young misses, they are only put about the table to

look at—like the flowers in the centre-piece. Their blushing youth and natural modesty prevents them from that easy, confidential conversational *abandon* which forms the delight of the intercourse with their dear mothers. It is to these, if he would prosper in his profession, that the Dining-out Snob should address himself. Suppose you sit next to one of these, how pleasant it is, in the intervals of the banquet, actually to abuse the victuals and the giver of the entertainment! It's twice as *piquant* to make fun of a man under his very nose.

What is a dinner-giving Snob? some innocent youth, who is not *repandu* in the world, may ask—or some simple reader who has not the benefits of London experience.

My dear Sir, I will show you—not all, for that is impossible—but

several kinds of Dinner-giving Snobs. For instance, suppose you, in the middle rank of life, accustomed to Mutton, roast on Tuesday, cold on Wednesday, hashed on Thursday, &c., with small means, and a small establishment, choose to waste the former and set the latter topsy-turvy, by giving entertainments unnaturally costly—you come into the Dinner-giving Snob class at once. Suppose you get in cheap made dishes from the pastrycook's, and hire a couple of green-grocers, or carpet-beaters, to figure as footmen, dismissing honest MOLLY, who waits on common days, and bedizening your table (ordinarily ornamented with willow-pattern crockery) with twopenny-halfpenny Birmingham plate. Suppose you pretend to be richer and grander than you ought to be—you are a Dinner-giving Snob. And O, I tremble to think how many and many a one will read this on Thursday!

A man who entertains in this way—and, alas, how few do not!—is like a fellow who would borrow his neighbour's coat to make a show in, or a lady who flaunts in the diamonds from next door—a humbug, in a word, and amongst the Snobs he must be set down.

A man who goes out of his natural sphere of society to ask Lords, Generals, Aldermen, and other persons of fashion, but is niggardly of his hospitality towards his own equals, is a Dinner-giving Snob. My dear friend, JACK TUFFHUNT, for example, knows one Lord whom he met at a watering-place; old LORD MUMBLE, who is as toothless as a three-months-old baby, and as mum as an undertaker, and as dull as—well, we will not particularise. TUFFHUNT never has a dinner now, but see this solemn old toothless patrician at the right hand of Mrs. TUFFHUNT—TUFFHUNT is a Dinner-giving Snob.

Old LIVERMORE, old SOY, old CHURTNEY, the East India Director, old CUTLER, the Surgeon, &c.,—that society of old fogies, in fine, who give each other dinners round and round, and dine for the mere purpose of guttling—these, again, are Dinner-giving Snobs.

Again, my friend LADY MACSCREV, who has three grenadier flunkies in lace round the table, and serves up a scrag of mutton on silver, and dribbles you out bad sherry and port by thimblefuls, is a Dinner-giving Snob of the other sort; and I confess, for my part, I would rather dine with old LIVERMORE or old SOY than with her Ladyship.

Stinginess is snobbish. Ostentation is snobbish. Too great profusion is snobbish. Tuff-hunting is snobbish: but I own there are people more snobbish than all those whose defects are above mentioned: viz., those individuals who can, and don't give dinners at all. The man without hospitality shall never sit *sub iisdem trabibus* with me. Let the sordid wretch go mumble his bone alone!

What, again, is true hospitality? Alas, my dear friends and brother Snobs! how little do we meet of it after all! Are the motives *pure* which induce your friends to ask you to dinner? This has often come across me. Does your entertainer want something from you? For instance, I am not of a suspicious turn; but it is a fact, that when HOOKER is bringing out a new work, he asks the critics all round, to dinner; that when WALKER has got his picture ready for the Exhibition, he somehow grows exceedingly hospitable, and has his friends of the press to a quiet cutlet and a glass of Sillery. Old HUNKS, the miser, who died lately (leaving his money to his house-keeper) lived many years on the fat of the land, by simply taking down, at all his friends', the names and Christian names of *all the children*. But though you may have your own opinion about the hospitality of your acquaintances; and though men who ask you from sordid motives are most decidedly Dinner-giving Snobs, it is best not to inquire into their motives too keenly. Be not too curious about the mouth of a gift-horse. After all, a man does not intend to insult you by asking you to dinner.

Though, for that matter, I know some characters about town who actually consider themselves injured and insulted if the dinner or the company is not to their liking. There is GUTTLETON, who dines at home off a shilling's worth of beef from the cook's shop, but if he is asked to dine at a house where there are not peas at the end of May, or cucumbers in March along with the turbot, thinks himself insulted by being invited. "Good God!" says he, "what the deuce do the FORKER'S mean, by asking me to a family dinner? I can get mutton at home;" or, "What infernal impertinence it is of the SPOONERS to get *entrées* from the pastrycook's, and fancy that I am to be deceived with their stories about their French cook!" Then, again, there is JACK PUNDTINGTON—I saw that honest fellow t'other day quite in a rage, because, as chance would have it, SIR JOHN CARVER asked him to meet the very same party he had met at COLONEL CRAMLEY'S the day before, and he had not got up a new set of stories to entertain them. Poor Dinner-giving Snobs! you don't know what small thanks you get for all your pains and money! How we Dining-out Snobs sneer at your cookery, and pooh-pooh your old Hock, and are incredulous about

your four-and-sixpenny Champagne; and know that the side-dishes of to-day are *réchauffées* from the dinner of yesterday, and mark how certain dishes are whisked off the table untasted, so that they may figure at the banquet to-morrow. Whenever, for my part, I see the head man particularly anxious to *escamoter* a fricandeau or a blanc-mange, I always call out, and insist upon massacring it with a spoon. All this sort of conduct makes one popular with the Dinner-giving Snob. One friend of mine, I know, has made a prodigious sensation in good society, by announcing *à propos* of certain dishes when offered to him, that he never eats aspic except at LORD TITMUP'S, and that LADY JIMINY'S Chef is the only man in London who knows how to dress—*filet en serpenteau*—or *Suprême de Volaille aux truffes*.

But my paper is out; and we will resume the subject next week.

HALF AN HOUR BEFORE DINNER.



NIMINY AND PIMINY STARING AT THE LADIES SEATED IN A CIRCLE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Niminy. "THAT'S A FINE WOMAN IN YALLAH."

Piminy. "HM!—POOTY WELL."

THE PRICE OF LUXURIES.

It has become a subject of considerable complaint that the price of the aristocratic amusement of knocking down a London policeman has latterly been quoted as high as five pounds, a sum which, considering the ordinary quality of the article assaulted, is generally thought to be very exorbitant. The extravagance of the price is the more striking when compared with the much more reasonable rate at which the same sort of amusement may be had in the provinces. We find from a police case at Devonport, that the sentries on duty there may be knocked down for a shilling each—that being the fine imposed on some one who treated himself to a little pugilistic pastime. We have no doubt that they might be knocked down all round for something less, as there is always "a reduction on taking a quantity." Perhaps, however, the liberal principle of charging a single sentry at the wholesale price, may be adopted by the magistrates.

PUNCH AND THE THAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.



It is not, perhaps, generally known that *Punch* was a competitor in the late match for the Championship of the Thames; but he went so far ahead at the very first start, that he got completely out of sight, and the reporters consequently failed to take any notice of his achievement.

A man may be too much in advance of his contemporaries, as well as too much behind them, and *Punch* in the present instance was in the former predicament. He went away like lightning, and was fifty miles

beyond the winning-post before his rivals had got fairly into their work. This of course was accomplished by the superiority of his skull, and by his having fairly got into the full tide of public favour. The feathery lightness for which he is so peculiar, also proved very beneficial to him, and though he pulled away at an enormous rate, it was the general remark that he seemed fresher than ever, for it is a peculiarity of *Punch*, that the longer he works, the greater is his energy.

Foreign Intelligence.



SINCE LORD PALMERSTON has returned to power, the ferment of the war-party in France has been rather strong at Boulogne, which forms a very fair barometer of the feelings of the French people. The Boulonnaise shop-boys have increased the amount of *cire* applied to their moustachios, with the view of waxing ferocious; and the custom-house veteran stamps more furiously than ever upon the copies of *Punch* that happen to be found among the baggage of passengers. The one gun on the pier has been black-leaded, in order to give it a more lowering and threatening appearance in the eyes of the English promenaders.

The Cathedral in the Upper Town is progressing as rapidly as the sale of a book, describing the intended structure, will admit of. The only funds available for the building are those derived from the occasional purchase of a descriptive pamphlet by some curious traveller. As soon as a copy is disposed of, a messenger is despatched to hire a labourer, who is kept at work as long as there are wages in hand to remunerate him for his services. By setting him to work in a position where every blow he strikes with his hammer is answered by twenty echoes, the place is filled with the delightful sounds of industry, and the spirits of the artisan are not damped by a feeling of solitude which would otherwise come over him.

We beg leave to recommend the adoption of this system at the NELSON Column Works in Trafalgar Square, where "the man and the boy" have become the ROBINSON CRUSOE and FRIDAY of British labour. By the arrangement of a series of echoes, it might be possible to excite their imaginations so far as to make them fancy that they are not the solitaries they have hitherto found themselves. Perhaps here and there a lay figure in the act of striking a piece of granite, might be introduced, for the purpose of giving bustle to the scene, and enabling the man and the boy—"crabbed age and youth"—to feel that they are not altogether "Alone! alone!! alone!!!" as WERNER has it, in the centre of the great metropolis.

Raising the Wind.

THE German Band has left Ramsgate. They were compelled at last to make a raffle of their instruments before they could get money enough to leave the place. A young lady of fortune got the Ophicleide, whilst the Serpent fell to the lot of a wealthy inhabitant, who had tempted the unfortunate band to visit the town.

THE LONG VACATION.

A PASTRY-COOK in Fleet Street, finding he did not sell a bun a day, has shut up shop, and written on his shutters, "Gone to America, during the Repairs."

REASONS FOR PULLING DOWN WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

THE following is the Report which has been lately published by the Committee appointed to inquire into the state of Westminster Bridge:—

The foundation is giving way, and the Bridge sinks every year.

There is never more than one arch passable at a time.

It is blocked up every other month.

It is decidedly dangerous.

It is anything but ornamental.

It is no longer useful.

If it is not pulled down, it will either fall in, or else be carried away.

It will cost a less sum to build a new bridge than to keep the present one in repair.

We must say we never recollect reading a report more convincing than the above.

EARNEST REMONSTRANCE

ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG LADY WORLD, ON THE "WAVING FRONTS" NOW IN FASHION.

AIR.—"Long, Long Ago."

TWINE me the curls I delighted to see

Long, long ago—long, long ago;

Bring the old curling-tongs hither to me

Of long ago, long ago!

Since they are gone, all my grief has begun;

Those queer "waving fronts" do not please me, for one;

I pine for the hair as it used to be done

Long, long ago, long ago!

Don't you remember the ringlets that flow'd

Long, long ago—long, long ago;

The beautiful ringlets that then were the mode,

Long, long ago, long ago?

Some call'd them "corkscrews"—a gross malaprop,

Save that when met at a squeeze, or a hop,

Lovers, like corks, would come out with a pop,

Long, long ago, long ago!

Oh, if the Whigs their old fame would renew,

(Quite *rococo*—quite *rococo*)

And rival the glories of BRIAN BOROO,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Let them but give us, our thanks to secure,

Instead of a Bill for removing the Poor,

A Bill for removing the shady *coiffure*

Now all the go, all the go!

A WAITER ON ROYALTY.—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, when named by the waiters at Freemason's Tavern, is always alluded to as "THE HEAD OF THE DINNER TABLE."

PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

RICHARD THE THIRD.



This extraordinary individual is better known by his appearance on the stage, than from the pages of history, and we therefore prefer adopting the dramatic version of his character. He was in the habit of walking up and down the streets of London, indulging in soliloquies on his own deformity, and developing his plans of ambition in very loud talking, which might easily have been overheard by the servant-girls or others looking out of the windows in the neighbourhood.

The first glimpse we get of him is in one of these promenades, in the course of which he was continually rapping the palm of his left hand with a truncheon carried in his right, making sudden stops, indulging in winks, sneers, sardonic grins, and other eccentric movements, concluding with a loud announcement of his intention to "prove a villain." This determination he seems to have carried out to the letter, by a series of assassinations and hypocrisies.

From his mother's description of him, which we have no doubt was painfully accurate, we learn that he was a most unmanageable baby, "tetchy and wayward" in his infancy, refusing his bottle when tendered, and crying for it when it was most inconvenient to give it him.

He spent the prime of his life in extinguishing prosing old kings, smothering his nephews, giving orders for chopping off miscellaneous heads, and bamboozing the Duke of Buckingham. The last great act of his life—his combat with the Duke of Richmond—has been differently represented by various authorities. Some make him fight only for a few seconds; others show him struggling, cutting, thrusting, gasping, and slashing, for full a quarter of an hour. The probability is, that he gave a good deal of trouble to his conqueror, by an obstinate knack of clashing sword against sword, than from any difficulty there might have been in subduing him.

A MISNOMER.

How can they give the name of Fleet
To London's celebrated Street?
Its character at once 'twould show,
Instead of Fleet to call it Slow.

WEDDINGS EXECUTED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

The Spanish Ministers have sent over an order to Coburg House for a nice young man to marry the Queen.

The High-mettled Racer.

"We regret to learn that LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, at the close of the present season, intends to dispose of his stud and retire from the turf."—*Sporting Paper.*

SEE the ring when 'tis thronged, 'ere the Derby is run,
And the warren re-echoes to "Done, Sir," and "Done."
There's one all the knowing ones join to revere,
From Duke down to dustman, from Prig up to Peer—
'Tis LORD GEORGE, of the Turfites the monarch confest,
Whose book's always safest, whose lot's always best;
Who, 'midst better and blacklegs, towers calmly elate—
'Tis the high-mettled racer, his natural state!

Now PEEL is turned out, and Protectionists rush
For a tug at his fur, or a bite at his brush;
In slander and slang their hot vengeance they wreak;
But, for want of a leader, are sadly to seek,
Till, with figures and facts freshly crammed, from the course,
Up to points of his "Hansard"—as those of his horse—
When SIR ROBERT yields up his political breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

His figures upset, his flights nipped in the bud,
Showed up, shouted down, but still showing some blood,
Where top-booted farmers in WILLIS's show,
With BUCKINGHAM upstairs and RICHMOND below;
Where the poor British Lion is poked up once more,
Till they hardly get from him one last lazy roar;
Where Lords flatter labour and tenants look black,
The high-mettled racer's a poor spouting hack.

Till at last, having laboured, drugged early and late,
Broken in to the business, he stoops to his fate,
Dines desperate, wherever Protection is met,
To hear very dry talk in marquees very wet;
Till forced to exhibit, as lately, at Lynn,
Along with DISRAELI, his fallacies thin,
Trotted out to amuse squires dull as their hogs,
The high-mettled racer is "gone to the dogs."

AN APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

Will no one give Mr. Disraeli a dinner?

THE GREYS'-INN ADMINISTRATION.

THE late EARL GREY was caricatured with his tail of 70, having provided for that number of his family. The present Administration under LORD JOHN RUSSELL, has a strong tendency to turn grey, which is a very bad sign in a Whig.

One of his private secretaries is a GREY.

SIR GEORGE GREY is Colonial Secretary.

MR. C. WOOD, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is LORD GREY's brother-in-law.

There is also LORD GREY, and his private secretary, HONOURABLE CAPTAIN GREY.

In fact, there are so many GREYS that we wish MR. HUME, when Parliament returns from grouse-shooting, would move for a list of all the GREYS who are at present employed in pumping the engine of state. Should they ever resign in a body, they will certainly be able, in applying for the Chiltern Hundreds, to take a Chiltern a-piece.

WANTED, A PAIR OF MOUSTACHES,

By a young gentleman who is going to spend a month (and his quarter's salary) in Paris. They must be very fierce, and have a decided military turn. Colour no object. Apply, with specimens, at Somerset House, after four o'clock.

THE WANT OF PRACTICE.—A medical man advertises, in the *Lancet*, for "the patients of JOB."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1846.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DINNER-GIVING SNOBS FURTHER CONSIDERED.



For my friends would but follow the present prevailing fashion, I think they ought to give me a testimonial for the paper on Dinner-giving Snobs, which I am now writing. What do you say now to a handsome comfortable dinner-service of plate (not including plates, for I hold silver plates to be sheer wantonness, and would almost as soon think of silver tea-cups), a couple of neat tea-pots, a coffee-pot, trays, &c., with a little inscription to my wife, Mrs. SNOB; and a half-score of silver tankards for the little Snobblings, to glitter on the homely table where they partake of their quotidian mutton?

If I had my way, and my plans could be carried out, dinner-giving would increase as much on the one hand as dinner-giving Snobbishness would diminish;—to my mind, the most amiable part of the work lately, published by my esteemed friend (if upon a very brief acquaintance he will allow me to call him so),

ALEXIS SOYER, THE REGENERATOR;

what he (in his noble style) would call the most succulent, savoury, and elegant passages, are those which relate, not to the grand banquets and ceremonial dinners, but to "his dinners at home."

The "dinner at home" ought to be the centre of the whole system of dinner-giving. Your usual style of meal that is plenteous, comfortable, and in its perfection, should be that to which you welcome your friends, as it is that of which you partake yourself.

For, towards what woman in the world do I entertain a higher regard than towards the beloved partner of my existence, Mrs. SNOB? who should have a greater place in my affections than her six brothers (three or four of whom we are pretty sure will favour us with their company at seven o'clock), or her angelic mother, my own valued mother-in-law?—for whom, finally, would I wish to cater more generously than for your very humble servant, the present writer? Now, nobody supposes that the Birmingham plate is had out, the disguised carpet-beaters introduced to the exclusion of the neat parlour-maid, the miserable *entrées* from the pastrycook's ordered in, and the children packed off, (as it is supposed) to the nursery, but really only to the staircase, down which they slide during the dinner-time, waylaying the dishes as they come out, and fingering the round bumps on the jellies, and the forced-meat balls in the soup. Nobody, I say, supposes that a dinner at home is characterized by the horrible ceremony, the foolish makeshifts, the mean pomp and ostentation which distinguish our banquets on grand field-days.

Such a notion is monstrous. I would as soon think of having my dearest Bessy sitting opposite me in a turban and bird of Paradise, and showing her jolly mottled arms out of blonde sleeves, in her famous red satin gown: aye, or of having Mr. TOOLE every day, in a white waistcoat, at my back, shouting out "Silence *fav* the chair!"

Now, if this be the case; if the Brummagem-plate pomp and the processions of disguised footmen are odious and foolish in every-day life, why not always? Why should JONES and I, who are in the middle rank, alter the modes of our being to assume an *éclat* which does not belong to us—to entertain our friends, who (if we are worth anything, and honest fellows at bottom) are men of the middle rank too, who are not in the least deceived by our temporary splendour; and who play off exactly the same absurd trick upon us when they ask us to dine?

If it be pleasant to dine with your friends, as all persons with good stomachs and kindly hearts will, I presume, allow it to be, it is better to dine twice than to dine once. It is impossible for men of small means to be continually spending five-and-twenty or thirty shillings

on each friend who sits down to their table. People dine for less. I myself have seen, at my favourite Club, (the Senior United Service,) His Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON quite contented with the joint, one-and-three, and half-pint of Sherry wine; and if His Grace, why not you and I?

This rule I have made, and found the benefit of. Whenever I ask a couple of Dukes and a Marquis or so to dine with me, I set them down to a piece of beef, or a leg of mutton and trimmings. The *grands* thank you for this simplicity, and appreciate the same. My dear JONES, ask any of those whom you have the honour of knowing, if such be not the case.

I am far from wishing that their Graces should treat me in a similar fashion. Splendour is a part of their station, as decent comfort (let us trust) of yours and mine. Fate has comfortably appointed gold plate for some, and has bidden others contentedly to wear the willow pattern. And being perfectly contented, (indeed humbly thankful—for look around, O JONES, and see the myriads who are not so fortunate), to wear honest linen, while magnificos of the world are adorned with cambric and point-lace; surely we ought to hold as miserable, envious fools, those wretched *Beaux Truans* of society, who sport a lace dickey, and nothing besides. The poor silly jays, who trail a peacock's feather behind them, and think to simulate the gorgeous bird whose nature it is to strut on palace-terraces, and to flaunt his magnificent fan-tail in the sunshine.

The jays with peacocks' feathers are the Snobs of this world: and never since the days of *Æsop* were they more numerous in any land, than they are at present in this free country.

How does this most ancient apologue apply to the subject in hand—the dinner-giving Snob? The imitation of the great is universal in this city, from the palaces of Kensingtonia and Belgravia, even to the remotest corner of Brunswick Square. Peacocks' feathers are stuck in the tails of most families. Scarce one of us domestic birds but imitates the lanky, pavonine strut, and shrill, genteel scream. O you misguided dinner-giving Snobs, think how much pleasure you lose, and how much mischief you do with your absurd *grands* and hypocrisies! You stuff each other with unnatural forced-meats, and entertain each other to the ruin of friendship (let alone health) and the destruction of hospitality and good-fellowship—you, who but for the peacock's tail might chatter away so much at your ease, and be so jovial and happy!

When a man goes into a great set company of dinner-giving and dinner-receiving Snobs; if he has a philosophic turn of mind, he will consider what a huge humbug the whole affair is; the dishes and the drink, and the servants and the plate, and the host and hostess, and the conversation, and the company,—the philosopher included.

The host is smiling and hob-nobbing, and talking up and down the table; but a prey to secret terrors and anxieties lest the wines he has brought up from the cellar should prove insufficient; lest a corked bottle should destroy his calculations; or our friend the carpet-beater, by making some *bémis*, should disclose his real quality of green-grocer, and show that he is not the family butler.

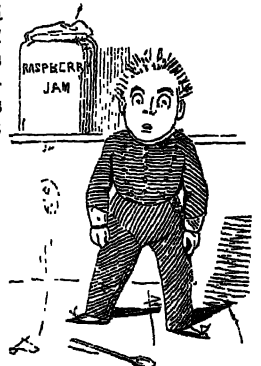
The hostess is smiling resolutely through all the courses, smiling through her agony; though her heart is in the kitchen, and she is speculating with terror lest there be any disaster there. If the *soufflé* should collapse, or if WIGGINS does not send the ices in time—she feels as if she would commit suicide—that smiling, jolly woman!

The children up-stairs are yelling, as their maid is crimping their miserable ringlets with hot tongs, tearing Miss EMMY's hair out by the roots, or scrubbing Miss POLLY's dumpy nose with mottled soap till the little wretch screams herself into fits. The young males of the family are employed, as we have stated, in piratical exploits upon the landing-place.

The servants are not servants, but the before-mentioned retail tradesmen.

The plate is not silver, but a mere shiny Birmingham lacquer; and so is the hospitality, and everything else.

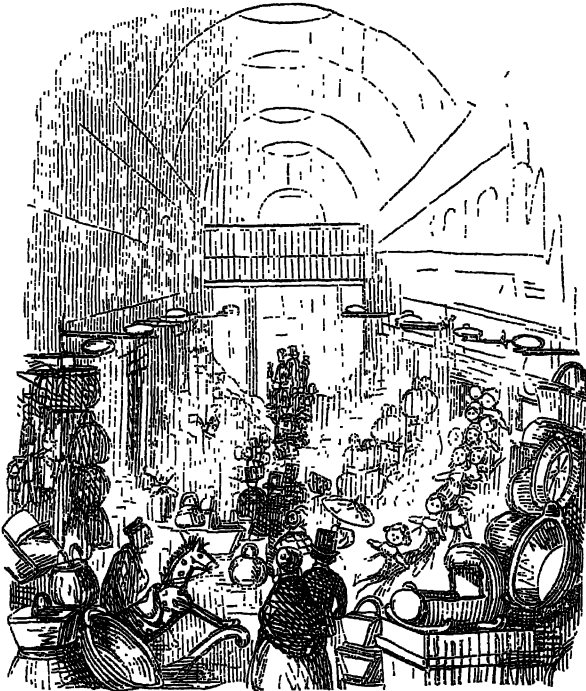
The talk is Birmingham talk. The wag of the party, with bitterness in his heart, having just quitted his laundress, who is dunning him for her bill, is firing off good stories; and the opposition wag is furious that he cannot get an innings. JAWKINS, the great conversationist, is scornful and indignant with the pair of them, because he is kept out of court. Young MUSCADEL, that cheap dandy, is talking Fashion and ALMACK's out of the *Morning Post*,



and disgusting his neighbour, Mrs. Fox, who reflects that she has never been there. The widow is vexed out of patience, because her daughter MARIA has got a place beside young CAMBRIC, the penniless curate, and not by COLONEL GOLDMORRE, the rich widower from India. The doctor's wife is sulky, because she has not been led out before the barrister's lady; old DOCTOR CORK is grumbling at the wine, and GUTTLETON sneering at the cookery.

And to think that all these people might be so happy, and easy, and friendly, were they brought together in a natural unpretentious way, and but for an unhappy passion for peacocks' feathers in England. Gentle shades of MARAT and ROBESPIERRE! when I see how all the honesty of society is corrupted among us by the miserable fashion-worship, I feel as angry as Mrs. Fox just mentioned, and ready to order a general *battue* of peacocks.

THE LOWTHER ARCADE BLOCKADE.



THE thoroughfare through the Lowther Arcade gradually gets smaller and smaller. It is now reduced to the width of a narrow bookshelf. Two persons walking abreast cause a collision, which is frequently attended with serious damage to the adjoining pomatum pots. The little rivulet of pavement might be enlarged, we think, by encroaching on each side upon the immense meadow of crockery-ware. It is not pleasant, as you are walking along, to put your foot into a drum, or to fall at full-length upon a tea-tray of child's tea-things. The toymakers should be told to take their shops indoors. The exhibition of dolls and rocking-horses may be very pleasing to the juvenile eye, and very profitable to the shopkeepers, but we caution parents who recklessly enter the Arcade with their children, to stipulate beforehand with the beadle not to pay for breakages. The shower of hailstones lately did in a measure clear the Arcade, but now that the skylights have been mended, the Birmingham and Wedgwood trumperies have come out in greater abundance than ever. A fireman should be engaged to play down the Arcade three times a day. A strong column of water might probably create an opening in favour of the pedestrian, who does not like being stopped at every step by a monster rocking-horse, or tripped up by a lambswool poodle.

LOST OR STOLEN.—THE PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION. It was done up in a small parcel, and was dropped about the 3rd of last month. It was last seen at the Sans Souci, Potsdam, where it had been lying on the shelf for years. It is marked "Anno Domini, 1816," and has a royal seal to it, with the motto of "*Sie sollen es nicht haben.*" As the contents are of no value to any but the owner, a small reward will be given for its restoration to "FRADERICK, Royal Palace, or Greek Theatre, Berlin." For fear of accidents, it had better be labelled "Fragile."

The Military March of Intellect.

As it seems now determined that the Army shall henceforth be governed by moral force instead of main force, it has become necessary that the officer—if he is to command the soldier—should be provided for the future with some other headpiece than the mere helmet or chako. Officers, in short, require to be intellectualised; very much so, if the results of our inquiries into their mental circumstances may be depended upon. Of the fruit of these researches we subjoin a few specimens.

THE HON. CAPTAIN FITZDAWDLÉ, examined—Has the honour of holding a commission in the Life Guards. Once went to school. The nature of his studies had been dry. Really could not say what had been the curriculum, unless it was a curricule: but DOCTOR SWITCHARD didn't keep a curricule. Found Latin too hard, and Greek out of the question. Spelling was quite troublesome enough. Believed that the old Doctor used to vote him a sad dunce. Must confess that he was not partial to intellectual pursuits. Was not particularly ashamed to say so.

LIEUTENANT SPANKEY. Belongs to the Dragoons. Has no objection to state his acquirements. Is a crack shot. Will venture to say that he can ride a steeple-chase, or a donkey race either. Has actually been the winner in one. Is not aware that he ever passed the *pons asinorum*. Flatters himself that he can waltz tolerably. Can do a good many other things if he could only recollect what. His memory was always rather treacherous. Cannot recollect who founded Rome. Is not certain that it was not JULIUS CÆSAR. Has a faint impression that Magna Charta was the Bill of Rights. Is a man of some reading. Has read a good deal of the *United Service Journal*. Has some acquaintance with polite letters. Has no idea of any other kind of correspondence.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL DUNSEFORD commands a cavalry regiment. Is astonished at being asked what he knows of ethics. Tactics are something more in his way. Does not see what a British officer can possibly have to do with moral philosophy; except, perhaps, the regimental doctor, who might be expected to understand all that sort of thing.

SONG BY AN ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE.

OH! do not build for me
Another palace, pray,
I have already three,—
And sure, enough are they,—
Besides a country seat
All in the Isle of Wight:
Another build not, I entreat;
I've houses plenty,—quite.

If you your cash would spend,
If you'd invest your gold,
Build almshouses, no end,
To lodge the poor and old;
Build hospitals, and more
Asylums open free;
Build schools of charity in store;
But no more seats for me!

THE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

TOUR HOOD has capitally said of certain teetotalers, that they think they have a right to believe themselves Beauties, simply because they are not Beasts. Assuredly, many of the water-sputters recently playing at Covent Garden Theatre are of this notion. It would be difficult to brew or distil any beverage stronger or more deleterious than much of their language. The American apostles of Temperance—like many other saints—have made themselves especially notorious for unseemly words. Never was water dirtied with fouler words.

THE REV. THOMAS BRAYNARD, however, of Philadelphia, has settled the question by shifting it upon the shoulders of weak woman; whom he twitted with an indiscretion (now of a few thousand years' standing) in a very shabby spirit. He said, "One Woman had ruined the world by persuading a man to eat, and it was *now* for woman to show an example by persuading him not to drink." EVE having plucked the apple, it was the duty of her daughters to set their faces against cyder.

We would by no means be thought to undervalue the blessings of Temperance as preached by FATHER MATHEW and others; but when we read the stuff that has recently been uttered in the cause of total abstinence, we certainly do feel inclined to wish that at Covent Garden the authorities had imitated certain Strand authorities at Church time, and "put locks upon the pumps."

ADVICE GRATIS TO THE POOR.



Doctor. "Yes, MRS. BROWN! YOU MUST GIVE HER PLENTY OF NICE PUDDINGS, SOME CALVES' FOOT JELLY—A LITTLE WINE—A FOWL OR TWO—TAKE HER TO THE SEASIDE, AND, IF POSSIBLE, GO WITH HER TO BADEN-BADEN."

THE EXILES OF LAMBETH.

LAMBETH has become a sort of Siberia since the stopping up of Westminster Bridge, for there is now literally no communication between the inhabitants of the Northern shore, and the transpontine people.

All means of social intercourse are completely cut off, and ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre might as well be on Salisbury Plain, as far as there is any possibility of getting to it from any part of Westminster. We have heard of vessels wrecked in sight of port, but here is a place of amusement remaining comparatively empty, with crowds walking within a stone's throw and unable to get to it.

Lambeth is in a state of utter desolation, and the principal street reminds one of a *strada* in Pompeii. A civil war might break out and be all over before any one on this side of the Thames could know anything about it.

The people are becoming quite isolated from the rest of their fellow-subjects, and the interests of civilization are severely suffering. Already Lambeth is a week behind us in the polite arts, and every day that the blockade continues will send them backward four-and-twenty hours towards the barbarism which it has taken centuries to get out of. We should not be at all surprised at hearing through some circuitous channel that a provisional Government has been established in the New Cut, and that the whole of the Marsh has thrown off its allegiance. During the stoppage of Westminster Bridge, the Lambethites are aliens in geography if not in blood, and we can scarcely expect submission where protection is not afforded.

A SIGHT TOO BAD!

SHOPKEEPERS are complaining dreadfully about the placing of the Wellington Statue. They say it has driven everybody out of town.

THE BARON OF ROSHERVILLE.

THE ancient barony of Nathan has, during the last few months, been conglomerated with the modern fiefdom of Rosherville. BARON NATHAN has recently had an assemblage of friends, retainers, and vassals, at an annual benefit. His proclamation announcing the solemnity, combined the spirit of old chivalry with the effervescent essence of puffery. He put forth a placard, in which feudal pride seemed to be struggling with everyday quackery. His appeals to the British fair breathed all the ardour of old romance; but his allusions to the prices, and his promise of a late omnibus, for the accommodation of parties coming from a distance, were couched in the stern language of dull reality. When, however, he prattled of polkas, the poet seemed to stand before us, reminding us of the period of the troubadours, particularly when he promised to open the ball with some "fayre ladye pupille" in the *Gavotte de Vestris*.

But the most interesting feature in the programme was the pledge to dance his celebrated egg hornpipe. This gave a wondrous whet to public curiosity, and it was even rumoured that he intended to conclude it with a terrific *pas de batter*, by plunging in among the oval delicacies at the termination of his terpsichorean effort. Some laid three to one on the event; but a hen of Bohemia—according to the Baron's assertion—laid such enormous odds that it was quite impossible to doubt the truth of the Baron's intentions. Many had disbelieved the fact of the lordly NATHAN having ever capered among the crustaceous produce of the farm-yard, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of the egg polka, or *pas d'omelette*, has been in the dancing.

Everything seems to have been *couleur de rose*,—except the grass and the trees—at the Baron's benefit. He has issued a grateful half-sheet of printed post, in which he first praises himself for being not only what he is but something more, and he then goes into a brief eulogy on those who patronized his benefit. He thanks those for "their forbearance who were quite debarred from obtaining a view of the amusements," and it certainly did show considerable amiability to stand huddled together on grass and gravel-walks, straining the eye to catch everything and seeing nothing.

A Picture of Fleet Street.

We understand that the west front of Temple Bar is to be adorned with a cartoon, consisting of a fresco copy of the French picture of the sentinel thus addressing NAPOLEON:—"On ne passe pas ici!"

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

O'CONNELL, the uncrowned monarch of Ireland, has expelled the *Nation* newspaper from all the Repeal reading-rooms in Ireland. MARSEAL BUGEAUD, the uncrowned monarch of Algeria, has established a censorship at Algiers, which has been the death of two papers which were published at the capital of his dominions. The cause of these two despotic acts was too great a freedom in discussing the government of the two uncrowned monarchs. Kings BUGEAUD and O'CONNELL will not allow the smallest stain to be cast upon their future thrones. A paper must praise, and that in no small degree, or else be immediately suppressed. We think KING DAN might take a lesson from his brother monarch, and establish a censorship at Conciliation Hall, to watch over the liberty of the Irish press. In the mean time, the following simple rules might be sent to all editors, Algerian as well as Hibernian, to guide them in the insertion of articles. They are scarcely strong enough, but they will do for the present, till the monarchs are crowned, when something much stronger can, of course, be enforced:—

You must on all occasions evince the greatest admiration for your uncrowned monarch. Any editor daring to have an opinion of his own, will have his paper immediately apprehended for the first offence, and abolished for the second.

The trade and commerce of the uncrowned monarch's dominions must be always increasing.

There must be no monarch in the world to be compared to your uncrowned monarch, and no kingdom to be half so flourishing as his kingdom.

Repeal and ABD-EL-KADER to be excluded subjects of comment, unless it is to say, that the one will be taken, and the other will be carried to-morrow.

England, and the influence of its gold, to be at all times an open subject.

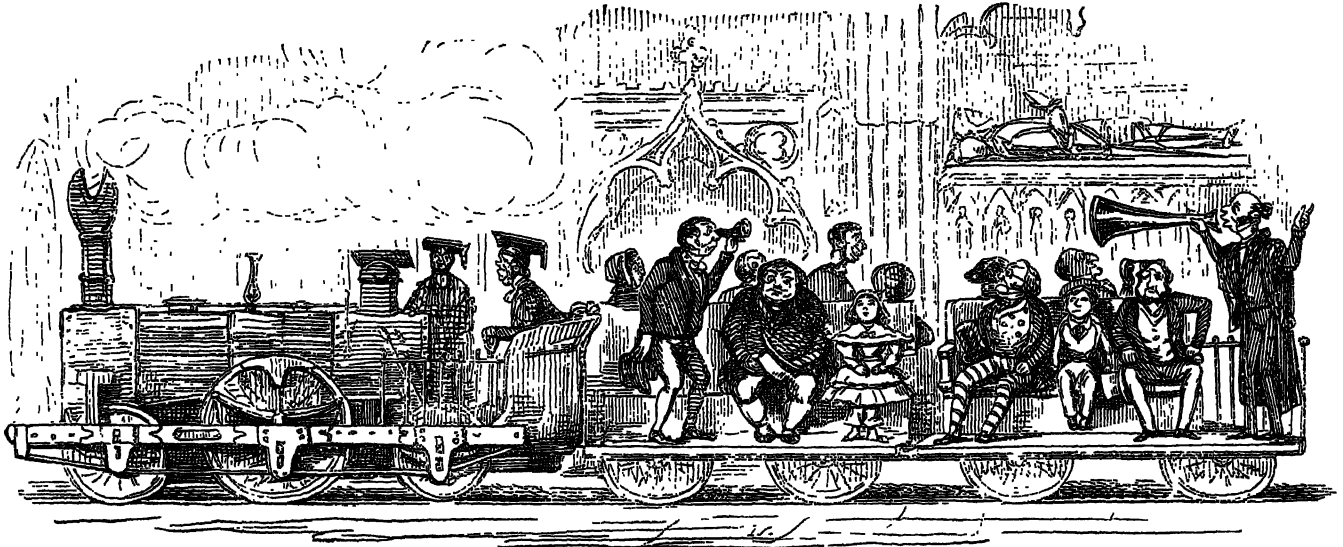
Any article sent by the uncrowned monarch to have immediate insertion.

All jokes, epigrams, rumours, riddles, &c. to be rigidly excluded.

EPIGRAM BY THE MASTER OF THE HORSE.

LET LYNDRHURST chide till tired and hoarse,
True sportsmen love LORD GEORGE'S prate;
His speech recalls the "four-mile course,"
His arguments "the feather weight."

A HINT FOR THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.



Now that the price of the exhibition of the Abbey is so much reduced, the object of the authorities seems to be the gaining of the greatest possible amount of speed in carrying the public through the building. The Dean and Chapter have made the discovery that "it is only the quantity that can pay," and as a single visitor can claim to be admitted at the wholesale price, the only chance consists in driving a wholesale business.

For this purpose it is proposed to introduce the railway system into the Abbey, so that parties may be carried in large quantities up and down, at a great velocity. A train should start every five minutes, and day-tickets might be granted at a trifling increase of fare to those who should be desirous of taking a less cursory glance than would be afforded by the rapidity at which the train would necessarily travel.



Miss Flora Macfungus. "I DARE SAY YOU THINK ME A VERY ODD GIRL, AND INDEED, MAMMA ALWAYS SAYS I'M A GIDDY, THOUGHTLESS CREATURE, AND"—

Partner. "OH, HERE 'S A VACANT SEAT, I THINK."

THE LAMENT OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old bridge
Whose tottering state has made him quite a bore ;
Whose arches dwindle to the river's ridge,
As they approach on either side the shore.

Those falling stones my craziness bespeak,
My smoke-dried aspect tells my lengthen'd years,
And many a furrow, worn into a creek,
The rain has made a channel for its tears.

Yon houses built on the adjacent ground
Have upon me my final doom bestow'd :
The Commons there a residence have found ;
The Peerage a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of an infirm old pile,
While daily sinking on a cold damp bed ;
If they don't move me in a little while
I certainly shall tumble down instead.

My wretched lot your interference claims,
Much longer I cannot together hold ;
Some morning I shall drop into the Thames,
For I am weak and miserably old.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old bridge,
Whose tottering state has made him quite a bore,
His piers have sunk down to the river's ridge,
Oh ! cast him off, lest he should tumble o'er.

JENKINS ON RAILROADS.

JENKINS is reviewing *Father D'Arcey*, and says :—

"What a cheering picture does the author draw of those happy times, when the bold peasantry were really their country's pride, before the sweet brow of our fatherland was furrowed with railways, and ere Manchester millowners suddenly leaped into colossal fortunes which were wrung from the hard toll of their starving workmen !"

And JENKINS—like a true man—loving those times when the sweet brow of our fatherland was a little flattened by broad-wheeled waggons, never goes by rail, but always travels in the slowest coach, which fully accounts for the very early intelligence always to be found in the *Morning Post* !



OLD ENGLISH SPORTS REVIVED.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK TILTING AT THE QUINTAIN.

"HE THAT HIT NOT THE BOARD-END OF THE QUINTAIN WAS LAUGHED TO SCORN, AND HE THAT HIT IT FULL, IF HE RODE NOT THE FASTER, HAD A SOUND PUNCH ON THE HEAD WITH A BAG FULL OF SAND HANGED ON THE OTHER END."—*Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.*

THE HEAVIES.



CAPTAIN RAG DICTATING TO CORNET FAMISH.

Rag. "OUR WEDGMENT IS AWRD ABWAWD."
 Famish. "ORDERED ABROAD?"
 Rag. "AND I CANNOT LEAVE MY DEAWEST ANNA MAWIA."
 Famish. "I CANNOT LEAVE MY DEAR MISS BAKER."
 Rag. "WITHOUT A STWUGGLE."
 Famish. "WITHOUT A * * * HANG IT. I SAY, RAG!"
 Rag. "WHAWT?"
 Famish. "HOW D'YE SPELL STRUGGLE? WITH ONE G OR TWO?"
 Rag. "O—DEMMY—TWY THWEE G'S, FAMISH, MY BOY."

THE SONG OF THE STATUE.

THE Committee are met, the mould is set,
 The Duke is cast to-day!
 MR. WYATT—pray be quiet!
 TRENCH—out of the way!
 The casting must be done
 Ere the set of sun!
 The work *may* do the sculptor credit,
 But, from all he's done—we dread it.

Another statue! Take a warning—
 Take from *Punch* an earnest word!
 The Fourth GEORGE'S tunic scorning
 Boots and tail of GEORGE THE THIRD.
 Prances one by Bank of RANSOM,
 On Paté de Perigord,
 Shews the other legs so handsome
 As legs were only shewn of yore.
 While in Palace Yard, GEORGE CANNING,
 Taller, greener than in life,
 Blanket round him wrapp'd, is scanning
 Members rushing to the strife.
 You fail, if literal, as the first is;
 Ideal, as the last, you fail;
 Hard to say which fault the worst is—
 Jack-boots, bare-feet, toga, tail.

For the fuel choose fit matter,
 Gun-stocks riddled by the rats;
 Drums unbraced, old chakos that are
 Now replaced by ALBERT hats.
 Heat the furnace well
 With old *matériel*:
 He who gave men their gruel,
 Deserves such martial fuel!

The form that in this mould shall settle,
 For double purpose rises high:
 A trophy to a man of mettle,
 A monument of wars gone by.
 It speaks of one outworn in battle,—
 Shall speak of battle outworn too,
 To times when infant tongues shall prattle
 Of deeds that now their elders do.

As fit metal for the figure,
 Take the guns that wild Assaye
 Talavera, Torres Vedras,
 Orthez, Waterloo heard play.
 Swords that flesh'd themselves in slaughter,
 On each battle-field of Spain;
 Bay'nets that shed blood like water,
 Rusted yet with gore of slain.
 Bronze of him that 'gainst a nation,
 Of Reform did block the way;
 Lead, that to Emancipation,
 Form'd itself like potter's clay.
 And with these, the compound cleaning,
 Mingle ingots pure of gold,
 Honesty that speaks its meaning,
 Nature, bigoted but bold.

O'er the heated furnace brimming,
 See the mixture boil and seethe;
 Scum atop, and scorias swimming,
 Molten purity beneath.
 What hard did erst appear,
 Liquid as water here,
 Soon from the Fire-god's holding
 Runs, ductile, to the moulding.

And in the process is a lesson,
 Late learnt, but learnt at length;
 That hardness may put softness' dress on,
 Weakness the garb of strength.
 For the Iron Duke,
 That scorn'd to look
 On a people's petitions—
 How oft hath he shown
 That to hold their own
 Is not given to patricians,
 Save by a kindly
 Yielding—not blindly—
 To the true and the good
 Of the multitude.
 Hard as the brass,
 And as shameless, alas!
 The statesman's brow may be;
 But there comes a day
 When it melts away
 Into flexibility.
 For the World is the furnace, the metal Opinion,
 The Scum is fear and doubt;
 The force of fire is Truth's dominion,
 And the Mould is the Pressure without.

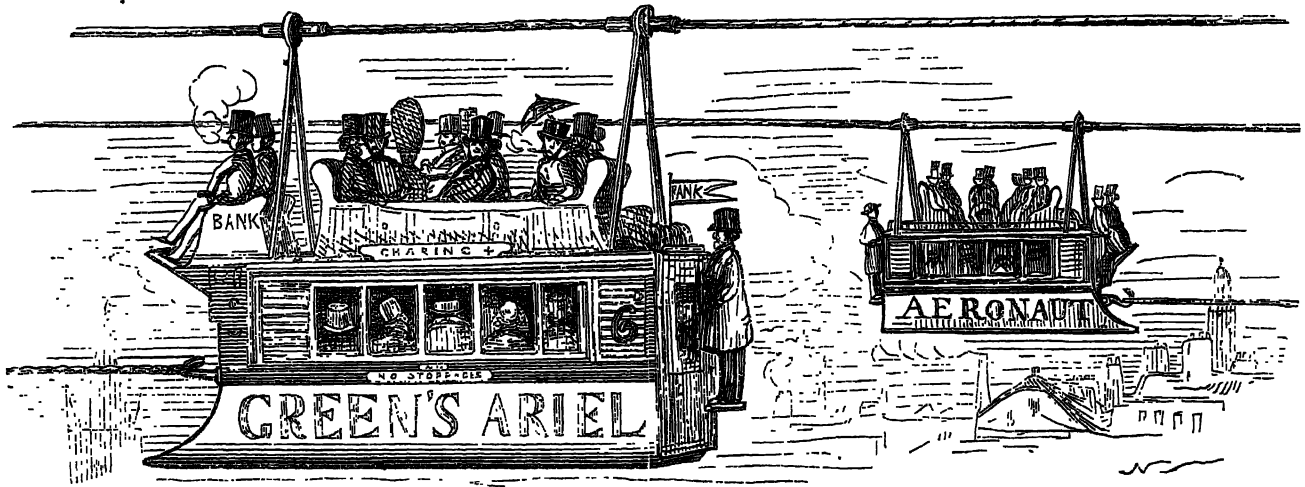
A TALKING POTATO!

THE Head Pacifcator of Ireland—MR. THOMAS STEELE—talked as follows a few days since at Conciliation Hall:—

"The retiring of Mr. KROGH affords me, ye men of Ireland, my countrymen, an appropriate opportunity, not of making a speech on moral force and physical force doctrines; such a speech would be preposterous, after you have heard O'CONNELL himself, as incontrovertibly the creator of the *ethical moral force revolutionary system*; as NEWTON was the inventor of the *etherial system of fusions*, an invention not unworthy of one of the *seraphic intelligences of Heaven*; or as WATT was the inventor of the double-acting steam-engine, with its "work divinely wrought"—that *gorgeous piece of mechanism "the parallel motion"* (enthusiastic cheering). No (said the speaker), I am only about to call the attention, the steady, and earnest, and solemn attention of the association—of this assembly in Conciliation Hall, and of the O'CONNELLITES of Ireland, and of the world, to a fact obvious to you all; but most important to be noted, and recollected too (hear, hear). You all well know that during the absence of the *father of his country*, and the *father of John*, his country's hope, it was my destiny," &c.

Why does not O'CONNELL, as one not a bit "lower" than one "of the seraphic intelligences of heaven" throw open, what is evidently now a close-working patent? Or, as MR. BEARD grants licenses for Photographic wonders, why does not O'CONNELL suffer his own invention, that of "ethical moral force" to be worked all over Ireland. The touch about O'CONNELL being at once "the father of his country" and "the father of JOHN, his country's hope," is not new. We have before heard of one BOYLE, who was "the father of chemistry and the brother of the EARL OF CORK."

THE NEW AERIAL OMNIBUS.



In consequence of the repeated blocking up of the principal London thoroughfares, a plan has been proposed for opening two lines of communication by means of strong lines of rope, capable of bearing the weight of vehicles. So that by suspending the carriages, the inconvenience of suspending the intercourse between different points will be altogether avoided. It is evident that the only method of surmounting the difficulties of transit which are being continually raised by paviers,

commissioners of sewers, and others, is by literally passing over them. Stations for taking up and setting down might be opened at the various columns and steeples on the line of road, commencing with the Monument on Fish Street Hill, stopping at NELSON'S pillar for the passengers to and from Charing Cross, continuing to the DUKES OF YORK, and concluding, while Piccadilly is in its present state of blockade, at one of the arches of Hyde Park Corner.

PUNCH AND THE GOVERNMENT.



IT is not, perhaps, generally known that we received a communication offering us the Government organship, but the proposal sent to us turned out to be a gross forgery. We have reason to believe that the imposition was attempted by the same unprincipled and heartless persons who succeeded in hoaxing *Mrs. Harris* and *Mrs. Gamp*, when those unfortunate females were exposed to ridicule by having listened to the voice of the base deceiver. We believe that poor *Mrs. Harris* was taken in by placing too much reliance on the confident assurances of her grand maternal relative, the venerable *Mrs. Gamp*, and the former has frequently been heard singing to the latter, in notes plaintive with feminine feebleness, the following touching stanzas, to the air of

WE MET.

We met!—'twas in Shoe Lane,
And I thought not she'd done me;
She came—I could not breathe,
For her leaders were on me.
She spoke!—her words I took,
A little bit alter'd;
We swore the *Times* was false,
But 'twas we who had falter'd.

Mrs. G. got very coarse,
And I rivall'd her coarseness;
We croak'd our joint abuse
Till we suffer'd from hoarseness.
We call'd all sorts of names,
Which recall'd on each other:
Oh! thou hast been the cause
Of this failure, grand-mother.

We, however, who have none of the old-womanly softness of the parties alluded to, were not deceived after the first glance at the communication that had been sent to us, which we instantly detected to be an audacious forgery. It offered to confer upon us the Government Organship; and, as an earnest of sincerity, we were presented with the following outline of the intended contents of the Speech on the prorogation of Parliament; which we print now, for the purpose of shaming the unprincipled impostor who sent us an account so completely at variance with what actually occurred on the prorogation of Parliament. It is fortunate for our character for sagacity, that we kept the matter back until after we had been able to test its accuracy by the actual result. We now give it, just as it reached us:—

"We may anticipate that the country in general, and newspaper writers, reporters, &c. in particular, will be congratulated on the

breaking-up of Parliament. The Speech will then go on to say, that HER MAJESTY is not sorry to have got rid of PEELE, who was becoming rather impracticable, and that she hopes RUSSELL will prove more easy to deal with. Satisfaction will then be expressed at the Report of the Andover Committee; while indignation and astonishment will be acknowledged at the Poor Law Commissioners not having resigned, though a hope will be confidently added of their doing so at once, to prevent the necessity for their expulsion.

The miserable accommodation in Buckingham Palace will then be feelingly dwelt upon, and a sum asked for Country excursions rendered indispensable by the uncomfortable state of the royal residence.

The state of our relations with the East will then be deplored, and the blockade of Fleet-street grievously lamented. Allusion will be made to treaties pending with the Paving Boards, and to the difficulty of effecting an arrangement, on account of the number of parties necessary to the treaty, in consequence of the hostile attitude of the gas, the sewers, and the water-works.

The Wellington Statue will be slightly glanced at, and a doubt expressed as to the propriety of throwing such an *onus* on the British public.

Thanks will be offered for the supplies, and great stress will be laid on the value of liberal measures.

Attention will be called to the still unfinished state of the Nelson Column, and a wish expressed that this lamentable affair could be buried in oblivion, or anywhere else, that might admit of the burial of such a huge grievance.

A paragraph will then be devoted to Westminster Bridge, and a hint will be thrown out that this disgrace to the peerage ought not to be suffered any longer to interfere with the prospects of the British Parliament."

Such was the pretended statement of the contents of the Speech on the prorogation of Parliament.

An Itinerant Bishop.

In the list of persons attending various public meetings in England, we frequently find the name of the BISHOP OF JAMAICA. There is no objection to this in itself, but we can't help wondering how Jamaica can be getting on in the absence of its Bishop. While he is instilling teetotalism and other virtues into the British public we very naturally wonder what his Indian flock may be about, for it is proverbial that the people of Jamaica are, commercially and familiarly speaking, "rum customers."

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THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—SOME CONTINENTAL SNOBS.



Now that September has come, and all our parliamentary duties are over, perhaps no class of Snobs are in such high feather as the Continental Snobs. I watch these daily as they commence their migrations from the beach at Folkestone. I see shoals of them depart (not perhaps without an innate longing too to quit the island along with those happy Snobs). Farewell, dear friends, I say, you little know that the individual who regards you from the beach is your friend and historiographer and brother.

I went to-day to see our excellent friend SNOOKS, on board the *Queen of the French*; many scores of Snobs were there, on the deck of that fine ship, marching forth in their pride and bravery. They will be at Ostend in four hours; they will inundate the continent next week; they will carry into far lands the famous image of the British Snob. I shall not see them—but am with them in spirit; and indeed there is hardly a country in the known and civilized world in which these eyes have not beheld them.

I have seen Snobs, in pink coats and hunting boots, scouring over the Campagna of Rome; and have heard their oaths and their well-known slang in the galleries of the Vatican, and under the shadowy arches of the Colosseum. I have met a Snob on a dromedary in the desert, and picknicking under the pyramid of Cheops. I like to think how many gallant British Snobs there are, at this minute of writing, pushing their heads out of every window in the court-yard of MEURICE'S, in the Rue de Rivoli; or roaring out "Garsong, du pang," "Garson, du vang;" or swaggering down the Toledo at Naples; or even how many will be on the look out for SNOOKS on Ostend pier,—for SNOOKS and the rest of the Snobs on board the *Queen of the French*.

Look at the MARQUIS OF CARABAS and his two carriages. My lady Marchioness comes on board, looks round with that happy air of mingled terror and impertinence which distinguishes her ladyship, and rushes to her carriage, for it is impossible that she should mingle with the other Snobs on deck. There she sits, and will be ill in private. The strawberry-leaves on her chariot-panels are engraved on her ladyship's heart. If she were going to heaven instead of to Ostend, I rather think she would expect to have *des places réservées* for her, and would send to order the best rooms. A courier, with his money-bag of office round his shoulders—a huge scowling footman, whose dark pepper-and-salt livery glistens with the heraldic insignia of the CARABASSES—a brazen-looking, tawdry French *femme-de-chambre* (none but a female pen can do justice to that wonderful tawdry toilette of the lady's-maid *en voyage*)—and a miserable *dame de Compagnie*, are ministering to the wants of her ladyship and her King Charles's spaniel. They are rushing to and fro with Eau-de-Cologne, pocket-handkerchiefs which are all fringe and cypher, and popping mysterious cushions behind and before, and in every available corner of the carriage.

The little Marquis, her husband, is walking about the deck in a bewildered manner, with a lean daughter on each arm: the carryot-tufted hope of the family is already smoking on the fore-deck in a travelling costume checked all over, and in little lacker-tipped jean boots, and a shirt embroidered with pink boa-constrictors. What is it that gives travelling Snobs such a marvellous propensity to rush into a costume? Why should a man not travel in a coat, &c.? but think proper to dress himself like a harlequin in mourning? See, even young ALDERMANBURY, the tallow merchant, who has just stepped on board, has got a travelling dress gaping all over with pockets; and little TOM TAPWORM, the lawyer's clerk out of the City, who has but three weeks' leave, turns out in gaiters and a bran new shooting-jacket, and must let the moustachios grow on his little snuffy upper lip, forsooth!

POMPEY HICKS is giving elaborate directions to his servant, and asking loudly, "DAVIS, where's the dressing-case," and "DAVIS, you'd best take the pistol-case into the cabin." Little POMPEY travels

with a dressing-case, and without any beard; whom he is going to shoot with his pistols who on earth can tell? and what he is to do with his servant but wait upon him, I am at a loss to conjecture.

Look at honest NATHAN HOUNDSDITCH and his lady, and their little son. What a noble air of blazing contentment illuminates the features of those Snobs of Eastern race! What a toilette HOUNDSDITCH'S is! What rings and chains, what gold-headed canes and diamonds, what a tuft the rogue has got to his chin (the rogue! he will never spare himself any cheap enjoyment!) Little HOUNDSDITCH has a little cane with a gilt head and little mosaic ornaments—altogether an extra air. As for the lady, she is all the colours of the rainbow: she has a pink parasol, with a white lining, and a yellow bonnet, and an emerald green shawl, and a shot silk pelisse; and drab boots and rhubarb-coloured gloves; and party-coloured glass buttons, expanding from the size of a fourpenny piece to a crown, glitter and twiddle all down the front of her gorgeous costume. I have said before, I like to look at "the Peoples" on their gala days, they are so picturesquely and outrageously splendid and happy.

Yonder comes CAPTAIN BULL; spick and span, tight and trim, who travels for four or six months every year of his life, who does not commit himself by luxury of raiment or insolence of demeanour, but I think is as great a Snob as any man on board. BULL passes the season in London, sponging for dinners, and sleeping in a garret near his Club. Abroad, he has been everywhere; he knows the best wine at every inn in every capital in Europe; lives with the best English company there; has seen every palace and picture-gallery from Madrid to Stockholm; speaks an abominable little jargon of half-a-dozen languages—and knows nothing. BULL hunts tufts on the Continent, and is a sort of amateur courier. He will scrape acquaintance with old CARABAS before they make Ostend; and will remind his Lordship that he met him at Vienna twenty years ago, or gave him a glass of Schnaps up the Righi. We have said BULL knows nothing: he knows the birth, arms, and pedigree of all the peerage; has poked his little eyes into every one of the carriages on board—their panels noted and their crests surveyed; he knows all the continental stories of English scandal—how COUNT TOWROWSKI run off with MISS BAGGS at Naples—how *very* thick LADY SMIGSMAG was with young CORNICION of the French legation at Florence—the exact amount which JACK DEUCEBALL won of BOB GREENGOOSE at Baden—what it is that made the STAGGS settle on the Continent—the sum for which the O'GOGGARTT'S estates are mortgaged, &c. If he can't catch a lord he will hook on to a baronet, or else the old wretch will catch hold of some beardless young stripling of fashion, and show him "life" in various amiable and inaccessible quarters. Faugh! the old brute! If he has every one of the vices of the most boisterous youth; at least, he is comforted by having no conscience. He is utterly stupid, but of a jovial turn. He believes himself to be quite a respectable member of society; but perhaps the only good action he ever did in his life is the involuntary one of giving an example to be avoided, and showing what an odious thing in the social picture is that figure of the debauched old man who passes through life rather a decorous SILENTS, and dies some day in his garret, alone, unrepenting, and unnoted, save by his astonished heirs, who find that the dissolute old miser has left money behind him. See! he is up to old CARABAS already! I told you he would.

Yonder you see the old LADY MARY MACSCREW, and those middle-aged young women, her daughters; they are going to cheapen and haggle in Belgium and up the Rhine until they meet with a boarding-house where they can live upon less board-wages than her Ladyship pays her footmen. But she will exact and receive considerable respect from the British Snobs located in the watering-place which she selects for her summer residence, being the daughter of the EARL OF HAGGISTOWN. That broad-shouldered buck, with the great whiskers and the cleaned white-kid gloves, is MR. PHELM CLANCOY, of Poldodystown; he calls himself MR. DE CLANCOY; he endeavours to disguise his native brogue with the richest superposition of English; and if you play at billiards or *écarté* with him, the chances are that you will win the first game, and he the seven or eight games ensuing.

That over-grown lady with the four daughters, and the young dandy from the University, her son, is MRS. KEWSR, the eminent barrister's lady, who would die rather than not be in the fashion. She has the Peerage in her carpet-bag, you may be sure; but she is altogether cut out by MRS. QUOD, the attorney's wife, whose carriage, with the apparatus of rumbles, dickeys, and imperials, scarcely yields in splendour to the MARQUIS OF CARABAS'S own travelling chariot, and whose courier has even bigger whiskers and a larger morocco money-bag than the Marquis's own travelling gentleman. Remark her well; she is talking to MR. SPOUT, the new member for Jawborough, who is

going out to inspect the operations of the Zollverein, and will put some very severe questions to LORD PALMERSTON next Session upon England and her relations with the Prussian-blue trade, the Naples soap trade, the German tinder trade, &c. SPOUT will patronize KING LEOPOLD at Brussels; will write letters from abroad to the *Jawborough Independent*; and, in his quality of *Member du Parlimong Britannique*, will expect to be invited to a family dinner with every sovereign whose dominions he honours with a visit during his tour.

The next person is—but hark! the bell for shore is ringing, and, shaking SNOOKS'S hand cordially, we rush on to the pier, waving him a farewell as the noble black ship cuts keenly through the sunny azure waters, bearing away that cargo of Snobs outward bound.

THE RULING PASSION.



"Now, TELL ME, DEAR, IS THERE ANYTHING NEW IN THE FASHIONS?"

BILLS COMING DUE.

SCENE FROM A MINISTERIAL DRAMA. PLACE, DOWNING STREET.

Time, August, 1846.

Enter SIR ROBERT, showing in LORD JOHN.

Lord John (looking round). Ah!—yes—how well I remember this apartment. It was on that chair I sat, when—*(hastily)*—but no matter—I can scarcely believe I am once more restored to this scene of early labours! *(much affected.)*

Sir Robert. Of course, my Lord, with the premises you take the responsibilities.

Lord John (abstractedly). Of course! But my early associates! where are they? Some of them—*(Observes SIR ROBERT watching, waves his hand coldly.)* Sir, I would be alone. *[Exit SIR ROBERT.]*

Lord John. By this time the world knows that I am again installed in Downing Street. He spoke of responsibilities. *His* may be heavy, but what are mine? *(Noise outside.)* Ha! a political creditor. *(Rushing towards the door.)* What, ho!

Under Secretary (looking in). My Lord!

Lord John (with rapid pantomime). Not at home. *[Noise increases.]*

Under Sec. They will come in!

Lord John (gasping). How many?

Under Sec. (agitated). Impossible to count 'em. All the oppressed classes we ever supported, all the crying grievances we ever assailed in opposition, have brought their "I O U'S." *[Noise repeated.]*

Lord John. Say I'm out.

Under Sec. They say you're in, and that's why they've come. *[Noise—very loud.]*

Lord John. What's that?

Under Sec. A ticket-porter with your lordship's unredeemed pledges.

Lord John (very pale). Water! water!

[Under Sec. rushes to the casafe. The door is forced open.]

Enter HIBERNIA, CALEDONIA, and BRITANNIA, much excited.

Cal. Hech! But here's a braw commence!; Ye'll ha' forgotten ma leetle accoont, I'm theenking. *(Brings out immense bill.)* Here it is till ye; ye'll be rememberin' the items:—

Leeberal Government,

"To CALEDONIA,

Debtor.

"To a Poor-Law

Lord John. Silence, my good woman; you shall be paid.

Cal. Whan?

Lord John. Next Session, on my honour as a Minister.

Hib. Sure, an' is it meself that's to be kept outside yer dure like a funkey, wid' me bill dat's been running since BRIAN BOROO, ever and always? *(Takes out a bill of several reams of paper.—LORD JOHN groans.)* D'ye see dat, you deceiver? and me and the chldre starvin' for want of it. *(Reading.)* "To Irish Church."—D'ye know what dat means, you deludther?

Lord John. My good woman—

Hib. (reading). "To Landlord and Tenant."—And when 'll dat item be settled, I'd like to know?

Lord John. Upon my honour as a Whig—

Hib. Oh,—Baithershin!

Lord John. I've every wish to settle your account.

Hib. On de nail, is it?

Lord John. Next Session—the first thing—I promise you.

Cal. Not afore me, ma cannie laddie!

Hib. Oh, murdther! and is it yourself 'ud be evenin' your dirty accoont, dat's been paid over and over, wid' my bill, dat's never seen "settled" to the bottom av' it.

Lord John. There, don't fight, my good women. *(To UNDER SEC.)* Show these ladies out. *(To CALEDONIA, aside.)* Next Session, my dear Madam, you shall have the preference. *(To HIBERNIA, aside.)* Of course, you shall be paid first. *(Bows them out.)* And now, Madam *(to BRITANNIA).*

Brit. Thank you, my dear Sir. I'm glad to say the previous tenant settled one of the heaviest items of my bill—the Free-Trade account.

Lord John (smiling with feignity). In consequence of a letter of mine, recommending him to do so, I believe.

Brit. (sharply.) Nothing of the sort, Sir. *(LORD JOHN looks rebuffed.)* I made out a clear claim, and he saw me paid, like a man, though some of the firm insisted on an action.

Lord John. May I ask what you have against me, my dear Madam?

Brit. Why, here's "Education."

Lord John (winces). Pray consider the difficulties. I'm sure you'll see the propriety of waiting till next Session.

Brit. Then here's "Sanatory Regulations."

Lord John (bowing her towards the door). Next Session, my dear Madam.

Brit. And here's "Prison Discipline."

Lord John. Next Session.

Brit. And here's "Chancery Reform."

Lord John. Next Sesa—

[Forces her out—falls into a chair—buries his head in his hands—Scene closes.]

WE MUST INVADE IRELAND.

IRELAND WAS PEEL'S difficulty: he said so. Ireland will be RUSSELL'S difficulty. She will be the difficulty of everybody who shall attempt to govern her peaceably: she is becoming even a difficulty to O'CONNELL; and thanks—small thanks—to MR. SMITH O'BRIEN.

The fact is, as we have heard many respectable old gentlemen declare, that Ireland is not yet conquered; and conquered she must be. We therefore plainly and plumply, without mincing the matter, recommend an invasion of Ireland.

Not from the vain wish to parade our skill in strategy, but from motives of the purest patriotism, do we propose the following arrangement of the invading forces:—

The van is to consist of grenadiers, to be called the 1st Life Potatoes, who are to shower the effective missile they take their name from on the quarters where it is most needed.

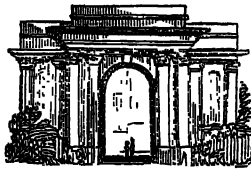
The right wing is to be formed of the Household Bread and Meat Brigade; troops that may be depended upon for giving the enemy a bellyfull. They are to be instructed to give no quarter, except the quarter loaf. The left shall be constituted by the Heavy (BARCLAY'S) Dragoons, who will have formed a junction with GUINNESS'S regiment at Dublin. These stout fellows will soon drench all their adversaries. In the centre shall be stationed the Light Eatables and Drinkables. The old Coercion Company is to be disbanded as useless, even as a forlorn hope.

The whole army is to be flanked by a squadron of Schoolmasters, who are to form a *corps de reserve*, to act only when the victory is decided, in order to complete and secure it. For, till the operations of the Provisional Battalion have been successful, the services of the scholastic force will be unavailing. The former, however, having broken the enemy's line, his utter route and discomfiture by the latter is inevitable.

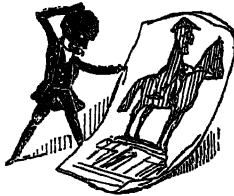
THE DUKE THAT TRENCH BUILT.



This is the Duke that TRENCH built.



This is the arch in Grosvenor Place, where they'll put up the Duke that TRENCH built.



This is Mr. BURTON, a very hard case, who designed the arch in Grosvenor Place, where they'll put up the Duke that TRENCH built.



This is the Committee grown black in the face, with swearing 'gainst BURTON, that very hard case, who designed the arch in Gros-

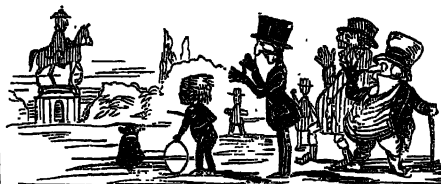
venor Place, where they'll set up the Duke that TRENCH built.



This is autocrat TRENCH, who's contrived to debase the taste of the Committee grown black in the face, with swearing 'gainst BURTON, that very hard case, who designed the arch in Grosvenor Place, where they'll put up the Duke that TRENCH built.



This is his original Iron Grace, kootoo'd to by TRENCH, who's contrived to debase the taste of the Committee grown black in the face, with swearing 'gainst BURTON, that very hard case, who designed the arch in Grosvenor Place, where they'll put up the Duke that TRENCH built.



This is the public, who feel that the place

don't suit his original Iron Grace, kootoo'd to by TRENCH, who's contrived to debase the taste of the Committee grown black in the face, with swearing 'gainst BURTON, that very hard case, who designed the arch in Grosvenor Place, where they'll set up the Duke that TRENCH built.



These are "competent persons," all sneer and grimace, in contempt of the public, who feel that the place won't suit his original Iron Grace, kootoo'd to by TRENCH, who's contrived to debase the taste of the Committee grown black in the face, with swearing 'gainst BURTON, that very hard case, who designed the arch in Grosvenor Place, where they'll set up the Duke that TRENCH built.



This is *Punch*, taste and art to support with his mace, 'gainst the "competent persons" all sneer and grimace, in contempt of the public, who feel that the place won't suit his original Iron Grace, kootoo'd to by TRENCH, who's contrived to debase the taste of the Committee grown black in the face, with swearing 'gainst BURTON, that very hard case, who designed the arch in Grosvenor Place, where they'll put up the Duke that TRENCH built.

THE PAVILION AT BRIGHTON.

We understand that Mr. GEORGE ROBINS will be authorised to knock down, without reserve, this "abode of royalty." It is to be brought to the hammer, or rather, to the ninny-hammer, for he will be a fool indeed who becomes the purchaser.

We can fancy the announcement that the genius of a GEORGE ROBINS—who is entitled, as the King of Puffers, to the appellation of GEORGE THE FIFTH—will make of GEORGE THE FOURTH's favourite residence. We will not dare to anticipate so rich a document by any verbal description, but the wings of fancy feel every feather turning into pens, when we think of what may be written on this tremendous subject.

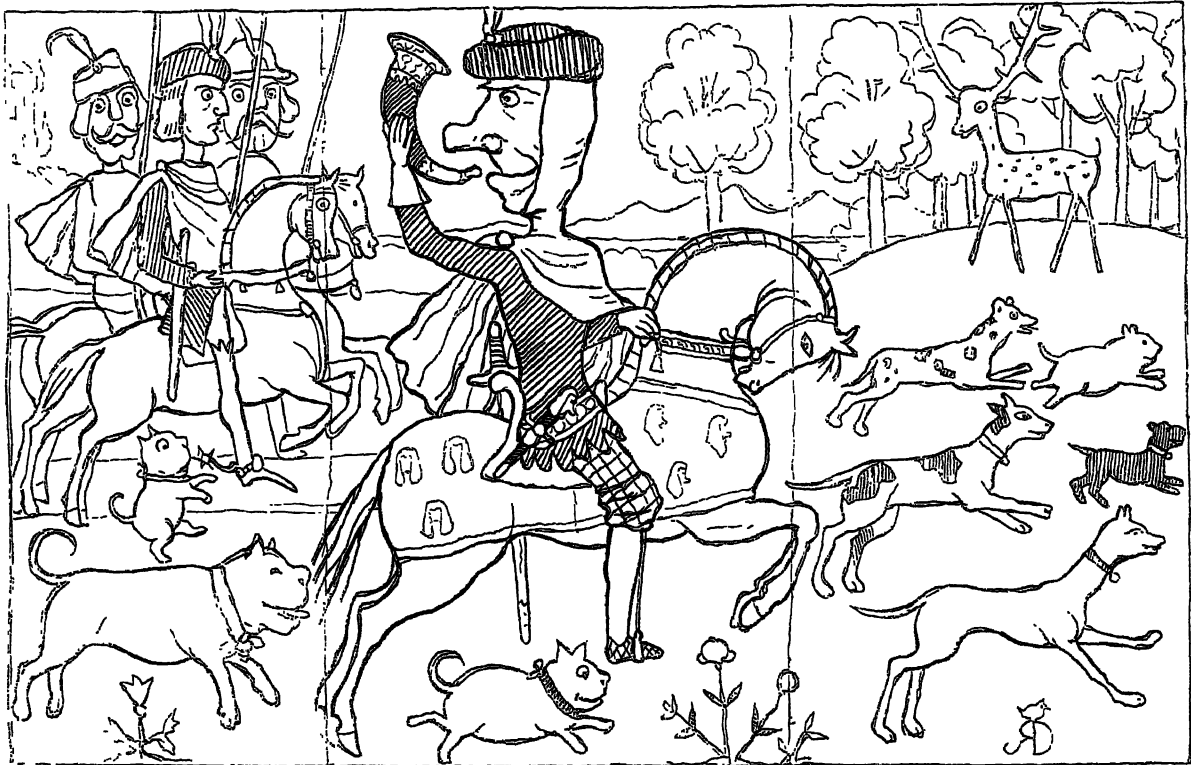
It is perfectly natural that the QUEEN, as the head of a family, should relinquish this royal bachelor's residence. Unless each of the royal children had a Chinese lantern to itself, there could be no accommodation for HER MAJESTY's family. This arrangement, we need hardly say, could not meet with the approbation of the QUEEN; for though the infant might be squeezed into the little lantern, there would be no room for the nurse in the limited space appropriated for the Princelet. We cannot wonder, therefore, that the whole concern is to be knocked down by auction, or by any other means that will most profitably get rid of it.

GEMS OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

A GENTLEMAN advertises in the *Daily News* of Saturday, that he has discovered the Philosopher's Stone, and wants a thousand pounds to set it a-going. If the Philosopher's Stone will not produce for itself the means of putting it into operation, it must be regarded rather as a stone round the neck of the philosopher who has discovered it, than as a source of intrinsic benefit. The poor fellow must keep his nose to the grindstone long enough before he gets a thousand pounds together for the purpose of making his grand discovery available.

By-the-bye, another gentleman, under the exceedingly substantial initials of A. B. C., advertises in the *Times*, to say that he wants £8000 for twelve months on his personal security. He gives PEARLE'S Coffee-house as his address—where he has doubtless had, and paid for, a basin of soup, as a proof of his punctuality in keeping his engagements. We admire his fastidiousness in declining to deal with any but principals or their solicitors. Of course he can't be bothered with intermediate parties. We hope the gentleman, whoever he is, will let us know if he is successful in getting the money. If the experiment answers we shall certainly try it, by advertising that *Mister Punch* wants ten thousand pounds upon his word as a gentleman. No one who has not got the money in his pocket need take the trouble to come, for *Mister Punch* has no time to talk about private matters with anybody.

LORD BROUGHAM AND MR. J. T. LEADER AT CANNES.



THE recent rumour on the subject of the importation of a hunting establishment to Cannes by LORD BROUGHAM and MR. J. T. LEADER, seems to have arisen in a somewhat curious manner. An old piece of tapestry has turned up, in which two figures are shown of two most extraordinary sportsmen, closely resembling an ex-chancellor and a certain silent M.P. for Westminster. This remarkable piece of work is so life-like in its effects, that any person seeing it would naturally fall into the error of supposing that he looked upon the animated originals of the picture.

The correspondent of a French paper, with a vividness of imagination that belongs to all his countrymen, happening to look upon the tapestry, came to the conviction that he had seen LORD BROUGHAM and

MR. J. T. LEADER surrounded by their deer, their roebucks, and their footmen in pea-green liveries. A reverie soon takes the shape of a paragraph, and hence the letter in the French newspapers.

MR. LEADER has denied, in a letter to the *Times*, his share in the sporting eccentricities attributed to him. LORD BROUGHAM has hitherto sent no contradiction, and if silence gives consent, we may perhaps consider that his Lordship has really been importing deers, roebucks, and pea-green liveried keepers, for the purpose of having a winter campaign of deer-stalking.

The picture, whether right or wrong, is too good to be lost, and we have, therefore, at a considerable expense, secured a copy of the tapestry, which we have the pleasure of presenting to the public.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S MARRIAGE.



THE hand of her Spanish Majesty is no longer in the matrimonial market. It has been for years the subject of a great European raffle, which has at length been decided in favour of one of her cousins. The game has been kept up with spirit, and though there have been a good many high throws in the course of the raffle, a lucky hit at the last moment has consigned the prize to one who was little thought of at the

commencement of the lottery. Princes about to marry, or who thought themselves about to marry, will be somewhat dissatisfied by the result, and the KING OF THE FRENCH, who paid rather heavily for chances for two of his sons, may feel a little sore, though he professes to regard the issue with favour. It is, at all events, some consolation to the QUEEN OF SPAIN herself to be released from the importunities of so many suitors.



GREAT HOLIDAY IN MR. PUNCH'S PARK,
IN HUMBLE IMITATION OF HER MAJESTY'S FETE AT OSBORNE.

DR. SYNTAX TO MR. PUNCH.



Good Mr. Punch, the Public's friend,
To you this note I'm led to send,
In hopes it may, perchance, induce
Your notice of a great abuse.
You are aware, my friend grotesque,
How much I love the picturesque;
My last excursion in these islands
Was to the famous Scottish Highlands:
To Glen Lin-beg my way I bent,
Which leads to the magnificent
Scenery of the Cairngorm mountains,
Hard by the Dee's romantic fountains.

I reached the pass conducting to
This highly-celebrated view,
When lo, to my exceeding wrath,
A keeper did obstruct my path.
"My man," quoth I, "explain, I pray,
Wherefore you thus arrest my way."
Quoth he, "'Tis by the Duke's command,
Who rents this piece of sporting land,
Under my lord the EARL OF FIFE."
"This is unpleasant, on my life,"
Said I—"a disappointment keen!
Here, all this weary way I've been,
And, now I've reach'd the wish'd-for spot,
To see it I am suffer'd not!
"Heh!" said the man, "I dinna ken,—
The Duke has bid us close the glen."
"Friend," I replied, "were you his Grace,
Thus much I'd tell you to your face—
He who the traveller denies
On Nature's charms to feast his eyes,
Behaves like some ungracious churl,
Not like a noble Duke or Earl.
Nor is it a sagacious aim
Thus strictly to preserve your game,
For thus the general indignation
You'll rouse against its preservation."
So having said, I turn'd my back,
And homeward bent my weary track. DOCTOR SYNTAX.

The Queen at Guernsey.

THIS insignificant little island has been thrown into a state of loyal excitement by the flying visit of Her Majesty. The Lieutenant-Governor has been prancing about on horseback under the influence of a species of mania, and with the evident impression that the eyes of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are upon himself and the handful of people he presides over.

The QUEEN went to Guernsey, where she was hallooed at and cheered as Royalty always is by those who are not accustomed to the sight of it. In accordance with the usual practice, a written acknowledgment of the compliment is sent from the Home Secretary, whose epistle puts the Lieutenant-Governor into a state of frantic ecstasy; he assembles the islanders on a piece of vacant ground, and gallops up, attended by the whole of his militia staff—a cheap and efficient substitute for regular soldiers; he there bursts out into some inflated trash about Guernsey and the whole globe, which he follows up by saying that he has received a letter which he wishes to read to the inhabitants. "At first," said he, "I intended to have made this communication by printing the letter, but I thought that I would not allow any newspaper editor to stand between the QUEEN and her people."

We cannot see that the people get any nearer to the QUEEN because the Lieutenant-Governor is the go-between instead of a journalist.

We think the Guernsey press has a good action for libel against the Lieutenant-Governor, who should be at least made to explain what he means by his insinuation that the people would have been deceived by a newspaper editor. The latter would not, at all events, have taken the liberty of answering the communication as the Lieutenant-Governor did, without consulting the inhabitants. He says he was "in haste to save the post," as if Her Majesty would not sleep easily, until she knew that Guernsey felt the "gratification and pride" which the Lieutenant-Governor enclosed in an envelope, and dropped at once into the letter-box. He however promises, that, if any better acknowledgment is prepared by any other hand, he will forward it. Any superfluous Guernsey gratitude must therefore be directed to the QUEEN—to the care of the Lieutenant-Governor.

While Guernsey has been honoured by royal notice, what must be the feelings of Alderney and Sark at their exclusion from a share of royal patronage. We fear that Alderney will feel itself terribly Cowed, while Sark will almost sink into a premature Sarcophagus.

ABSENTEES AWAKE.

"BETTER late than never." At last the Irish absentees have awakened to a sense of their duty. They have met in a body, for the purpose of taking measures for the relief of their poor countrymen, threatened by the impending potato-blight with starvation. We wish we were in a condition to state the time and place of their meeting; but suffice it to say, they met. The continent has been almost drained of its Irish tourists, who came to England, to attend this concourse. A similar desertion took place from the Moors and watering-places, from which, rather than from their own estates, these gentlemen will henceforth be absentees.

A noble Duke occupied the chair. We give no names; for the absentees, with a modesty more than national, desire that their benevolence should be unobtrusive. His Grace briefly stated the object of the meeting, namely, now that the Irish were likely to lose their potatoes, to endeavour to find them bread. Ireland no less than England expected every man to do his duty. He would conclude by moving that a subscription be forthwith raised for the purpose of affording relief to the Irish population, and that every Irish landowner be earnestly requested to contribute to the same. For his own part, he would say no more; his acts should speak for him. (The noble Lord here turned his pockets inside out, and having flung all the money in them, amounting to several hundred pounds, down upon the table, resumed his seat amid loud applause.)

A Young Irishman could not restrain his feelings. They had been told to subscribe. So they would. There had been a subscription—but by whom? Oh, shame! oh, disgrace to the proprietors of the soil of Erin, it had been by the Sassenach! Yes, and even now Britannia was about to lend Hibernia money. The sum to be raised for this purpose would amount, according to a calculation in the *Times*, to a poll-tax of a shilling a head for every man, woman, and child. Bothe-ration! would they stand that? He would say to the Sassenach, take back your dirty shilling. It's ourselves that will relieve our own poor, though we sell our shirt fronts off our shoulders to do that same. He would move that no Sassenach be requested to join in the subscription.

The motion was seconded by an Orangeman, who said that the object of the meeting was one in which all parties should unite. He should certainly be ashamed to borrow money from England if they could possibly manage without it. But let them first try what they could do of themselves. The experiment would be novel, but it might succeed. While he had a sixpence—let alone some thousands a year—his poor countrymen should not want. Might he be allowed to express an opinion, which he had no doubt would be that of the meeting generally. It was this, that so soon as a sufficiency had been raised for their immediate object it was the bounden duty of all present, as well as of some absent, to ship themselves as quickly as possible for their own estates, and—stay there.

RAILWAY MEMBERS.

As Railways are becoming the "Fifth Estate," it is time they should be represented in Parliament, more especially as it is an estate which covers more land than all the other estates put together. We propose, therefore, that members should be returned to look after the interests of railways. Each railway should return two or four members, according to the length it runs, but branch lines should only return one member. Each shareholder should have a vote. Thus we should have the Honorable Member for the Grand Junction, moving for a return of the passengers on the Eastern Counties Railway, who arrived safe during the last year; and the Railway King would be able to answer the accusations of rival companies, who are always throwing stones on his favourite line, with a view, we suppose, of making the engines trip up.

What a busy scene, too, an election on a railway would be! We can fancy the express trains that would be engaged all day in conveying the voters of each candidate. The excitement, too, as the state of the poll was declared at each station, would be immense, whilst the scene of chairing the member, on a special engine, the whole length of the line, would be witnessed, in many cases, by half-a-dozen counties. The great booth might be erected at the Terminus, and each voter should be called upon to produce his scrip, so as to guard against the polling of Stags.

The placards, also, would be very rich. We should have "Vote for SNOOKS and a large dividend"—"FITZJAMES, the Stoker's True Friend"—"BROWN, and Early Trains"—"PLUMPERS for PACKSTONE, the Pet of the North Midland's." We think a Railway Parliament will soon be added to St. Stephen's; in fact, the accidents and abuses are so numerous that they absolutely require some engine in the House of Commons to answer for them.

ORGIES FOR TEETOTALERS.



JUDGING from the tone and character of certain speeches delivered at some of the late meetings of the World's Temperance Convention, we should almost imagine it was an object with the teetotalers to show how tipsy it is possible to get upon water. This consideration suggests to us a proposal for the improvement of temperance "demonstrations." Already teetotalism has its processions. Its votaries occasionally entertain the boys by marching in a body along the streets, with drums beating, colours flying, and other manifestations of jollity not usually evinced by people in their sober senses. No doubt these processions were originally instituted in emulation of the displays made in ancient Greece in honour of the God of Wine. They are obviously intended to let the public see how bacchanalian men can be without BACCHUS. Teetotalers, of course, would be the last persons to make pigs of themselves; still, in this particular, they might as well go the entire animal. NICHOLAS POUSSIN, at the National Gallery, will be happy to afford them

designs, which they might study to this end. The pink fleshings and imitation-leopard skins of the street conjurers will enable them to render those pictures in *tableaux vivans*; and goat-skin trowsers will complete the illusion. Hampstead Heath would furnish them with a donkey, on which the Temperance SILENUS could ride, or the shoulders of some over-zealous orator among them would serve equivalently.

Punch would lend them his own Pandean pipes, and they might hire cymbals from the booth of RICHARDSON. To this music, in fantastic mazes, they might trip it along the thoroughfares, bearing pitchers and hand-basons of their favourite beverage, and crowned—not with ivy and vine-leaves, but with bulrushes, water-cresses, and other aquatic verdure. And the numerous pumps which adorn the metropolis would mark so many stations, at each of which they might caper round the hydraulic engine, as the Bacchanals used to dance round the image of their tutelary deity.

Inauguration Ode for the Wellington Statue.

Round about the Statues

In Trafalgar Square.

At the noon of night, while the pale moonlight

Blends with the gas-lights' glare,

Round about the Statues

Glide the restless ghosts

Of NELSON and KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, punctual at their posts.

Kingly shade, why walk 'st thou

Thus, at dead of night?

Why, Phantom-chief, with a brow of grief,

On Europe's finest site,

Melancholy stalk'st thou?

What can be thy woe,

That round about thy Statue thou thus art wont to go?

Round about our Statues

Stalk we restless sprites,

For that, sooth to say, by our sacred fay,

They are such arrant frights!

Hence, about our Statues

To take our nightly round,

Will be our fate till their cumbersome weight shall topple to the ground.

Round about a Statue,

Hard by the Green Park,

May a hero's shade be never made?

To wander after dark!

Round about the Statue

Which BURTON'S arch doth crown:

Then oh! make haste, ye men of taste, and take that Statue down.

THE FLEET STREET PAVEMENT.

AFTER all that has been said about this wonderful granite, that was to brave, for five-and-twenty years, the waggon and the cab, it has been found necessary to tear up a portion of it in consequence of its sinking condition. The Woes and Gee-Wo's of Fleet Street are really sufficient to melt a heart of stone; for no sooner is the pavement allowed to rest on its bed, than its repose is violated by the rude hand of the pavour. The efforts of the shop-keepers to attract attention to their wares from the few passengers who still, from old associations, haunt the street, are getting positively frantic. The keeper of a shop

opposite St. Dunstan's Church has actually turned a selection of small articles smack into the street, on the chance of some of them being picked up by a straggler who may have the honesty to walk in and pay for them. Others have shut up their establishments altogether, and emigrated to the coast, probably with the intention of quitting their native land for ever.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

MIDSHIPMAN.—The highest class of petty officers on board a ship of war. Their duty is to communicate the captain's orders to the men, so that the posts they occupy are very much the same as the posts of the electric telegraph.

MILITIA.—A body of men who cannot be ordered out of the country, and who may therefore be distinguished as soldiers for home consumption.

MONEX.—The medium of exchange by which you ascertain the value of commodities, except when you give more money for them than they are worth, when you may ascertain the value of the money itself, and the worthlessness of the commodity. Labour is said to be money, but those who have most of the former usually get the least of the latter, a point we leave to be settled by political economists. Money is made of three metals; gold, silver, and copper; to which brass may perhaps be added, for brass may be often turned into cash very effectually. It is said that money makes the man, but, in order to realise this proverb, the man must first make the money.

The Royal Marines:

We have received a spirit-stirring appeal to our "better judgment"—a court which is never sitting by the bye, for, like certain tea-dealers, we have "none but the very best"—on the subject of the definition of a MARINE in our *Political Dictionary*. We are presented with a catalogue of the achievements of this gallant body, which seem to include the taking of a place or two. As to the takings, we can only say that the most valorous taking we were ever present at on the part of a marine, was the taking of one of DOVER'S powders.

The gallant fellow, who looked as if he had never smelt powder before, made one bold effort, and all was over. We ought, perhaps, in justice to the marines, to have given this little anecdote earlier, but it is never too late to repair an error.



Old Lady.—“Ah! I WAS JUST SUCH ANOTHER WHEN I WAS HER AGE.”

YOUNG IRELAND'S PARLIAMENT—1860.

A REPORT BY ANTICIPATION.

APRIL 1.—On the order of the day for going into a committee of supply,—

MR. SHANAHAN took that opportunity of ascertaining the sense of the House as to whether the resort to physical force against the Sassenach was justifiable.

MR. O'FLAHERTY, with rhirrence to that topic, wished to know if the hon. gentleman opposite (MR. FLYNN) had, at a rhacent public dhinner, dhrunk the “glorious, pious, and immortal mimory?”

MR. FLYNN might have proposed such a toast, or he might not. It was no business of the hon. gentleman's at all, at all. (“Question!”)

MR. O'FLAHERTY would assert that every Orangeman was a thraitor to the cause of Ould Ireland. The Orange stain was a black blot on the snowy mantle of green Erin. (*Tremendous cheering, and cries of “Order!”*)

MR. FLYNN did not come there to be insulted by a rapparee.

MR. O'FLAHERTY. Was it rapparee? (*Confusion, and calls of “Spaker!”*)

MR. FLYNN belaved the jintleman knew where to find him.

The SPEAKER rose to order. The hon. Member who spoke last was bound to afford satisfaction—botheration, no; it was explanation he meant.

A Member suggested that the Spaker do lave the chair. (*Great uproar.*)

The SPEAKER would like to see the boy that would make him stir an inch.

A violent personal altercation here took place, in which several leading members participated. The volubility, however, of their utterance, and the fact that many of them expressed themselves in their native tongue, prevents us from reporting it in detail. It terminated in a general interchange of cards. At its conclusion,

The order of the day having been again proposed,

MR. O'ROURKE moved, as an amendment, a Bill for the suppression of the “godless colleges.”

On this question ensued a long and violent dispute, at the end of which

The gallery was ordered to be cleared for a scuffle. On our return

The Speaker occupied the floor of the House, with a large majority of members prostrate upon it round him; and black eyes ultimately were voted the order of the day.

The Prince and the People.

DURING the recent short visit of the QUEEN to Guernsey it was remarked that PRINCE ALBERT, with a nice spirit of consideration towards the feelings of the inhabitants, wore a Guernsey shirt in the morning. We understand that his Royal Highness, in the event of his paying a visit to Wales, will appear in a Welsh wig on all public occasions.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

The following Advertisement emanates, no doubt, from some quarter where it is proposed that young ladies shall receive “a liberal education:”—

WANTED, in a Ladies' School a short distance from Town, a Lady, as ENGLISH ASSISTANT, and who can superintend the French in the absence of the master. One who has a knowledge of music preferred. A comfortable home, with £1 per quarter allowed for washing, to be deemed sufficient. Address, &c, &c.

Things of this kind speak so strongly for themselves that their effect is only weakened by comment. One may perceive how the person drawing up this advertisement got more exacting as it went on, requiring at every fresh line some fresh service or accomplishment from the victim who is offered “a comfortable home, with a pound per quarter for washing”—a sum not enough for comfort, and scarcely sufficient for cleanliness. “Mark the mean subterfuge”—as the rival puffers say of one another—in commencing by asking for a lady as “an English Assistant,” who, it is then insidiously stated, must be able to “superintend the French in the absence of the master!” As if this were not enough labour to undertake for “a comfortable home” without salary. By the bye, how can a person be comfortable without the means of buying clothes? It is darkly hinted that “one who has a knowledge of music would be preferred.” We know the meaning of this amiable preference. It suggests the infliction of a quantity of musical pupils on the unfortunate victim, who, though ostensibly advertised for as an English Assistant, will find herself forced into the triple character of French Mistress, Music Mistress, and general Teacher in the establishment!

There is a maternal and philanthropic line in the humbug about “a comfortable home;” but we know the sort of thing which is supposed to constitute a comfortable home in schools where a pound a quarter is thought a sufficient remuneration to a lady performing various duties demanding a combination of accomplishments. Weak tea, stale bread, bad butter, cheap meat, with short allowance of everything but overbearing insolence, will be found to be the elements of most of “the comfortable homes” that are thus advertised.

GET OFF THE GRASS!

How sweet, 'mid Windsor's scenery fair,
It is to take a breath of air;
To gaze upon the forest trees,
Whilst we inhale the healthful breeze;
To feast the eye, with deep delight,
Upon the Castle's massive height!
As thus our minds we entertain,
Roaming amid the Royal domain,
What accents greet our ears?—Alas!
“Get off the Grass! Get off the Grass!”

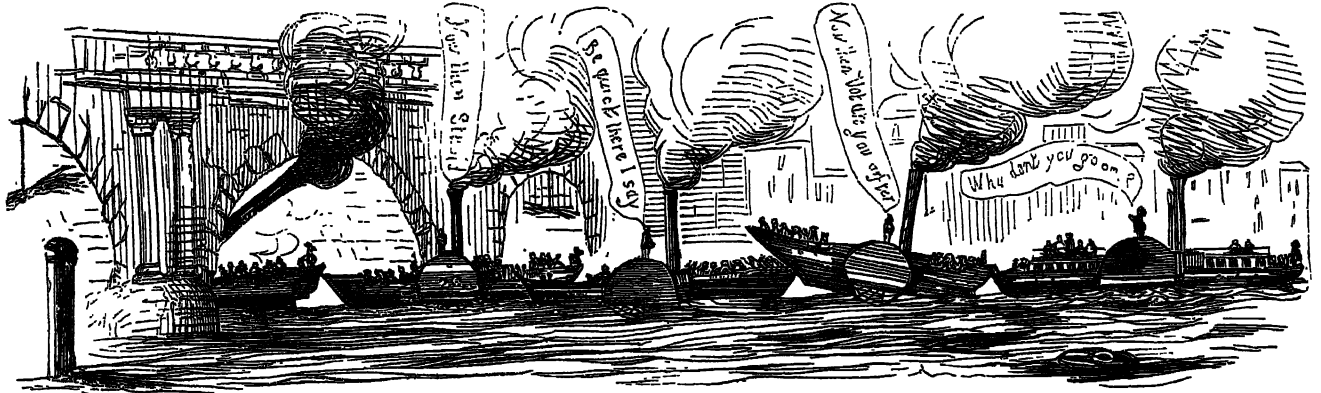
The traveller, when his steps have stray'd
To view thy cottage, ADELAIDE,
If from the gravel pathway hard
He turn to tread the verdant sward,
In comfort to enjoy his view,
Or muse beneath the Avenue,
Entranced in pleasant thinkings, while
His careworn heart he would beguile,
What bids his happy dream to pass?—
“Get off the Grass! Get off the Grass!”

When loyalty his bosom fires,
As, whilst the prospect he admires,
He sympathises with the bliss
Of her, the mistress of all this,
The Lady of the fair domain; }
And, wishing her a happy reign,
Cries, as he views the fairy scene,
Within himself, “Long live the QUEEN!”
Whilst thus he prays, he hears, alas!—
“Get off the Grass! Get off the Grass!”

A NATURAL ERROR.

RICHMOND, in Surrey, has often been confounded with Richmond, in Yorkshire. Now that a Richmond Railway has been established, it is probable that this mistake will be made more frequently than ever—if the journey to London is to continue to occupy two hours.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



This poor and dilapidated old pile has at length become reduced to that state of existence which makes it miserable to itself and useless to others. It is to be hoped that the rubbish-carters will not be long in putting it out of its agony. The poor old thing is a heavy burden upon Father Thames, who can stand it no longer, and is naturally indignant at having those to whom he has always furnished a bed, coming down upon him at last, when they can no longer keep their heads above water.

The mere doctors' bills for Westminster Bridge have been something awful during the last few years. Half the money expended in trying to keep it up with artificial strength would have supported the whole family of metropolitan bridges in respectability, and even in affluence. To add to the inconvenience occasioned by the wretched state of the

Bridge, it is now found impossible to go under it, except through one arch, and the result is that the Thames navy is kept in a continual struggle for a passage through the solitary thoroughfare. Seamanship is certainly sharpened, but life is unfortunately jeopardised, by this pushing for precedence through the only arch that is left open to our Metropolitan fleet by the hopeless condition of the Bridge at Westminster. The *Lightning* frequently falls foul of the fragile *Pink*, and the thunder-struck *Bride* runs aback the binnacle of the agitated *Bachelor*. Such a state of things is no less detrimental to the tempers of the captain and crew than to the security of the passengers. "Down, down, derry down," must be the burden of the seaman's—we mean the Chel-sea-man's—song as he passes near the Bridge of Westminster.

PUNCH ON THE INCREASE OF FARES

BY THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

Show me the Company that dares,
When Parliament has ceased to sit,
To go at once and raise its fares;
I'll not believe it—not a bit.

But what is this before mine eyes?
'Tis the South-Eastern's monthly bill;
This is, indeed, a fearful rise—
Through all my veins there runs a chill.

To Ramsgate, eighteen shillings! pooh!
The charge is very near a pound;
If this is not a fearful do,
No do can in the world be found.

Six shillings is the price by steam,
Five only in the cabin fore;
This surely must be all a dream—
The rail can't cost twelve shillings more.

In time perchance the saving's found?
No—vainly such a thought beguiles;
The railway takes you round and round,
Out of your way some thirty miles.

P'rhaps they're as certain as the sun—
For punctuality you pay?
No—scarce a single train they run
Arrives within the time they say.

What is the meaning of the rise?
I'm sure I cannot tell—can you?
Yes. Fame with hundred tongues replies,
" 'Tis, in one word, A DO! A DO!"

PUBLIC STUPIDITY.

No one but an Editor having access to the correspondence sent to a work of extensive circulation can have any notion of the extent to which public stupidity is carried. Among other specimens of this quality received within the last few days we may particularise a note complaining of the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, the new Ambassador to

Paris, for having put up at an hotel instead of going into decent private lodgings in the French Capital. Our correspondent asks, "Is it not shameful that our representative at the Tuileries should live at a miserable *auberge* called the Hotel of the British Embassy?"

Another correspondent deprecates the fuss that has been made about the river Plate, and demands the names of the spoons that have been making such a stir upon the subject.

The public will, we are sure, appreciate the amount of patience we must be called upon to exercise under these annoying infictions.

Aneurism in the City.

Among the diseases incidental to the City of London it is a wonder that inquirers into the sanatory condition of the metropolis should have entirely failed to notice Aneurism. Aneurism is a disease of an artery, requiring, for its cure, that the artery should be taken up. A disease of this kind is continually occurring in all the main arteries of London, so that their being taken up and consequently all circulation through them being impeded are matters of constant occurrence. The vessel most frequently attacked is the main trunk of Fleet Street, and so numerous are the operations upon it thus necessitated that, for all practical purposes, it may be pronounced impermeable.

It is well known in Surgery that when an artery is obliterated the circulation is carried on by collateral or anastomosing vessels; but this, though a beautiful provision of nature, cannot occur without great disturbance of the economy. Thus, when the Fleet Street artery is obstructed, the circulation is maintained by the anastomosing branches of Chancery or Fetter Lane; though, when Fleet Street is tied up, it has to take a very circuitous route, proceeding from Catherine Street, or some other ramification of the Strand, in a meandering course through Drury Lane and its connections, to the great channel of Holborn. The economy of the passenger is hence very much disturbed, for this great extension or vagary of the circulation necessitates a corresponding augmentation in the fare of cabs. Anastomosing branches, too, enlarge in the body natural, but in the body civic they do no such thing. When Fleet Street is tied, Chancery Lane becomes no wider, which is a manifest inconvenience. An alarming confusion and disturbance are thus produced in the circulation, always attended with danger—sometimes with loss of life.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINENTAL SNOBBERY CONTINUED.

We are accustomed to laugh at the French for their braggadocio-propensities, and intolerable vanity about la France, la Gloire, l'Empereur, and the like; and yet I think in my heart that the British Snob, for conceit and self-sufficiency and braggartism in his way, is without a parallel. There is always something uneasy in a Frenchman's conceit. He brags with so much fury, shrieking, and gesticulation; yells out so loudly that the Français is at the head of civilization, the centre of thought, &c.; that one can't but see the poor fellow has a lurking doubt in his own mind that he is not the wonder he professes to be.

About the British Snob, on the contrary, there is commonly no noise, no bluster, but the calmness of profound conviction. We are better than all the world; we don't question the opinion at all; it's an axiom. And when a Frenchman bellows out, "*La France, Monsieur, la France est à la tête du monde civilisé!*" we laugh good-naturedly at the frantic poor devil. We are the first chop of the world: we know the fact so well in our secret hearts, that a claim set up elsewhere is simply ludicrous. My dear brother reader, say, as a man of honour, if you are not of this opinion? Do you think a Frenchman your equal? You don't—you gallant British Snob—you know you don't: no more, perhaps, does the Snob your humble Servant, brother.

And I am inclined to think it is this conviction, and the consequent bearing of the Englishman towards the foreigner whom he condescends to visit, this confidence of superiority which holds up the head of the owner of every English hat-box from Sicily to St. Petersburg, that makes us so magnificently hated throughout Europe as we are; this—more than all our little victories, and of which many Frenchmen and Spaniards have never heard—this amazing and indomitable insular pride, which animates my lord in his travelling-carriage as well as JOHN in the rumble.

If you read the old Chronicles of the French wars, you find precisely the same character of the Englishman, and HENRY V.'s people with just the cool domineering manner of our own gallant veterans of France and the Peninsula. Did you never hear COLONEL CUTLER and MAJOR SLASHER talking over the war after dinner? or CAPTAIN BOARDER describing his action with the Indomptable? "Hang the fellows," says BOARDER, "their practice was very good. I was beat off three times before I took her." "Cuss those carabineers of Milhau's," says SLASHER, "what work they made of our light cavalry!" implying a sort of surprise that the Frenchmen should stand up against Britons at all; a good-natured wonder that the blind, mad, vain-glorious, brave, poor devils, should actually have the courage to resist an Englishman. Legions of such Englishmen are patronising Europe at this moment, being kind to the Pope, or good-natured to the KING OF HOLLAND, or condescending to inspect the Prussian reviews. When NICHOLAS came here, who reviews a quarter of a million of pairs of moustachios to his breakfast every morning, we took him off to Windsor and showed him two whole regiments of six or eight hundred Britons a-piece, with an air as much as to say,—“There, my boy, look

at that. Those are *Englishmen*, those are, and your master whenever you please,” as the nursery song says. The British Snob is long, long past scepticism, and can afford to laugh quite good-humouredly at those conceited Yankees, or besotted little Frenchmen, who set up as models of mankind. *They* forsooth!

I have been led into these remarks by listening to an old fellow at the Hotel du Nord, at Boulogne, and who is evidently of the SLASHER sort. He came down and seated himself at the breakfast-table, with a surly scowl on his salmon-coloured blood-shot face, strangling in a tight, cross-barred cravat; his linen and his appointments so perfectly stiff and spotless that everybody at once recognised him as a dear countryman. Only our port-wine and other admirable institutions could have produced a figure so insolent, so stupid, so gentlemanlike. After a while our attention was called to him by his roaring out, in a voice of plethoric fury, “O!”

Everybody turned round at the O, conceiving the Colonel to be, as his countenance denoted him, in intense pain; but the waiters knew better, and instead of being alarmed, brought the Colonel the kettle. O, it appears, is the French for hot-water. The Colonel (though he despises it heartily) thinks he speaks the language remarkably well. Whilst he was inhaling his smoking tea, which went rolling and gurgling down his throat, and hissing over the “hot coppers” of that respectable veteran, a friend joined him, with a wizened face and very black wig, evidently a Colonel too.

The two warriors, wagging their old heads at each other, presently joined breakfast, and fell into conversation, and we had the advantage of hearing about the old war, and some pleasant conjectures as to the next, which they considered imminent. They psha'd the French fleet; they poohpooh'd the French Commercial Marine; they showed how, in a war, there would be a cordon (a cordong, by—) of steamers along our coast, and by—, ready at a minute to land anywhere on the other shore, to give the French as good a thrashing as they got in the last war, by—. In fact a rumbling cannonade of oaths was fired by the two veterans during the whole of their conversation.

There was a Frenchman in the room, but as he had not been above ten years in London, of course he did not speak the language, and lost the benefit of the conversation. “But oh, my country!” says I to myself, “it's no wonder that you are so beloved! If I were a Frenchman, how I would hate you!”

That brutal ignorant peevish bully of an Englishman is showing himself in every city of Europe. One of the dullest creatures under Heaven, he goes trampling Europe under foot, shouldering his way into galleries and cathedrals, and bustling into palaces with his buckram uniform. At church or theatre, gala or picture-gallery, his face never varies. A thousand delightful sights pass before his bloodshot eyes, and don't affect him. Countless brilliant scenes of life and manners are shown him, but never move him. He goes to church, and calls the practices there degrading and superstitious, as if his altar was the only one that was acceptable. He goes to picture-galleries, and is more ignorant about art than a French shoeblick. Art, Nature pass, and there is no dot of admiration in his stupid eyes; nothing moves him, except when a very great man comes his way, and then the rigid proud self-confident inflexible British Snob can be as humble as a flunky, and as supple as a harlequin.



WIGGINS AT HOME.



WIGGINS AT BOULOGNE.



WIGGINS AT SEA.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE



Professional Man.— Ah! IT'S VERY LUCKY YOU CAME TO ME IN TIME.— YOU SEE, MA'AM, YOU HAVE HAD INFLAMMATION OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES, WHICH, ACTING UPON THE FLEXOR LONGUS DIGITORUM PEDIS, HAS OCCASIONED AN ADRASION OF THE DIGASTRICUS, OR, AS SOME CALL IT, THE BIVENTER MAXILLE INFERIORIS; AND WHICH MIGHT HAVE ENDED IN CONFIRMED DELIRIUM TREMENS, OR EVEN PREMATURE ELEPHANTIASIS. HOWEVER, I DARE SAY, &c., &c., &c.—(Old Lady gasps for breath.)

Catalogue of the Royal Pavilion.

We have been favoured with a peep at the Catalogue which has been prepared for the approaching sale of the Chinese Palace at Brighton. The following are thought the most interesting articles of *virtu* :—

The pattern, in brown paper, of GEORGE THE FOURTH'S memorable white-kid pantaloons, cut out by his Majesty's own hand.

The correspondence between GEORGE THE FOURTH and BEAU BRUMMELL relating to the mystery of starch, and a pension; together with several letters from SIR ROBERT PEEL and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON on the madness of allowing the Catholic Emancipation Act to pass.

A pasteboard model of Buckingham Palace, with the original estimate and the actual outlay for building the same,—very curious.

The copy of the *Examiner* upon which MR. LEIGH HUNT was prosecuted and imprisoned, for calling HIS MAJESTY "a fat ADONIS."

Several royal recipes for making snuff and fish-sauces.

The briefs delivered to Counsel on the occasion of QUEEN CAROLINE'S trial, enriched with marginal notes in HIS MAJESTY'S own handwriting,—most precious articles of *virtu*.

Copy of the speech made by SHERIDAN in the House of Commons, in 1783, for payment of the PRINCE REGENT'S debts.

Notes of the Memoranda which were sent to MR. FOX, authorising him to contradict the PRINCE'S marriage with MRS. FITZHERBERT.

Copy of the speech delivered by ALDERMAN NEWNHAM, in 1787, for payment of the PRINCE'S debts.

The correspondence of the PRINCE REGENT with the Jockey Club, which led to his retirement, and several letters to the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, upon several matters in intimate connection with the green-room and the national drama.

Beautiful model of Virginia Water, fitted up as a globe, with three live gold fish.

Several designs for palaces in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

A paid bond of the DUKE OF YORK,—a very great curiosity.

CHECK TO THE KING.—THE Cobourgs have met with a check in Spain. PRINCE ALBERT says his relations "would not have minded the check so much, if they could only have got *mated*."

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

MEASURES, it appears, are now in progress for the education of the army generally. There is, however, one department of our military service for whose instruction no provision has been made. *Punch* alludes to that gallant corps, the Marines. He has, therefore, undertaken the office of their instructor; and he proposes to impart to them information in the mode wherein they are proverbially so susceptible of it: that of narrative. The stories which he intends for their particular edification will not, he trusts, be uninteresting to the public generally; although each of these tales will be of so peculiar a nature as especially to merit the nautical recommendation,—“Tell that to the Marines.”

TALE THE FIRST.

A thing has just been done by the right reverend bench, which has enriched the mitre with a jewel whereunto the diamond is paste, and has imparted a whiteness to the lawn sleeves in comparison wherewith driven snow is lamp-black.

The death of the late REV. MR. KAYE, of St. Pancras, raving mad, in penury and destitution, will be still fresh in the recollection of our readers. They will also remember that on the inquiry into the circumstances attendant on the decease of that unfortunate gentleman, the fact transpired, that there are in the metropolis numbers of poor clergymen, dependent, as he was, for their subsistence, solely on such professional employment as they can pick up; that, in fact, they get their living by hiring themselves out, on occasion, to do duty for their more fortunate brethren; and that, like labourers and mechanics who support themselves by casual journey-work, they are called, “odd men.”

To our infinite gratification we understand that no sooner were these revelations made public, than a meeting of the episcopal body took place for the purpose of taking instant measures to abolish a state of things so exceedingly scandalous to the Church. The following, we are informed, is an outline of the proceedings which occurred thereat:—

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, who was in the Chair, rose under feelings of the deepest humiliation and sorrow. He had been inexpressibly shocked by the disclosures which had been elicited in consequence of the death of the REV. MR. KAYE. That destitution should exist among any class of men, was a disgrace to a country that was rich and at the same time Christian. But that it should exist among the clergy of a Christian Church—and that a rich Church—for he would own it *was* rich—was superlatively shameful. He shuddered, too, when he considered the effect likely to be produced on the laity, especially the lower orders, by their beholding clergymen touting—he believed that was the phrase—for hire, like conductors of omnibusses.

The archiepiscopal mitre would not sit quietly on his head, nor that head rest upon his pillow, till some means had been devised for the removal of this reproach from the Church.

The BISHOP OF LONDON felt himself under circumstances peculiarly embarrassing. It was in his diocese, he was sorry to say, that the scandal they were now met to obviate existed. The question would naturally, no doubt, be asked, why he (the BISHOP OF LONDON) had suffered it to be? All he could say was, that he was ignorant of the fact of its existence. No complaint, no remonstrance, no petition, from unemployed and necessitous clergymen, had hitherto reached his ears. But his retreat at Fulham, and more than that, his conscience, would never be peaceful till his see was purged from its present stain.

The BISHOP OF EXETER did not usually interfere in matters unconnected with his own diocese. The present question, however, concerned every prelate of the Church. Neither himself nor his Right Reverend brethren were rolling in wealth—far from it; though an impression that they were had unfortunately got abroad. Still, he trusted that he might, with a little self-denial, possibly manage to subsist on one half of his present income. He would venture—not too precipitately, he hoped—to say as much for his mitred brethren. Well, then, he would throw down the other half of his episcopal revenue as a contribution to a fund for supporting the unbeneficed clergy. They had heard of sending round the hat in cases of distress; now let them send round the mitre. There was his, with his subscription in it, to the amount which he had stated he would be good for.

Hereupon the whole bench of Bishops simultaneously arose, and expressed their assent to the proposition of the Right Reverend Prelate, which was carried by as loud acclamation as was consistent with episcopal dignity. It was further resolved, that a subscription list, in aid of the object of the meeting, should be circulated among the wealthier clergy. This, we are assured, has been done, and many have subscribed to the relief fund for indigent ministers, who never before subscribed to anything except the Thirty-nine Articles.

This is the first story that *Punch* has to tell—to the Marines.

UNIVERSAL RISING.—So strong is the public feeling against the stoppage of the thoroughfares, that the very stones in Fleet Street have risen in a body against it.

A Royal Fytte of Laughinge.

"Twas through the ile of fayre Jersye,
 PRYNCE ALBERT and our QUEENE
 Dydde ryde, with all their companye,
 To see, and eke be seene.

Alonge eche road, alonge cche waye,
 Wherever they did goe,
 The Jersye trainbandes, all soe gaye,
 Were set in martiale rowe.

"Now Seinctes thee save," PRYNCE ALBERT sayd
 To a Jersyeman soe bolde,
 "I doe admyre those troopes, array'd
 In scarlette and in golde.

"Now telle to me, thou good fellowe,
 And lette me understande,
 Of the QUEENE's troopes how many moe
 Are quarter'd in this londe?"

"Syr," answer made the Jersye knyghte,
 "Yonne regiment so fyne
 Are oure Milytia call'd, by ryghte,—
 Notte soldyers of the lyne."

Thersonne oute-spake a merrie knave,
 The foole unto our QUEENE,
 Quoth hee, "This is a jeste fulle brave,
 A goodlye joke, I ween!"

"Milytia-menne for to mystake
 For soldyers of the lyne!
 A rare Fielde-Marshalle thou wilt make,
 To thynke I doe inclyne!"

Thereatte the QUEENE dydde loudlye laughie,
 That bothe her sides 'gan shake;
 And moche the nobylle Prynce dydde chaffe,
 Soe farre from wyde-awake.

SALE OF THE STUD OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

Among the various Lots that were knocked down, the following were not included, although put up for what they would fetch:—
Claptrap.—A good hack, warranted to suit a country gentleman.
Sophistry.—Has been worked the whole of last session.
British Lion.—A capital Nag for a canter.
Statistics.—Unsound, but safe for a temporary purpose.
Vivuperation.—A tried horse, though rather vicious; backed by Mr. B. DISRAELI.

The *Derby Dilly*, or *Forlorn Hope*.—Entered for the Ministerial Cup at the next St. Stephen's.

It is unfortunate that the noble Lord could not dispose of this portion of his stud. Had he got rid of these horses, the political arena, for which he seems to have exchanged the race-course, would be a speculation more promising than it seems to be at present.

REMOTE NOTIONS OF ROYALTY.

On the occasion of HER MAJESTY'S visit to Jersey, several of the poor people, who had never seen a live Queen before, openly expressed their disappointment. They had expected to see HER MAJESTY arrive in her coronation robes, with the sceptre in one hand and the ball in the other, just as they had always seen her represented in the engravings. They could not believe that a Queen would wear a white chip bonnet, or that HER MAJESTY ever wore anything in her life but crimson and ermine. Many of them really believed they had offended HER MAJESTY, and that, to show her indignation, she had stopped on board the Royal Yacht, and sent one of her maids on shore to represent her. In the intensity of their loyalty they nearly cried about it. PRINCE ALBERT fared no better. The people would not look upon a white hat as an indication of royalty. One of the servants, perched up in the dickey, passed the greater part of the day for His Royal Highness. He had a couple of big gold epaulettes on his shoulders, and a staring red coat with a tremendous chest, and an enormous hat, which may have accounted probably for the mistake.

We heard one of the natives, pointing to the Royal flunky, say with great glee, "Oi chou la his weeskens a pour voyoi oukaree boy kroikoi!" No one could tell us what the above meant; and as there is no dictionary of the Jersey language published, we are sorry we cannot translate it for the benefit of our readers. It must have been very funny, for all the by-standers laughed at it immensely; so we give it as a specimen of a joke in the Channel Islands. It was the only one we heard during a week's sojourn.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.



We have just succeeded, through the agency of one of our most sagacious scouts, in making a very curious discovery with respect to this much-talked-of statue. The public may often have felt surprised that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON should remain passive and quiet under the threatened indignity which seems to be in store for him. We have, however, ascertained that an understanding has already been come to with SIR F. TRENCH, that, if the Statue should have an absurd effect, the head of the illustrious Duke is to be removed from his bronze shoulders, and that of SIR F. TRENCH will be substituted; so that SIR F. instead of F. M. will be the object of ridicule. Under this promise the Duke has consented to await with patience the result of the experiment.

It would have been impossible to have taken down the entire Statue when it is once soldered together, but the exchange of heads is easily made; while that of SIR F. TRENCH, being exceedingly light, will be lifted without difficulty. There could not be a better finish to the pile than that which it will probably receive; and it is but fair that the only man who has stuck up for the erection of the Statue should be stuck up with it, and be called upon, in fact, to give it his countenance.

THE DERBY ELECTION.

MR. STRUTT—because a dissenter—has been pointed to as "a man of no religion." Now, SIR DIGBY MACKWORTH, his opponent, has been lauded as the most pious of Parliamentary candidates. SIR DIGBY arrived on a Saturday at Derby, and is praised for not "desecrating the Sabbath by canvassing." No: but SIR DIGBY (says the *Patriot*) went—

"Three times to church, and each time to a different church—the most splendid example of electioneering piety, we readily confess, that ever came under our notice!"

Really, if churches are to be made thus subservient to Parliamentary purposes, we may soon expect to see Election papers pasted on the tomb-stones.

Orders from Spain.

The *Times'* Correspondent says:—

"So anxious were the French Government to see properly executed the order of the Queen-Mother for the *trousseaux* of her Royal daughters, that a superior workman, confined by illness in the hospital of La Pitié, had been carried home to work upon a casket of rare beauty for the Infanta."

And our own special informant adds—"So anxious is the paternal heart of LOUIS-PHILIPPE in the matter, that he has issued the most stringent orders to the sick workman aforesaid not, under any circumstances soever, to dare to die until the job shall be accomplished."

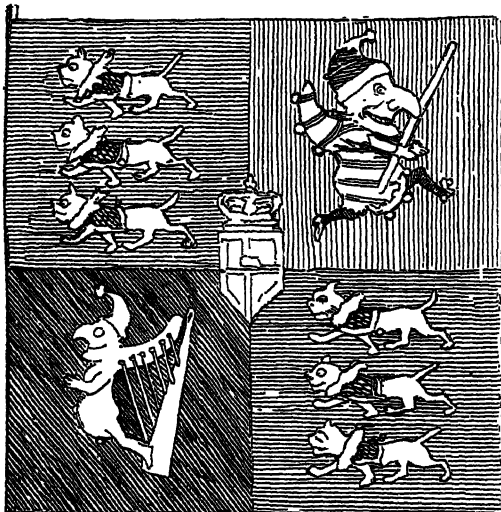
THE PRINCELY PET.

We perceive by the papers that the little DUKE OF CORNWALL excited tremendous enthusiasm in his own little Duchy. What perhaps added to the interest he excited among the inhabitants of this mining district was the fact of the little fellow being himself a minor.



Sailor (confidentially). "I SAY, JACK, ISN'T IT QUITE MELANCHOLY TO SEE THEM POOR FELLOWS DRESSED UP LIKE THAT 'ERE?"

PUNCH'S STANDARD.



EVERY European power has a flag of its own, but *Punch*, one of the greatest powers in Europe, has hitherto been without an ensign. We therefore requested an individual from the Herald's Office to prepare us a Standard, when to our infinite disgust we were served with an old sheet belonging to *Mrs. Harris*. On our giving further instructions, we got the article we required, namely, a flag capable of braving, for any number of years, an unlimited number of battles, and an endless series of breezes. The flag of England is only capable of sustaining *the* battle and *the* breeze, but the *Punch* Standard is fitted for as many as it may have to encounter.

RAILWAY LUXURIES.

THE Railway Smoking Saloon having given such great satisfaction in the Eastern Counties, the spirited directors intend to start a billiard room on the same line.

TREMENDOUS POTATO DISCOVERY.

WE are sad—very sad—when we think of the enormous outlay of public money to fit out and despatch a scientific commission to discover the true causes of the potato evil, for it is now plain the disease is not originally in the tubers, but in the heart of man. From that abode of all wickedness, from that paved court, the human bosom, has issued that blight that has turned the food of millions into corruption. In a word, indirectly, the Pope—like the Dowager Queen, according to the veracious BROUGHAM—the Pope has "done it all!" That mighty print the *Dublin Record* gives all the details of the calamity with that succinctness, that dispassionateness, that has made it the organ—the barrel-organ—of all Ireland. The thought of the Maynooth Grant germinating in the bosoms of Ministers went immediately to the roots of the red Yorks and kidneys:—

"Here, then, was the first adoption and establishment of Popery by a Protestant Parliament; the plea being, that it would pacify and tranquillize Ireland. If this act were displeasing to God, as we firmly believe it to have been—and if he thought fit to rebuke and punish us for it,—what kind of a visitation might we expect?"

Why, a blow that should strike at the very stomachs of millions of Catholics. And how could this blow be better dealt than through the potatoes? The wickedness committed by the Protestant Ministers, was (as the *Record* wisely, charitably, and "firmly believes") visited on the Catholic peasants. Had money not been voted to their college, their potatoes might have been quoted "as per last." But Maynooth took the money, and the potatoes took the rot:—

"Within a very few weeks after the enactment of that 'healing measure,' a strange and portentous visitation came upon Ireland, rendering her government 'a difficulty' greater than ever."

But this is not the worst. The money voted to Maynooth—money is so wicked!—not content with spoiling the Irish potatoes, rotted the potatoes of Belgium, the potatoes of America, the potatoes of France: everywhere, more or less, the potato was smitten "a little under the cuticle," or to the very heart. And the scientific men—with the blindness of all speculative wisdom (whence the blink-eyed owl is the pet bird of Miss MINERVA)—prescribed lime and alum washing, and in an unknown tongue preached fifty impossible remedies to the wondering peasant. Now a repeal of the Maynooth Grant would have stayed the disease at once; whilst—we have no doubt whatever of the fact—the carrying of the Coercive Acts (so pusillanimously abandoned by LORD RUSSELL) would this season have produced a double crop. "All this noise," said the Jew when it thundered, "all this noise about eating a bit of bacon!" And all this starvation, cries the pious *Dublin Record*, about a few thousands to Catholics!



S—h O'B—n.

D—l O'C—u.

FAMILY JARS AT CONCILIATION HALL.

AN OMNIBUS INCIDENT.



Man (thrusting his hand into the window). "WILL YOU BUY A PENKNIFE WITH A HUNDRED BLADES, SIR?"

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER XI.

It was about a fortnight after the discovery of the turtle, that I fell ill. Whether my illness arose from anxiety of mind—for celibacy every day appeared more and more threatening—or whether from the turtle itself, I never could determine. But ill I was—really ill. And when confined to my hut by fever and ague—for I am sure I had both—I had a terrible opportunity for lamenting the many times that I thought I had had the vapours, and had acted accordingly: that is, was sulky, feverish; and would shut myself up in my room, and feed myself on chicken broth, hartshorn, and romances. But now, I was really ill; and felt the full sense of my former wickedness. In this strait, my Emden groats were the best medicine for me; and by force of gruel—which, I am sure of it, is the noblest physic in the world, especially for the female habit—I got better of my malady; but was left in dreadful weakness. It was at this time, that, falling asleep, I recollect I had a strange and curious dream, that much perplexed me.

I thought that I was sitting in a beautiful garden, in which there were trees so high I could scarcely see their tops. And these trees, I thought, inclined towards one another, making a sort of green aisle, like the aisle of a church. And then suddenly I thought I saw a long chain, made of wedding-rings, let down from the roof; and a young man, with a beautiful red face, black hair and whiskers, that were a fortune in themselves, came down the chain, hand over hand, and toe over toe; and when he was alighted on the ground, he came—with his right hand spread over his bosom, and his figure gently inclined—timidly towards me. Then he dropt upon his knee, and plucking a ring from the chain, presented it to me; and then he took another—and another—and another; but I refused every one that was offered; and the rest of the chain fell with a crash to the ground, and the young man vanished; and the whole place was changed; and I found myself in a stone cell of about six feet square, drest in white muslin, with a skull in my hand, that my dreadful destiny made me continually kiss and kiss, although the cold bone made my heart colder and colder with every smack. And, at last, I thought the skull—though without eyes—gave a sort of knowing, triumphant wink, and I screamed at the impertinence—and screaming, awoke.

When I came a little to myself, I recollected with bitterness the words of my dear father. Again and again he had assured me that he would find me out a husband, "a steady, respectable young man, and I could not divest my mind of the fancy that the skull in my hand was the property of that much-wronged individual. Whoever he had been, he was, I thought, dead, and was very properly

sent to me in my dream to torment me. This vision continued for some days to distract me; but at length I became tranquillized; thanks to my native strength of mind, and the medicinal cordial I had brought from the wreck.

It was about this time, that, casting my eyes about my hut, I saw the fragment of a book that, among other things, I had brought from the ship. There were only a few leaves complete and legible, the rats and the salt-water having mutilated and stained them. And these few leaves—strangely enough—contained the entire of the "Marriage Service." They were a great consolation to me. A thousand and a thousand times did I read; and—it may appear inconceivable—found the matter impart to me a melancholy, but mysterious delight. "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" I imagined this melodious question most melodiously delivered; and then—having nothing else to do—I would imagine many specimens of husbands, in many kinds of wedding-suits, with many different sorts of smiling looks, standing one by one before me. And in this way, in the very idleness of my heart, I would people my hut with a hundred masculine shadows, waiting for me to pronounce the thrilling—"I will." There was hardly a gentleman of my former acquaintance—of course I speak of the single and the widowed—that imagination would not drag thousands of miles across the sea, and marry me to in that hut. "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" How often have I sunk to rest, with these words—mysteriously uttered—breathing in my ears, and my lips mechanically moving with "I will!"

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Here was another interrogation, thrilling the filial heart. How could I do otherwise than behold my venerable father—with a dew-drop glistening in either eye, and slightly coughing, to keep down emotion—how could I fail to behold him—happy, yet flustered; proud, but a little overcome—stepping forth at the question, with the look of a man resolved upon bestowing a priceless treasure upon a fellow-creature? "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

Somehow these words continued to haunt me. I continually uttered them, almost ignorant that I did so. When seemingly absorbed in domestic occupations, my lips would breathe them. "Who giveth this woman?" And more; after a time I set them to a sort of involuntary chant, and, whether waking or idle, would monotonously sing, "Who giveth this woman?" In this way does a master—if I ought not rather to observe, a mistress—passion haunt us in solitude.

Of the effect of this I had a curious, and, for the time, a very startling instance. When I got about again, I took a wider circuit of the island than I had done before. First, however, I ought to state, that I had made myself a complete suit of rabbit-skins. It went to my heart to make them up with the fur inside—it was so much beauty lost. But, as I had to protect myself against the briars and brambles that, on every side, beset me in my walks, I had no remedy. And then I had this saving consolation in my affliction—a consolation so often sought for—nobody would know it; nobody would see me. But to return to my story. In the course of my rambles, I discovered that a very beautiful sort of grape grew in the island. I at once resolved to endeavour to make some real port and sherry. My mother's currant wine was always sought far and wide; and though I had never condescended to assist at the making of it, I nevertheless was not altogether ignorant of the process. Besides, I could dry the grapes; and if it was my destiny to pass Christmas in solitude, at least I should not be without the consolation of something like a plum-pudding.

Well, having made the discovery, I returned, carrying as many bunches of grapes as I could bear; and sat myself down, very much fatigued, taking little notice of anything. Suddenly I heard the words, delivered in a sharp clear voice—"Who giveth this woman?" I trembled from head to foot; for I forgot that I possessed a parrot (parrots abounded in the island), and I had domesticated a very young one. The bird, instructed by my frequent lessons, unconsciously given, had learnt the words; and from that time, a day did not pass over that the creature did not cry out—

"Who giveth this woman?"

Curiosities of Science.

At the sittings of the Association, at Southampton, it was announced that a certain professor would produce the *bottled smell of lightning*, we believe of the sort that the Americans call "greased." If even the smell of lightning can be bottled after this fashion, may we not hope that thunderbolts shall be made so common that timid people may fasten their bed-room doors with them?

MARGATE THEATRICALS.

THE dramatic prospects of Margate have this season materially brightened, and the theatre has been restored to its legitimate use, after doing duty as a broker's warehouse during the last two or three summers. The fortunes of the building fluctuate with the taste of the visitors and the inhabitants. Sometimes it is an auction room, sometimes a bazaar for painted tea-trays; sometimes it is a literary institution; sometimes it is a wax-work exhibition; sometimes it is a tea and coffee house; but this year it has become the sea-side asylum of the legitimate drama.

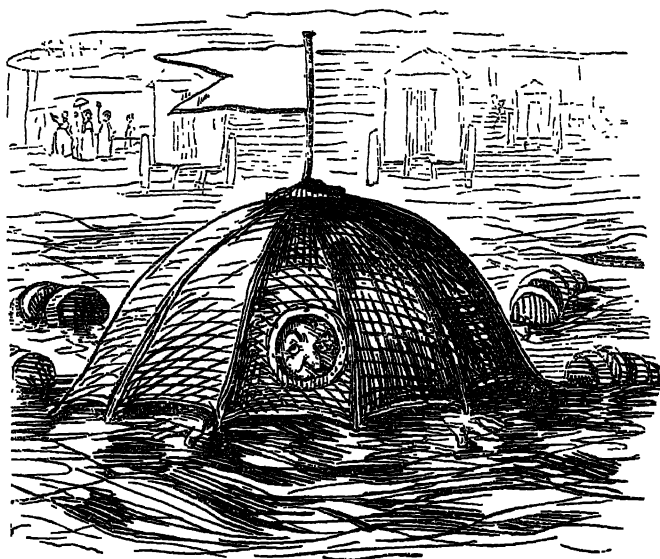
A bill is now before us in which we find the following announcement:—

"On Thursday, a variety of entertainments, being by desire and under the Patronage of the Captains, Officers, and Stewards of the Herne Bay Steam Packets."

We are glad that these gallant fellows are going to patronise the Margate theatre, and we have no doubt that CAPTAIN LARGE will become "larger than ever," like some gigantic gooseberry tarts we once saw labelled with those words, in the window of a cheap pastrycook's. We understand that a private box has been taken for the inhabitants of Herne Bay on this occasion, and three places in the dress boxes for the visitors, all of whom have promised to attend.

By the way, who are the "Captains, Officers, &c." of a Herne Bay steam boat? Is the stoker an officer? or does the grade go no lower than the brave Briton who rushes to the side of the boat with that great thing like a porter's knot, technically called a fender, in the event of a collision?

We are given to understand that the "Captains, Officers, and Stewards," will all attend the theatre in full uniform. CAPTAIN LARGE has ordered four additional epaulettes, intending to wear one on each elbow and two upon his breast, in addition to the ordinary pair upon the shoulders. The man at the wheel has sent up to the Admiralty to inquire what the regulation uniform will be in his case; but the Stewards have determined on adopting the costume of the unattached butlers, with the gold band of the Ancient Order of the Ale and Sandwich.



NEW BATHING COSTUME FOR 1846.

WARDS IN CHANCERY.

MISS MARY ANNE JOHNSON, of Hampstead, died last month, having endowed—not a college, but a "dog and cats." To her "black dog, Carlo" she gives "an annuity of £30 a-year during the dog's life, to be paid half-yearly." And "unto each of the cats, Blacky, Jemmy, and Tom, an annuity of £10 a-year for the three cats, to be paid half-yearly." Since this will has been made known, Carlo—the fact shows the spirit of trading competition—has been dreadfully annoyed by the solicitations of a host of tripemen; whilst Blacky, Jemmy, and Tom have been equally persecuted by the commercial rapacity of cats'-meat vendors and milkwomen. It is supposed that the heirs of MISS JOHNSON, not having yet arrived at the age of twenty-one, will—for the protection of their property—be made wards in Chancery. LORD COTTENHAM will be petitioned to give the run of his own Court to Carlo; whilst SIR LAUNCELOT SHADWELL may, it is hoped, be induced to throw open his kitchen to Tom, Blacky, and Jemmy.

THE SPANISH MATCH.

ALL the jewellers and goldsmiths of Paris are at work on ornaments for the marriage of that poor little victim the QUEEN OF SPAIN, doomed to be executed to her cousin. The finery is spoken of, by competent judges of such matters, as being very superb. The diamonds are said to be as bright and almost as numerous as the tears shed by the bride, and the gold trinkets almost as heavy as her sighs. Her hymeneal manacles, though they may gall her to the bone, will at least be magnificently chased. No Hindoo widow was ever burned with greater splendour than will attend the Spanish bride to the altar. She will be sacrificed to marriage like a Queen. And when she has given her hand to her cousin and promised to give her heart, the spirits of hypocrisy, and guile, and fraud (especially invoked for the solemnity), will chant an epithalamium expressly composed for the occasion by that great master of domestic discord, the parent of all falsehood. An amnesty will, it is said, be granted, and all political offences forgiven, on the marriage of the Queen. Poor thing! She herself may forgive her enemies, but, as the Italian says, "it is not ordered that we should forgive our friends;" and ISABELLA may bitterly remember that exception and privilege.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

THIS last of the little Roadside Inns, which formerly dotted and blotted the public thoroughfares, has at length been demolished. The carts which once clustered round its little portal, causing an obstruction to the noisy traffic of a busy world, now pass the spot unrefreshed. The driver misses his accustomed half-pint of porter, and the sagacious horse looks in vain for the trough in which he was wont to dip his mouth, while some friendly hand rubbed his nostrils with the salubrious hayband. These are reflections which afford inspiration to the poet: so here we go into a sentimental ballad,—once—twice—thrice—and away.

No more upon the Western Road,—
Beyond the little bridge of Knights—
Shall carters stop with heavy load
To taste of beer the strong delights.

No more shall waggons choke the way,
Just at the entrance into town;
'Tis vanish'd, like a summer's day—
The Half-Way House is taken down.

No more shall the suburban gig
Pause for a glass of pleasant ale;
And ne'er again shall roadside pig
With deep-toned grunt the ear assail.

No more shall drivers, from their seats,
Upon each other fiercely frown;
There's room when one the other meets—
The Half-Way House is taken down.

Alas, thou venerable pile!
Could they not leave thee to decay?
Within a very little while
Thou wouldst have clear'd thyself away.

Why should they force thee thus to go
In lots to THOMSON, SMITH, or BROWN?
I cannot say—I do but know
The Half-Way House is taken down.

Yankee Tactics.

THE *New York Herald* says that "an American citizen can learn military tactics in twenty-four hours, when occasion may require." Not a word about his learning to pay his debts, though those are tactics which it is rather necessary a State, which talks so much about going to war, should learn. If it takes a Philadelphian citizen four-and-twenty hours to discharge a musket, we wonder how long it would take him before he could discharge a bill?

A RISING NUISANCE.

WILL SIR PETER LAURIE oblige us and the British Public by "putting down" Fleet Street at his earliest possible convenience?

A DOOMED COUNTRY.—We are afraid there is no hope now for Spain. Its ministers have actually refused a Coburg! A country hasn't a chance like that every day!

WHAT'S COME TO THE CLUBS?

"SIR, "You have been making some observations about the stoppage of Fleet Street, which, I dare say, are remarkably interesting to persons engaged in that part of the town. It seems to me you might just as well object because the road up Mont Blanc was difficult, or there was a stoppage in the streets of Timbuctoo. Dem Fleet Street, Sir; in a word, who the deuce cares about Fleet Street? What I complain of is the shameful state of dilapidation in the Christian end of the town.

"The stoppage in Piccadilly renders one of my clubs impossible to me, and crams Mayfair with thousands of the most unwholesome vehicles, which, I think, will positively *empester* the neighbourhood. A horrible omnibus nearly *écrasé* my Brougham, in Chapel Street, yesterday; and when I remonstrated from the interior, the wretched driver and *conducteur* of the public vehicle *riposté* with a vulgarity of insolence which shook my nerves dangerously. And the state of the clubs: what is that? What resource has a man-about-town but his clubs, and what, I ask, are the clubs at present? "Yesterday I drove to the Polyanthus, to see if I could get a rubber before dinner; instead of getting in I find—



a rude fellow on a ladder, with a pail barricading the door, and the club shut for September. 'Drive me to Snooks's, in St. James's Street,' I say to my *gens*. I arrive and find—



the door barricaded, two rude fellows with two pails, and a quantity of painting-brushes and plaster—and Snooks's shut up, as the Polyanthus.

"The Horse Marine Club is also closed. 'Drive me to the Megatherium,' I say, in desperation; and that, at last, is open. I enter and find—what do I find?—



that infernal bore, old SIR JOHN ROABER, who coughs, who snores, who expectorates, who has the asthma, and reads the papers out loud—the most insufferable nuisance in London, and the only man left here.

"Have the goodness, Sir, on receipt of this, to use what influence you have (1) to get the Clubs open, (2) the barricades of Piccadilly removed, and (3) to order SIR JOHN ROABER to leave town, with something in your clever way—and if you call any day at the hotel for CAPTAIN DE MOGYNS's servant, my man will give you something handsome for your trouble.

"Your obedient servant,
"ALURED MOGYNS DE MOGYNS."

"I need not say that business of importance obliges me to be in London: but a DE MOGYNS need not excuse himself for being in any place at any time."

Mrs. Gamp in the Dismals.

THIS dim old lady sent forth on Monday a series of groans against the tendency of the present age to cheerfulness. She is afraid that the world is getting too good-humoured and lively in spite of all her efforts—which we must confess have been tremendous—to keep it otherwise. Mrs. Gamp certainly knows her own peculiar forte when she tries to rally round her a dull party and make herself the organ of the low-spirited portion of the population, of those indeed who cannot see a joke, and who may feel assured that they never will stand a chance of seeing one as long as they confine their reading to the *Morning Herald*.

The old lady complains bitterly of a tendency to turn everything into fun. She has been made fun of herself, poor soul, and this is indeed the very extreme of comic alchemy, for it is positively extracting mirth from the dullest possible subject.

We can pity the misfortune of a morbid imagination which takes a dismal view of everything; we can feel commiseration for our grandmother who has perpetually "got the vapours;" but we cannot pardon her for her

malice. She has given us a specimen of her quality in that melancholy effusion which she put forward as a leading article on Monday, the 9th of September.

Poor grandmamma becomes ill-natured and blasphemous when she suggests that "the exigency of the times may demand and get a *Comic prayer-book*." This lamentable attempt to be jocular proves the fearful want of discrimination Mrs. Gamp labours under when seeking a subject for her lugubrious merriment. It would gratify Mrs. G. to point to anything in which the comic writers, against whom she is so angry, are concerned, where there has been any tendency to the blasphemous style of literature she has so clumsily suggested.

Mrs. Gamp has long been engaged in a QUIXOTIC crusade against wit and good-humour. She began the assault, and must by this time have found that she has got the worst of it. Our only surprise is that she should feel hostility towards comic writing, for the poet has told us that

"Gentle dullness ever loves a joke."

DIRGE ON THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY.

WELL-A-DAY! ah, well-a-day!
Whither hath gone the QUEEN'S Highway?
The ancient 'Pikes—oh, where are they?
Chorus—Well-a-day! &c.

The QUEEN'S Highway exists no more,
Its track the greensward mantles o'er;
Thereon the donkeys graze, and cows,
And fleecy flocks the verdure browse.

The houses, too, along its course,
That entertain'd both man and horse,
Are quite done up; the coach no more
Pulls up before the tavern-door.

What though no highwaymen assail
The traveller now, nor stop the Mail?
"Stand and deliver!" 's still the cry,
Fares are so villainously high.

One Royal road we scarce can boast;
Railways are everything—almost:
And o'er the Highways' broad domain,
HUDSON usurps VICTORIA'S reign.

Important to Duns and Debtors.

WE understand that LORD WILLIAM PAGET is preparing a sort of Conversation Lexicon for the use of Debtors and Creditors, showing how the former ought to be addressed by the latter. For the benefit of noblemen and gentlemen who are in the habit of being pestered with importunities from foreign tradesmen, a quantity of oaths, translated into all the modern languages, will appear in an appendix to the work.

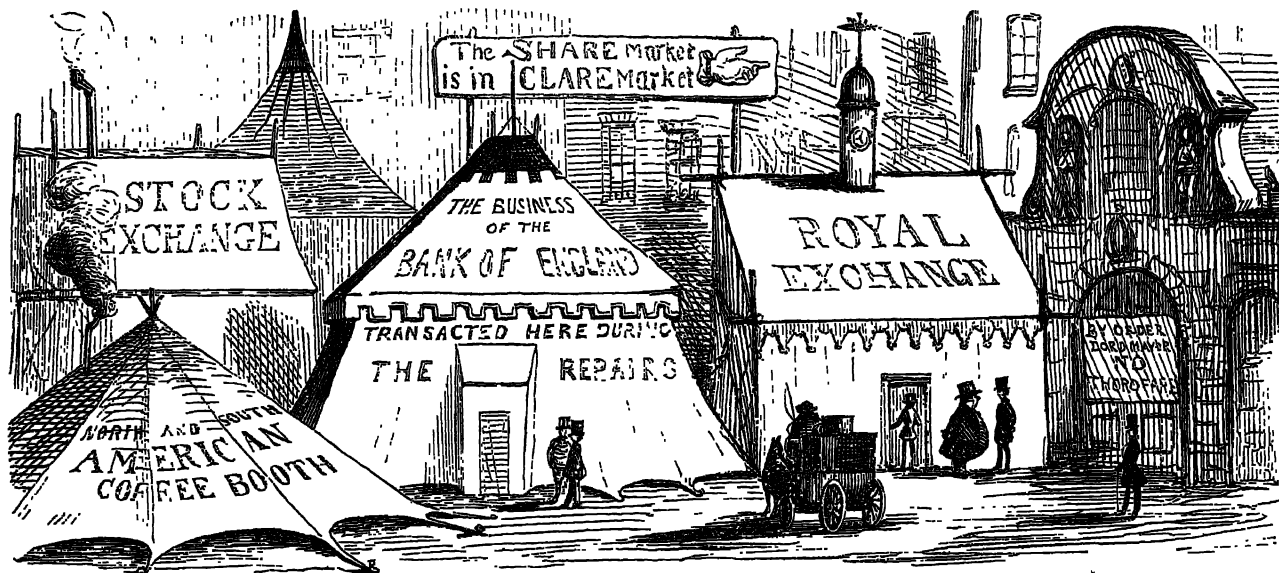
NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES has been rated as midshipman on the ship's books of the *Victoria and Albert*. Should the naval precocity of His Royal Highness continue, it may be confidently expected, that, in the year 1850, he will have attained the rank of Admiral of the Very Blue; when, in the event of a war with France, he will take the command of the English fleet against the French admiral, PRINCE JOINVILLE.

A "FRIENDLY HINT."

THE first step on the road to eminence is usually the publication of a book. As LORD GEORGE BENTINCK aspires to political distinction, we recommend this plan to his Lordship. Under the above title we would advise him to publish "the best book he ever made for the Derby."

A GOOD MOVE.



DURING the blocking up of the city thoroughfares, which promises or rather threatens to be permanent, arrangements will, we understand, be made for doing the city business west of Temple Bar, by opening temporary offices on the—speaking West-end-ically—dis-portal side of the metropolis. Booths will be erected in the large unused space from St. Clement's church to Temple Bar, for the accommodation of the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, and other large establishments. The Stock Exchange will have a tent appropriated for its use in Tra-

falgar Square, and the lame ducks will have the run of the basins. By this mode of managing matters, the city may be left entirely to the paviors, as no one else will have any occasion to come into it. The public being at present virtually excluded, few will find any inconvenience from the blockade being rendered complete instead of partial. The annexed engraving furnishes a representation of the proposed plan, which will, no doubt, meet the approbation of the inhabitants and visitors of the great metropolis.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THOUGH the balance-sheet of the Association gives the sums expended in various scientific pursuits, there is nothing to satisfy the curiosity of the public as to the nature of the proceedings in which the money has been exhausted. The charge for "Captive balloons" has puzzled many subscribers to the Association, who are anxious to know whether the charge of 8*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.* has been incurred in releasing balloons that have got caught in chimney-pots, or in redeeming them when they have been detained for damage done in descending upon private property.

The Experiments on the Strength of Materials can be very easily understood, and the imagination at once pictures SIR R. MURCHISON attempting to bend a poker, or DR. DAUBENY pulling up the collar of a corazza shirt with tremendous energy, to test the strength of the material.

The Researches on Atmospheric Waves have of course been conducted during a boating party, and the extra three-pence charged for these researches may be accounted for on the supposition that the savans were liberal enough to "remember the Jack-in-the-water."

A hundred pounds for fossil fishes in the London clay seems to be a frightful charge. Billingsgate might be bought up any morning in the week for half the money.

It will be seen that PROFESSOR EDWARD FORBES, in the Zoology Section, produced a number of live animals which he had captured on the British coast. We are not aware of any live animals who frequent the British coast, but the preventive men. One of these dressed up à la *What-is-it?* would have produced a wonderful effect on the Section, if the Professor had only being seized with the *heureuse pensée* of preparing such a spectacle for the gratification of the visitors.

In Section B, a very interesting paper was read on the expansion of salts. It proved that a single ounce of genuine Epsom will flavour a quart of water sufficiently for the use of schools, where it is advisable to make a dose go as far as possible.

MR. E. R. J. KNOWLES read a paper on a singular appearance in the flame of a candle. He made some curious calculations of the number of thieves detected in this position, and proved they had increased since the disappearance of snuffers had caused the abolition of capital punishment as regards these "wicked" intruders. The Section did not take the joke on the word "wick-ed," much to the

annoyance of MR. KNOWLES, who declared he would never be witty again at any of the Association's meetings.

PROFESSOR GROVE and PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR got into an angry discussion on hot water. The former thought that heat would boil water away; but the latter combated the suggestion. As we found the steam getting up, we made the best of our way out of the Section.

In Section C, we found MR. JAMES BUCKMAN on the Silurian beds, at Bay head, but as we were on the point of being sent to sleep on these beds, we quitted the Section with great precipitancy.

The Association has met with considerable politeness from the South Western Railway, and has been allowed the use of the Bugle Hall at the terminus. Some of the savans have been amusing themselves by playing tunes upon the bugles!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A GOOD HAND AT CRIEBAGE.—Two persons play at *Beggar-my-Neighbour*. It is very simple, and once learnt, is not easily forgotten. A. draws a bill, and gets B. to endorse it. A. cuts, and B. loses whatever is staked upon the game.

VOYAGEUR.—Passports to France may be obtained any day at the *Dramatic Author's Society*, between the hours of ten and four. An interpreter is always on the premises.

ONE WHO HAS CARRIED THE HOD.—We cannot tell whether CHRISTOPHER WREN was the first architect who took a bird's-eye view of London.

A JUVENILE SUB.—We cannot tell who was the Father of the *British Press*, but it is very well known that the *Morning Herald* is the Grandmother. The name of the person who first taught her to suck eggs is lost in the cloud of ages. WIDDICOMB might be able to tell you.

SPECULATOR.—We have not yet heard of the "*Ginger-Beer Company*" you talk of. Such a thing is sadly wanted. It would fill a great vacuum.

AN ADMIRER OF THE ART-UNION.—We never heard that LORD BROUGHAM was the Grand Master of the *Odd Fellows*. We hope not.

CLARA DOUGLAS. You are only joking—eh?

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXX.—ENGLISH SNOBS ON THE CONTINENT.



"WHAT is the use of LORD ROSSE's telescope?" my friend PANWEISKI exclaimed the other day. "It only enables you to see a few hundred thousands of miles farther. What were thought to be mere nebulae, turn out to be most perceivable starry systems; and beyond these, you see other nebulae, which a more powerful glass will show to be stars, again; and so they go on glittering and winking away into eternity." With which my friend PAN, heaving a great sigh, as if confessing his inability to look Infinity in the face, sank back resigned, and swallowed a large bumper of Claret.

I (who, like other great men, have but one idea), thought to myself, that as the stars are, so are the Snobs:—the more you gaze upon those luminaries, the more you behold—now nebulously congregated—now faintly distinguishable—now brightly defined—until they twinkle off in endless blazes, and fade into the immeasurable darkness. I am but as a child playing on the sea-shore. Some telescopic philosopher will arise one day, some great Snobonomer, to find the laws of the great science which we are now merely playing with, and to define, and settle, and classify that which is at present but vague theory, and loose, though elegant assertion.

Yes: a single eye can but trace a very few and simple varieties of the enormous universe of Snobs. I sometimes think of appealing to the public, and calling together a congress of *sarans*, such as met at Southampton—each to bring his contributions and read his paper on the Great Subject. For what can a single poor fellow do, even with the subject at present in hand? English Snobs on the Continent—though they are a hundred thousand times less numerous than on their native island, yet even these few are too many. One can only fix a stray one here and there. The individuals are caught—the thousands escape. I have noted down but three whom I have met with in my walk this morning through this pleasant marine city of Boulogne.

There is the English RAFF Snob, that frequents *estaminets* and *cabarets*; who is heard yelling, "We won't go home till morning!" and startling the midnight echoes of quiet continental towns with shrieks of English slang. The boozey unshorn wretch is seen hovering round quays as packets arrive, and tipping drams in inn bars where he gets credit. He talks French with slang familiarity: he and his like quite people the debt-prisons on the Continent. He plays pool at the billiard-houses, and may be seen engaged at cards and dominoes of forenoons. His signature is to be seen on countless bills of exchange: it belonged to an honourable family once, very likely; for the English RAFF most probably began by being a gentleman, and has a father over the water who is ashamed to hear his name. He has cheated the old "governor" repeatedly in better days, and swindled his sisters of their portions, and robbed his younger brothers. Now he is living on his wife's jointure: she is hidden away in some dismal garret, patching shabby finery and cobbling up old clothes for her children—the most miserable and slatternly of women.

Or sometimes the poor woman and her daughters go about timidly, giving lessons in English and music, or do embroidery and work under-hand, to purchase the means for the *pot-au-feu*; while RAFF is swaggering on the quay, or tossing off glasses of Cognac at the *Café*. The unfortunate creature has a child still every year, and her constant hypocrisy is to try and make her girls believe that their father is a respectable man, and to huddle him out of the way, when the brute comes home drunk.

Those poor ruined souls get together and have a society of their own, the which it is very affecting to watch—those tawdry pretences at gentility, those flimsy attempts at gaiety: those woful sallies: that jingling old piano; O, it makes the heart sick to see and hear them! As MRS. RAFF, with her company of pale daughters, gives a penny tea to MRS. DIDDLE, and they talk about bygone times and the fine society they kept; and they sing feeble songs out of tattered old music-books, and while engaged in this sort of entertainment, in comes CAPTAIN RAFF with his greasy hat on one side, and straightway the whole of the dismal room reeks with a mingled odour of smoke and spirits.

Has not everybody who has lived abroad met CAPTAIN RAFF? His name is proclaimed, every now and then, by MR. SHERIFF'S OFFICER HEMP; and about Boulogne, and Paris, and Brussels, there are so many of his sort that I will lay a wager that I shall be accused of gross personality for showing him up. Many a less irreclaimable villain is transported; many a more honourable man is at present at the treadmill; and although we are the noblest, greatest, most religious, and most moral people in the world, I would still like to know where, except in the United Kingdom, debts are a matter of joke, and making tradesmen "suffer" a sport that gentlemen own to? It is dishonourable to owe money in France. You never heard people in other parts of Europe brag of their swindling; or see a prison in a large continental town which is not more or less peopled with English rogues.

A still more loathsome and dangerous Snob than the above transparent and passive scamp, is frequent on the continent of Europe, and my young Snob friends who are travelling thither should be specially warned against him. CAPTAIN LEGG is a gentleman, like RAFF, though perhaps of a better degree. He has robbed his family too, but of a great deal more, and has boldly dishonoured bills for thousands, where RAFF has been boggling over the clumsy conveyance of a ten-pound note. LEGG is always at the best inn, with the finest waistcoats and moustachios, or tearing about in the flashest of britzkas, while poor RAFF is tipsifying himself with spirits and smoking cheap tobacco. It is amazing to think that LEGG, so often shown up, and known every where, is flourishing yet. He would sink into utter ruin, but for the constant and ardent love of gentility that distinguishes the English Snob. There is many a young fellow of the middle classes who must know LEGG to be a rogue and a cheat; and yet, from his desire to be in the fashion, and his admiration of tip-top swells, and from his ambition to air himself by the side of a Lord's son, will let LEGG make an income out of him; content to pay, so long as he can enjoy that society. Many a worthy father of a family, when he hears that his son is riding about with CAPTAIN LEGG, LORD LEVANT's son, is rather pleased that young Hopeful should be in such good company.

LEGG and his friend, MAJOR MACER, make professional tours through Europe, and are to be found at the right places at the right time. Last year I heard how my young acquaintance, MRS. MUFF, from Oxford, going to see a little life at a Carnival ball at Paris, was accosted by an Englishman who did not know a word of the d— language, and hearing MUFF speak it so admirably, begged him to interpret to a waiter with whom there was a dispute about refreshments. It was quite a comfort, the stranger said, to see an honest English face; and did MUFF know where there was a good place for supper? So those two went to supper, and who should come in, of all men in the world, but MAJOR MACER? And so LEGG introduced MACER, and so there came on a little intimacy, and three-card loo, &c. Year after year scores of MUFFS, in various places in the world, are victimised by LEGG and MACER. The story is so stale, the trick of seduction so entirely old and clumsy, that it is only a wonder people can be taken in any more; but the temptations of vice and gentility together are too much for young English Snobs, and those simple young victims are caught fresh every day. Though it is only to be kicked and cheated by men of fashion, your true British Snob will present himself for the honour.

I need not allude here to that very common British Snob, who makes desperate efforts at becoming intimate with the great continental aristocracy, such as old ROLLS, the baker, who has set up his quarters in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and will receive none but Carlists, and no French gentleman under the rank of a Marquis. We can all of us laugh at *that* fellow's pretensions well enough—we who tremble before a great man of our own nation. But, as you say, my brave and honest JOHN BULL of a Snob, a French Marquis of twenty descents is very different from an English Peer; and a pack of beggarly German and Italian Fuersten and Principi awaken the scorn of an honest-minded Briton. But our aristocracy—that's a very different matter. They are the real leaders of the world—the real old original and-no-mistake nobility. Off with your cap, Snob; down on your knees, Snob, and truckle.

Treason!

THE *Post*, lamenting the declining patronage of the drama, thus assaults royalty: thus censures "the highest lady in the land:"—

"The weak German translations of the Greek Tragedies, set to music, are performed at our English Court, but seldom, excepting when short of its fair proportions, is a play of the 'Bard of all time' uttered within its precincts."

On the arrival of the Court in London, we fondly hope to see the writer's head above the marble arch of Buckingham Palace.

AN OBJECT OF SUSPICION.



Elderly Gentleman (reads). "FELONY. WHEREAS JAMES BIGGS HAS ABSCONDED, &c. HE IS ABOUT FORTY YEARS OF AGE, AND HAD ON A PAIR OF PLAID TROUSERS, &c., &c."

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

A MILITARY band is to be embarked for Tahiti, as it has been found, says a French paper, that music has already produced upon the savage inhabitants of Oceania the most softening influences. By means of a fiddle, the savages have been induced lately to supply the garrison with provisions, and it is expected that if a full band is only tried upon them, they will actually learn, in time, to love the cruelty of the French dominion. The music-master of the regiment has been sent with a cornet-a-piston and a banjo to play to QUEEN POMARE, but she will not listen to the dreadful overtures they have made to her, and has done nothing but throw cold water upon them. The Governor, however, is not in the least disconcerted, and hopes, as soon as the military band arrives, to win both ears of the obdurate Queen. A musical expedition is at present fitting out, with this purpose, at Toulon, and it is mentioned that MONSIEUR MUSARD is to be invested with the bâton of command. "Au clair de la Lune" is being prepared for twenty-four ophicleides, and those who have heard it declare that the effect is perfectly stunning.

We have not the slightest doubt that all the islands will instantly give way to the persuasion of French brass. "What savage could listen unmoved to a French Serpent? However, we are glad to hear of this musical movement. It proves that LOUIS-PHILIPPE is only anxious to restore harmony to a country where there has existed, since his ships have been there, nothing but discord.

INTERESTING CLERICAL DISCOVERY.

WE understand that a singular discovery has been made by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, corroborated, in its main points, by the corresponding dignitaries of St. Paul's, and of most other cathedral churches in the kingdom. It has recently appeared that the opinion, so long prevalent among statesmen and legislators, that the public, if admitted to view works and monuments of Art *gratis*, would infallibly mutilate and destroy them, is erroneous. Experiments on a large scale, conducted at the British Museum, the National Gallery, Hampton Court, and other institutions and places of interest, have abundantly refuted this error in a general way. But the clerical gentlemen above alluded to have found out that there are exceptions to the public's otherwise uniform good conduct in this particular. They have satisfied themselves that tombs, effigies, and mural tablets have a species of attraction almost magnetic for pen-knives and walking-sticks.

Their researches, however, have furnished them with a remedy, considered by them to be of unfailing efficacy against the mischief to which the million are thus prone. It consists in the extraction from the pocket of each visitant to their collection—we beg pardon—to the tombs in Westminster Abbey, of the small coin termed a sixpence. At St. Paul's, it seems, twopence is found an adequate safeguard for the body of the church; but the ascent of the sacred edifice requires an ascending scale of protection. As the sixpences, and twopences, and shillings of the million are millions of sixpences, and shillings, and twopences, the reverend philosophers above mentioned are no doubt reaping a rich harvest from their discovery.

The Duke and the Dray-Horses.

MR. JESSE, the voracious historian of Dogs, has favoured us with the following:—"A fact singularly illustrative of the sensibility of the horse, has come to the writer's knowledge. MR. GODING, the well-known brewer, volunteered the services of forty dray-horses to drag the WELLINGTON Statue from the foundry to the arch. All the animals are so elated by the honour, that they have lost their stomachs, and can scarcely swallow half their usual quantity of beans. Very striking this," says Mr. JESSE. And *Punch* adds—"Very."

THE DESERTED CITY.—THE poor Shopkeepers of the Metropolis have sent a Petition to Her Majesty, hoping that in her numerous trips she will not forget London.

IMPORTANT DISCLOSURES.

JUDAS BLABB, Income-Tax Collector, respectfully invites the attention of all persons who, whether from Curiosity or Interested Motives, are desirous of Obtaining an Acquaintance with the Affairs of their Neighbours, to the Peculiar Facilities which he enjoys, in virtue of his Office, for affording them the required Intelligence. Individuals contemplating Engagements as Clerks, or Assistants to Professional Men, resident within J. B.'s District, will do well to consult him before concluding their arrangements with the parties. Bill-discounters, Mortgagees, and others, about to Advance Money, may obtain from him the most satisfactory information respecting the Credit or Solvency of Merchants, Gentlemen, or Traders. J. B. also especially addresses himself to Persons about to Marry, whom he will engage to supply with the Fullest Particulars relative to the Means and Prospects of their Intended Partners, and the State of the Parental Exchequer. J. B.'s Terms are remarkably Low, consisting in a moderate per centage on the Amount of Prospects specified in his Disclosures, with a slight extra charge for important secrets.

* * Bankers and Gentlemen desirous of Concealing the Nature of their circumstances may secure this object by application at J. B.'s Office, on the Payment of a Moderate Fee.

MAGNANIMOUS MEXICANS.

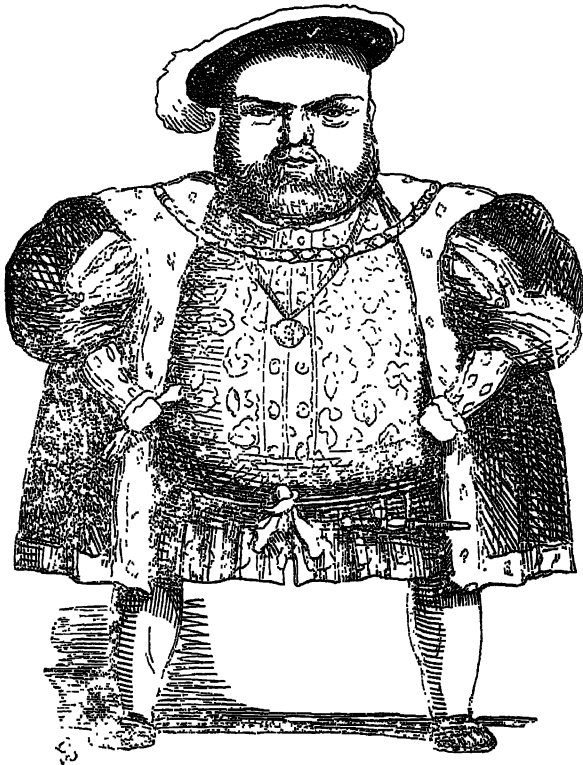
WHEN the brave Mexicans turned out SANTA ANNA, it may be remembered that they exhumed the President's leg, that had been magnificently interred in the public cemetery, and "kicked it about the streets." There was a heroism, a magnanimity in the act, worthy of a great people. SANTA ANNA has returned, and is again the idol of the people. Where is the idol's leg? As the President has returned to his chair, surely the leg ought to be restored (with all military honours) to the tomb.

THE STATUE AT LARGE.

IF the proverb that "coming events cast their shadows before" should be realised in the case of the Duke's Statue, the day of its arrival will be as bad as an eclipse of the sun in the metropolis.

PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.



HENRY, surnamed the Eighth, from his coming immediately after the Seventh, was born in 1491, and was, in his youth, a very promising young gentleman. The chief features of his reign were his regard for WOLSEY, who, the King used to say, ought to have been called LINSEY WOLSEY, for he found him such a *comforter*. HENRY was of a tremendous bulk; and it was remarked, by those who were present at the coronation, that the crown had never before rested on such a very broad basis. He was fond of athletic sports; and it is said by one of the chroniclers that he used to go out "a-maying" in white satin, his courtiers being all dressed in white sarsnet. This practice, commenced by a King, was eventually handed down to the Sweeps, with whom it still prevails to a limited extent; though few even of them go a-maying in the present day in satin and sarsnet, like HENRY THE EIGHTH and his courtiers. HENRY was a bit of an author, and wrote a book against LUTHER, which hung a good deal on hand, until the Pope helped it off by granting indulgence to every one who would read it. This caused a very fair edition to be got rid of; but the circulation was never very extensive. HENRY had already married CATHARINE of Arragon; but he took a dislike to her, as some say, on account of her arrogance. This brings us to that part of our hero's career which has rendered him famous as the *Blue Beard* of British history.

He fell in love with ANNE BOLEYN, a young lady who had just come over from a French boarding-school, and was possibly called ANNE from Boulogne, which soon got corrupted into ANNE BULLONG, and eventually ANNE BULLIN.

His Majesty soon put away CATHARINE, or, as he used coarsely to term her, his "old oman," who was upwards of forty, while MISS BULLIN was only twenty. The King married her; but, soon growing tired of her, fixed his eyes upon one JANE, surnamed SEYMOUR, from a clumsy and unfeeling joke of the tyrant, that he could *see more* to admire in JANE than he did in ANNE; so he beheaded one and married the other. HER MAJESTY QUEEN SEYMOUR died a natural death; and not long afterwards HENRY was entrapped into a marriage with ANNE of CLEVELAND, on the recommendation of CROMWELL. The King, however, soon paid him off by having him executed. HENRY's new wife was very plain-looking, and HENRY himself was very plain-spoken; so that they were always having rows, which ended in a divorce, that was really the best thing that could happen for both parties.

He afterwards married Miss KATE HOWARD, the niece of the DUKE OF NORFOLK. Her beheading followed, as a matter of course; for HENRY was famous for doing tremendous execution among the fair sex. He was, however, always either married, or a person about to marry;

and he soon entered the state of matrimony with CATHERINE PARR, a middle-aged widow. This lady escaped the block, as HENRY died at the age of fifty-six. He was, when young, a generous, good-natured fellow; but in after-life he got very ill-tempered, and very corpulent; so that it took a long time to get round him when he was once out of temper.

ROYAL SEA-SICKNESS.

OUR friend, the ever-correct *Observer* (the organ specially patronised, as it avouches, at Windsor Castle), has a very luminous article on the "Royal Sea-sickness." It says, very touchingly—

"It has been stated that His Royal Highness suffered in this disagreeable respect to a far greater extent than HER MAJESTY; the fact being, that for only one day, when the weather was very bad, was either of these royal personages sick. On this occasion there was complete sympathy, each having endured an equal amount of discomfort, but such as could be easily borne when it afforded the opportunity of witnessing so much loyalty and devotion from all classes of HER MAJESTY's subjects."

"Thus, when man and wife are both sick, the happy result is "complete sympathy." When only one calls for "the steward," the sympathy must necessarily be imperfect. But how, we ask the *Observer*, did "all classes" witness the royal indisposition? We thought the Royal Yacht was manned by sailors alone, and were not aware that the vessel carried a sprinkling of all denominations of HER MAJESTY's subjects. Surely there is more than enough of this petty prying and meddling with the domesticity of the sovereign. Hard is the fate of royalty, when it cannot even be sea-sick without having all the world called upon to consider its sufferings.

Vows lately Registered.

MR. O'CONNELL has been registering another vow. The last is, "to work henceforth double time for the regeneration of Ireland." This vow is very harmless, and can only affect the servants in his household, who will have to be rung up at three o'clock in the morning, in order to light Mr. O'CONNELL's fire, and make his breakfast; for we cannot see how MR. O'CONNELL can work double time unless he reduces his sleep, and cuts off his dreaming. We only hope this tremendous sacrifice of "double time" may be attended with greater benefits to Ireland than have yet resulted from MR. O'CONNELL's outlay of "single time;" for it will become a curious inquiry to put to the patriots of Conciliation Hall:—If Ireland gets nothing from MR. O'CONNELL's working 12 hours a day for her regeneration, what will she get when he works 24 hours?

This is not the only vow which has been registered. MR. O'CONNELL has set the fashion to register vows, and every one in his dominion is following it. The subjoined are amongst the richest which the Clerk of the Registry Office for Vows has kindly forwarded to us.

MR. STEELE has registered a vow not to wear a nightcap, or to shave himself, till MR. O'CONNELL is crowned King of Ireland.

DEAR RAY has registered a vow to take no sugar in his tea, till the Irish Parliament is opened in College Green.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL has registered twenty vows. The principal one is, that he will not allow a cigar to pass his lips till he smokes one on the day of his appointment by his Royal Father as Lord Lieutenant of England.

The boys of Kilkenny have registered an enormous vow to talk nothing but Irish till SMITH O'BRIEN is gazetted Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief of all the Irish forces.

The members of Conciliation Hall are deliberating whether they shall register a vow not to take off their boots till Stonehenge is brought to Phoenix Park.

The grandson of MR. O'CONNELL, (who is ten months old) has registered a vow not to eat a single lollipop till he sees his grandpapa put his foot on the neck of the British Lion.

Brought to a Stand-still.

As the time approaches for the placing of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S Statue on the top of the arch at Constitution-hill, considerable excitement begins to be felt in the leading streets of the metropolis. As the ponderous article can only be dragged to its destination on a vehicle of enormous dimensions, drawn by a lot of GODING the brewer's dray-horses, we may expect to find a cry of "the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S carriage stops the way."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Q. Are you acquainted with *Mrs. Gamp's* leading articles?

A. I may say that I have had a *nodding* acquaintance with some of them.

HOW TO GET RID OF A GRATIS PATIENT.



"SO YOU'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR STUFF, AND DON'T FEEL ANY BETTER, EH? WELL, THEN, WE MUST ALTER THE TREATMENT. YOU MUST GET YOUR HEAD SHAVED; AND, IF YOU WILL CALL HERE TO-MORROW ABOUT ELEVEN, MY PUPIL HERE WILL PUT A SETON IN THE BACK OF YOUR NECK."

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE reader will remember the cat of the ship that came ashore with me on the raft. Though, being an unmarried woman of a certain age, I at first disliked cats upon principle, the animal, in my solitary state, was a comfort to me—a comfort known only to advanced spinsters. One morning I was surprised as I left the hut to find puss at the door—I had given her up for lost—with a kitten about a month old in her mouth. She gave evident signs of satisfaction as I caressed the little thing, and leaving it in my hands, departed, and returned from time to time, bringing each time a kitten,—in all six. At length, kittens became so numerous, that I was compelled to put a restraint upon my feelings, and drown them. However, the reader will acknowledge that I was blest with a tolerable circle, when I count my rabbits, my parrots, and my cats. Having discovered that there were birds of Paradise in the island, I sought day after day to find their nests, that I might domesticate their young. This, however, I found to be impossible; and I am now of opinion that, as the bird of Paradise never alights on the ground, or alighting, is never able to get up again, that the creatures build high up in the clouds. How they manage it, it is not for me to explain: I leave that, as a privilege, to the reader. Despairing to obtain the bird alive, my next thought was to shoot one for my bonnet. True, there was nobody to see it; but it would have been a sweet satisfaction to myself to know that it was in my bonnet.

Speaking of nobody seeing me: it was (as may be conceived) a most perplexing circumstance that I was not able even to see myself. The reader, I hope, remembers the loss of my mirror. This loss I considered irreparable, when one day I recollected that my father once read to me an account of some barbarian Grecians, or Egyptians, or

something of that sort, who made mirrors of polished steel. It struck me that I might make myself a looking-glass of this sort. And for this purpose, an old frying-pan that I had brought from the wreck afforded me the best means. The time taken to polish that piece of old iron would, I knew, be long and tedious; but then, I had more time on my hands than I knew what to do with; and then the thought that I was producing—however slowly—a looking-glass, would sweeten the labour past expression.

To work I went; and sifting some sea-sand through a lace veil, and sticking the particles with wax to some brown paper, I scoured and scoured, until, after incredible labour, brightness began to appear. I cannot trust myself to explain my feelings when I saw the tip of my nose first dawn in the frying-pan. I seemed for the first time, for many a weary day, to feel the blessings of civilisation. And, by degrees, all my nose was reflected, and—I pass over the labour of many months—then my chin and cheeks, and finally my whole face. The mirror at the best was not, to be sure, equal to a handsome quick-silver looking-glass; but there it was—a great improvement on the streams and ponds that, until that time, I had been compelled to resort to. I was a little shocked that the sun had turned me so very brown, and sent such a shower of freckles about my eyes and nose. And then again, I had this comfort—for the thought in such moments was a comfort—that nobody could see me. With that belief at our hearts, what free agents we may very often become!

In good time, however—as it afterwards turned out—had I accomplished my mirror; for, one morning as I went towards the shore, I saw upon the sand the print of a naked foot. My heart beat so, I thought I should have dropt; but there it was—plainly the mark of a foot; and I knew it well, by its preposterous size, it could not by any possibility be my own foot. You may judge the twitter I was in. I sat down upon the sand. I looked closely into the foot. Was it a man's foot or a woman's? It was too small, I thought, for a man, and, as I believed, too large for a woman's; and then I recollected what large feet many of even my dearest acquaintance had. It was plainly a foot; I counted all the five toes.

And then, it appeared very strange to me that there should be the mark of only one foot. Was the owner of the foot one-legged? Was the other leg of wood? I searched, cautiously, but saw no other marks. It was plain that the island, or at least the adjacent islands, were inhabited; and my thoughts flew to my trunks, and took an involuntary inventory of all my dresses—my bonnets, and my loves of shawls, the late property of the late female passengers.

I went immediately to the highest parts of the island, and, with my double opera-glass, spied all about me. Not a soul was to be seen. And then I said to myself—"It may be the footprint of neither man, nor woman, but of some love of a spirit that has seen and adores me."

THE SAILOR PRINCE.

As Britannia happens to rule the waves, it is very desirable that we should have a somebody who is superior to the waves, for the office of ruling Britannia. It is gratifying to know, that not only is HER MAJESTY a capital sailoress, but her son, the little DUKE OF CORNWALL, is every inch—that is, every one of his 28 inches of height—a sailor. The young scion of Royalty, during the recent cruise, skipped about the deck as jollily as the skipper himself, and ordered extra allowances of grog to the men, with the true spirit of British seamanship. HER MAJESTY had evidently no idea of the extent to which the little Tar—or Tartlet—would enter into his new profession, for, in rigging him out for the voyage, she had only provided him with one pair of white trousers and one white waistcoat. These, of course, were very soon soiled by the activity of the Royal reefer, and it was, therefore, necessary to get them washed by one of the crew, between the Prince's bed time and the hour of mustering all hands on deck the next morning.

It is said that his Royal Highness has already adopted some of the phraseology peculiar to the naval service, and has once or twice expressed a desire to have his little timbers shivered. He is frequently engaged in practising the hornpipe so completely identified with the naval service of his country, and he already knows the name of every rope, spar, and brace that is required in a vessel. He sings none but naval songs, and his execution of—

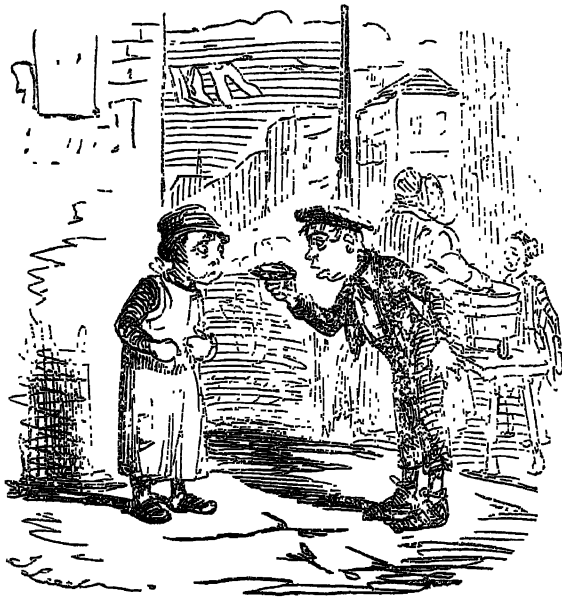
"We tars have a maxim,"

is considered by all who have heard it, to be one of the finest pieces of nautical vocalisation in the English language.



EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

Prince of Wales.—"HERE, JACK! HERE'S SOMETHING TO DRINK MAMA'S HEALTH!"



Jacky. "HALLO, TOMMY! WHAT AVE YOU GOT THERE?"
 Tommy. "HOYSTER."
 Jacky. "OH! GIVE US A BIT."

A COMMISSION EXTRAORDINARY.

Report from "The competent persons" appointed to examine into the proposed erection of the Wellington Military Memorial, with the evidence.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD MORPETH, &c., &c.

MY LORD,—We, "The competent persons" appointed to consider the subject of the proposed Equestrian Statue on the arch on Constitution Hill, beg leave to lay our Report before your Lordship, and the Honourable the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

We consider that the proposed Statue will be a very striking "object," in the strongest sense of the word.

We consider that it will establish a new theory of proportions between statue and base, in such figures, (as the NELSON Column has established one unknown elsewhere between capital and shaft in the case of columns), and that it will thus encourage originality of design in England.

We consider that such statue should be erected on the proposed site, for the following reasons:—

1st. Because nine-tenths of the public monuments of the metropolis are disgraceful to English Art, and absurd in the eyes of persons of cultivated taste, it is desirable, for the sake of congruity, that the proposed Memorial of his GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON should be disgraceful and absurd also.

2nd. Because the Committee of subscribers having committed themselves, they must continue to be ridiculous, for fear of appearing so by retracing their steps.

3rd. Because the sub-Committee are anxious not to offend SIR FREDERICK TRENCH, who has a great regard for MR. WYATT, and the RIGHT HONOURABLE J. W. CROKER, who has a sincere admiration for the pig-tail GEORGE III. of the same artist.

4th. Because at a "most affecting interview" (as it is beautifully called by the Most Noble the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY), HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON was led to expect the enjoyment "of living through many and many a long year," for the express purpose "of seeing from his own windows a proud testimonial of the gratitude of an admiring country;" and it is desirable that his Grace should not be balked of tasting this pleasure out of his front windows, which he can now only enjoy from his back ones, in the contemplation of the ACHILLES.

We beg leave to lay before your Lordship and the honourable Board extracts from the evidence which has guided your Committee in their decision:—

Die om. stult.

SIR F. TRENCH (*examined*).—Is a member of the sub-Committee—what would be called a very active member. Has run about a great deal in the business. Considers he has a fine taste. Has always thought so. Would have made London a very different place if he had been per-

mitted to carry out his plans. Looks upon the notion of the Statue on the arch as his own. Perhaps MR. CROKER might have originated it. Thinks it the proudest achievement of his life. Has never been known to worship the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Believes him to be mortal. Thinks him, on the whole, the greatest man who ever lived. Hopes to go down to posterity himself. Would not be ashamed to do so on the crupper of the Duke's horse. Is aware of the usual proportions between statue and pedestal, and of those between the figure of MR. WYATT and the arch. Is aware they are such as were never heard of before. Thinks they ought to be, because such a man as the Duke was never heard of before. When on the arch, the Duke will be "in a peculiar position." Thinks he ought to be. Does not care for MR. BURTON's feelings. Doesn't see why an artist should have any. Does not intend to live in the police station in the west wing of the arch, to point out the beauties of the Statue to visitors. Should not object to attend on the top of the arch for the purpose, twice a-week, during the session of Parliament. Has never said he intended to disguise himself as a Chelsea Omnibus driver, to arouse the enthusiasm of his passengers. Does not feel himself ridiculous. Never did, that he knows of. Has a contempt for *Punch*. Has never had articles rejected. Has made jokes. Believes they were considered bad, but thought them good himself.

DEGIMUS BURTON, Esq., Architect. (*The witness was supported into the room, and was exceedingly faint during the whole time of his examination*)—Is sorry to say that he is the architect of the arch on Constitution Hill—little thought he should ever regret it. The arch is not fit for the pedestal of such a statue. It is too big for a pedestal. With such a figure on it, will be too small for an arch. Gives up his reputation to posterity. The proportions are dreadful. The arch is sixty-seven feet high. The Statue, with its plinth, will be forty. It will look top-heavy. Has his own design for a figure to surmount the arch. Was never consulted about the WELLINGTON Statue. Felt it much—was in a strait jacket for some weeks. Is better now, but does not expect to get over it. Thinks, if the sub-Committee had seen him when he saw the design, they would have changed their minds. Doubts if they have any minds to change, now. Never threatened to assassinate SIR F. TRENCH. Forgives him, and hopes the public will do the same. The Statue will be the most ridiculous figure, even in London. Does not think he will ever make another design. (*Here water was given to the witness*). Doubts if the figure will come down when once up, unless it breaks down the arch. Has sometimes wished it might. Intends going abroad when it is erected. (*The witness here became inaudible from emotion, and was removed.*)

PUNCH (*examined*).—Is a person of highly cultivated taste. His ancestors came from Italy. Has many relations there now, and is in constant communication with them on matters of art. Has studied the subject of the proposed Statue. Likes it much, for one reason. Lives by joking, and sees a great prospect of jokes from it. Never saw any absurdity that promised to bring him in so much. The Trafalgar Square Fountains were very good. So was the Nelson Column. This is better than either. Has feelings for Art. His artistic feeling is outraged by the erection of this figure. Has never said he could pull it down if put up. Has said he would try. Intends to try. Hopes to succeed.

SIR F. TRENCH attempted to assault this witness on leaving the Committee Room. He was taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Signed, THE COMPETENT PERSONS.

THE CENSOR IN SPAIN.

SPANISH newspapers are at the present time two-thirds blank paper; for the Censor—

"Breathes o'er the page his purity of soul,
 Corrects each error, and refines the whole—"

by slashing out whole sentences. Thus, the *Espectador* comes out after this fashion:—

"All true Spaniards . . . And thus our beloved country
 "The Infanta by her marriage . . . in
 our next."

Very eloquent these blanks! What trumpet flourishes do they give of freedom!

The Ladies and the Savans.

THE British Association, having come to the determination to admit Ladies as members, Mrs. Gamp has been regularly enrolled, with all the necessary formalities. She formerly had much reputation as an archaeologist, and was famous for the production of several huge columns, of great antiquity. Geology has lately been her chief pursuit, and she picked up last year some very valuable fragments of the primary deposits in railway-advertisements; but recent convulsions have prevented her from continuing her labours with success in this direction.

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

TALE THE SECOND.



UCUMBING to a wish emanating, as we hear, from the very highest quarter, a combination has been formed among the leading members of the aristocracy, for the promotion of an object as creditable to their taste as to their patriotism. The following circular, which has been issued by this distinguished confederacy, and with a sight of which we have been favoured, will best explain their intentions:—

REVIVAL OF THE DRAMA.
(Under Distinguished Patronage.)

“It has long been suspected by us, the undersigned, that we have not made, exactly, the best use that we might have made of the facilities which our wealth and position have given us for affording encouragement to the British Drama.

“We find that, from a peculiar confluence of circumstances, our patronage of the Stage has been, for many years, confined to the Italian Opera; so that an establishment, essentially foreign, has acquired the singularly inappropriate title of *HER MAJESTY'S Theatre*.

“On inquiring of ourselves what are the reasons which have induced us exclusively to patronise this place of amusement, we can readily discover nothing to account for our preference of it, except the fact that it is a fashionable *rendezvous*. For modern Italian composition is at such a low ebb, that we derive little pleasure from listening to it, when we do listen, which is seldom the case; for we find, upon reflection, that when we are at the Opera we are generally laughing and talking throughout the whole of the performance.

“It has therefore occurred to us that we might be just as much delighted and entertained at any other theatre as we are at the Opera House, provided only, that it were a place of fashionable resort. And to give any such theatre this character, we know that we have but to exert our influence.

“These considerations have been forced upon us, first, by the rumour that another Italian Opera is to be instituted at Covent Garden; secondly, by the fact that the representations of SHAKESPEARE are limited to Sadler's Wells and the Surrey Theatre.

“Hardly any of us, till lately, were acquainted with SHAKESPEARE, further than with the few passages of his writings contained in the ‘Elegant Extracts,’ and forming our stock of quotations in Parliament and at public meetings. We confess, too, that we believed him to be an over-rated writer, in addition to being out of date; and we even own that his repute among the vulgar had given us a certain prejudice against him. On an attentive perusal of his writings, however, we must admit that the epithets of Divine and Immortal, commonly applied to SHAKESPEARE, are, in a qualified sense, scarcely too highly laudatory. And we are fully convinced of the fact that those writings have really a refining and exalting, as well as humanising tendency, whilst we certainly cannot say quite so much of the postures and gyrations of a ballet-dancer.

“Anxious, as we naturally are, for the dignity of our order, we cannot view, without alarm, an influence at work among the lower classes, (we allude particularly to the Surrey population, and that of Islington), which threatens to elevate those persons to a level of refinement and intellect equal to our own. At the same time, we would gladly witness any improvement among the inferior ranks; but still we are desirous to maintain our intellectual relation to them.

“Accordingly, without intending to withdraw our patronage from the Opera House, we have come to the determination to support, by our

frequent attendance, one of our National Theatres, or some equivalent establishment, at which the plays of SHAKESPEARE shall be represented, together with the works of the other elder dramatists, and also any modern productions of merit that may be brought forward. We believe that we shall thus not only fulfil a very important duty to the public, but also materially strengthen our claims to its respect; and we invite all our fellow-members of the aristocracy with whom these considerations have any weight, to co-operate with us in carrying out our resolution.”

This is the second story that *Punch* begs to tell—to the Marines.

THE GLORY OF LAURIE.

THE beautiful affection which links together his Majesty LOUIS-PHILIPPE and the Corporation of London is well known. Few pictures more beautifully typify the harmony of France and England than that of MOON,—his subscription-book under his arm,—taking a family dinner and extensive orders at St. Cloud. Other civic dignitaries (though they generally sink the shop) have enjoyed the royal hospitality of France. We believe indeed that “*Alderman de Londres*” is an irresistible passport to the dinners and heart of the Citizen King. His Majesty, it is well known, is very much in the habit of being shot at. The moment the event is announced in London, the Corporation is in a flutter of delight. Addresses are voted, deputations drawn by lot, and the lucky members rush off to Paris, drive straight, with their carpet bags, to a royal residence, there to avail themselves, in the most free and easy manner, of the kingly hospitality. In return for this ready entertainment, his Majesty KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE is unanimously considered by the Corporation the greatest monarch who ever reigned. He is the only King who has ever shown a true appreciation of Aldermen.

MR. SHERIFF LAURIE has lately had the honour of a royal invitation to Neuilly. He has informed the public of the fact, in a circular addressed to all the morning and evening papers. He has neglected to send one to *Punch*; but we indulge him with a commentary notwithstanding.

MR. SHERIFF LAURIE is the worthy nephew of a wonderful uncle, SIR PETER, the Putter-down. MR. SHERIFF LAURIE is a philanthropist. There are several orders of philanthropists. Amongst these is one which we may call “*Brummagem philanthropy*.” It glories in meetings, and delights to parade itself on platforms. It licks the shoes of benevolent lords, and is especially great after public dinners. It jumps at testimonials; and, if it have done nothing to justify the tribute, will accept it for what it intends to perform. It seldom fails to make its own fortune, and helps many to the same end. When they propose its bust, it tries to blush, but hides by giving way to its fellow-citizens. It is bustling and braggart where charity is fashionable, and benefactors' names printed in capitals. Its right hand carefully records the works of its left. It jingles its coin like a bell, before depositing it in the plate, and rather than want a flourish over a good deed, will, on a pinch, blow its own trumpet.

MR. SHERIFF LAURIE has blown his four *tan-ta-ras* in one.

Blast the First.—O Yes! I, JOHN LAURIE, Sheriff of London and Middlesex, have dined with LOUIS-PHILIPPE, King of the French!

Blast the Second.—O Yes! I, JOHN LAURIE, &c., in the interval of relaxation from my official duties, am inspecting the prisons of France!!

Blast the Third.—O Yes! I, JOHN LAURIE, &c., am on my way to Belgium and Holland, for the same benevolent and philanthropic purpose!!!

Blast the Fourth.—O Yes! I, JOHN LAURIE, &c., intend, at a future period, to proceed to Germany, to get statistical information!!!

Cock-a-Doodle-Do!

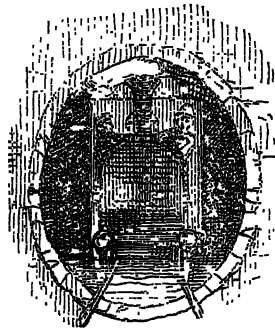
In mercy to MR. SHERIFF LAURIE we refrain from a grammatical analysis of his remarkable letter. But we feel, as a genuine philanthropist, that our *bâton* is never so well employed as over the shoulders of those who mix up with the solid marble of good works the rubbish of their own ignorant vanity, and popularity-hunting conceit. We respectfully suggest to SIR PETER LAURIE the propriety of “putting down” his egregious nephew.

RAILWAY POACHING.

A STEAM Engine on the Eastern Counties Railway lately killed a covey of partridges which happened to be on the line. We wonder some of our Game-Law advocates have not prosecuted the engine for killing game without a license. MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY at all events should try his favourite remedy, and give the engine “a punch on the head.”

NOT A BAD MOVE.—JOSEPH ADY has written to the Wellington Statue to say, if a guinea is instantly remitted, he can tell it something to its advantage.

THE LAST NEW RAILWAY SCHEME.



UR modern projectors having exhausted the old world of railways above ground, have invented a new world of a subterranean kind, in which they propose to construct lines "under the present wide, leading streets of London." This is a magnificent notion for relieving the over-crowded thoroughfares, and at the same time relieving any particularly over-crowded pocket from its oppressive burden. The prospectus states that the thing "can be accomplished without any serious engineering difficulties." The difficulties, instead of being serious, will, we suppose, be merely laughable. If any great dilemma should arise, it will of

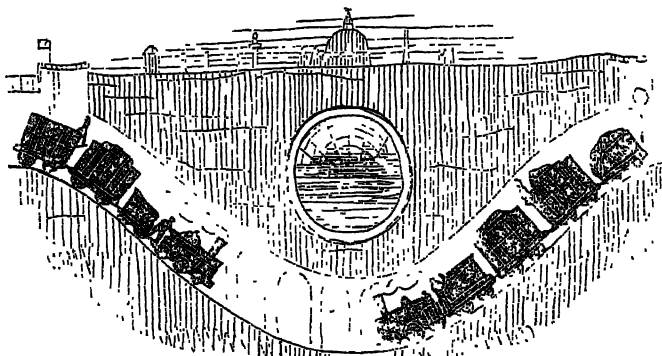
course be overcome by a little jocularly. We understand that a survey has already been made, and that many of the inhabitants along the line have expressed their readiness to place their coal-cellars at the disposal of the company. It is believed that much expense may be saved by taking advantage of areas, kitchens, and coal-holes already made, through which the trains may run without much inconvenience to the owners, by making a judicious arrangement of the time-table. It will certainly be awkward if a family should be waiting for a scuttle of coals, and should not be able to get it until after the train had gone by; but a little domestic foresight, seconded by railway punctuality, will obviate all annoyances of this kind.

As the contemplated railway must in several places be carried through the sides and centre of a street, it will be necessary to arrange with the gas and water companies, so that they may all co-operate in this great national work. If the atmospheric principle should be adopted, arrangements could perhaps be entered into to obtain the use of the principal main belonging to the water-works as a continuous valve; for if we are to judge by the arrangements on the Croydon line, this continuous valve is a tremendous pipe, which merely lies in the middle of the line without being used.

The Sewers, by the way, would, with a little enlargement, answer all the purposes of the projectors of this scheme. It is true they are half full of water; but this would not prevent the carriages from being propelled, and the wheels might be sufficiently high to keep the bodies of the carriages and the feet of the passengers out of the wet.

Considering the frequent stoppages of the existing thoroughfares, the scheme really seems to deserve encouragement. "Nothing is wanted," says the prospectus, "for this grand undertaking, but public support." If the people will only come down with their money, we should not wonder at seeing the company get as far as half-a-dozen advertisements in the daily papers, and a brass plate in the City. Those who are disposed to sink a little capital cannot do better than bury it under the Metropolis in the manner proposed.

We perceive that no amount of deposit is named, and nothing is said of the number or nominal value of the shares. The Secretary is announced to be in attendance to receive deposits from eleven to two; though, whether he gets any is, in our opinion, ten to one.



A PROPHECIC VIEW OF THE SUBTERRANEAN RAILWAYS.

Incendiary Invention.

A NEW lucifer match has been invented by KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE. It is the marriage of his son, the DUC DE MONTPENSIER with the young QUEEN OF SPAIN'S sister; which threatens to set all Spain, if not Europe, in a blaze.

LOST PLEASURES!

THE *Post* in its criticism of *To Parents and Guardians* at the Lyceum—a charming piece of natural writing, by the way, in which Mr. WIGAN acts an old French usher superbly—the *Post* is very eloquent on the sufferings of the poor emigrants employed at schools:—

"We ourselves knew an *émigré* who had commanded a brigade of cavalry reduced to the command of a class of which he was the butt. If his eyes rested on the desk, he saw the caricature of a lean Frenchman holding up a frog by its hind leg. The exercises were accompanied by sketches of a well-fed Englishman and a starved Frenchman; and did he by accident turn his head, a fish-hook was fixed in his well-powdered hair and queue. *These times and these manners are past, and we have now in their stead Young France, the *barbe bouque*, and French in six lessons!*"

It is impossible not to sympathise with the *Post* in its sorrowing for these departed pleasures. To sketch lean Frenchmen and frogs, and to fix fish-hooks in the queues of Gallic ushers, were enjoyments that strengthened in the British youth those heroic prejudices that flattered them with the belief that they were the born-enemies of France. But these joys are past. Now we learn French, if not in six lessons, certainly without the accompanying enjoyment of caricaturing and tormenting our teacher. And there is no doubt, should we ever again go to war, and be beaten by "our wily neighbours," that we shall owe the discomfiture to the fact, that the British youth no longer quiz, and mock, and ill-use their early French teachers. Great were the national uses of fish-hooks, applied as above!

LORD RIPON TO HIS CURATE.

I give thee all, I will no more,
Though poor the offering be:
A donkey and a cover'd cart
Are all I've got for thee;
An ass, whose gentle pace reveals
He knows his duty well;
And, better far, a cart whose wheels
The donkey can propel.

Though cart and ass may fail, alas!
To swell your curate's pay,
At least they'll make time lighter pass,
By riding out each day;
And e'en if care should sometimes dart
A momentary pain,
A little jolting in the cart
Will drive it off again!

Shall Lambert Jones have a Bust?

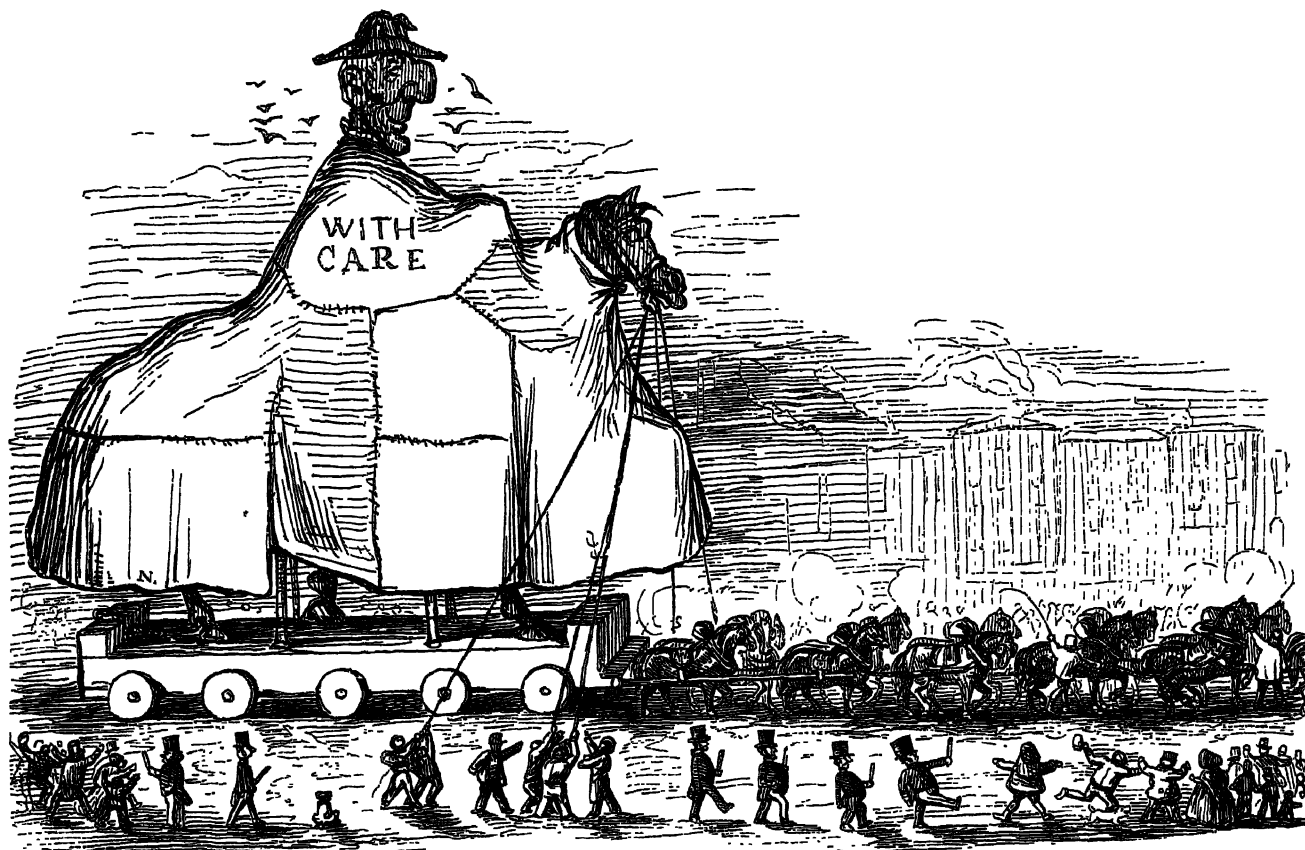
THIS pregnant question has been loudly answered in the affirmative by the Court of Common Council. LAMBERT JONES has a bust. Mr. PRENDERGAST vehemently opposed the motion, inasmuch as JONES was neither sailor nor soldier; had never fought at Trafalgar or Waterloo; and was therefore not fit company for LORD NELSON, who (Mr. P. no doubt thought, though he did not so express himself) would some fine morning move himself to "a more retired ground," in sublime disgust of his civilian neighbour. When we consider the martial character of the City of London; when we remember (as we do with touching emotion) that the LORD MAYOR is always selected from the Admiralty or the Horse Guards; that nearly all the Aldermen wear Waterloo medals, and sit upon the bench in cocked hats and with swords at their sides; when we are admonished that the Royal Exchange is not truly, what it is vulgarly believed to be, a fabric devoted to commercial purposes, but is, in fact, the City Arsenal, containing twenty thousand stand of arms, with bombs, rockets, and all the other glorious and glorifying chattels of war;—when we remember all these things, we do not think it right that LAMBERT JONES—a mere civilian, one "who never set a squadron in the field," should stand in stone, cheek by jowl with the immortal NELSON.

However, JONES is in, and will of course be followed by other ignoble citizens. LAURIE himself will, we expect, be erected in *terra cotta*, with this significant inscription on his pedestal:—"He put down Suicide, and—the Wood Pavement!"

DISEASED TURNIPS.

SEVERAL paragraphs have appeared in the papers stating that the turnips are going in all directions. We beg leave to say that we have got a tremendous turnip—a large metal watch—whose disease consists in a determination not to go at all.

THE PROCESSION OF THE STATUE.



We shall, unfortunately, be at press before the ceremony of dragging the Statue to its destination is performed; but there is little difficulty in saying what should be the order of proceeding on this tremendous occasion. As to the horses of GODINE, the brewer, they will be, of course, up to their work, for they will, after all, be only employed in their ordinary duties. They are accustomed to carrying barrels, and they will find nothing strange to them in being compelled to drag the greatest butt in London. The only thing to be apprehended is the possibility of the brewer's horses looking round at the metal brute, taking fright at the horrible object, and running away with it. The driver of the "forty-in-hand" must hold them in pretty tight; for if they should happen to be "off, off, and away," there is no knowing where the Statue might, after all, be deposited. It is rather a bold experiment to write a report of an event before it occurs, particularly when the description will go into the hands of the public after the event has happened.

We nevertheless trust to our usual foresight, tact, luck, sagacity, and other qualities which our modesty will not allow us to mention, and proceed to give a description of the procession that accompanied

the Statue of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON from Mr. WYATT'S studio to Hyde Park Corner.

The *cortège* commenced with one of those miscellaneous specimens of the British public that are always found ready to run in advance of anything unusual that is being conveyed through the streets of the metropolis. Next came a handsome equipage,—we mean a HANSON Cab,—carrying SIR FREDERICK TRENCH, horsewhip in hand, and hat ornamented with extra eye-glass. The honourable baronet attended as the personification of the taste of the Statue Committee. He was immediately followed by a band of "competent persons" in a furniture-van, proceeding to give their opinion upon that elevation which will prove that it would be "all up" with Art if these "competent persons" were permitted to prevail on all occasions.

Next came the Statue of the DUKE, covered with a huge piece of canvassing, previous to its being placed on the arch to be canvassed by the passengers.

Finally came the British Public, expressing a decided opinion, by shouts and gestures, against the gross violation of taste that was about to be perpetrated.

POWER OF THE POPE.

A TERRIBLE murder has been committed near Ancona: the victim, the CHEVALIER ABBE STEWART; the assassin, being only nineteen is not, according to the Roman laws, sufficiently ripe for the scaffold. He may however, it seems, be matured by the benign influence of the Pope, just as cucumbers are ripened by the sun: for the Pope can "lend the culprit a few years," in order to fit him for the guillotine; and this paternal loan the British Consul has, it is said, prayed at the hands of his holiness. There is great papal ingenuity in presenting a man with two year's nominal life, to take away at once the actual nineteen. Capital interest this for a Pope's loan!

The Cortes.

THE Cortes have been civilly convoked by the QUEEN OF SPAIN, to hear the glad tidings of the double marriage. This national patriotic body have followed the orders of the Minister. They came to listen, and not to speak. In obedience to commands, they brought their ears (long ones, too), and left their tongues at home.

Sending Horses to Arabia.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE has sent the EMPEROR OF MOROCCO six French horses, which, considering the swiftness of French horses in general, must be about as valuable to the Emperor as half-a-dozen razors would be to QUEEN VICTORIA. If LOUIS-PHILIPPE has sent them to the Emperor for the purpose of catching ABD-EL-KADER, we are afraid the Emperor will be a long time before he will be able to put the saddle on the right horse.

A QUESTION FOR THE SAVANS.

It is said the British Association for the Advancement of Science chose Southampton for its place of meeting this year, in order to ascertain how many Hampshire Hogs it would take to produce a BACON.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 4, York Place, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, St. Paul's Churchyard, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 65, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1846.

Matrimonial Dictionary.



BEAR is a term of entreaty, usually employed before strangers. It is meant to imply affection. It is sometimes used at home, but is generally received with suspicion.

MY DEAR. The above, with a slight infusion of dignity.

DUCK. A term of affection that goes in with the wedding-day, and goes out with the honey-moon.

DUCKER. The comparative of **DUCK**. **TOOTSX, MOOTSX,** and all words ending in *tsy*, are terms of great endearment. The exact meaning of them has never been ascertained. They are never heard after thirty.

PSEA! A powerful contradiction, or involuntary dissent.

NONSENSE. A negative of intense contempt.

DEARY ME. An exclamation of great impatience—a word expressive of the fidgets.

BOTHER means trouble, irritation, teasing, vexation. It is a word of petulant anger in great request. "Don't bother me" is equivalent to the French "*tu m'embêtes.*"

LOVE is only used when coaxing is required, as "Do; there's a love." It is also a superlative, conveying the highest praise, *ex. gr.*: "The love of a fellow." "The love of a goose."

TOODLEDUMS. See **TOOTSX.**

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER XIII.

My thoughts full of the foot-mark, it may be supposed that I slept but little that night. Indeed, for many nights afterwards, my rest was disturbed by dreams of cannibals; and again and again I deplored my roving habits and the inconstancy of my disposition. And then the thought returned, that the mark was not of a human foot, but that of a spirit, enamoured of me. And then I would argue with myself—if a spirit, why should it leave its mark where it was only by the merest accident I saw it? Why not have come at once to my hut, and put the question? Again I would comfort myself that it was the mark of my own foot, grossly exaggerated, of course, by the wind or some other natural but mysterious cause. And then I again visited the foot-print, and, taking measure of its dimensions, felt that, under no circumstances, it could be mine.

Months passed on, and I was alternately agitated by these thoughts. Time, however, brought back my old composure; and I was once more enabled to stir abroad without the fear of being eaten. However, I took the precaution of never quitting home without my pistol, which I never fired. In the first place, I was afraid that the noise might be heard by the savages, if any were on the island; and in the next, I had always a very natural and very lady-like fear of fire-arms. Besides my pistol, I slung a sword—a cutlass, I believe they call it—over my shoulder; and thus equipped, my appearance very much reminded me of a lady that, in happier days, I had seen at **ASTLEY'S**.

I ought not to omit to state that, for better security of myself and property, I searched all over the island, and happily discovered a deep dark cave, hollowed by art or nature (it matters not which) in a rock. To this place, with much trouble, I removed some of my very best dresses, my metal looking-glass, and other treasures that I valued most. In this cave I resolved, at the worst, to take shelter, should the savages threaten me.

One morning, when it was scarcely daylight—for I will say this for myself, I was always an early riser—I was astonished with seeing a light of some fire upon the shore, about two miles distant. I was convinced it was the fire of the savages, and ran back to my hut, to keep close for the day. Curiosity, however, forbade this, and I resolved to go forth and reconnoitre. Slinging my sword-belt, and looking to the priming of my pistol, whilst I trembled excessively, I sallied forth, and climbed a high hill to take a better survey. Laying myself flat upon the ground, and arranging the sight of my double opera-glass,

that I had taken on purpose, I saw about thirty savages—Amazons, all of them—dancing round a fire, and two victims ready to be roasted. One of these I saw fall, and the next moment the other bounded forward like an Italian greyhound, running to the part of the island where my habitation was.

You may be sure of it, at this I was in a pretty twitter. However I lay close, and saw the frightened wretch come on, pursued by two of the Amazons; who, however, continued to lose ground with almost every step. Coming to a deep stream, the fugitive plunged in, one of the pursuers boldly following, but swimming heavily after the victim. The other paused at the brink of the stream, and—as the reader may have done in a bathing-machine,—just felt the water with a single foot, withdrawing it, and shivering at the cold. Thus, I plucked up heart, for I found that I had but one enemy to contend with.

At this moment, it came into my thoughts that I should obtain what, all the time I had been upon the island, I had so much yearned for; namely, a lady's-maid, with no permanent followers. With this view, cocking my pistol, and drawing my sword, I rushed down the hill, and so placed myself between the runaway and the pursuer. Both parties, you may believe, were somewhat astonished to behold me; but, recovering from the surprise, the pursuing Amazon was quietly fixing an arrow—against which my rabbit-skin would have been but a poor defence—when, turning aside my head, and leaving my shot to luck, I snapped the trigger, and killed my woman.

Now, the sound of the pistol brought the savage who had fled, to a dead stand-still. Whereupon I made all sorts of encouraging motions to her to approach; using the same pantomime that, under the like circumstances, I had seen at the Opera. At length, the poor wench took heart, and came gracefully—as to slow music—to me. Then she sunk upon her knees; then taking my foot—she was, I thought, evidently astonished at its smallness—she put it upon her head, as much as to say, she had a proper notion of the duty of a servant, and that I might, if I liked, duly trample upon her.

In a little time, the wench seemed to feel quite at her ease, and scratching up the sand, intimated that she would bury the dead Amazon; and this she did, apparently with the greatest pleasure in life, in about a quarter-of-an-hour.

After this, I took the girl to my hut, and gave her some raisins and biscuit; and what seemed at once to win her heart, a few drops of *Eau de Cologne* on lump-sugar, at which her eyes began to sparkle, and to remind me of my boarding-school days at Blackheath.

The girl was, for a negress, a very good-looking girl. I have seen much flatter noses, and much bigger lips owned by white Christians. Her figure, too, was, for a savage, very genteel. Her feet, to be sure, were a little clumsy; but then, when we come seriously to think of it, how very few people have small feet!

It was extraordinary how soon the wench began to talk and understand me; whereupon, I let her know that her name was Friday, as she began service with me on that day. And I was very grateful when I looked upon her. For I thought to myself, "Now I no longer need make my own fire, and can henceforth have my breakfast in bed."

WHAT TO DO WITH BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



Mr. HUME and others it has been suggested to convert Buckingham Palace into a Museum and National Gallery. Now that the Royal Family, like the Spectre of Otranto, is becoming too large for its habitation, it is certain that the Palace, somehow, must be applied to another than its present purpose. It may be a very good plan to render that building, which can no longer furnish a nursery to Royalty, a nursery of Art and Science; but we think we can suggest a better. Why should not the Royal lodging, when vacated, be made to contribute to the payment of the expenses of building another? Let the different apartments in the Palace out to the different metropolitan exhibitionists. The Industrious Fleas might be established in the Green Drawing Room; Miss LINWOOD's Exhibition might be transferred to the Picture Gallery; the Banqueting Room might be tenanted by the Speaking Automaton; the Throne Room might receive MADAME TISSAUD's Collection, and the FOURTH GEORGE, resuming his seat, would look, in his robes, as large and natural as life. The Hall of Buckingham might be converted into the Hall of Rome, whilst the private apartments might be appropriately taken possession of by TOM TRUMB. Thus might this edifice, which is at present neither ornamental nor useful, at all events acquire a title to the latter epithet. So much for Buckingham—Palace!

A BOON TO NEWSPAPERS.



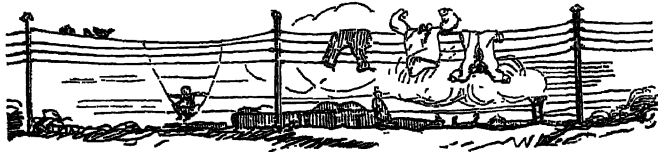
As this is the time of the year when newspapers, who have not too many advertisements are puzzled to fill up their columns, owing to the absence of Parliament and the difficulty of finding subjects to be eloquent upon, we subjoin a choice number of paragraphs to be used by Editors as space requires. They will be recognised as old familiar friends, which we are sure our readers will be pleased to meet once again:—

SHOWER OF FROGS.—A most extraordinary shower of frogs fell on the little town of Cheatham on Tuesday last. The Mayor, who was passing up the High Street at the time, was nearly knocked off his horse. A poor milkwoman had her pails completely filled with them; and a family of distinction had twenty-five jars of apricot jelly and

gooseberry jam, which were left out in a back yard to cool, perfectly destroyed by them. The Secretary of the Mechanics' Institute has calculated, from a specimen which has been sent, with a corroborated account of the phenomenon, to the British Museum, that there must have fallen in the neighbourhood not less than 28,427 of these frogs. They are supposed to have been blown over by a strong northerly wind from one of the numerous frog-preserves in the South of France.—*Cheatham Independent.*

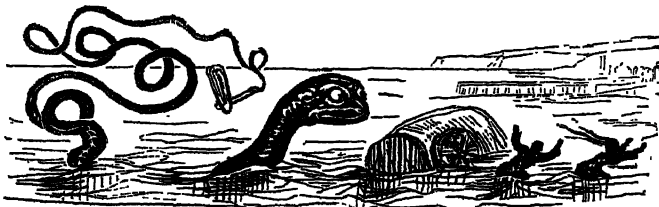
EXTRAORDINARY VORACITY OF THE PIKE.—Mr. SPOONEY, of Spooner Lodge, was reading the *Morning Herald* a fortnight ago on the beautiful banks of the river Dee, when he took out his hack-knife to cut the pages. He was fishing for gudgeons at the time, and having a beautiful bite, laid down the paper and the knife on the grass till he had secured his prey. However, when he looked for them again, they had both disappeared. His astonishment can be better conceived than described, when he found them inside the belly of a pike which he caught yesterday in the same pond. The *Morning Herald* had evidently been swallowed entire, but there was nothing left of it but the leaders. This incredible instance of the voracity of the pike was sent off by express to the Society for the Advancement of British Science, which was sitting luckily at the time at Southampton.—*Coventry-Courier Journal.*

SINGULAR EFFECT OF THE LIGHTNING.—The lightning, during the dreadful storm of the 10th ultimo, played some curious tricks on the electric telegraph which runs from Slooperton to Knowsbridge. Some shirts which had been hung out to dry were completely burnt through,



whilst a covey of partridges which were sitting on the wire, not far off, were killed dead by the violence of the shock. One of the guards made a capital pie of them. The needles of the telegraph were also set in motion. The clerk at each station, thinking it was a message, reduced the movements to writing. Upon comparing the two notes, one turned out to be "What will you have to drink?" whilst all the clerk could make out of the other was the figure ten three times repeated, which made the answer, curious enough, "XXX."—*Epping Champion.*

THE AMERICAN SEA SERPENT.—The American sea-serpent appeared off the Isle of Thanet for two days last week. Two young ladies who had ventured out in the sea rather far, whilst bathing, and were dancing the Cellarius before the pier, were nearly carried off.



The persons who were looking on, received a dreadful shock. Two bathing machines were lifted off their wheels by the enormous swell

and quickly disappeared; they were afterwards found at Dieppe.—*Ramsgate Looker-on.*

WONDERFUL INSTINCT.—An old grouse has been in the habit, for the last five years, of leaving the Moors regularly on the 10th of August, and settling in London during the shooting season. He was accompanied this year by a black cock and three young ones. They are at present located, we understand, in Leicester Square.—*The Calendarian Haggis.*

ASTONISHING MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—We have been assured by a correspondent, that Mrs. SIMS, of Eve Court, has an old birch-broom which is actually budding.—*Islington Iris.*

RAILWAY LUXURIES.

The Smoking Saloon on the Eastern Counties is only the first of a series of luxuries which it is intended to bestow upon travellers by railway. It is in contemplation to run a refreshment-room with every train, so that people will have time allowed them to eat the articles sold, instead of being restricted as at present to the privilege of payment. Various plans have been suggested to enable passengers to swallow a cup of boiling tea or coffee, or a basin of hot soup in a minute and a half, but it has been proved that the period specified is quite insufficient for such a purpose. It has been suggested that there might be kept and sold at all the refreshment rooms a preparation similar to that which enabled a certain MONSIEUR CHABERT some years ago to swallow melted lead without any inconvenience. Others have proposed that parties should be allowed to take soup or tea into the carriage with them, and send back the cup or basin by the up or down train, with a return ticket fastened to the piece of crockery as a proof of its contents having been paid for.

The most feasible scheme is, however, a portable refreshment-room, one of which should travel with every train; and it might be advisable to have the boiler of the engine supplied with soup instead of plain water. It has been calculated that the steam produced from the former liquid, would have much greater force than the vapour arising from the latter, and the power of the pea in pea soup would have a wonderful influence on the speed of the locomotive.

A circulating library and reading-room will also be shortly placed on the Eastern Counties, and passengers will be at liberty to subscribe by the mile, or by the whole journey. There will be a Mechanics' Institute for the third class, and the secretary has kindly undertaken to deliver a course of lectures on Anatomy, Life Insurance, and other subjects likely to prove useful to persons travelling on this railway.

REWARDS FOR STARVATION.

The Dunmow Agricultural Society have been giving away what they call "rewards for virtue." We think them rewards for the peacefulness of hunger. For instance:—

"To the widow of a labourer in husbandry who had brought up the largest family with the least parochial relief, was devoted a scarlet cloak; and to the second in degree was presented a wash-tub and clothes-basket."

Thus it is something to see, through the vista of long years of poverty and privation, the promised glory of a scarlet cloak! A capital plan, too, on the part of the Society, to serve hunger like a whale, and "throw a tub" to it.

"To the married couple, the labourer and wife, who had brought up the greatest number of children with little or no parochial relief, was given, not a filch of bacon, as was formerly the case, but a gammon thereof."

We think the "gammon" peculiarly significant. It offers, too, a delicious illustration of the charity of the Dunmow Society, for truly these rewards are gammon—all gammon—and nothing but gammon.

A Good Beginning.

We have great pleasure in stating that the funds of the Repeal Association are, for the future, to be devoted exclusively to the purchase of meal and Indian corn, which are to be distributed amongst the poorest class of Irish. MR. O'CONNELL has given notice of a motion to the above effect, and there is not the slightest doubt that, with his powerful influence, the resolution will be carried into execution directly. The weekly rent has already risen.

Louis-Philippe's Letter.

It is said that the King of the French has written a letter of twelve sides to QUEEN VICTORIA, to mollify Her Majesty towards the Spanish match. We do not remember, even in the *Newgate Calendar*, so long a defence of child-stealing.

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

TALE THE THIRD.



UNCH fancies, Marines, that you little know what is going on a-shore. You, whose shooting is confined to the enemies of your country,—who shoot you in return,—can form no idea of shooting as an amusement; still less can you conceive the intense delight that is taken in it as sport by country gentlemen. The Marines themselves would not believe what a deal of pains they are at; what hosts of gamekeepers they keep, what expenses they incur, what labours they undergo as justices of the peace, in order to secure this gratification. And now they are about to sacrifice it! To what?—you will ask. Marines, to the prevention of crime; to the good of our fellow men. In all your annals, we will be bound to say you never met with such an example of self-denial. But the truth is, that the amount of misery and demoralisation at the cost of which the Game Laws have been enforced, would surpass the limits of your credulity. Know, now, however, that this dreadful state of things is to last no longer. A paragraph has gone the round of the papers, stating that the game in Windsor Forest was under strict preservation till it should please His ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT to take the field. We are authorised to give this statement the fullest contradiction. The Prince has too much the welfare of his consort's people at heart, to countenance, by his example, the maintenance of a system which fills with her Majesty's subjects, her Majesty's gaols. Nay, we are assured that His Royal Highness has gone further. Not only has he pensioned off all the gamekeepers in his service; but he has been heard to express his earnest wish that every nobleman and gentleman would do the like. And most happy are we to state that this decided expression of opinion on the part of the Prince, has led to the establishment of an Anti-Game-Law-League, of which, but for certain constitutional considerations, he would have undertaken the office of President. Under these circumstances, the Presidency of the Anti-Game-Law-League has been assumed by the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. The Vice-President is the DUKE OF RICHMOND, and the secretaryship has been assigned, by the noblemen and gentlemen forming the League, forgetful of ancient grudges, to MR. JOHN BRIGHT, as the person practically best adapted to discharge its duties.

MR. BRIGHT has issued a prospectus of the League, which, he informs us, already includes among its members, 12 Dukes, 50 Peers, 10,000 Squires, 300,000 Farmers, 9 Bishops, 80 Parsons, 1 Poacher, and 1 Prince. The Treasurer is MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY himself; and from this fact alone the reaction against the Game Laws, which has taken place among the landed gentry, may be judged of. The honourable gentleman has published a pamphlet, explanatory of the motives of his conversion; which are, a perception of the impossibility of maintaining the existing laws, and of the monstrous evils they occasion. These, MR. BERKELEY declares, are such, that, attached as he is to his dog and gun, he would rather shoot the one with the other and then fling both into the sea, than witness any longer an extent of mischief so appalling. Parsons, he says, are sick of preaching, parliament of legislating, magistrates of committing, judges of trying prisoners, for the protection of game; and he is himself sick of advocating it.

The Council of the Anti-Game-Law-League comprises most of the late, and all the present Ministers; and, as the voice of the country is with them, there now exists not the shadow of a doubt that the Game Laws will be repealed in the next session of Parliament.

The meetings of the Anti-Game-Law-League are held, *pro tempore*, at the Carlton Club, until a suitable Hall shall be erected for its accommodation; which, however, since the days of the Game Laws are so completely numbered, will probably not be required.

The League has already promulgated some valuable statistics, setting forth:—1. The amount of committals under the Game Laws; also of capital executions consequent on their operation, within the last ten years. 2. The number of killed and wounded in poaching affrays during the same period. 3. The value of agricultural property destroyed annually by game. Its prospectus also assigns as one of the reasons for its formation, the disgust felt by its members at noblemen and gentlemen being mere poulterers, which many of them have become, through the system of preservation.

Lastly, it has proposed, as the subject for a prize essay, the question, "Whether Game is Property?" one which, we should think, would be sufficiently settled by the fact, that when a partridge flies off one man's land, it may legally be appropriated by another.

"And this is the third story that *Punch* has the pleasure of telling—to the Marines.

PUNCH'S CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.



Apprentice. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, SHALL I FILL UP MRS. TWADDLE'S DRAUGHTS WITH WATER?"

Practitioner. "DEAR, DEAR ME, MR. BOMPS, HOW OFTEN MUST I MENTION THE SUBJECT? WE NEVER USE WATER—*Aqua destillata*, IF YOU PLEASE!"

MRS. HARRIS A WITCH.

MRS. HARRIS declared the other day that she was afraid to predict that there will be a war between France and England, for her predictions—especially when they prophesy evil—are almost always verified. We recommend the old lady to give up journalism at once, and take to telling fortunes—or misfortunes—a trade for which she is much better fitted than for that which she professes to follow. We beg leave to suggest that she should write in her columns the following advertisement:—

MRS. HARRIS begs leave to inform the public that she casts nativities, tells fortunes, and dives into futurity upon very moderate terms. Individuals sending the date of their birth, may have a prediction inserted as a leading article on moderate terms; or *Mrs. Harris* may be consulted personally any day between the hours of twelve and two, at Bridge Street, Blackfriars. Political predictions may be had at a reduced rate, in consequence of the great accumulation now on hand, including the celebrated prophecy that SIR R. PEEL would not propose a repeal of the Corn Laws, and that LORD GEORGE BENTINCK would be Prime Minister within the next twelve months. Protectionist orators can be supplied with forebodings of the ruin of the country within any period, from six weeks to six years, according to the price agreed upon. Members of Parliament wishing to know the party they will be wedded to, may be furnished with all the particulars, and may ascertain whether the union will be advantageous or otherwise. *Mrs. Harris* has also a Book of Fate, which may be consulted by Ministers for the purpose of ascertaining whether they will be successful in their undertakings, and whether the journey—from the Opposition to the Ministerial benches—will be prosperous.—N.B. Please to ring the top bell, and ask for *Mrs. Harris*.

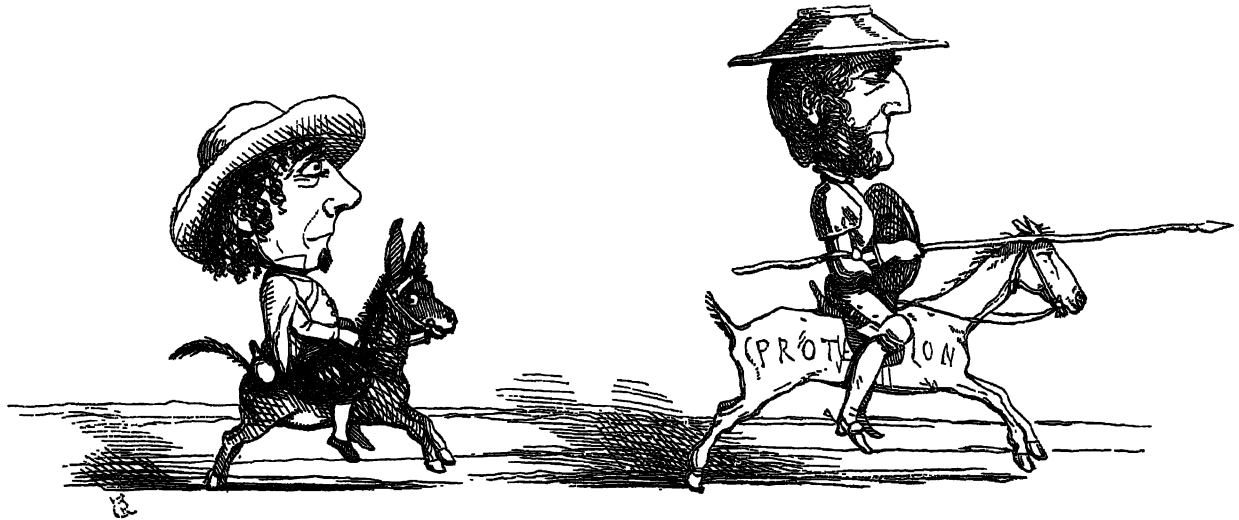
Railway Smoking.

It is announced that the smoking saloons are only to be attached to the fast trains of the Eastern Counties Railway. We presume that the fast trains on this line are those which are stuck fast in consequence of stoppages. It is certainly desirable to allow the passengers, under such circumstances, the opportunity of smoking, instead of leaving them to fume, as they have done hitherto.

"ADIEU, THOU DREARY PILE."

WE sent TOBY, the other day, to inquire after Westminster Bridge. The answer he brought back was, that the poor old invalid was "gradually sinking."

THE PROTECTIONIST DON QUIXOTE.



"We had prepared the above magnificent illustration in full expectation that the Protectionist *Don Quixote* would have been attended by his faithful *Sancho Panza* at the late demonstration at Chelmsford. *Sancho* was absent, whether from jealousy or not we are unable to tell, but he would not come to swell the troop of his leader. Surely *DISRAELI* has not become dizzy with ambition!

The *BENTINCK Don*, nevertheless, rode his steed *Protection* with his usual skill in equestrian matters. He vaulted over all argument, and galloped to a conclusion with his customary vehemence. The quotation

made in reference to *LORD STANLEY* by one of his admirers and followers, wanted the change of a word to make it quite as appropriate to *LORD GEORGE BENTINCK*. Of *LORD STANLEY*, it may be all very well to say

"*Teuero duce et auspicio Teuero. Nil desperandum.*"

but of the Protectionist *Don Quixote*, whose evolutions on the back of a naked hobby are without parallel, except in the annals of *Astley's*, it might truly be said,—

"*Ducrow duce et auspicio Ducrow. Nil desperandum.*"

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.



Elderly Spinster. "So you're going to be married, dear, are you? Well, for my part, I think nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine marriages out of a thousand turn out miserably; but of course every one is the best judge of their own feelings."

A PUBLIC REQUEST.—We sincerely hope, when the *DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S* Statue is put on the summit of the arch, that no unseemly wag will shout out "Tuppence more, and up goes—*SIR FREDERICK TRENCH*."

JERSEY GONE MAD.

This contemptible islet is in a state of tremendous excitement at the idea that the *QUEEN* and *PRINCE ALBERT* were influenced by political motives in their recent visit. Seditious placards have been posted all over the town, calling upon the "*Jersiais*" to be upon their guard, for "*le serpent est sous les fleurs*"—the serpent is under the flowers. We do not understand this allusion to a serpent under the flowers, which sounds to us as absurd as the idea of an ophicleide under the buttercups, or a trombone smothered in onions. According to the manifesto addressed to the *Jersiais*, the *QUEEN* and the *PRINCE* came over to reconnoitre, with the view of finding out the weak points of Jersey, for the purpose of eventually taming down its little spirit and crushing its little liberties. We have no hesitation in saying, that the softest part of the population is the upper story, and Jersey will be knocked on the head if a blow is to be struck in the feeblest portion of its animal economy.

The English Government does not care a button about assimilating the "*Jersiais*" to England in language, and the people of that country may go on talking their *patois* and gibberish as long as they please, for it is very likely that what they have to say is not worth the trouble of trying to comprehend. *Les Jersiais* sadly overrate their consequence if they think that any one wants to interfere with their present constitution, laws and language. Pooh, nonsense! We might as well be told of an intention to subjugate Sark, or to trip up the legs of Man and lay the place prostrate; or perhaps, to come nearer home, we might hear hints of a deep-laid political conspiracy to crush the independence of the *Bel Pies*, or of a frightful project to bring about the annexation of the *Isle of Dogs* to the *Dogger Bank*. *Les Jersiais* may rest perfectly contented under the conviction that they may go on under their present arrangements, so long as they do not render themselves a nuisance to the home Government.

ORGAN OF SATIRE.

An Italian boy was taken into custody by order of *SIR FREDERICK TRENCH*, for playing under the arch of the *DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S* Statue, "Monster, away!"



THE ROYAL FAGIN OF FRANCE INSTRUCTING
HIS BOYS.

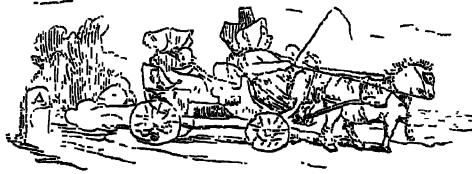
THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXXI.—ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

TREED of the town, where the sight of the closed shutters of the nobility, my friends, makes my heart sick in my walks; afraid almost to sit in those vast Pall Mall solitudes, the Clubs, and of annoying the Club waiters, who might, I thought, be going to shoot in the country, but for me, I determined on a brief tour in the provinces, and paying some visits in the country which were long due.

My first visit was to my friend MAJOR PONTO, (H. P. of the Horse Marines), in Mangelwurzelshire. The Major in his little phaeton, was in waiting to take me up at the station. The vehicle was not certainly



A NICE TURN-OUT FOR THE PARK,

but such a carriage as would accommodate a plain man (as PONTO said he was) and a numerous family. We drove by beautiful fresh fields and green hedges, through a cheerful English landscape; the high road, as smooth and trim as the way in a nobleman's park, was charmingly checkered with cool shade and golden sunshine. Rustics in snowy smock-frocks, jerked their hats off smiling as we passed. Children, with cheeks as red as the apples in the orchards, bobbed curtsies to us at the cottage-doors. Blue church spires rose here and there in the distance: and as the buxom gardener's wife opened the white gate at the Major's little ivy-covered lodge, and we drove through the neat plantations of firs and evergreens, up to the house, my bosom felt a joy and elation which I thought it was impossible to experience in the smoky atmosphere of a town. "Here," I mentally exclaimed, "is all peace, plenty, happiness. Here, I shall be rid of SNOBS. There can be none in this charming Arcadian spot."

STRIPES, the Major's man, (formerly corporal in his gallant corps), received my portmanteau, and an elegant little present, which I had brought from town as a peace-offering to Mrs. PONTO; viz., a cod and oysters from GROVES'S, in a hamper about the size of a coffin.

PONTO's house ("The Evergreens" Mrs. P. has christened it) is a perfect Paradise of a place. It is all over creepers, and bow-windows, and verandahs. A wavy lawn tumbles up and down all round it, with flower-beds of wonderful shapes, and zigzag gravel walks, and beautiful but damp shrubberies of myrtles and glistening leucostimuns, which have procured it its change of name. It was called Little Bullock's Pound in old Doctor PONTO's time. I had a view of the pretty grounds, and the stable, and the adjoining village and church, and a great park beyond, from the windows of the bed-room whither PONTO conducted me. It was the yellow bed-room, the freshest and pleasantest of bed-chambers; the air was fragrant with a large bouquet that was placed on the writing table; the linen was fragrant with the lavender in which it had been laid; the chintz hangings of the bed and the big sofa were, if not fragrant with flowers, at least painted all over with them; the pen-wiper on the table was the imitation of a double dahlia; and there was accommodation for my watch in a sun-flower on the mantelpiece. A scarlet-leafed creeper came curling over the windows, through which the setting sun was pouring a flood of golden light. It was all flowers and freshness. O how unlike those black chimney-pots in St. Alban's Place, London, on which these weary eyes are accustomed to look.

"It must be all happiness here, PONTO," said I, flinging myself down into the snug *bergère*, and inhaling such a delicious draught of country air as all the *millefleurs* of MR. ATKINSON'S shop cannot impart to any the most expensive pocket-handkerchief.

"Nice place, isn't it?" said PONTO. "Quiet and unpretending. I like everything quiet. You've not brought your valet with you? STRIPES will arrange your dressing things;" and that functionary, entering at the same time, proceeded to gut my portmanteau, and to lay out the black kerseymeres, "the rich cut velvet Genoa waistcoat," the white choker, and other polite articles of evening costume, with

great gravity and dispatch. "A great dinner-party," thinks I to myself, seeing their preparations (and not, perhaps, displeased at the idea that some of the best people in the neighbourhood were coming to see me). "Hark, there's the first bell ringing!" said PONTO, moving away; and, in fact, a clamorous harbinger of victuals began clanging from the stable turret, and announced the agreeable fact that dinner would appear in half-an-hour. "If the dinner is as grand as the dinner-bell," thought I, "faith, I'm in good quarters!" and had leisure, during the half-hour's interval, not only to advance my own person to the utmost polish of elegance which it is capable of receiving, to admire the pedigree of the PONTOs hanging over the chimney, and the PONTO crest and arms emblazoned on the wash-hand basin and jug, but to make a thousand reflections on the happiness of a country life—upon the innocent friendliness and cordiality of rustic intercourse; and to sigh for an opportunity of retiring, like PONTO, to my own fields, to my own vine and fig-tree, with a placens uxor in my domus, and a half-score of sweet young pledges of affection sporting round my paternal knee.

Clang! At the end of the thirty minutes, dinner-bell number two pealed from the adjacent turret. I hastened down stairs, expecting to find a score of healthy country folks in the drawing-room. There was only one person there; a tall and Roman-nosed lady, glistening over with bugles, in deep mourning. She rose, advanced two steps, made a majestic curtsy, during which all the bugles in her awful head-dress began to twiddle and quiver—and then said, "Mr. SNOB, we are very happy to see you at the Evergreens," and heaved a great sigh.

This, then, was Mrs. MAJOR PONTO; to whom, making my very best bow, I replied, that I was very proud to make her acquaintance, as also that of so charming a place as the Evergreens.

Another sigh. "We are distantly related, Mr. SNOB," said she, shaking her melancholy head. "Poor dear LORD RUBADUB!"

"O," says I, not knowing what the deuce Mrs. MAJOR PONTO meant. "MAJOR PONTO told me that you were of the Leicestershire Snobs; a very old family, and related to LORD SNOBBINGTON, who married LAURA RUBADUB, who is a cousin of mine, as was her poor dear father, for whom we are in mourning. What a seizure! only sixty-three, and apoplexy quite unknown until now in our family! In life we are in death, Mr. SNOB. Does LADY SNOBBINGTON bear the deprivation well?"

"Why, really Ma'am, I—I don't know," I replied, more and more confused.

As she was speaking I heard a sort of *doop*, by which well-known sound I was aware that somebody was opening a bottle of wine, and PONTO entered, in a huge white neckcloth, and a rather shabby black suit.

"My love," Mrs. MAJOR PONTO said to her husband; "we were talking of our cousin—poor dear LORD RUBADUB. His death has placed some of the first families in England in mourning. Does LADY RUBADUB keep the house in Hill Street, do you know?"

I didn't know, but I said "I believe she does," at a venture; and, looking down on the drawing-room table, saw the inevitable, abominable, maniacal, absurd, disgusting *Peerage*, open on the table, interleaved with annotations, and open at the article "SNOBBINGTON."

"Dinner is served," says STRIPES, flinging open the door; and I gave Mrs. MAJOR PONTO my arm.

"THE GIRLS WE LEAVE BEHIND US!"

THIS, we believe, is a favourite military air, ordinarily played by soldiers on quitting quarters, where their red coats, ALBERT hats, and many heroic virtues have melted the hearts of servant maids. PRIVATE GEORGE WALSH, of the Queen's Own, must have felt particularly elated by the melody when marching, a few days ago, from the Kensington cavalry barracks on his way to Dublin. Very pleasing must the melody have been to the regimental ruffian; as, on the previous night, he had most brutally assaulted a respectable woman in the Gloucester Road, Brompton, and was therefore avoiding punishment; for, on the aggrieved party appearing at the Hammersmith police office—the scoundrel having charged the poor woman with stealing his stick and glove—MR. CLIVE said, "all he could do in the case, under the circumstances, was to order the prisoner"—the outraged victim—"to be discharged!" Such is the award of justice, when a soldier of the Queen's Own brutally attacks one of the Queen's sex!

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, from MR. WYATT'S studio, to the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner.

THE POLITICAL SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.



SIR ROBERT has been playing SIR ROGER at his estate in the country. He has been patting little boys upon the head—a mark of condescension for which YOUNG BEN DISRAELI would have given the best part of his head, namely, his ears, when SIR ROBERT came into office a few years ago as Prime Minister. It must be exceedingly refreshing to the Right Honourable Baronet, after the turmoils of political life, to be able to walk about among people who are not occupied in applying to him every abusive epithet. We, who have been on a visit to the Ex-premier, can testify to the pleasure which he has derived from his late tranquillity.

OLD BAILEY SENTENCES.

WE have sometimes thought, when we have read the droll discrepancy of sentences passed in our courts of law (for they are droll to the contemplative, philosophic mind, though not always so to the vulgar people in the dock) that much of the criminal business might be transacted in a far more economic, and withal more agreeable way than according to present usage. We have a notion that, if carried out, would deprive the Old Bailey of much of its solemn pomp, to be sure; but likewise of much of its gloom. It is very awful, no doubt, to see the ermined judge, his dignity supported by awful aldermen, upon the bench. Pleasant, too, is it to regard the assembly of wigged and gowned sages, with tongues on hire, to lick clean dirtied reputations; to take the stains out of human character; to open the prison doors, and “let go free” the lucky rascal, whose villainy has had the benefit of eloquence. All this is delightful to contemplate; and we feel our spirit make a graceful obeisance to the majesty of law. Nevertheless, we would simplify the whole process. Instead of occupying the time of a judge, the precious time of an alderman, and the more precious hours of the petty jury,—we would appoint a good cribbage-player, a cunning hand at dominoes, or a tolerable dab at put, to play with the unfortunate people accused of larcenies and felonies, for the various sentences to be passed upon them. The stakes might vary from one month's imprisonment to seven years' transportation on one hand, and entire and instant freedom on the other. If a man lost the heaviest stake, he would at all events have the satisfaction to know that his own skill, or the run of luck, or the cards, were against him. He would not, as possibly may now be the case, have his captivity embittered by the thought that its lengthened term was not wholly attributable to the amount of his guilt, but to the peculiar temper, or increase of bile, or indigestion of the judge who tried him. He would feel that he had been fairly out-pegged at cribbage, and submit to his fate with the resignation of a sage.

Now, according to the present operation of the criminal law, mark what a zigzag course it takes.

One WILLIAM STANDEN appeared before the Common Sergeant, charged with stealing a crab, value 1s. 6d., the property of the South-Eastern Railway Company. The crab was alive, and the prisoner, to make sure of it, took it—claws and all—to his bosom. After

this, it may be supposed, he cared but little for the terrors of the law. He was, however, found guilty, and the Common Sergeant said:—

“All robberies by servants of public companies, particularly railways, he was determined to punish severely, and had the article stolen *been anything else*, he should have transported the prisoner; *as it was*, he should imprison him for six months, and order him to be kept to hard labour.”

How fortunate the crab was not a salmon, or a barrel of oysters! Then, surely, had WILLIAM STANDEN been expatriated! What a lucky thief! He was surely born under Cancer! “Anything else” but a crab, and the rogue had surely “suffered a sea change.” That great naturalist, PETER PINDAR, has informed us that “fleas are not lobsters.” In the mind of the Common Sergeant crabs are not property; that is, when compared to “anything else.”

Nay, we are wrong. For immediately following the trial of the crab-stealer comes the trial of one JOHN CORLIX, for stealing £50 in notes from a pair of “tights” left in the dressing-room of a threepenny theatre in Lambeth. For this peccadillo the Common Sergeant sentences the prisoner “to four months' imprisonment,” with not a word about hard labour, in the House of Correction. Thus, to steal a crab, value 1s. 6d., is a far greater offence than to steal £50 in “notes of the Bank of England!”

On a subsequent day,—

“JOSEPH PULBROOK, a genteelly-dressed youth, aged 19, was indicted for embezzling the sums of £24, £11.13s. 9d., and £9, which he had received on the account of Mr. JOHN SWINFORD BASSETT, to whom he was clerk.”

The case was proved. Whereupon—

“The learned Judge [the Common Sergeant] said it was a very painful duty to beish a lad of his age, but public justice demanded that he be transported, beyond the seas for seven years.”

We take it, if JOSEPH PULBROOK be aware of the above sentences of his fellow-prisoners, he would have been much better satisfied with his own lot had it fallen to him from ill-luck at cribbage, put, or dominoes, than falling to him from the lips of the Common Sergeant.

LAMBERT JONES'S BUST.

I CAN fancy future ages,
With their fingers worn to bones,
Turning o'er historic pages
For the name of LAMBERT JONES.

I can hear them loudly crying,
“What's he done, that they should thrust
Midst the men of fame undying,
RICHARD LAMBERT JONES'S bust?”

“WILBERFORCE has earned his station—
Rest his venerable bones!
NELSON served a grateful nation,
But—Good Gracious! who is JONES?”

What's he done that lasting glory
Should on him accumulate—
There's a LAMBERT fam'd in story
As a man of wondrous weight.

'Tis not he; the man that's noted,
Sure the name of DANIEL OWDS;—
Why on earth, then, have they voted
For a bust of LAMBERT JONES?

THE ONE GREAT SUBJECT.

GOVERNMENT gave sundry guns to Mr. WYATT, towards the WELLINGTON Statue; guns captured by the Duke; who, when he took them, little thought that his own countrymen would so cruelly turn them against himself.

HIGH COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION.



LOUIS PHILIPPE ORLEANS, an old man, with a large head, and a very confident expression, was charged before the Bench with a most flagitious act of child-stealing. The case was very protracted, and involved many statements and counter-statements, but may be briefly summed up as follows.—

It appeared that a Spaniard, named FERDINAND, who had distinguished himself as a man milliner—having been specially appointed as Petticoat-maker and Embroiderer to the Holy Virgin—died some years ago at Madrid, leaving behind him two little infant girls; and it was for the crafty abduction of the younger of these children, by name LUISA—a young creature scarcely marriageable—that the prisoner was brought to the bar. He was an old offender, full of subtleties and tricks, which he played off under the guise of the most enchanting *bonhomme*, which, of course, only rendered him the more dangerous. This, however, was the first time he had appeared at the Bar of Public Opinion as a child-stealer.

It was shown in evidence that the Petticoat Maker died very rich; and there was no doubt that the immense wealth of the unfortunate LUISA was one reason for drawing upon her the attention of the prisoner; who had also—there could be no doubt of it—considerable hopes of obtaining further advantages, by meddling in her family affairs; and further of ultimately obtaining the larger share of the property on the death of her sister, reputed not to be of the most vigorous constitution. It was shown that ORLEANS had had crafty accomplices in the business. He had introduced into the house of the young ladies a French hair-dresser, named BRESSON, who had turned the head of the innocent LUISA with the most glowing description of ORLEANS, surnamed MONTFENSIER; a youth with great precocity of moustache. The hair-dresser BRESSON had also contrived to give the young man's portrait (painted for the occasion) to the hapless LUISA; and the effect of a portrait of a handsome young man upon a girl of fourteen would be obvious.

Finally, a contract of marriage had been brought about by the craftiness of the hair-dresser; and the child—however it might be attempted to palliate the circumstances by the forms of law—the child was, in a word, stolen from herself, her country, and her relations, by the guile and avarice of the prisoner at the bar.

The Court regretted that it could not interfere in even so flagitious a case. The prisoner must be discharged; though he must not for a moment suppose that he left the court with clean hands.

Hereupon the prisoner gave a knowing wink, chuckled, and left the court, humming "*Où peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille!*"

NEW CLANS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

OWING to the rapid conversion of the greater portion of the Scottish Highlands into pastures, a remarkable change is taking place among the inhabitants of those regions, consisting in the introduction of an entirely new description of clans, which threaten altogether to supersede the Aborigines. Of these we may mention the CLAN-LAMB and the CLAN-WETTER, which, with the CLAN-EWE, occupy considerable tracts of country, whence they have quite expelled the original inhabitants. The CLAN-LEICESTERSHIRE is daily extending itself among the hills, and the CLAN-SOUTHDOWN is fast replacing the mountaineers of the North. The MAC-GREGGONS and MAC-ALPINES are quickly disappearing before the MERINOS and MAC-RAMS, and the craigs that once echoed to the strains of the bagpipe resound now only to the tinkling of the sheep-bell. The Chiefs of these new clans are great dukes and noblemen, whose influence enables them to hold their own; or rather what, properly speaking, is not their own, being, in fact, the birthright of the Gaël. The worst of the matter is, that these flocks of intruders eat up everything on the face of the country, and poor DONALD, ousted from home, wanders on the hill-side with nothing to live upon.

CURIOSITIES OF JUSTICE.

THE other day, at the Central Criminal Court, a prisoner was upon his trial, and at the conclusion of it he was told the jury had found him guilty. "Exactly," replied the culprit, "that is just my conviction."

The Speaking Automaton on Railways.

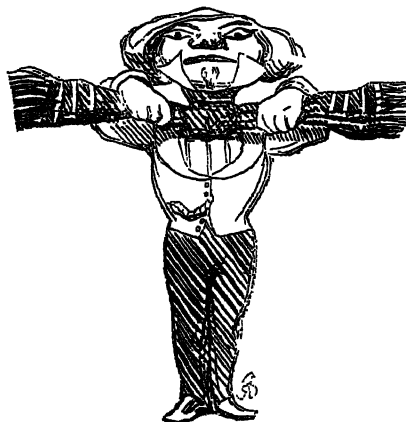
It has been suggested that it would be a very great improvement to the electric telegraph—or as SIR J. HERSCHEL calls it, "the scum and effervescence of science"—if the Speaking Automaton were combined with it. The communications made from station to station, might then be spoken at once, instead of being conveyed by signs, which are not easily understood by any but a person accustomed to interpret them. A figure could also be placed at the ticket platform, for the purpose of articulating—"Tick—ets. Gents—get—your—tick—ets r-r-r-ea—dy" at the place appointed for receiving the documents.

At the South Western Railway Station speaking automata would save an immense deal of trouble to the clerks, who generally object to speak at all, when a question is asked of them. Besides, there is a blandness in the tones of an automaton, which would be refreshing after the sharp, or rather the blunt manner in which a railway official replies—when he deigns to reply at all—to the questions put to him.

A speaking automaton might also be useful to the South-Eastern Company, for the questionable policy of increasing the fares causes the directors to be assailed with queries which it would tire anything but a piece of mechanism to answer.

A number of speaking automata would also be found very serviceable as representatives of the Railway King, who is chairman of so many companies, that he cannot be present personally at all the meetings. If his place were to be supplied by an automaton communicating by means of the electric telegraph with his own house, he could easily address the various boards, however far they might be apart from each other, or distant from his residence.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.



THE arrangements for filling up the Solicitor-Generalship detained MR. BRIEFLESS in town an entire week, but he caused it to be distinctly understood from the first that he could not take office if he were asked to be a party to a compromise. Finding he was not asked to be a party to anything, he left town by the *Sylph*—having abandoned his bands for a new scarf, part of a bankrupt's stock—for his summer box at Greenwich. It is highly to his credit that he at once relinquished all claims to the vacant Generalship before it was

offered to him, and thus prevented the Government from being placed in a position of embarrassment on this subject.

When the vacancy in the Solicitor-Generalship became known, there was a very full meeting of the Bar in the robing-room at the Middlesex Sessions. Several suggestions were thrown out, but not one of them was adopted.

THE LONDON GOLD FISHERIES.

A NEW commerce has lately sprung up in London. The flower-pot season is over; the crockery business is broken up; bird-cages hang on hand; and the only commodity at present which seems to open the hearts and pockets of housekeepers, are gold fish. They are sold alive, and are carried about from house to house in large bowls. The price of a good-sized couple is an old pair of boots. If two more are thrown in, they fetch a great-coat. Husbands cannot be too much on their guard, and are recommended to look closely after their wardrobes, as this new kind of bait takes wonderfully with women, and young wives have been found to bite very readily at these gold fish. They are very plentiful; and this new custom of sending round the bowl, promises to be very profitable to those who have taken it in hand.

Enough to Shake the Universe.

A SERIES of earthquakes have been going over Europe. They have been stopping, lately, in Italy, going from Naples to Rome. The last one we heard of had settled at Pisa. It strikes us London will be visited with an earthquake next, or something very like it, when the WELLINGTON Statue is dragged through the streets of London. We are sure the whole Metropolis will tremble the day it is put up.

Rules and Regulations

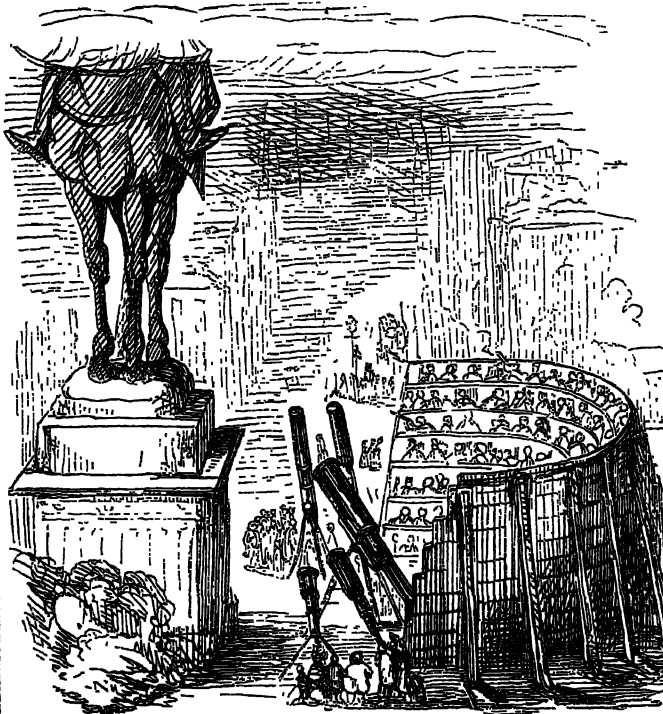
TO BE OBSERVED DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE.



1. No one is to laugh.
2. No ribald observations, or satirical gestures, or expressions of astonishment and equivocal delight are to be indulged in by anybody whomsoever.
3. Little boys are to be kept at home.
4. Everybody must take off his hat or bonnet as the Statue passes, and cry "bravo."
5. As the Statue will necessarily darken the streets through which it passes, it is strongly hoped that all the houses will illuminate.
6. All dogs which are found barking disrespectfully are to be instantly shot.
7. No cad, cabman, coachman or conductor, is to give an opinion upon the Statue, or to approach it within two miles, under instant forfeiture of his badge.
8. Everybody must, the moment the Statue is raised, give "three cheers;" after which somebody else must propose "three cheers more;" when some witty person in the crowd must cry out, "A little one in!" all which must be given with the greatest enthusiasm.
9. When the covering is removed, there must be a general clapping of hands, and unanimous exclamations of "O! how beautiful!" and similar expressions of delight and admiration.
10. Beer will be provided for those who cheer.

By Order of SIR FREDERICK TRENCH.
(The Committee.)

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

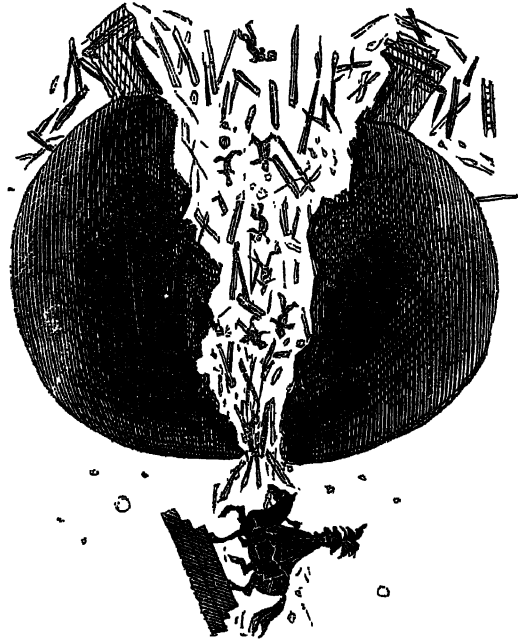


As the period approaches for the elevation of this gigantic triumph of bad taste over public opinion, curiosity and fear begin to alternate in the minds of the people. Many are wondering whether any arrangement will be made for accommodating the public with a sort of semi-amphitheatrical gallery, to view the monster after its erection, in the style which the annexed engraving illustrates.

We understand, however, that the greatest sensation has been excited at the Antipodes, and a petition is now on its way from New South Wales, entreating the Home Government not to allow the crection of a

statue which seems to be expected to crush the arch, fall right through the world, entering at Hyde Park Corner and coming out with a tremendous crash at the top of George Street, Sydney. We are not prepared to say that the fears of our colonists are completely groundless, and we strongly recommend that their petition should be taken into consideration as early as possible. For what we know—and the point is really a nice one for the British savans—the occasional occurrence of eruptions and earthquakes may be caused by weights falling through from some other hemisphere.

When CURTIUS leaped horse and all into the gulf, he may probably have created a hill on the side of the world opposite to that in which he performed his celebrated rapid act of patriotic horsemanship. If the Statue of the Duke should "go through the world like a child at a feast"—that is to say, making a hole in everything—there can be no doubt that the people of New South Wales will be tremendous sufferers. It is right that the Duke should go down to posterity, but it is awful to think of his going down to the Antipodes.



Clerical Intelligence.

We understand that the inhabitants of Osnaburgh Terrace, near the Regent's Park, have petitioned that in the new arrangement of the various episcopal sees, the revival of the old bishopric of Osnaburgh, formerly held by the Duke of York, shall be included.

We have heard that six thorough-bred donkeys have been despatched to the estates of LORD RIPON, for the use of the curates connected with the livings in the gift of his lordship.

HOW TO WORK A TELEGRAPH.

The *Constitutionnel* wonders that the Electric Telegraph makes no progress in France. "America, England, Belgium, and almost every other country possesses it," says the paper, "but our own." This riddle is easily explained. The Electric Telegraph, unfortunately, can be worked in all weathers, and at a moment's notice. Now the wooden telegraph has the advantage of being interrupted by the fog, and enjoys the superiority of being stopped suddenly in the midst of a most important communication by a summer cloud or a drop of rain. It can be only worked, also, during the day. All these advantages are well known by MONSIEUR THIERS, LOUIS-PHILIPPE, and others, who, on many occasions, have not been too proud to work the telegraph to their own private good. We are afraid the Electric Telegraph will not have a chance in France as long as the present one is found to be such a fortune to ministers, by communicating in a direct line with the Bourse.

STRONG EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY.



Shopman. "It's MY OWN INVENTION, AND WARRANTED TO PRODUCE A LUXURIANT CROP OF CURLS ON THE BALDEST HEAD WITHIN FOUR-AND-TWENTY HOURS."

OUR DON GIOVANNI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Giovanni SIR F. TRENCH.
Leporello PUNCH.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Hyde Park Corner, moonlight. The DUKE on the arch. DON GIOVANNI in a state of great exhilaration. Then LEPORELLO, looking sul.

Don. G. (He lays great emphasis on the puns.)
The Statue in its site all London views,
Despite Times, Chronicle, and Daily News!
BURTON looks thin, and the reverse of jolly—
Quite an "Anatomy of Melancholy."

[Winks at LEPORELLO, who smiles feebly and with much inward suffering.]

The book—you know? [LEPORELLO intimates that he sees the point. I've silenced artists' slang,

And put down what a wag (with a significant glance) called the "press-gang."

You take it—eh?
Lep. (much dejected) Alas!

Don G. Let me explain—
Lep. (With eagerness, and very passionately)

No!—but for mercy's sake don't pun again.
Don G. Impudent rogues! How cleverly we've rooked 'em,
And raised the Iron Duke to an Arch-dukedom.

[LEPORELLO waves his hand deprecatingly—but seems unable to reconvert in words.]

Statue. Oh, horrible! most horrible!

Don G. Who spoke?
Lep. (alarmed) Some spirit, taken ill, sir, at your joke!

Don G. (gazing with pride on the Statue)
How do, your Grace? (With indecent familiarity) Hope you begin to settle;

(With a going-to-say-a-good-thing air)
A wag would say you are a man of metal.

[LEPORELLO expresses great internal agony.]

Statue. Hence, bold bad man! What thou hast made me, see,
And do not insult add to injury!

Don G. (To Lep.) Speak to him, sirrah. Say, if he's not funning—
And will come down to-night—I'll pay for punning.

Song—LEPORELLO.

Air.—"O Statue."

O, Statue most ridiculous of a great commander Tory,
Pardon for any jokes I've cracked on the place in which you are;

But it all is Trench's fault; I said how 'twould be before he
Fixed your quarters, like a rebel's on the top of Temple Bar.
Here's the Don is so audacious as to say you can't come down, Sir,
Tho' the Press, the Public, Artists, swear you can and should
de-cend;

Then come—for, tho' gold-yellow, you must feel you've been done
brown, Sir,

Thus dray-horse-drawn, a butt to be, for jokes without an end!

Don G. They say you should come down, I say you can't,

[STATUE nods his head.]

Can you? (ironically) Three weeks hence, eh?

Statue (solemnly). I will.

Don G. (with desperate audacity) You sha'n't.

Scene closes.

Three weeks are supposed to have elapsed between the First and Second Acts.

ACT II.

SCENE.—DON GIOVANNI'S Dining-room. Supper on the table. DON GIOVANNI discovered with LEPORELLO in attendance. DON GIOVANNI comes forward with a glass of wine in his hand and a bravura air.

Duet. DON GIOVANNI and LEPORELLO.

Air.—"Here's to the maiden," &c.

Don G. Here's to Statue, of feet twice fifteen,
Lep. And here's to the Arch not quite sixty!

Don G. Messrs. BURTON and Punch, you be—that is, I mean—
You may settle your sorrows betwixt you.

Here's to those of the public who look through my eyes,

And here is to WYATT and SON, sir.

Here's myself with a taste on which RUTLAND relies,

Lep. And here's the Committee with none, sir!

ENSEMBLE.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Lep. | Don G. |
| Let three weeks pass! | Let three weeks pass |
| The Don is an ass! | To prove BURTON an ass, |
| I warrant he equals the Statue for | And the Statue and self both un- |
| brass! | equalled for brass! |

Don G. What ho! strike up, my fiddlers, long and loud!
The job is done, and Taste to Trench hath bowed;

The Statue stands, that great "Green Man and Still,"

"Fixed as the Monument on Fish Street Hill!"

To-night the three weeks end—still on the Arch.

Lep. Remember Cæsar, and his Ides of March!

Don G. Pooh, pooh! "the Competent" are silent too;

He don't come down—till they say to him "Do."

[A tremendous knock is heard]

That knock! go answer it; perhaps, tho' late,

Our triumph RUTLAND comes to celebrate.

[LEPORELLO going, starts back in horror.]

Lep. Oh, Sir!
Don G. What means this funk?—I wish to know.

Lep. (pointing to door) The Monster Duke! He comes in Statu quo.

Enter the COLOSSUS.

Statue. Tho' to get through your door required a jam,

I've left my horse outside,—and here I am!

Don G. (with affected gaiety) What, down again! Then it's all up
with me!

Statue (solemnly). Repent thy puns! Hardened iniquity!

Come! [Seizes him.]

Don G. Nay! I listen not,—unless perforce,—
To overtures from you or your "Bronze Horse."

Statue. That pun shall be thy last. [Raising him in the air]

Don G. (with reckless mirth). Why then, my brick,

I'm like the cobbler;—to my last I'll stick!

[The Statue unscrews its head, and engulfs DON GIOVANNI in the hollow
of its body. As it replaces its head the scene closes.]

Honest Christina.

THE French papers give a very minute account of the various
robberies of plate and jewels committed by QUEEN CHRISTINA before
her flight to France. A few days ago, some rebellious Spaniard (he
had no doubt been in England) affixed to her carriage a placard,
bearing—"Goods carefully removed."

THE PROCESSION OF THE STATUE.



The last few days will be remarkable in British annals for having witnessed what may be called the Crowning Folly of placing the Duke's Statue on the arch at Hyde Park Corner.

At an early hour on the morning of Tuesday, the 29th of September, a constant stream of human beings began pouring in the direction of the studio of Mr. WYATT, the artist, where the Mammoth horse had been born and bred, and whence it had been found impossible to release him without taking off the roof of his domicile.

We wandered up, more in sorrow than in anger, towards the Edgeware Road, and had not gone very far when we heard, in advance of us, a laugh of frantic derision from the populace. On looking before us, as far as the eye could reach, we saw standing out against the horizon a brazen monster, which seemed rapidly coming towards us like one of those figures shown in the course of a series of optical illusions at a place of public amusement. The effect of the figure's approach partook about equally of the absurd and the terrible. The young and robust laughed, the old trembled, but the babies positively screamed, as the gigantic horse came like a night-mare amidst the dense mass of people. We saw a nursery-maid go off into violent hysterics; while in the midst of the confusion a gentleman near us seemed so paralysed that he seized hold of our watch in order, no doubt, to keep himself from falling. Another individual expected probably to be affected even to tears, for he snatched our pocket handkerchief, and hurried into the midst of the crowd—to hide, of course, the intensity of his emotion.

As the enormous mass approached, we were enabled to take a closer and calmer view of it. Forty horses had been advertised to run; but as there were only twenty-nine starters, we presume that the other eleven were seized with nervous headache at the last moment, and backed out of the affair rather shabbily.

We confess that we were greatly disappointed with the appearance of the twenty-nine animals that drew the statue, and it cannot be said that they came forward in the "handsomest manner," for their trappings were very far from elegant. They were covered with green bays, it is true, but they had not that portliness which might have been expected in horses connected with Messrs. Godine's establishment. Perhaps, however, they may have got a little out of condition even in the first mile of their journey; for it must have been a very trying situation for any horse to have been placed in. The draymen, also, disappointed us; they were not those burly and substantial looking fellows that the preliminary paragraphs in the newspapers had led us to anticipate.

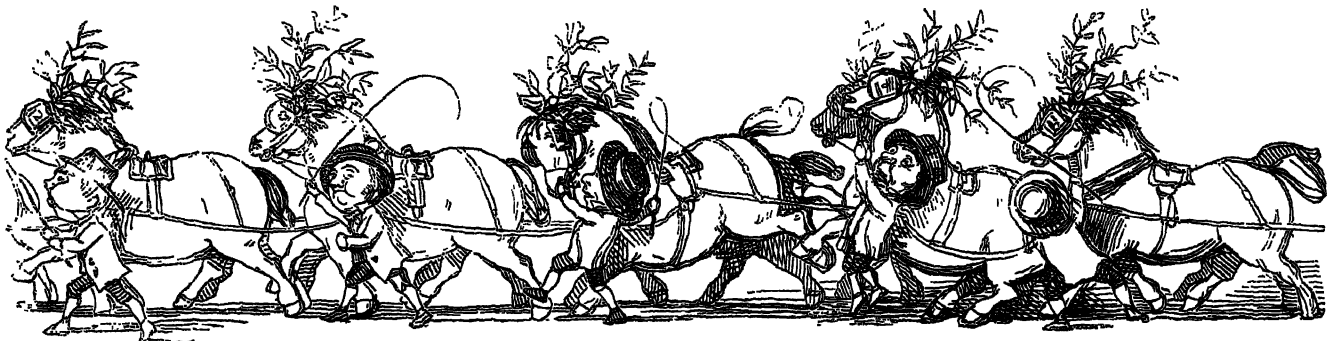
But what shall we say of the Statue itself, with its ears stretched forward, and looking like a couple of large brazen *cornets* for the reception of *bon bons*. We could not see the Duke himself, for we were too

much wrapped up in his cloak and cocked hat. The latter resembles a kind of cowl, placed on chimney-pots to prevent them from smoking, but in place of the usual arrow to tell the direction of the wind, there is a beautiful bunch of metal feathers, which vibrate in the wind with most mournful music. As to the Duke's cloak, it is a capital design for getting rid of artistical difficulties. Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins.

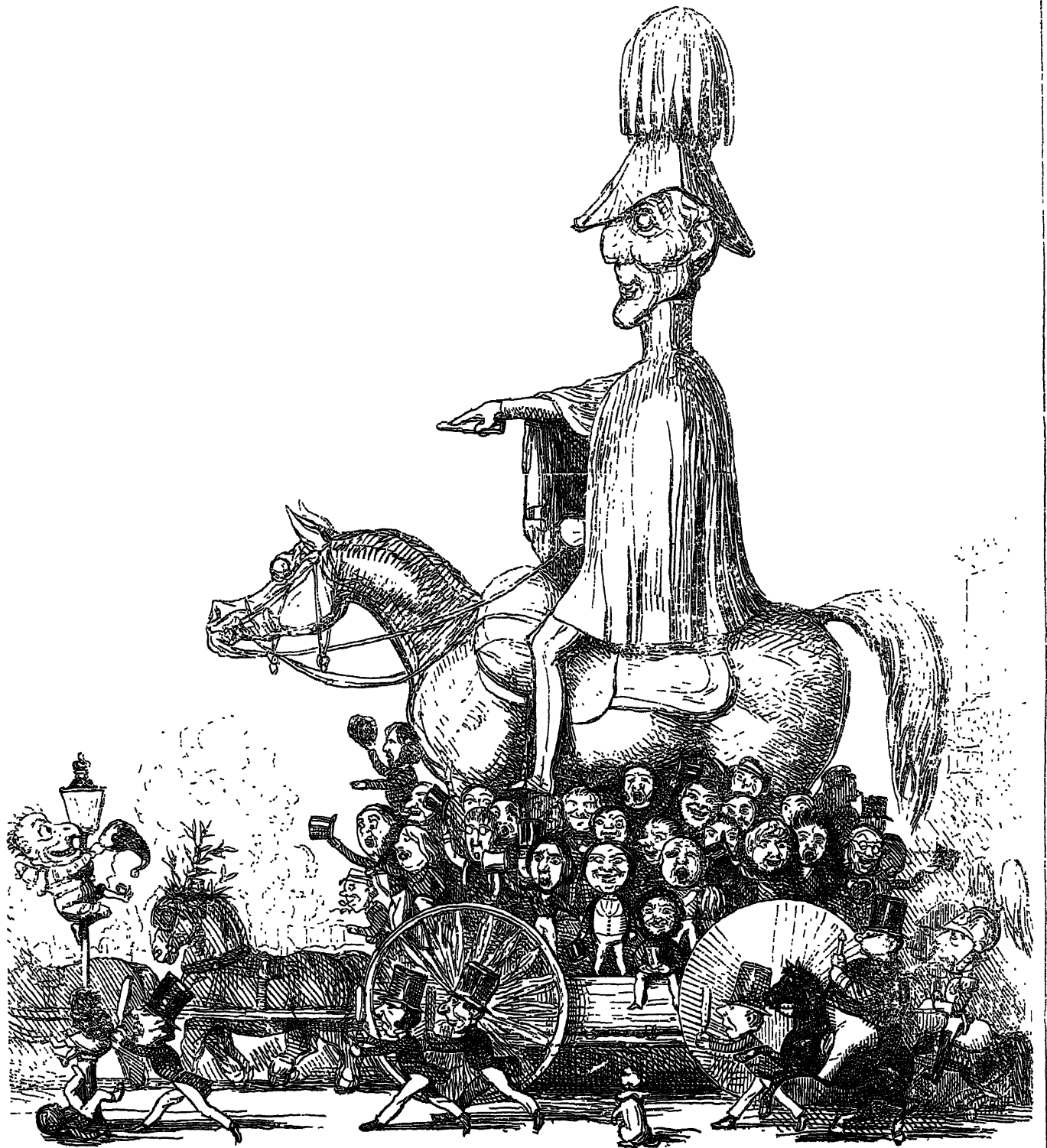
By an arrangement with the gas-light man, we had secured the interior of a large lamp at the corner of Oxford Street, and had sat down comfortably on the burner, expecting to be out of the way of all danger, when the gigantic figure, as if in a spirit of retaliation, came rattling down with all its force, and caught its wheel upon the very lamp-post we had selected for our private box from which to view the procession. That the greatest light of the age was not extinguished in a street lamp, is a miracle; but throwing ourselves upon our countrymen, we were drifted on the tide of population towards the park railings. We recollect nothing more, until we found ourselves opposite the classical Curds-and-Whey House at Hyde Park Corner, where ha'porths of milk are served out, amid plaster of Paris statues of APOLLO BELVIDERES, DIANAS and LAOCOONS. VENUS may there be seen rising from the sea behind a milk-pail, while ROMULUS is throwing the discus into a plate of seedy biscuits. CINCINNATUS may be observed tying his sandal at the back of a large basin of the afternoon's milk, and the cream of the Spartan youth are visible above the skim of yesterday. The roars of the multitude soon roused us from the contemplation of these objects to look at another object, for the Statue had reached its destination. At this moment the scene around was magnificent.

On the top of the arch opposite to the one where the Statue was to be placed, were a number of people with a square box, supposed to be a daguerreotype, with which they pretended to have received official orders to take a view of the proceeding, and so got a capital sight of everything. The surrounding space was one vast amphitheatre, and even the invalids on St. George's Hospital were clustered up on every part of the roof, looking "like patients on a monument," smiling at SIR F. TRENCH.

What will be the result of this proceeding we scarcely dare to prophesy. We have already said that the weight of the horse must break the arch, and if it does not, we can only request the British public in fairness to suspend their judgment until they see the end of it. If the arch is not crushed to-day, it may be to-morrow; and if not to-morrow, it may be the day after; so that, until the arrival of that to-morrow, which we know never comes, we cannot be charged with having failed in our prediction.



THE PROGRESS OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE.



THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXXII.—A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.



At the dinner to which we now sate down, I am not going to be a severe critic. The mahogany I hold to be inviolable; but this I will say, that I prefer Sherry to Marsala when I can get it, and the latter was the wine of which I have no doubt I heard the "cloop" just before dinner. Nor was it particularly good of its kind: however, Mrs. MAJOR PONTO did not evidently know the difference, for she called the liquor Amontillado during the whole of the repast, and

drank but half a glass of it, leaving the rest for the Major and his guest.

STRIPES was in the livery of the PONTO family—a thought shabby but gorgeous in the extreme—lots of magnificent worsted lace, and livery buttons of a very notable size. The honest fellow's hands, I remarked, were very large and black; and a fine odour of the stable was wafted about the room as he moved to and fro in his ministrations. I should have preferred a clean maid-servant, but the sensations of Londoners are too acute perhaps on these subjects; and a faithful JOHN, after all, is more genteel.

From the circumstance of the dinner being composed of pig's-head mock-turtle soup, of pig's-fry and roast ribs of pork, I am led to imagine that one of PONTO's black Hampshire's had been sacrificed a short time previous to my visit. It was an excellent and comfortable repast; only there was rather a sameness in it, certainly. I made a similar remark the next day.

During the dinner Mrs. PONTO asked me many questions regarding the nobility, my relatives. "When LADY ANGELINA SKEGGS would come out; and if the Countess, her Mamma, (this was said with much archness and he-he-ing) still wore that extraordinary purple hair dye?" "Whether my LORD GUTTLEBURY kept, besides his French chef, and an English cordon-bleu for the roasts, an Italian for the confectionary?" "Who attended at LADY CLAPPERCLAW's conversation?" and "Whether SIR JOHN CHAMPIGNON's Thursday Mornings' were pleasant?" "Was it true that LADY CARABAS, wanting to pawn her diamonds, found that they were paste, and that the Marquess had disposed of them beforehand?" "How was it that SNUFFIN, the great tobacco merchant, broke off the marriage which was on the tapis between him and their second daughter; and was it true that a mulatto lady came over from the Havanna and forbid the match?"

"Upon my word, Madam," I had begun, and was going on to say that I didn't know one word about all these matters which seemed so to interest Mrs. MAJOR PONTO, when the Major, giving me a tread or stamp with his large foot under the table, said—

"Come, come, Snob, my boy, we are all tiled you know. We know you're one of the fashionable people about town: we saw your name at LADY CLAPPERCLAW's soirées, and the CHAMPIGNON breakfasts and as for the RUBADENS, of course, as relations—"

"Oh, of course, I dine there twice a week," I said; and then I remembered that my cousin, HUMPHRY SNOB, of the Middle Temple, is a great frequenter of genteel societies, and to have seen his name in the *Morning Post* at the tag end of several party lists. So, taking the hint, I am ashamed to say I indulged Mrs. MAJOR PONTO with a deal of information about the first families in England, such as would astonish those great personages if they knew them. I described to her most accurately the three reigning beauties of last season at

ALMACK'S: told her in confidence that HIS GRACE THE D— OF W— was going to be married the day after his Statue was put up: that HIS GRACE THE D— OF D— was also about to lead the fourth daughter of the ARCHDUKE STEPHEN to the hymeneal altar:—and talked to her, in a word, just in the style of Mrs. GORE's last fashionable novel.

Mrs. MAJOR was quite fascinated by this brilliant conversation. She began to trot out scraps of French, just for all the world as they do in the novels; and kissed her hand to me quite graciously, telling me to come soon to caffy, and *ung pu de Musick o salong*—with which she tripped off like an elderly fairy.

"Shall I open a bottle of Port, or do you ever drink such a thing as Hollands and water," says PONTO, looking ruefully at me. This was a very different style of thing to what I had been led to expect from him at our smoking-room at the Club: where he swaggers about his horses and his cellar; and slapping me on the shoulder used to say, "Come down to Mangelwurzelshire, Snob, my boy, and I'll give you as good a day's shooting, and as good a glass of Claret as any in the county."—"Well," I said, "I liked Hollands much better than Port, and Gin even better than Hollands." This was lucky. It was gin; and STRIPES brought in hot water on a splendid plated tray.

The jingling of a harp and piano soon announced that Mrs. PONTO's *ung pu de Musick* had commenced, and the smell of the stable again entering the dining-room, in the person of STRIPES, summoned us to caffy and the little concert. She beckoned me with a winning smile to the sofa, on which she made room for me, and where we could command a fine view of the backs of the young ladies who were performing the musical entertainment. Very broad backs they were too, strictly according to the present mode, for crinoline or its substitutes is not an expensive luxury, and young people in the country can afford to be in the fashion at very trifling charges. Miss EMILY PONTO at the piano, and her sister MARIA at that somewhat exploded instrument, the harp, were in light blue dresses that looked all founce, and spread out like Mr. GREEN's balloon when inflated.

"Brilliant touch EMILY has—what a fine arm MARIA's is!" Mrs. PONTO remarked good-naturedly, pointing out the merits of her daughters, and waving her own arm in such a way as to show that she was not a little satisfied with the beauty of that member. I observed she had about nine bracelets and bangles, consisting of chains and padlocks, the Major's miniature, and a variety of brass serpents with fiery ruby or tender turquoise eyes, writhing up to her elbow almost, in the most profuse contortions.

"You recognise those polkas? They were played at Devonshire House on the 23rd of July, the day of the grand fête?" So I said yes—I knew 'em quite intimately; and began wagging my head as if in acknowledgment of those old friends.

When the performance was concluded, I had the felicity of a presentation and conversation with the two tall and scraggy Miss PONTOs; and Miss WIRT, the governess, sate down to entertain us with variations on "Such a gettin' up stairs." They were determined to be in the fashion.

For the performance of the "Gettin' up Stairs," I have no other name but that it was a *stunner*. First Miss WIRT, with great deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud, clear, and sharp, that I am sure STRIPES must have heard it in the stable.

"What a finger!" says Mrs. PONTO; and indeed it was a finger, as knotted as a turkey's drumstick, and splaying all over the piano. When she had banged out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of "Gettin' up Stairs," and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun up stairs; she whirled up stairs; she galloped up stairs; she rattled up stairs; and then, having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down again shrieking to the bottom floor, where it sank in a crash as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent. Then Miss WIRT played the "Gettin' up Stairs" with the most pathetic and ravishing solemnity: plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys—you wept and trembled as you were gettin' up stairs. Miss WIRT's hands seemed to faint and wail and die in variations: again, and she went up with a savage clang and rush of trumpets, as if Miss WIRT was storming a breach; and although I knew nothing of music, as I sate and listened with my mouth open to this wonderful display, my caffy grew cold, and I wondered the windows did not crack and the chandelier start out of the beam at the sound of this earthquake of a piece of music.

"Glorious creature! Isn't she?" said Mrs. PONTO. "SQUIRTZ's favourite pupil—ineestimable to have such a creature. LADY CARABAS would give her eyes for her! A prodigy of accomplishments! Thank you, Miss WIRT!"—and the young ladies gave a heave and a

gasp of admiration—a deep-breathing gushing sound, such as you hear at Church when the sermon comes to a full stop.

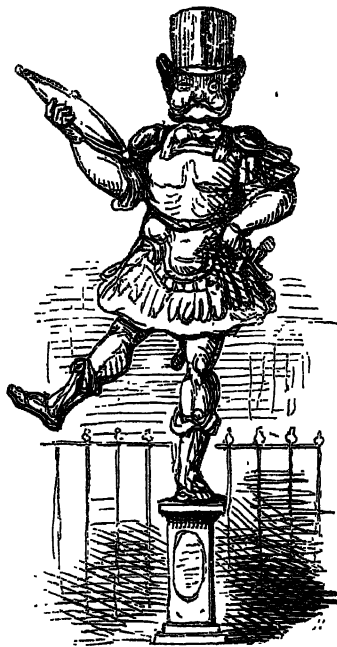
MISS WIRT put her two great double-knuckled hands round a waist of her two pupils, and said, "My dear children, I hope you will be able to play it soon as well as your poor little governess. When I lived with the DUNSINANES, it was the dear Duchess's favourite, and LADY BARBARA and LADY JANE Mc BETH learned it. It was while hearing JANE play that, I remember, that dear LORD CASTLETODDY first fell in love with her; and though he is but an Irish Peer, with not more than fifteen thousand a-year, I persuaded JANE to have him. Do you know Casletoddy, Mr. SNOB?—round towers—sweet place—County Mayo. Old LORD CASTLETODDY (the present Lord was then LORD INISHOWAN) was a most eccentric old man—they say he was mad. I heard His Royal Highness the poor dear DUKE OF SUSSEX—(such a man, my dears, but alas! addicted to smoking!)—I heard His Royal Highness say to the MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY, 'I am sure CASTLETODDY is mad!' but INISHOWAN wasn't, in marrying my sweet JANE, though the dear child had but her ten thousand pounds *pour tout potage!*"

"Most invaluable person," whispered Mrs. MAJOR PONTO to me. "Has lived in the very highest society:" and I, who have been accustomed to see governesses bullied in the world, was delighted to find this one ruling the roast, and to think that even the majestic Mrs. PONTO bent before her.

As for *my* pipe, so to speak, it went out at once. I hadn't a word to say against a woman who was intimate with every Duchess in the Red Book. She wasn't the rose-bud, but she had been near it. She had rubbed shoulders with the great, and about these we talked all the evening incessantly, and about the fashions, and about the Court, until bed-time came.

"And are there SNOBS in this Elysium?" I exclaimed, jumping into the lavender-perfumed bed. PONTO's snoring boomed from the neighbouring bed-room in reply.

TRENCH'S THEORY.



ACCORDING to the theory of SIR F. TRENCH, the pedestal of a statue should be smaller than the statue itself; which is equivalent to alleging that the steeple should be bigger than the church; that is to say, that the top of St. Paul's should be larger than the bottom. If a statue should ever be erected to SIR F. TRENCH—and there is really no knowing what the arts may be reduced to, after the horrible indignities to which they have been exposed—SIR F. would of course wish to be placed upon something more insignificant than himself. For a man not intrinsically great, it may be advisable that he should be thrown up into artificial magnitude by placing him, in all his littleness, upon a base still more diminutive. We furnish a sketch, to show SIR F. TRENCH what would be the effect of subjecting him to that treatment which he has so strongly recommended for the DUKE OF WELINGTON.

The Travels of a Meteor.

AN astronomical correspondent of the *Morning Herald* having given an enlightened account of a meteor which appeared in the metropolitan heavens a few evenings since, concludes his letter by hoping that anybody else who may have observed it will communicate the time of observation, and the course the meteor took. We have collected a deal of information upon this subject, which is perfectly at the service of the above or any other astronomer who wishes to make use of it.

MR. NAPOLEON SMITH saw the meteor as he was coming out of the

Adelphi Theatre. It came from the tail of the lion on the top of Northumberland House, and disappeared behind the garret-window of a house in George Street, Adelphi. Cannot be positive about the hour, but it was somewhere between the burlesque and the farce.

POLICEMAN C. 105, followed the meteor all down Regent-Street. It disappeared down the area of a house in Cavendish Square, and seemed to go into the kitchen. Went after it, but could not see it anywhere. Hour, supper time.

MISS VERY GREEN saw a strong light as she was returning home from Islington. It shot into the heavens, and then burst into a golden shower of guineas. Held out her apron, but did not catch any. Asked what it was, and was told it was an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; which MISS GREEN thought was very likely indeed, considering Vesuvius is somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rome. Time, the last 'bus to Barnes.

CABMAN, JIM DOWNY. Doesn't know nuffin about it. Saw somefin blueish, then reddish, up in the 'evans, but thought it was the fireworks at Waukhall, and didn't trouble 'imself to look agin, as he's tired seeing on 'em ev'ry night. They cum out of the chimbley of the Elephant and Castle, and vent he doesn't know where. Carries no watch, and doesn't know the time ven he sees it.

We hope the above testimonies, which we sent out a Commissioner purposely to collect, will be sufficiently luminous to support any celestial theory the *Morning Herald* correspondent may entertain.

THE DEVIL'S PATROL.

On a shindy night, when the stars were bright,
The Devil patrolling had gone,
To visit his large preserves upon earth,
And see how his game got on.

Through copse and through cover, up hill and down dale,
Proceeded the Evil One;
And under his right arm he bore his long tail,
As a gentleman carries his gun.

And pray what was the Fiend's attire?—
Oh, it was that of a sporting 'quire:
His shooting jacket was velveteen,
And his gaiters were brown, and his waistcoat green.

He saw a man seized and sent to gaol,
For snaring a cock pheasant;
And the Devil was pleased; for, says he, "They'll make
A felon of yonder peasant."

A keeper, in a game-affray,
He saw shot through and through—
"Hah!" cried the Devil, "that's the way!
One shot—one hang'd—makes two."

As he pass'd the county gaol, he saw
A doom'd man in his cell.
"Ho, ho!" the Devil roar'd, "I'm glad
To find that my Game Laws tell."

And when he beheld each rich estate
Over-stock'd by Preservation,
"All this," the Devil exclaim'd, elate,
"Is the fruit of my instigation."

CONSCIENTIOUS RESTITUTION.

THE *Siècle* says:—

"The better part of the private fortune accumulated by the late KING FERDINAND was derived from the disastrous Spanish loans, chiefly raised at Paris, and the INFANTA'S marriage portion of 30,000,000 francs comes from the money so amassed to the ruin of so many Frenchmen."

And it is further understood—that is, *Punch* so understands it—that LOUIS-PHILIPPE, upon touching the money, will issue a proclamation, calling together all the original losers, that he may share the recovered cash among them. This will be noble, and so like himself!

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SAVANS.

A DISCOVERY has at last been made of something even more valuable than the gun cotton of SCHONBEIN. Mrs. Gump, of Shoe Lane, has invented a lead paper, with which you may wad your gun and load it at once, by a single process. The lead paper is sold every morning, at fivepence per sheet, in the shape of the *Morning Herald*.



AWFUL APPARITION TO A GENTLEMAN, WHILST SHAVING, IN THE EDGWARE ROAD.—Sept. 29, 1846.

BUNN, THE BIRD-CATCHER.

AMONG the many other delightful treats promised by the Poet BUNN to a British Public, is that of a law-suit with JENNY LYND, "should she attempt to sing on any other stage in this country." This reminds us of a brief dialogue that we heard a day or two since in the shop of a bird-fancier. It ran as follows:—

Customer. I believe, Mister, you import foreign singing birds?

Bird-fancier. I have that honour. Import 'em for the Court and the aristocracy. I travel every year on the Continent with such a bird-catch that there's nothing with wings can escape me.

Customer. Happy to hear it. Then, of course, you have the very thing I want.

Bird-fancier. Of course, I have. Anything from a canary-bird to a cut-throat sparrow. Perhaps, though, you want a German Bullfinch?

Customer. No, I don't. The bird I want is—a Swedish Nightingale.

[*Bird-fancier suddenly looks glum; drops his jaw—stalls into back-parlour and returns, his right hand grasping something.*]

Customer. Well, have you got her?

Bird-fancier (with touching emphasis). At present I have not, sir. But I pray forget not this. Yes, sir; lay this assurance to your heart; though I have not the nightingale, I have—behold it (*uncloses his hand*) I have the salt, that, should she come in these parts, I'll put upon her tail, and catch her. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Laughs hysterically, and rushes back to parlour. Exit Customer, much impressed.*]

MOON AND THE MAYORALTY.

It will be seen that in the struggle for the Mayoralty ALDERMAN MOON got one vote, and it is therefore clear that there is one individual in the City of London, who is desirous of having MOON as the Chief Magistrate. His position reminds us of the celebrated HUNT's contest for Westminster, in whose favour one vote was recorded, namely that of JEROME, a well-known chimney sweeper of the period. HUNT used to come forward every day—an election then lasted a fortnight—to thank JEROME for his confidence, and used to add that he, HUNT, was delighted to find that there was at least one independent and unbought man in the City of Westminster. The man who voted for MOON must be a very singular and eccentric character. We should very much like to know him, unless it happens to be MOON himself, which is not impossible, for we believe a candidate has the power to honour himself with his own suffrage.

STATE BULLETINS FOR SPAIN.

SUCH is the alarming condition of Spain, that it would be highly satisfactory to the rest of Europe if she were regularly attended by state physicians, who, at brief intervals, should publish official bulletins of her health, as, for instance—

"6, A.M. Spain has passed a tolerable night, but is slightly troubled with symptoms of commotion this morning.

"11, A.M. Within the last hour a revolution has broken out in Spain, but it has been suppressed with a moderate amount of bloodshed; and for the last five minutes Spain has been tranquil.

"1, P.M. The tranquillity which was restored to Spain at five minutes to eleven, lasted up to a quarter to twelve, when insurrections began to manifest themselves in a few provinces; and since that time she has been labouring under febrile agitation.

"6, P.M. The agitation of Spain continued till four o'clock, when a remission of symptoms took place; but at five she had a relapse, and the insurrectionary movements have recurred in paroxysms every quarter of an hour.

"11½ P.M. Spain has just lost a little more blood, which appears to have relieved her, and for the last ten minutes has enjoyed profound repose."

THE SPECTRE CAB-MAN.



"London now is out of town."—Grimaldi.

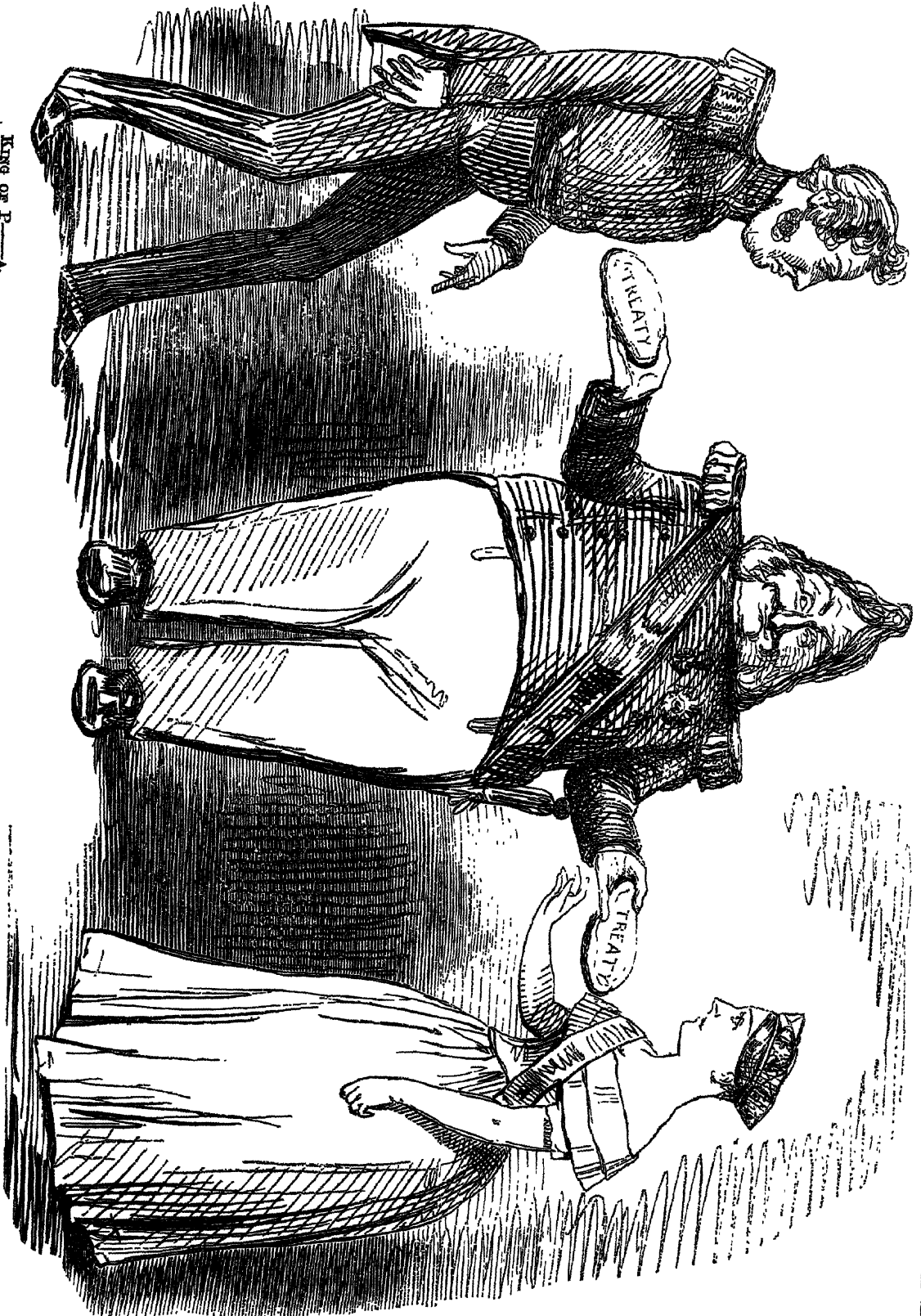
He sat alone on his crazy box,
Waiting in vain for a fare;
His skeleton horse, from the ears to the locks,
Is the picture of despair.

"Cab, your honour," he calls in vain,
But echo alone replies:
Till "Cab, your honour," is murmur'd again
In the Zephyr's gentle sighs.

His glaring eyes look wildly round,
He raises his whip on high,
As his features brighten at the sound
Of some lonely passer by.

"A Cab, your honour," with frantic scream,
The cabman is heard to shout—
But alas! the man with the milk and cream
Is the only person out.

Even the horse is anxious to go—
Such a wish for work is strange;
But the animal, feeling it fearfully slow,
Would do any thing for a change.



KING OF P—A

QUEEN V—A

LOUIS PHILIPPE SWALLOWING THE SPANISH OYSTER, AND
AWARDING THE SHELLS.

SHAKSPEARE RESTORED.



THERE is at length a chance that SHAKESPEARE will be restored to his legitimate Temple in Drury Lane. ALEXANDRE DUMAS is translating what he and JULES JANIN patronisingly call *Le Vieux Guillaume* into French, and the Swan is being made palatable by the aid of Parisian Cookery. The objection to his performance in this country will now be removed, since he will have passed the ordeal of appearance on the French stage, and has become qualified for re-translation into the English language.

It is perhaps with a view to some arrangement of this kind, that we see the names of RISLEY AND SONS in the very same programme. As *Hamlet* is one of the tragedies of *le Vieux Guillaume*—old BILLY—that ALEXANDRE DUMAS has taken in hand, it is probable that it will soon be presentable on the English stage in the shape of a Ballet for Drury Lane theatre, with the following powerful cast of the principal characters—*Hamlet*, by young RISLEY! *Laertes*, by his Brother. *Ghost of Hamlet's Father* by PROFESSOR RISLEY, who will introduce his celebrated leap off the platform. *Ophelia*, with the straw dance, by MADEMOISELLE FLORA FABBRI, who will dance a sort of *pas des Moissonnerises* in the Mad Scene, among various trusses of the lunatic's favourite material.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER XIV.

It will naturally be supposed that, looking upon the new maid that fortune had so beneficently sent me, my first anxiety was about her clothes. Animated by the most pleasing feelings, I rummaged all my boxes, and soon selected a very complete wardrobe. Many things were, of course, too fine for a servant—it having been instilled into me as a great principle, by my mother, that servants could not, in her own emphatic words, be kept “too much under,” and therefore could not be too plainly drest. If that good woman hated anything, it was finery in any sort of a maid. She set her face against anything beyond a penny riband, and would not permit ear-rings, even when they presented themselves in the modest guise of gold wires, to “dangle from a servant.” However, in my present condition, nothing remained for me to choose from but my own wardrobe and the clothes of my fellow-passengers. Of course I took the shabbiest and the most vulgar. When, however, I had made the selection, a greater difficulty remained to be overcome. It was to induce FRIDAY to submit to be thoroughly drest. She showed an almost unconquerable repugnance to stockings, putting them on the hind part before, and gartering at the ankle. As to ever getting her into shoes, I gave up the idea as hopeless; for this, however, I cared but little; as her huge bare feet the better kept up the due distinction between mistress and maid. Nobody—I was well aware of the fact—could witness it; nevertheless, the circumstance was not without its comfort.

My greatest difficulty, however, was with the stays. When she first saw them, and began to feel them all over, and observed that they contained steel and whalebone—and when further she saw that I threatened her with them—the poor ignorant creature fell at my feet, and cried, and, in her way, begged that I would give up so cruel a notion, as it evidently terrified her worse than death. For some time, I was greatly amused by the distress of FRIDAY; but at last, becoming irritated, I insisted that she should submit to wear the stays; whilst, at the same time, I indicated that they were expressly made, and stiffened with steel and bone, to preserve the beauty of the female figure. Upon this, FRIDAY, like a poor ignorant savage as she was, shook her head, and placed her two hands to her waist, as much (like her impudence!) as to say, “Look at me. I never wore stays; and I am straighter than you.” Now, insolence like this would be unbearable from anybody; but, coming from a servant, it was much more than a mistress could put up with. Wherewith, I pointed to the pistol, with which I had killed the Amazon; and, in a moment, FRIDAY was at my feet.

Poor benighted creature! How cold she turned, and how she trembled—for all the world like some poor wretch about to be crushed by torture—when I compelled her to put on the stays. She evidently thought that they contained some evil spirits, that would continually squeeze and punish her—and by degrees consume her blood—and finally waste her. She could not, poor wretch! so express herself; but I could see by the workings of her mind in her countenance, that she looked upon the stays as, in former days, sufferers have looked upon the steel-boot.

At length, however, the stays were on, and I prepared myself to lace them. I knew that by doing this I was teaching the first lesson in civilisation, and felt myself strengthened for the task accordingly. But shall I ever forget the screams of FRIDAY, as I laced hole after hole? It was plain she felt as nuns have felt—bricked up, as pleasant histories tell us, for peccadilloes, in convent walls. It was plain the poor wretch thought she was being laced up for life; and this notion, I must confess it, so troubled me that the more FRIDAY screamed, the tighter I laced, till, in the end, her figure was so unlike vulgar nature, it almost approached perfection.

When the stays were well laced and fastened, it was droll to see the perplexity of the poor creature. She would not venture to walk without laying hold of some support, as if the tightness of the stays had destroyed the strength and motion of her limbs. When she looked round, too, she turned her whole body, as if made too stiff to venture to move her neck. It was clear from the melancholy that possessed her, that she looked upon herself—poor savage!—as a prisoner for life in walls of whalebone and steel. And will it be believed? those stays had been made for a colonel's lady, and had cost three guineas, if they'd cost a shilling!

After the poor thing had become a little accustomed to her captivity, and could the better understand me, I inquired about the savages from whom I had delivered her. She told me they were all Amazons. That they had originally come from the moon, that they worshipped as a single lady. That they made war upon the women of all married nations, as creatures who—forgetful of their true dignity in the world, which was to do entirely as they like—had basely betrayed the independence of their sex by allowing themselves to “love, honour, and obey” brutes, their husbands. And then I asked FRIDAY, what was the age of the oldest of these Amazons? when she informed me that none of them was ever able to count above five-and-twenty. Lamentable ignorance!

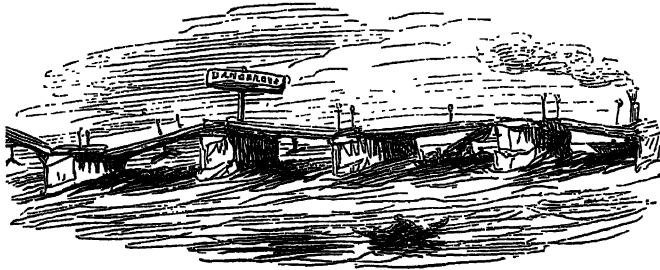
What can be done with it?

As the Wellington Statue must come down, the question shortly will be “What can be done with it?” We think we can answer this question. The Lord Mayor's procession is due next month: the Statue, if introduced into it, will give it a new feature, and will look remarkably well by the side of the monster figures of Gog and Magog. It might be kept expressly for this purpose, and with the twenty-nine brewer's horses, worked into the procession every ninth of November, would have the effect of giving a novelty to an absurdity, which for years past has been getting very stale and unpopular. SIR FREDERICK TRENCH, also, might wait upon the Statue in the very natural character of The Man of Brass, *vice GRUBS*, discharged.

SERMONS IN STONES.

MR. O'CONNELL said at Conciliation Hall, “When I die, ‘Repeal’ will be found written on my heart.” There is a slight error in the above absurdity. The Hereditary Bondsman should have said “lithographed.”

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



SINCE the blockade of Westminster Bridge, poor deserted Waterloo has been reaping quite a harvest of coppers. Its grassy roadway is now cut up with the wheels of omnibuses, and its arches resound with the merry echoes of cabmen and costermongers. The toll-keepers are now familiarly acquainted with the sight of a shilling, and do not start as convulsively as they did at first when a sixpence was tendered to them. The dividends must rise tremendously, and if the present run of luck and vehicles continues, there will probably be a fourpenny-bit declared at the next meeting of shareholders. Westminster Bridge is not looking up like its young rival. The two bridges are not unlike the buckets of a well—as Westminster goes down, Waterloo goes up. The days of Westminster we are afraid are, like policemen, numbered; and we cannot shut our eyes to the melancholy fact that its arches are now so old that nothing but “spick span” new ones can make their tenure on the river a certain one. An offer was made to the Medical Insurance Office to insure its life, but the directors would have nothing to do with a bridge which, they said, had one foot in the grave and the other in the water, though it was only offered as “doubly hazardous.” The piers of the bridge still maintain their ground, but as the arches are beginning to tremble for their safety, they are to be quickly put out of the way, and planks laid down from one pier to another, for the convenience of foot-passengers. Swimming-belts and corks will be sold at each end.

“HANDS NOT HEARTS.”

A Farte.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

SCENE.—*The Throne-room of a Palace. CHILD-QUEEN and QUEEN-MOTHER discovered (the last, by the way, not for the first time), surrounded by Grantees, Ministers, Ladies of Honour, and Chamberlains. The “Marsellaise” is heard without. A flourish of trumpets.*

Queen-Mother (aside to Child-Queen). Now, Izzy, my dear—

Child-Queen (aside to her). Oh, Ma! my heart’s in my mouth!

Queen-Mother. Heart! Where did you get it? Remember who were your parents, and don’t disgrace them. His Excellency will be here directly with his address of congratulation. Mind your response.

Child-Queen. I’ve forgotten every word you taught me. I knew I should. There were so many fibs in it!

Queen-Mother. Beatific FERDINAND!—shade of a beloved spouse, do you hear this? Fibs, you little fool! A Queen talk of fibs! Like garlic, they are only to be thought of by the swinish herd. Know this, my child, for a great state maxim; falsehood becomes ennobled when Royalty condescends to it. So, remember your reply—and mind your stops.

Child-Queen. My heart’s breaking; I shall stop in the middle, I know I shall.

Queen-Mother. Then remember the dignity of Spain—recollect the glory of old Castile, and if you can’t utter a few ceremonious syllables—why show your feelings and faint. Your years may excuse a weakness that would ruin me.

Child-Queen. Every word flown out of my head, like a bird from a trap. I knew it would be so.

Queen-Mother (aside). A perverse little wretch! Now, my beloved child—idol of my heart—remember DON FRANCISCO’S set of pearls—lamb that you are—and the seven hundred Paris milliners at work—prop of my life—and the three hundred and fifty jewellers—apple of my eye—and the two hundred goldsmiths—hope of my soul—and the dignity, and felicity, and happiness without end of a wedded wife! Cherub that you are! And now you’ll speak to His Excellency—I know you will—with your own sweet silver voice, sweeter than SOLOMON’S trumpets—Paradise of my life!

Child-Queen. I’m told they’re the finest pearls in Christendom.

Major-Domo (Announces) “His Excellency the Ambassador of France.”

[CHILD-QUEEN turns pale, and shivers. QUEEN-MOTHER pu’s on a smile of state.

Enter the AMBASSADOR.

Ambassador (approaching QUEEN-MOTHER). Madam,—The best of mothers has been blessed with the rarest of daughters. Virtue has produced twin virtues. Let me congratulate you, that you are a out to see, in the marriage of your children, a renewal of that conjugal tenderness that has earned for you a name—and such a name—throughout the world. Happy mother! still, in the freshness of maturity, spared to watch the opening sweetness of kindred youth! Favoured is the full-blown rose that, without one blush of beauty, one leaflet lost, may still, upon the tree, behold the unclosing buds! I am commanded by my master of France—by that potentate whose name, particularly on the Stock Exchange, is synonymous with truth—by that monarch without guile—by that Sovereign whose soul is open as the sea (and quite as deep)—by that king whose peculiar glory it has been to embrace (with his royal tongue in his royal cheek) the young BRITANNIA—and caress, as he were a poodle puppy-dog, the British Lion—I am commanded, I say, by the NAPOLEON of Pence (as well as of Peace) to solicit the hand of the little Infanta (rather young, to be sure, for the wedding-ring) for the thrice-renowned and valorous DUKE MONTPENSIER, a son of France, who, let the glory be eternised in his epitaph (when fame, in after centuries, shall write it), refuses to take of the Cortes a single real with his bride (*aside*), seeing there is no chance of its being offered him.

Queen-Mother. My heart is open as a book, and you have read the text of conjugal and maternal love, printed and illuminated (brightly as in a missal) within it. Knowing, profoundly knowing, that I am a full-blown rose, it would not be sincere, it would not be Christian-like in me, to deny the odorous truth. And the rose joyfully bestows her youngest bud upon the son of that monarch without guile—that king of the starry eye and crystal heart—the King of France!

Ambassador (to CHILD-QUEEN). Madam, let me congratulate you upon your inexhaustible generosity. You have not only thrown—given, I mean—yourself away, but have in the most royal and liberal manner given away your little sister. In this act, the nation must acknowledge that liberality which only belongs to the true sovereignty of nature. For it is the rare privilege of royalty not only to hold its own heart as nothing, but especially to make light of the hearts of other people.

Child-Queen. I am flattered—that—that—in—in—giving—

Queen-Mother (prompting her, aside). “My heart”—remember the pearls.

Child-Queen. My heart—yes—certainly, my heart—to—to—

Queen-Mother (aside). “DON FRANCISCO”—think of the bridal gown, with the twelve crowns of Spain worked in it—to DON FRANCISCO—

Child-Queen. DON FRANCISCO—I expect—that is—I shall be as happy—

Queen-Mother (aside). Provoking creature! Think of the bull-fights—and the jewels—and—

Child-Queen. As happy as—as—can be expected.

[*Queen-Mother, smiling a ghastly smile, motions to the CAMARERA-MAYOR, who goes out, and returns with the INFANTA LUISA, with her thumb in her mouth.*

Ambassador (to the INFANTA). Madam, fate has called you early to happiness in calling you to be the wife of a French Prince, and thereby calling you to Paris, a city unrivalled for its *bon bons, confitures,* and dolls—dolls, that not only open but shut their eyes! I am commanded to present you with this portrait of your future husband.

Infanta (standing upon her toes to look at it—aside). Oh my! he is pretty.

Ambassador. And further to present to you, as typical of his disposition, this roll of sugar—*véritable sucre de Normandie.*

Infanta. I accept—that is, mamma says—

Queen-Mother (aside to her). Silly thing! You mean you accept with pleasure—

Infanta. Yes, that’s it. Mamma says—for she knows—I accept with pleasure the Prince for my husband—and his picture—and his sugar.

[*The AMBASSADOR gives portrait and sugar to the INFANTA, who, looking upon the one, is about to eat the other, when it is respectfully twitched from her by the Camarera-Mayor.*

Ambassador (makes his bow, and is about to retire. He speaks aside to one of his attendants). Let ten thousand francs be distributed among the mendicants of Madrid. One way to blind the world to the knaveries of the rich, is to throw gold dust in the eyes of the poor!

[*Another flourish of trumpets. AMBASSADOR and suite account. The curtain falls, and the Farce ends.*

N.B. Due notice will be given of the representation of the Tragedy.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A SERIOUS Drama will shortly be produced at the Adelphi: it is to be called “*The Morning Herald; or, I’ll sleep on it.*”

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

TALE THE FOURTH.



ARE you, my gallant fellows, are you fond of goose? Ah! perhaps you can hardly tell; you have no geese on your ship's commons. But still you have sometimes been on shore, where you must have found plenty of geese. It may be, then, that you have tasted goose; and feelingly remember how delicious it is with apple-sauce, and stuffed with sage and onions. Excuse the emotion which stops the mouth with the pocket-handkerchief. Well, and about Michaelmas time you may have seen, in a tavern window, an announcement that within there had been established a Goose-Club. Some of you may even have belonged to such a club, at least you may form some idea of one; but you have no notion of the kind of goose-club that I am now about to describe to you.

This goose-club was established, just before this last Michaelmas, in the city of London. It is to be feared, Marines, that you are not very well informed upon certain subjects, and it is therefore necessary to remind you, that Michaelmas Day is a festival solemnised by all good people with roast goose; that is, at least, if they can afford the observance. Unfortunately, there are many who cannot; hence the formation of the City Goose-Club. Its institution was a bright idea conceived of turtle and iced punch by the brain of the LORD MAYOR, at a grand banquet at the Mansion House. It flashed upon his mind simultaneously with a glow of radiance darted from a wax candle through a bumper of claret. Whereupon, his Lordship smote the table with such violence that all the glasses danced again, and the Aldermen started with surprise. "A thought has struck me!" exclaimed the LORD MAYOR. SIR PETER LAURIE was much relieved; he feared it had been something more serious. "Gentlemen," continued his Lordship, "what say you to a goose-club?"

"Very good—capital—excellent—just the thing!" replied the guests, and, smacking their lips, declared that they were the LORD MAYOR'S men.

"The goose-club I wish to establish," pursued his Lordship, "is one on a new principle. Of course," he observed, laughing, "it will include ourselves. But it will not stop there. You are aware of the near approach of Michaelmas Day. We are all of us interested in the proper observance of Michaelmas. Now, I am sorry to say that there are, in and about this city, large numbers of persons who pass their Michaelmas without one thought even of the dish appropriate to the season. What I propose is, that they should be better taught, and not only that, but better fed. It shall be their own fault, this year, if they do not pay due respect to Michaelmas. I allude particularly to the inmates of our workhouses. So, I say, let us club together, and so form a goose-club, to enable them to follow our example in the becoming celebration of Michaelmas Day."

The Recorder, the Sheriffs, the Aldermen and Common Council, received this speech with deafening cheers, and each man, flinging down his guinea, requested to be enrolled in the City Goose-Club.

And so the paupers in all the London workhouses dined on Michaelmas Day off roast goose; and this is the fourth story that *Punch* has to tell—to the Marines.

THE I. S. D. LIBERATOR.

THE Statue of O'CONNELL, by HOGAN, has arrived in Dublin. It is described to be very like the Agitator, and as all accounts agree in stating that the statue is a fine bit of chiselling, we do not for a moment doubt the likeness. We propose for the inscription a single line—"He relieved his Country—of 22,000l. a-year!"

STRANGE OPPOSITES.

SINCE the Statue has been put up, the joke amongst medical students has been, that St. George's Hospital is now opposite to Guys'.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICINE.

AN advertisement appeared in the *Times* of the 1st of October which throws a new and rather a strange light upon the practice of medicine. The following is the curious announcement to which we allude:—

TO the MEDICAL PROFESSION.—WANTED, by a young man, a SITUATION as GROOM to a medical practitioner. Has been accustomed to the routine of a surgery, and understands dispensing. A good character can be given. Address, post paid, to C. T. C., Mr. —, sexton, C. — h S. — t, D. — d.

This young man, who is able to combine the duties of the stable with those of the dispensary, must indeed be a valuable acquisition to a medical practitioner. A groom who can rub down a horse and make up a black-draught with equal facility must be a treasure to any medical gentleman. We presume that the "routine of a surgery" includes the various operations of rolling bread up into pills, and brewing the "mixture as before" from cheap drugs and pure water. It is rather ominous that reference should be made to the sexton for character; but as the young man lived with a doctor, his opportunities of serving the sexton may create some suspicion as to the perfect impartiality of that individual. We do not wonder that a groom who has been in the habit of dispensing should have earned the good opinion of the gentleman who gets his living by grave-digging.

The public must feel considerable alarm at these professional secrets being divulged, by a groom publicly advertising himself for the double office of assistant and stable-boy—to look after the horse as well as the patients. Even if such unions of occupation are common in the medical profession, it would be as well, for the sake of appearances, that the odd combination of assistant and groom should not be proclaimed thus openly. We shall henceforth be afraid of any doctor who keeps a horse, unless he gives us his word of honour that his medicines are not made up by the servant whose duties are in the stable.

Bulletin of The Statue.

Tuesday.—The DUKE looks sadly put out by his journey. He trembled violently from head to foot as he approached the arch, and several bystanders remarked that he would never get over it. He bears up bravely, however, under all circumstances, considering he has been told to be prepared for the worst. His doom, it seems, is fixed.

Wednesday.—The DUKE began to stir rather early, though he was not up before twelve. During the day he gave no signs of improvement, though the most bracing remedies were used. His circulation has been very slow. His looks are heavy, and his features are evidently bronzed with care, by the ELDER WYATT, or else the sun.

Thursday.—The DUKE has passed the night in the most dreadful suspense. His rest was broken by one of the deal boards which supported him having given way. The symptoms got worse about six, and at nine they had reached the climax, when it was expected the DUKE would break down, and be fearfully prostrate. By dint of great watching, however, and persons sitting up with him all night, the falling-off, which was universally expected, was luckily prevented.

Friday.—The DUKE is a little firmer to-day, but he looks very reduced, and has lost considerably by the journey. He looks far from well, and must undergo a deal of taking down before he will be properly established. His diet is very strict. The only thing he has been recommended to take has been a drop of BURTON'S Entire.

Property Likely to Fall In.

THE house in Middle Row, Holborn, which fell in some six weeks ago, still remains in the same disgraceful condition. The remaining houses have been so shaken by the fall, and are in such a decayed state, that we are afraid the announcement, which we read in one of the windows will, before long, be literally carried out. The prophetic placard in question is—"These Premises will be cleared in a few days."

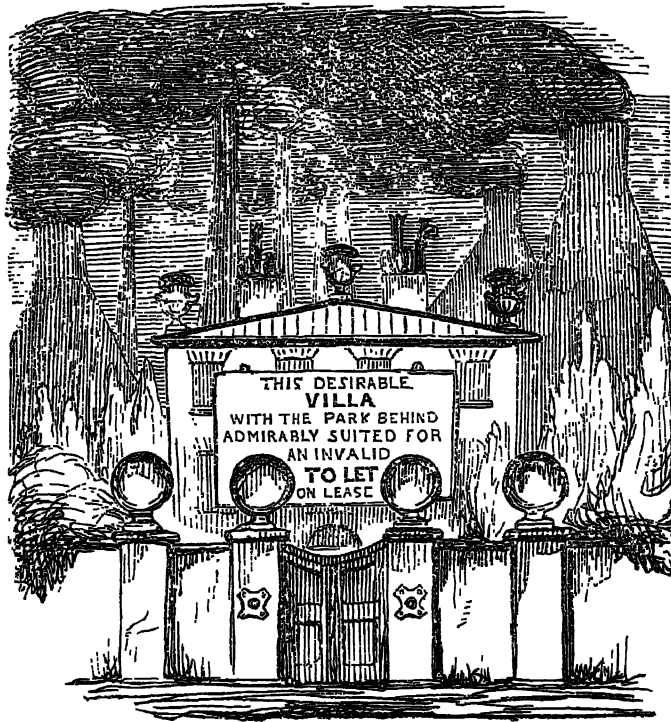
THE "ARBITER IN-ELEGANTIARUM."

SIR FREDERICK TRENCH says the immense size and quantity of metal in the Statue is only in strict adherence to fact, for he asks most indignantly whether the DUKE is not the Hero of Quatre Brass? (*Groans.*)

TRUE DIGNITY.

A WOMAN, examined last week at the Greenwich Sessions, said—"I live by hawking. I sell all sorts of netted needle-work to ladies. I never sold such *low things* as lucifer-matches!" Thus, it seems, there is an aristocracy of hawking—that eschews brimstone!

A LITTLE ELYSIUM.



MR. GEORGE ROBINS

Has been honoured with the instructions of the landlord, who is in under an execution for rent, to offer to public competition

ANOTHER LITTLE PARADISE,

comprising what he is fully justified in terming

A love of a Villa,

with all its numerous attractions, which entitle it to the name of the

PET PLACE OF THE COUNTY.

The grounds are not in themselves extensive, but the pleasures of imagination, so beautifully set forth by the

POET AKENSIDE,

will realise any extent of additional ground that the purchaser may require as

A VAST FIELD

for the exercise of his fancy. The Villa is placed in the very centre of a vast manufacturing district, and though it has been said that the propinquity of a factory is not always agreeable to the ol-factories, there can be no doubt that in this age of

Free Trade,

it cannot be objectionable to any one to find himself placed amidst the miraculous

WORKSHOPS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY.

The whole is held for a term of years at a ground-rent, which Mr. GEORGE ROBINS is justified in calling a mere song, for it consists of four notes of five pounds, and the lease is renewable at a peppercorn, which is nominal, as there is

AN EXTENSIVE PEPPER MILL

on the premises. Prospectuses, Catalogues, Plans, and other particulars have not been prepared, as Mr. GEORGE ROBINS considers this an occasion when every one will believe

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION INDISPENSABLE.

Curious Coincidence.

As the Mammoth Statue turned Park Lane, and the feature of the Duke first came in sight, it was naturally a few minutes before the remainder of the face was disclosed. At this particular turn, an organ boy, who must have been hired for the purpose, struck up the tune of "Jolly Nosa."

AN IMAGE OF TERROR.

Above the arch, by BURTON raised,
Duke ARTHUR's giant statue rides;
The distant crowd look on amazed,
Or shout, whilst laughter shakes their sides.

Why shake their sides with laughter? why
Doth wild amaze their souls enthrall?
The figure is too big and high,
Whereas the arch is much too small.

Why distant do they stand, to view
That image which the arch doth crown?—
Oh! thus the British Public do,
For fear lest it should tumble down.

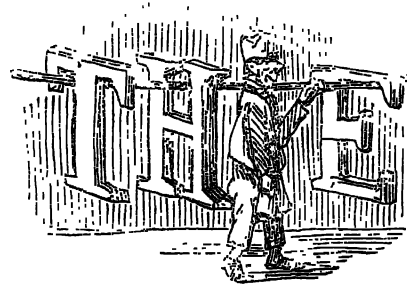
The apple-woman at the base
Her petty trade no longer plies,
The stout policeman mends his pace,
As past the dangerous spot he hies.

The cabs and omnibuses drive
On Piccadilly's other side;
Ev'n the dull carter comes alive,
And gives the arch a berth full wide.

Beneath when drives the Royal coach,
Each loyal bosom quakes with fear;
Ev'n guardsmen dread a near approach,
Ay, ev'n the Royal Grenadier.

By moonlight we, with double dread,
Behold its lengthened shadows fall
On Apsley House, and—"Ware your head
Below there!" is the cry of all.

DELAYS ARE BENEFICIAL.



COMPLAINTS have been very numerous against the delays on the Eastern Counties and South Eastern Railways. These delays might be turned to advantage. Persons who are sending up game to their friends, at this shooting season of the year, should forward them by the above railways, as, by the time they reach their destination, the game would be

in that high state of perfection, which is always cited in the mouth of the epicure as such an especial delicacy. We heard of a gentleman who received last week a brace of partridges, which were so far gone, that there was nothing but the card containing his address, and a feather left. The above experiments have been tried for a long time on venison and mutton, and have succeeded wonderfully. We know a nobleman who was in the habit of hanging his haunches in the pantry always for a month, who sends them now on a trip by the Eastern Counties Railway, and by the time they come back they are perfectly ready to be cooked.

Michaelmas Day.

GOOSE-DAY was observed this year with greater honours than usual. There was the LORD MAYOR's election going on in the City, and the progress of the Wellington Statue delighting in Hyde Park the half-dozen people left in town. We believe SIR FREDERICK TRENCH chose Michaelmas Day purposely, as being the most appropriate day for "cooking the DUKE's geese."

Parochial Advertisement.

WANTED—A Medical Man, to taste the Food of the Paupers, which he will be expected to pronounce "succulent." Apply, between the hours of twelve and two, at St. Pancras Workhouse. There is a vacancy for a respectable pauper, who, on condition of his testifying to the excellent treatment of the inmates of the house, will be allowed exclusive advantages, that may be known from the master.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.



SOMETHING like a journal of the proceedings at the Evergreens may be interesting to those foreign readers of *Punch*, who, as CONINGSBY says, want to know the customs of an English gentleman's family and household. There's plenty of time to keep the Journal. Piano strumming begins at six o'clock in the morning; it lasts till breakfast, with but a minute's intermission, when the instrument changes hands, and Miss EMILY practises in place of her sister, Miss MARIA.

In fact, the confounded instrument never stops: when the young ladies are at their lessons, Miss WIRT hammers away at those stunning variations, and keeps her magnificent finger in exercise.

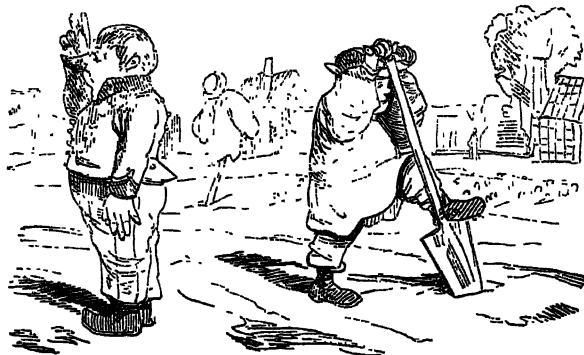
I asked this great creature in what other branches of education she instructed her pupils? "The modern languages," says she modestly. "French, German, Spanish, and Italian, Latin and the rudiments of Greek if desired. English of course; the practice of Elocution, Geography and Astronomy, and the Use of the Globes, Algebra, (but only as far as quadratic equations); for a poor ignorant female, you know, Mr. SNOB, cannot be expected to know everything. Ancient and Modern History no young woman can be without; and of these I make my beloved pupils *perfect mistresses*. Botany, Geology, and Mineralogy, I consider as amusements. And with these I assure you we manage to pass the days at the Evergreens not unpleasantly."

Only these, thought I—what an education! But I looked in one of Miss PONTO's manuscript song books and found five faults of French in four words; and in a waggish mood asking Miss WIRT whether DANTE ALGIERY was so called because he was born at Algiers? received a smiling answer in the affirmative, which made me rather doubt about the accuracy of Miss WIRT's knowledge.

When the above little morning occupations are concluded, these unfortunate young women perform what they call Callisthenic Exercises in the garden. I saw them to-day, without any crenoline, pulling the garden roller.

Dear MRS. PONTO was in the garden too, and as limp as her daughters; in a faded bandeau of hair, in a battered bonnet, in a holland pinafore, in pattens, on a broken chair, snipping leaves off a vine. MRS. PONTO measures many yards about in an evening. Ye heavens! what a guy she is in that skeleton morning costume!

Besides STRIPES, they keep a boy called THOMAS, or TUMMUS. TUMMUS works in the garden or about the pigstye and stable; THOMAS wears a page's costume of eruptive buttons, as thus:—



When anybody calls, and STRIPES is out of the way, TUMMUS flings

himself like mad into THOMAS's clothes, and comes out metamorphosed like Harlequin in the pantomime. To-day, as MRS. P. was cutting the grape-vine, as the young ladies were at the roller, down comes TUMMUS like a roaring whirlwind, with "Missus, Missus! there's coompany, coomin!" Away skurry the young ladies from the roller, down comes MRS. P. from the old chair, off flies TUMMUS to change his clothes, and in an incredibly short space of time SIR JOHN HAWBUCK, my LADY HAWBUCK, and MASTER HUGH HAWBUCK are introduced into the garden with brazen effrontery by THOMAS, who says "Please SIR JAN and my Lady to walk this year way: *I know* Missus is in the rose-garden."

And there, sure enough, she was!



In a pretty little garden bonnet, with beautiful curling ringlets, with the smartest of aprons and the freshest of pearl-coloured gloves, this amazing woman was in the arms of her dearest LADY HAWBUCK. "Dearest LADY HAWBUCK, how good of you! Always among my flowers! can't live away from them!"

"Sweets to the sweet! hum—a-ha—haw!" says SIR JOHN HAWBUCK, who piques himself on his gallantry, and says nothing without "a-hum—a-ha—a-haw!"

"Whereth yaw pinnafaw?" cries MASTER HUGH, "We thaw you in it, over the wall, didn't we, Pa?"

"Hum—a-ha—a-haw!" burst out SIR JOHN, dreadfully alarmed, "Where's PONTO? Why wasn't he at Quarter Sessions? How are his birds this year, MRS. PONTO—have those Carabas pheasants done any harm to your wheat? a-hum—a-ha—a-haw!" and all this while he was making the most ferocious and desperate signals to his youthful heir.

"Well, she *walk* in her pinnafaw, wathn't she Ma?" says HUGH, quite unabashed; which question LADY HAWBUCK turned away with a sudden query regarding the dear, darling daughters, and the *enfant terrible* was removed by his father.

"I hope you weren't disturbed by the music," PONTO says. "My girls, you know, practise four hours a-day, you know—must do it, you know—absolutely necessary. As for me, you know I'm an early man, and in my farm every morning at five—no, no laziness for me."

The facts are these. PONTO goes to sleep directly after dinner on entering the drawing-room, and wakes up when the ladies leave off practice at ten. From seven till ten, and from ten till five, is a very fair allowance of slumber for a man who says he's *not* a lazy man. It is my private opinion, that when PONTO retires to what is called his "study," he sleeps too. He locks himself up there daily two hours with the newspaper.

I saw the *Hawbuck* scene out of the Study which commands the garden. It's a curious object, that Study. PONTO's library mostly

consists of boots. He and STRIPES have important interviews here of mornings, when the potatoes are discussed, or the fate of the calf ordained, or sentence passed on the pig, &c. All the major's bills are docketed on the Study table and displayed like a lawyer's briefs. Here, too, lie displayed his hooks, knives, and other gardening irons, his whistles, and strings of spare buttons. He has a drawer of endless brown paper for parcels, and another containing a prodigious and never-failing supply of string. What a man can want with so many gig-whips I can never conceive. These, and fishing-rods, and landing-nets, and spurs, and boot-trees, and balls for horses, and surgical implements for the same, and favourite pots of shiny blacking, with which he paints his own shoes in the most elegant manner, and buck-skin gloves stretched out on their trees, and his gorget, sash, and sabre of the Horse Marines, with his boot-hooks underneath in a troyly; and the family medicine-chest, and in a corner the very rod with which he used to whip his son. WELLESLEY PONTO, when a boy (WELLESLEY never entered the "study" but for that awful purpose)—all these, with *Mogg's Road Book*, the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, and a backgammon board, form the MAJOR's library. Under the trophy there's a picture of Mrs. PONTO, in a light-blue dress and train, and no waist, when she was first married; a fox's brush lies over the frame, and serves to keep the dust off that work of art.

"My library's small," says PONTO, with the most amazing inducement, "but well selected, my boy—well selected. I have been reading the *History of England* all the morning."

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

TALE THE FIFTH.



ou have seldom, Marines, an opportunity of reading the newspapers; although a considerate Government serves out your *Punch* to you as regularly as your grog. No matter. You are better without them. They would only mislead you. They are as full of monstrous fabrications as *Baron Munchausen*. There is one fib, in particular, which they have lately told so often that the public actually believes it.

You must know that, at this time of the year, noblemen and country gentlemen, unoccupied with their parliamentary duties, devote themselves to those of their station. A few still employ their time in shooting; but the majority have given up that amusement, together, as you were informed the other day, with the preservation of game. The great body of landowners either remain on their estates, or go about doing good; and among the various labours of benevolence, is that of attending meetings of agricultural societies, which they have established in different counties, for the promotion of husbandry. One of the chief objects of these societies is the

reward and encouragement of industrious and well-conducted labourers. Now the newspapers, almost daily, publish reports of agricultural meetings; but these reports are so shamefully falsified, that one blushes even to repeat them. What do you think are the rewards and encouragements which they represent our munificent landlords and generous farmers as bestowing on their meritorious servants? A pair of boots to an old man who has lived all his life on seven shillings a week, and never cost his parish a sixpence! A suit of clothes to the father of the largest family, who has maintained his wife and children on the smallest earnings! A fitch of bacon—(gammon you will say)—to a carter or a ploughman, for fifteen or twenty years' good behaviour! And these stories the newspapers tell as gravely and coolly as any misstatement was ever made in the House of Commons!

As if noblemen, and gentlemen, and opulent yeomen would think of recompensing a life of toil and honesty, or a quarter of a century of heroic endurance on the scale on which they would reward a good boy at school, or tip a footman or a waiter at an inn. Oh, pooh! stuff and nonsense! the absurdity is too glaring, even for a joke.

The fact is this: The agricultural societies throughout England have provided in their respective districts—not an almshouse, no—but a set of comfortable cottages for the reception of all worn-out labourers whose wages have been insufficient to enable them to put anything by. The prizes for industry, economy, and steadiness, consist in nominations to these cottages, in which board, as well as lodging, is gratuitously supplied to the inmates. Prizemen, less necessitous, are presented with a good round sum of money; and as for boots and smock frocks, and sides of bacon, such small quantities are awarded to hard-working

fellows who have distinguished themselves in some particular hay-making or harvest. A good fat porker is frequently one of these rewards of merit; for in point of generosity the agricultural societies go the whole hog. They not uncommonly present a stock of baby-linen to an exemplary mother, or even find a wedding-dress for an active milkmaid. In short, their object is the creation of a happy peasantry—"their country's pride;" and they have succeeded in it to an extent which is absolutely notorious. And this is the fifth story that *Punch* has related—to the Marines.

TIT BITS IN "THE MAID OF ARTOIS."

THIS delicious lyric poem comes back upon us most refreshingly after a repose of ten years, and the poet has shown, by two or three additions, that he still retains all the qualities which first won the hearts and charmed the ears of a British public. In the first scene, when MR. HARRISON walks in with "a broken fortune and a broken heart"—his purse-strings and his pericardium being equally snapped asunder—he informs us that

"If at times the stain of grief upon his cheek appears,
It is because his saddened thoughts find some relief in tears."

Now this is a piece of poetical licence, for if "the stain of grief upon his cheek appears," it is because he has not washed his face after crying. The poet has a great tendency to talk of the stains made by tears—a conceit which seems as if he had been nursing his Muse in a domestic nursery. In his new ballad for *Isoline*, he tells us—

"Oh! what a charm it is to dwell
On long departed years,
E'en though we recollect so well
How stain'd they were with tears."

What nonsense it is to talk about stains of tears, as if they were stains of port wine or other indelible marks, when it is notorious that tears will wash out with wonderful rapidity. This, however, is good—it is in BUNN's best style:—

"And though their days in fondness nursed
Were yet in sadness past,
For ties that were engendered first
Are those forgotten last."

Out of pity to this verse, we have some idea of inserting the following advertisement in all the papers:—

"Wanted Immediately.—The next of kin to the "days in fondness nursed." Any one giving information whose days are alluded to, and who is meant by *their*, will hear of something to his advantage."

We find the poet has not disturbed the magnificent quatrain in the finale of the first act, which is still retained in all its native simplicity. It is one of those things that BUNN's brain "engendered first," and which will decidedly be "forgotten last." Here it is. Hip, hip! hurrah!

"A way with the traitor!
And never did greater
Involve in his ruin
Another's un-doin."

Bravo, BUNN! At it again!

MILD AS THE MOON-BEAMS.

WE have been favoured with a copy of the protest which was sent in by MR. BULWER to the Spanish Government. The tone of it, it will be seen, is so strong, that we cannot wonder that no answer has been sent to it. The Spanish Ministry is evidently frightened.

Protest of the British Government.

"The British Government presents its compliments to the Spanish Government, and requests as a very great favour, that the Spanish Government will be obliging enough to put off, if possible, the marriage of the INFANTA LUISA with the DUKE DE MONTFENSIER. The British Government begs to congratulate the Spanish Government on the approaching marriage of the QUEEN OF SPAIN, but would be very much hurt to see the young INFANTA throw herself away on a Bourbon, when she might do something so very much better. The British Government presents its compliments to the QUEEN CHRISTINA, and, hoping she is quite well, begs to suggest that there are a number of little COBURGS still unmarried. An answer will oblige."

ALARMING RISE.

WE already knew the DUKE OF WELLINGTON was dear to his country, but we never expected he would rise to such "a very large figure."

PROGRESS OF A STAR.



AN interesting account has been lately published of the professional movements of MADAME ANNA BISHOP during a continental career of some duration. It is not perhaps generally known that similar ovations have been showered upon a lovely young British vocalist in her own country. We suppress the name, as the modesty of the fair *cantatrice*, is very considerable; but we will give her the pseudonyme of SIGNORA THOMSON, in recording her exploits.

SIGNORA THOMSON exhibited a wonderful voice from her infancy, and she first developed its power in shouting to her deaf grandmother. Her first

appearance as a vocalist was, however, at a tea-party given at Islington by the resident music master. Here she attracted the notice of the lessee of a tea-garden; and it was resolved that she should go the whole round of the suburbs.

Her first engagement was at the "Gun," at Pimlico, where her success was so decided, that she was asked into the bar every evening, to take a cup of tea with the landlady. The corporal on duty at the palace paid her marked attention, and the military vied with each other in their civilities to the Pimlico nightingale. On one occasion two of the fifers serenaded her at her lodgings, and every song she sang emptied a cask of ale, through the consumption caused by the influx of visitors.

She next visited Chelsea, where the steam-boat authorities immediately put two of their check-takers at her disposal, for her concerts. She was most favourably received at the Bun House, and was invited to several *soirées* at DON SALTERO'S. After carrying with her several presents from Chelsea, she went into the interior, and came to Kensington, where she achieved a signal triumph. The churchwardens instantly placed at her disposal PRINCE, the beadle, and all his staff, to deliver her circulars. She gave a concert at the theatre, which was attended by all the students of the Proprietary School, who filled the boxes, while the pit and galleries were crowded with the peasantry. The overseer of Kensington gave her his arm to the omnibus on her quitting the town, and the sentinels at the corner of High Street remained on duty during the passing of the vehicle.

Her next visit was to Copenhagen-Fields, where she received a present of a large bunch of Swedish turnips, intended as a hint of her being quite equal to the Swedish nightingale. She was engaged as *prima donna assoluta* for an entire week, and her engagement was renewed for another week by command of the acting inspector at the Station House. This functionary placed two of the force always at her disposal during her visit to his district, and helped her on with her cloak with his own hand, when she finally left the neighbourhood. On the last night of her engagement she was called to the bar twenty-five times to receive wishes for her health from different amateurs among the audience. She sang "Rory O'More" eleven times while at Chelsea, and "Marble Halls" eighty-six times, from first to last in the course of her engagements. She learned "Lucy Neal" in the original dialect at an hour's notice, and sang it in the presence of one of the Ethiopian Serenaders, who threw the fair *cantatrice* his bones as a mark of approbation at the end of the first stanza.

Such is a brief outline of the career of SIGNORA THOMSON to the present time. The future is before her, and will, we hope, give her an opportunity of proving, from the future, that she is not only perfect, but pluperfect, or even preterpluperfect, as a British Vocalist.

Correction to be made in all Geographies.

PYRENEES. A chain of mountains which was formerly the boundary between France and Spain. They were cleared away by LOUIS PHILIPPE, in the year 1846, on the occasion of his son's marriage with the INFANTA LUISA. This gave rise to the French saying, which is now so popular in the *estaminets* of Paris: "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées.*"

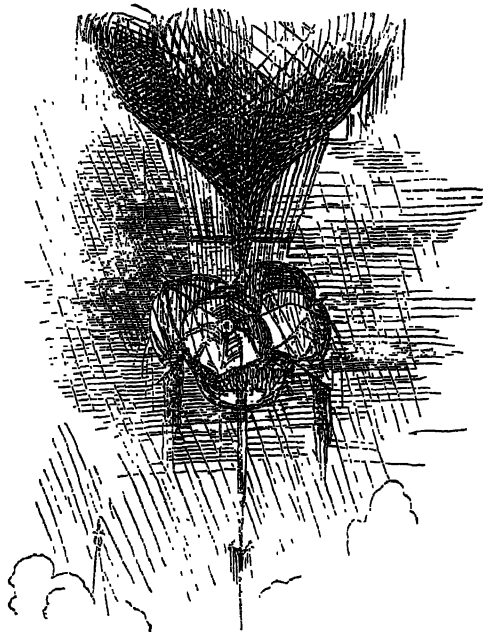
NEW ERA.

We have had several eras; for instance, the Elizabethan era, the Georgian era, &c. The statue of FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON will be known, we are afraid, when it comes down, by the awful name of the F.M.-era (*ephemera*.)

ULTIMATE DESTINATION OF THE STATUE.

CONSIDERABLE curiosity is being excited as to what can be done with the DUKE'S Statue if it is obliged to descend from its present elevated position. It has been suggested that a grand group might be achieved by placing it side by side with the ACILLES, who might be employed in holding the DUKE'S horse; for the hero of antiquity has been some years stretching forth his hand, as if in the attitude of holding a horse for somebody. No animal has ever yet been found large enough to admit of his carrying out his accommodating intentions, but the Mammoth horse of the DUKE is just about the proper height for the purpose. If the DUKE is to remain where he is, some support must be found for him; and perhaps a small group of Peninsular veterans might be introduced appropriately, as having been the parties who raised him to his very high position.

THE LAST BALLOON OF THE SEASON.



NATURE has behaved very amiably to the aeronauts throughout the season; but she seems at last to have been completely tired out by their impertinent curiosity. She has received every balloon-party with considerable civility, until the last that started from Cremorne Gardens, and she seems to have considered that there had been enough visiting between earth and air for the present. Fearful of that familiarity that is said to breed contempt, she at length threw a damp upon the intimacy that was springing up between the two elements, by introducing a third, in the shape of water. The old adage, that "Two's company, but three's none," was never more terrifically realised. Air and earth got on very well together, but water threw a dreadful damp upon the warmth of the meeting, and has for the present completely cooled down the acquaintance. The last balloon accordingly went up amid thunders of anything but applause, and the car seemed to be filled with a number of parachutes in the shape of umbrellas. The veteran GREEN was, to use a venerable pun, on this occasion the "wetter-un."

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF GENTILITY.

FORMERLY, any one who kept a gig was called a gentleman.

Now-a-days, anybody, according to the DUKE OF LEEDS, who is acquainted with MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY is a gentleman.

We must say, we still prefer the old test. We would sooner have a gig any day than a gentleman whose argument is "a punch on the head."

Queer Conceits of Authors.

In the present day, it seems to be a great point gained by authors to get novelty in the titles of their productions. The last new advertisement announces the publication of a work to be called *Lawrets and Flowers*. We have some idea of bringing out a sort of companion, to be called *Gammon and Spinach*.

AWFUL SCENE ON THE CHAIN PIER, BRIGHTON.



Nursemaid. "LAWK! THERE GOES CHARLEY, AND HE'S TOOK HIS MAN'S PARASOL. WHAT WILL MISSUS SAY?"

TENDERS FOR THE NAVY.

SINCE THE PRINCE OF WALES has been made a midshipman, the Admiralty has been besieged with nurses and anxious mothers, carrying their little charges to be admitted into the navy. The impression amongst the fair sex evidently is, that a child cannot be entered too early on board a man of war; and the number of babies that have been tendered to the Lords of the Admiralty as future LORD NELSONS, has been quite awful. One woman presented herself to the porter at the entrance with twins, and began her speech with "Please, my lord, I have brought you two young sailors. I wish them, my lord, to be brought up as admirals, in the same ship as the PRINCE OF WALES. This one I should like to be a red one, and this other one, blue. You will see, my lord, I have put ribbons round their little arms, so that there shall be no mistake about it." She was going on, when the porter interrupted her, by assuring her that "they were over stocked with admirals just at present, but he believed they were in want of such an article at the Chelsea steam-boats." The poor woman took up her red and blue admirals, and went off immediately at full speed.

OUR BIG SHAME.

WE trust that the adage "Ars longa, vita brevis," will not be violated in the case of the Arch-Duke, but that this "long work of Art" will have a very "brief existence."

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

MONARCHY. From the Greek words *μονος*, alone, and *αρχω*, to govern; meaning the government of one person. There has been no English monarch, strictly speaking, since the days of ALEXANDER SELKIRK, who was "monarch of all he surveyed;" but the British Government cannot be properly called a Monarchy. The word is sometimes applied; but monarchy in England is a species of compound which may be assimilated to *negus*; whereof the Sovereign is the lump of sugar, the Aristocracy form the wine, and the Commons the water, which in fact preserves the purity and wholesomeness of the entire mixture.

MONK means literally, one who leads a solitary life; but the monks of old appear to have been the most social set of jolly dogs in Christendom. The only remnant of a real monastic existence is to be found in Vauxhall Gardens, where the hermit leads the life of a rigid recluse in the cell appropriated to his residence.

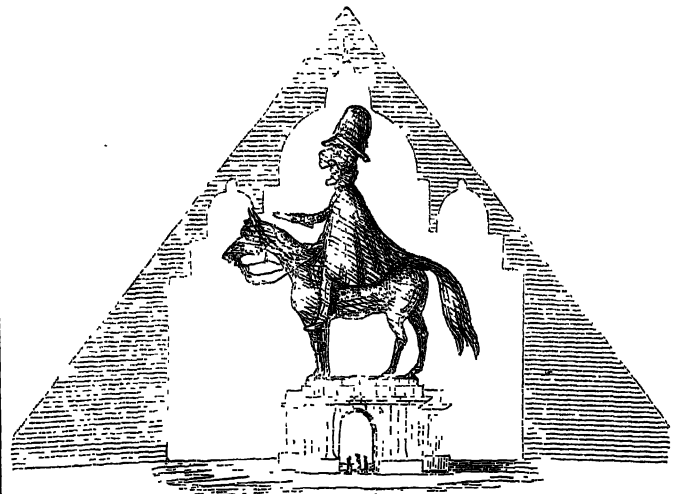
A vow of poverty used formerly to be taken by all monks, but this is unnecessary with the Vauxhall monk, who is *ex officio* poor, for a shilling a night is understood to be the amount of his salary.

MOUNT DE PIETE (*Monte di Pietà* in Italian). Literally the Mountain of Piety: a public institution, equivalent to our own pawn-brokers' shops, for lending money. These mountains of piety have very often been plundered and reduced to mole-hills by Governments in want of money. POPE PIUS THE SIXTH, probably by virtue of his nominal piety, seized upon one of these mountains when pressed by the French for a contribution to carry on the war against his own and other governments. This was in the time of NAPOLEON, who from his seizing on a slice of everything wherever he went, seems to have been very appropriately called by the name of *Bone-a-part*.

MUNICIPAL CORPORATION. The corporation of a town; which may

perhaps have been called the Corporation, from its being, as it were, the stomach or recipient of all the dinners and feasts paid for out of the municipal money.

THE DUKE ON A GRAND SCALE.



OUR readers have probably seen those ingenious prints which show the relative heights of the different monuments of Art throughout the world, from the Pyramids at Egypt down to the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Those engravings will henceforth not be complete without the introduction of the WELLINGTON Statue, in juxtaposition with the other vast structures, showing its relation to them in point of magnitude. The annexed illustration shows us the DUKE in reference to a well-known and highly-popular Cathedral, backed by an established Pyramid.

A VERY GREAT SECRET.

A GENTLEMAN has offered a prize of forty pounds to any one who will tell him who is at present Prime Minister of England.



UNION IS STRENGTH.

John Bull. "HERE ARE A FEW THINGS TO GO ON WITH, BROTHER, AND I'LL SOON PUT YOU IN A WAY TO EARN YOUR OWN LIVING."

MRS. GAMP AFTER HER "EPIGRAMS."



Doctor Punch. "So you feel weak and languid, and then irritable, and all-overish like, do you? The fact is, my good woman, there is something very wrong about your circulation; but I think I know of something that will touch you up a little."

Mrs. Gamp. "Ah! Doctor Punch, I wish I had your health and spirits."

PUNCH'S PRIZES FOR INDUSTRY.

As it is the fashion to give prizes to labourers, in the shape of a very small per centage on the profits they have earned for their masters by extra zeal, we recommend the plan as a "capital dodge" for being carried into all the branches of industry.

We recommend its adoption in attorneys' offices, and we beg leave to suggest the following scale by way of a beginning:—

- For the copying clerk at fifteen shillings a week, who has been the greatest number of years, and had the greatest number of children during his employment in the same office, and has never asked for a rise of salary on the birth of one of them, or solicited any assistance
Ten shillings.
- For the eldest of three copying clerks at fifteen shillings a week, who have worked so hard as to enable their employers to get rid of one of them for the ensuing year, and thus save an entire salary
Five shillings.
- For the second Half-a-Crown.
- For the third The best wishes of his employers.

As it appears to be a common practice to give a shepherd a pound for rearing the greatest number of lambs in proportion to their flocks, the attorneys might offer to their managing clerks a small annual reward for the greatest produce of the fleece in proportion to the number of their clients.

In domestic service also the system would, we are sure, work well, or make the menials work well, which is after all the grand purpose of all this liberality. We should suggest therefore—

- For the maid-of-all-work, who has been the longest in one place, where the washing is done at home, and nothing put out but the mistress of the house, at finding any thing neglected Five Shillings.
- For the bit of a girl, who has been longest employed at sixpence a-week, and got through her duties without assistance from the char-woman A new Testament,

In fact, the scheme seems to be such a profitable sort of thing to the givers of the prizes, that we have some idea of rewarding our own subscribers, and just throw out the following by way of "a feeler." We propose, then—

- For the oldest subscriber, who has been longest taking in our work and can produce the handsomest and completest set from the first number
Our own Autograph.

For the second Our Initials.
For the third, Our Thanks.
And, as a climax to our liberality, For ALL who have got a complete set of our work in any shape whatever, bound or unbound Our best Wishes.

"NOW THEN, STUPID!"



THE above exclamation, conveying the strongest indignation, uttered in a tone of the deepest contempt, is generally made when one person in the street runs against another. The reprimand is so simple, however, and so beautifully adapted to the smallest capacity, that, we think, it might be advantageously used for more general purposes; for instance:—

When a gatekeeper in one of the parks stops a small parcel or turns away a velvetten coat, it would do him no harm to call out to him, "Now then, stupid!"

A manager, when he talks about an "enlightened British public, to whom an appeal is never made in vain," would invent something better if he were invariably stopt by the gallery admonition of "Now then, stupid!"

Any young gentleman who goes through the toe-and-heel evolutions of the Polka, and executes every one of the attitudes of that intricate dance, might easily be checked by a good-natured friend quietly saying to him, "Now then, stupid!"

A hair-dresser, the moment he has said, "Your hair is very dry, sir: a little of our Cream of Human Kindness would do it a deal of good, sir," might gradually be taught better if he always met with the exclamation of "Now then, stupid!"

An actor would, in time, give up the antediluvian sentiment of "The man who would strike a lovely woman in distress, &c.," if he were always stopt in the middle by a general call of "Now then, stupid!"

The LORD MAYOR, also, might probably give up the practice of exhibiting himself on the ninth of November in his gingerbread carriage, if he were received, every year, with universal cries of—"Now then, stupid!"

When a male dancer comes forward to the footlights on his toes, stands on one leg, gives a sickly grin, and then begins to kick his legs and throw his naked arms about, the nuisance might very soon be put down if he were always received with unanimous shouts of—"Now then, stupid!"

When we see a pretty young lady walking out on a wet day with very thin shoes, we certainly should cry out to her, if it were not for an innate modesty which stifles the words—"Now then, stupid!"

When a fine-whiskered preacher, with white kid gloves, diamond studs, macassar ringlets, and a cambric pocket-handkerchief, talks in a lisp about the vanity of this world, we must say we always feel the strongest inclination—only we are awed by the majesty of the beadle!—to shout out to him—"Now then, stupid!"

Whenever we see a fresh portrait of HARRISON AINSWORTH, we always feel inclined to indulge in the same exclamation.

The same desire always seizes us when an Irish gentleman gets up in the middle of an agreeable party to propose somebody's health, and in the most sickening nonsense compliments him to his face.

And lastly, when we see an old man, who ought to know better, take up the *Morning Herald* and actually read it, it is always with the greatest difficulty we can refrain from shouting out to him—"Now then, Stupid!"

A Sad Look-Out.

As the DUKE OF WELLINGTON was looking the other day out of Apsley House, and saw the ACHILLES on one side of him, and the Monster Statue on the other, he was heard to sing, in a voice of the utmost feeling,—

"How happy could I be with neither



THE WINNING OF THE INFANTA

A ROMANTIC BALLAD

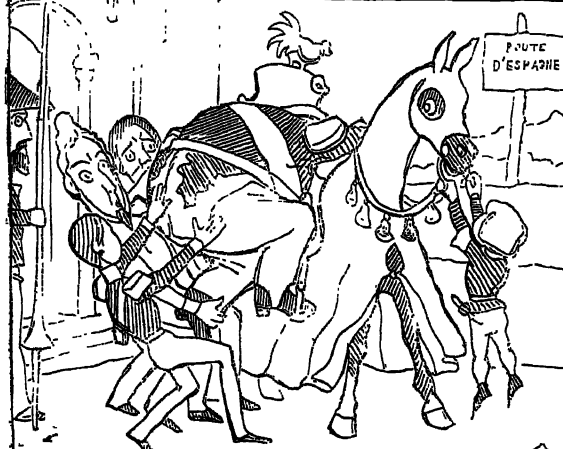
PART FIRST



YE OLD KINGE AND HIS IV SONS.



YE SPANISH QUEENE, & HER SISTER.



YE KINGE TAKES TO HORSE.

The sun shines fair on Neuilly, 'tis past the hour of dine,
Old France and his four royal sons are sitting o'er their wine ;
But untasted by the monarch's side bright gleams the Clos-Vougeot,
As he chinks his five-franc pieces, and surveys his sons a-row.

Oh, a wily man is that old king, his whiskers long and grey,
With a twinkle in his eye, that seems " I 'm wide awake " to say ;
And the smile that plays about his lip is just the smile that suits
The only King in Europe who has polished his own boots.

There sits dark JOINVILLE, with moustaches right truculent of twist,
MONTPENSIER, the muffin-faced, NEMOURS the close of fist,
And young D'ATMALE, the fair and flat, a chasseur tight and trim,
And the monarch thought " it's lucky that I 've found a wife for him."

" NEMOURS, thou art mine own true son—small dower thy wife need pay :
By skinning flints and shaving close thou still wilt make thy way ;
JOINVILLE I 've wedded to Brazil, her diamonds and her dollars,
And all save one I 've fitted with matrimonial collars.

" There sit two royal maidens in the Escorial towers,
Their hands his prize who mystifies the European Powers ;
By St. Denis, there's one for thee, MONTPENSIER my boy !"
And down with a crack, on his third son's back, came the monarch's
hand in joy !

" For the rival knights TRAFFANI, COBURG, MONTEMOLIN,
DON FRANCISCO, DON ENRIQUE, I hold them not a pin !
Let who will have HER MAJESTY, we for the INFANTA stand :
There are cases where one bird i' the bush is worth two birds in hand.

" What ho, my squires ! bring forth my horse, my armour and my
shield ! "

And 'twas rare to see the ancient king how he armed him for the field.
While his four sons gathered round him, each on his bended knee,
And took a lesson from that old *Chevalier d'Industrie*."

He hath braced his helm of humbug, his breast-plate of untruth,
He hath ta'en his shield of impudence and his lance of little ruth ;
And his sons up to the saddle-tree give him a leg at need,
And proudly paces " Artful Dodge," his old but trusty steed !

Part Second.

The lists are cleared, the barriers reared, the knights come riding in,
The captive maidens sadly look, for liking is a sin ;
They may not choose, may not refuse, for such their royal parts,
'Tis but their hands are wanted—what need to think of hearts ?

Rides in the van, the pale TRAFFAN, his sword is in its sheath,
The legend blazoned on his shield " I fight"—a cross beneath.
MONTEMOLIN, his shield within, displays a crown of brass,
Which his sire DON CARLOS gave him when he found it wouldn't pass.

Next rides COBURG-COCHART, and the QUEEN doth wish him luck ;
For, though somewhat out at elbows, he's what ladies call a " duck,"
And he bears the Coburg legend, which his seedy look confirms,
Of " Royal Marriages performed upon the cheapest terms."

DON FRANCISCO rideth after, looking fain to run away,
Right groggy is he in his *selle*, and anything but gay ;
Follows close bold DON ENRIQUE, he hath caught the INFANTA'S eye,
He blows a kiss to her, and she blows him one in reply.

The trumpets sound, the knights ride round, displaying of their paces,
And the ladies gay, they flirt away, displaying of their faces ;
When, o'er the barrier of Utrecht, that shuts the lists below,
With lusty leap Louis-PHILIPPE on " Artful Dodge " doth show.

He wears his crown with vizor down, " Hold hard ! " he cries aloud,
" I too will ride a tilt of arms before this noble crowd : "
And he strikes on PRINCE TRAPPAN'S shield, who, the challenge when
he hears,
Immediately is taken ill, and straightway disappears.

" Ha, ha ! I guess that's one the less ! Now, SIR COBURG, for you."
And he tipped his lance with gold, for well his foe's weak point he knew ;
A rush, a thrust,—a cloud of dust—and when it left the air,
There lay the COBURG, dead to " time " and much the worse for wear.

" Now rest thee, DON FRANCISCO, I leave the QUEEN to you,
But, DON ENRIQUE, there's a crow to pluck between us two."
And he bent his lance of slander 'gainst that heart so true and leal,
And, with a grin, the stern old king sent home the poisoned steel.

Then silent flowed the tears of those maidens as, perforce,
Each saw her favourite champion sent, as *Bell's Life* says, " to dorse ; "
But nought recked he, the grim Louis, of breaking hearts, or woe :
He'd come to win a wife, and one he'd have before he'd go.

On came MONTEMOLIN, but aye his glance he backward threw,
For the Constable was on his track, as well old Louis knew ;
" Police ! " shouts France, but their approach the Count awaited not,
At first glimpse of the Alcalde he hath bolted like a shot !

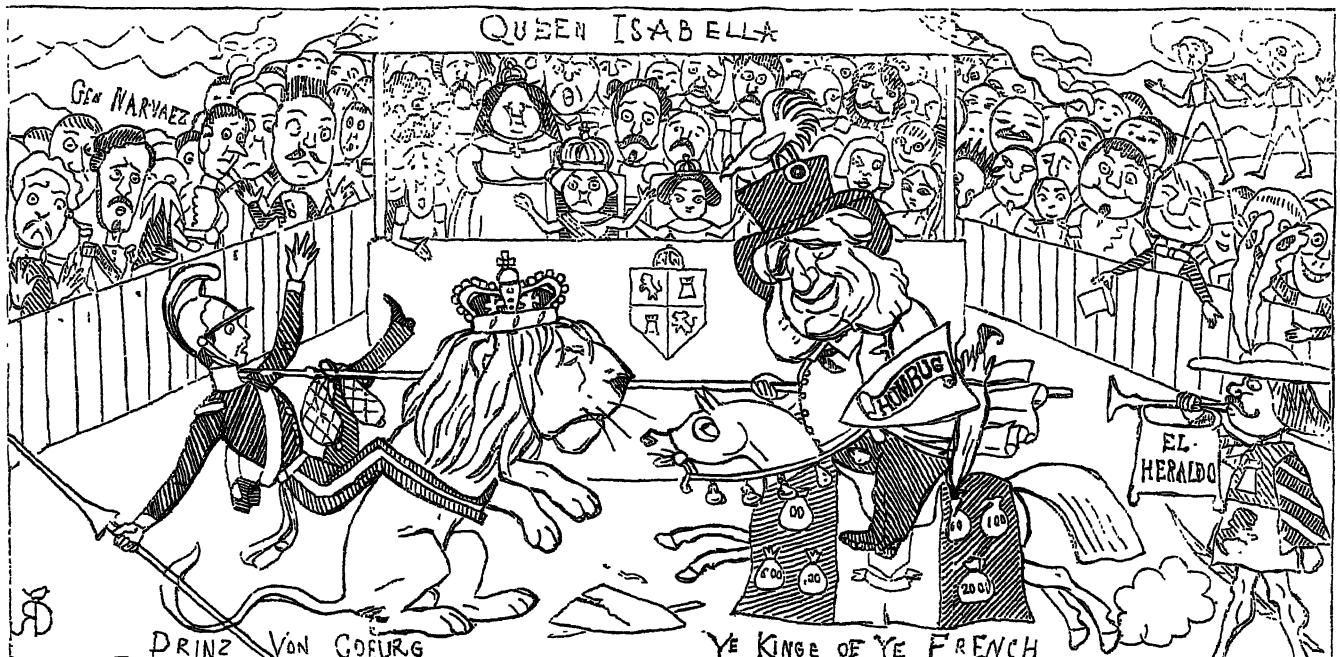
The jousts are done, the prize is won, old France has gained the day,
Tho' 'tis in what some folks may call—a dirty sort of way ;
And he strokes the neck of " Artful Dodge," " Well done, thou trusty steed !
I've worked thee hard, but never yet thou'st failed me at my need ! "

Right proudly rode he up the lists to where the maidens sat,
And courteously his vizor raised, beneath his broad-brimmed hat,
" Your hands are mine, to pick and choose : FRANCISCO, take the QUEEN ;
For you, INFANTA, I've a son, a gallant boy, tho' green."

And with a roguish chuckle, as they looked both sad and sour,
He gave those sorry maidens each unto a husband's power ;
And long Madrid shall grumble at the doings of the day
When, with " Artful Dodge," LOUIS-PHILIPPE the INFANTA bore away.



YE SUITORS.



YE TOURNAMENT

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

As we are approaching that genial time when so many thousands of the thoughtless British public begin to think of giving up the vanities of watering-places—with all their soft, their enervating influences of



donkeys, raffles, and buff slippers! as we are nearing November, when the Catos of Margate shall no longer be called upon to "write a letter to the *Times*," denouncing the giddiness of young ladies who will polk in their bathing-gowns, to the delight of the frivolous and the agony of the serious-minded; when, in a word, tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures will be returning with their carpet-bags to London, once more to renew the seriousness of life, as carried out at our principal playhouses (and, we contend, there are few things more truly serious than certain comedies, vaudevilles, and farces, as acted by certain companies)—it is to us a very gratifying task to inform the play-going public, which means all London, that PROFESSOR FABER has issued a circular to the Managers of all the theatres; a circular which certainly promises to remedy a few of the slight defects that, in the opinion of the hypercritical, has for a little time existed in various companies. The Professor proposes to make a troop of actors (upon the same principle that he has made his talking automaton), and to let them out to Managers at so much per week. Thus, in many instances, Managers will effect a great saving of salaries; and, on the other hand, the public will, in some respects, be supplied with a better article. The following are a few of the Professor's charges:—

A Second-Rate—(for the Professor eschews the very first class)—A second-rate, good, substantial tragedy man; warranted to play the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, the father in *Clara*, and indeed, all the "heavy fathers" in general (paternity, on the stage, being always weighty), with "a good bould voice," of one-shilling-gallery power; fitted up with double groans, additional heavy sobs, and with the very best patent windmill action . . . Per week £4 0 0

A Stout second Old Man; with a perfect splutter; a wheeze, and a cough of any modulation. Can be fitted up with an asthma at half-an-hour's notice; and has also a "d—n" of most sonorous volume. Either walks with the gout when required; or when very much delighted, or very much enraged, can take up the tails of its coat in its hands, and dance upon the stage, as though dancing upon hot iron. Warranted, moreover, not to leave off dancing, until it has received at least two rounds of applause. Strikes its stick upon the stage, and cocks its hat with more than the reality of life . . . Per week £3 0 0

A light Comedian (an article very much wanted), with handsome face, fine eyes, and extremely white teeth. Has a remarkably fine and varied gait; now stalking like a camel, and now slipping along the boards, as though his feet were buttered. An immensely voluble delivery; being warranted, if necessary, to play the whole of *Charles Surface* in ten minutes with no apparent effort whatever. Warranted to act three or four parts every night: nothing more being required than that the prompter should wind him up at the wing . . . Per week £5 0 0

Second Low Comedy (with any dialect from Epping to the Land's End); a good, stout article, that will face a whole flock of geese, as though all its life used to 'em. Has any laugh, from the one-

horse-power to the small chuckle; and slaps its breeches pocket with most convincing energy. For sentimental bits has a beautiful blubber, and can in two minutes be got ready for a comic song between the pieces. A really serviceable article. Per week £2 0 0

A Comedy Lady; warranted to act *Lady Teazle* with a canary-bird chirp. Can also be adapted to domestic heroines, having a charming way of cutting syllables (by means of spasmodic mechanism of the most perfect action) into two, three, or four pieces. Puts its little hands together in a most affecting manner; and wipes away the tear from the eye at the necessary points. Has a flourish of the white pocket-handkerchief that goes to the farthest heart of the gallery. (If fitted up with extra screams), per week £6 0 0

Lady's-maid or Chamber-maid. A capital article; with a laugh like a ring of bells, and a power of striking the "points" of a part into an audience, like pins into a pincushion. A wonderful power of *double-entendre* . . . Per week £4 10 0

The automata have this further advantage over flesh and blood players—that they never refuse their parts; and are always perfect to the letter in what they undertake. They are also warranted by the Professor to be kept in constant repair for the weekly salary specified.

Punch cannot inform his readers whether any of the London Managers have actually acceded to the terms of PROFESSOR FABER; but, for ourselves, we think them so advantageous, so profitable too, to a theatre, and in some instances, promising such increased enjoyment to the public, that we hope to be able, in due time, to announce the appearance of the Professor's troop.

HOW TO SUIT THE TASTE.



Waiter. "GENT IN No. 4 LIKES A HOLDER AND THINNER WINE, DOES HE? I WONDER HOW HE'LL LIKE THIS BIN!"

The Penalty of Greatness.

NAPOLION said there was "but one step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous." As the DUKE OF WELLINGTON was in the balcony of Apsley House, gazing at the Monster Statue, it struck us that there was sometimes the difference of a whole street.

TO BE SOLD.—THE BALANCE OF POWER. It is a little out of order, and requires adjusting, as the beam has been kicked rather severely lately by one LOUIS-PHILIPPE, which has thrown the Balance slightly upon one side. A few English measures are to be sold with it, in the shape of one or two protests, but their weight is so small that they do not even turn the scale. For further particulars apply to the British Ambassadors at Paris, or Madrid; and for cards to view, to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Downing Street, in whose custody the Balance of Power is at present deposited.

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THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

WE had the fish, which, as the kind reader may remember, I had brought down in a delicate attention to MRS. PONTO, to variegate the repast of next day; and cod and oyster sauce, twice laid, salt cod and scoloped oysters, formed parts of the bill of fare; until I began to fancy that the PONTO family, like our late revered monarch GEORGE II., had a fancy for stale fish. And about this time the pig being consumed, we began upon a sheep.

But how shall I forget the solemn splendour of a second course, which was served up in great state by STRIPES in a silver dish and cover, a napkin twisted round his dirty thumbs; and consisted of a landrail, not much bigger than a corpulent sparrow.



"MY LOVD, WILL YOU TAKE ANY GAME?"

says PONTO, with prodigious gravity; and stuck his fork into that little mouthful of an island in the silver sea. STRIPES, too, at intervals, dribbled out the Marsala with a solemnity which would have done honour to a Duke's butler. The BARRIBOIDE'S dinner to SHACABAC was only one degree removed from these solemn banquets.

As there were plenty of pretty country places close by; a comfortable country town, with good houses of gentlefolks; a beautiful old parsonage, close to the church whither we went, (and where the CARABAS family have their ancestral carved and monumented gothic pew) and every appearance of good society in the neighbourhood, I rather wondered we were not enlivened by the appearance of some of the neighbours at the Evergreens, and asked about them.

"We can't in our position of life—we can't well associate with the attorney's family, as I leave you to suppose," said Mrs. PONTO, confidentially. "Of course not," I answered, though I didn't know why. "And the Doctor?" said I.

"A most excellent worthy creature," says Mrs. P., "saved MARIA'S life—really a learned man; but what can one do in one's position? One may ask one's medical man to one's table certainly: but his family, my dear Mr. SNOB!"

"Half a dozen little gallipots," interposed Miss WIRT, the governess: he, he, he! and the young ladies laughed in chorus.

"We only live with the county families," Miss WIRT* continued, tossing up her head. "The Duke is abroad. we are at feud with the CARABASES; the RINGWOODS don't come down till Christmas: in fact, nobody's here till the hunting season—positively nobody."

* I have since heard that this aristocratic lady's father was a livery-button maker in St. Martin's Lane: where he met with misfortunes, and his daughter acquired her taste for heraldry. But it may be told to her credit, that out of her earnings she has kept the bed-ridden old bankrupt in great comfort and secrecy at Pentonville; and furnished her brother's outfit for the Cadetship which her patron, LORD SWIGGEBREGLE, gave her when he was at the Board of Control. I have this information from a friend. To hear Miss WIRT herself, you would fancy that her Papa was a ROTHSCHILD, and that the markets of Europe were convulsed when he went into the *Gazette*.

"Whose is the large red house just outside of the town?"

"What! the *chateau-calicot*? he, he, he! That purse-proud ex-linen-draper, Mr. YARDLEY, with the yellow liveries, and the wife in red velvet? How can you, my dear Mr. SNOB, be so satirical. The impertinence of those people is really something quite overwhelming.

"Well, then there's the parson, Doctor CHRYSOSTOM. He's a gentleman, at any rate."

At this Mrs. PONTO looked at Miss WIRT. After their eyes had met and they had wagged their heads at each other, they looked up to the ceiling. So did the young ladies. They thrilled. It was evident I had said something very terrible. Another black sheep in the Church? thought I, with a little sorrow; for I don't care to own that I have a respect for the cloth. "I—I hope there's nothing wrong?"

"Wrong?" says Mrs. P. clasping her hands with a tragic air.

"O!" says Miss WIRT, and the two girls, gasping in chorus.

"Well," says I, "I'm very sorry for it. I never saw a nicer-looking old gentleman, or a better school, or heard a better sermon."

"He used to preach those sermons in a surplice" hissed out Mrs. PONTO. "He's a PUSEYITE, Mr. SNOB."

"Heavenly powers!" says I, admiring the pure ardour of these female theologians; and STRIPES came in with the tea. It's so weak that no wonder PONTO's sleep isn't disturbed by it.

Of mornings we used to go out shooting. We had PONTO's own fields to sport over (where we got the fieldfare), and the non-preserved part of the HAWBUCK property: and one evening, in a stubble of PONTO's, skirting the Carabas woods, we got among some pheasants, and had some real sport. I shot a hen, I know, greatly to my delight. "Bag it," says PONTO, in rather a hurried manner, "here's somebody coming." So I pocketed the bird.

"You infernal poaching thieves!" roars out a man from the hedge in the garb of a gamekeeper. "I wish I could catch you on this side of the hedge. I'd put a brace of barrels into you, that I would."

"Curse that SNAPPER," says PONTO, moving off; "he's always watching me like a spy."

"Carry off the birds, you sneaks, and sell 'em to London," roars the individual, who it appears was a keeper of LORD CARABAS. "You'll get six shillings a brace for 'em."

"You know the price of 'em well enough, and so does your master too, you scoundrel," says PONTO, still retreating.

"We kills 'em on our ground," cries Mr. SNAPPER. "We don't set traps for other people's birds. We're no decoy ducks. We're no sneaking poachers. We don't shoot 'ens, like that ere Cockney, who's got the tail of one a-sticking out of his pocket. Only just come across the hedge, that's all."

"I tell you what," says STRIPES, who was out with us as keeper this day, (in fact he's keeper, coachman, gardener, valet, and bailiff, with TUMMUS under him,) "if you'll come across, JOHN SNAPPER, and take your coat off, I'll give you such a wapping as you've never had since the last time I did it at Guttlebury Fair."

"Wap one of your own weight," Mr. SNAPPER said, whistling his dogs, and disappearing into the wood. And so we came out of this controversy rather victoriously; but I began to alter my preconceived ideas of rural felicity.

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

TALE THE SIXTH.



UNHAPPY Marines, living as you do, mostly on board ship, it is probable that few of you have ever seen a Bishop. Large as our nautical population is, it is destitute of episcopal superintendence. In all the oceans of the world there is not one see. This is to be lamented; but now the deficiency has been mentioned, let us hope it will be ere long supplied. In common, no doubt, with all the sailors, we should hail a BISHOP OF SPITH-HEAD. You do not believe this, incredulous Marines, because your notions of Bishops are erroneous. You know nothing of them except through misrepresentations, in the shape of penny caricatures. In these, a Bishop is

pictured to you as a kind of monster; a sort of porpoise in human form and canonicals; with a protuberant stomach and a nose which looks like an excrescence. You are led to imagine that he does nothing but eat and drink, and go about catching tithe-pigs, which he carries away bodily under his arms. Now you must be undeceived upon this point; it is right, therefore, that you should be told what kind of man a Bishop really is; and how he lives and occupies himself. One example will supply you with a description of the whole bench.

There is a certain Bishop, who has a palace in a large square in London. The mention of his name will annoy him; for, like all Bishops, he does good with the utmost secrecy: inasmuch that you would be astonished if you knew how little is heard of it. The following is the manner in which the Bishop spends his day:—After an early breakfast, he sits regularly three hours in his library, giving audience to all who may want to speak with him; and receiving reports relative to the state of his diocese. He has in pay a large number of clergymen, whose duty it is principally to go about visiting the lower orders, in order to ascertain where instruction or relief is needed. For these wants he makes what provision he can, according to the reports which he receives; and when he goes out, after he has finished hearing them, he accompanies his clergymen, if necessary, in their visits to the poor and ignorant. This he does generally on foot; for the supposition that Bishops roll about in carriages, with a coachman and servants in blue livery, is a vulgar error, propagated by slander.

By the time the Bishop comes home from going his rounds, it is generally his dinner-time. You have heard, perhaps, that Bishops give grand parties, and that their guests are mostly noblemen, and other great people. This is by no means the fact. The persons whom our Bishop invites to his table are those who are really in want of a dinner. Of these he daily entertains a certain number, upon good, plain, substantial fare. He presides himself, at the head of the board, and a deacon on his right hand carves for the company. All that is expected of those who come to dine with him is, that they should be clean and decent. To enable them so to present themselves, baths and wash-houses for the classes in question have been established in the episcopal court-yard, where, also, clean changes of clothes are provided for them. After dinner, the bishop again retires to his library, where he remains engaged in study or devotion, till it is time for him to go to the House of Lords, in which he exerts himself, night after night, for the reform of Church abuses, and for the benefit of the labouring population.

And this unvarnished account of a Bishop is the sixth story that *Punch* has narrated—to the Marines.

The Duke's Statue.

SOME people are beginning to express their doubts whether, notwithstanding all that has been said, the Duke's Statue may not look tolerably well in its present position. We beg of every one who is at all disposed to applaud the present arrangement, to refrain from hallooing till he is out of the wood, which cannot be the case till the Duke is relieved from the network of scaffolding which environs him.

THE SPANISH MATCH.

El Tiempo does not think that we shall immediately go to war upon the INFANTA—but will “bide our time.” Or, in other words, that, in due season, the Spanish match will discharge English cannon.

A SAFE LINE.

It has been proposed to write over the portico of the Eastern Counties Railway the famous line from DANTE:—“All who enter here leave Hope behind.”

MORE EASILY SAID THAN DONE.



Sloe. “I’LL GIVE YOU A PUNCH ON THE HEAD.”

Boot. “DO IT!—WHY DON’T YOU DO IT!”

PUNCH'S SPANISH BALLADS.

MADRID'S WELCOME TO MONTPENSIER.

HARK, hark to *El Heraldo*, “Let Spain be glad and gay,
’Tis the INFANTA’S husband, he seeks Madrid to-day!”
Leave not thy pails, GALLEGO, nor, MANOLA, thy guitar;
Depend on ’t they’re not coming, for *Heraldo* says they are.

The sabres shine along the line of *Calle Fuencarral*,
There are musketeers, and grenadiers, and guardsmen straight and tall;
For blood of Spain is hot in vein, and that sort of constitution
Is apt to fight, and, from sheer delight, break out in revolution.

By the Bilbao gate they come: what waves o’er the array?
’Tis his white plume’s tip: now then, “hip, hip;” but no one cries
“hurrah!”

In his blue and gold, looking slightly “sold,” MONTPENSIER rides along,
And, left and right, wastes bows polite upon the silent throng.

To ladies fair, so debonnaire, he flings a gallant greeting,
But not a smile can he beguile from dark eyes darkly meeting;
Each visage brown doth wear a frown, and fists neath cloaks are
clenching,
And his pliant bow gets a check somehow, and his ready smile a
quenching.

There’s not a shout from the troops about, though the word is given
to cheer;

BRESSON, to use the mildest term, looks fidgety and queer,
And he seems to wince when says the Prince, “I really don’t detect
The marvellous enthusiasm you led me to expect!”

“Shout, brutes! *bríbones*, shout!” but in vain—no word they’ll speak,
Spite of sabre-flats, and musket-butts, and kicks into next week;
And one sharp sub. proposes, to get up a demonstration,
By trying on the popular rear a bayonet application.

And onward, to the *Puerta del Sol* they’ve made their way,
And there was bottled up, it seems, the welcome of the day;
“Viva, Viva MONTPENSIER!” ’tis a policeman cries—
But his voice is quench’d within his hat, knock’d, sudden, o’er his eyes

And down the *Calle Mayor* they pass ungreeted all,
Save by a little French *modiste*, who “Vive le Duc!” did squall.
“Spain may be coy in showing joy, but if this be Spanish mirth,
Methinks their fun’s the flattest and forlornest upon earth.”

So on unto the palace, where sits his baby bride—
Her pockets filled with lollipops—at her royal sister’s side.
“The Duke for me, you wed D’ASSIZ! La, sister! here they come!”
Sore sighed the Queen, and sadly suck’d a heart-shaped sugar-plum.



MRS. GAMP, GETTING A LITTLE BESIDE HERSELF, SENDS FOR A POET TO ANNIBILATE PUNCH.

ROYALTY SNUBBED.

WE think we were the first to point out the great impropriety of snubbing some of the minor kings who have paid a visit to this country. Saxony was tolerably ill-used, but poor Holland was really left to run about—

Without a mark—without a bound,
Threading the wide world round and round;—

without even the attendance of a policeman to tell him his way through the streets of the metropolis.

This treatment has evidently not been forgotten by Holland, who, we find from the foreign correspondent of the *Times*, "returned to his states, overflowing with indignation, after the coldness which the British Court displayed towards him last summer." The result is, that Holland is running about in a state of delight at the insult offered by France to England, in the matter of the Spanish marriages. It is true that his Dutch Majesty was a little unreasonable to come over to London when everybody was out of town, for he could scarcely expect a season to be got up expressly for him at the conclusion of all the metropolitan gaieties. If illustrious visitors will come at unseasonable times, they must expect a little snubbing. Still we think more might have been done to put Holland in good humour.

A HEAD-DRESS FOR A PRIMA DONNA.



Among the new fashions for the ensuing season will be found a head-dress adapted to the use of a *prima donna* when called before the curtain in the course of one of those ovations which are now as "plentiful as blackberries." It is to consist of a basket, of light and elegant fabric, but capacious dimensions, calculated to receive a plentiful shower of bouquets, and rendering it unnecessary for the artiste to take the trouble of picking up the floral gifts, or leaving any behind her on the stage, which she is now frequently compelled to do through having nothing to put them in. A very graceful and at the same time a very convenient addition to the *toilette* would be achieved in the manner we have described; and we recommend the manager of Drury

Lane to have one manufactured as an experiment. It could be kept as a sort of "property," and fastened with a porter's knot on the head of any vocalist or dancer as occasion required.

DUMAS ON THE SPANISH MARRIAGE.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE—like MOSES AND SON—has retained a poet. M. DUMAS, it is well known, received orders to write fourteen volumes octavo on the Spanish marriage. All the world knows the fearful rapidity of ALEXANDRE'S pen. He writes with an eagle's quill, that flies, at least a hundred miles an hour, over so many miles of foolscap. This time, however, he has laboured somewhat lazily; hence, he has finished only the twelfth volume of his work. But this, however—for it is not to be supposed that DUMAS would confine himself to the mere details of the marriage—brings the work to the second year of the English war with France and Spain; MONTPENSIER being at Cadiz with QUEEN LUISA and their three sons and two daughters—the eldest son, the INFANTE FERDINANDO, though only sixteen, having, in single combat, killed the DUKE OF WELLINGTON (the present MARQUIS OF DOURO), and taken prisoner and shut up on bread and water the heroic but unfortunate LORD CHARLES WELLESLEY. As Englishmen, our anxiety will, we hope, be pardoned, to come to the end of the last volume.

The Ant-Plague at the West End.

We have seen a paragraph in the *Morning Post*, stating that several of the houses at the West End are infested with ants, which get into every hole and corner of the premises. We believe that an Anti-Ant Association is about to be formed, for the purpose of getting rid of these very troublesome visitors. A house crowded with ants must be almost as bad as an establishment swarming with country cousins.

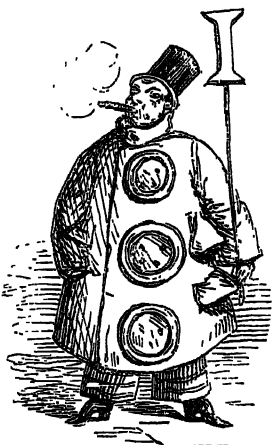
PUTTING DOWN WOOD IN THE CITY.

THE friends of ALDERMAN WOOD declare he was rejected by the City because he had no fortune. Hence the old proverb, we suppose, of—"It's money makes the *mayor* to go."



LOUIS-PHILIPPE WELCOMING HIS LITTLE
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW FROM SPAIN.

OMNIBUS OPINIONS OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE.



IN TRUTH SIR FREDERICK TRENCH may laugh at the scorners. The Omnibuses with him—what cares he for other opponents? He is strong as a captain of a hundred chariots. Little by little has the Duke developed himself—little by little, like *Harpagon* the miser, has WELLINGTON, from his scaffold, lugged out his coppers. Nevertheless, the Omnibus drivers and conductors, with eyes well educated to detect the meaning of a whole from the position of a part—as, for instance, when an old gentleman lifts up only his forefinger, they know he wants a lift for his whole anatomy—did, some days before the Statue was exposed (and such a public exposure never yet came before magistrate), arrive at a determination upon its beauties. In a word, the West-end Omnibuses are, to a wheel—if we may be allowed the

figure, and if not we shall use it—very proud of the Duke upon the Arch. Something of this pride they may owe to their loyalty. For the reader must remember that an illustrious somebody (for we have no time to recollect who it was) in the House of Commons insisted upon the Duke's mounting the Arch because HER MAJESTY anticipated her delight at seeing so great a man—as the first and greatest subject—when she drove from her Palace.

Now the Western Omnibus drivers and conductors, though they may not analyze the emotions, admire the Statue, inasmuch as it fills them with a morning draught of glory. Men from Brentford, and Richmond, and Hammersmith, and Fulham, and Chelsea, like the Arch all the better for the lump of metal adorning it; and with a frankness quite characteristic of the men, they have registered their opinions. The Statue having avowedly gone upon the Arch—as boys go behind counters—upon trial, SIR FREDERICK TRENCH is justified in feeling very proud of the document that has just been forwarded to him—and of which, with his known politeness towards *Punch*, he has favoured us with a copy—a document that proves the perfect satisfaction of a very large body of men, most likely to be pleasurably affected by the Statue of a fine thing finely placed—as, on the contrary, they would have been equally distressed if coming upon them in the shape of a brass counterfeit—a big nuisance. For the present we shall substitute the name of the vehicle for the signature of the driver and the conductor. We, however, pledge our reputation to the unanimity of these.

OMNIBUS OPINIONS.

“We have watched the Duke and his Horse as they have struggled out of the wood; and, allowing that the winter will, in course, take all the shine out of 'em, we nevertheless have nothing to say agin 'em. If the arch can bear 'em, we think we can. “BRENTFORD.”

“Not aware whether MR. WYATT warrants the horse as sound, but think there's something the matter with his off fore-hock. Have nothing to object to the Statue on the whole, only hope that the copper feathers in the Duke's cocked hat will be rivetted afore the winter sets in. Otherwise, in the high winds they may rattle, and the 'bus horses, especially our *Marigold* and *Jessy*, may shy. “RICHMOND.”

“Think the horse's head very good. There's a fire in his eyes that shows he hasn't been stinted of beans. Knowing and feeling as we do what English weather is, we humbly hope that the eyes will not be suffered to get black. Scouring-paper and a Chelsea pensioner might prevent this. “FULHAM.”

“Have nothing to say against the horse standing where he is. Thinks he looks as if he had life enough in him to stand. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, have some fears for the Duke; as he doesn't seem to clip the horse no how, and looks as if a high wind would blow him off. This dreadful accident, however, might be prevented if the Duke was made fast to the saddle by copper-braces. Howsomever, we have no objection to risk the Duke as he is, if he hasn't. “HAMMERSMITH.”

“The Duke very stiff, but very like himself. The horse a very quiet, and very modest animal. For never knew a horse with so much metal, that showed so little of it. “CHELSEA.”

These opinions, very handsomely engrossed and beautifully illustrated

upon a virgin piece of ass's-skin, have been forwarded to SIR FREDERICK TRENCH. He was, as it may be supposed, much affected by the testimonial; and, thanking the parties, pressed the document to his bosom with extraordinary animation.

REWARDS FOR AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

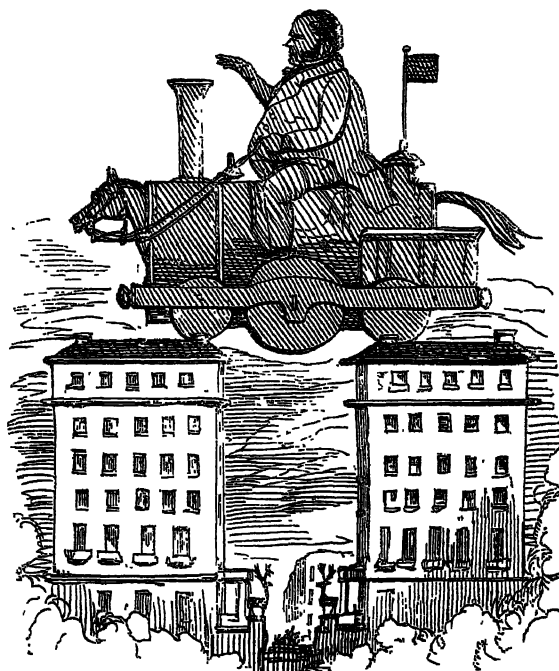
SOME objections have been made to the practice of giving an agricultural labourer an extra pound or two, in the shape of a prize for a service of thirty years upon low wages. SIR E. CLAYTON EAST, at an agricultural dinner at Macclesfield the other day, put the matter quite in a new light, and proved that the value of the prizes had been fearfully underrated. He said it was not the money which formed the worth of the prize, but the fact that every poor man rewarded by an Agricultural Society got with his few shillings “the good wishes of every subscriber to the Association.” It is a pity that these “good wishes” are not current in any market. A bank ought at once to be opened, where they could be exchanged, if they are to be of any value to the labourer. Some plan might, perhaps, be adopted, for giving him his prize half in cash, and half in compliments; instead of ninety-nine per cent. of the latter to only one per cent. of the former, which is now the average proportion of the materials forming his reward. Good wishes are very well as garnish to a gratuity, but they ought never to form the principal ingredient. It is like putting a small, thin slice of meat into a dish elaborately trimmed with parsley. If the agricultural labourers are to take out the greater part of their rewards in good wishes, they should be allowed the privilege of giving a portion of their services in the shape of good intentions.

We understand that SIR E. CLAYTON EAST intends giving the following two new prizes at the next meeting at Maidenhead:—

To the labourer who has lived the longest number of years on the shortest commons, one pound.

To the second labourer, the wishes of the Association—that he may get it.

The Hudson Testimonial.



SOME curiosity is being expressed as to what will be done with the money subscribed for the HUDSON Testimonial. As equestrian statues in the neighbourhood of the homes of the originals are all the rage, we should propose that a statue, of a modified equestrian character, should be raised across the houses at the Albert Gate, so as to form an arch in honour of KING HUDSON. This arrangement would in some degree prepare the stranger entering London by Knightsbridge for the monstrosity that would otherwise burst unexpectedly upon his sight on arriving at Hyde Park Corner, and be entirely in accordance with SIR E. TRENCH'S notion “that extraordinary persons should occupy extraordinary situations.”

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.



"Knightsbridge, October 20, 1846.
 Of course, dear Mr. Punch, I don't pry into other people's affairs, and am above peeping at my neighbours. Such conduct is unbecoming a gentlewoman, and I flatter myself I am of that order.

"But, quite promiscuously, last Sunday, as I happened to be looking out after church, what was my astonishment at seeing BERSR and MARIA, Miss PHILLICODDY's two maids, laughing and giggling out of the three pair front, wherein one of them actually kissed

her hand in the most unblushing manner!



"Surprised at this phenomena, I looked across the street, and there I saw two horrid whiskered guardsmen making signals with their odious fingers.



"Ought I to tell Miss PHILLICODDY? My brother says I had best leave it alone; but this I know, that our village is pestered by these horrid men, and that I can't walk the street but in daily terror.

"Your obedient Servant,
 "AMANDA GORGON."

Police Extraordinary.

An elderly female, who was understood to have seen better days, was charged with throwing stones, and making a noise outside the *Punch Office*. The poor creature, who was still very much excited, gave the name of *Gamp*. It appeared from the evidence of the policeman, that the prisoner was seen to come out of a house in Shoe Lane, and to make direct for Fleet Street. On arriving opposite to the *Punch Office*, she became furious, and after using some very bad language, tried to break the window with her umbrella. The policeman seeing the state she was in, gently advised her to move on; but as she refused, and began appealing to the few persons who had collected round her—all of whom were laughing at her—he thought it better to take her into custody.

The prisoner, on being asked what she had to say in her defence, became exceedingly garrulous, and produced a printed paper, which she said contained an epigram that would explain everything.

The magistrate, glancing over the epigram, which was eighty-six lines in length, said he could not make either head or tail of it. *Mrs. Gamp* was proceeding in a strain of rambling incoherence, when the magistrate perceiving the state of the poor old creature's intellects, inquired if any one was present to press the charge. Being answered in the negative, he dismissed her with a gentle caution. The unhappy old woman left the Office mumbling to herself something which she called an epigram. Her pitiable state seemed to excite the compassion of the bystanders.

PUNCH'S NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE annual retirement of Captains from the Chelsea steam-boats will commence on the 1st of November. The six eldest officers of the squadron will be superannuated as check-takers, and the three next will enter the Preventive Service, to prevent passengers from going on board before they have paid their money. The *Polyanthus* is to be immediately dismantled, and put out of commission. Her funnel has been taken out, and placed high and dry in the back attic at the Captain's residence. Her compass is stowed away in a hat-box, and the chain of her tiller is to lie in a soak of salad oil until next summer.

EXTRAORDINARY MONOMANIAC.

A FEW days ago, WILLIAM FORD, an engineer, was charged at the Southwark Office with endeavouring to force his way into the Victoria Theatre! The magistrate, remarking that the act betrayed an alarming symptom of insanity, ordered the man to be looked after.

"MERRY ARE THE BELLS."

SIR S. G. OSBORNE, who has dealt such "swashing blows" upon sundry Poor-Law functionaries, among other doings exposed the "agriculturists" of Ryme, accustomed to feed their bold peasantry on diseased cattle. The agriculturists, however, claimed the victory; and "so pleased were they with themselves, that some men were sent to ring the church bells." Now, certainly, if we consider their long and various history, church bells have been made to cry "gladness" and "victory" with most lying tongues. Indeed no metal—not even that of brass ordnance—has, in its time, given voice to greater injustice than bell-metal. Only think, for instance, of the bells that, from Madrid steeples, have within these few days been made to cry—"Welcome, Son of France!" when the sounds truly interpreted were—somewhat like the voices from the Steeple of Bow—"Turn again, MONTPENSIER!" But to leave the bells that lie about kings and princes, for the bells that proclaim the humanity, the victory of the agriculturists of Ryme! Certain farmers coerce the stomachs of their labourers to receive carrion, paying so much per pound for it; and the villany is discovered—made manifest to the world—protested in evidence by the partakers of the diseased food. But weak is moral force against bell-metal; small and poor is human utterance drowned in triple bob-majors! The cows did not die of disease, but were lawfully knocked down by pole-axe; the calf came not to a natural death, but was duly killed by hired butcher. And you, SIR S. G. OSBORNE, still deny it? Why, listen to the iron tongues of truth, clanging victory from the church steeple! Never was cattle so honoured. What, we ask, are the glories, the triumphs of the bull-fights of Spain, to the dead cow contests of Merry England? The cow dies of disease—is eaten by the English peasant—and its memory honoured by the ringing bells of Ryme steeple! A new and unexpected version this, of "The Song of the Bell."

Amateur Theatricals.

EARL FITZARDINGE has recently come out in the character of the *Elder Brother*. MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, in the part of the *Younger Brother*, was not very happy. Heranted a good deal, and was not sufficiently subdued; but we have no doubt he will tame down as he gets more experience.

THE JILTED ONE.

AN address of condolence has been signed by all the small German Princes, and forwarded to the poor COBURG, who has been so cruelly disappointed recently in Spain.

"DOMBEY AND SON!" GREAT DRAMATIC MEETING.



ESTERDAY, a large and animated meeting of working playwrights was held at the "Pickled Egg," to take into consideration certain measures to be adopted towards MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S book of *Dombey and Son*.

MR. PEACOCKSPUME (on being called to the chair) begged to congratulate his fellow playwrights on the appearance of another novel by MR. DICKENS. That gentleman had on so many occasions supplied them with food for the mind (and the kitchen), that the appearance of any new work of his must be

hailed with feelings that—that—in fact—the same as possessed the breast of a privateer, on sight of a rich but defenceless merchantman! (*Hear.*) He would, however, if possible, restrain his imagination, confining himself to facts, and never soaring to figures. The object of the meeting was to arrive at a unanimous determination as to the precise Number of the work at which *Dombey and Son* should be dramatized. (*Hear, hear!*) He knew, it had been said that a drama might be made from the First Number. It was the attribute of genius to be impatient; yet he thought Number One—though a number dear to the human heart—(*cheers and laughter*)—a little premature. However, it was for the meeting to determine. All that was wanted was unanimity.

MR. GRUBBLING proposed that the work should be suffered to reach at least its Fourth Number before it was dramatized. He had done much for MR. DICKENS; that is, MR. DICKENS had done much for him. He never beheld a new work of that gentleman's, that he did not see in it many dinners. He was barely grateful in confessing it, but in every chapter he smelt a shoulder of mutton and potatoes—and, yes, he was not ashamed to say it—and cabbage!

MR. CUCKOOQUILL seconded the motion. He thought it was behaving very handsome to MR. DICKENS to allow him to go on, unmolested, to the Fourth Number. For his own part, he could, whenever he chose, write original pieces; but there was a conceit in the attempt that he abhorred. No; he thought it more becoming a pleasing humility to live upon the brains of others, and not rashly and impertinently trust to the brains of themselves. He thought it, too, most profitable not to bring forth plays in the old, stupid way, but to produce them by the scissarean operation. He cordially seconded the motion.

MR. BLUEFIRE thought they were all wrong, and had—he conceived—an excellent amendment to make. Why should they wait till the Fourth Number, in idle deference to MR. DICKENS? (*Hear.*) Why not begin at the first?

MR. ALUMPASTE—Oh, yes! But who's to find the rest of the plot? (*Loud cries of Hear, Hear.*)

MR. BLUEFIRE thanked his friend—if he would allow him to call him so—his friend MR. ALUMPASTE, for that interrogation. It had quickened in his brain—(*Cries of Oh, Oh!*)—he would repeat it, in his brain a dormant thought. He would suggest as an amendment, that the book should be dramatized not later than the Fourth Number, leaving it to the discretion of every gentleman to add a new act to his play from the new Number of the month as it came out. (*Loud cheers.*) There was a prospect! Food for twenty months! A pyramid of four thousand quartern loaves seemed suddenly to look down upon him! (*Repeated cheers.*) He moved the amendment.

MR. PORTE ST. MARTIN would be only too happy to second the amendment, and in doing so he thought (if adopted) they would be acting in the very handsomest way towards MR. DICKENS. He believed that that gentleman was at present out of the country; but he hoped the wings of the press would waft to him the proceedings of that day. And he trusted MR. D. would remember that, as he was totally unprotected by the law, they had behaved in the most magnanimous manner towards him. (*Hear.*) For he—he meant MR. D.—ought not to forget that they might do what they liked with his offspring—(he of course meant his offspring upon paper)—and the statutes of this free and enlightened country gave him no remedy. (*Vociferous cheers.*) The speaker then seconded the amendment, which—(though certain gentlemen seemed to put their tongues in their cheeks, and wink confidentially to themselves)—was carried unanimously.

Thanks being voted to the Chairman, that gentleman duly acknowledged them. In doing so, however, he took an opportunity to call upon his brethren—to pathetically call upon them—to be bound by

the resolution of that day. The eyes of dramatic Europe were upon them!

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.—Write to 'em, and you'll shut 'em.

THE CHAIRMAN observed that he knew the viper who had spoken, but would not condescend to notice him. He exhorted all to unanimity and honesty, until—the Fourth Number!

The meeting then separated.

LEAVE THE FRENCH ALONE!

AIR.—"Begone Dull Care."

WHAT need we care

Who weds a foreign Princess?

About Spain's heir

Why should Britons themselves distress?

Let the rest of mankind their business mind,

And let Englishmen mind their own;

'Tis the wisest plan, you will always find,

To let the French alone.

Chorus—Let the rest of mankind, &c.

In France and Spain,

There's a rumpus every day;

Who next shall reign,

No mortal on earth can say.

Chorus—Let the rest of mankind, &c.

But let them be,

And allow their vagaries scope,

And you'll soon see what you will see,

If you give them a plenty of rope.

Chorus—Let the rest of mankind, &c.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE

His son has craftily match'd

But files, though deep,

May count chickens before they are hatch'd.

Chorus—Let the rest of mankind, &c.

Theatrical Astronomy.

SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A STAR.



AN extraordinary and very sudden appearance was observed a few evenings ago by some persons who had assembled in Drury Lane Theatre. After a few moments of obscurity, caused by the darting out of the planet HARLEY, this eccentric luminary gave out a few coruscations, announcing the immediate coming out of a new star, in lieu of the little dog-star or BARKER that was nowhere visible, though it ought to have made its appearance. In a short time, and without any further notice, the promised new star appeared among the rafters, and commenced a series of pleasant twinkles. The star's appearance was so very sudden, and of such brief duration, that it is impossible to say what its rank will ultimately be amongst

luminous bodies. It is intended to take a prominent part in the music of the spheres; or, at least, in the sphere of music during the present season.

N.B. It may be as well, for the sake of the readers of the above scientific article to state, that one night last week MR. BARKER, who was announced to play at Drury Lane in the *Bohemian Girl*, was not forthcoming, and the tenor part was undertaken without notice by MR. RAFTER, whose name is announced as that of a new tenor amongst the engagements for the season.

True Patriotism.

THE "new piece" was over, and the audience were delighted. JONES sat silent and motionless. "How is it, JONES," said BROWN, "you do not applaud the new drama?" "BROWN," replied JONES, "I am an Englishman and a patriot; how then can I applaud these frequent successes of the French?"

SYMPTOMS OF WET WEATHER.



Tom. "HOLLO, SAM, WHAT THE JUICE ARE YOU CARRING OF?"
Sam. "'CLARRISSA ARLO' FOR MISSIS."

Bill of Expenses

FOR THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE FRENCH PRINCES INTO MADRID.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE, DR.

To the SPANISH GOVERNMENT.

| | Reals. |
|--|---------|
| For a band of 300 claqueurs, to follow the Princes | 50,000 |
| Hiring 100 balconies on the line of procession, and filling same with pretty young ladies | 10,000 |
| 200 cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, to be waved by the same | 5,000 |
| Carpets to be hung out of window | 23,500 |
| Flags, with all sorts of enthusiastic mottoes, expressly painted for this happy occasion | 16,720 |
| Stars and ribands, and white kid gloves for 500 impromptu noblemen of the old Spanish nobility | 48,880 |
| For congratulatory odes to the French Princes, and douceurs to government papers for inserting the same | 1000 |
| For a glowing, imaginative description of the reception of the French Princes, by a celebrated writer of fiction | 2500 |
| Bouquets and wreaths, to be thrown out of the windows | 1000 |
| Candles for the illumination of the house of the French Ambassador | 1000 |
| Barrel-organs, playing French tunes, and a serenade to the Dukes | 1000 |
| Crackers and serpents in the evening | 1000 |
| Spanish onions for the QUEEN MOTHER, preparatory to the affecting meeting (very cheap) | 2000 |
| Total | 163,600 |

An early settlement will oblige.

Schonbein's Gun Cotton.

Now that PROFESSOR SCHONBEIN has disclosed his invention, everybody is beginning to look upon cotton as a capital material for loading fire-arms. Like everything that is original and successful, it has attracted a number of imitators, wanting to share the success, and having actually the impudence to claim the originality. The cry now is, "Oh, of course—the thing suggests itself; for what is more obvious for loading guns than balls of cotton?"

THE POACHER'S GLEE.

WHAT shall he have that kill'd the hare?
Three months; that's all—and found in fare;
Then send him home.
Take no reproach the game to poach,
Or empty ponds of carp and roach;
Though lords and 'squires abhor it,
Yet they will pay you for it:
To poach, to poach, the game to poach,
Is not a matter of reproach.

"HOW IS M. BRESSON TO BE REWARDED?"

THIS question is asked by the *Courrier Français*. This question has, for some fortnight and more, perplexed the gentle spirit of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, who, like most kings, has been unable to rest, in consequence of the weight of gratitude that, heavy as nightmare, has lain upon his bosom. At first, as we are faithfully informed, His Majesty determined to send the match-making Count as Ambassador to London; but even BRESSON declared he had not, under the circumstances, sufficient brass about him to face the injured look of the beguiled VICTORIA. Therefore London was not to be thought of. Nevertheless, as the Count has shown such consummate skill as a clandestine marriage-monger, may we suggest to LOUIS-PHILIPPE, that his Excellency be despatched as ambassador at the Court of Gretna-Green. And whereas other diplomatists are rewarded with stars and crosses on their breasts, let BRESSON, in token of this his last hymeneal victory, be henceforth authorised by the Court of the Tuilleries to carry in his nose a—wedding-ring!



A SCENE FROM "THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD."

Historical Parallel.

WHEN GEORGE IV. first saw his wife, he called for a glass of brandy to wash from his mouth the taste of matrimony. Our correspondent informs us, that when MONTPENSIER entered Madrid, he was so frozen by the coldness of his reception, that, arrived at the Palace, he roared out for "cognac—hot and strong—and plenty of it." When properly thawed and recovered he was introduced to the bride.

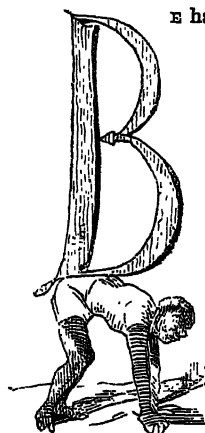
A NEW TITLE FOR THE DUKE.

SINCE the DUKE OF WELLINGTON has been placed in his present unsightly position at Hyde Park Corner, nobody can think of calling him "His Grace," but all are speaking of "His Awkwardness!"

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXXV.—ON SOME COUNTRY SNOES.



hanged to your aristocrats!" Ponto said, in some conversation we had regarding the family at Carabas, between whom and the Evergreens there was a feud,—“When I first came into the County—it was the year before SIR JOHN BEEF contested it in the Blue interest—the MARQUIS, then LORD ST. MICHAELS, who, of course, was Orange to the core, paid me and Mrs. Ponto such attentions, that I fairly confess I was taken in by the old humbug, and thought that I’d met with a rare neighbour. ‘Gad, Sir, we used to get pines from Carabas, and pheasants from Carabas, and it was—’ Ponto, when will you come over and shoot?’—and—‘Ponto, our pheasants want thinning,’—and my Lady would insist upon her dear Mrs. Ponto coming over to Carabas to sleep, and put me I don’t know to what expense for turbans and velvet gowns for my wife’s toilette. Well, Sir, the election takes place, and though I was always a Liberal, personal friendship of course induces me to plump for St. MICHAEL’S, who comes in at the head of the poll. Next year, Mrs. P. insists upon going to town—with lodgings in Clarges Street at ten pounds a week, with a hired Brougham, and new dresses for herself and the girls, and the deuce and all to pay. Our first cards were to Carabas House; my Lady’s are returned by a great big flunky; and I leave you to fancy my poor Betsy’s discomfiture as the lodging-house maid took in the cards, and LADY ST. MICHAELS drives away, though she actually saw us at the drawing-room window. Would you believe it, Sir, that though we called four times afterwards those infernal aristocrats never returned our visit; that though LADY ST. MICHAELS gave nine dinner-parties and four *déjeûners* that season, she never asked us to one; and that she cut us dead at the Opera, though Betsy was nodding to her the whole night. We wrote to her for tickets for ALMAACK’S; she writes to say that all hers were promised; and said, in the presence of WIGGINS, her lady’s-maid, who told it to DIGGS, my wife’s woman, that she couldn’t conceive how people in our station of life could so far forget themselves as to wish to appear in any such place! Go to Castle Carabas! I’d sooner die than set my foot in the house of that impertinent, insolvent, insolent jackanapes—and I hold him in scorn!” After this, Ponto gave me some private information regarding LORD CARABAS’S pecuniary affairs; how he owed money all over the County; how JUKES the carpenter was utterly ruined and couldn’t get a shilling of his bill; how BIGGS the butcher hanged himself for the same reason; how the six big footmen never received a guinea of wages, and SNAFFLE, the state coachman, actually took off his blown-glass wig of ceremony and flung it at LADY CARABAS’S feet on the Terrace before the Castle; all which stories, as they are private, I do not think proper to divulge. But these details did not stifle my desire to see the famous mansion of Castle Carabas, nay, possibly excited my interest to know more about that lordly house and its owners.

At the entrance of the park, there are a pair of great gaunt mildewed lodges—mouldy Doric temples with black chimney-pots in the finest classic taste, and the gates of course, are surmounted by the *Chats bottés*, the well-known supporters of the CARABAS family. “Give the lodge-keeper a shilling,” says Ponto, (who drove me near to it in his four-wheeled cruelty-chaise), “I warrant it’s the first piece of ready money he has received for some time.” I don’t know whether there was any foundation for this sneer, but the gratuity was received with a curtsy, and the gate opened for me to enter. “Poor old portress!” says I, inwardly, “You little know that it is the HISTORIAN of SNOBS whom you let in? The gates were passed. A damp green stretch of park spread right and left immeasurably, confined by a chilly gray wall, and a damp long straight road between two huge rows of moist, dismal lime-trees, leads up to the Castle. In the midst of the park is a great black tank or lake, bristling over with rushes, and here and there covered over with patches of pea-soup. A shabby temple rises on an island in this delectable lake, which is approached by a rotten barge that lies at roost in a dilapidated boat-

house. Clumps of elms and oaks dot over the huge green fiat. Every one of them would have been down long since, but that the Marquis is not allowed to cut the timber.

Up that long avenue the Snobographer walked in solitude. At the seventy-ninth tree on the left-hand side, the insolvent butcher hanged himself. I scarcely wondered at the dismal deed, so woful and sad were the impressions connected with the place. So for a mile-and-a-half I walked—alone and thinking of death.

I forgot to say the house is in full view all the way—except when intercepted by the trees on the miserable island in the lake—an enormous red-brick mansion, square, vast, and dingy. It is flanked by four stone towers with weathercocks. In the midst of the grand façade is a huge Ionic portico, approached by a vast, lonely, ghastly staircase. Rows of black windows framed in stone, stretch on either side, right and left—three stories and eighteen windows of a row. You may see a picture of the palace and staircase, in the Views of England and Wales, with four carved and gilt carriages waiting at the gravel walk, and several parties of ladies and gentlemen in wigs and hoops, dotting the fatiguing lines of the stairs.

But these stairs are made in great houses for people *not* to ascend. The first LADY CARABAS, (they are but eighty years in the peerage) if she got out of her gilt coach in a shower, would be wet to the skin before she got half way to the carved Ionic portico, where four dreary statues of Peace, Plenty, Piety and Patriotism, are the only sentinels. You enter these palaces by back doors. “That was the way the CARABAS got their peerage,” the misanthropic Ponto said after dinner.

Well—I rang the bell at a little low side-door; it clanged and jingled and echoed for a long long while, till at length a face, as of a housekeeper, peered through the door, and, as she saw my hand in my waistcoat pocket, opened it. Unhappy, lonely, housekeeper, I thought. Is Miss CRUSON in her island more solitary? The door clapped to, and I was in Castle Carabas.

“The side entrance and all,” says the housekeeper. “The halligator hover the mantelpiece was brought home by ADMIRAL ST. MICHAELS, when a Captaining with LORD HANSON. The harms on the cheeks is the harms of the CARABAS family.” The hall was rather comfortable. We went clapping up a clean stone back-stair, and then into a back passage cheerfully decorated with ragged light-green kid-derminster, and issued upon

“THE GREAT ALL.”

“The great all is seventy-two feet in lenth, fifty-six in breath, and thirty-eight feet one. The carvings of the chimlies, representing the buth of VENUS, and ERCULES, and EYELASH, is by VAN CHISLUM, the most famous sculpture of his hage and country. The ceiling, by CALIMANCO, represents Painting, Harchitecture and Music, (the naked female figure with the barrel horgan) introducing GEORGE, fust LORD CARABAS, to the Temple of the Muses. The winder ornaments is by VANDERPUTTY. The floor is Patagonian marble; and the chandelier in the centre was presented to LIONEL, second Marquis, by LEWY THE SIXTEENTH, whose ead was cut hoff in the French Revelation. We now henter

“THE SOUTH GALLERY.”

“One undred and forty-eight in lenth by thirty-two in breath; it is profusely hornaminted by the choicest works of Hart. SIR ANDREW KATZ, founder of the CARABAS family and banker of the PRINCE OF HORANGE, KNELLER. Her present Ladyship, by LAWRENCE. LORD ST. MICHAELS, by the same—he is represented sittin on a rock in velvit pantaloons. MOSES in the bullrushes—the bull very fine, by PAUL POTTER. The toilet of VENUS, FANTASKL Flemish Bores drinking, VAN GIXNUMS. JUPITER and EUROPIA, DE HORN. The Grandjunction Canal, Venis, by CANDLEBERTY; and Italian Bandix, by SLAVATA ROSA.”—And so this worthy woman went on, from one room into another, from the blue room to the green, and the green to the grand saloon, and the grand saloon to the tapestry closet, cackling her list of pictures and wonders; and furtively turning up a corner of brown holland to show the colour of the old faded, seedy, mouldy, dismal hangings.

At last we came to her Ladyship’s bed-room. In the centre of this dreary apartment there is a bed about the size of one of those whizzig temples in which the Genius appears in a pantomime. The huge gilt edifice is approached by steps, and so tall, that it might be let off in floors, for sleeping rooms for all the CARABAS family. An awful bed! A murder might be done at one end of that bed, and people sleeping at the other end be ignorant of it. Gracious powers! fancy little LORD CARABAS in a night-cap ascending those steps after putting out the candle!

The sight of that seedy and solitary splendour was too much for

me. I should go mad were I that lonely housekeeper—in those enormous galleries—in that lonely library, filled up with ghastly folios that nobody dares read, with an inkstand on the centre table like the coffin of a baby, and sad portraits staring at you from the bleak walls with their solemn mouldy eyes. No wonder that CARABAS does not come down here often. It would require two thousand footmen to make the place cheerful. No wonder the coachman resigned his wig, that the masters are insolvent, and the servants perish in this huge dreary out-at-elbow place.

A single family has no more right to build itself a temple of that sort than to erect a tower of Babel. Such a habitation is not decent for a mere mortal man. But after all I suppose poor CARABAS had no choice. Fate put him there as it sent NAPOLEON to St. Helena. Suppose it had been decreed by Nature that you and I should be Marquises? We wouldn't refuse, I suppose, but take Castle Carabas and all, with debts, duns, and mean makeshifts, and shabby pride, and swindling magnificence.

Next season, when I read of LADY CARABAS's splendid entertainments in the *Morning Post*, and see the poor old insolvent cantering through the Park—I shall have a much tenderer interest in these great people than I have had heretofore. Poor old shabby Snob! Ride on and fancy the world is still on its knees before the house of CARABAS! Give yourself airs, poor old bankrupt Magnifico, who are under money-obligations to your flunkies; and must stoop so as to swindle poor tradesmen! And for us, O my brother Snobs, oughtn't we to feel happy if our walk through life is more even, and that we are out of the reach of that surprising arrogance and that astounding meanness to which this wretched old victim is obliged to mount and descend.

STREET ARCHITECTURE.



A SAGACIOUS Correspondent, of our edifying contemporary, *The Builder*, complains of being put sadly out of spirits by the depressing influence of our Street Architecture. Dull uniformity sends him into a fit of melancholy for a whole morning's walk, and an unsightly chimney casts him down into the lowest depths of utter despondency. In order to promote the gaiety of himself and other hypochondriacs, it has been proposed to enliven our Street Architecture by pantomimic groups, in the style of the Illustration that accompanies these observations. Of course, the mode of producing cheerfulness might be varied in different neighbourhoods; but a few streets of Harlequins, Pantaloon, and Clowns might be tried by way of an experiment for enlivening our Street Architecture.

Mathematical Intelligence.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to know what is the meaning of the *Pons Asinorum*. We are not quite sure whether it is Westminster Bridge or Hungerford. From the difficulty of getting over the *Pons Asinorum* we should say that Westminster Bridge must be the bridge alluded to.

PUNCH'S PRECIOUS LANDLORD.

GREAT is the blessing of a good landlord to his tenantry at all times. Doubly great the blessing of such a landlord in Ireland. Trebly great of such a landlord in Ireland, at the present terrible crisis.

Honour and laud, then, to MR. EVELYN JOHN SHIRLEY, M.P., one of the largest proprietors in the county of Monaghan!

The poor on his large estates are starving. His tenants, in dismay looking round for help and comfort, bethink them of their landlord. He does not live amongst them, so they write to him—such a letter we may presume, as impending starvation wrings from shrinking hearts, asking for succour in their emergency. MR. SHIRLEY sends back—money? himself with his means and experience?—a cargo of meal?—directions to his agent to set the poor to work?—a remission of rent to the sufferers?—No: but a letter of advice—and such a letter! Coolness is invaluable at such a moment of terror. This letter is certainly the coolest we ever remember to have read; we must give it entire, with our own italics.

“TO THE TENANTRY OF THE SHIRLEY ESTATE.

“September 15.

“My Friends and Tenants,—Application having been made to me by some of you on the subject of the existing distress and alarm caused by the failure of the potatoes, I take this method of stating my opinion and advice on the occasion.

“It becomes the duty of *all classes*, under this affliction of Divine Providence, to exert themselves to alleviate the distress occasioned by the awful dispensation; the poor to exert their patience and to calm their fears; *the rich, to aid in devising the best plan to secure food* for those whose means will soon be exhausted. The Government is ready and willing to assist in the good work; and grants of money are making, under certain regulations, to enable proprietors and landlords to employ those in want of work; and thus all such will have means to provide for their families. *The larger tenants must take care of their cottiers, and supply them with money or meal, in lieu of their potatoes; thus, the burden will be divided, and all will bear a share of the general calamity.*

“Meanwhile, let the tenantry take advantage of the blessed weather, by increased exertion in securing, thrashing, and selling their corn while the market is high, and paying their rent, aiding the landlord to help the distressed. Thanks to a merciful God, the corn is in a good condition, well saved, no wind to shake it out, no wet to injure it; the hot sun we are blessed with must be beneficial to the potatoes.

“Let us by cheerfulness and firmness soothe the timid and encourage the active and industrious; remembering that this affliction is intended as a trial for our good, and must be borne with resignation to the Divine will. *But above all things avoid the counsel of those bad men, who, with their rents in their pockets, delay in paying it, while they endeavour, for their own selfish purposes, to increase the alarm in the minds of the poor and weak. If such should be found in Farney, let them beware; for, if detected, neither their wealth nor their station shall secure them from the utmost punishment an injured landlord can inflict.*

“I remain, your faithful landlord,

“E. J. SHIRLEY.”

There! The distress has produced nothing like this hitherto. Read it, starving cottier; dwell upon it, ruined tenant; learn the true division of responsibilities at such a moment, and, above all, rise from it impressed with the binding—the sacred—the awful duty of paying your rent! It is the time for inculcating the lesson above all others, for it is likely to be difficult to afford the means. It is easy to pay rent when crops are abundant and burdens light—hardly a virtue to be punctual at such times; but now, with potatoes blighted, cottiers starving, rates tripled, it is an effort of virtue to meet the landlord's demand, and should be specially urged upon the sufferers.

Mark MR. SHIRLEY's division of duties. That of the poor is “to exert their patience and to calm their fears,” i. e., to be patient under starvation, and calm their fears as they loathingly swallow their last fetid “lumper.” That of the rich is to feed the poor, to give them meal, money, work? No: “to devise the best plan to secure food for those whose means will soon be exhausted.”

The rich must devise the plan; must they also find the means? No, says MR. SHIRLEY; “Government is making grants of money to enable landlords to employ those in want of work.” The Treasury advances the money—the rich “devise the plans” for spending it—the poor are patient and calm!

What is the tenant's duty? “To devise plans” also, for his cottiers? Not exactly, says MR. SHIRLEY. “The larger tenants must take care of their cottiers, and supply them with money or meal, in lieu of their potatoes.” “Paying” belongs to Government, “feeding” to the tenant, “devising” to the landlord. “And thus,” says MR. SHIRLEY, “the burden will be divided, and all will bear a share of the general calamity!”

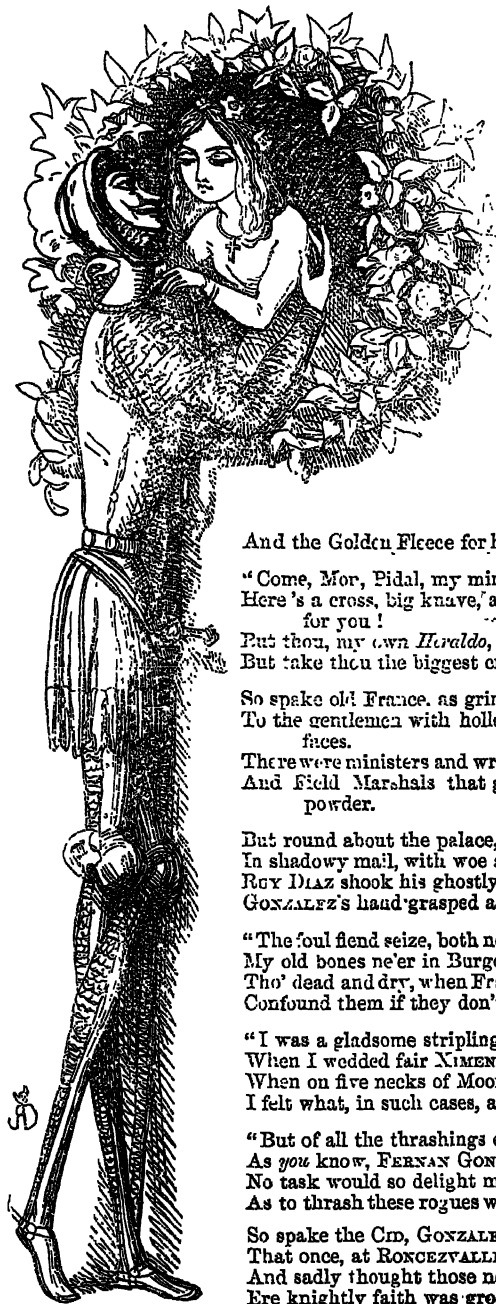
A division, beautiful, equitable, and pleasant for the landlord. Something like the monkey's, when he swallowed the oyster, and awarded a shell to plaintiff and defendant.

Pious are the exhortations of MR. SHIRLEY; noble his summary of duties at such a moment. “Increase your exertions; secure your corn; pay your landlord. Avoid the counsel of those bad men who, with their rents in their pockets, delay in paying it. Let all such dread the vengeance of the injured landlord!”

And this is MR. SHIRLEY's letter to his starving tenantry!

Pay your rents, and be patient! Noble, disinterested, unselfish, pious, high-minded MR. EVELYN SHIRLEY! You shall sit on our right hand, with the proud title of—“Punch's Pet Landlord!”

PUNCH'S SPANISH BALLADS.—THE REWARDS OF FRANCE.



ARADE thy chain, high-hearted Spain,
that all the world may see,
The Castle and the Lion crouched
beneath the Fleur-de-Lys !
BRESSON, within the Castle, to each
jacquy dollars throws,
And CHRISTINA leads the Lion by a
cordon through his nose.

Nor sword nor lance wields sly old
France, gold right and left he
tosses,
And with a match lets off a batch of
ribbons, stars, and crosses ;
For his Majesty has changed the plan
that used to be in vogue ;
The rogue once hung o' the cross, but
now the cross hangs on the
roque.

“ Come, *Conde*, try ; come, *Duque*, buy ;
here's a title for disgrace,
A star to blaze upon his breast, that
should blush to show his face ;
Here's the cross of Honour's Legion
for dishonour's foulest stain,

And the Golden Fleece for him that aids to filch the wealth of Spain.

“ Come, Mor, Pidal, my ministers, ye've been a servile crew,
Here's a cross, big knave, and bigger knave, here's a bigger Cross
for you !

But thou, my own *Heraldo*, there be *Duques*, *Condes*, higher,
But take thou the biggest cross of all that art the biggest liar.”

So spake old France, as grinning he distributed his graces,
To the gentlemen with hollow hearts, forked tongues, and brazen
faces.

There were ministers and writers who had vied which could lie louder,
And field Marshals that gun-cotton never smelt, much less gun-
powder.

But round about the palace, as those honours were bestowing,
In shadowy mail, with woe and wail, were Spain's old heroes going ;
ROY DIAZ shook his ghostly fist—the grim old Campeador—
GONZALEZ'S hand-grasped airy brand, DEL CARRIO'S spirit swore.

“ The foul fiend seize, both necks and knees, these recreants to Spain !
My old bones ne'er in Burgos will rest at peace again—
Tho' dead and dry, when France crows high and Spain is in the dust,
Confound them if they don't get up and walk off in disgust !

“ I was a gladsome stripling when I slew the COUNT LOZAN ;
When I wedded fair XIMENA I was a merry man ;
When on five necks of Moorish kings I set my mailed heel,
I felt what, in such cases, a gentleman must feel.

“ But of all the thrashings e'er I gave, and they've not been a few,
As you know, FERNAN GONZALEZ, and so, CARPIO, do you ;
No task would so delight me, killing kings nor wedding wives,
As to thrash these rogues within, at most, an inch of their low lives !”

So spake the CID, GONZALEZ chid, BERNARDO shook his lance,
That once, at RONCEVALLES, stayed the onward stride of France,
And sadly thought those noble ghosts of the Spanish days of old,
Ere knightly faith was grown a lie, and good steel changed for gold.

HOSTS OF CLAIMANTS.

THERE are as many claimants for the new planet as there are for the gun-cotton. An astronomer in every capital has sprung up to claim LE VERRIER'S new discovery. This juvenile planet promises in a short time to have as many names as a Portuguese princess, for every claimant has thought fit to christen it. Its name at present is Arago Aurora Georgium Sidus Herschel Le Verrier Victoria Louis-Philippe Frederic Neptune. Really there should be an astronomical registry for the births of planets ; and, to avoid disputes, the astronomer who was the first to register a new-born star, should be declared its lawful parent. LE VERRIER has been decorated by LOUIS-PHILIPPE, who has given him leave to wear the star in his button-hole.

A VERY REMARKABLE CRIME AND TRIAL.

THE Wellington Statue has now been on its trial for the last month. The verdict that has been passed upon it by all judges of art, has been—“ Guilty of Man's-Laughter.”

A MATRIMONIAL DILEMMA.

THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER cannot speak a word of Spanish, and the INFANTA of Spain cannot speak a word of French, at least so says a Madrid paper. This double state of ignorance may lead to a double state of bliss. The DUKE cannot possibly reproach the INFANTA, and she, in her turn, if she has any future cause to regret her present marriage, will not be able to inveigh, à la CAUDLE, against the DUKE. An interpreter must continually be present, if they wish to understand each other. This will be a constant source of *mal-entendus*, and rumours will always be finding their way into the newspapers that “ strange words have been heard of late to pass between the DUKE and the DUCHESS.” This ignorance of the Spanish (which cannot, at all events, be said of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, who, considering his immense fortune, has certainly the Spanish at his fingers' ends) in the DUKE, accounts for a paragraph which was in the *Journal des Débats*, on occasion of the marriage. It said—“ The Prince was so overpowered that he could not find words to express his joy.” What a courtier-like way of saying the DUKE could not speak the language ! But we should recollect that the *Débats* is paid handsomely to pay the royal family compliments. It is the only luxury LOUIS-PHILIPPE is extravagant in.

MRS. HARRIS GIVETH MRS. GAMP
A LIFT.

THE serious *Standard* saith—

“ It is a good rule in political warfare to assume that the man for whom most contempt is expressed, is always the man most dreaded by those who assume the contemptuous.”

Of course this honest—this “ good rule ” applies equally well to woman as to man. Hence doth Mrs. Harris assume that when Punch has his heartiest laugh at poor Mrs. Gamp, he does really and truly, in his craven soul, most dread her ! Well, we confess it. After all, the woman of Shoe Lane is assuredly not a person to be laughed at.

Conversation in a Marine Library.

SCENE.—Ramsgate, Margate, or any Seaside Watering-place.

Young Lady. What is the price of this envelope-case ?

Librarian. Six shillings, Miss.

Young Lady. I will take it, if you please. Here is a ticket for six shillings, which I won in the raffle.

Librarian. Oh ! I beg your pardon, Miss—the price of this envelope-case is twelve shillings. I did not know you had a ticket.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF SCIENCE.

AMONG other arrangements which prevent the course of true love from running smooth is the invention of the electric telegraph. In runaway matches by rail many a spark, upon going to alight, has been dreadfully put out by the power of electricity. Love, which has conquered so many difficulties, has at last been vanquished by the savans. It is in contemplation by the fair sex to get a Bill brought into Parliament to take elopements specially out of the jurisdiction of the Electric Telegraph.



A SCENE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

A DEEP DESIGN.

A PLAN is about to be carried out for passing an electric telegraph under the streets of London. We have heard of walls having ears; but this is a scheme for giving tongues to the streets, which will enable them to rival the celebrated stones that were nearly rising up to remonstrate against some fearful piece of tyranny. We presume that an under-tone will be best adapted to this subterranean language. The telegraph, when completed, is to be let out to the public at so much a message.

This will do very well, unless the whole population wants to talk at once, when the effect would be rather extraordinary. We have not heard what arrangements are to be made to prevent the wrong people from receiving the messages that are sent by the telegraph. It will be very awkward if a somewhat general observation should arrive at a station, for there would be a difficulty in finding an owner for a remark of such a common-place character.

The plan seems good, but it will require much modification to render it effectual. Ladies who avail themselves of the telegraph will be charged by the length of the message, and no female will be allowed to monopolise the use of the subterranean tongue for longer than ten minutes. This seems to us a most wholesome precaution.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

A PHILANTHROPIST has proposed a modified form of capital punishment. He suggests that all criminals condemned to death, should have their sentence commuted to a journey on the Eastern Counties Railway.

Public Opinion and the Duke's Statue.

THERE is considerable difficulty experienced in collecting the opinions of the public on this monstrous affair. The general expression on the countenance of every one who looks up at it seems to say, as distinctly as possible, "I've no opinion of it." We have been at some pains to get correct reports of the public sentiment, but we have been unable to catch anything more decisive than "Well, I never!" with an occasional "Did you ever?" when the critic has been in the company of a friend. It is one thing to submit a matter to public opinion, but it is another thing to say in what manner public opinion is to be collected and interpreted. One of the most frequent ebullitions of sentiment that the Statue has elicited, consisted of the two monosyllables "Oh! My!" uttered in a state of profound bewilderment.

We, of course, are quite unable to decide whether this "Oh! My!" is intended to convey a favourable judgment; and a shriek of "Lawk!" which we have repeatedly heard from persons looking at the Statue, is equally difficult of translation. Something, however, may be done by having a clerk—like the omnibus time-keepers—employed in noting down the various sensations that the spectators of the Statue in the course of the day happen to manifest. There ought, however, to be a description of the person giving the opinion, together with a sketch of his biography; for as there are some people

"Whose praise is censure, and whose censure praise,"

it is right to know who and what they are before we attempt to estimate the value of their judgment. No person should be allowed to go by Hyde Park Corner without a passport, which should be regularly *viséd* by a proper officer; and the opinion of the individual to whom the document belongs should be written at the foot of it.

MONTPENSIER IN SPAIN.

THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER has been in a state of the most utter destitution with reference to tokens of respect from the population of Madrid. If a stray cheer has been heard anywhere he has poked forth his head and bowed, in the vain hope of being able to appropriate to himself something or other, however trifling, in the shape of public approbation. His neck has been on the stretch from morning until night, to enable him to scent out a stray *viva*, but not one has he been able to appropriate, for not one has been intended for himself. It is to be regretted that in addition to the *ballet* arrangements made for the purpose of giving life and spirit to his progress, nothing was done in the way of an engagement of supernumeraries to hail and cheer him in Madrid.

If the celebrated Mr. W. WEST had been secured, we are certain that an

imposing spectacle might have been got up, which would at least have been sufficiently imposing to impose on those who were not in the secret of the manner in which the affair had been contrived. When we recollect that the enthusiastic reception of *Masaniello* at Drury Lane Theatre was contrived for several consecutive nights at three pounds per night, we cannot but feel convinced that the MONTPENSIER marriage would have gone off amid acclamations, with a little proper management.

MRS. GAMP DOING PENANCE FOR HER SLANDER OF PUNCH.





E—L—F—Z—E.

G—T—Y—B—K—Y.

MR. P—CH.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

G—y B—y. "PLEASE SIR, MY BIG BROTHER'S GOING TO GIVE ME 'A PUNCH ON THE HEAD.'"

THE HISTORIOGRAPHER IN FULL DRESS AND IN UNDRESS.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *Historiographer to the Court of France, writeth of the Royal Progress of L.L.A.A.R.R. MONTPIENSIER and D'AUMALE.*

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *Man of Letters for the Booksellers, writeth of the Royal Progress of L.L.A.A.R.R. MONTPIENSIER and D'AUMALE.*

IN FULL DRESS.

"Tolosa, 2nd Oct., 1846.

"At Eleven, L.L.A.A.R.R. set out for Tolosa. Everywhere, on their road, have burst forth the same manifestations; everywhere the bells have saluted their approach; everywhere rushed in crowds to greet them, the magistrates and clergy of these picturesque old towns, where fretted arch of the Mauresque dominion rises by the side of the stern Gothic portal, the history of a people—an embodied crusade—the Crescent and the Cross.

"St. DOMINIC and MAHOMET; Saracen and Visigoth, FERDINAND and ISABELLA, ABD-EL-KADER and LOUIS-PHILIPPE! All were there! The history of two peoples—the character of two nationalities—the fate of two civilisations in the gilded reflections (*reflets dorés*) of the Spanish sun that played on those worn minarets and florid pinnacles! Troops are disposed for picturesque effect, wherever the *corièges* pass. A triumphal arch was erected at the entrance of Tolosa. L.L.A.A.R.R. passed beneath, it, amidst the *vivas* of an assembled population; the broad sombrero harmonising with the graceful mantilla, from under whose folds flashed the dark eyes of the Andaluza, who bridled coquettishly as she caught the winning smile, or answered the graceful salute of L.L.A.A.R.R.

"The town of Tolosa owed L.L.A.A.R.R., one of its *comparsa*—celebrated through all Spain. She did not disappoint them. In the public square a huge platform had been spread. Every balcony is suddenly filled with spectators clad in the national costume—majo,

IN UNDRESS.

"A Monsieur,
"Monsieur Théophile Blague,
"Homme de lettres,
"Rue D'Enfer, No. 3, à Paris.

"Tolosa, 2nd Oct. 1846.

"Mon cher THEOPHILE,

"What a task! What a people!! What a country!!! What men!!!! What women!!!!!! What wine!!!!!! What shows!!!!!! What dancing!!!!!! What music!!!!!!

"I have been a fool, *mon cher*, to leave that dear Paris and those dear *feuilletons* (the *calembourgs* is BERTIN's and not mine) for long journeys, cold receptions, beds—*oh! mon Dieu!* infested by the real Spanish b—g,—puño d'España,—seven to the pound, the felicitations of corporate bodies, the execrations of the people, and the crushing task (*tâche assommante*) of writing two columns daily for the *Journal des Débats*. My romance writing has saved me. Had I been an historian, accustomed to record and not to invent! *Grand Dieu!* I shudder when I think of the labour that yet lies before me!

"The fact is, *mon cher*, we are universally execrated in this accursed country. In revenge, we execrate Spain and everything in it. They have the greatest difficulty in getting out the corporations (*ayuntamientos*) to welcome us. Several aldermen have been seized for refusing to express their delight at seeing us, and we met a very fat and rosy-faced one, handcuffed, on his way to be shipped for the Canary Islands, the *bagne* of these wretches.

"The roads are lined with troops. It is apprehended the country peo-

majoral, zagal and saynete—the broad beret of Navarre and the saya of the Manchegan—all was shining—brilliant—enthusiastic! L.L.A.A.R.R. moved amidst *vivas*—or that still more flattering silence, which, in the grave and noble Spaniard, is a mark of profound respect and ardent admiration.

"A lively and original symphony is heard. The dancers appear—at their head a chorus of beautiful youths, dressed in white tunics, brodered with gold—diadems of stars around their brows, and in their hands a species of guitar or lute. Then advance the *danseurs* and *danseuses*—both of a rare elegance and distinguished *tournure*. These young people are recruited amongst the highest classes of the city. Permission to dance before S.S.A.A.R.R. is graciously accorded them. And while the dancers execute a prelude in steps more noble than animated, a chorus of young and noble musicians pronounce, in honour of the princes, a cantata, in which the sentiments of Spain are expressed with all the charm and vivacity of the language, so picturesque, of the *Romancero*.

"Here are some strophes of this cantata:—

TO THE PRINCES.

I.
"Noble Princes of France, you bring gladness amongst us. Welcome! Receive the joyous salutations of GUIRUZSCOA!

II.
"Be happy, noble spouse, and may new signs of two illustrious races embellish your royal dwelling!"

"This spontaneous utterance of Spanish affection was received with universal applause and *attendrissement*," &c., &c., &c.

ple may attack the *coriège* and murder the Princes. I travel with loaded pistols. Every Alcalde may be an assassin in disguise, and each *corps de ballet* may conceal an infernal machine. This is reassuring: is it not? If we reach Madrid alive, we shall have reason to bless our good luck. When shall I revisit Paris, and dine *en tête à tête* with thee, my THEOPHILE? The thought affects me. *Mais, courage!*

"The towns are hideous. Tumble-down old arches and gloomy cathedrals, as sombre (*morne*) as the great cloaks of the men (which cover rags worse than *Frederick's* in *Don César de Bazan*) and the black mantillas of the women. It is the fashion to talk of Spanish beauty: I have done so myself. It is an *impression de voyage*—a flam—a humbug—a lie, *enfant*.

"And if you could but see the black looks they shower on the poor devils of Princes, who go smirking and bowing, and trying to catch a stray salute, without success, in a way that makes one's heart bleed. (*qui perce le cœur*)

"*Parole d'honneur!* We have not had word, look, or glance of welcome, unless what has been bought and paid for, since we passed the frontier! They gave us a dance this morning—but what a dance! The performers were the *ballerine* of the second-rate theatres at Madrid. Not a native would point a toe for us! I wrote a cantata for the occasion. *Pas mal*, I think; you will see it in the *Débats*, where it figures as the spontaneous something or other of GUIRUZSCOA. What a trade! It is well we know what kings, courts, popularity, honour and enthusiasm are made of, or I should almost be sick sometimes.

"Entirely yours,
"A. DUMAS."

Provincial Theatricals.

THE drama has, we are happy to say, been flourishing in the provinces. We attended a country theatre a few nights ago, where we found a juvenile tragedian, in a stock dress, saying to a young lady in stiff white muslin, "I once loved yer, but now I hate yer," and the heavy man refusing vigorously to be "hounded and unted by a hupstart hurchin." All this was refreshing; but nothing was more delicious than to find the *Lady of the Lake* inviting *Fitzjames* to partake of her hospitality at a little round table, like a three-legged stool run to seed, with nothing on it but a black bottle. WALTER SCOT'S poetry was magnificent in the mouths of the various members of the dramatic corps, but our delight knew no bounds when *Rhoderick Dhu*, rushing in with two supernumeraries a little after his proper time, exclaimed—

"These are Clan Alpine warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am RHODERICK (a little over) Dhu."

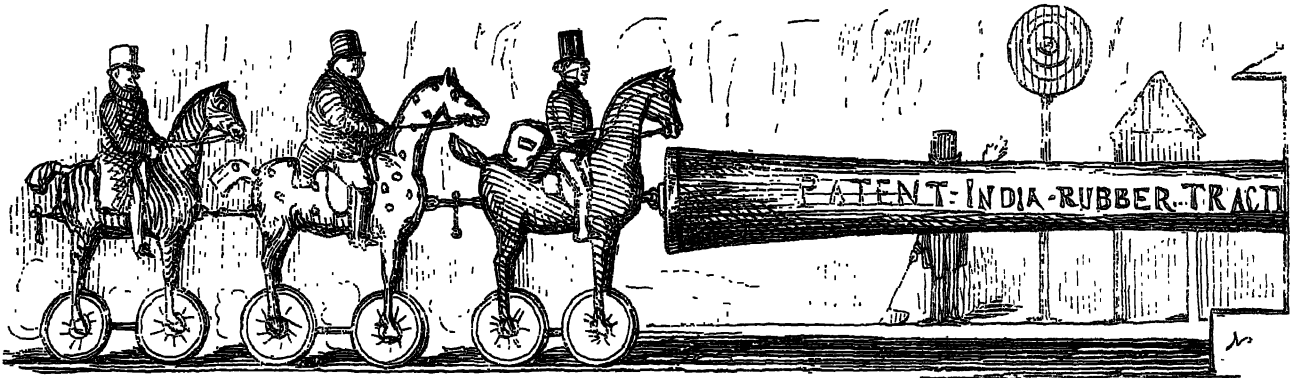
Young *Malcolm Grème* we recognised as an old gentleman who had been officiating as box-keeper during the first piece, and we purchased a play-bill of the *Macduff*, who had come round to the front at the conclusion of *Macbeth*. *Macduff* also superintended the soda-water stall and refreshment cupboard during the intervals of his professional occupation. After killing *Macbeth*, he hurried round to preside at

the stall, while the local *Pomona* went round among the audience with "apples, oranges, nuts and pears, ginger-beer and bottled



porter!" We fancied we recognised *Fleance* putting out the lamps at the end of the performance. We are quite sure that *Duncan* called up our fly to the door when we quitted the theatre.

INDIAN-RUBBER RAILWAYS.



Among the new schemes of the day perhaps the most notable or notable is a project for pulling the public along a railway by means of Indian Rubber. This is all very well in its way; but when we ask how the Indian Rubber is to act, the well known exclamation, "Aye! there's the rub!" intrusively suggests itself. We understand that there is to be an elastic band attached to the horse or carriage that is

to be drawn along, and the elastic band will of course "pull out;" a process that is likewise expected from the shareholders. The force with which the elongated caoutchouc will contract, must necessarily drag anything attached to it towards a given point with considerable velocity. The travellers will thus be nicely drawn in, and so will the public, if any money is deposited on the faith of the project.

Punch's Serenade.

Oh where, and oh where, is my HARRY BROUGHAM gone?—
He's gone to see the French, and PHILIPPA upon his throne,
And it's oh! in my heart, I wish him safe at home.

Oh where, and oh where, does my HARRY BROUGHAM dwell?—
He dwells at Cannes in bonny France, and likes it very well;
But recollect 'tis not the CANN's where gravy soup they sell.

In what clothes, in what clothes, is your HARRY BROUGHAM clad?—
His hunting coat 's of velvet green, his trowsers are of plaid;
And it's oh! in my heart he can't look very bad.

Suppose, and suppose, that your HARRY BROUGHAM should die!—
Dog Toby would weep over him, and Punch himself would cry:
But it's oh! in our hearts that we hope he will not die.

MODEL HOUSES.

It has been the fashion lately to export to the colonies Model Houses. They take to pieces and are put together again like a Chinese puzzle. They have, likewise, the advantage of being packed in a very small compass. A gentleman who went over to Sydney this year assured us he had his drawing-room in his trunk, the parlour in his portmanteau, the attic in his carpet-bag, the kitchen in his hat-box, and the scullery in his coat pocket. A Gray's Inn Lane contractor has favoured us with the following list of houses he has recently built for Australia:—

A MODEL LODGING HOUSE.—This has been arranged upon the plan of the lodging-houses in London. The house is made to contain as many rooms as possible. Cupboards are fitted up as bedrooms, and beds are ingeniously concealed in piano-fortes, sideboards, and chests-of-drawers. Two keys have been sent to every lock—one for the use of the lodger and the other for the landlady. The pantry is small, as it has been found that nothing ever keeps in a lodging-house pantry longer than a day. A large pump is also fitted up in the cellar. The most singular thing is, that for the number of rooms in this model house there is only one bell, which communicates with the drawing-room; the other rooms have bells, only all the wires are broken. Accommodation is provided for not more than one servant, whose bed in the kitchen has been cleverly contrived to pull in and out, exactly like the large drawer of a kitchen dresser. One mustard-pot, one coal-scuttle, one dish-cover, one teapot, one pair of sugar-tongs have been sent out as the furniture of this model house. Every domestic article, in fact, is limited to one—the unities have been beautifully preserved. A long list of "extras," as charged in London, has been sent out with the house. It includes boot-cleaning, attendance, towels, and the use of a Britannia fork and spoon. A big cat accompanies this model house; it has a very broad back, so as to be able to bear all the broken things that, in a lodging house, are always put upon it.

A MODEL CHURCH.—The peculiarity about this model of a London Church is, that the whole body of it is taken up with private pews, beau-

tifully carpetted, with velvet cushions; whilst the free sittings are comparatively few and niggardly. Outside the private pews is written "One Shilling," as a guide what to charge for the price of a seat.

A MODEL HOUSE OF COMMONS.—This house is built exclusively of wood, as it is intended to contain the heads of the nation. It is divided into two sides—the side that is "in," and the "out" side.

In the corner there is an immense dust-bin for the reception of the petitions. The house is beautifully ventilated, and there are pipes, as in a bath, marked "hot" and "cold," which any member can turn when he wishes, for a fresh supply of air. Several models of the Speaking Automaton have been sent out with this model House, of COMMONS.

A MODEL THEATRE.—This theatre is like most London theatres, half of the seats being so arranged that the spectator cannot see, and the other half that he cannot hear.



A French Dictionary and a complete set of "La France Dramatique" have been sent out with the model. A statue of SHAKESPEARE is to be put over the portico, "just for the look of the thing."

POSTHUMOUS RENOWN.

THE DUKE OF LEBDS has closed Glen Lin Beg, the DUKE OF ATHOL Glen Tilt, against the tourist. Long live both their Graces! but should anything happen to either of them, how appropriate to him will be the simple epitaph,—"Stop, Traveller!"

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

TALE THE SEVENTH.



WHEN A narrative is most agreeable to the military and naval professions there are ladies in the case; for a remarkable sympathy exists between the brave and the fair. Some of the gentler sex prefer the red coat, others have a partiality for the tarry trowsers. Partaking of the nature both of the soldier and the sailor, you, Marines, possess, for the feminine heart, the attractions of either uniform. Doubly dear, then, to the daughters of England, you must be twice as much interested in all that relates to them as either of the other classes of heroes; and to hear of anything that redounds to their credit will be particularly gratifying to your gallant hearts. You will, therefore, be highly delighted by the following piece of intelligence:—

The ladies, especially in London, are in a state of extreme agitation: no uncommon circumstance in individual cases, you will say; but somewhat rare among them collectively. You will fear that something must have happened to alarm and distress them; and such is the case. They have been sadly alarmed by some information

which has reached them of the mortality, sickness, and miseries produced amongst the assistants, male and female, of linen-drappers, milliners, sempstresses, and others, through late hours of business. They are also greatly distressed by the reflection, that from having, for convenience sake, been used to make late purchases, or at least from not having spoken out against this bad system, these evils are partly chargeable on themselves. Hence their above-mentioned agitation, which is not an all-overishness and a fluttering in the chest, but an agitation in behalf of the early-closing movement.

This is now the paramount subject at all tea-tables. It takes precedence even of the fashions, and the last waltz. "Oh how dreadful!" are the first words you hear on entering a drawing-room. You inquire "What?"—"To be cooped up for fifteen or sixteen hours," is the reply, "in hot close rooms, all full of the smell of gas, and that horrid—what is it?—carbonic acid. To be obliged to stand, too, all that time. To have no opportunity to improve the mind of an evening, by study. To have no time for exercise. To have the complexion spoiled, and the figure ruined. To have the seeds of consumption, and all sorts of illnesses sown in one—oh! one shudders at the idea. To think what those poor young people suffer all the while they seem so agreeable and pleasant, and so happy in serving us! One's prettiest dress looks quite a fright; one's smartest ribbons seem odious when one remembers where one bought them. And, oh gracious! suppose any of these wretched complaints should be infectious!" So talk the ladies; but they not only talk; they act. They are to be seen running about at all hours—(till the evening)—from shop to shop.

This is not, however, to purchase anything they want, or do not want, but to assure MR. BOBBINS, and MR. TAPR, and MR. TWIST, that they will never buy anything more at their establishments unless they close them at seven o'clock. Owing to these tradesmen keeping to late hours, and the ladies to their word, scarcely any female dress that you meet with appears new. Last months' fashions are universally retained, and the trimmings of nearly every bonnet are unseasonable. The ladies go without all sorts of things they are dying for. To these privations they cheerfully submit, in their determination to effect their humane object.

You have heard, gallant fellows, many an instance of woman's self-denial; but you never before heard of anything like this; which, to the honour of the sex, is recorded in the seventh story that *Punch* has recounted—to the Marines.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

NATIONAL DEBT. A debt owing by the whole nation: and its enormous amount is said to be a proof of our wealth; so that if this principle holds good, an individual who wishes to get rich, has only to run over head and ears in debt, as rapidly as possible. It is consoling to know that this great source of our prosperity is not likely to be paid off before the year 2053, at the present rate of diminution, so that our heirs will have all the benefit that is to be derived from the tremendous liability.

NATURALIZATION. Converting an alien into a natural. Aliens, who come to reside in the United Kingdom for the purpose of settling, may be made Naturals, but it oftener happens that Naturals, with bills which they have no intention of settling, become Aliens by abandoning the country of their creditors.

NAVY, BRITISH. The article with which BARTANLIA rules the waves, and enables Britons to declare they "never, never, never will be slaves." ALFRED THE GREAT started the English navy on a very small scale; but it has been augmented almost ever since by various sovereigns. The first naval architect of any note was one PHINEAS PETT, who lived in the reign of JAMES I., and the king had the good sense to make a Pett of him. The improvement of the navy was called his Majesty's Pett project, in compliment to the naval architect. The British Navy, like the British Drama, has been greatly increased, if not improved, by translations from the French, which used at one time to be very general.

Legal Intelligence.

THE usual preparations have been made for the commencement of Michaelmas Term, and MR. BRIEFLESS has given a series of private rehearsals at home, with the view of rubbing off the rust of the long vacation. He has addressed a plaster-of-Paris bust of SIGNOR MILTONE—as the Italian vendor called him—and entreated with the most passionate earnestness that his Lordship—for as such MR. BRIEFLESS apostrophised the bust—would permit him to have judgment as in case of a nonsuit.

The gown of MR. BRIEFLESS came home from the scourer's last week; and his wig, which had become black at the tips by absorbing the ink in the desk behind the place he generally occupies in Court, has been refreshed by half an ounce of additional grey horsehair. His clerk, THOMSON, is occupied every day in filling up a blank book with nominal engagements, through which he is supposed to glance when making any appointment, in order that an open day may be granted to a *bonâ fide* client.

A dummy list of Causes has long since been preferred, to enable THOMSON to ascertain whether "we are retained on the other side," when a brief is brought on behalf of either party. The bill-sticker has been called in to paper the walls of the chambers with sittings-papers, sessions-papers, and other legal documents that are intended to stand until the next year's long vacation.

Preparations for the Winter.

THE Nelson Column has been laid up for the winter. Fresh straw has been wrapped round its solitary foot, and the door of the palings has been locked, to prevent a draught coming in. The key has been left with the housekeeper of the National Gallery, who will be very happy, on the payment of a fee, to show the interior of the hoarding to strangers. The collection of rubbish inside is very rich. There is a large stone covered with ivy, and a nettle, a real *Leicestersquariensis*, four feet high. There are likewise two mortars. These are preserved in hods, and one is exceedingly interesting, from its date being marked on it in large figures, "1838."

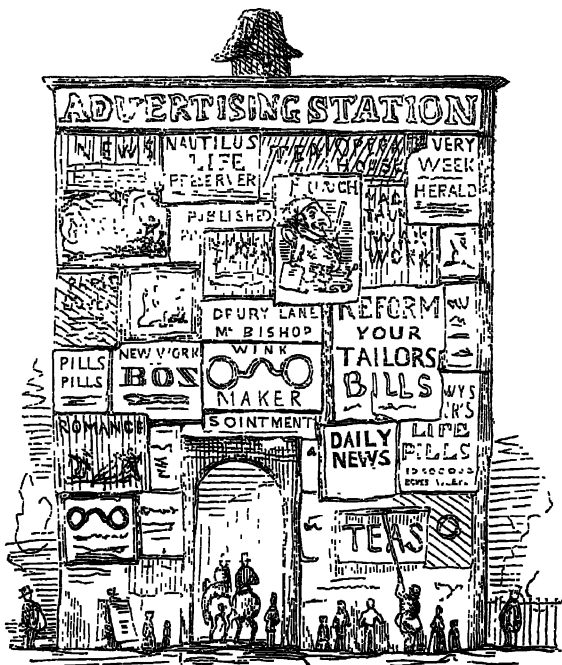
The Gun-Cotton Mania.

HUNDREDS of people have commenced claiming the Gun-Cotton as their own invention. Amongst others, there is a friend of ours who says he never wore a nightcap, because he knew the inflammable nature of cotton would have certainly rendered him light-headed.

NATURAL ENOUGH

Mrs. Gamp objects very strongly to the Opening of the Ports, but declares herself quite ready to assent to a proposition for opening the gins, rums, and brandies.

NEW ADVERTISING STATION.



UNDOUBTEDLY the best thing to be done with the arch at Hyde Park Corner is to turn it into an Advertising Station, which will have the double advantage of covering up an eye-sore and turning it into a source of profit. What has failed to prove ornamental, should at least be rendered useful, if any plan can be devised for effecting such a purpose. The Duke is, we suppose, to remain where he is, for he has nearly completed his third week, and we have seen as yet no placard announcing "positively the last appearance but three" of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. We have not heard of his engagement having been renewed for a limited period, and we presume therefore that he is to continue permanently in his present capacity. This makes it still more desirable that our plan for turning the arch into an Advertising Station should be acted upon. The scheme should be adopted every alternate week, so that the portion of the public which is disgusted by the appearance of the Statue should have some relief during the time when the arch should be used as a station for advertisements.

LONDON IN A. D. 2346.

"But the great feature of this meeting of the Archaeological Institute, was the Secretary's report on the interesting discoveries made on the site of Old London, with the discussion it gave rise to."—*Times*, of April 1st., A. D. 2346.

THE Secretary begs to lay before the members of the New London Archaeological Institute the following report of the very curious discoveries made in the course of the excavations now going on for the foundations of the Universal Railway Terminus, to which the officers of the Society have had access by the gracious permission of His Majesty, HUDSON XIV.

The site of Old London had long been known to the Society, but the immense expense of laying bare its remains, owing to the great mass of scoriae and the solid coating of lava, which overwhelmed that great and once famous city, in the fearful eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which rises in the district still known as the Surrey Zoological Gardens, they had hitherto despaired of making those discoveries, which the liberality of His Majesty has enabled them to effect.

In the total absence of all documentary evidence, the officers of the Society have been compelled to assign conjectural characters and destinations to the several buildings and works discovered. Our imperfect knowledge of the habits of a bygone and barbarous race may impair the value of these theories; but they seem to the authors of the report to be the only interpretations at all consistent with probability. The part of the old city first laid bare, was peculiarly rich in objects calculated to excite interest and stimulate, while they baffle, curiosity. It was a large area, in form an irregular square, into which debouched three streets, which, for the period they belong to, may be called wide. From the unique copy of that inestimable work, *Mogg's Guide to*

London, in the Society's library, we believe we may confidently state, that this area is what was known as Trafalgar Square.

The north side of this irregular area, we found occupied by a low and singularly unsightly range of building, apparently uniting the purposes of a stone-mason's or sculptor's shed, and a store-room for pictures. The former conclusion is drawn from the numerous casts and copies of statues found in the lower part of the building. From the dark, damp, and unventilated state of the rooms, they obviously could not have been intended for exhibition or study. They were probably ware-rooms for depositing unsold or condemned works. The mean appearance of the exterior of the building forbids the notion that this can be the "National Gallery," often spoken of as standing in Trafalgar Square, in the precious single volume of the "Annual Register for 1842," now in the possession of the Society. It is true that the building is there unfavourably criticised. But this building is below all criticism. The pictures, many of them of great value, were found crowded together in low close rooms. This fact strikingly illustrates the ignorance of art, which we know, from other sources, prevailed in this island five hundred years ago. Here are artistic treasures, (now deposited with solemnity and reverence in our Grand World Museum,) evidently treated as things of no value whatever, stowed away like rubbish. It is clear that no one could have seen the merits of the pictures in these apartments; so that this may be confidently pronounced to have been a lumber-room, in which the pictures were considered as the lumber. The opinion of one of the Society, that this must have been the "National Picture Gallery" alluded to by the old chronicler, GRANT, in his imbecile, but curious volume, "The Great Metropolis," we have not thought worth combating.

In front of this enigmatic erection we found two shallow basins, with very curious instruments in the centre, resembling dumb-waiters, or such stands as those on which articles of refreshment are displayed in confectioners' shops, but even smaller. They are of red granite, with four dolphins' heads below. This would point to some connection with water.

Was it a recipient for soup, such as we learn from the volume of the *Annual Register* above referred to was distributed to the poor in times of scarcity? But, if this be a correct explanation, what was the object of the centre-pieces? They may have supported vessels containing condiments, such as salt, pepper, &c., for the use of the poor, while taking their soup, or even bread for the same benevolent purpose. But the whole of what we may call the soup-basin theory, is upset by the curious fact, preserved to us in an old Act of Parliament of the date A. D. 1834, that out-door relief of the poor

was abolished altogether in that year, and that they were from that time, if destitute, fed only on 'condition of submitting to imprisonment. The theory that these were fountains with their reservoirs in absolutely untenable. The utter want of proportion between the basins and the centre-pieces, and the miserable dimensions of the latter, point rather to some purposes of a domestic or culinary character, in which ornament has been sacrificed to use.



A MELANCHOLY RUIN IN A. D. 2346.

Hint to Railway Sponsors.

We are much dissatisfied with the inappropriate nomenclature applied to railway steam-engines. Bomb-ketches and sloops of war are very properly termed Erebus, Phlegethon, Hecla, Fury, and so forth: names expressive of their qualities. Why not style locomotives on a similar principle? As, Helter-skelter, Casualty, Collision, and Breakneck. Give fitting titles to machines of havoc and destruction.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.



NOTABLE as my reception had been (under that unfortunate mistake of Mrs. PONTO that I was related to Lord SNOBBINGTON, which I was not permitted to correct), it was nothing compared to the bowing and kotooing, the raptures, and flurry which preceded and welcomed the visit of a real live lord and lord's son, a brother officer of CORNET WELLESLEY PONTO, in the 120th Hussars, who came over with the young Cornet from Guttlebury, where their distinguished regiment was quartered—this was my LORD GULES, LORD SALTIRE's grandson and heir. a very young short sandy-haired and tobacco-smoking nobleman, who cannot have left the nursery very long, and who, though he accepted the honest major's invitation to the Evergreens in a letter written in a school-boy hand-writing, with a number of faults of spelling, may yet be a very fine classical scholar for what I know: having had his education at

Eton, where he and young PONTO were inseparable.

At any rate, if he can't write, he has mastered a number of other accomplishments wonderful for one of his age and size. He is one of the best shots and riders in England. He rode his horse Abracadabra, and won the famous Guttlebury steeple-chase. He has horses entered at half the races in the country (under other people's names; for the old lord is a strict hand, and will not hear of betting or gambling). He has lost and won such sums of money as my LORD GEORGE himself might be proud of. He knows all the stables, and all the jockeys, and has all the 'information,' and is a match for the best Leg at Newmarket. Nobody was ever known to be "too much" for him: at play or in the stable.

Although his grandfather makes him a moderate allowance, by the aid of post-obits and convenient friends he can live in a splendour becoming his rank. He has not distinguished himself in the knocking down of policemen much; he is not big enough for that. But, as a light-weight, his skill is of the very highest order. At billiards he is said to be first-rate. He drinks and smokes as much as any two of the highest officers in his regiment. With such high talents, who can say how far he may not go? He may take to politics as a *délassement*, and be Prime Minister after LORD GEORGE BENNING.

My young friend WELLESLEY PONTO is a gaunt and bony youth, with a pale face profusely blotched. From his continually pulling something on his chin, I am led to fancy that he believes he has what is called an Imperial growing there. That is not the only tuft that is hunted in the family, by the way. He can't, of course, indulge in those expensive amusements which render his aristocratic comrades so respected: he bets pretty freely when he is in cash, and rides when somebody mounts him (for he can't afford more than his regulation chargers). At drinking he is by no means inferior; and why do you think he brought his noble friend, LORD GULES, to the Evergreens?—Why? because he intended to ask his mother to order his father to pay his debts, which she couldn't refuse before such an exalted presence. Young PONTO gave me all this information with the most engaging frankness. We are old friends. I used to tip him when he was at school.

"Gad!" says he, "our wedgment's so doothid exthpenthif. Must hunt, you know. A man couldn't live in the wedgment if he didn't. Mess expenses enawnuth. Must dine at mess. Must drink champagne and claret. Our's aint a port and sherry light-infantry mess. Uniform's awful. FITZSTULTZ, our Colonel, will have 'em so. Must be a distinction, you know. At his own expense FITZSTULTZ altered the plumes in the men's caps (you called them shaving-brushes, SNOB, my boy: most absurd and unjust that attack of yours, by the way); that alteration alone cootht him five hundred pound. The year befaw latht he horthed the wegiment at an immenthe expenthe, and we're called the Queen'th Own Pyebalds from that day. Ever theen uth on pawade? The EMPPEAR NICHOLATH burtht into tearth of

envy when he thaw uth at Windthor. And you see," continued my young friend, "I brought GULES down with me, as the Governor is very sulky about shelling out, just to talk my mother over, who can do anything with him. GULES told her that I was FITZSTULTZ's favourite of the whole regiment; and, Gad! she thinks the Horse Guards will give me my troop for nothing! and he humbugged the Governor that I was the greatest screw in the army. Aint it a good dodge?"

With this WELLESLEY left me to go and smoke a cigar in the stables with LORD GULES, and make merry over the cattle there, under STRIPES's superintendence. Young PONTO laughed with his friend, at the venerable four-wheeled cruelty-chaise; but seemed amazed that the latter should ridicule still more an ancient chariot of the build of 1824, emblazoned immensely with the arms of the PONROS and the CRAWLEYS, from which latter distinguished family Mrs. PONTO issued.

I found poor PON. in his study among his boots, in such a rueful attitude of despondency, that I could not but remark. "Look at that!" says the poor fellow, handing me over a document. "It's the second change in uniform since he's been in the army, and yet there's no extravagance about the lad. LORD GULES tells me he is the most careful youngster in the regiment, God bless him! But look at that! by Heaven, SNOB, look at that, and say how CAN a man of nine hundred keep out of the Bench?" He gave a sob as he handed me the paper across the table; and his old face, and his old corduroys, and his shrunk shooting-jacket, and his lean shanks, looked, as he spoke, more miserably haggard, bankrupt, and threadbare.

Lieut. Wellesley Ponto, 120th Queen's Own Pyebald Hussars,
To Knopf and Steckenadel,
Conduit Street, London.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|
| Dress Jacket, richly laced with gold | 35 | 0 | 0 |
| Ditto Felisse ditto, and trimmed with sable | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| Undress Jacket, trimmed with gold | 15 | 15 | 0 |
| Ditto Felisse | 30 | 0 | 0 |
| Dress Pantaloons | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Ditto Overalls, gold lace on sides | 6 | 6 | 0 |
| Undress ditto ditto | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Blue Braided Frock | 14 | 14 | 0 |
| Forage Cap | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Dress Cap, gold lines, plume and chain | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| Gold Barrelled Sash | 11 | 18 | 0 |
| Sword | 11 | 11 | 0 |
| Ditto Belt and Sabretache | 16 | 16 | 0 |
| Pouch and Belt | 15 | 15 | 0 |
| Sword Knot | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Cloak | 13 | 13 | 0 |
| Valise | 3 | 13 | 6 |
| Regulation Saddle | 7 | 17 | 6 |
| Ditto Bridle, complete | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| A Dress Housing, complete | 30 | 0 | 0 |
| A pair Pistols | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| A Black Sheepskin, edged | 6 | 18 | 0 |

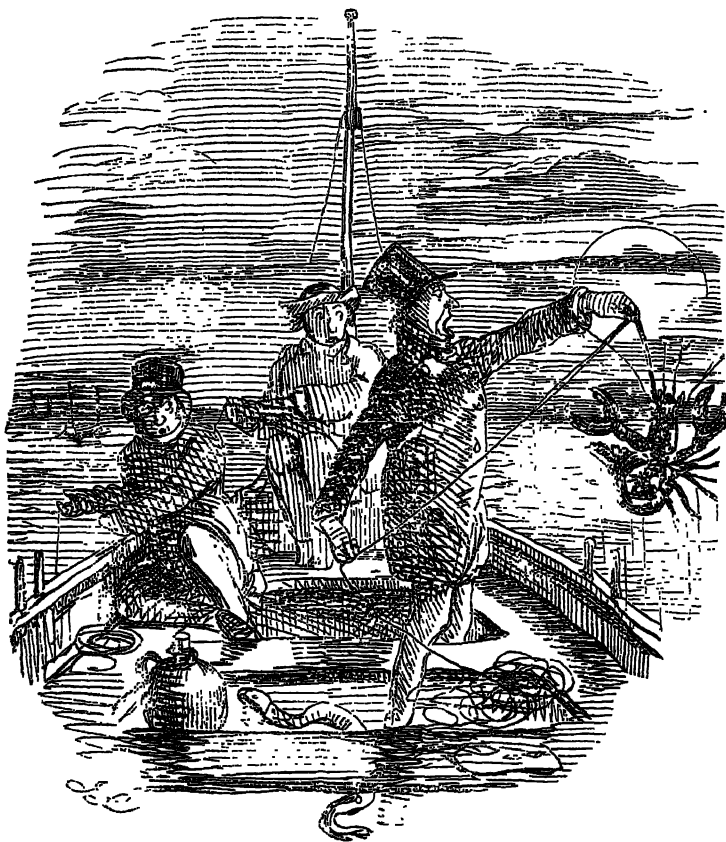
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That evening Mrs. PONTO and her family made their darling WELLESLEY give a full, true, and particular account of everything that had taken place at LORD FITZSTULTZ's; how many servants waited at dinner; and how the ladies SCHNEIDER dressed; and what his Royal Highness said when he came down to shoot; and who was there? "What a blessing that boy is to me!" said she, as my pimple-faced young friend moved off to resume smoking operations with GULES in the now vacant kitchen;—and poor PONTO's dreary and desperate look, shall I ever forget that?

O you parents and guardians! O you men and women of sense in England! O you legislators about to assemble in Parliament! read over that tailor's bill above printed—read over that absurd catalogue of insane gimcracks and 'madman's tomfoolery'—and say how are you ever to get rid of Snobbishness when society does so much for its education?

Three hundred and forty pounds for a young chap's saddle and breeches! Before GEORGE, I would rather be a Hottentot or a Highlander. We laugh at poor Jocko, the monkey, dancing in uniform; or at poor JAMES, the flunkey, with his quivering calves and plush tights; or at the nigger MARQUIS OF MARMALADE, dressed out with sabre and epaulets, and giving himself the airs of a field-marshal. Lo! is not one of the Queen's Pyebalds, in full fig, as great and foolish a monster?

FISHING OFF BRIGETON.



"O YES! IT'S VERY EASY TO SAY 'CATCH HOLD OF HIM!'"

TO FOOTMEN, HOUSE-MAIDS, AND OTHERS.

THE *Morning Post* having wished to meet the public demand—a demand that it fondly hopes to increase by feeding it—for private and confidential letters of statesmen (Whigs in particular), herewith assures all footmen, house-maids, tygers, errand-boys, and others, that it will give the very highest price for any communications, dropt from their masters' pockets, or carelessly and negligently left in desks or drawers (locked or unlocked). Such letters will be paid for by the line; the sum varying with the implicit secrecy of the contents. In all instances, however, the parties will be most liberally dealt with.

It must be obvious to the reflecting domestic, that by thus contributing to the *Morning Post*, and to the amusement and instruction of a discerning public, he will safely obtain a handsome remuneration, without rendering himself liable to any Old Bailey inconvenience that might result from the speculation of even tea and sugar. This circumstance must tend to raise the value of the servant in his own estimation, and also to render wages a matter of secondary importance.—Apply to the editor of the *Morning Post* (if personally, after dusk). No objection to treat with parties masked, or otherwise disguised; so that the genuineness of the stolen goods can be duly warranted. N.B. The highest price given for old family papers.

MORE WORK FOR SIR PETER LAURIE.

We perceive by an advertisement in the *Times*, that a discriminating Fancy Cabinet-maker in the City sells his goods, not according to the tastes, but according to the size and personal accomplishments, of his customers. Thus we find that "a very complete Lady's" rosewood writing-desk is to be had for 30s.; "a small size Lady's" ditto for 25s.; and "a handsome full size Lady's" ditto is not to be got under 4l. Now against this atrocious system we feel called upon, in the name of the British Female Public, most indignantly to protest. Why are "very complete" ladies to pay more for their goods than "small size" ladies, we should like to know? And why are "handsome full size" ladies to be charged nearly four times as much as little ones? We had better have a Beauty and Stature Tax at once. The practice must be at once "put down." We recommend the matter to our friend, SIR PETER.

WHO FOUND THE PLANET?

THE scientific world is standing on tiptoe with excitement to watch the issue of a dispute between some French and English astronomers, as to who found the new Planet. M. LE VERRIER was certainly the first that publicly shouted out *Bureha*, and to him the merit of discovering the new luminary had been quietly assigned, until Mr. ADAMS rushes forward, exclaiming "Oh, what a shame! Stop him!! He's got my Planet!!" It is a great pity that when a thing of the kind turns up, the original finder is not able to mark it with his initials, or to take some course to prove his right to the article.

We are not disposed to sanction the claim of MR. ADAMS, for he asserts that he discovered the Planet a long time ago, but "partly from the press of other occupations," he neglected the new-found treasure. This is all nonsense. Planets are not things to be put by and overlooked, or taken up after the press of other occupations has diminished. The celestial luminaries ought not to be treated in this manner—to be thrust away in a corner, and only noticed again when found in the hands of some rival astronomer. MR. ADAMS says he secured the observations of the planet, before M. LE VERRIER could have seen it at all. No! No! this will not do: for it was not treating the luminary with proper respect, to neglect it after taking a couple of sights at it.

Bucal Apathy.

ENGLAND is ruined—gone. Her epitaph has been written by PEEL, the minister, who has slain her. It is not BRITANNIA, but only her ghost, that rules the waves. Nevertheless, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, whom we thought in a hermitage, with a flowing beard and long nails, in mourning for the destruction of his unhappy country—did absolutely dine, a few days ago, with the farmers of East Retford! We thought him clothed in sackcloth, and his head powdered with ashes; and we are astounded, nay afflicted, by his Grace's levity, to find him taking champagne with the remains of English farmers!

The last Railway Bobelty.

WE understand that it is in contemplation by the Directors of the Eastern Counties Railway to add a shaving saloon as well as a smoking saloon to some of the trains for first-class passengers. The length of time occupied on the journey is sometimes so considerable that a person quitting the carriage on arriving at his destination feels ashamed to go forth, in consequence of his beard having grown to a most unsightly length since he left the terminus he started from.

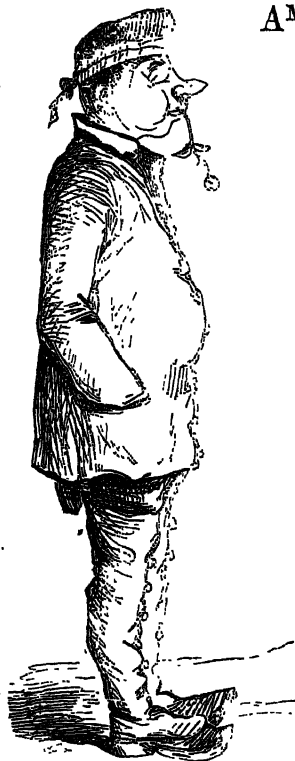
The annexed portraits of a gentleman, before and after coming out of the railway carriage between London and Norwich, will convey some idea of the necessity there must be for a shaving saloon on the Eastern Counties.



Considering that the Directors are wonderfully close shavers themselves, we think they ought to give every facility to close shaving on the part of their customers.

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

TALE THE EIGHTH.



AMONGST you, brave fellows, there are probably some Highlanders; and for the sake of your comrades you will be interested in any news from the Highlands. You are of course aware that the most remarkable characteristic of the Gaëlic race is their feeling of clanship, and of attachment to their chiefs, at whose bidding they will willingly go through fire and water, and are ready for anything from sheep-stealing to high-treason. It is well known to you how many of them, from acting under this sentiment, have, in former times, come to the gallows.

Enthusiasm, however, may be directed to a good end as well as a bad one; and that by which the Scottish mountaineers are inspired, has, in fact, been turned to the best account. By that personal devotion to the head of their clan, through which their chieftain used to instigate them to ravage their neighbours' lands, he now induces them to improve their own. Do not believe that the Highlands are converted into sheep-walks, and their inhabitants expatriated; in short, that there are any clearings in those districts but clearings of moss and heath. Tell that to the Sailors. No; the truth is, that the Highland lairds, almost without exception, are applying themselves with all their energies, not to making, but to cultivating wastes.

It is a common sight in the Highlands to see a body of fellows, who a century back would have been caterans, defiling through a mountain, or marching up a glen in their national costume, to the dulcet measures of the bag-pipe. You would think they were proceeding to levy black-mail, lift cattle, or commit arson. No such thing. The enterprise on which they are bound, is the draining, or otherwise reclaiming of some moor or barren tract of country. National songs composed by national poets, serve to inflame their industrial, as similar ditties did, formerly, their predatory ardour. The tunes to which these lays are adapted, consist of those old familiar strains which always touch a responsive chord in the Scottish heart; but the words being modern, there is now arising an entirely new description of Highland minstrelsy.

The following is a sketch of one of these songs:—

Air—*Pibroch o' Donald Dhu.*

"Pibroch o' DONALD DHU,
Pibroch o' DONALD,
Yonder hill-side to plough,
Summon CLANRONALD.
Call the MAC GREGOR's men;
Bid them not tarry:
LOCHIEL bring up the glen
Along wi' GLENGARREY."

Such exhortations as "Drain the land, laddie," and "Awa' weeds, awa'!" and such expressions of feeling as "Hey the bonny gypsum!" form the burden of these national airs. What with their pipes and rural strains, and the occupations of their happy inhabitants, the Highlands have now become a perfect Arcadia. For this, all thanks and honour are due to the patriotic and patriarchal chiefs who so creditably labour in their different spheres of usefulness, as is evinced in this, the Eighth story, wherewith *Punch* has edified—the Marines.

ILLUSTRIOUS DESCENT.

AMONG the manuscripts shown at Hatfield House was an illuminated pedigree of QUEEN ELIZABETH tracing her descent directly up to ADAM. We know a baby in humble life who can boast of an equally respectable pedigree, for its descent can be traced to New Year's Eve.

A ROYAL EDITOR.

THE KING OF BAVARIA is about to start a newspaper, which, rumour says, he is to edit himself. We can imagine the king sitting on the throne, with an immense pair of scissors in one hand and the paste brush in the other, writing his *Zeitung*, whilst the printer's devil is knocking at the door of the palace calling for "copy." His Royal Majesty scarcely knows the pains and penalties of an editor yet, or else he would not be so ambitious of rushing into newspaper authorship.

How will he like opening three hundred letters a day,—every one of them finding fault with some part of his paper?

How will he like being knocked up at three o'clock in the morning to come down to the office, and open an express?

How will he like collecting his quarterly subscriptions, or answering his correspondents' inquiries—Whether his Majesty will be graciously pleased to take out their subscriptions in coals, candles, German sauer-sauges, sauer kraut, seltzer water, or Bavarian beer?

How will he like some enraged author or angry actor of his Royal Theatre, or pugilistic member, a German GRANTLEY BERKELEY, entering his office, and, not knowing he is the king, laying the horsewhip across his royal shoulders for some smart personality or witty criticism?

How will he like being prosecuted for a libel? or is he prepared to put in the old plea "the King can do no wrong?" because the same yarn, of course, would apply to grammatical errors, false syllogisms, erroneous quotations, and all sorts of nonsense, though it is very doubtful whether his readers would take the excuse, and might not write to His Majesty to stop sending in the paper.

Has His Majesty fully weighed all these possibilities? Has he also thought about the "Court Circular?" He can hardly write that himself, though to be sure no one could know so well as himself what the king has been doing during the day; still we cannot imagine, without laughing, His Majesty sitting down to write such information as the following:—

"Yesterday His Majesty went to the Printing-Office and wrote a couple of the most stunning leaders."

"In the afternoon His Majesty took a walk in the English Garden, and read two dozen manuscripts."

"His Majesty dined in the Maximilian Saal. The Foreign Editor, and the London and Indian Correspondents had the honour of dining with His Majesty."

"His Majesty took tea in the Salvator Strasse, and transacted business with his Sub."

"In the evening, His Majesty went again to the Printing-Office, and dashed off a 'Shower of Frogs' whilst waiting for his 'slips.' His Majesty, also, in the meantime, wrote an 'Ode to Ludwig the Great, as well as a criticism upon it. As the *Augsbourg Lohnkutsche* express had not yet come in, His Majesty went to the Royal Theatre, to witness the first performance of the grand opera in six acts of '*Der Katzenjammer*;' the libretto by the KING OF BAVARIA.' After the performance, His Majesty walked to the Newspaper Office, to write his notice, and waited there till a late hour correcting his proofs. His Majesty sent over to the *Baierischer Spitzbübe* for a glass of warm *kirschenschwaser*."

THE KING OF BAVARIA's paper, however, will have one great peculiarity. It will be the only paper published in Germany not subject to the censorship.

We quite long to see the first number. We hope His Majesty will put us on the Free List. We shall be happy to "exchange" with him.

Magisterial Logic.

MAGISTRATE to Gentleman.—Your offence, sir, is most atrocious, and cannot be in any way justified. You have nearly killed one man, and seriously injured another. Your conduct was most brutal, and deserves to be reprobated with the strongest punishment. I shall, therefore, inflict upon you the penalty of five shillings, &c.—*Vide the Papers every day.*

A GOOD REASON.

MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY puts great faith in a "punch on the head," for judging by himself he believes the head to be the softest and most assailable part of the human anatomy.

A New Stock.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to inquire why the "City Intelligence" of the daily papers does not include Laughing Stocks in the account of the Stock Market? We certainly think this would be a new and important feature on 'Change; for Laughing-Stocks—among whom may be classed PALMERSTON, NORMANBY, and BULWER—have lately been done at a very high rate, and may be quoted at a very pretty figure.

PUNCH'S SPANISH BALLADS.

THE GLORIES OF CHILDE BRESSON.



YE KNIGHTING OF YE COUNT BRESSON HIS BABE

Oh! is it for a Christening that Spain's Grandees are met?
For a baby, in its long clothes, in the midst of them is set;
And if babies know what pride is, proud that babe should be, I ween,
Crowded to by an Infanta, and dandled by a Queen.

No, it is not for a Christening, that Spain's Grandees are come,
And 'tis no common baby there, that sucks its little thumb,
And rolls its stone-blue saucer eyes, and kicks and chirps with glee—
'Tis MASTER BRESSON, ten months old, whom the Queen creates Grandee!

Not, as of yore, for Paynim slain, or town won from the Turk:

The honour 's given, but to his sire, for dark and dirty work.
And who shall dare a voice to raise, when Her Majesty decrees,

That an Infanta's marriage shall make Infantine Grandees?

So there they stand, a noble band! blue blood in every vein;
The Lermas and Ossunas and Medinas of Old Spain;
Whose fathers ruled her councils, whose blood for her was shed,

Where the Lion and the Castle waved o'er dying and o'er dead!

Yes, these their race—of vacant face, and low retreating brow,
All over-dressed and under-sized; such are Spain's noblest now.

And, worthy deed for such a seed, these full-grown babies, see,
Receive a baby to their ranks—a ten-months' old Grandee!

Nurse, set down "FRANCOIS PAUL PHILIPPE DE BRESSON"
safe and well;

Nurse, lift him up, "EL DUQUE DE SANTA ISABEL!"
Henceforth, when at the court his sucking Excellence is seen,
His little hat and feathers he may wear before the Queen!

But for deeds like BRESSON, senior's, such guerdon is too light;

When we're about it, let us dub his little Highness, Knight;
Santiago, Calatrava—let him have which he prefers,
The prettiest, plumpest, little squire, that ever won his spurs.

The QUEEN girds on the golden spurs upon his little socks;
MUNOZ around his tiny waist the belt of honour locks;
While, fingering his Toledo like one very ill at ease,
The Accolade of valour gives FIELD-MARECHAL D'ASSIZ.

But thro' the affair, high up in air, was a clash and sound
of war,

For, clothed in steel from head to heel, looked down the
CID BIVAR!

He thought how *he* took Knighthood, 'mid the nobles of the
land,

At Coimbra's bloody leaguer, from good FERNANDO's hand!

"And this is Knighthood now-a-days, and this an av'rage
sample

Of the race that, in its pride, was wont on Christendom to
trample!

Poor Spain! Vile France—" He raised his lance, but
checked himself—" Ah, bah!

I'm an old fool of the old school—" *ils ont changé tout cela!*"

THE JOHN BULL FIGHT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE sun shines on the Plaza, but brighter than his beaming,
The lustrous eyes of ladies from mantilla-folds are gleaming;
Fair cheeks are flushed, soft hearts are hard, calm pulses
thick and full,

For the signal that says "Exit Alcalde, enter Bull!"

But why this lordly gathering of princes and of peers?

Why so courteous bow ambassadors who've long been by
the ears?

Why doth Austria despotic greet Prussia doctrinaire,
And France exchange a friendly hug with the rugged
Russian Bear?

Is it *Montes* they flock forth to see, that famous *matador*?
Or is *Romero's* ghost come back to face the bull once more?
Or hath *Pepe Ilo* risen to prove, that, spite of Gallic gold,
Still hand of Spaniard may be true, and heart of Spaniard
bold?

No, 'tis a craftier swordsman must try his courage here,
And on a lustier brute, than all La Mancha's pastures rear—
Full well, I ween, may look be keen, and every seat be full,
For LOUIS-PHILIPPE is *matador*, and England sends the
Bull!

The bell is rung, the key is flung, the grate is opened wide,
And from the *torii* leisurely comes John Bull in his pride;
His hide is dark, his sinews stark, his fore-hoof ploughs the
dust,

As who'd say, "I don't like fighting; but if I must, I must!"



THE JOHN-BULL FIGHT OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

Then first aspire to raise his ire the *picadors* of print,
They ply their puny lances, but the Bull won't take the hint ;
His red eye burns, as round he turns, all armed a'gainst surprise,
While PALMERSTON, the *chulo*, shakes his broadsheet in his eyes.

In vain they ply, with shout and cry—their tickling darts he scorns ;
They can't provoke a single stroke of those portentous horns ;
He shakes his rocky forehead, not an inch of ground he'll yield—
But ere he'll fight, a worthier foe than these must take the field.

The crackers flash, and fiz and crash, the Bull is calm and still,
The crowd cry shame, but all the same he holds his sturdy will ;
For against his fighting stomach a proper feeling pulls—
He has a Mrs. Bull at home, and several little Bulls.

Till, wearied out with waiting, for the *matador* they cry,
And lo, LOUIS-PHILIPPE appears, the smooth-faced and the sly !
All soft and smug comes the old humbug, with *entente-cordiale* to blind
him,

A pleasant smile upon his face, and a sharp sword held behind him.

The crowd are dumb, the time is come, the Bull is firm and steady,
While, soft and slow, draws nigh the foe—both smile and sword are
ready—

"Now for the chance ! Now, Bull ! Now, France !" shout Spain's
ferocious daughters,
When the Bull turns round, and to all the ground displays his hinder
quarters !

His wrath to wreak on such a sneak the stalwart creature scorns,
And does with one whisk of his tail what he'd not do with his horns ;
With easy flirt, low in the dirt, the *matador* he spurns,
And, calm and slow, for nobler foe, to the *toril* returns !

THE FIRST FOG.

THE fog made its first appearance this season on the evening of
Wednesday, the 28th of October. Its *début* was, on the whole, successful. It has undergone very little change since last year, for it is as remarkable as ever for the qualities by which it has ever been distinguished. It has lost nothing of that rich depth which has given it so much weight in the eyes of the public. The fog, of course, was much talked about, and was in everybody's mouth within a very short time of its arrival. We have not heard of any evening having been fixed for its next visit.

Short Time.

THE Strand Theatre has been compelled again to work short time. It closed, after an unusual season of a fortnight, on Saturday. The charwoman and two checktakers—that is to say, the whole company—are still open to engagements. They have a notion of trying America. We believe we are correct in stating that the Theatre is to be conducted for the future by the Early Closing Association.

RAILWAY SIR ANDREW AGNEWS.



THE Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway refuse to carry passengers on a Sunday, but they will forward letters. We wonder, if a person were to dress himself in an envelope, and put "prepaid" on his back, whether they would refuse to take him? Since the directors will not be bound by the spirit of their agreement with the public, it would only serve them right to compel them by the letter.

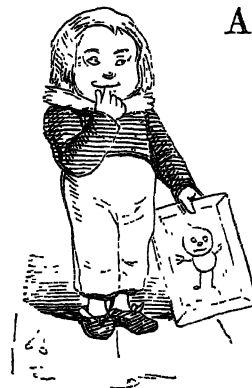
A ROYAL OUT-AND-OUTER.

THE strictest orders have recently been given by HER MAJESTY to all the royal servants, that if any one of the name of LOUIS-PHILIPPE should call, they are to be sure to say HER MAJESTY is "NOT AT HOME."

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

PROFESSOR OTTO VON FOGGENKOPF, the well known Gree't professor of Göttingen, has pointed out that the ancients were certainly acquainted with gun-cotton. The shirt of NESSUS, which burnt poor HERCULES to death, must evidently have been made of this combustible.

TREATMENT OF PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* has called attention to the horrid treatment of the pictures in the National Gallery. The operation of cleaning has been performed with such furious and fatal effect, that several of the most precious figures are made precious figures indeed. Poor "Sussanna" has had her eyes nearly torn out with the sharp bristles of a scrubbing-brush, and the elders have had all the expression taken out of their countenances by severe wipes with a wet towel.

"Peace and War," by RUBENS, has been subjected to such frequent Rubbings, that there is scarcely any of it left ; and poor "War" has had no peace in consequence of the uninterrupted visits of the cleaners.

These unscrupulous assailants of the Arts, have not been particular to a shade, but have scrubbed away the most delicate

bits of *scuro* with the most remorseless energy. Many of the softest pieces of colouring have been taken completely out ; and there is a splendid "Sir Peter Lely" which has been made the object of a futile attempt "to paint the lily" after all the splendid tints have been rudely taken out of it.

The truth appears to be, that the charwomen employed to scrub the floors of the National Gallery are so conscientiously anxious to do a fair day's work, that when the boards are sufficiently scuffed with the brush, the remainder of the day is devoted to the scrubbing of the pictures. The words "Washing and Mangling" should be legibly inscribed over the doors of the National Gallery.

Literary Intelligence.

THERE is quite a rage for English Literature at present in France. Since JULES JANIN has, according to his own representation, "improved" RICHARDSON, and ALEXANDRE DUMAS has added another scene to *Hamlet*, the mania for similar improvements has seized every author. We have been permitted to announce the following works, which are in active preparation :—

DE BALZAC is about to modernise *Paradise Lost*. It will be published in *feuilletons* in *Le Boudoir*, and afterwards dramatised by himself for the Vaudeville.

MONSIEUR JULES FEVAL, the wonderful author of the *Mystères de Londres*, has the continuation of *Don Juan* just ready. He has written, likewise, an English version of it, so that it may be incorporated with BYRON'S Works. He is likewise correcting *Walker's Dictionary* up to the present period.

OLD NICK, in collaboration with MONSIEUR EUGENE SUE and the COMTESSE CRASH, have promised to rewrite the *Waverley Novels*. A volume is to be published every week. The first is to be *Monsieur Ivanhoe*.

MONSIEUR THIERS, it is reported, will edit the forthcoming numbers of the *Quarterly*, and ALFRED DE VIGNY has promised to write a novel for the *New Monthly*, to be called *Seven Diets*, which is to be a continuation of his *Cinq Mars*, only the scene will be in Somers Town.

MONSIEUR JULES JANIN is about to establish an English Review in Paris. It is to be called *Le Boule-dogue*.

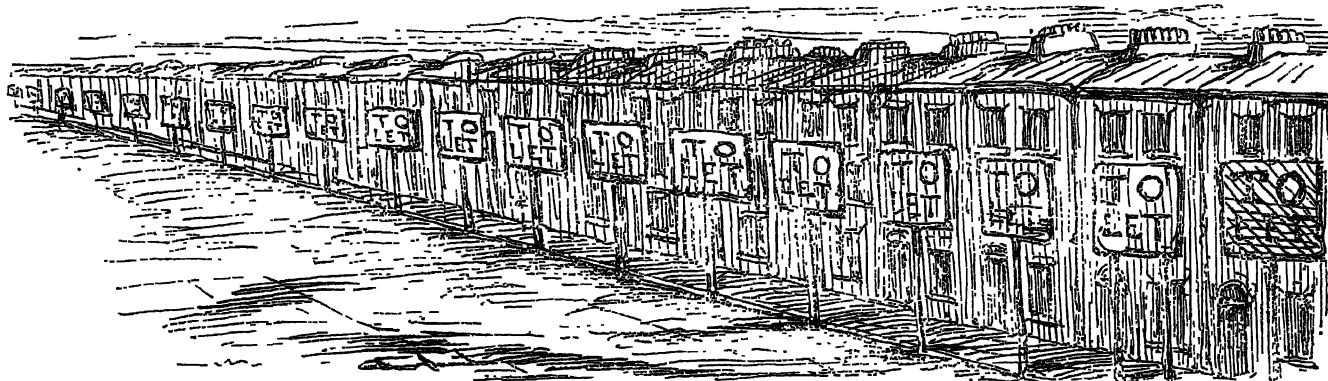
MADAME GEORGES SAND intends translating, with the help of "English in Six Lessons," the complete works of BEN JONSON. They are announced as comprising *Roscius*, *Cleobs in search of a Wife*, *Every Man out of Humour*, and *My Poll, and my Partner Joe*. They have been sold ; though MADAME G. SAND AURORA SAND has not begun taking her lessons yet, to the *Blague* newspaper for 2,000,000 francs.

The Rage.

It is the fashion now for each class to wear a distinctive shirt. The sailor has a pink yacht stamped on his, the huntsman a red fox, the jockey an Eclipse, the "gent," or young man about town, a blue ballet girl standing on one leg, with very short petticoats, whilst the clerk still remains faithful to the broad lines ruled, as the old joke runs, with red and black ink. If this rage for illustrated shirts continues, a man will be known, not by the company he keeps, but by the shirt he puts on. The proverb henceforth will be, "Show me the shirt a man wears, and I will tell you what he is."

NAVAL REFORM.—ORDERS have been given to allow tobacco as formerly to the men in the Queen's ships while lying in harbour. The attempt to put the sailors' pipes out has consequently ended in smoke.

THE LAST MINUTES OF RAMSGATE.



A RAMSGATE STREET IN NOVEMBER, 1846.

THERE are certain towns which, like dormice, only enjoy life during the warm weather. They sleep through the entire winter. Ramsgate is at present in the drowsy transition state. The town is preparing itself for its hibernal nap. At the first intimation of cold, the East Cliff packed up its trunks and took the steamer to London. The West Cliff was missing after the first fog, and all the squares, crescents, Mount Pleasants, and numberless Bellevues ran away directly fires came in. There is scarcely a house, not even a first floor, left. The streets have closed their eyes for the season, and might appropriately sing in chorus "We're a' noddin'." The only life about the place is evinced in its handbills. Everything else is dead—very dead. You expect every minute to hear the town snoring, and are afraid of coughing, for fear of disturbing the peace of Echo. The libraries are sleeping off the agitation of the summer. Every now and then sounds of "one, two, three, four, five, six—all vacant!" are heard to issue from their yawning doors, betraying the uneasy nature of their dreams. The lodging-house keepers are lying in ambush in their back kitchens, and are living upon the spoils of the summer till they renew their depredations with the next spring. The bathing machines are all laid up. They have been sent to the Infirmary.

Poems on the Statue.

AN enthusiast in the Isle of Man—probably the celebrated Calf of Man we have lately read of—has advertised for a number of poems on the Wellington Statue. We have no doubt all the first poets of the day will contribute to the collection, and indeed the following specimen by the Poet BURN has already reached us. It is in the same graceful style of *abandon* that has won for him the bay leaf of renown, and twined his brows with the night-cap of immortality.

"When upwardly with silent gaze
We seek the placid air,
And memory with the past surveys
The charm that is not there;
When heroes that have bravely died,
Shall take a peaceful course—
What fiend shall venture to deride
The Statue on the Horse?"

'Tis true there have been higher aims
Than those we sought in vain;
But what are those forgotten names
We must not speak again?
The time may come when pensive eyes
Shall shed the tears of force!
But recollection still replies—
The Statue on the Horse."

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

SINCE the establishment of public washing places, there cannot be a more benevolent speech than "Go to Bath" addressed to a mendicant.

COSTUME FOR JULIEN.—Pea-jacket—a rose in the button-hole—Berlin gloves, riding-whip with an ivory-leg handle, Polka hat, cloth boots with pearl buttons, Brougham trousers, eye-glass in the eye, gent's comforter, redcurrant pin, and a Winner-of-the-Derby handkerchief.

A NEW FINANCIAL DODGE.

A CURIOUS financial dodge has recently been practised at the expense of the drivers of the Metropolitan omnibuses. They take out their licences to drive along a certain road—say from Kennington, through Piccadilly and Fleet-street, to the Bank. To this route they are compelled to confine themselves, or incur a penalty of twenty pounds by going out of it. Some one comes suddenly with pickaxes, gas-pipes, or water-mains, to pluck up the pavement of Fleet-street or Piccadilly, and the omnibuses licenced for those places are sent round, at a considerable loss of passengers, to Holborn or Oxford-street.

A person from the office of the Solicitor of Stamps observes one of the 'buses off the beat for which it is licenced, and straightway an information is laid against the driver, on the ground of his having incurred a penalty of twenty pounds. If this scheme can be successfully carried out, the Whigs will have a very large source of revenue that was never before thought of, and the advantage of it is, that as the streets are always in the hands of the paviers, the revenue is very likely to be permanent. The great objection to the scheme is its liability to be abused by an understanding between the paving people and the Government. The former can always harass the omnibus drivers by sending them out of their line, while the latter can always come down upon them for their penalties.

A Son of the Soil.

A PERSON, with the appropriate name of SELF, has opposed effectually the introduction of Baths and Wash-houses for the poor of Shoreditch. Dirt is probably the *genius loci*, for there is something in the very name of Shore-ditch that seems hostile to cleanliness. We recommend those of the inhabitants, who are opposed to the Selfish policy, to take the earliest opportunity of washing their hands of it. We wonder if the gentleman who is so greatly opposed to cleanliness among the people is an advocate for having a clean conscience.

THE REAL RAILWAY KING.

AN engine on the Eastern Counties Railway is called "The Railway King," being surmounted by an imperial crown. It has been suggested that this symbol of sovereignty would be more appropriate if the title were altered to "King Death."

A Matrimonial Order.

BYGONE monarchs have made a reputation by founding certain Orders. LOUIS-PHILIPPE—to commemorate his success as a match-maker—proposes to found a Hymeneal Order, to be called "The Order of the Blazing Torch." The principal obligation of the knights will be to take no wife without a dowry.

THE NAPOLEON OF SNUFF.

IN consequence of the number of boxes given away by LOUIS-PHILIPPE to the Spanish Court, snuff has gone up in Madrid three hundred per cent. His Majesty has quite *Iago's* notion of the magnanimity of the Spaniards when he gives them snuff-boxes, and thinks them "led by the nose as asses are."

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

THE General—we expected it all along—has written a book upon us. A small but very pithy volume. Ere this, men have written prayers and homilies in a space no larger than the circle of a silver penny. The General, with characteristic minuteness, has painted England and the English in little—so little that it might be contained in the round of a Pennsylvanian dollar. Of course, when the words enshrined in this delicate calligraphy—executed with pen from humming-bird—are reproduced in printer's type, they will make a small volume. The original manuscript has, in the handsomest manner, been forwarded by the General to PRINCE ALBERT to wear as a watch-paper. We therefore, as we humbly conceive, confer a national benefit in making that public which, otherwise, could only be accessible to the elect. Lords and ladies might, possibly, by privilege of their position, be enabled to gratify their intense and very natural anxiety to know what GENERAL TOM THUMB really thought of them. They might pray an audience of the Prince, to read his watch-paper. But are there not thousands—millions, who like those far-seeing women, the Weird Sisters, could as soon “look into the seeds of time” as behold the literary treasure consigned to the royal chronometer? Therefore, for the millions we clothe TOM THUMB's thoughts with printer's inky suit.

We knew the General must become an author. He could not do otherwise, from the contact of the society he daily suffered, than conceive a book. We saw him—small flesh and blood dot of humanity—ere he was bronzed, or rather gilt, by public exhibitions. We had the honour to precede, ay, royalty and nobility, in our introduction to GENERAL THUMB. We were admitted to his privacy; and shall never forget the artless manner with which he played with certain five shilling pieces, accidentally left upon the table: shall never forget the innocent looks and tones of silver thread with which he assured us that “when he'd got enough of them dollars, he'd buy a watch with 'em; tarnation smart.” Ingenuous homunculus! But then, not a thorough courtier, he had not trod the floors of palaces, and therefore was not inordinately proud of his littleness.

A golden change came on. The General sang and danced hornpipes to the smiles of royalty, and—like Sinbad's lumps of flesh—was stuck about with precious jewels: gifts of the lords and ladies of the land. And then, we say, THUMB grew, and rapidly, into an author.

Did the reader ever watch the daily progress of a gosling? When it has chipped the shell—the kindly wall of lime that for weeks has kept it from a troublous world of spits, and sage and onions—and finds its feet upon a treacherous earth, waddling like an animated lump of flannel—or swimming, as a ball of worsted would swim upon the waters—beautiful and innocent is that fleecy hosiery-look of the small, faintly-whistling new comer! Nothing so innocent. A victim to the English climate, it may be struck with sudden cramp; when with no ado at all, SARAH the maid, will carry the little sufferer in her bosom, warming back its damnified activity. A week, a fortnight, and the gosling-flannel takes a coarser texture; its woolliness subsides, at the best, into flannel much worn. Another and another week, and you see—plainly behold them—the insidious pen feathers begin to shoot from either wing. That seeming innocent thing is already a terrible magazine; it begins to grow quills. Instruments, that in due season, may make men weep, and laugh; and like the *plectrum* touching the lyre, awaken sleeping harmonies in human heart-strings.

Reader, that gosling—that innocent, flannel gosling—was TOM THUMB. That quill-bearing animal is now the General. He has written a book. He has achieved—“THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE!”

The world may be surprised at this. We are not. We were sure it would come. The inspiration was the natural influence of the circumstances that environed the General. He saw so much, his little heart could not contain it; and so all ran out upon paper. No wonder: what he saw was enough to turn a giant into a human cuttle-fish, and make Goliath flow with ink.

It is a very curious fact—too curious, perhaps, to obtain due consideration of a nation of gold-washers—that authorship did certainly stop TOM THUMB's growth. His parents and guardians were, naturally enough, becoming a little uneasy at the expansion of their charge. The General's tailor looked grave. Buttons had to be advanced almost the sixteenth of an inch; as tailoring growing abdomen. Trowers had to be lowered, as the tailor graphically had it, “about the blackness of his nail.” We say it:—TOM THUMB's dearest well-wishers felt very uncomfortable. It was suggested by one anxious friend, that

if the General's trowsers were fitted with stout, strong, leather straps, they might possibly stop his growth—for with him to grow was to be lost; even as to puff a bubble too much is to burst it.

We repeat it. It was an anxious time for the parents and lovers of the curious. Who could say? As boys who seem dwarfed dunces at school, when unconfined, rapidly grow into men of genius,—so contrarily, might TOM THUMB, making up for lost time, take a fatal start and lose his genius as a pigmy, by becoming merely a common man. With this thought, he was rarely permitted to sit or stand by a window; lest light through glass should act upon him as upon a cucumber, and draw him rapidly to his fullest length.

At this critical time, TOM THUMB sat down to his book. Not only was his growth checked from that very moment, but—surely an uncommon case—his book completed, he was really a smaller creature than when he took up his quill. Possibly, there might be something in the contents of the book that accounted for this; for, be it known, the General tells all his experiences. We think this a little ungallant: and yet—no, we cannot say. For if ladies will crowd and scuffle with one another, and almost snap stay-laces to kiss the smallest of a gentleman in public—merely because he is the smallest—loving lap-dogs for no less reason; why, human vanity cannot be expected to go to its grave with its finger on its lip. It will publish its nectarine triumphs!

The General's book, however—and we propose to give a chapter every week until the whole shall be published—has much graver matter than kissing in it; grave as that sometimes is, in this weak world of lips. The General, in his “ENGLISH IN LITTLE,” discusses everything dear to the bosom of a free-born Briton. Our constitution, our government, our social institutions, our virtues, our vices, our literature, our drama—and here the General is a great authority, for did he not act with the feminine pillars of the modern theatre—(pillars in the very best silk stockings?)—our fashionable life, or rather, as it is called, “the world!” And when it is remembered that this very select world is carefully made out of a huge world—in the same way that, having made a marble out of an eighteen-inch globe, all but the chosen few should go for waste, nothing—the reader may expect from the General's book the most delicious revelations.

However, we will no further anticipate. The English have idolised a dwarf; and the pigmy, duly returning the compliment, paints “THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.”

THE ROYAL PEDLAR.



Honours ripe, honours ripe, ripe I cry,
Stars and crosses come and buy.
If so be you ask me how
They are got, I'll tell you now;
Be my tools through thick and thin—
That's the way a cross to win.

Honours ripe, honours ripe, ripe I cry,
Stars and crosses come who'll buy?
For the base and for the vile
I have always got a smile,
And their ribbon'd breasts will show
Where so many crosses go.
Honours ripe, &c.

“THE WORTH OF A THING IS WHAT IT WILL BRING.”

Crosses of the French Legion of Honour have been selling in the streets of Madrid at the rate of three a penny.

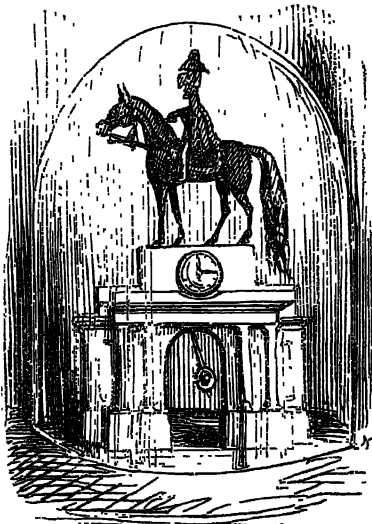
LOUIS-PHILIPPE AND HIS SONS AND DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW.



THERE can be no doubt that LOUIS-PHILIPPE would, if he could, connect the royalty of every nation upon earth into one large family, of which himself should be the head or patriarch. Already his stock of sons and daughters-in-law comprise natives of the most outlandish places, and would form a curious museum of living curiosities, if they could be brought together under the canvas of one booth, at Greenwich. It would matter little to him, whence a son got a wife, or a daughter a husband, so that the marriage of his child caused the addition of a piece of royalty, to add, as he supposes, to the solidity of the Orleans dynasty.

He would cultivate, literally, relations with every quarter of the globe, and would have no objection to a well-connected cannibal for a son-in-law, if the individual happened to be considered the king of his fellow savages. The accompanying *tableau* shows what may be expected at a family meeting of the house of Orleans, should LOUIS-PHILIPPE live long enough to carry out his policy. Should he be blessed with grandchildren, he will probably extend the family alliance by marriages with Moors, Ottomites, and even the Anthropophagi themselves, if there should be a crown on any of the "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

NEW METROPOLITAN CLOCK.



A CORRESPONDENT of the *Morning Post* says, the Statue looks like the figure on a French clock. This criticism, which is the best (with the exception of our own, of course,) we have yet read upon this monstrosity of ironmongery, suggests the notion of the arch being turned to that very purpose. The works of the clock might easily be introduced in the upper part, where there would be also plenty of room to burn a rushlight, for the purpose of illuminating the clock. The pendulum, if one were necessary, might pursue its waggeries, without stop or hindrance, under the arch-way. No fitter person than the Duke could be selected for an illuminated clock, as he has a reputation throughout

England for knowing more accurately than any one else what is the time of day. Besides, the days are getting so short now, that in a few weeks the Duke will not be visible after two o'clock, and the Statue, really, should not be kept in the dark, for we maintain that it is one of those things which only require to be seen to be properly appreciated. By the committees of in-"competent persons" only throwing a little light upon it, we are positive the better it is shown, the more it will be laughed at. We hope, for the fun of the thing, they will give the clock a turn. A glass dome over it would make it look still more ridiculous, and would only be carrying out the intentions of the Mephistophilic TRENCH, whose real object, we are confident, in putting the Statue upon the arch, was to put the Duke in the shade.

The Weather.

FREQUENT peals of thunder have been heard at the Colosseum. The lightning, also, has illumined more than once the whole surface of London. A strange meteor was observed on the 22nd; it was found upon investigation to be a candle, which had fallen against the monument, and was leisurely consuming it. It was by the merest touch that London was not burnt to the ground again. A shower of half-pence fell on the same evening, by a lady letting her reticule fall over the banisters of St. Paul's. MR. BRADWELL has been appointed clerk of the weather to the Colosseum: he rings the changes on the atmosphere every evening.

THE HYDE PARK CLOCK.

ONCE more the "light of other days has faded," and the clock at Hyde Park Corner has ceased to shine. The omnibus drivers are nearly as much put out as the clock itself, by the obscurity in which it is enveloped.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

At last came that fortunate day at the Evergreens, when I was to be made acquainted with some of the "county families" with whom only people of Ponto's rank condescended to associate. And now, although poor Ponto had just been so cruelly made to bleed on occasion of his son's new uniform, and though he was in the direst and most cut-throat spirits with an overdrawn account at the banker's, and other pressing evils of poverty; although a tenpenny bottle o. Marsala and an awful parsimony presided generally at his table, yet the poor fellow was obliged to assume the most frank and jovial air of cordiality; and all the covers being removed from the hangings, and new dresses being procured for the young ladies, and the family plate being unlocked and displayed, the house and all within assumed a benevolent and festive appearance. The kitchen fires began to blaze, the good wine ascended from the cellar, a professed cook actually came over from Guttlebury to compile culinary abominations. STRIPES was in a new coat, and so was Ponto, for a wonder, and TUMMUS's button-suit was worn *en permanence*.*



And all this to show off the little lord, thinks I. All this in honour of a snuffed little cigarified Cornet of dragoons, who can barely write his name,—while an eminent and profound moralist like—somebody—is fobbed off with cold mutton and relays of pig. Well, well: a martyrdom of cold mutton is just bearable. I pardon Mrs. Ponto, from my heart I do, especially as I wouldn't turn out of the best bed-room, in spite of all her hints; but held my ground in the chintz tester, vowing that LORD GULES, as a young man, was quite small and hardy enough to make himself comfortable elsewhere.

The great Ponto party was a very august one. The HAWBUCKS came in their family coach, with the blood-red hand emblazoned all over it; and their man in yellow livery waited in country fashion at table, only to be exceeded in splendour by the HIPSLEYS, the opposition baronet, in light blue. The old LADIES FITZAGUE drove over in their little old chariot with the fat black horses, the fat coachman, the fat footman,—(why are dowagers' horses and footmen always fat?) And soon after these personages had arrived, with their auburn fronts and red beaks and turbans, came the HONOURABLE AND REVEREND LIONEL PETTIPOIS, who with GENERAL and MRS. SAGO, formed the rest of the party. "LORD and LADY FREDERICK HOWLET were asked, but they have friends at Ivybush," Mrs. Ponto told me; and that very morning, the CASTLEHAGGARDS sent an excuse, as her ladyship had a return of the quinsy. Between ourselves, LADY CASTLEHAGGARD'S quinsy always comes on when there is dinner at the Evergreens.

If the keeping of polite company could make a woman happy, surely my kind hostess Mrs. Ponto was on that day a happy woman. Every person present (except the unlucky impostor who pretended to a connexion with the SNOBBINGTON Family, and GENERAL SAGO, who had brought home I don't know how many lacs of rupees from India,) was related to the Peerage or the Baronetage. Mrs. P. had her heart's desire. If she had been an Earl's daughter herself, could she have expected better company?—and her family were in the oil-trade at Bristol, as all her friends very well know.

What I complained of in my heart was not the dining—which, for this once, was plentiful and comfortable enough—but the prodigious dulness of the talking part of the entertainment. O, my beloved brother Snobs of the City, if we love each other no better than our

country brethren, at least we amuse each other more; if we bore ourselves, we are not called upon to go ten miles to do it!

For instance, the HIPSLEYS came ten miles from the south, and the HAWBUCKS ten miles from the north, of the Evergreens; and were magnates in two different divisions of the County of Mangelwurzelshire. HIPSLEY, who is an old baronet, with a bothered estate, did not care to show his contempt for HAWBUCK, who is a new creation, and rich. HAWBUCK, on his part, gives himself patronising airs to GENERAL SAGO, who looks upon the PONTOS as little better than paupers. "Old LADY BLANCHE," says Ponto, "I hope will leave something to her god-daughter—my second girl—we've all of us half-poisoned ourselves with taking her physic."

LADY BLANCHE and LADY ROSE FITZAGUE have, the first, a medical, and the second a literary turn. I am inclined to believe the former had a wet *compresse* around her body, on the occasion when I had the happiness of meeting her. She doctors everybody in the neighbourhood, of which she is the ornament; and has tried everything on her own person. She went into Court and testified publicly her faith in St. JOHN LONG: she swore by DOCTOR BUCHAN, she took quantities of GAMBOUGE'S Universal Medicine, and whole boxfuls of PARR'S Life Pills. She has cured a multiplicity of headaches by SQINSTONE'S eyesnuff; she wears a picture of HAHNEMANN in her bracelet and a lock of PRIESSNITZ'S hair in a brooch. She talked about her own complaints and those of her *confidants* for the time being, to every lady in the room successively, from our hostesses down to MISS WIRT, taking them into corners, and whispering about bronchitis, hepatitis, St. Vitus, neuralgia, cephalalgia, and so forth. I observed poor fat LADY HAWBUCK in a dreadful alarm after some communication regarding the state of her daughter Miss LUCY HAWBUCK'S health, and Mrs. SAGO turn quite yellow, and put down her third glass of Madeira, at a warning glance from LADY BLANCHE.

LADY ROSE talked literature, and about the book-club at Guttlebury, and is very strong in voyages and travels. She has a prodigious interest in Borneo, and displayed a knowledge of the history of the Punjab and Kaffirland that does credit to her memory. Old GENERAL SAGO, who sat perfectly silent and plethoric, roused up as from a lethargy when the former country was mentioned, and gave the company his story about a hog-hunt at Ramjigger. I observed her ladyship treated with something like contempt her neighbour the REVEREND LIONEL PETTIPOIS, a young divine whom you may track through the country by little "awakening" books at half-a-crown a hundred, which dribble out of his pockets wherever he goes. I saw him give Miss WIRT a sheaf of "The Little Washerwoman on Putney Common," and to Miss HAWBUCK a couple of dozen of "Meat in the Tray; or, the Young Butcher-boy Rescued;" and on paying a visit to Guttlebury gaol, I saw two notorious fellows waiting their trial there (and temporarily occupied with a game of cribbage) to whom his Reverence offered a tract as he was walking over Crackshins Common, and



who robbed him of his purse, umbrella, and cambric handkerchief, leaving him the tracts to distribute elsewhere.

* I caught him in this attitude and costume trying the flavour of the sauce of a tipsy cake, which was made by Mrs. Ponto's own hands for her guests' delectation.

PUNCH'S SPANISH BALLADS. BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.



YE RETURN OF MONTPENSIER AND HIS BRIDE.

LOUDER peal, old Notre Dame ! boom, guns of St. Denis !
 Pour, Paris, out thy motley rout, all gape, and grin and glee ;
 Let the drums supply a welcome cry ; for a people's love, in showers
 Let Opera-dancers strew the way with artificial flowers.

For MONTPENSIER brings home his bride, old France is there to meet him ;
 With his smile so sly, and his small, sharp eye, he rushes forth to greet him—
 "Thou'rt wed, my son ! Albion, thou'rt done ! oh happy, happy hour !
 Her budding charms, give to my arms ! a daughter—and a dower !"

Then the drums rolled loud, MONTPENSIER bowed, JOINVILLE gave a
 Jack-tar hall,
 And the little dog BRASSON he barked and bounced, and frisked and
 wagged his tail ;
 And the scene was most affecting, tho' melodramatic, I fear—
 For in France's eye, *Punch*, standing by, saw a wink and not a tear.

The ordered rank, and musket clank, the staff and sword and
 star,
 Had a sorry moral, and whispered less of wedlock than of war.
 But 'mid tin-foil trumpets, spangles, swords, shams, hollowness and art,
 In that pale young bride may still abide the love of a wifely
 heart.

PUNCH'S AMENDE HONORABLE.

SOME weeks ago, *Punch* read a letter addressed to his Monaghan tenantry by JOHN EVELYN SHIRLEY, M.P. He commented on that letter, which purported to be an answer to applications for advice and assistance, but which really resolved itself into an exhortation to pay rent. He knew nothing of MR. SHIRLEY but his letter. His comments had reference to that only. On the face of it the letter justified the comments. He is assured, on good authority, that MR. SHIRLEY has no right to the place which *Punch*, judging him by his letter, assigned to him. MR. SHIRLEY is declared to be a good landlord, residing on his Irish property four months of every year—to have been supplying his tenants with Indian meal for the last twelvemonth, at a rate below market price, and—not waiting for the aid of Government Acts—to have given his agent directions to set the poor on his estate to work. For several weeks every distressed tenant and cottier has been employed at a rate ranging from a shilling to sixteenpence a day.

Punch regrets that MR. SHIRLEY's letter was not more carefully expressed, or that, being so loosely expressed, it was made public. MR. SHIRLEY acts like a good landlord, but writes like a bad one. *Punch* judged him by his writing, not knowing him by his acts. If he be what our informant describes him, he does his duty. This is a virtue in Ireland, and *Punch* recognises it as such, in MR. SHIRLEY's case, with cordial pleasure. The rare discovery of a good landlord in Ireland reconciles *Punch* to the still rarer discovery of a harsh judgment in himself.

A Sign of the Times.

It seems that the house in which SHAKESPEARE was born is to be sold. This is a symptom of the declining interest that is felt in the Bard of Avon. His spirit used to hover round the abode ; but the spirit having gone over to Paris for change of air, the premises are vacant, and will be knocked down to the highest bidder.

A GREAT COMFORT.—A tremendous fog on the 3rd rendered the Wellington Statue quite invisible.

THE LOST FOG.

SOME surprise was manifested in London at the sudden disappearance of all symptoms of an intense fog that had prevailed a few days before ; and it was only on our reading a paragraph in a country paper, that we read the fact of the London fog having arrived at Birmingham. We perceive, from the journal we allude to, that there prevailed in that town a mist as dense and decided as ever darkened the metropolis. It was called in the paragraph a real London fog, and it must have been a genuine town-made, for, with all their skill in manufactures, it would be impossible to produce a similar article in Birmingham. It must have gone down overnight by the heavy goods' train on the Railway. It was remarked that the fog made for the Northern part of the Metropolis on the night when it appeared in London ; and after going up Tottenham Court Road, it turned off to the right towards Euston Square, where it hovered over the railway terminus, for it was not seen in any part of the Hampstead Road, and must have quitted London by the route we have alluded to.

Horse-Radish for the Million.

AMONG the enormous benefits of Free Trade, is a tremendous influx of horse-radish, which is arriving daily by ship-loads at the Custom House. Getting the horse-radish is one step towards getting the roast beef to eat with it. This is like a friend of ours, who has got a banker's book, and now wants nothing to make it complete but a large balance.

A BROTHERLY DIFFERENCE.

A PROVINCIAL paper says "There is a sensible difference between the letters of MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY and his brother." It is the only thing, then, in the difference between them, that is sensible.

ARRIVAL IN THE METROPOLIS.—A block of granite from Scotland. It has joined a select circle in Trafalgar Square, previous to settling at the foot of the Nelson Column.

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

TOM THUMB IN PRIVATE LODGINGS—INVITED TO THE PALACE.

WHEN I was first brought to England, GOVERNOR BARNUM showed me on the stage of a playhouse for two or three nights; just, as he said, to give the stupid Britishers such a tarnation small taste of me, that they should be all the hungrier for it.

And then the Governor kept me so private in private lodgings, that not above a hundred of his private friends came every day to see me. "And where did you get the General?" asked everybody. And then, GOVERNOR BARNUM putting one of his hands in his pocket, poked out the t'other at full length, and said—"The General, when I first found him, was a drug in the family, quite a drug." Whether the Governor meant salts or senna—for I guess I've taken both—I can't say. But if I've remained a drug, considering how the Britishers have swallowed me, they must have been tarnation physicked.

And after a good many days, the Governor having writ a letter to MRS. VICTORIA—the Britishers call her—yes, poor critters! they do—HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY; but I, who am a citizen of the smartest nation of all creation, I who look upon—Well, I'm smart, I calculate, and so will say HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY. Well, the Governor having writ his letter, went, every time there was a knock at the door, to the winder, to see if Mrs.—I mean if HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY hadn't sent her best coach for him and me, that is, for the kit of us. Many days went over, and there was no royal knock, and no coach with the royal cream and curds-and-whey horses. At last, GOVERNOR BARNUM being terrible riled to be sure, said to me—"General," says he.

"Governor," says I.

"Mrs. VICTORIA," says he—he always called her 'GRACIOUS MAJESTY' afore Britishers, though he always winked tarnation at me as he did it—"Mrs. VICTORIA," says he, "has not answered the letter I writ her."

"P'raps," says I, "poor critter, she can't write,"—for, being a true American, I like to take Queens down a peg. "Poor critter!" I said agin, "p'raps she can't write."

"Gen'ral," said GOVERNOR BARNUM, "she *can* write: it's provided by the British Constitution and the law that all critters with crowns upon their heads must be taught to write; or the Government would stop still—go down—as though run upon a snag. They *must* write, or how could they sign death-warrants?"

Well, this brings me up; stiff as a dead nigger. "General," says BARNUM to me, looking a bowie knife in each eye; "you wouldn't sleep easy, I guess, upon your goose-down"—(I didn't think it was goose; I calculated it was cock and hen; I mean—what am I saying?—rooster and hen.)—"You would not sleep easy if you thought any critter of a Queen insulted the star-spangled banner?"

"I should think not," said I; and as I said it, I alarmed the Governor; for I looked as if I'd growed an inch.—"I should think not," said I—and I sunk down softly agin, and saw the Governor was a little easy.

"Well, then," said he "you are the greatest, brightest star of that banner; and she has not writ an answer; she has insulted *you*."

Well, I do confess it: my blood begin to bile; and I felt like a little copper tea-kettle that I've seen the Britishers put upon the table with a lamp under it, for grog; I felt a lamp under me at that moment,—my inside a wobbling, and the steam a coming out of my mouth. "I am a star, Governor," said I: "I know my brightness, and feel myself twinkle."

"Well, then," said the Governor, "what a wife does, her husband must also answer for."

"To be sure," says I; "that's why the weddin'-ring's made round to hoop 'em both."

"Well, then," said the Governor, "as we're insulted, I shall write to MR. ALBERT to satisfy me as a gentleman. I never travel without the necessaries of life, and I've brought my Kentucky rifle."

"You're a beauty, Governor," says I: "you have brains enough to set up a forest o' monkeys on their hind legs as shopkeepers, and make 'em cheat one another like Christians."

"None o' your soft sawder, General," said the Governor: "my stomach's weak, and can't stand it. I shall write to MR. ALBERT in the name o' the star-spangled banner, to come out with me, in his wife's own Hyde Park, for early bullets."

"You *are* a beauty," I said agin. "You *are* a beauty. If the Falls could be turned into sherry-cobbler, Congress ought to give you the right of a free straw for all your mortal days."

"Only grant me one request," said the Governor, as he set down afore the paper, and dipt his pen in the ink, "If I should fall General"

"There'll be a war," said I.

"Of course," said he. "My ghost would haunt both countries at the same time if there wasn't. But that's not it: if I should fall, you'll have nobody to direct you; for you'll be left all alone with nothing but your innocence. Therefore, if I should fall, always recollect the price I'd set upon you—think of the honour of your country—remember the dignity of human natur—and don't be shown for halfpence."

I could say nothing, but I climbed up the calf of his leg, and kissed his little finger!

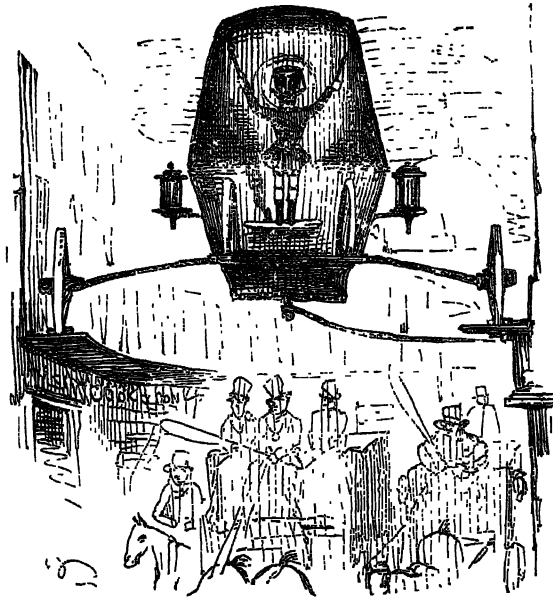
The Governor had put his pen in the ink, when—"Rap—RAP—RAP!"

There was the Royal Knock at the door!

BARNUM run to the winder; looked out, and bobbed his head in agin as if he'd seen a flash of lightning. *It was the gold on the Royal livery!*

A card was brought up, from HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY. There were these words, in her own hand-writing, upon it:—"HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND would feel herself particularly honoured by the company of GENERAL TOM THUMB and that of his Guardian this evening to tea. N.B. Muffins. Please to ring the Back-stairs Bell."

THE LATEST NEW RAILWAY.



EVERY scheme appeared to have been exhausted for devising a new style of Railway, until a plan, to which we are about to allude, was happily hit upon. We have had suggestions of subterranean Railways, to go tunnelling through our coal-cellars, and viaducting over our balconies; but these might have caused inconvenience, which will be altogether prevented by the new Shop-Ledge Line, which is to be obtained by making all the shop-ledges in the same street of an equal altitude. The vehicles may be ordinary vehicles, with a sort of telescopic axle-tree, made to draw in and out at pleasure, so as to be accommodated to the width of the thoroughfare. This plan would cause considerable relief to the over-crowded streets, if tried in some of the most frequented parts of the city; for a traffic could be going on overhead, simultaneously with that on the lower level. The expenses of the construction of such a line would be exceedingly moderate, as it would only be necessary for each shareholder to raise or lower the ledge over the window on the ground-floor to the same height as those of his next-door neighbours. It would not be necessary to purchase any ground, except for the purposes of *termini*. Had such a thing been proposed a year ago, the applications for shares would have been overwhelming. As it is, we think there may be a fair demand, if the scheme is properly advertised.

NOVEL AND BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—"We must all die."—*Chambers' Journal*.

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

TALE THE NINTH.



VOTARIES of MARS and NEPTUNE, hearken; though you are about to listen to what does not much concern you. With taxes you are scarcely more acquainted than footmen: and perhaps you are hardly aware that you are indebted to them for the liberal daily remuneration with which a grateful Government rewards your services. You are probably, however, aware of the fact, that the terrestrial people of this country do pay taxes; and that the weight of taxation is distributed, rather unequally, upon their shoulders. In one very important particular, however, the taxes are now to be equitably adjusted.

It may not be unknown to you that among the most objectionable of these same taxes, is that which is levied on the light of Heaven. The window-tax is one of the heaviest articles in the panniers of the public donkey. That patient animal is at length to be relieved of this load, which has so intolerably oppressed him. You would like to know by what means.

Learn, then, that the great landowners and capitalists have come forward in a body, and unanimously petitioned LORD JOHN RUSSELL, as soon as Parliament meets, to repeal the window-tax, showing forth the interference of this impost with the comfort and convenience of the middling and lower classes, and dwelling on the benefit which will be conferred on the glass trade by the grant of cheap windows to the million. Now to this much-wanted measure of relief there is only one objection: the loss of revenue which would result from it. But, thoughtful men! they have obviated this difficulty; and how, think you? Ah! you will never guess.

You are to be informed that the legacy-duty is not levied on property above a certain amount, and that freehold estates are exempt from it altogether. The capitalists and landowners have nobly proposed, that to render practicable the repeal of the window-tax, all property whatever shall henceforth pay legacy-duty in exact proportion to its value. And to their proposal to the Prime Minister, they add an apology for the people for never having thought of this expedient before; assuring them that it was not by any selfish consideration that they have hitherto been blinded to it. This you at least will believe, generous Marines. Well: the Premier has promised to attend to their suggestion; and before six months are over our heads, the tax-gatherer will no longer stand between the British public and the sunshine; or never trust another story after this, the ninth, which *Punch* has addressed to—the Marines.

The Wellington Statue.

THE *Times* has stood in its own broad sheet, with a taper in its hand, and done very handsome penance for its abuse of the WELLINGTON bronze. It is content that the Duke should stand where he is; for, "supposing the Statue to be taken down—what is to be done with it?" We are happy to step in to remove the dilemma; inasmuch as MADAME TUSSAUD has privately expressed to us her willingness to build a handsome shed for the work, merely reserving to herself the right to exhibit it for just what it is worth; namely, the very smallest piece of congenial copper.

A SHOCKING EXPEDIENT.

A CHEMIST at Berlin has manufactured an electric paper, more explosive than gun cotton. We recommend this material to all unpopular authors, for their books, if printed on electric paper, may perhaps go off.

Ushering in a Joke.

No less than one hundred and fifty-seven notices of persons wishing to be admitted as attorneys were posted on the first day of term in the Court of Queen's Bench. A wag—the senior usher, we believe—wrote in pencil at the end of the notice, "Please to take care of your pockets."

A PRETTY IDEA.

A YOUNG lady, who is partial to silk stockings, declares that she is rejoiced at PROFESSOR SCHONBERG's discovery of gun cotton; as cotton will now be generally exploded.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.



ENGLAND'S patron Saint has been summarily dismissed from the coin of the realm. ST. GEORGE and his Dragon have been ordered off in the most unceremonious manner, and have been superseded by the British Lion, with the QUEEN in the character of BRITANNIA, accompanied by that highly-favoured animal. This compliment to the British Lion is no doubt intended as a compensation for the many insults he has recently experienced. The poor brute was nearly broken in spirit by the abolition of the Corn Laws, and will no doubt feel much revived by his promotion to the coinage.

We must not, however, pass over in silence the harsh and unfeeling treatment of the Dragon, who has for so many years given animation and spirit to our five-shilling pieces and our sovereigns. Poor ST. GEORGE will henceforth be ashamed to show his face among his companion champions of Christendom. In contemplating the treatment of St. George and the Dragon, our feelings naturally take the form of the following ballad:—

The struggle is over, the business is done,
ST. GEORGE and the Dragon are told to begone;
From five-shilling pieces they're turned with disgrace,
And the old British Lion has taken their place.

With wild lamentations at having the sack,
ST. GEORGE throws the Dragon right over his back;
He knew that together no more they must dwell,
So at least he resolved on a friendly farewell.

He would not embitter a leave-taking day,
Nor send an old Dragon in anger away;
He sees the Mint's order that bids them depart,
And he presses the brute to his sorrowful heart.

He thinks of each sov'reign, each crown that endears
The frightful companion of happier years;
BRITANNIA and Lion succeed them, I trow,
And ST. GEORGE and the Dragon are desolate now.

An Old Defaulter.

MR. O'CONNELL has been posted again as a defaulter in the City of Dublin. The twelvemonth's bill he gave for Repeal has become due, and been sent back marked "No effects." This is not the first by many which has been dishonoured in a similar way. The honourable gentleman has been endeavouring to renew the bill; but his credit is so shaken, that he has great difficulty in inducing people to accept anything.

SQUIB DAY.

ON GUY FAWKES' Day a large number of boys assembled round the WELLINGTON STATUE, and saluted the passers-by with "Please to remember the Guy!"



J—N B—L.

L—S P—E.

NO MATCH FOR THE OLD ONE:

Or, a new Impression of Retzch's celebrated Outline.

What is to be done with Ireland John?

I'm sure I don't know.



“WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS,” &c.

(AFTER GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.)

DESIGNS AND DECISIONS OF THE COMPETENT PERSONS.

Letter I.—From A. WELBY PUGIN, Esq.,
Architect.

"Feast of St. Idomenous.

"MY LORD,—I consider the Statue, in its present position, an eyesore and a disgrace to the Metropolis. Our forefathers of the fourteenth century would have turned such an opportunity to very different account. The work is altogether out of proportion, and, what is worse, utterly deficient in devotional character. I am of opinion it should be at once removed. If anything be required to replace it, I venture to suggest something that may recal the earnest symbolism and deep Christian significance of Gothic monumental art. The accompanying design will explain my meaning.

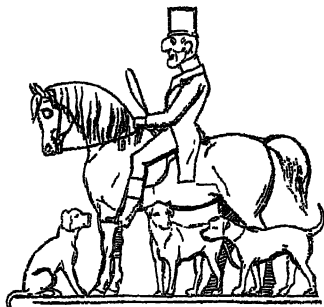
"I have the honour to remain, my Lord,
Your obedient Servant,
"A. WELBY PUGIN."



Letter II.—From EDWIN LANDSEER, Esq., R.A.

"DEAR MORPETH,—The Duke won't do! Down with him. It's a bore for WYATT—but, between ourselves, he is not up to the horse. The hero is well enough, but Copenhagen had no Arab points about him. He was not even a thorough-bred, but a useful hunter; master of the Duke's weight, and uncommonly safe across country. If the Committee will have him, I wish you would suggest to my friend BUTLAND the accompanying sketch. The Duke, you know, hunted in the Peninsula, and is a fast hand still, as BEAUFORT can tell you. Here goes for my design. Duke in hunting-togs, Copenhagen snuffing the dew and catching the music of the hounds; a few favourite couples grouped about. How d'ye like it?

"Ever affectionately yours,
"E. LANDSEER."



Letter III.—From A. COOPER, Esq., R.A.

"MY LORD,—The Statue is detestable. I pity my friend MR. BURTON. If Art is to have any voice in the matter, it should come down at once. If a new design is wanted, I hope it will be a group, and not a single figure.

What gives the Duke his claim to a statue? His having successfully fought with NAPOLEON. Why should he not be represented as engaged in a personal encounter with the Emperor, in the style I have adopted with so much success in my *Richard and Saladin*, *Cromwell* and *Charles the Second*, *Bothwell* and *Balfour* of *Burley &c.*, &c., &c.? Should you be unfamiliar with the above, this sketch will express my notion.

"Respectfully yours,
"A. COOPER, R. A."



Letter IV.—From W. DYCE, Esq., A.R.A.

"WILLIAM DYCE presents his compliments to LORD MORPETH, and begs to say he is perfectly disgusted with the Statue of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, now surmounting the arch on Constitution Hill, opposite to the entrance into Hyde Park, Piccadilly, London. WILLIAM DYCE is of opinion that in any monumental design regard should be had to what has been done in Germany, especially at Munich. A monumental work, to be truly great, should combine hardness of outline, squareness of composition, and extreme simplicity of treatment. The Duke's Statue, above alluded to, is hard and square, but wants simplicity: his boots especially are over-elaborated. W. DYCE begs to submit to LORD MORPETH a design to which he thinks artists might very properly be required to conform."



Letter V.—From J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R.A.

"SIR,—I think the Statue is outrageous. As I say in my *Fallacies of Hope*, (MSS.):

"The nightmare hideous broods high 'midst the shrieks
Of desolate art! Invention, where art thou?
Peacock in plumes, fluttering sadly down,
Drops like a plummet!"

"No wonder, when painters paint like our exhibitors, that WYATT should have made such a goose of himself. Heroes should be commemorated in painting, as I have commemorated NAPOLEON some years since in my

'Rock Limpet' picture—a noble work, but not understood. Had I to immortalize the DUKE OF WELLINGTON I'd do it in this style somehow.

"Yours, &c.
"J. M. W. TURNER."



Letter VI.—From D. MACLISE, Esq., R.A.

"MY DEAR LORD,—The Statue is too bad—'pon my soul it is! Why wasn't it a touch at the chivalrous—something like this?

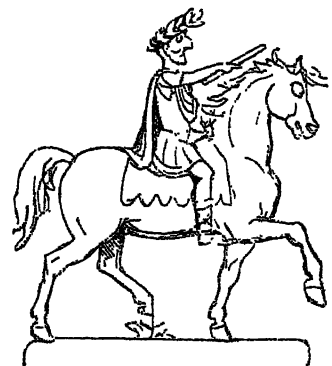
"Ever yours,
"D. MACLISE."



Letter VII.—From SIR R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.

"DEAR LORD MORPETH,—I regret, for WYATT's sake, to pronounce the Statue a monstrous failure. Why, in the name of all that is hallowed by precedent, didn't he give us something classical—like my sketch?

"Sincerely yours,
"R. WESTMACOTT."



We might fill our number with such epistles, but the above will serve as a sample.

SPORTING FOR LADIES.



WE are told by the *Aylesbury News* that the DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH recently "brought down eight head of game with her own gun." We have every hope that this love of sporting will increase in the bosom of the high and titled fair; and that gunpowder (if they do not use their own cotton) will be far more reviving to them than *sal volatile*. Anxious to anticipate the wants of lovely woman, we have designed a few dresses for the convenience of those fashionable sports-

women who, in due season, will leave pheasants and so forth for the nobler sports of otter-hunting, badger-drawing, and deer-stalking.

When, too, we think of the influence of high example, we have hopes that MARLBOROUGH'S DUCHESS will be, in some way, imitated by the vulgar. Hence, we do not despair to see maids-of-all-work learning pistol-practice at the shooting-galleries, that they may bring down spiders with small-shot instead of besoms.

A "CHUCK" UNDER THE CHIN.

THE whole parish of St. Pancras has happily escaped a tremendous social blaze. Another hour, and every house-maid, nursery-maid, maid-of-all-work, cook, kitchen-maid, and maids indescribable would have been up in arms—that is to say, in brooms—against the vestry. Fortunately, the matter has been settled; and the maids have subsided from boiling-heat to simmering. The vestry-room will not be sacked, nor the vestrymen pelted with hearth-stones. MR. PIKE has explained; and the household virginity of St. Pancras reposes on the unsullied reputation of its "unchucked" chin.

MR. PIKE had been canvassing for the solemn honour of vestryman; and whilst thus patriotically employed had—it was charged against him—chucked a real vestryman's real servant-maid under her real chin!

The horrid charge was made by a very virtuous MR. DOUGLAS, extremely pale with the sense of wrong committed upon one, and implied towards all, the servant-maids of all the vestrymen of St. Pancras. and the champion further moved that the heinous culprit, MR. PIKE, "be called in to explain."

Enter MR. PIKE. His every hair on end; bolt upright with horror at the charge. He is very pale, too, very pale. But a red spot—very like a crimson wafer—burns in his either cheek, illustrating the virtuous indignation that is boiling in his heart. The perspiration hangs upon his brow like morning dew upon a cabbage. Labouring for breath—he is so oppressed by the awfulness of his situation—he at length declares, in a voice big and bursting with the weight of truth—"It is untrue; it is untrue. I know myself better than to be guilty of so humiliating an act! I have more respect to myself than to *chuck any servant girl* under the chin; and, *least of all*, the servant of a vestryman of St. Pancras."

MR. PIKE'S solemn assertion sank into the hearts of the vestrymen like small beer into sand; and he was, of course, informed that he left the vestry without a stain upon his character. The maids of St.

Pancras intend to have a tea-party, in celebration of the event; an event that clears the reputation of the general housemaid chin of the parish from the touch of a PIKE.

Before taking final leave of female chins, may we ask MR. DOUGLAS what sort of punishment he would have inflicted on PIKE had he been found guilty? Is the penalty to be proportioned to the offence? Is a simple chin, chucked by a vestryman, to carry a single fine—and a double chin a double?

NEW INSURANCE OFFICE.

A NEW Insurance Office is to be started to protect ladies from the casualties of cotton. The rates will be low, having been drawn exceedingly fine, in order that the commonest article of female apparel may have the full benefit of Insurance. Gowns will be insured at so much a dozen; and ladies' workboxes will be charged according to the amount of danger they may conceal—that is to say, according to the number of balls of cotton they may contain. The Anti Explosive-Cotton-Insurance Office states in its prospectus, that it is started expressly to prevent ladies being blown up by their husbands. This appeal cannot fail to insure its success; every married lady is sure to subscribe.

A Gigantic Task.

PROFESSOR OWEN has, it is said, examined the remains of at least four thousand elephants. This is no less than an elephant a day for the last fifteen or sixteen years. We suspect there is a little exaggeration in the statement. Even the most active of Custom House officers could not have contrived to get through an examination of their trunks in the time which it is alleged has been all that PROFESSOR OWEN devoted to the elephants themselves.

SMALL DEBTS ACT.—MURDEROUS ATTACK UPON OLD "COSTS."



ARELY indeed, does it fall to the blissful lot of the writers of *Punch*—to those happy men, who perched upon the highest point of Mount Quill, their faces ruddy with wine, and shining with the marrow of the land; acutely yet most affectionately surveying the doings of the world below,—rarely, we say, does it fall to their blessed condition to narrate the atrocities that now and then, it is much to be feared, do desecrate and blot this most beautiful world. We leave house-breaking, robbery, and all the lighter eccentricities of felony to other pens. We seldom shake hands with the virtuous pick-pocket, or embrace with beating heart the ingenuous sheep-stealer. No, we leave their doings to be chronicled elsewhere; to be written, not in gold upon vellum, but in copper (that is, a penny a line) upon transmuted rag. A case, however, involving so much atrocity—a case in which the highest judicial functionary of the land figures—disfigures would be the better word—as a daring criminal, committing a most murderous assault upon a rich old man; unawed by the greatness of his wealth, untouched by the hoary hairs (the whiteness of who shall say how many years?) upon his venerable head; by the deep, expressive lines, as though marked with the very best iron pen and the very blackest ink, in his venerable countenance. Such a case we must open our columns, wide as castles-gates, to admit and pay all service and attention to.

—There: we have struggled with ourselves; and with a forced calmness terrible to think of, we will proceed with the history of the last criminal act of LORD COTTENHAM, Lord Chancellor of England!

A legal gentleman, named COSTS, has been long known to all persons who either as creditors or debtors to any amount under or, indeed, over, £20, have gone to law for the same. In fact old COSTS is so well known, and though so very old—was so ubiquitous—that it was impossible for a man to put his foot in any Court of Law without seeing him. There he was, with eyes so burning hot, you almost felt your money melt in your pocket as it came near him: with mouth so wide, and teeth so jagged and strong, that—as men are tempted to fling themselves off a precipice—you felt a terrible fascination, as though you *must* walk, body and bones, into the mouth of that inhuman ogre, to be chewed and chewed like the meat and gristle of a well-done lamb, and then be passed into his cavernous stomach to be digested, and turned to nutriment and add—though never so little—to his flesh; to give a still deeper yellow to his jaundiced, golden skin! Such was old COSTS: nevertheless, though the world could not call him handsome, the maternity of Law (dear old harridan!) protects alike the uncomely with the beautiful.—Yes; even as the hen gathers all her chickens under her wings, the very white with the very speckled.

COSTS was a very old man: in fact, we should say, "the oldest inhabitant" was no other than he; for it is not to be recounted the generations that he outlived, every generation more or less abusing him, whilst COSTS himself, profiting by each as it passed, danced on its wide grave (for the old scoundrel would now and then be very frolicsome), when departed. And as the old vagabond jumped and capered, the gold pieces in his pockets—increasing in number—gave louder and louder chink!

A cruel jester was old COSTS: he would write down words, and lines, and passages, which men—ignorant men—were wont to look upon as dimmest nonsense. And then old COSTS would laugh, and swear by all his money-bags, that you must pay for it: the less the meaning, too, the heavier the price—it was his way; his humour, and you must pay for the inexplicable joke—as LUULLUS would pay for his dinner, having mightily enjoyed it. As for the writing of COSTS, though black and unintelligible to the reader—he, the old wizard himself, had but to run the tip of his parchment finger along each line, and lo!—like vapour touched by flame—it burst into burning light; every letter and every word spelling or in some way meaning—GOLD!

And, after this fashion, COSTS was a great alchemist: for men, women, and children—generations of them, worn, tortured, crushed, broken-hearted, were cast into his huge crucible, and, the scum flung off,—therein left gold. And JUSTICE wept. JUSTICE, with whom COSTS gave it out to the world he was married; she being flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. The unutterable scoundrel! He never was married to her; he never even lived with her. But giving it out to the world that she was his lawful wife, committed all his atrocities

in her good and holy name: she, weeping the while, at its hourly desecration. And COMMON SENSE, too; nice, good, gentle, patient creature; she too, would weep over her wrongs, inexpressibly abused as she was by the cannibal ogre every day.

And COSTS had a very numerous family: for, indeed COSTS was a polygamist. We cannot name his children. But we know that MRS. CHIGANE and MADAME SHEARPRACTICE, and others we could speak of, had—and *have*—magnificent houses in London; and COSTS a family in each of them. We have said it; we cannot name his children. Nevertheless the intelligent eye that reads that difficult print, the human face—now in full, fat type, and now in most villainous italics—may now and then recognise a few of them. They are to be known by their black, greasy hair; black, wandering eyes; underhanging lips; and goat-like noses. Sweet boys are they; and fat with human flesh!

Nevertheless, COSTS, with all his sins, having the law on his side, was to be protected. True it is, one BROUGHAM—and oh, beloved HENRY! our beautiful, our brave! let that one great act be to you as a wide, full robe of flowing honour to wrap about you for the veneration of posterity, who, looking upon that will not behold the little, party-coloured frills and ruffs of the now LORD MERRYMAN of the Peers—BROUGHAM did once assault and do much mischief to COSTS, lessening his amount of daily food; putting him upon shorter commons of human marrow. Yes; BROUGHAM once struck down, and sorely hurt the ogre, though not to the death. Even as the elephant, with upflung, quivering trunk, gazes at the tiger, waiting but for the moment to involve the beast, heave him up in the air, then fling down again, and, with pillar-like feet, tread him into nothing—so did our own HENRY (yes; he may do what he will, we must still love him for *that*;) threaten COSTS; so did he seize him, shaking him, while the wretch screamed ten thousand curses, and flinging him down, did him all the harm he could; for COSTS had ELDON and others for friends, and the elephantine HENRY was driven from his prey.

But now LORD COTTENHAM, sallying forth from Wimbledon, with his mace, inscribed "SMALL DEBTS ACT," upon his shoulder, like a benevolent giant with his club, has set upon that aged, but thriving wickedness, COSTS. Thump—thump—thump—went the CHANCELLOR; his face looking warm and radiant with the good work; while COSTS, in the helplessness of despair, howled and howled. The cries from "Chambers" have been dreadful. Had another murder of the innocents been going on—every innocent being strangled with red tape—the noise would have been zephyr music to it.

And dreadfully has old COSTS suffered. He has been beaten down—(he would like to have been bent *double*)—and, some say, will never get up again. Certain it is, the knight COTTENHAM has dealt inexorably by him. For, in future, COSTS must practise in small County Courts, for SMALL DEBTS: COSTS must not henceforth grow fat upon writs upon petty sums, when the small debt was gulped—swallowed—by the wide-mouthed expense. Poor COSTS, when allowed to speak at all, is to be put off with shillings where before he had pounds!

And then, the progeny that COSTS begot!

Alas! they will die like rats that have taken ground glass into their vitals; they will wither from the face of the land, or if any survive, they will deny their origin and family, and, it may be, turn to an honest livelihood. Perhaps we shall see them, with still a touching thought of their old trade, dealing with Lucifers!

Liberality of Louis-Philippe.

THE *Canterbury Journal* states that a French brig, lying at Erith, is taking in a cargo of 4000 barrels of gunpowder, of English manufacture. It is, however, the intention of LOUIS-PHILIPPE—a certain event occurring—only to borrow the same; as he hopes to be able to return the gunpowder to the English, with the additional compliment of lead.

A DIFFICULTY GOT OVER.

A DAY or two since, the Common Serjeant assured the Old Bailey Court that "ALDERMAN GIBBS was as sensible a man as any in London, although he was an Alderman." Ought he not to have some testimonial for remaining "sensible" under such trying difficulties? How many Aldermen sink under them!

O'CONNELL'S TWO BUCKETS.

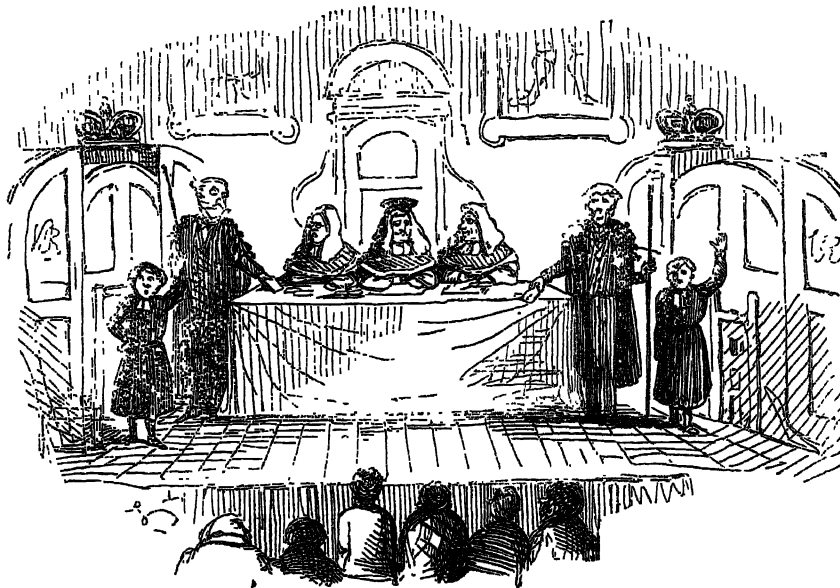
A DAY or two since, at Conciliation Hall, MR. O'CONNELL said, "My heart is full for Ireland." May not an agitator's heart and his pocket be sometimes like two buckets at a well; the one becoming "full" as the other becomes empty?

RETURNING FROM THE SEA-SIDE—A LITTLE COMMISSION.



"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR—MRS. GENERAL SLOWCOACH'S COMPLIMENTS, AND SHE SAYS IF YOU'RE GOING BY THE TRAIN THIS MORNING, SHE WOULD FEEL PERTICKLER OBLIGED BY YOUR TAKING CHARGE OF THIS LITTLE CASK OF SEA-WATER AS FAR AS HER OUSE."

THE OLD BAILEY LOTTERY.



It is a great pity that a mere game of chance should be played with all the forms and technicalities of a matter of solemn certainty. The issue of sentences among Old Bailey criminals is so decidedly regulated by luck, that it is quite absurd to dole them out with the form and ceremony of judicial investigation and sound discretion. It has therefore been proposed to save trouble by establishing a lottery, in which there shall be penalties of every degree, and which shall be drawn for promiscuously at every session by all the convicted prisoners. This will act as an excellent warning, for badly-disposed persons will be deterred from even the smallest crimes, by the recollection that they may chance to draw from the lottery one of the severest sentences.

The present plan of distributing punishment, is a lottery in everything but name; and

there can be no impropriety, therefore, in openly adopting a principle which is now less straightforwardly acted upon. One of the old lottery contractors might be engaged to put the matter in train, and start it fairly off, after which it would become a matter of routine, easily intelligible to the meanest capacities. The Ushers of the Court, or even the Aldermen, might then contrive to work it effectually.

OFFICIAL CONDESCENSION.

We perceive by the bills of ASTLEY'S amphitheatre that MR. BATTY has succeeded in engaging no less a personage than "the Master of the Horse of the KING OF PRUSSIA," who is nightly putting a highly-trained charger through a series of graceful evolutions, for the amusement of the audience. We are afraid the salaries of the official dignitaries of the Prussian Court must be on a very wretched scale, to render it worth the while of the Master of the Horse to eke out his income by an engagement at ASTLEY'S. Fancy the DUKE OF NORFOLK going over to Paris, and being advertised to appear at FRANCONI'S in the capacity of Master of the Horse to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND, with a magnificent palfrey from the royal stables. If it is to become the practice for official personages to appear at the theatres of other countries, and go through performances of any kind for the diversion of the public, the principle may be most extensively acted on. Perhaps an ex-official, having more leisure, might take advantage of the precedent furnished by the Master of the Horse of the KING OF PRUSSIA. SIR ROBERT PEEL, for instance, would produce a wondrous effect if he were to engage himself at the *Cirque Olympique* as the late Premier of the British QUEEN, accompanied by a highly-trained M.P., who could be put through a series of wonderful evolutions at the will of the Ex-Minister.

Equestrian Anatomy.

A VETERINARY Surgeon writes to inquire what kind of a horse the DUKE is riding on the triumphal arch is supposed to be. He says he has dissected it with his eye, and the following are the particulars of its singular anatomy:—The head is an unicorn's; the nostrils are those of a pig; the eyes are policemen's bull's-eyes; and the carcass is that of a prize cow. Its tail is taken from the circus, and the stiffness of its legs is evidently borrowed from the clothes-horse. In short, its parts are so heterogeneous that he does not know what to call it, unless it is "an omnibus horse in high keep."

THE POPE AND HIS SWISS GUARDS.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Daily News* says the POPE is mightily troubled, and knows not how to get rid of his ten thousand Swiss. We can assist him in his difficulty. Let him recommend them as valets to the English aristocracy.

SUCH A GETTIN UP.

THE EARL OF STAIR is to be made a Knight of the Thistle. We congratulate STAIR on being about to take an additional step.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot comply with the request of "68471." The writer of the letter will oblige us by forwarding his address.

A HOME FOR THE STATUE.



THERE seems to be a difficulty in finding a home for the Wellington Statue. "Avaunt, and quit my sight!" appears to be the involuntary exclamation of every one who stands in its overwhelming presence. The monster bids fair to become the Wandering Jew of public statues, unless a permanent home can be found for it. We have a suggestion to make, which we think will give rest to the wanderer. Instead of the two horseboxes for mounting guard in Parliament Street, let one be made in their stead sufficiently commodious for the reception of the Duke on horseback. He will thus serve a double purpose, for he will certainly frighten away the little boys just as well as the two gallant fellows who now sit with drawn swords for the intimidation of rebellious urchins, and he will possess the advantage of not being so attractive to the nursery-maids, and causing such an obstruction of the footpath as the living military occasion.

Perhaps, however, the strongest argument of all for the adoption of our plan is, that the gates of the horse-boxes are closed at four o'clock, and consequently after dark the Statue would never be visible. This would prevent the possibility of alarm being occasioned to those whose nerves are not strong enough to bear the infliction of a frightful spectacle after the shadows of eve have once descended.

THE BREVET.

The following promotions were somehow omitted in the *Gazette* :—

EARL FITZARDINGE to have the full command, by purchase, of the West Gloucestershire Division of Independents, *vice* GRANTLEY BERKELEY, dismissed.

MORGAN JOHN O'CONNELL, of the Repeal corps, to be Aide-de-camp to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and do general duty in the Whig ranks.

GOMERSAL to be NAPOLEON, *vice* CONQUEST, retired, and WIDDICOMB to be F.M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON for the next Astley's campaign.

LORD BROUGHAM to be on the staff of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, and to receive the first bâton of High Constable of France.

DANIEL O'CONNELL to be Receiver-general to the Repeal Forces.

MR. BRIEFLESS to be Serjeant in the Common Pleas.

Cause and Effect.

SIR ROBERT INGLIS has given it as his opinion, that the wreck of the *Great Britain* must be attributed to the repeal of the Corn Laws. He says he always knew that Great Britain could not keep her head above water when the Corn Bill came into operation.

GOLD VERSUS STEEL.

THE tool which the EMPEROR NAPOLEON used to coerce Spain was the sword. Alas! it is now—blunt!

Smithfield Rights of Cattle.

"Mr. Punch,

"Nor being able to write myself, I employ the foot of a humble friend of mine, a learned pig,—at the present moment in treaty with the folks of Egyptian Hall—to vindicate the rights of my order. Last Lord Mayor's Day, an ox, proceeding through the City, knocked down and trampled upon one child—whilst another ox tossed another. Whereupon certain editors—I'm told they're called—cry out for that un-English establishment an *abattoir*. In a word, they would have us whirled up by rail to some obscure outskirt of the town, and there slaughtered, before we had seen a bit of London life.

"Now, Mr. Punch, I do not object to my lot. I eat my grass, my turnips, and my oil-cake contentedly for the benefit of man, well knowing that I am streaking my sirloin with marbly fat—I believe he calls it—not for myself, but for him. I can even look upon horse-radish with dry eyes, though full well knowing that some day we shall come together. But, Mr. Punch, if beef has its duties, it also has its rights. I come of a metropolitan stock. All my family for generations upwards, have supplied the Smithfield market; they have all had their comfortable, leisurely stare at London shops and London people, on their way to the Beef Exchange, Smithfield. (The bull who so famously distinguished himself in a china-shop, was my ancestor.) And, I ask it, are we for the sake of a few lives—or a few broken limbs *per annum* on the part of the human family, a family whom we feed—to be knocked upon the head in our ignorance: killed in a hole or corner; without one glance at ourselves in London plate-glass; without tossing two or three children; maiming an old woman or so, and making well-dressed nervous females squeal, and run into a shop, as if with a frightened conscience, when they only see so much as the tips of our horns.

"But, as my friend the pig suggests, some of you reforming gentry having done away with the gridirons in Smithfield, would now, to finish the matter, abolish the beef.

"Howsoever, unless I'm allowed to have my lounge up Bridge Street, with a little frisk up Fleet Street or up Ludgate Hill, on my way through Farringdon—a dodge or so up Snow Hill—tossing a quaker, or perhaps killing outright one or two of the very lowest orders—unless I'm allowed the enjoyment of what I've always been taught to consider my vested rights, I'll have my revenge; for let 'em try to feed and cram me as they will, when I get to the butcher's I'm determined to cut up precious lean; and so I remain,

"Yours, Mr. Punch, (either in steak or sirloin),

"YOUNG BULL.

"P.S. If, Mr. Punch, you are in any doubt of the justice of my claims, and would wish to decide it, once and for all, I have no objection to give you a toss for it."

GOOD NEWS FOR ANGLERS.



WITHIN a few days ago the basins at Trafalgar Square underwent a thorough cleansing, when a quantity of eels were discovered at the bottom. This fact opens out a very considerable prospect in a commercial sense, for it gives promise of a possible extension of our fisheries. The idea of having an eel reservoir in the very heart of the metropolis is a "great fact" in piscatory annals. We see a hundred ways in which this discovery may be turned to advantage. The "right of fishery" may be rendered profitable by letting it to those disciples of old ISAAC WALTON who are desirous of enjoying a quiet angle without leaving London. Such an arrangement would be much more satisfactory than the present practice of rushing out of town, and sitting in a punt for hours catching nothing. The certainty of the supply of eels in the waters of Trafalgar Square will prevent the disappointment which sometimes arises to the lovers of the sport from the deficiency of the finny tribe in the usual places resorted to for the purpose of fishing.

We have no doubt that the Trafalgar eels will become exceedingly popular, and will be eventually formidable rivals to the Greenwich whitebait and the Yarmouth herrings.

SPLENDID EFFECTS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has received at Madrid the Grand Cross of Charles III., making somewhere about the fiftieth cross he has received in his lifetime. When this BILIBREUS of literature opens his theatre, he will never be at a loss to give a new piece plenty of decorations.

Subject for a Fresco in the Montpensier Gallery at Versailles.



YE NAPOLEONE OF PEACE IS LAVISH OF YE LEGIONS OF HONORE TO YE SPANIARDS.

FLOOD OF CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE Literature of England promises, or rather threatens, to be inundated this year with a flood of Christmas Books. Every little author is preparing a five-shilling volume in imitation of the *Christmas Carol*. The following list will best show the absurdity and meanness of the present copying system:—

THE PLUM PUDDING; a Tale in five Slices. The Sauce by the Author of "The Charwomen of England." Price 5s.

THE PEWTER ON THE HOB, A Fairy Tale, with the Autograph of the Author bitten on the Pewter. Price 5s.

SPICY STUFF FOR MINCE PIES; A Batch of Stories by HILLIO TANTIVY, Esq., Author of "The Great Slipper Hunt." Price 5s.

THE TOAST ON THE FOOTMAN, nicely buttered for all tastes; with a cut of the Toast, and a full length of the Footman, by MRS. BORE. Price 5s.

THE STREET-DOOR BELL; or, the Clapper that rang the Old Cook out, and let the New Cook in, by YOUNG CRIBB. Price 5s.

DECEMBER THE THIRTY-FIRST; being the Last Minutes of the Old Year, with a Letter of Introduction to the New One. Price 5s.

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY LUNN AND THE BARON OF BEEF; a Story for the Fashionable Areas, Select Circles, and Respectable Squares. By One who you little think knows you. Price 5s.

"HERE WE ARE!" A Merry Pantomime for Merry Little Boys. Price 5s.

THE BOWL OF NEGUS, for Christmas Day; overflowing with Good Things and Choice Spirit. By the BARONESS DE CABUMBERELLA. Price 5s.

THE LUCIFER MATCH; a Companion to the "Yule Log." Price 5s.

HOW MANY BABIES OUGHT AN OMNIBUS TO CARRY?

"SIR,—I started in a Hammersmith 'buss last Friday. It contained three ladies, each nursing a baby. At Kensington Gore there entered another lady and another baby. At Charing Cross we took up the double (both in appearance and size) of *Mrs. Harris*, with two more babies, one in each arm. By the time we reached the Bank, there were no less than seven good-sized babies inside. Now I should not so much mind the 'pretty innocents,' as they are called, if they would only keep quiet, but at Hyde Park Corner one of the 'little dears' began to cry—I think it was the Wellington Statue that frightened it—and not all the 'chicky-chicky' gibberish in the world could stop it. This was bad enough, but soon the baby next to it went off, and then another, and after that another, till at last there was the whole pack in full cry down Fleet Street and Cheapside. Imagine seven babies crying at once! I have a headache merely thinking of it.

"I really think a stop should be put to this crying evil. I do not like children at the best of times, but when they take hold of your whiskers, and scream, as babes only can scream, I must say they are my abomination. A mother will sometimes hand her darling to you and forget to take it back again; and a baby sitting on your knee a whole journey is, I can tell you, sir, anything but a pleasant sensation. The number, too, which an omnibus will take, seems to be unlimited. Every passenger is entitled to a baby *gratis*. The fare is properly sixpence, and a little one in. The thirteen insides are by this footing made to stand for six-and-twenty. This is too bad, sir, and I wish you, or SIR PETER LAURIE would 'put children down.' I think an omnibus which would write over its door, like some theatres, 'No Babies admitted,' would soon pick up a fortune.

"Allow me to subscribe myself, sir,

"ONE OF THOSE WHO HAVE AN IMMENSE LOVE FOR
"CHILDREN—in their proper places."

THE PENNY-A-MILERS.

THE cheap Omnibus system, it seems, has long been common in Scotland. We always gave the Scotch credit for making a penny go further than anybody else.

A KNOWING TRICK.

WE recommend that the custom of wearing hair-powder should be revived amongst young men of wealth and aristocratic connexions, holding high rank in the army and navy. This fashion might be advantageously re-introduced, with a view to obviate invidious comparisons; so many of their inferior officers having grown grey in their respective services.

The Dancer and the Pope.

FANNY ELSLER has been allowed to kiss the Pope's toe. The Poet BUNN immediately sent off proposals to the lady, who, it is pretty certain, will appear shortly after Christmas at Drury Lane. She will dance a new historical *pas seul* to be called the *Pas de Pape*.

MORE EXPLOSIONS.

THERE has been discovered a kind of explosive paper. The BERKELEY Brothers, in the letters they have lately written to one another, have certainly availed themselves of this discovery.

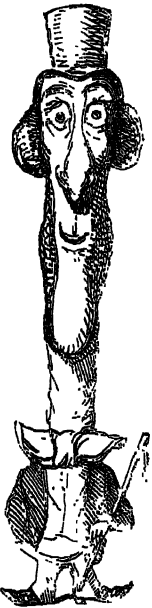
Duly Qualified.

A COUNTRY paper, very rudely commenting on the DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH's late shooting feat on the Duke's manors, asks—"What was her certificate?" And the Duchess makes answer and says—"A marriage certificate."

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

TOM THUMB GOES TO THE PALACE—THE "BACKSTAIRS"—THE MAIDS-OF-HONOUR.



DON'T much like going to the Palace up the back-stairs," said GOVERNOR BARNUM. "Shouldn't much like Congress to know it. 'Tisn't doing the thing by the star-spangled banner. However, just to see what crowned heads is made of, we'll go."

"In course," said I, for already I felt my teeth in the royal muffins. "In course."

BARNUM set down, and writ a short note to the QUEEN, civilly telling her, that as we had no other engagement for that night, we'd come. BARNUM was going to seal the letter with wax.

"Governor," says I, "no wax: think of the independence of the model republic, and seal with a wafer."

Well, at seven o'clock, for the QUEEN dined very early that day to see us, we druv from our private lodgings in Grafton Street to Buckingham Palace. We took nothing more than a cab, to show American independence.

"If Mrs. VICTORIA," said BARNUM to me, "had asked us in at the front-gate, where the flag is flying, we'd have gone, General, in a coach-and-six. As it is, we'll match the back-stairs with a cab."

Well, we druv up, and hadn't need to ring the bell; for the door was opened in a minute, and a dozen critturs in crimson—with railroads of gold running up and down their coats, and their heads as if they'd come out of a snow-storm, were waitin for

us. I hadn't then time to make a meditation; or I should have said something about happy Columbia, where our helps are free citizens, and not tattooed by the tailors, as they are among the Britishers. However, I did say to GOVERNOR BARNUM very softly, "I'd rather be a Red Man than a Man in Crimson." Whereupon, the Governor half-shut his eye, like a slit in a money-box, and held up his finger.

"General, this is the back-stairs," said one of the helps in crimson.

P'raps, my countrymen—for I write to Americans—you may have heard of the back-stairs of palaces. You never saw sich a thing, and for the sake of our happy republic I hope you never will. At Washington there is no back-stairs. When we want Mr. POLK, we don't stand knocking at the door; but just turn the handle and walk into the drawing-room; and, if he's not there, into any other place in the house; and we should just like to catch him putting a bolt to any door on the premises. 'Tis n't so at the court of the Britishers.

"This is the back stairs," said the help. And first, to begin with, they are so tarnation small, and so cruel crooked, that I'm certain no really great man ever could go up and down 'em. Howsoever, the Governor and I mounted and mounted—feeling ourselves walking up a corkscrew—and we both thought there would be no end to it. How I did pity the poor critturs of palaces, obligated to run up and down a twisting, twirling, back staircase, fitterer for eels and snakes to go up and down, and in and out—much fitterer than for two-legged humans.

Well, at last we got up the back-stairs, and though I am lovely small, when I'd got to the end I never did feel so little in my life. "Governor," says I, "if they don't let us out at the front gate, I shall stay here for good. There is no back-stairs in a Free Republic, and my dander is up at the thoughts on it."

Agin the Governor puts up his finger, as much as to say "bus'ness." So I says nothin, but stands still to get my wind. "You must stay here till Her Majesty shall be pleased to command your presence," said the help.

I was a little riled at this, but with "bus'ness" uppermost in my mind, I said nothing. Well, in a few minutes, what they call a Lord-in-waitin comes to us, and says we must follow him. You should have seen the crittur. He was dressed in a sky-blue satin coat, with amber-coloured very-smalls and a pink-waistcoat, with silver periwinkles crawling all about it. There was bunches of silk sunflowers and hollyhocks worked in his skirts—and silk convolvuluses a running round his cuffs. He wanted nothing but a tight-rope and a balance-pole to be set up for life.

And I dare say, now, you want to know what is meant by a Lord-

in-waitin. Why, it's jist a lord a waiting for whatever he can get to better himself. They all belong to what is called, noble families, and go to the palace to learn to be humble to their own helps at home. And you may be sure they are. For when a lord stands upon his two legs for hours behind the QUEEN—and carries PRINCE ALBERT'S fowling-piece when he goes a gunning—and holds his horse for him to get up and down agin—and brings him his hat, and gloves, and stick, and all that—why, you may be sure that sich a lord has all the starch taken out of him by the time he gets back to his own house. It's only nat'ral.

Well, this Lord-in-waitin took us through one room and then through another and another—and if I wasn't reminded of them boxes, that go on holding a box inside a box, until there's no end on 'em,—I'm a 'possum, that's all.—At last, he said, "You'll stay here." I began to rile agin—but agin the Governor held up his finger.

By-am-by comes a whole cloud of Maids-of-honour. Oh, such walking noseays of lilies and roses! I felt my heart bein' cut up like an apple—and a slice being served out all round.

Well, if I didn't think they'd eat me! Yes; I'm a sea-serpent, if I didn't think my time was come; for they all run at me—with their arms out—like a flock of fowls at corn. "I'll kiss him," says one—"No, me first," says another—"Don't you think it," said a third—"I'll kiss him, if I die for it," screeched a fourth; and so they pulled me from one to another—and kissed, and kissed, and kissed—you would have thought there was a thousand cart-whips a smacking altogether.

I have been a good deal about the world; and have been kissed by the ladies in all quarters. It is therefore my intention to write you a geographical account of kissing; beginning with our own dear Yankee Doodle girls, and ending with the Britishers. But to do this—and while QUEEN VICTORIA is a waitin to receive me—I must take another sheet of paper.

JOHN BULL'S TWO DIFFICULTIES.

Oh! my name it is JOHN BULL, with my waistcoat all so full,
And my pockets all so heavy with the rhino;
With my cattle and my crops, and my merchandise and shops,
I am better off than any man that I know.
Yes; I'm better off than any man that I know,
Much better off than any man that I know;
Though I say it, that should not, such possessions I have got,
That I'm better off than any man that I know.

I have warehouses and docks, I have bridges, I have locks.
Quite unrivall'd in their plan and execution;
And I build the very best of private dwellings, 'tis confessed,
But I cannot build a public institution.
No; I fail at a public institution,
Always stick at a public institution;
My invention is so dull, that I always make a mull,
When I build any public institution.

If with me you fain would try, Oh ye foreigners! to vie
At a tunnel or a steam-engine—have at you!
To construct a man-of-war I'm the best of hands, by far,
But hang me if I can make a statue!
No, drat it! I can't make a statue!
Confound it! I can't make a statue!
Though I try with all my might, I can never do it right—
Botheration! I can't make a statue!

Clerical Disqualification Extraordinary.

It is stated by a correspondent of the *Times*, that the BISHOP OF LONDON has refused to receive a clergyman into his diocese, on the ground of his being an Irish clergyman. The prejudice against poor Paddy seems to be increasing. Perhaps we shall have the bishop advertising for a curate, after the manner of a publican in want of a pot-boy, with the notification—"No Irish need apply."

MORE PLAGUE THAN PROPHEET.

THE *Leeds Times* informs us that Dr. WOLFF insisted in all his preachings in 1832, that the world would be at an end in fifteen years. If this prediction is true, next year will see us all out. We need not say that we hope this "cry of WOLFF," is as fallacious as its fabulous prototype.

THE "LIGHT OF ALL NATIONS."

THE little that was lately seen of the Sun has entirely disappeared within the last few days. An alarming rumour prevails that he has been totally "used up" by the Daguerreotypes.



"YOUR BATH IS QUITE READY, MA'AM."

"WELL, BUT MY GOOD GIRL, I CAN'T GET INTO SUCH A BIT OF A THING AS THAT!"

A BAD PRECEDENT.

PERHAPS the only solid objection to the removal of the Statue of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON from the top of the arch, is the handle it affords to other statues to insist on being removed from their present unfavourable positions. We understand that NELSON has already begun to betray considerable uneasiness at the top of his column, and a strong movement may possibly be made by his friends to get the same justice dealt out to the Hero of the Nile which is about to be accorded to the Victor at Waterloo. It may be said that NELSON has been guilty of *laches* in not being down upon the public long ago, if he had really objected to the post—or pillar—assigned to him. It must, however, be remembered that poor NELSON has been literally tied by the leg, as any one will be able to ascertain, by the tremendous coil of rope that twines itself gracefully—or rather, disgracefully—round the calves of the naval conqueror. So disgusted has he been with the misery of his position, that had they allowed him sufficient rope there is not the smallest doubt in the world that he would long ago have hanged himself. There are several other statues whose cases call for commiseration, and we think equal justice ought to be dealt out to all, but particularly to that glorious tar who, in the nautical language of the Commander of the *Buttercup*, may be said "to have reached the very highest binnacle."

EFFECTS OF SERVING A LORD MAYOR.

We have received the following extraordinary letter, which requires no comment, or which, if it did, would not get any from us at the present moment:—

"Sir,—I have to complain of the injury that has been done me by the excessive hospitality of the late LORD MAYOR JOHNSON. I entered his service quite a genteel figure, and indeed, having been employed by LORD MAYOR MAGNAY, had been reduced almost to the dimensions of a skeleton; I had since that got myself into what I call good condition, without any sacrifice of my figure, but a year in the service of LORD MAYOR JOHNSON has completely ruined my symmetry, laid waste my waist, and carved out mycalves for a regular GUY in the most distressing



1845.

1846.

manner. The constant festivities at the Mansion House may have been sport to the guests, but it has been death to my pretensions to elegance of *contour*, which was always worth an additional four pounds to my wages. I want to know, Sir, whether I have any remedy for the injury that has been done to me in my profession. I forward two portraits, one representing me as I was before entering LORD JOHNSON'S service, and the other showing what he has reduced—or rather what he has enlarged—me to. As HAMLET says, "Look on this picture"—but not on this. Believe me, yours to the fullest extent,

"JOHN ANKLEJACK."

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL UPON EGGS.

THIS Reverend Gentleman seems to be a great authority upon eggs. Had he lived in the good old pillory times, and, like PRYNNER or BASTWICK, worn the wooden ruff for his zeal, and, unlike them, been pelted by the mob, he could have scarcely had a more cultivated taste for eggs—for eggs of all kinds, whether of barn-door poultry, or the more exotic laying of cockatrice. We have seen the egg hornpipe performed by a young lady at a country fair; and pleasing it was to behold the grace with which the blindfolded damsel would wind in and out of the ovary circle, now essaying the rocking-step, and now the double-shuffle.

The egg hornpipe, as performed a few days since at Exeter Hall, by MR. STOWELL, for the benefit of the Protestant Association, was no less dexterous—the rocking-step and the double-shuffle alike complete.

"He would rather see that man in power who boldly said he would endow the Roman Catholics, than the man who, under the cover of Christianity, nursed in his bosom the cockatrice egg, which, when hatched, brought forth the Maynooth Grant."

Nursing a cockatrice egg under cover of Christianity, which brought forth the Maynooth Grant, in effect means this: to bring forth Roman Catholic poultry—nothing less than the cock of St. PETER. But the Rev. orator has not done with the egg.

"It was the misfortune of the Protestants that their efforts had generally been too late; their proper time for exertion was when Parliament was in the egg."

That is, before it began to cackle. It would be well for MR. STOWELL were he, by the like cause, compelled to the like silence.

"Bresson is Coming."

It is said that LADY LYTTELTON, the governess, uses these words to the royal children to quiet them when naughty; and with reason, for says *Le Commerce*:

"M. BRESSON has already signified to the Ministry that, in quitting Madrid, he would expect the embassy at London,"

and—it is understood by LORD BROUGHAM and others in the confidence of LOUIS-PHILIPPE—will be the bearer of a love-letter (with portrait) of the COMTE DE PARIS to the little Princess Royal. New locks and bolts have been ordered by the QUEEN for the nursery.

MESSAGES CAREFULLY DELIVERED.

A BROUGHAM runs between Paris and London regularly every month, and carries parcels, and executes small commissions. Terms very low. Apply at the Tuilleries, back door.



THE ONLY "COMPETENT PERSON."

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY.—"WELL, MR. PUNCH, AFTER ALL YOU ARE THE ONLY COMPETENT PERSON, AND IF YOU THINK THE STATUE OUGHT TO COME DOWN, WHY DOWN IT SHALL COME!"

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.



WELL, dear MR. SNOB," said a young lady of rank and fashion (to whom I present my best compliments), "if you found everything so *snobbish* at the Evergreens, if the pig bored you and the mutton was not to your liking, and Mrs. Ponto was a humbug, and Miss WIRT a nuisance, with her abominable piano practice,—why did you stay so long?"

Ah Miss, what a question! Have you never heard of gallant British soldiers storming batteries, of doctors passing nights in plague wards of lazarettos, and other instances of martyrdom? What do you suppose induced gentlemen to walk two miles up to the batteries of Sobraon, with a hundred and fifty thundering guns bowling them down by hundreds?—not pleasure, surely.

What causes your respected father to quit his comfortable home for his chambers, after dinner, and pore over the most dreary law papers until long past midnight? Duty, Mademoiselle; duty, which must be done alike by military, or legal, or literary gents. There's a power of martyrdom in our profession. Ask SIR EDWARD GEORGE EARL LYTTON BULWER LYTTON if there isn't, or any other eminent hand.

You won't believe it? Your rosy lips assume a smile of incredulity—a most naughty and odious expression in a young lady's face. Well then, the fact is, that my chambers, No. 24, Pump Court, Temple, were being painted by the Honourable Society, and Mrs. SLAMKIN, my laundress, having occasion to go into Durham to see her daughter, who is married, and has presented her with the sweetest little grandson—a few weeks could not be better spent than in rusticiating. But ah, how delightful Pump Court looked when I revisited its well-known chimney-pots! *Cari luogi*. Welcome, welcome, O fog and smut!

But if you think there is no moral in the foregoing account of the PONTON family, you are, Madam, most painfully mistaken. In this very chapter we are going to have the moral—why, the whole of the papers are nothing *but* the moral, setting forth as they do the folly of being a Snob.

You will remark that in the Country Snobography my poor friend PONTO has been held up almost exclusively for the public gaze—and why? Because we went to no other house? Because other families did not welcome us to their mahogany? No, no. SIR JOHN HAWBUCK of the Haws, SIR JOHN HIPSLEY of Briary Hall, don't shut the gates of hospitality; of GENERAL SAGO's Mulligatawny I could speak from experience. And the two old ladies at Guttlebury, were they nothing? Do you suppose that an agreeable young dog who shall be nameless, would not be made welcome? Don't you know that people are too glad to see *anybody* in the country?

But those dignified personages do not enter into the scheme of the present work, and are but minor characters of our Snob drama; just as, in the play, kings and emperors are not half so important as many humble persons. The *Doge of Venice*, for instance, gives way to *Othello*, who is but a nigger, and the *King of France* to *Faloonbridge*, who is a gentleman of positively no birth at all. So with the exalted characters above mentioned. I perfectly well recollect that the claret at HAWBUCK'S was not by any means so good as that of HIPSLEY'S, while, on the contrary, some white hermitage at the Haws (by the way, the butler only gave me half a glass each time) was supernacular. And I remember the conversations. Oh, Madam, Madam, how stupid they were! The sub-soil ploughing; the pheasants and poaching; the row about the representation of the county; the EARL OF MANGELWURZELSHIRE being at variance with his relative and nominee, the HONOURABLE MARMADUKE TOMNODDY; all these I could put down, had I a mind to violate the confidence of private life; and a great deal of conversation about the weather, the Mangelwurzelshire Hunt, new manures, and eating and drinking, of course.

But *cui bono*? In these perfectly stupid and honourable families there is not that Snobbishness which it is our purpose to expose. An ox is an ox—a great, hulking, fat-sided, bellowing, munching Beef. He ruminates according to his nature, and consumes his destined portion of turnips or oilcake, until the time comes for his disappearance

from the pastures, to be succeeded by other deep-lunged and fat-ribbed animals. Perhaps we do not respect an ox. We rather acquiesce in him. The Snob, my dear Madam, is the Frog that tries to swell himself to ox size. Let us pelt the silly brute out of his folly.

Look, I pray you, at the case of my unfortunate friend PONTO, a good-natured, kindly English gentleman—not over-wise, but quite passable—fond of port-wine, of his family, of country sports and agriculture, hospitably minded, with as pretty a little patrimonial country house as heart can desire, and a thousand pounds a-year. It is not much; but *entre nous*, people can live for less, and not uncomfortably.

For instance, there is the Doctor, whom Mrs. P. does not condescend to visit: that man educates a mirific family, and is loved by the poor for miles round; and gives them port-wine for physic and medicine, gratis. And how those people can get on with their pittance, as Mrs. Ponto says, is a wonder to *her*.

Again, there is the Clergyman, DOCTOR CHRYSOSTOM,—Mrs. P. says they quarrelled about Puseyism, but I am given to understand it was because Mrs. C. had the *pas* of her at the Haws—you may see what the value of his living is any day in the *Clerical Guide*; but you don't know what he gives away.

Even PERRIPOIS allows that, in whose eyes the Doctor's surplice is a scarlet abomination; and so does PERRIPOIS do his duty in his way, and administer not only his tracts and his talk, but his money and his means to his people. As a lord's son, by the way, Mrs. Ponto is uncommonly anxious that he should marry *either* of the girls whom LORD GULES does not intend to choose.

Well, although POW'S income would make up almost as much as that of these three worthies put together—O my dear Madam, see in what hopeless penury the poor fellow lives! What tenant can look to his forbearance? What poor man can hope for *his* charity? "Master's the best of men," honest STRIPES says, "and when we was in the ridgment, a more free-handed chap didn't live. But the way in which Missus *du* scryou, I wonder the young ladies is alive, that I *du*."

They live upon a fine governess and fine masters, and have clothes made by LADY CARABAS'S own milliner; and their brother rides with earls to cover; and only the best people in the county visit at the Evergreens, and Mrs. Ponto thinks herself a paragon of wives and mothers, and a wonder of the world, for doing all this misery and humbug, and snobbishness, on a thousand a-year.

What an inexpressible comfort it was, my dear Madam, when STRIPES put my portmanteau in the four-wheeled chaise, and (poor Pox. being touched with sciatica) drove me over to the Carabas Arms at Guttlebury, where we took leave. There were some bagmen there, in the Commercial Room, and one talked about the house he represented; and another about his dinner, and a third about the Inns on the road, and so forth—a talk, not very wise, but honest and to the purpose—about as good as that of the country gentlemen: and Oh, how much pleasanter than listening to Miss WIRT'S show-pieces on the piano, and Mrs. Ponto's genteel cackle about the fashion and the county families!

PUMPKIN AT THE PALACE.

A FEW days since, MR. WILMOT of Isleworth sent a pumpkin to Windsor Castle—a pumpkin six feet ten inches in circumference, and weighing 148lbs. The Queen, the Prince, and the Royal Children, having duly inspected it, MR. BRADWELL was sent for from the Colosseum, and on his arrival at the Castle, immediately—(as of old at Covent Garden)—changed the pumpkin into a *Cinderella's* carriage for the Princess Royal. It is expected that the House of Commons will supply the required number of rats which, duly transformed into ponies, will complete the equipage.

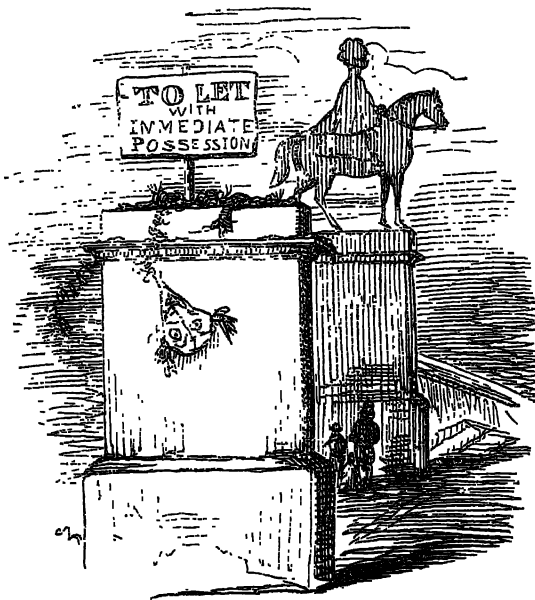
Amusements of the Metropolis.

THE engagement of the Statue concludes at Christmas. It will then start on a grand tour through the metropolis, and go through its celebrated range of attitudes, introducing some new "Poses Grotesques." There is a rumour that it is engaged at Astley's, to appear in a grand new Equestrian Christmas Fantomime, to be called "The Statues of London."

"UNE NOIRCEUR DE L'ANGLETERRE."

THERE have been several dreadful fogs at Paris lately. The *National* declares they are only another penetrating proof of the system of *Perfidie Albion*. "England cannot invade France, (it says) so it does everything it can to blacken it."

THE VACANT PEDESTAL. A FRAGMENT.



In the centre of London, at the busy cross of Charing, the stranger may have observed a stone pedestal lone and deserted in the midst of the surrounding noise and bustle, like the last rose of summer, or rather like the last holly-berry of winter left pining alone, when Spring has begun to play the part of a gratuitous Moses, and clothe everything in leaves and flowers.

There is a little romance attached to that vacant pedestal. Some say it is haunted by the perturbed spirit of SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN who loves to lament over the spoiling of the finest site in Europe, and will never allow any object to rest in peace upon that vacant pedestal.

If this is mere superstition, it should at once be discouraged by a notice that the pedestal is to let, with immediate possession. If the idea of its being haunted takes too firm hold of the people, it will be vain to endeavour to get rid of the feeling of aversion with which the spot will be regarded.

There are many houses in different parts of London for which no tenant can be found, in consequence of a rumour that they are subject to ghostly visits. If it has the reputation of being spectre-struck, it may as well be in Chancery—a fate from which no message was ever known to recover in less than three generations. It would be worth while to give place to some bold piece of statuary, if only to redeem the character of the pedestal.

A Humane Government.

It gives us exceeding pleasure to copy the following from the *Daily News* :—

“Seats are now being placed, similar to those in the parks, for the use of the public, beneath a handsome row of trees, on the foot pavement in Piccadilly.”

The real purpose of this benevolence has modestly been withheld by the Government, but it is this :—the authorities having observed the terrible effect of the Wellington Statue on the people passing eastward, have caused the seats to be erected that they may rest and a little recover themselves from the shock to their good taste. This is humane, at least.

A PRETTY TURN-OUT.

We have seen a paragraph in the papers announcing that a Schoolmaster has been expelled from Cannes on account of his being a Protestant. LORD BROUGRAM, who is the only “Schoolmaster abroad” in that part of the world, has not been expelled from Cannes; at least if he has, the fact is not alluded to in our correspondence.

A DREADFUL PASS.

ONE of the three papers which praise the Wellington Statue calls it “a startling work of art.” We agree with our contemporary—it certainly has that effect on the horses that pass it.

COMFORT OF WIFE AND CHILDREN.

WHEN a Magistrate's indignation begins *crescendo*, it is certain to end *diminuendo*. Many are the instances of this judicial vocalization. The LORD MAYOR sings small in the like manner. Two days after CARROLL'S coronation as King of the City, one WILLIAM BURN, waggoner, was charged with cruelly beating a horse about the head with the butt-end of a whip.

“The LORD MAYOR expressed *great indignation* at the conduct of the defendant, and was about to fine him to the utmost extent, when he *suddenly* learned that the fellow had a very large family, and that the infliction would inevitably fall upon the heads of his wife and children.

“The LORD MAYOR (to the defendant): You deserve the *weightiest punishment*, but I cannot think of *punishing your wife and children*. The sentence of the court upon you is, that you pay a fine of 10s., or be confined in the House of Correction for 14 days. “The defendant thanked his lordship and paid the fine.”

Now there is generally this additional evil about all ill-doing, that it is rare indeed, for the culprit to suffer alone: the innocent, directly or indirectly, suffer with him. It is with all tenderness we feel disposed to comment on his lordship's sentence; but how are culprits to be punished without punishing their wives and children? Are prisoners to be allowed to plead their conjugal and paternal responsibilities in commutation of sentence? Are only the single and the childless to be punished in full? When the convict ship drops down the river for Norfolk Island,—how many innocent wives and children does she leave participating in the punishment of the exiled?

The LORD MAYOR to carry out his principle, ought not to have fined WILLIAM BURN a single farthing, seeing that any fine must be deducted from the meat and bread of his wife and family. “I must take care of my family,” says the scoundrel *Silly* in the play, in excuse for all his rascalities. For our part, we think “wife and family” ought to impress men with a more serious conviction of their social responsibilities; and not be rendered, by magisterial weakness, the excuse and stalking-horse for violence and brutality.



“DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! HOW VERY PROVOKING! HERE'S ONE END OF THE BARREL COME OUT, AND ALL THE OYSTERS MIXED WITH MY CLEAN COLLARS!”

Sending the Hat Round.

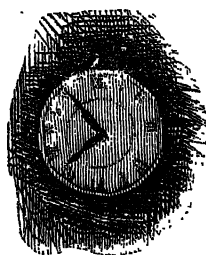
WE understand that the Eton Montem has been discontinued this year in consequence of the Mendicity Society having giving notice to the principals of the college that they should be compelled to take all boys into custody they found begging on the public highway.

STOW IT, STOWELL.

A MR. STOWELL has been holding forth at Exeter Hall on the subject of Popery. We are requested to state that this would-be teacher of the people is not STOWELL the *Informant*. We believe it is “quite the reverse.”

Illuminations on the Prince of Wales's Birthday.

If loyalty and illuminations go together, we regret to say there was very little of the former quality exhibited on the occasion of the PRINCE OF WALES's birthday. We do not, however, believe that the consumption of gas or the burning of oil is necessary to evince the attachment of the English people to the members of the Royal Family. The gas, though it certainly flows from the heart of the City, does not come from the hearts of the citizens. We therefore see nothing uncomplimentary in the meagreness of the illuminations on the PRINCE OF WALES's birthday. It is true that MESSRS. TUCKER, the tallow-chandlers, of Kensington, flare up with loyalty on every possible occasion, and startle the suburb by a solitary illumination, of which no one can divine the cause; but it must be remembered that they can be loyal at a very cheap rate, as they manufacture all the materials on their own premises. Hence we see an occasional M, or an S, or L, every now and then exhibited, which appears like a mysterious cipher, until some one, learned in the lore of royal natiivities, ascertains that the initial indicates the birthday of a Mecklenburgh, a Strelitz, or a Leuchtenberg connection of the reigning family.



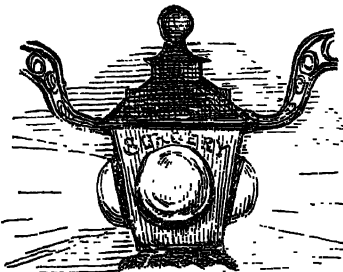
The illuminations on the birthday of the PRINCE OF WALES were not very brilliant, but they were somewhat general. Among the principal we noticed the clock at the office of the *Morning Chronicle*, which, by a peculiarity in the falling of the shadows on the face, makes it appear to be always five minutes to seven.

We regret to be obliged to censure the curds-and-why authorities at Hyde Park Corner, who left their dial in the customary state of darkness that has lately come over it. We understand that its face has never been illumined by brightness since the Wellington Statue came to

throw a shade over its once bright and cheerful aspect.

Perhaps the most brilliant among the illuminations of the evening were those of the medical men and chemists, who displayed transparencies of surpassing richness and variety. The depth of colour came home to the eye of every artist, and dyed the pavement with green or red for a considerable distance.

To the curious in pyrotechny, perhaps the most interesting objects would be the perambulating illuminations presented



by the police, who went their rounds on the Prince's birthday with a brilliant light, obtained by the disposition of the official bull's-eye in a novel and striking manner.

Even this happy device was, however, eclipsed by an arrangement adopted by the proprietors of some of the vegetable stalls in Clare and other markets. A turnip being scooped out, a candle was cleverly inserted in the aperture, and one of these having been caught up by a passing boy, and mischievously hurled



to some distance, had all the effect of an illumined missile.

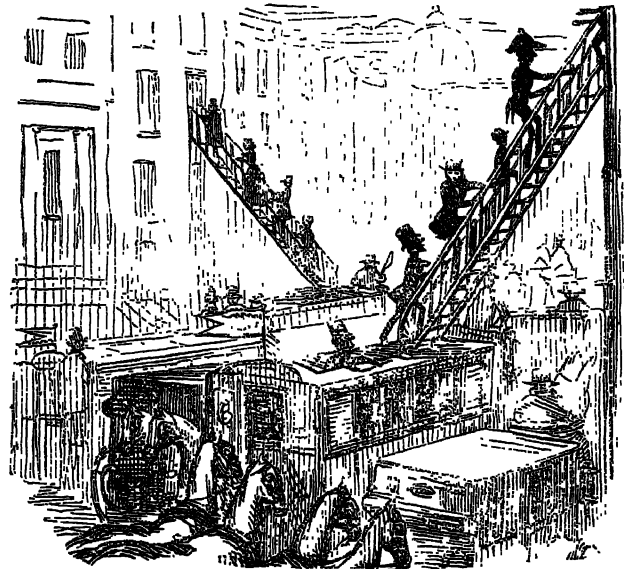
The most general illumination was that of the old street lamp, which, in many instances, seemed to assume the most interesting features, in compliment to the Prince whose birthday it was designed to celebrate.



Chemical Substitution.

WONDERFUL effects sometimes flow from very slight causes, and the origin of gun cotton is perhaps as curious as the origin of gunpowder. PROFESSOR SCHÖNBEIN was always remarkable for his fear of being drawn for the militia. He was often heard to exclaim, during the period of balloting, "Oh dear me! how I do abominate gunpowder. I wish I could find a substitute." His head thus became full of those two objects—gunpowder and substitutes—until he at last found a substitute in gun cotton.

NEW OMNIBUS ESCAPE.



AMID the numerous escapes that ingenuity is always suggesting to get the public out of any of the dilemmas to which it is liable, there is not, that we are aware of, any escape from an omnibus blockade in Fleet Street. We think that every vehicle ought to be compelled to carry something of the sort, for the convenience of passengers, who are often hemmed in for hours together, as firmly as if they were stuck fast in an endeavour to force some impossible passage into some inaccessible quarter of some unknown world. In order to admit of easy extrication from this horrible situation, a plan might easily be adopted by which a sort of elastic ladder would, on the touching of a spring, rise from the top of the omnibus to the second floor windows of the houses on either side of a street, and thus afford an easy rescue from a perilous position.

"WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," &c.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON in his last charge, is very severe upon those persons who can afford to build churches and do not. He hurls at them a quotation from HORACE:—

Ergo
Quod superat, non est melius quo insuere possis?
Cur eget indignus quisquam, te civite? Quare
Templa ruunt antiqua Deum? Cur, improbe, curæ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?

We submit a free translation of the above for his lordship's consideration.—

The rents which from thy diocese arise,
Would buy three German principalities.
Hast thou no surplus then the hearths to cheer
Of curates, starved on eighty pounds a year?
WREN's work in ruins crumbling canst thou see
A prey to rain, wind, GIBBS, and Chancery?
And count thy coppers as the showman bawls,
"Sixpence the Abbey, tuppence for St. Pauls?"
Search London's diocese and ask, with shame,
What church or chapel bears its Bishop's name?

St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

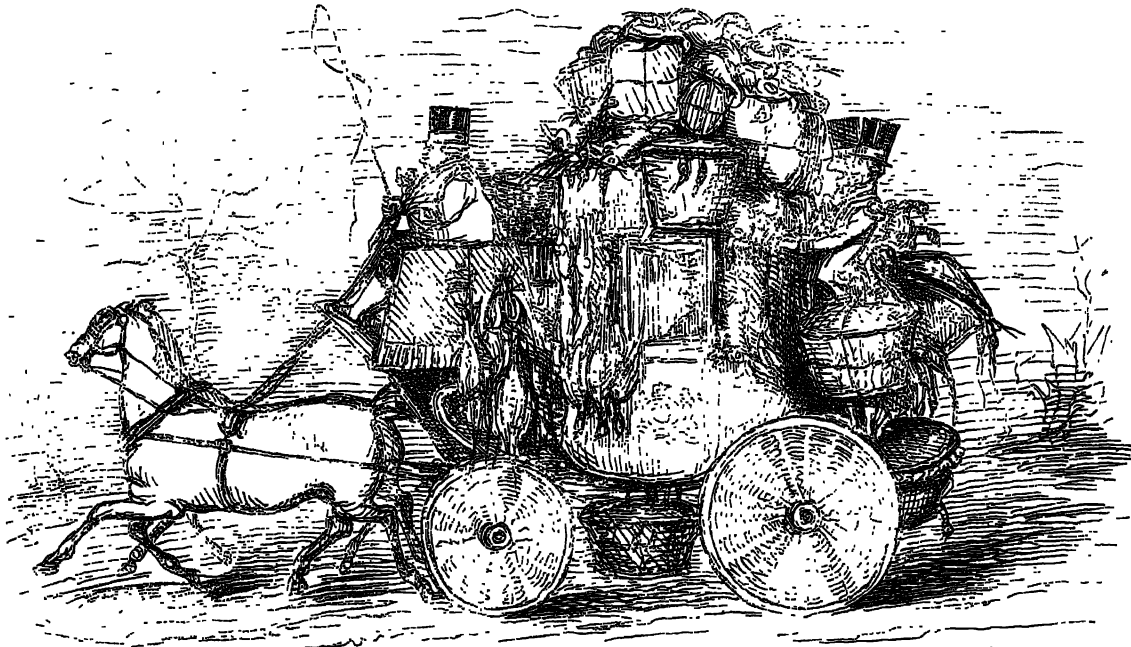
A JUDICIOUS MEASURE.

We understand it is in contemplation by the Directors of the Eastern Counties Railway to engage musical conductors for their express trains, as it is hoped by this arrangement the locomotives may be made to keep their time.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

We believe an experiment was lately made at the Red House, Battersea, by an intelligent City draper, of firing cotton balls; we have great pleasure in adding that it was perfectly successful, the inventor assuring us, at the same time, that from his long practice at the rifle he would undertake to send one of the balls through the eye of a needle.

THE DUCAL POULTERER.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH certainly ought to get a living, for he is a most industrious member of the aristocracy. As a showman he evinced great enterprise by the exhibition of Blenheim, which netted, and we believe still nets, a very considerable revenue. The Duke has, however, hit upon an expedient for coining money which involves his own personal exertion, and thus makes labour a source of profit. He

has taken to the shooting and selling of game, and not only bags the birds but bags the money. If a carriage loaded with game, and bearing a ducal coronet, should roll into Leadenhall Market, we may presume that the vehicle belongs to the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. We should recommend the words "Licensed to deal in Game" as an appropriate addition to the family motto.

THE MISERY OF WEALTH.



WE shall not attempt to fathom the why and the wherefore; but certain it is, the world always exhibits great tenderness, much anxiety, for rich and unprotected heiresses. It will be continually marrying them to somebody. There is Miss BURDETT COURTS—poor golden virgin!—the world insists upon her becoming a wife; will not allow her to pass on,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free;"

but resolves to give her into the custody of a husband. MR. DUNN—with all the brass of Trinity College—tried to carry the fair millionaire by Irish storm: that did not succeed; whereupon the world set to work, match-making, determined to unite the splendid heiress to somebody. Now, she was to marry her physician; and now, she was to become a Scotch countess. The last

husband up in the papers, is LOUIS-NAPOLÉON. How Miss COURTS escaped IBRAHIM PACHA when he was here, is somewhat extraordinary. For if the Emperor of China were to vouchsafe to let fall his shadow upon the British Court, in the shape of an Ambassador, it would very soon appear in the papers that "His Excellency CHING-CHOW-CHEER-CROW—having cut his pig-tail and conformed to the Christian religion—was about to lead Miss BURDETT COURTS to the Hymeneal altar;" And the cause of all this persecution, is—wealth. The root of all evil, with poor MISS COURTS, produces this daily crop of annoyance. Now, *Punch*, being the sworn champion of all distressed maidens, advises Miss COURTS to lay out every penny of her wealth—save some three or four hundred a-year—upon churches, sharing the everlasting presentations among the Bench of Bishops. This done, she may be assured of it, the papers will suffer her to enjoy unmolested celibacy for the rest of her life. Clearly, her only way to escape the hunters of the press, is to throw away all her money.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF AN AMBASSADOR.

(From the Day-Book of Louis-Philippe.)



THE principal duty of an ambassador is to contract marriages. To take away a princess from the ambassador of another country is the highest stroke of diplomacy; to wheedle a royal mother and cajole an entire ministry are sublime proofs of genius which can only be sufficiently repaid with titles and crosses. An ambassador should understand the whole art of courtship, and should always be provided with a stock of portraits (set in diamonds), and a list of virtues (beautifully coloured) of all the young unmarried princes of his court. He should possess a tongue well trained to flattery, and not allow the truth to stand in the way of a compliment. Small talk must be his great accomplishment, and the marriage service his constant study. He should only have one end in view, and that must be the church door. The circle of his duties is contained in a wedding-ring.

Appropriate Reward.

WE learn from *The Builder* that the daughters of GENERAL SIMCOE have for ever put to shame the workers in Berlin wool, and the artists of canary birds on white satin: for they—on the ruins of the old abbey of Dunkwell, near Honiton,—“have erected a church, for which they worked all the stone with their own hands.” Now young ladies who can build a church, ought to be rewarded by the very best husbands instantly prepared for the altar.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No. "68471" has been sent as requested.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENT.—SIR FREDERICK TRENCH to be Groom in waiting to the Wellington Statue.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mallett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 86, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1846.

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

TOM THUMB PHILOSOPHIZES ON KISSES—IS INTRODUCED TO THE ROYAL PRESENCE.



AMERICAN as I am—a free citizen of the smartest nation of creation, 'tisn't for me to find fault with the gals of free Columbia. Nevertheless, truth is mighty, and with fair play will whip her weight in wild cats. Therefore, I cannot say much for the kissing of America. GOVERNOR BARNUM tells me that I oughtn't to give any 'pinion of the matter till I get back again, with all my snuff-boxes and tooth-picks, and pencil cases of crowned heads about me; when the kisses will be a different matter, as the royalty of Europe will be saluted through me. But this I must say; the kissing of America, of my own countrywomen, was terrible cautious; nothing more than what you might call respect with the chill off. But then, BARNUM says, I was nobody; and gals don't

kiss nobodies like somebodies. For all that, I'm a little riled when I think of it. For I remember, how at New York they used to look at me, and mince round and round me, and put their hands under my chin, as if I warn't a human cretur, but a gooseberry bush, and they were afraid of their fingers. And then the boldest on 'em kissed me short and not at all satisfactory; for all the world as if they thought they was doing me a service, and not themselves an honour. They'll find me rayther different when I get back, I calculate; so they'd better practise a little afore I come among 'em.

Now in England kissing is mighty hearty. The gals arn't a bit ashamed on it. I shall say no more here about the Maids-of-Honour as kissed me a million times in the Palace, but speak of the 'Gyptian Hall, where I was kissed four thousand times a day, which is only allowing eight kisses a piece for every female: some on 'em took more—some less, but I'm striking the averages. I had when I was first shewed there, tarnation pretty dimples; and in a month, my cheeks was as smooth as an apple. The dimples was kissed out; run away with by the lips of the ladies. I often said to BARNUM, "Governor, this is by no means the Cheshire. I feel my face is wasting away with so much kissing; melting slick like a sugar-plum in a baby's mouth. Tell you what it is; if I'm to lose my cheeks, I ought to make something by 'em. Therefore, its my opinion you should alter the price, in this way. "Them as only looks, a shilling; them as kisses, eighteenpence." Once or twice—for to be kissed eight different ways by five hundred females is nation hard work—once or twice, I thought I'd have a notice writ, and hung about my neck; sich a one as I seed at a flower-show, with these words—"Admire, but touch not." I confess it: now and then I used to be riled; used to say to myself, "Have you nobody at home to kiss; that you will put on your bonnets and pattens to come and kiss a little gentleman in public?" But, as I said afore; take the people altogether, English kissing is mighty pleasant.

In Scotland I was only kissed outright at private parties. Of that, as a man of honour, I say nothing. In public, the ladies used to blow kisses at me through their fingers.

Was kissed tarnation in France. Rayther disagreeable in one particular, as the ladies so very often left the paint upon my nose.

Talking of France, it's a wonder I'm a single man. For when the King of the French heard from BARNUM that I had got the fortin I have, I'm darned if he didn't say he must have me for one of the Princesses. Now, being a true republican, that didn't suit my book at all. "No, no," says I to BARNUM; "don't mind the Princesses kissing me now and then, when I'm in a good temper, but I'd as soon run upon a snag as upon the marriage service. Seen too much of life, and been kissed a little too much round the world for that." So I escaped—cut slick from the Tuileries—going off in BARNUM's hat-box.

Well, I did think that I should give a whole account of all the kissing I've gone through, but on second thoughts it can't be done here, no how. The subject is so full—as BARNUM says—that I can't do it justice in a little book, so I intend to make it a big history, by itself, with picturs of the ladies, with their lips made up jest as they attacked me; made up now peaking like rose-buds, and now as if I was a cake at a pastry-cook's, made for nothing but to be eaten. It's wonderful to a man with my experience of lips to know

what mouths can be made on 'em. Nobody would believe it, but they will when they see my book. And so to get back to QUEEN VICTORIA's palace.

When the Maids-of-Honour had done kissing me, and stood—like flustered Birds of Paradise—a taking breath, the Lord-in-Waitin comes in agin, and says, "General, Her Majesty the QUEEN will be very happy to see you." All the Maids-of-Honour fell back, and, I following the lord, and—BARNUM following me—walks into the presence of the Queen of the British Isles. I'd made my mind up to show my independence, to go in whistling "Yankee Doodle," or "Star of Columbia," but somehow I found my voice had departed—gone slick, and not even left its ghost behind—and BARNUM, too, I shouldn't ha' known him; he shook all over, and his face looked as if it had been dabbed with a powder-puff. I thought to myself, the British Lion must be somewhere, under some sofa p'raps, in the 'partment, and the Governor sees him, and shakes and is pale accordin'.

I walks up to the QUEEN, who was a sittin' by the tea-things. "I'm very happy, General," said Her Majesty, "to see you here. Genius, though ever so small—if it is genius, General—is welcome to this fire-place."

Upon this, I bowed, as any gentleman would do to any lady.

"General," said Gracious Majesty, "allow me to introduce my husband." Whereupon, PRINCE ALBERT said in the most affable manner—

"I hope to improve the acquaintance of the General, when we go a gunning together," and then Royal Highness went on with his tea.

"Do you take sugar, General?" said Gracious Majesty with tongs in her hand.

"I do, madam," said I; for I found my voice a coming back agin.

"Which do you prefer?"—said Gracious Majesty, with a smile that seemed to turn me into a lump of honey—"which sugar do you prefer, white or brown?"

"Either," said I, "but if it isn't slave-grown, I'm a true republican, and won't touch a tarnation morsel."

The Lament of the Statue.

BY SIR F. TRENCH.

MUST I descend from where I'm placed?

Has Majesty decreed my fall?—

Why am I snubb'd and thus disgraced?

The QUEEN and *Punch* have done it all.

Am I so frightful where I stand?

Do I the public sight appal?—

I'm struck down by a regal hand.

The QUEEN and *Punch* have done it all.

"Competent persons," as they gazed,

Have only made objection small:—

Why am I lower'd?—that is, razed?

The QUEEN and *Punch* have done it all!

Omnibus driver, cabman, cad,

My charms have managed to enthrall:

They said, "'Tis not so very bad!"

The QUEEN and *Punch* have done it all!

A DISTANT CONNEXION.

THE newspapers contain an account of a physician holding a consultation with his patient, some fifty miles apart, through the Electric Telegraph. The physician told his patient that he must take care of himself, as he found he had a very "wiry pulse."



"HOLLO! HI! HERE! SOMEBODY! I'VE TURNED ON THE HOT WATER, AND I CAN'T TURN IT OFF AGAIN!"

Rules and Regulations for Railways.

THE French Government has published a royal ordonnance, fixing the regulations that are henceforward to be observed by all Railway Companies in working their lines. As it is a pity these things should be better managed in France, we publish a set of regulations for English Railways. LORD JOHN RUSSELL is welcome to them, if he likes.

I. Every passenger in the second and third class is to be allowed to carry a dark lantern, or a penny candle, or a safety lamp, into the train with him, as the Directors have kept the public in the dark quite long enough.

II. No train is to travel slower than an omnibus, let the excursion be ever so cheap, or the occasion ever so joyful.

III. No combustible material is to be carried on a passengers' train, as the engine is risk enough for anybody.

IV. Cattle are to be separated from the passengers as much as possible, as it has been found, from experiments, that men and oxen do not mix sociably together.

V. Every railway engine is to carry a large fender, to prevent the cinders falling out of the fire; as, let the weather be ever so cold, poor people do not like their coals being distributed to them hot.

VI. No stoppage at a railway station is to exceed half an hour.

VII. No Railway dividend is to exceed 100 per cent., and no bonus to be divided oftener than once a month.

VIII. No fare is to be raised more than at the rate of a pound a week.

IX. There must always be a sufficient supply of second and third class carriages at every station, or else the passengers are to be allowed seats in the first class without paying any additional fare.

X. No third class carriage is to contain more than a foot deep of water in wet weather, but, to prevent accidents, corks and swimming-belts, and a small engine, should always be kept in the open carriages.

XI. The ladies' carriages are to be waited upon by female policemen.

XII. Lectures and dramatic representations are to be given at the stations to entertain the passengers when they are detained.

XIII. Payment of a shilling an hour is to be made to every poor man for every hour he is detained on his journey over and above the appointed time.

XIV. Every tunnel must be illuminated with one candle at least.

XV. A magistrate is to be in attendance at every Station to grant summonses against the Directors; and all law expenses incurred are to be paid by the Company.

XVI. Never less than five minutes are to be allowed for dinner or refreshment.

XVII. One Director must always travel with every train, only he is to be allowed the option of choosing his seat, either in the second or third class—whichever of the two he prefers.

XVIII. Not more than fifty carriages are to be drawn with more than one engine.

XIX. Hospitals are to be built at every terminus, and a surgeon to be in attendance at every station.

XX. All the fines and damages levied upon a railway are to be paid into a fund for building a series of almshouses, for the maintenance of persons injured by accidents on railways.

XXI. There must be some communication between every carriage and the stoker, or the guard, either by a bell, or a speaking tube, or a portable electric telegraph, so that the passengers may have some means of

giving information when their carriage is off the line, or falling over an embankment, or a maniac or a horse has broken loose.

XXII. Railway clerks are to try to be civil; at all events they must make a struggle to answer questions that are put to them. Change for a sovereign, also, must always be kept on the premises.

We must defer the publication of the proposed rules for luggage, break of gauge, railway signals, sovereignty, &c., till our next number.

AN AMERICAN HOLYDAY.

A NEW YORK paper contains the particulars of a murder, which has been recently committed by martial law. The victim of this atrocity was an Irish seaman, named SAMUEL JACKSON, who, after great provocation, had knocked down his lieutenant. The poor man was deliberately strangled at the yard-arm of the sloop *St. Mary's*, in the presence of the squadron off Vera Cruz. An eye-witness of the diabolical act states that—

"All labour in the different vessels was suspended for the day, and the crews were directed to assume their holyday attire."

We have heard of witches' Sabbaths; of days hallowed and sanctified in the name of the fiend. Was not this a festival of that class? Men put on their Sunday's clothes to see a fellow-creature hanged. They dressed themselves in their best in honour of the day: so used the Spaniards to do at an *auto da fe*; with like observances did the Red Indians slaughter their victims; and from them perhaps have their conquerors adopted the practice. And thus were the priests of old bedizened, when, after the manner of these Americans, they offered human sacrifices to MOLOCH.

THE COURT APOLLO.



SIMILAR to MOSES, the tailor, the Court keeps a Poet, but, unlike MOSES, makes no use of him. This is a pity. Why should the laureateship be a sinecure? There are many who would undertake it on condition of writing a poem every day. A diurnal subject would be supplied in the movements of the Court, which, being intrinsically dignified, are well worthy of poetic celebration, instead of being chronicled in that very poor prose which comes out as the Court Circular. We venture to exemplify this assertion.

The dew-drop glistened on the thorn,
The sunbeam glimmer'd on the brook;
THE QUEEN her early walk this morn'
Together with PRINCE ALBERT took.

Their usual pony exercise
Took, this forenoon, the children royal.
Oh! pleasing sight unto the eyes
Of all spectators truly loyal.

At half-past twelve PRINCE ALBERT went
The sport of shooting to pursue;
His Royal Highness homeward bent
His princely steps to lunch at two.

The Royal Pair this afternoon,
Took in the Park their wonted drive;
Returning to the Castle soon,
That is, five minutes after five.

At half-past eight our gracious QUEEN
And Prince the stout sirlain discuss'd;
And Hesse-Homburg's LANDGRAVINE
Arriving, joined the sphere august.

The Coldstream and the private band
This evening in attendance were;
And polka, waltz, and saraband
With tuneful thunder rent the air.

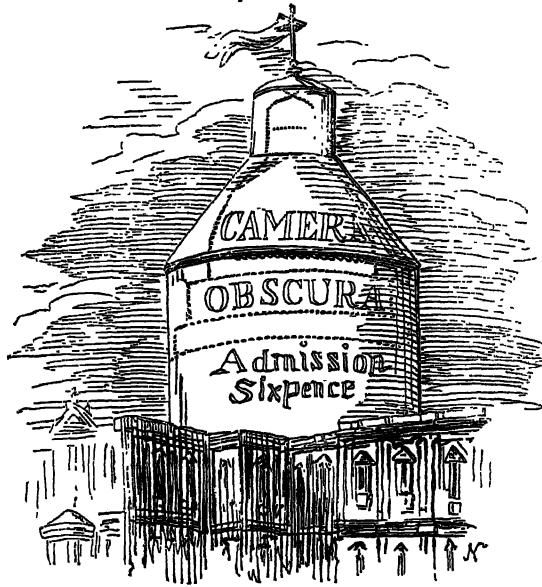
Honest Confession.

IN the *Gazette de France* of the 14th inst., the first leading article begins thus:—"Le pain augmente, la bourse s'agite, la banque s'effraie, la politique extérieure se rembrunit, la diplomatie devient *rogue*." The last words contain an honest confession.

FINE ARTS.

PRINCE ALBERT has given a commission to EDWIN LANDSEER to paint him a large picture of a study of animals. The subject suggested by His Royal Highness, has been—"Raining Cats and Dogs."

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.



We understand that, with the view of making the most of the Grand Ecclesiastical Exhibition Station, commonly called St. Paul's Cathedral, the dome of that popular and attractive show is to be fitted up as a *camera obscura*. We are only surprised that an arrangement affording an opportunity for an extra charge of sixpence has not long ago been carried out by the authorities. Perhaps Daguerreotype likenesses might also be taken in the ball, while the vast recesses of the roof could be used as a sort of Pantehnicion, where property could be received for warehousing, at the usual charges.

"THE RIGHT HON. JOHN JOHNSON, LATE LORD MAYOR."

THE Common Council have advertised their acknowledgments of the intelligence and large-hearted hospitality of ALDERMAN JOHNSON, whilom Lord Mayor. Pity is it, that with such a man—

"A Mayor should shut, and be an Alderman again!"

It is as though a fine, lively turtle should dwindle and again enter its original shell. But such is the fate of Mayors. Nevertheless, JOHNSON has left a trail of light behind him. JOHNSON was the first Lord Mayor who, in the words of the Council, extended his splendid hospitality "to the various learned Societies associated for the promotion of the arts, sciences and literature, which mark the present age." He was the first Mayor who formally introduced Art, Science, and Literature, to Gog and Magog; and *Punch* has received a joint letter from those distinguished giants, assuring him that they shall think very shabbily of any Mayor, present and to come, who does not keep up the new connexion.

Service of Danger.

"A GUARDSMAN," writing in reply to "MILES" in the *Times*, alludes to the great mortality in the Guards, consequent on the hard and constant duty which that corps has to perform. No doubt the London campaign from May to August, is very trying to Guardsmen. Late hours and want of rest must do sad injury to their constitutions. They must suffer a great deal from the season. It is wonderful, indeed, that more of them are not harassed to death by the fatigues-duty of polkas and waltzes, and that they do not fall in even larger numbers from the balls—though without powder—to which they expose themselves.

REQUISITE RETURNS.

AMONG the Railway Bills that will be submitted to Parliament next Session, it would be as well if there were all the surgeons' bills and bills for manslaughter which have been occasioned by Railway negligence.

THE SPANISH INTEREST.—We do not wish to quarrel with Spain on account of the MONTPENSIER marriage. Still, she ought to be made to pay for it. Suppose we ask her to pay—the interest on her bonds.

CURIOSITIES OF JUSTICE.

WHEN a noble lord was hanged at Tyburn, the legend runs that, standing by his order—vindicating his aristocracy to the last—he would not be suffocated by vulgar hemp, but found his own halter of silk: a consolation this, too profound for us to fathom. Possibly, however, the refined means of death took from the punishment something of its ignominy. Moved by this hint, we would suggest that a treadmill of superior material and workmanship should be erected in our prisons, for the convenience of respectable offenders. They might walk up steps of polished mahogany. Now, were this the case, one Mr. WILSON—a very respectable landlord, of the De Beauvoir Arms Tavern, Kingsland—would, at this moment, enjoy the handsome engine, and not tread vulgar deal in vulgar company. Mr. BINGHAM—in an enthusiastic moment of gin—drove his gig against an omnibus, perilling the lives of two unfortunate companions. Police-Constable MILLHOUSE, quite in an official way, placed his hand upon WILSON, and was "almost strangled" by the bacchanal for the attention. The case was heard at Worship Street, when the magistrate—he said it was his custom towards offenders "in affluent circumstances"—sentenced the offender to the house of correction for seven days. The assault occurred in Kingsland Road. Foolish Mr. WILSON! Why, why did you not rather select Chandos Street, Covent Garden?

For WILLIAM CARR—a brother Boniface, landlord of the Bunch of Grapes, Newcastle Street—having, in vinous weakness or strength, beaten an oil-and-colourman and a policeman of the F Division, was fined by Mr. HALL, at Bow Street, "five pounds for each assault." Thus the Justice of one court is not the Justice of another. Beat a policeman in Covent Garden, and it is a purchaseable luxury, an enjoyment to be had for five pounds; assault him in Kingsland Road, and there is limbo, inevitable limbo. A small difference this, between a five-pound note and the treadmill.

Kitchen Melodies.—Curry.



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

What's next my dexterous little girl will do?
She pops the meat into the savoury stew,
With curry-powder table-spoonfuls three,
And milk a pint, (the richest that may be)
And, when the dish has stewed for half-an-hour,
A lemon's ready juice she'll o'er it pour:
Then, bless her! then she gives the luscious pot
A very gentle boil—and serves quite hot.

P.S.—Beef, mutton, rabbit, if you wish;
Lobsters, or prawns, or any kind of fish
Are fit to make A CURRY. 'Tis, when done,
A dish for Emperors to feed upon.

PITY THE POOR STATUE.

A BLIND man's dog has been considerably engaged by SIR FREDERICK TRENCH to lead the Wellington Statue about town the moment it loses its site.

TRICKS ON TRAVELLERS.

SEVERAL omnibuses have started, at the fare of twopence, to Charing Cross. Any one passing that spot will have to pay more, or, in other words, he will "go further and fare worse."

PUNCH'S VISIT TO A VERY REMARKABLE PLACE.



Our attention was attracted the other day by a rugged veteran attired in a sort of Cockney gamekeeper's garb, whom we saw lounging against one of the pillars of the Regent Street colonnade.

He carried a brisk little terrier under his arm. A litter of bull puppies peered from the pockets of his shooting-jacket, and their mother, a singularly ill-favoured and bandy-legged female, cowered sullenly at his feet.

Being curious to ascertain what manner of man this was, we entered into conversation with him, and, to our surprise, found him very civil and communicative.

He disclosed himself to be the famous BEN THOMAS, better known in the columns of *Bell's Life* as "the Father of the London Fancy." He told us that he possessed a bulldog that could lick any other bulldog in existence; a terrier that could kill vermin with greater celerity than any other terrier in Christendom; that he had two badgers always ready to be drawn; and that he was never out of rats.

Finally, he tendered us his card, and invited us to call and inspect his menagerie, any day we pleased, adding that we should "be safe to find him or some of his kids at home."

We accordingly proceeded, on Saturday last, to his villa near Paddington, accompanied by the faithful TOBY. MR. THOMAS received us in his picture gallery, which contains a unique collection of likenesses of the most distinguished canine gladiators of the Past and the Present, on whose exploits and lineage he expatiated with an interest which we confess was altogether incomprehensible to us, inasmuch as such a strong family likeness pervades all the portraits that none but a most experienced fancier could possibly discriminate between "the silbrated Ecclesfield Nudger, wot licked the Tooting Trump in ninety-sivin minutes," and "the silbrated Whitechapel Nonpariel, wot killed SAMBO SURTON'S original fighting Monkey, last Good Friday was a twelvemonth."

They were all white, with one black eye a piece, preternaturally underjawed, had heads like coalcuttles, powerful shoulders and loins, parenthetical legs, slender sterns, and corkscrew tails.

On our expressing a wish to view his establishment, he courteously ushered us into his pit, where MR. THOMAS, JUN., and his two grandsons, assisted by a desperate little villain of a terrier, well known in "the drawing circles" as the Borough Dentist, were "a having a bit of diversion with a badger."

The moment our faithful Toby saw the badger, he set up a dismal howl, and fled wildly, with a speed we had not previously attributed to him. He was not discovered till the next day, when he was found, in a state of extreme mental and bodily prostration, concealed in our coal-hole, from which he was with great difficulty persuaded to emerge.

We in vain interceded for the animals, and endeavoured to stop the

sport. The MESSRS. THOMAS assured us that "the Dentist" liked it, (as indeed he most undoubtedly and unaccountably did) and maintained that "badgers wos so tough, that nuffin couldn't hurt them;" so we left the family party to their singular pastime, and proceeded with the Father of the Fancy to the Bull-dog department, which he considers as his especial province, looking down upon "drawing" and "ratting" as mere child's play.

In an area of about sixty yards square, as many bulldogs of all sizes and ages were tethered to posts by short, and fortunately strong, chains; for when we entered the yard they unanimously sprang at us, with an appalling yell. MR. THOMAS raised his hand and spoke to them reprovingly, and they all slunk back abashed. He then introduced us to them, assuring us fondly that they were the gentlest creatures in existence, "if so be as they warn't haggwated;" and in less than two minutes we found ourselves on the most confidential terms with a set of as truculent-looking ruffians as ever ran under a go-cart, and they seemed much gratified by our notice and caresses.

MR. THOMAS'S spirits rose as he surveyed his darling tykes, and he confessed to us, that although the truly British sports of bull-baiting and dog-fighting have been crushed by the pertinacious interference of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he still contrived to earn a genteel livelihood by breeding these brave monsters for the colonial and foreign markets. He said that he didn't want to fight any more public matches, but he couldn't bear to see "the best blood in England a heating the hosflesh of idleness," and thought it hard he might not amuse himself like a gentleman, in private, with a few friends.

He asked us why, when HER MAJESTY'S Buck Hounds chase an un happy deer along the flinty roads till his feet drop off, and then tear him down with their fangs, the humane British public rejoice in the feat, and denominate it approvingly, "a clipping thing with the Queen's;" and why, when PRINCE ALBERT'S beagles more deliberately towler a wretched hare to death at the rate of six miles an hour, ultimately eating her alive, they congratulate his Royal Highness on having had "capital sport?"

"The Society's officers," said he, "don't never meddle with steeple-chasing; I never heard tell of their troubling the nobby young dove butchers at the Red House; they darn't say a word to swells as bags their two thousand head of game in three days on the Moors; but they makes a dead set at such as me for indulgin' in a little *Ka-nine* on the sly. They tells me, *Mr. Punch*, that you knows everything. I wish as how you'd explain this here curious condick of the Society to me."

We should have been considerably puzzled to do so. We therefore simulated great anxiety for the fate of the truant Toby, and tendering a gratuity of half-a-crown to the helper of the "Father of the Fancy," we took our departure.



LOUIS-PHILIPPE MACAIRE INSTRUCTING COUNSEL FOR HIS DEFENCE IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—SNOBBIUM GATHERUM.



WHEN I see the great effect which these papers are producing in an intelligent public, I have a strong hope, that before long we shall have a regular Snob-department in the newspapers, just as we have the Police Courts and the Court News at present. When a flagrant case of bone-crushing or poor-law abuse occurs in the world, who so eloquent as the *Times* to point it out? When a gross instance of Snobbishness happens, why should not the indignant journalist call the public attention to that delinquency too?

How, for instance, could that wonderful case of the EARL OF MANGELWURZEL and his brother be examined in the snobbish point of view? Let alone the hectoring, the bullying, the vapouring, the bad grammar, the mutual recriminations, the lie-givings, challenges, retractions, which abound in the fraternal dispute—put out of the question these points as concerning the individual nobleman and his relative, with whose personal affairs we have nothing to do—and consider

how intimately corrupt, how habitually grovelling and mean, how entirely snobbish in a word, a whole county must be which can find no better chiefs or leaders than these two gentlemen. "We don't want," the great county of Mangelwurzelshire seems to say, "that a man should be able to write good grammar; or that he should keep a christian tongue in his head; or that he should have the commonest decency of temper, or even a fair share of good sense, in order to represent us in Parliament. All we require is, that a man should be recommended to us by the EARL OF MANGELWURZELSHIRE. And all that we require of the EARL OF MANGELWURZELSHIRE is that he should have fifty thousand a year and hunt the country." O you pride of all Snobland! O you crawling, truckling, self-confessed lackeys and parasites!

But this is growing too savage; don't let us forget our usual amenity and that tone of playfulness and sentiment with which the beloved reader and writer have pursued their mutual reflections hitherto. Well, Snobbishness pervades the little Social Farce as well as the great State Comedy; and the self-same moral is tacked to either.

There was, for instance, an account in the papers of a young lady who, misled by a fortune-teller, actually went part of the way to India (as far as Bagnigge Wells, I think) in search of a husband who was promised her there. Do you suppose this poor deluded little soul would have left her shop for a man below her in rank, or for anything but a darling of a Captain in epaulets and a red coat? It was her snobbish sentiment that misled her, and made her vanities a prey to the swindling fortune-teller.

Case 2 was that of MADEMOISELLE DE SAUGRENEU "the interesting young Frenchwoman with a profusion of jetty ringlets," who lived for nothing at a boarding-house at Gosport, was then conveyed to Fareham gratis, and being there, and lying on the bed of the good old lady her entertainer, the dear girl took occasion to rip open the mattress, and steal a cash-box, with which she fled to London. How would you account for the prodigious benevolence exercised towards the interesting young French lady? Was it her jetty ringlets or her charming face—Bah! Do ladies love others for having pretty faces and black hair?—She said she was a relation of LORD DE SAUGRENEU: talked of her ladyship, her aunt, and of herself as a DE SAUGRENEU. The honest boarding-house people were at her feet at once. Good honest simple lord-loving children of Snobland.

Finally, there was the case of "the RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. VERNON," at York. The Right Honourable was the son of a nobleman, and practised on an old lady. He procured from her dinners, money, wearing apparel, spoons, implicit credence, and an entire reef of linen. Then he cast his nets over a family of father, mother, and daughters, one of whom he proposed to marry. The father lent him money, the mother made jams and pickles for him, the daughters vied with each other in cooking dinners for the Right Honourable—and what was the end? One day the traitor fled, with a tea-pot and a basket-full of cold victuals. It was the "Right Honourable" which baited the hook which gorged all these greedy, simple, Snobs. Would they have been taken in by a commoner? What old lady is there, my dear sir, who would take in you and me, were we ever so ill to do, and comfort us, and clothe us, and give us her money and her silver forks? Alas and alas! what mortal man that speaks the truth can hope for such a landlady? And yet, all these instances of fond and credulous Snobbishness have occurred in the same week's paper, with who knows how many score more?

Just as we had concluded the above remarks comes a pretty little note sealed with a pretty little butterfly—bearing a northern post mark—and to the following effect:—

"Mr. Punch,

"19th November.

"Taking great interest in your Snob papers, we are very anxious to know under what class of that respectable fraternity you would designate us.

"We are three sisters, from seventeen to twenty-two. Our father is *honestly and truly* of a very good family (you will say it is Snobbish to mention that, but I wish to state the plain fact); our maternal grandfather was an Earl."

"We can afford to take in a stamped edition of *you*, and all DICKENS' works as fast as they come out, but we do not keep such a thing as a *Peerage* or even a *Baronetage* in the house."

"We live with every comfort, excellent cellar, &c., &c., but as we cannot well afford a butler we have a neat table-maid (though our father was a military man, has travelled much, been in the best society, &c.) We have a coachman and helper, but we don't put the latter into buttons, nor make them wait at table, like STRIPES and TUMBUS."

"We are just the same to persons with a handle to their name as to those without it. We wear a moderate modicum of crinoline,^a and are never *limp*^b in the morning. We have good and abundant dinners on *china* (though we have plate^c), and just as good when alone as with company.

"Now, my dear Mr. Punch, will you please give us a short answer in your next number, and I will be so much obliged to you. Nobody knows we are writing to you, not even our father; nor will we ever tease you again if you will only give us an answer—just for fun, now do!

"If you get as far as this, which is doubtful, you will probably fling it into the fire. If you do, I cannot help it; but I am of a sanguine disposition, and entertain a lingering hope. At all events, I shall be impatient for next Sunday, for you reach us on that day, and I am ashamed to confess, we cannot resist opening you in the carriage driving home from church."

"I remain, &c. &c., for myself and sisters.

"Excuse this scrawl, but I always write *headlong*!"

"P. S. You were rather stupid last week, don't you think?^k We keep no gamekeeper, and yet have always abundant game for friends to shoot in spite of the poachers. We never write on perfumed paper—in short, I can't help thinking that if you knew us you would not think us Snobs."

To this I reply in the following manner:—"My dear young ladies, I know your post-town: and shall be at church there the Sunday after next; when, will you please to wear a tulip or some little trifle in your bonnets, so that I may know you? You will recognise me and my dress—a quiet-looking young fellow, in a white top coat, a crimson satin neckcloth, light blue trowsers, with glossy tipped boots, and an emerald breast-pin. I shall have a black crape round my white hat; and my usual bamboo cane with the richly-gilt knob. I am sorry there will be no time to get up mustachios between now and next week.

"From seventeen to two-and-twenty! Ye gods! what ages! Dear

^a The introduction of Grandpapa is, I fear, Snobbish.

^b Bravo! *Punch's Pocket Book* is the thing, and these dear young ladies shall have a presentation copy.

^c That is, as you like. I don't object to buttons in moderation.

^d Quite right. Bless you!

^e Snobbish; and I doubt whether you ought to dine as well when alone as with company. You will be getting too good dinners.

^f We like to be teased; but tell Papa.

^g O, garters and stars! what will CAPTAIN GORDON and Exeter Hall say to this?

^h Dear little enthusiast!

^k You were never more mistaken, Miss, in your life.

young creatures, I can see you all three. Seventeen suits me, as nearest my own time of life; but mind I don't say two-and-twenty is too old. No, no. And that pretty, roguish, demure, middle one. Peace, peace, thou silly little fluttering heart!

"You Snobs, dear young ladies! I will pull any man's nose who says so. There is no harm in being of a good family. You can't help it, poor dears. What's in a name? What is in a handle to it? I confess openly that I should not object to being a Duke myself; and between ourselves, you might see a worse leg for a garter.

"You Snobs, dear little good-natured things, no!—that is, I hope not—I think not—I won't be too confident—none of us should be—that we are not Snobs. That very confidence savours of arrogance, and to be arrogant is to be a Snob. In all the social gradations from sneak to tyrant, nature has placed a most wondrous and various progeny of Snobs. But are there no kindly natures, no tender hearts, no souls humble, simple, and truth-loving? Ponder well on this question, sweet young ladies. And if you can answer it, as no doubt you can—lucky are you—and lucky the respected Herr Papa, and lucky the three handsome young gentlemen who are about to become each others' brothers-in-law."



"SPARE A COPPER FOR A POOR OLD SOLDIER, MY NOBLE CAPTAIN! SURE IT'S YER HONOUR'S FACE I RECOLLECT IN THE PENINSULAR?"

Oh Where, and Oh Where?

THIS question is being asked by everybody in reference to the intended position of the Wellington Statue. It is, we believe, in contemplation to place it on the brow—that is to say, the high-brow—of Primrose Hill, where it would be discernible from a considerable distance. Some difficulty has arisen, on account of the disturbance of vested interests which must take place by the dislodgement of the brandy-ball dealers, and other merchants of saccharine who resort on Sundays to the summit of the mount; but this may be remedied by opening the four legs of the horse as stalls for sweet-stuff. The proposition to place the Statue on the top of a hill is undoubtedly worth considering; but we see no reason for giving the preference to Primrose Hill, Holborn Hill might, with justice, put in a claim; nor is there any reason why Snow should be slighted.

THE NEW REGIME.

THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY refused LOUIS-PHILIPPE's invitation to dinner, as he had no desire to put his feet under the French king's new Spanish mahogany.

ABUNDANCE OF FOOD.—The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE wonders there is such a fuss made about the bad potatoes, when pine-apples can be bought so cheaply!

Punch to Grantley Berkeley.

WRITE no more letters, GRANTLEY, write no more,
Give up the vain endeavour;
One brother bad, and one a bore,
To Grammar constant never!
Then rave not so,
But silent go,
Cut Castle, Court, and County;
Thanking your stars no rap you owe
To a FITZHARDINGE'S bounty.

Write no more letters, GRANTLEY, write no more;
Look for a place as keeper;
The higher in your style you soar,
You plunge in nonsense deeper:
Then take a hint,
Beware of print—
What has your writing led to?
Disgrace to all who figure in't,
And this "Punch on the head" too.

A GRATEFUL COUNTRY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in his letter to Mrs. MARSH—the widow of the able chemist who discovered the subtle test for arsenic that bears his name—informing her that he has no funds at his command out of which to grant her the least pension. And we believe the noble lord. Large-hearted JOHN BULL—with a Ministry for his almoner—allows just twelve hundred a year for the reward of philosophers, poets, men of science, and such cattle, lapsed into old age and inevitable penury. Therefore, how—with the brief list full, with every farthing devoted—how could LORD JOHN recommend the case of Mrs. MARSH to the considerate benevolence of the Crown? Besides, it is said that the noble Lord's letter *might*—had he chosen to put down all—have contained the subjoined passage:—

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL has further to inform Mrs. MARSH that, although her late husband, whilst employed at the Ordnance, made a most useful discovery, for which, it is true, he never received any adequate reward—that, nevertheless, there are much more imperative claims than any she can make, upon the pockets and the gratitude of the taxpayer; namely, the claims of the DUCHESS OF INVERNESS (widow of the DUKE OF SUSEX), for whom it is absolutely necessary that a trifle of one thousand a year should be added to the Civil List."

Now this simple statement could not have failed to reconcile the widow of a man of genius to starve. Thousands for Duchesses, but not one shilling for the widow of a public benefactor. So run rewards in Merry England!

A COMFORTABLE BERTH.

WE see, among the musical chit-chat of a contemporary, an announcement that HERR FISCHER, the singer, is engaged at the Royal Theatre, Wurtemberg, for life, with pensions for his wife and children in the event of his decease. We do not hear of such arrangements on the English stage, where a season is generally the extreme period for which the services of a performer are secured. We cannot fancy an announcement in an English play bill, that "in consequence of the immense success of Mr. So-and-So, he will have the honour of appearing three times a week during the remainder of his existence." We presume that HERR FISCHER is advertised to perform "every evening for life," at the Theatre Royal, Wurtemberg; and it is probable that when he turns fifty, his "positively last half century" will, make a standing line in the posters.

We approve of liberal treatment, but we think it would be a more convenient arrangement to pay the performers in such a manner that they could save a provision for their wives and families, instead of leaving them to be perpetual claimants on the theatre after his death.

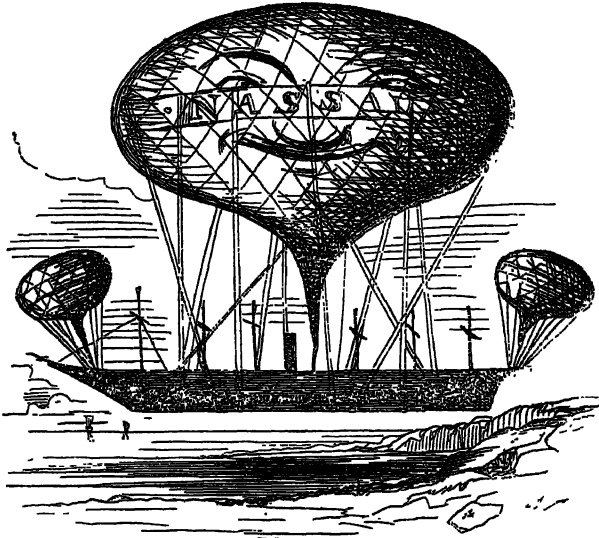
A Good Spec.

WE perceive that an autograph letter from the DUKE OF WELLINGTON has just realised the sum of 10s. 6d. by public auction. As F. M. answers with his own hand every letter he receives, it would be a capital speculation to address him on any common-place subject and transmit the answer, which he is certain to write, to the nearest auction-room. Any one who has the effrontery to write to the Duke twice a week would make sure of an income of fifty guineas *per annum*, supposing at least that the glut of autograph letters from F. M. does not diminish their value.

APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

Fears are entertained at Bristol that the *Great Britain* will be breaking up shortly for the Christmas holidays.

HOW TO RAISE THE GREAT BRITAIN.



EVERY sort of expedient has been suggested for raising the *Great Britain*, but nothing tangible appears to have been yet hit upon. The only feasible proposition yet made is one of our own, for getting the vessel off the shore by the agency of the Nassau balloon, which is we believe lying idle, and will not be required till the opening next year of some of the suburban gardens. Two minor balloons might be used as supplementary elevators of the enormous mass of naval architecture, and the steamer might be carried right off to the dock where it may be intended that the necessary repairs should be completed.

By the way, the same principle might be applied to the Wellington Statue, which might be kept floating about over London while public opinion is suspended as to the best site to assign to it.

CAUTION TO CUSTOMERS.

It is not perhaps generally known that there is considerable danger in dealing with tradesmen of doubtful circumstances. A most lamentable instance of annoyance has just come to our ears, and we publish it as a warning to others who may be accidentally placed in the same disagreeable position.

A gentleman had for some years employed the same person to make his clothes, and had no reason to make any complaint whatever. Unfortunately the tradesman fell into difficulties and became bankrupt. The result was that the customer was applied to for the debt, and was actually compelled to pay his tailor. Such an unusual result had not been anticipated by the gentleman, who complained loudly of being obliged to pay for the imprudence or mismanagement of others.

We advise all persons to be very particular in having references as to the stability and credit of the tailor they employ before committing themselves to the chances of being inconvenienced by another individual's bankruptcy.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE AND THE POLES.

THAT noble-minded, most ingenuous monarch, LOUIS-PHILIPPE—that NAPOLEON of Pence—has attacked the Polish cause in Paris through its pocket:—

“The editors of three papers, entitled *The Third of May*, *the Polish Nation*, and *the Polish Democracy*, had been cited before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, for the non-fulfilment of certain formalities, and for omitting to deposit in the Treasury a security of 50,000*fr.* each. The object of that measure was evidently to obtain the suppression of those journals.”

“Gold is the old man’s sword,” says the poet; and—the NAPOLEON of Pence, sheathing the homicidal steel—stabs and cuts the throat of freedom with a weapon of more precious metal. He says he abominates bloodshed; but does not scruple to knock down Liberty wherever he meets her, with a money-bag.

Royal Vengeance.

GEORGE THE FOURTH, for breaking faith at Elba, sent NAPOLEON BONAPARTE to St. Helena. For doing the same thing in the MONT-PENSIER marriage business, perhaps QUEEN VICTORIA will send the NAPOLEON of Pence, to—Coventry.

NEW “CAUSES CÉLÈBRES.”

LORD BROUGHAM has had several little commissions intrusted to him since it was known that he executed French orders. Deputations wait upon him every day, begging of him to undertake their “little matter.” His trunks are bursting with papers—his pocket-book is groaning under the weight of memoranda. The following will give some faint idea of what the labours of LORD BROUGHAM will be next Session:—

There is the cause of LOUIS-PHILIPPE *versus* VICTORIA, in which LORD BROUGHAM has promised not only to prove that his client has been shamefully libelled, but also to obtain heavy damages for defamation of character.

There is the complaint of the Gallic Cock, that 23,000,000 French eggs are imported into England every year, to be brought up as English chickens.

There is the case of the French *feuilletonistes*, who cry out for vengeance, because *God save the Queen* was sung in English on the opening night of the French plays.

There are likewise the interests of the *propriétaires* of coco, and the *galette* and *brioche* commerce, which LORD BROUGHAM has promised to espouse with a view to their universal introduction into this country.

His word has also been pledged not to rest till the duty has been taken off French beans.

He has likewise been retained by the *Société des Arts et Sciences* to ascend in a balloon from Cremorne House, when the annular eclipse of the sun takes place next twelvemonth, for the purpose of taking observations as near to the spot as possible.

It has been amicably arranged at last, that his Lordship is to be the London correspondent for the future of the *Entr’ Acte*, but this is not to affect his engagement in the least, of contributing a sheet a month to the *Petites Affiches*.

WHAT’S THE MATTER WITH THE SPECTATOR?

We do not know what has come over the *Spectator* lately. It has been attempting to be funny. The first symptom was exhibited a month ago, and displayed itself in a violent effort to get a joke out of the word “Hyderabad,” by making poor SIR CHARLES NAPIER do duty on that occasion as a *hyder-o’-bad* statues. Since this outbreak the symptoms of punning have become aggravated, and on November 15th they settled into the following confirmed case of *Morning Heraldism*,—“GODING and Co.’s horses dragged the effigy to the arch—MURX and Co.’s ought to drag it away; for if it took more *goad*ing to bring it there, it will be far *mieux* to carry it off.” The italics are not curs, but the *Spectator’s* own branding. Now we admire our clever contemporary as much as anybody, but then it is in its own peculiar line, and we hope it will stick to it. Its real element is cold water. It should retire again as quickly as possible into its favourite “but.” We will overlook its jokes this once, on its promising never to do so any more.

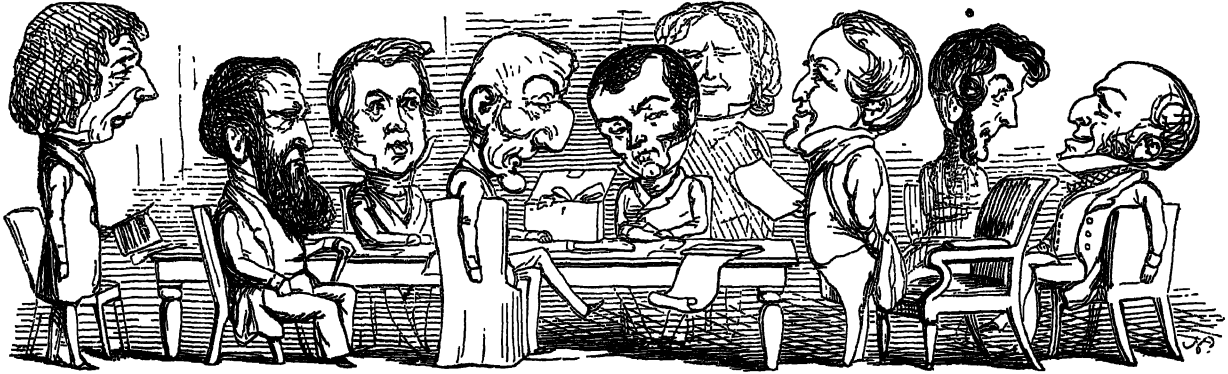
Holyrood Palace.

Why will not Dukes march a little with the times? Why will men with coronets lag so lamentably behind steam-boat stokers and omnibus drivers? We have penny and twopenny rides by land and water, for which heretofore we paid sixpence. Why, then, if palaces are made show-places of—why should we not have palaces like pine-apples, for the million? Holyrood Palace is the property of the DUKE of HAMILTON, and, though all Edinburgh is almost at a boiling heat—whobbling to a civic riot—at his shamefully high charges, he will not exhibit his royal cobwebs and spiders at a reduced price. Neither will he separate the exhibition: showing—for a proportionate sum—the spider without the cobweb, or the cobweb without the spider. This is too bad. Nay, were we not speaking of a Duke, we should say it was shabby.

AN ENRAPTURED CRITIC.

ONE of our daily contemporaries in criticising the successful *début* of MADLLE. FROCCO, at Drury Lane, flies into raptures on the subject of her appearance, and after declaring “her arms and legs are unexceptionable,” bursts out into the ecstatic exclamation, “What a future she has before her!” We have heard of people having fortune in their own hands, but here is a lady who has it in her legs also. Her features are said to be “finely chiselled,” though she is perhaps, after all, only the chip of some old block of a father to whom she bears resemblance. It is suggested that she may amass wealth at pleasure, for a lady who can do so much with her toes may calculate on having as much money “down upon the nail” as she may desire.

THE NEXT NEW MINISTRY.



It is quite impossible to say what may be the ingredients that will compose the next new Ministry. There is such a tendency to the meeting of extremes in all the new arrangements, that there is no knowing what a mixture we may get in the shape of the next new Cabinet. We have seen inscribed over the doors of gin palaces—"Strong Cordials, and other compounds;" and there may therefore be

strong cordiality in the very surprising compounds that are likely to be found in any Government that may succeed the present. It requires a considerable amount of skill in political chemistry, to analyze such a strange mixture. Indeed, we know of nothing in nature—except that startling phenomenon, a ha'porth of all-sorts—which can be at all compared to it.

CASE FOR COUNSEL.



ow the secret popped out, we know not, but it has lately been ascertained that the celebrated BROUGHAM has consented to resume his position of advocate, "for this occasion only," in order to hold a brief in the great cause of LOUIS-PHILIPPE against BRITANNIA. The distinguished man who has undertaken to act as counsel, has of course received a special retainer. We have been fortunate enough to see a copy of the brief, which is endorsed in the usual manner, though we saw no fee marked, but there was the customary notice of "Consultation at six, at the Tuilleries," and the ordinary words, "with you," were followed by the name of M. GUIZOT. The brief is, on the whole, a very curious document, and we are glad of an opportunity of being able to furnish a few extracts. It

is endorsed—"For the Defendant," and is appointed for the sittings in the House of Lords, which will come on about the beginning of February. There are a few notices to produce, tacked on to the corner of the first sheet, after the approved attorney's fashion. The documents required to be produced, are certain letters alleged to have passed between the defendant PHILIPPE and some other party, but it is believed that this is only a ruse to make it supposed such letters are in existence. The defendant, among various other notices to admit, has been called upon to admit the treaty of Utrecht, but he makes no admission at all, and seems disposed to fight the case as obstinately as possible.

The brief begins with the pleadings, which are set out in the usual form. The declaration states that the defendant made certain promises which he has not kept. The defendant then pleads—first, that he did not promise; secondly, that if he did promise, he has not broken his promise; thirdly, that if he has broken his promise, he had a right to do so; fourthly, that somebody else promised; fifthly, that there was no promise at all; and lastly, that he has kept his promise.

To this the plaintiff replies, whereupon PHILIPPE rejoins, and at it they both go, surrejoins, butting, rebutting, and surrebutting, until they both throw themselves together on the country, whereupon "issue is joined."

The Case for Counsel is written in a very plausible style, but it admits that there is really no defence to the action. The old piece of legal advice, "abuse the other party," is very prominently put forward. We understand that at the consultation it was a matter of some discussion whether any witnesses should be called, but it was at length agreed that though the witnesses within reach would all swear whatever was required of them, they might all be shaken to pieces in cross-examination. Something was said about calling witnesses to character, but as it was understood that not one of them would be believed, this point was abandoned. It was also thought very desirable to prevent a reply, which it was felt would be fatal. BROUGHAM has been very busy in looking up cases as precedents, but unfortunately not one that he

has been able to meet with is considered an authority. Something has been said about getting the matter referred to arbitration; but this would only be an expedient on the part of PHILIPPE to gain time, and the proposition would therefore most likely be rejected by the plaintiff.

MURDER BY WHISKY.

It would seem that murder was allowed in England, if the deed be done by means of alcohol. The *Daily News* narrates a recent case. An idiot mendicant, named ALLAN, or Willie the Runner, of Laytown, Cumberland, a few days since—as was his wont—solicited drink or money of a bridal party. Whereupon, a man named T. GIBSON called for six half-pints of raw whisky for the doomed simpleton:—

"Deceased swallowed several of the draughts with all the avidity and haste his brutal entertainer could desire, but during the latter part of the disgusting performance the poor idiot appeared to feel satiated, and the beverage to become unpalatable to him. GIBSON previously encouraged deceased by saying, 'he would make a gentleman of him.' He now urged on the old man by threatening 'to knock his head through the bar if he did not drink up the contents of the glass.' There were several other persons in the same room, who from time to time remonstrated with GIBSON. They told him 'he would most assuredly kill the man, and that he ought to recollect that the man had a soul to be saved like the rest of them.'"

And the end of this? Why, the idiot fell down senseless, and died the same night. An inquest was held upon the body, and the verdict returned was, "that deceased died from excessive drinking," but without implicating any one. Should MADAME TUSSAUD need a supply of human curiosities, we would recommend to her notice a Cumberland jury—whose verdict supplies this new and startling truth, that an idiot may be murdered with impunity, if murdered with whisky!

Berkeley's Entire.

MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, in his evidence before the Game Committee, says, "If the prosperity and happiness of the farmer is to be considered, and he is to be a farmer, and not half farmer, half sportsman, half poacher, and half game dealer, the less he meddles with sporting rights the better." Would the honourable member tell us how to combine such a quantity of half-and-half into one body? or would his celebrated "punch on the head" reduce a man to the vulgar fraction of four halves?

THE TEARS OF AVARICE.

ALEXANDER wept—poor, tender-hearted fellow—when there were no more worlds to conquer. LOUIS-PHILIPPE, it is said, hearing of the wealth of Miss BURDETT COURTTS, burst into tears, not having another son to marry!

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THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XL.—SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.



EVERYBODY of the middle rank who walks through this life with a sympathy for his companions on the same journey—at any rate, every man who has been jostling in the world for some three or four lustres—must make no end of melancholy reflections upon the fate of those victims whom Society, that is, Snobbishness, is immolating every day. With love and simplicity and natural

kindness Snobbishness is perpetually at war. People dare not be happy for fear of Snobs. People dare not love for fear of Snobs. People pine away lonely under the tyranny of Snobs. Honest kindly hearts dry up and die. Gallant generous lads, blooming with hearty youth, swell into bloated old-bachelorhood, and burst and tumble over. Tender girls wither into shrunken decay, and perish solitary, from whom Snobbishness has cut off the common claim to happiness and affection with which Nature endowed us all. My heart grows sad as I see the blundering tyrant's handywork. As I behold it I swell with cheap rage, and glow with fury against the Snob. Come down, I say, thou skulking dullness. Come down, thou stupid bully, and give up thy brutal ghost! And I arm myself with the sword and spear, and taking leave of my family, go forth to do battle with that hideous ogre and giant, that brutal despot in Snob Castle, who holds so many gentle hearts in torture and thrall.

When *Punch* is king, I declare there shall be no such thing as old maids and old bachelors. The REVEREND MR. MALTHEUS shall be burned annually, instead of GUY FAWKES. Those who don't marry shall go into the workhouse. It shall be a sin for the poorest not to have a pretty girl to love him.



The above reflections came to mind after taking a walk with an old comrade, JACK SPIGGOT by name, who is just passing into the state of old bachelorhood, after the manly and blooming youth in which I remember him. Jack was one of the handsomest fellows in England

when we entered together in the Highland Buffs; but I quitted the Cuttykilts early, and lost sight of him for many years.

Ah! how changed he is from those days! He wears a waistband now, and has begun to dye his whiskers. His cheeks, which were red, are now mottled; his eyes, once so bright and steadfast, are the colour of peeled plovers' eggs.

"Are you married, JACK?" says I, remembering how consumedly in love he was with his cousin LETTY LOVELACE, when the Cuttykilts were quartered at Strathbungo some twenty years ago.

"Married? no," says he. "Not money enough. Hard enough to keep myself, much more a family, on five hundred-a-year. Come to DICKINSON'S; there's some of the best Madeira in London there, my boy." So we went and talked over old times. The bill for dinner and wine consumed was prodigious, and the quantity of brandy-and-water that JACK took showed what a regular boozier he was. "A guinea or two guineas. What the devil do I care what I spend for my dinner?" says he.

"And LETTY LOVELACE," says I.

JACK'S countenance fell. However, he burst into a loud laugh presently. "LETTY LOVELACE!" says he. "She's LETTY LOVELACE still; but Gad, such a wizened old woman! She's as thin as a thread-paper; (you remember what a figure she had); her nose has got red, and her teeth blue. She's always ill; always quarrelling with the rest of the family; always psalm-singing, and always taking pills. Gad, I had a rare escape *there*. Push round the grog, old boy."

Straightway memory went back to the days when LETTY was the loveliest of blooming young creatures: when to hear her sing was to make the heart jump into your throat; when to see her dance, was better than MONTESSU or NOBLET (they were the Ballet Queens of those days); when JACK used to wear a locket of her hair, with a little gold chain round his neck, and, exhilarated with toddy, after a sederunt of the Cuttykilt mess, used to pull out this token, and kiss it, and howl about it, to the great amusement of the bottle-nosed old Major and the rest of the table.

"My father and her's couldn't put their horses together," JACK said. "The General wouldn't come down with more than six thousand. My Governor said it shouldn't be done under eight. LOVELACE told him to go and be hanged, and so we parted company. They said she was in a decline. Gammon! She's forty, and as tough and as sour as this bit of lemon peel. Don't put much into your punch, SNOB, my boy. No man *can* stand punch after wine."

"And what are your pursuits, JACK?" says I.

"Sold out when the Governor died. Mother lives at Bath. Go down there once a year for a week. Dreadful slow. Shilling whist. Four sisters—all unmarried except the youngest—awful work. Scotland in August. Italy in the winter: cured rheumatism. Come to London in March, and toddle about at the Club, old boy; and we won't go home till maw-aw-rning till daylight does appear."

"And here's the wreck of two lives!" mused the present Snobographer, after taking leave of JACK SPIGGOT. "Pretty merry LETTY LOVELACE'S rudder lost and she cast away, and handsome JACK SPIGGOT stranded on the shore like a drunken Trinculo."

What was it that insulted Nature (to use no higher name), and perverted her kindly intentions towards them? What cursed frost was it that nipped the love that both were bearing, and condemned the girl to sour sterility, and the lad to selfish old-bachelorhood? It was the infernal Snob tyrant who governs us all, who says, "Thou shalt not love without a lady's-maid; thou shalt not marry without a carriage and horses; thou shalt have no wife in thy heart, and no children on thy knee, without a page in buttons and a French *bonne*; thou shalt go to the devil unless thou hast a Brougham; marry poor, and society shall forsake thee; thy kinsmen shall avoid thee as a criminal; thy aunts and uncles shall turn up their eyes and bemoan the sad sad manner in which TOM or HARRY has thrown himself away." You, young woman, may sell yourself without shame, and marry old CÆSUS; you, young man, may lie away your heart and your life for a jointure. But if you are poor, wo be to you! Society, the brutal Snob autocrat, consigns you to solitary perdition. Wither, poor girl, in your garret; rot, poor bachelor, in your Club.

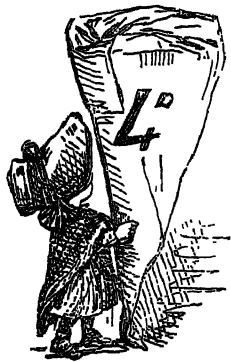
When I see those graceless recluses—those unnatural monks and nuns of the order of St. BEELZEBUB,* my hatred for Snobs and their worship, and their idols, passes all continence. Let us hew down that man-eating JUGGERNAUT, I say, that hideous Dagon; and I glow with the heroic courage of TOM TRUMB, and join battle with the giant Snob.

* This of course is understood to apply only to those unmarried persons whom a mean and Snobbish fear about money has kept from fulfilling their natural destiny. Many persons there are devoted to celibacy because they cannot help it. Of these a man would be a brute who spoke roughly. Indeed, after Mrs O'TOOLE'S conduct to the writer, he would be the last to condemn. But never mind, these are personal matters.

T. KETTLE'S PETITION TO PARLIAMENT.

NOW LYING FOR SIGNATURE AT PUNCH'S OFFICE.

MAY it please your Honourable House. The Petition of T. KETTLE
Humbly Sheweth—



THAT your Petitioner is happily endowed with vocal talents, having earned an extensive reputation for singing, in which art he is esteemed a greater proficient than the famous Mouse which your Honourable House may have heard of: That the services of your Petitioner as a vocalist are in much request in families; wherein he is universally admitted to be a great promoter of domestic harmony: That your Petitioner is anxious that his sphere of usefulness should be extended as widely as possible; whereas, owing to a certain fiscal regulation, its limits are unhappily circumscribed: Your Petitioner alludes to the duty on Tea, which has the effect of banishing him from many firesides of which his melody is the only solace.

That the singing of your Petitioner is a necessary accompaniment to the cup that "cheers but not inebriates:" That sugar, being an element in the said cup, its consumption would, by the more extensive engagements of your Petitioner, be vastly augmented, to the immense increase of the revenue: That bread and butter having also, with the cup aforesaid, a close connexion, would likewise be eaten in larger quantities, to the no small advantage of agriculture: That the voice of your Petitioner, in proportion to its exertions, will promote our commercial relations with China: Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly begs that, by taking off the above-mentioned duty on Tea, you will allow him the free exercise of his musical talents.

And your Petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever sing.

REASONS FOR GIVING PENSIONS.

We understand that a petition is lying for signature at Glasgow, calling on the Government to give a pension to SHERIDAN KNOWLES, on account of the great accessions he has made to the dramatic literature of his country. Though we approve of the object of the people of Glasgow, we do not agree with them at all in setting up a claim for KNOWLES on the ground of his being our greatest living dramatist. Judging from the reason that caused the bestowal of a pension not long ago, on some person whose great maternal baby's great grandfather had been of some assistance in saving CHARLES in some dilemma—judging, we say, from this, we are surprised that the men of Glasgow have not been sharp enough to prepare a host of hereditary claims on the part of KNOWLES, which would weigh more heavily in his favour than all the *Hunchbacks*, *Wives*, *Virginuses*, and *William Tells*, in Christendom. We have made some inquiries, and are happy to be able to give a few wholesome hints, of which the men of Glasgow may at once avail themselves in order to make out a strong case for KNOWLES to have a pension.

KNOWLES's great ancestor was one of the wood-cutters engaged in the forest when CHARLES hid in the tree, and is reputed to have caught a glimpse of the king among its branches. KNOWLES—then called old KNOW-ELSE, from his knowing nothing else—was about to betray his master, when a wink from the latter silenced the honest fellow, who, it seemed, had been a beef-eater in the late king's service. Surely, by virtue of this brilliant achievement and loyal act of his ancestor, KNOWLES must be entitled to a pension.

But if this case is not strong enough, what shall be said of his having had another ancestor, who rubbed down the horse of Horsa, several centuries ago, and was as faithful to one set of reigning authorities as he would have been to any other set he might happen to have lived under? Undoubtedly, though SHERIDAN KNOWLES may not deserve a pension for his own dramatic works, he must have one by virtue of some of his progenitors.

Violation of Cracow.

THE *Acts General* of the Congress of Vienna, that guaranteed for ever the liberty and neutrality of Cracow, begins with these solemn words—"In the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity." And the liberty, the neutrality of Cracow is set at nought—violated! The religious impressions of some Emperors and Kings, like the professional impressions of burglars, seem taken in nothing harder than wax, that they may, at fitting opportunity, plunder accordingly.

NOTHING LIKE COMFORTABLE WRITING MATERIALS.



Mary. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IF YOU'RE DONE WITH THE INK, WILL YOU LET WILLIAM HAVE IT TO CLEAN YOUR BOOTS? BECAUSE IT'S ALL THE BLACKING WE'VE GOT IN THE HOUSE."

EDUCATION AT THE WOOLWICH ACADEMY.



By the newspapers it appears that intoxication, lying, swearing, bullying, and other elegant accomplishments are all that can be learnt at the Royal Academy at Woolwich. It is desirable, therefore, that these matters should be placed under the superintendence of the regular authorities. We should propose, therefore, that courses of instruction should be organised, and prizes given to the greatest liar and the greatest blackguard in the Academy at the annual period.

It might be as well to give lectures on some of the principal matters which seem to form the subject of education at the Royal Military Academy. The following would perhaps form a desirable division of the studies of the cadets at that establishment.

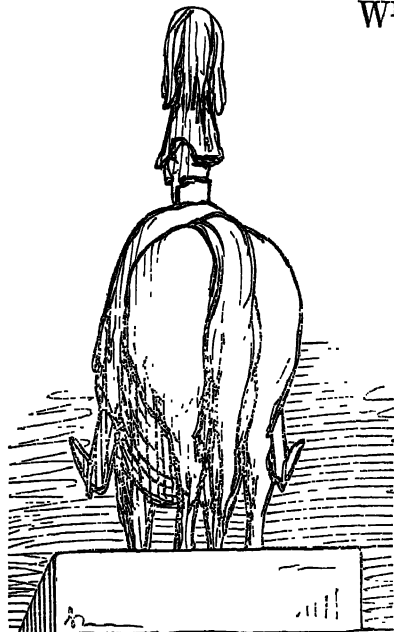
Monday. Mathematics—The use of the Boxing Gloves—Military Tactics—and Dram Drinking.
Tuesday. Swearing—Euclid—and the use of the Tobacco Pipe.
Wednesday. Bullying—Science of Gunnery—Intoxication—Fencing—and the Art of Lying.
Thursday. Mathematics—The Use of the Oath—and Single-Stick.
Friday. Euclid—Drunkenness—Sword Exercise—and Elements of Blasphemy.
Saturday. General weekly exercise in all the above matters.
Sunday. Swearing—Divine Service—Bullying; and for the senior Cadets, Drunkenness.

FAMILY PHILOSOPHY.

A BOOK called *The Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life familiarly explained* has just been published. We suggest to the author of this volume the following subjects for elucidation:—

1. The Cause of High Winds in the Kitchen.
2. The Irritability of the Nervous System characteristic of the Housewife on Washing Days.
3. The Evaporation of Tea and Sugar in Open Cupboards.
4. The Laws which regulate the Breakage of China.
5. The Extraordinary Appetite of the Cat in connection with Mysterious Disappearances in the Larder.

AN ASYLUM FOR DESTITUTE STATUES.



THE STATUE AS VIEWED FROM THE CORNER OF GROSVENOR PLACE.

WE think an Asylum for vagrant statues ought really to be established in the metropolis. There was the melancholy case of the statue of LOHN BRON, who did not know where to rest his head for years; there was the unfortunate GEORGE THE FOURTH, of King's Cross celebrity, whose frame was completely shattered, and ultimately broken up from there being no retreat where he could retire to in his premature old age; and there is now the Mammoth Horse, at present standing at livery at Hyde Park Corner, who has not a home which he can call his own. We have heard, also, of another statue, who is wandering about the face of the earth in search of a comfortable asylum where he can rest his wearied legs. This melancholy wanderer is the statue of LORD LONSDALE, who has been turned out of his situation at Carlisle, which it seems he filled very badly, and is now running about in search of a new place; but till he is fitted, he will be as badly off

as the unsightly monster "left until called for" in Piccadilly.

Under these circumstances, an asylum, we think, ought to be built for these poor outcasts, and a temporary shed ought immediately to be run up to guard them against the severity of the approaching winter. It is terrible to think that the Duke's Statue should be left out in the cold, exposed to all weathers, and not a person to raise his voice to ask him to walk in!

Great Legal Hunt.

THE great legal hunting season having recently commenced, we have enjoyed one or two runs with the hounds, of which we have some very pleasant reminiscences. The meet took place at the beginning of the usual term, and the great pack of forensic fox-hounds, evinced considerable eagerness to escape from the inactivity of the long vacation.

The object of the meet was to give the dogs a few trials. Several knowing old gentlemen had consented to act as judges, and the dogs were set on by the attorneys, who acted as huntsmen and whippers-in with their usual energy. A few of the forensic dogs were a little feeble until they had been refreshed, when they began to give tongue very vehemently. Some of these were mere inexperienced whelps, and were restrained by the judges; but there was no restriction on the sport.

When a provisional committee stag was turned out, and the whole pack, having scented him out, threw off in full cry after him, the victim, who was as sly as any puss, dodged about very cleverly for some time, and looked imploringly up at a high bench, but it afforded no refuge. Away went the hunters at a slapping pace, and even the judges at first seemed inclined to join in the pursuit of the provisional stag; until it occurred to them that they were only there to see fair play, and not to aid in hunting down the unfortunate animal. The poor brute, as if pleading for its life, took advantage of a sort of five-barred plea—or five pleas in bar—but the hunters and hounds either demolished or leapt over the quintuple obstacle. Away they went, altogether, in beautiful style, and they were just on the point of running the provisional stag to earth, when he had recourse to water, and contriving to keep his head above it, got as far as Boulogne, where he kept his hunters at bay very beautifully.

Not satisfied with being baffled of their prey, the hunters turned out an old fox who had got on to a railway-line, and in trying to make his escape had become entangled in the intricacy of several branches. The hunters and their forensic dogs thought they had got him safe, when he took a sharp turn, and struck cleverly off into the cover of the Court of Bankruptcy. The expenses of the hunting season are defrayed by amateur sportsmen, who pay the huntsmen handsomely, and allow a good deal of money to go to the dogs—the forensic pack—at every meeting.

THE USE OF SIGNALS.

A poor stoker, who learnt his signals by being engaged in nineteen accidents on the Eastern Counties Railway, writes to us in the most pathetic manner about the coloured lights exhibited outside the surgeons' doors. He says that, from old associations, he cannot see a green light without feeling nervous, or a white one without a cold shiver; whilst a red one makes him unwell for the remainder of the day. He feels all these sensations at once, every time he passes a surgeon's illumination, and he wishes to know if there is any clause in Magna Charta to prevent surg-ons from frightening people to death by affixing such fearful signals to their shops? Is it done, he asks, for the purpose of entrapping a stray customer; or are surgeons and chemists naturally such dangerous members of society, that they are compelled, by Act of Parliament, to burn signals outside their shops to warn people of their danger? We can hardly think so; for if this were the law, every life-pill concoctor and lawyer in the kingdom would have to stick nothing but red lights over his door. However, we have submitted the question raised by "STOKER" to Mr. BRIEFLESS, for counsel's opinion. If there is no precedent, he may depend upon it Mr. BRIEFLESS will make one.

THE MAYOR'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF THE TURTLES.



SEVERAL hundred lively turtles were thrown overboard a little while ago from a ship bound for Liverpool. The Mayor of that town, who is remarkable for hospitality, has been, ever since the sad event, in a state of fearful despondency. The following touching lament has been heard to issue from his windows at fitful and feverish intervals—

Know ye the loss of the beautiful turtles,
The emblems of soup, had they lived to this time?
Oh bind up my brows with the leaves of some myrtles,
Let me mourn for the loss of a feast so sublime.
Did they do it from fear?—did they do it in fun?
Sure no one could smile at the mischief they've done.
Had shipwreck been threaten'd, and had it been known,
That everything must have been overboard thrown,
Though the whole of the freight in the ocean were cast,
The turtles should always be kept till the last.
Oh, had I been there in that terrible hour,
As Mayor I'd at once have exerted my power,
And made the most active endeavours to save
The turtle alive, from a watery grave.
I envy thee, NEPTUNE—for thou art possess'd
Of a treasure by which I had hoped to be blessed;
I'm almost disposed to make one of thy group,
And drown myself, just to come in for the soup.

The Rector and his Stick.

THE REV. WM. ALBEMARLE CATOR, rector of Carshalton, has been fined £4 for cruelly beating a boy of fourteen, whose crime was this—he played at "hockey" before the good man's door! "The boy's clothes," say the papers, "were taken off in court, and his back exhibited several large bruises, evidently caused by violent beating." In the olden day the wand of the priest burst into sweet-smelling blossoms, but the stick of PARSON CATOR bears, as gardeners would say, a very different sort of "blow."

AN IRISH HOTEL.



Traveller. "HOLLO! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU ABOUT WITH THAT GRID-IRON?"

Chambermaid. "TO BE SURE, IT'S YER HONOUR'S BED I'M WARMING. AND AINT OUR WARMING-FAN ENGAGED FRYING SAUSAGES?"

SOMETHING LIKE A FRIEND.

THE following letter was sent to our office, and opened by mistake. It was addressed to LORD BROUGHAM:—

"My Friend,—Couldst thou oblige me, since I hear thou executest all sorts of little commissions between London and Paris, by calling at the Hotel Meurice, in the Rue Rivoli, and asking for a hat-box and a pair of shoes I left behind me. It would be an everlasting favour, also, if thou wouldst apply at the 'Poste Restante' and pay for any missives addressed to
"Thy especial grateful Friend,
"EBENEZER RINGDOVE.

"Thou wilt find a hot joint on the table of my humble abode, every day at half-past six. Come and eat thereof, and I will settle thy little bill."

The letter bore the post-mark of "Manchester."

CARROLL, MAYOR.



Guildhall, Dec. 2, 1846.

Whereas it is thought expedient, for the more commodious passing and repassing of passengers within the boundaries of the City, to institute a more rigorous watchfulness on the part of the Police; they—the Police—are directed to take up all parties who shall be found TOSSING in the public streets. But—the Police are to understand—that this Order applies only to vagrant men and boys, and not in any way to Bullocks.

(Signed)

MEREWETHER, Clerk.

THE PRIZE PIG AND THE PRIZE PEASANT.

I NEVER pass a fat pig by,
But off I take my hat,
And "I'm your servant, Sir," says I:—
What makes me act like that?
Why, because I've been taught to behave as I ought,
And know my own degree;
And I never neglect to pay proper respect,
When 'tis due from me.

For forty years, as man and boy,
I've driven my master's plough;
Was never out of his employ,
And still am in it now:
My children and wife I have kept all my life
From off the parish clear:
But merit like mine, to the worth of a swine,
People think small beer.

True I've not toil'd so long for nought;
I've met with some reward:
And so, perhaps, you'll say I ought,
Or else it would be hard.
A prize I receiv'd:—the good gentlefolks griev'd
They couldn't give more to me;
Two pounds was the touch,—and a cow got as much;
But a fat hog, three.

So to a pig I make my bow,
As manners do require,
And touch my hat to boar and sow,
With Parson and with 'Squire.
Though a Christian am I, yet a pig in a sty,
My betters is, I see;
For the pig makes fine pork, and I'm nearly past work;
And they can't eat me!

A RUNAWAY ENGINE.



RECENTLY the papers contained a curious account of an engine having run away on the South Eastern Railway. There was always considered to be one comfort in railway travelling, which might be balanced against its numerous risks, that the engines were at all events not liable, like horses, to take fright, run away, or perform any freaks of dangerous and unexpected character. If it is found that the engines are addicted to tricks of this alarming description, there will be a fresh source of anxiety to railway travellers. As far as we can learn, the engine in this case was somewhat too highly mettled

and the result was quite in analogy with what we might have anticipated from the equestrian animal. Had the incident occurred on the Eastern Counties line we should have attributed it to the natural impatience of an engine fretted and grown restive at being kept back after its proper hour for starting.

Threepenny Theatres.

WE have got twopenny and threepenny omnibuses; and, as nearly every stage tries to keep pace with an omnibus, we have got threepenny theatres. It is true that those who enter the latter find them sometimes very slow coaches, which seldom can boast of getting into a good run; but the intention shown in the reduction is laudable. We understand it is in contemplation at the Victoria to charge the night's entertainments at a penny a piece all round, taking the good with the bad, or a halfpenny an act; and for the accommodation of servants or juveniles, a single scene will be served out at a still lower figure. Those who prefer only the comic portions, may come in for the funny incidents, and the jokes may be taken separately at eight a penny, like brandy balls.

WANTS A PLACE.—The Wellington Statue. Can have a two months' character from the omnibus men and SIR FREDERICK TRENCH.



THE RIVALS.

Prize Peasant,

versus

Prize Pig.

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

TOM THUMB TAKES TEA IN THE ROYAL BACK ROOM—IS DIPLOMATIC, AND INVITES HER MAJESTY TO AMERICA.



ELL, I sot a stirrin and a stirrin my cup, and afore I'd tasted the smallest grain of tea I felt myself as snug in the Royal Back Room—and a mighty pretty location it was—as though I'd been raised there. "Gen'ral, is your tea to your likin?" says Gracious Majesty, smilin like a pictur. Now, to say the truth, the tea was first chop, but as a citizen of the freest nation on airth, it wasn't for me to say so. I should think not. Therefore, puckerin my mouth like a button-hole, and givin my head a shake as if I'd swallowed pison, I said, "Jist the smallest notion more gunpowder." Whereupon Gracious Majesty smiled agin, and spooned out the green. Then a Maid-of-honour give me another cup, and another Maid brought me the cream-jug, and another Maid the sugar-basin. And as they stood about me, they kept so lookin down upon me, and poutin their pretty lips, and sighing for all the world as if they'd straws in their

precious mouths and I was sherry-cobbler that they was drinkin up. "It's a little warm, gals," said I, by way of a small hint, for in a minute I thought I shouldn't breathe. I thought my life would be strained away through white muslin.

"Ladies," said Gracious Majesty, "I'm afeard you're troublesome to the Gen'ral."

"Not at all, Gracious Majesty," said I, for I'm naterally tender to the critters; tho', to say the special, I don't like 'em swarmin about me at all times. Everything in its place, as Uncle PHIL said when he threw aunt in the horse-pond.

Well, I got on pretty smart, and was mighty pleased to be sure; tho', for the honour of the Republic, I wouldn't diskiver it. "No," said I to myself, "I'll take the best they can give me, as if I was born to it, like an American citizen. I'm determined nothin shall surprise me. If Gracious Majesty gives me the crown of England to hold my marbles in, why, I'll keep a stiff upper lip; praps I'll say 'thankee, praps I won't.' As for Governor BARNUM, I never seed a man so starched on a sudden. He seemed froz with royalty, like a dead hog in a Nova Scotia winter. But for me,—well, I sot in my chair like any ostrich feather in the Maids' heads—as easy, and, for all the world, as handsum.

"Gen'ral, what do you think of our muffins?" said Gracious Majesty.

Afore I could answer, I could see BARNUM'S eye burnin on me like a blue-light. "Steady, Gen'ral; mind what you're about. Muffins is a leadin question. Steady; or she has you high and dry upon the Corn Laws." Though the Governor only scrooged and quivered his eye a little, I could see he meant all this. Whereupon, I jist bobbed my tongue agin my cheek, as much as to say to him, "Of all the days I was born, it wasn't yesterday."

"What do you think of our muffins?" again axed Gracious Majesty.

Whereupon, I smiled down the corners of my mouth into my waistcoat pockets, and answered by asking, "What, Gracious Majesty, do you think of our Hominy Cakes?"

"Hominy cakes, Gen'ral! I never heard of 'em," said Gracious Majesty.

I was jist going to cry out, where was you born?—when I remembered, in Kinsington Gardens. So I only said—"Never heard of Hominy Cakes! You never say so?"

"Upon my honour, Gen'ral," says Gracious Majesty, laying her white hand solemn on the tea-caddy.

Whereupon I clears my throat, as if I was goin to speak in Congress, and stretchin out my right hand—for an Honour Maid near me run for my cup and sarcer—and said—"Get a pint of small Hominy

grits: a pint of sifted Indian meal; a teaspoonful of salt; three table-spoonfuls of fresh butter; three eggs; three table-spoonfuls of strong yeast; a quart of milk; a salt-spoonful of pearl-ash or sal-aratus"—and here I stopt short.

"Well, Gen'ral," said Gracious Majesty, "and when I have got these, what then?"

"Why, then, Gracious Majesty,"—said I—"my mother will show you how to mix 'em. The dear old critter's in London, and any arternoon is at your service; providin always with the compliment of a coach-and-six to bring her, where the flag flies, at the front gate," for I was determined to have no more of the back-stairs.

Upon this Gracious Majesty larfed so hearty, and showed sich rows of pearls, they'd have shined better in her crown than the rael ones, I'm certain. "Gen'ral, you're very good, I'm much beholden to you," said Gracious Majesty, and agin she larfed; and the Honour Maids larfed too, though in course, smaller than their missus. And now, seein I was making my way like any liner, I thought I'd give the republic a turn, and do no harm neither to the British. So I said,—"Gracious Majesty, if you'd like to eat the real Hominy Cake in airnest, I allot that you had better eat it at Uncle SAM'S fireside. You've a nice little steamer, and in the summer go paddlin' about the sea, to blow away the cares of state; and take out the marks that eternally wearin that heavy crown must bring upon your tender forehead." And here, I thought to myself, crowns ought to be well lined with bank-notes to make 'em fit at all easy. "Yes, Gracious Majesty, you and your husband—and I will say this to his face, a very fine young man he is, and I doubt not, a tarnation good shot with a rifle—you go to France, and eat frog-pies with LOUIS-PHILIPPE, and it's only my hope that that cunnin critter (for he'd skin a weasel without wakin him) won't some day eat up all the molasses, and give you nothin but the basin"—(If I'd said Spanish liquorish instead of molasses, could I ha' been a grain nearer the truth?)—"You go and visit the King of the French, and the Duke of Cobourgers, and the King of the Prushys, and sich like, why not some summer get up the steam, and jist run over to take a bite of Hominy Cake with the Yankees?"

Well, Gracious Majesty looked for all the world as if I'd hit at one blow the very nail her mind had long been hammerin' on. So I follows it up.

"We've plenty of room in the States," says I, "for your husband and all the dear children at Astor House. And there, I guess, the dear critters won't be cramped up, as I larn they are here, but may grow and expand like corn cobs. Bless you," said I, for I got sudden familiar, "dear critters! There's somethin like air! Send their royal highnesses to bed at night, and they'd grow so, you'd disown 'em in the morning."

"And, Gen'ral," said Gracious Majesty, "you think they'd make me welcome in the States?"

"Welcome!" cried I, "they'd make you up a bed of Pennsylvaniaian bonds—and you know how tarnation sound the critters have slept upon them—and, for a counterpane, kiver you with the star-spangled banner."

THE SMITHFIELD ABOMINATION.

WE understand that the authorities of the City have come to the determination to abolish Smithfield as a Cattle Market, as soon as any one of the subjoined casualties shall, from the driving of oxen through the streets of London, occur—

Whenever a LORD MAYOR shall have his carriage windows broken, or even flawed—

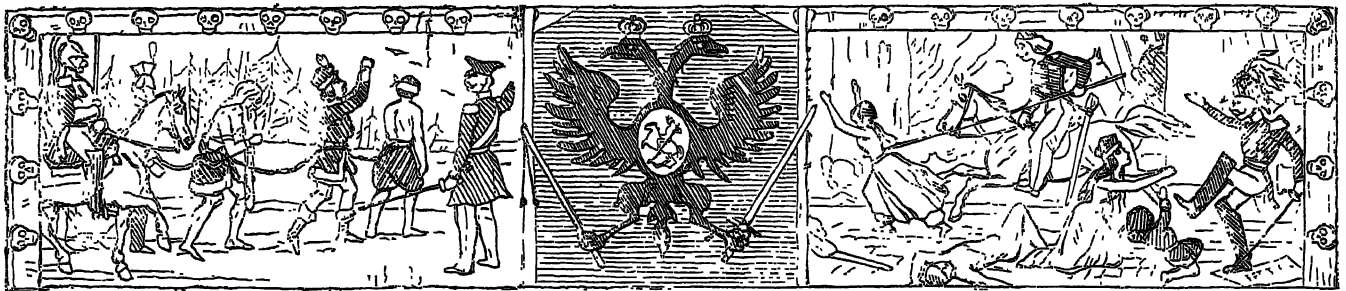
Whenever an Alderman shall be slightly tossed—

Whenever three members of the Court of Common Council shall be gored to death; leaving a widow a piece, and in all, not less than fifteen children—

And it is further decided, until any such dreadful calamity shall occur to such LORD MAYOR—such Alderman—or such Common Councilmen,—that no gorings or killings, inflicted upon any man, woman, or child, shall be considered in any other light than as an inevitable accident, to be endured with the most Christian-like and uncomplaining resignation!

A Lady of "Colours."

MRS. GOVERNOR REID, of Bombay, according to the last arrivals, presented a set of colours to "the 20th Regiment of Native Infantry." Now, what on earth has lovely woman to do with "glory?" If she must busy herself with blood and wounds, let it be to pick the lint and spread the salve. If she must cultivate something, let her shun laurels and stick to parsley.



"The Emperor and the Nun."

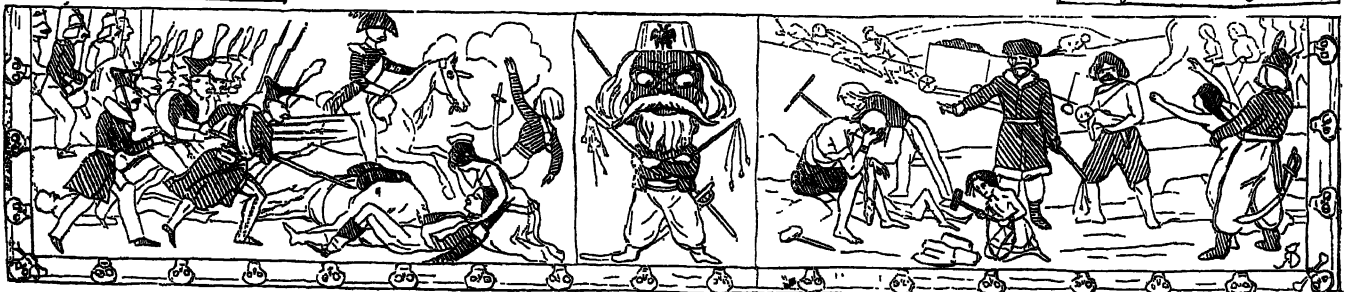
THE Pope—good fellow!—is gulled; and England especially fobbed of her sympathy and indignation under false pretence. There is no Abbess of Minsk. No aged nun tortured under the auspices of that devout Christian, the EMPEROR NICHOLAS—"one so tender of his own Church's purity, as in practice to surrender his prerogative to the Holy Synod in the nomination of the Russian Bishops."—No; the whole story is a wicked flim, invented to slander the best of emperors. This, avers "HOWELL J. PHILLIPS, M.A.," in the broad-sheet of the *Times*. And how we have been softened by the late interview between the Pope and the Abbess; of the visit made and returned! And the Abbess is, after all, *nomini umbra*; an invention of those Jesuit penny-a-liners, so tremendously exposed at the "Horns," Kennington, by the profound MACKWORTH! Oh! LADY DUFFERIN! why did you bring water to our eyes with those sweet verses, all about "The Emperor and the Nun!" Give us back our tears; for we will not be cheated of those precious commodities, as they are not to be lightly and lavishly thrown away.

There is no Abbess of Minsk, says MR. PHILLIPS: we must, however, have some better authority than his, ere we can believe in her non-entity. Should the Emperor, however, chance to want a new throne, MR. PHILLIPS is quite ready to give him a character from his last place. He is "the most accomplished Prince in Europe." By the way, every Prince is; the Prince of Darkness (if he keep a PHILLIPS,) included. He is, moreover, "the best of husbands and fathers." How does MR. HOWELL PHILLIPS know? To be sure, if we doubted the despot's veneration for the conjugal tie, we should cease to do so, recollecting that he never separated husbands and wives by thousands, to people Siberia; and that he is so excellent a father, he could not—how could he—kidnap babes from Poland.

And who is "HOWELL J. PHILLIPS, M. A.?" We know not; care not. But, doubtless, the Parcels Delivery cart will, in due season, find him out, with a fitting present from NICHOLAS—sent through his ambassador. Possibly it may be a snuff-box set with diamonds; though, for our part, considering the quantity of scented soap PHILLIPS has expended upon the Emperor, we think he would be more fittingly rewarded by a present of good Russia towelling.

DREADFUL OUTRAGE ON THE CONTINENT.

PARTICULARS have been sent to the *Hue and Cry*, of a most daring robbery that has been committed at Cracow. It seems that when everything was quiet, three notorious offenders got into the grounds by force, broke through a treaty that stood in their way, demolished everything of value they found in the houses of legislature, turned the whole concern topsy-turvy, and have not left a vestige of the old place standing. One of the offenders, who is well known to the police by the name of Austria, is still in possession. His two confederates have been content with their share of the booty, and have returned to their old haunts. Their designations are Russia and Prussia. No means have been taken as yet for the restoration of the stolen property. It is supposed that the authorities are holding back in the hopes of a reward being offered.



PUNCH'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

WILLIAM COBBETT AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SCENE—*The other world.*

Cobbett. Oh! There you are, SIR WALTER. Come, shake hands. My crow's plucked at last. I will speak to you, now.

Raleigh. And right welcome, MASTER COBBETT. You have been wont hitherto to use scurvy language of me; why, I know not; and civilities have been scant between us. I rejoice to think they shall be frequent henceforth.

Cobbett. Yes, yes. To tell you the plain truth, I could not bear the sight of you. Don't look so black; but it was you colonised Virginia, and introduced into Ireland that vile, watery, rotgut *thing*, the potato.

Raleigh. Nay, these be strange reasons for sulky looks. Did I not, by the one act, add to our empire a fair territory, fertile in all manner of grain, well-watered, and as MASTER HARIOT doth still opine, rich in the precious metals; and, by the other, bring into our Britain a delicate fruit, right flavoured and wholesome for confections and sweet-meats?

Cobbett. Fiddle-de-diddle!

Raleigh. Truly you trouble me much, MASTER COBBETT. But why your wrath against that wholesome root, the *openask*, as the savages called it, but which we named after the Spaniard, "potato"?

Cobbett. Wholesome root! Don't put me in a passion. Do you know that your precious "wholesome root" has become the food of two-thirds of England, Ireland, and Scotland? It is pigs' meat, and has made pigs of the poor people who use it. I did what I could. I told all sensible Englishmen, those who took in my *Register*, what it would come to. It's true I didn't use the gallipot phrases that these Oxford and Cambridge doctors, in their black gowns and conjuring caps, have dosed people with till their stomachs might have turned at the gibberish if not at the *thing* itself—your precious potato I mean. I didn't write such nonsensical words as your *solanums*, and *tubers*, and *albumen*, and *protein*, and *fibrine*, but I said, in plain Hampshire English, that potatoes were rubbish, that living on them would turn our apple-cheeked, big-boned farming men and women into windy, herring-gutted, lantern-jawed sneaks! I said it, and it has come to pass.

Raleigh. But I looked not on them save as a thing good for confections, to be baked in pies, as quinces and such fruit; and tho' you speak but scurvily of them, let me tell you that they be marvellous refreshing and pleasant, eaten sopped in wine, which doth take off a coldness belonging to them when raw. Nay, they may, to give them a better grace, be stewed with prunes.

Cobbett. What is the man talking of? I spoke about potatoes, and not apples. I tell you, people have sunk and sunk since potatoes were first planted in Lancashire in 1720. And now, instead of good wheat bread and wholesome streaky bacon, they taste nothing but your cursed root from year's end to year's end. But the mischief's done, and at an

end. The potatoes are ruined, stock and seed! I won't tell you in the outlandish gallimaufry what has done it; but it's done, and my corn, COBBETT'S corn, INDIAN corn—

Raleigh. I know it well. LANE brought me sundry plants thereof from the colony, which I planted side by side with my first potatoes, in my garden at Youghall, in Ireland.

Cobbett. Did you? Well then, I almost forgive you the potatoes. But my corn is coming over by ship-loads, to drive the beggarly, watery, waxy potato out of the fields, where, please the pigs, they'll never be seen again; or, if seen, it will be only to please the pigs—for the labourers won't touch 'em when they learn what's good for them. So, here's my hand, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, and I forgive you the potatoes.

Raleigh. Ah! MASTER COBBETT, 'tis a strange world, and a change-ful!

Cobbett. Yes—in the matter of potatoes. But for the rest I fancy it remains much the same, placemen and pensioners scrambling for the loaves and fishes, and silencing honest men, still, I'll be bound; and your JOHNNY BOWLESSES still talking about the "glorious constitution;" and your fine gentlemen still giving themselves puppy-dog airs; and a wash of learned languages still running out of Oxford and Cambridge. But they haven't a *Political Register* to tell them what asses they are. That's a change for the worse, to be sure. However the potato blight almost reconciles me even to that. How I wish they'd give us ghosts leave to visit the folks up yonder! I should think Westminster would invite me to a public dinner, at which not a potato should make its appearance.

Raleigh. And Westminster Abbey perchance afford me a monument. Farewell, MASTER COBBETT.

Cobbett. Good morning. I'll go and crow over PERRY.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SONNET.

I IDOLISE the ladies. They are fairies
That spiritualise this earth of ours;
From heavenly hotbeds, most delightful flowers,
Or choice cream-cheeses from celestial dairies.
But learning, in its barbarous seminaries,
Gives the dear creatures many wretched hours,
And on their gossamer intellects sternly showers
Science, with all its horrid accessories.
Now, seriously, the only things, I think,
In which young ladies should be instructed be,
Are stocking-mending, love, and cookery—
Accomplishments that very soon will sink,
Since Fluxions, now, and Sanscrit conversation,
Always form part of female education.

The Joke Market.

THE market is fast recovering from the flatness that usually prevails during the beginning of the month of November. A little was done in Epigrams, which were quoted a shade brisker than they had been latterly. There was a good deal of business done in repartees of the better class, and some of the small speculators gave a temporary buoyancy to Trafalgar *coupons*, or cuts at the fountains, which threw them up a trifle. Puns were still heavy, without the italics, but the market seems to be recovering.

A GOOD CUT.

ANOTHER new scheme has just been started, for cutting through the Isthmus of Panama. The great difficulty is how to break the neck of it. The great object of this contemplated short cut is to do away with a necessity for returns.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

A LARGE flock of Pantaloons, two Harlequins, and a Clown, were seen hovering about the Strand on the forenoon of the 30th ultimo. From the early appearance of these birds of passage in London, we may expect this year an unusually severe pantomimic season.

PLENTY OF ROOM.

THERE is a rumour that Government has purchased the monster house at the Albert Gate, for the purpose of turning it into barracks. It has been calculated it will accommodate 800 men.

IMPUDENT ROBBERY.

When England sees Austria running off with Cracow, and will not trouble itself to run after the offender, we think the least it could do would be to cry "Stop thief!"

LECTURE ON TIGHT LACING.



YOU are aware, young ladies, that by means of tight lacing, the waist of the female figure may be made to vie with that of the wasp, and to resemble the form of an hour-glass, or the letter X; thus very much improving its appearance. You have seen, perhaps, the statue of the VENUS DE MEDICIS; and you know what a fright of a figure it has, in consequence of the model from which it was taken evidently never having worn a corset.

The rose, however, is never without the thorn; the most agreeable evening party has its drawbacks. And so there are, unhappily, some unpleasant results consequent on compression, at the expense of which a slender waist is purchased.

The circulating fluid, from a disagreeable law of nature, is forced up into the head. The colour of the fluid is rosy, as you know. The delicate health attendant on tight lacing forbids



IT MAKETH ANKLES AND FEET TO SWELL.



IT MAKETH RED THE NOSE.

it to adorn the cheek, and accordingly it is transferred to the nose; which its tint does not adorn by any means. Within the circle of the waist are comprised certain plaguy vessels, whose freedom from pressure is unfortunately required. When they are subject to any obstruction, as they are by close lacing, there is a vexatious tendency in the ankles to swell; and the worst is, that a tight shoe only renders the disfigurement the more conspicuous.

Young ladies have also some tiresome muscles, whose support is necessary to the spine. Their power is destroyed—what a pity this is!—by tight stays; and then the back assumes a curvature. How grievous that one cannot be at once slender and straight!

Comfort must also be sacrificed to elegance; and the reduction of the waist occasions giddiness and headach. This perhaps alone would be a trifle; but lacing involves short life: and as the contracted figure suggests a resemblance to the hour-glass, the hour-glass suggests a warning to the contracted figure.



THE HANDS INCREASE IN SIZE.

DIPLOMATIC.—It is whispered in the best informed French circles that a new Peer of France will represent LOUIS-PHILIPPE at the English court: BARON DE BROOM ET VAUX.

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

SINCE the Electric Telegraph is being extended everywhere, we think it might be laid down, like the water and the assessed taxes, to every house. By these means a merchant would be able to correspond with his factors at sea-towns—a lawyer would communicate with his agents in the country—and a doctor would be able to consult with his patients without leaving his fireside. What a revolution, too, it would create in the polite circles! MRS. SMITH, when she was giving an evening party, would "request the pleasure" of her hundred guests by pulling the electric telegraph, and the "regrets" and "much pleasures" would be sent to Mrs. SMITH in the same way. This plan of correspondence would have one inestimable blessing—all ladies' letters would be limited to five lines, and no opening afterwards for a postscript.

If this plan of Electric Telegraphs for the million should be carried out, the Post Office will become a sinecure, as all letter-writing would be henceforth nothing more than a dead letter. In that case it might be turned into a central terminus for all the wires, and any one found bagging a letter by means of false wires should be taken up for poaching.

AN ARTIST'S STRUGGLES.

IN a case that came before one of the police magistrates a few days ago, one of the parties was an artist who had entered the pit of the Victoria Theatre to do a little business between the acts by taking likenesses of any of the audience. This plan of having a portrait painter going his rounds during the intervals of the performance, to take full faces or profiles, will certainly add quite a new feature to our theatrical entertainments. Perhaps it would be better, in order to save trouble, that the artist and the fruit seller should be the same individual. His cry would of course be "Apples, oranges, nuts, portraits, bill of the play." In the more enlightened region of the boxes, the exclamation would be refined into "Soda water, miniature, ginger-beer, profile, or stout?" There may be some difficulty in a crowded theatre to recognise the artist, and it might, therefore, be as well that he should be permitted to exhibit a placard between the pieces as an advertisement to the whole audience. Perhaps in the present violent competition between the lessees of some of the smaller theatres, the right of having one's portrait taken might be included in the price of admission. A capital line could be made at the top of a Victoria bill by the words—

"Three new pieces and a portrait in one night!! Combined attraction. Powerful effects. Striking likenesses. New melodrama and a profile at half-price!"

If the system should be continued, we may expect to see a row of the pit, immediately behind the stalls, partitioned off into studios. By the aid of the chandelier, photographic portraits could be taken in the gallery. This will be an excellent method of making the drama the means of fulfilling its most legitimate object, by showing "Vice its own image;" and if the photographic process should be introduced, there would be a realisation of the idea that the theatre is the place for "holding the mirror up to nature."

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

A BOOK has just been published, under the title of *Draughts for the Million*. We suppose these draughts are made attainable by opening the door to learning. If they are thorough draughts, we hope they will answer the author's purpose of raising the wind.

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

THE GENERAL MEETS THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN AT THE PALACE, AND DANCES HIS HORNPIPE; SINGS "YANKEE DOODLE," AND IS ROYALLY REWARDED.



HERE was nothin more said at that time about Gracious Majesty's goin to New York; but I could see she sot thinkin on it; and I could see now and then she looked tenderlike at the corner of her beautiful bright eyes at PRINCE ALBERT, who did seem a leetle streaked—for I've heard he's not so good a sailor as a sea-gull—jist a leetle streaked at the notion of crossing the Atlantic. So kinder like to relieve him, I thought I'd change the conversation. Givin my cup and sarcer to an Honor-Maid, I sot with one knee across the tother—I could see GOVERNOR BARNUM was a trifle ryled at this, and kept shakin his head and pussin up his mouth like a rabbit's, while I kept a pattin my

right calf—not mindin him a grain. I sot, and said to the Prince—"Royal Highness," ses I, "anything doin at the Playhouses?" Well, I could see in a minute I'd put my foot into the milk-pan. All the Honor-Maids looked, on a sudden, as if they'd lost their week's pocket-money; and as for BARNUM, he lifted up his eyebrows for all the world like the arches of Waterloo Bridge. Well, I seed that somehow I'd taken the wrong turnin; and therefore, being an independent American, it wasn't for me to go back. In course, I repeated the question. "Anything doin at the playhouses?" ses I.

Whereupon, a Maid-of-Honor, a makin believe to cross behind me for the kittle-holder or toasting-fork, I can't say which, ses in my ear—"If you love me, Gen'ral, not a word about them low places. We never think about playhouses here. If you love me"—this she ses twice, and the words seemed to run for the first time like melted butter over my heart—"if you love me, ax about the Opera."

I was a leetle streaked at this, as I know'd nothin of the Opera; and should have liked to obligate the pretty critter that looked down, like a nosegay of flesh, upon me. Howsomever, jist as I was goin to start something, she ses—"Hush! here's the company comin'."

The door was thrown open, and the Lord-in-Waitin—him as I spoke of, with the flower-beds worked upon his coat skirts—showed in sich a crowd of ladies and gentlemen; and Gracious Majesty smiled, and curtseyed in the affablest way to every one on 'em. "Who are these critters?" ses I, in a whisper, to LADY DORCAS—for I'd pinched her arm, and she'd told me her name was DORCAS—"Who are these?"

"They are all of 'em authors, and artists, and musicians, and players, and philosophers, and people of that sort," ses LADY DORCAS. "They all come to see us once a week; but then they're smuggled up the back-stairs, and so the mob, that is, the people, you see, Gen'ral, never know nothing of the matter."

"Why not?" ses I. "Gracious Majesty aint ashamed of 'em, eh?" "Not exactly ashamed," ses LADY DORCAS. "Still, you see, in the station that we hold, we must keep up appearances." Well, I was goin to make answer; but the handsom critter looked so knowin at me, and made sich a cherry-bob with her lips, that, I felt it—I hadn't a word to throw at a dog.

Well, I sot for at least ten minutes, and not a soul of 'em said a syllable to me. At last my blood began to bile, and I ses to LADY DORCAS, ses I—"My dander's risin. The authors and painters, and philosophers, as you call the critters, think no more of me, than if I was one of theirselves."

Whereupon LADY DORCAS smiled so, my heart opened at it, and said, "Envy, dear Gen'ral, nothin but envy."

Well, Gracious Majesty was smilin and talkin to all of 'em by turns, and I thought I'd ax some of their names, that I might put down all about theirselves and families, and make a book on it—as I'm doin—to sell. "Who's that good-tempered looking gen'lman," says I, "talking to Gracious Majesty?"

"That," ses LADY DORCAS, "is MR. EDWIN LANDSEER; he's our domestic painter. He's a great favourite here; always paintin' some of us, specially the lapdogs and parrots."

Well, I guess I should have known that, if LADY DORCAS hadn't told me so. For there was two or three of the QUEEN's span-les, that no

sooner seed him, than they run yelping away from him; they thought—cunnin critters!—he'd come for a sittin.

"Look," ses LADY DORCAS, and she pinto to a China cat, that went rubbin herself against LANDSEER's leg, like an old acquaintance. "Only look at that—there's sagacity."

"Why," ses I, "does she want to be painted? The dogs, on the contrary, run away."

"Very true," ses LADY DORCAS; "dogs don't make good sitters; but, I don't know how it is, cats like it. Look at that darling!"—the China cat still a rubbin herself—"she's been in three exhibitions; and—I know it as well as I know my own thoughts—she's standin on her hind legs, a begging of LANDSEER for a fourth full-length."

"Who's that?" ses I, as a tallish, slimish gen'lman came in, and the QUEEN shook him by the hand very hearty. "Who's that?"

LADY DORCAS lowered her voice, and putting her rosebud mouth to my ear—I thought my heart would have beat through my busum—she said, in a sort of solemn whisper, "That's the imminent tragedian, MR. MACREADY."

Well, I'd heard a good deal of him, and as we'd both been on the stage, I felt a kinder sort of curiosity in him. "A very pleasin sort of human," ses I; "introduce him."

"Bye-and-bye," says LADY DORCAS. "When Gracious Majesty's done with him."

"And does MACREADY come often here?" ses I.

"Bless you, Gen'ral! every week," ses her Ladyship. "He comes to read SHAKESPEARE to the Queen and the Prince; but"—here DORCAS looked solemn agin—"you musn't say I told you; it would be as much as my place is worth."

"Why not?" ses I.

"Why, the fact is, Gen'ral, it's agreed in the Palace that we should vote the English drama and English players low; but—natur will prevail, Gen'ral—we can't help lovin SHAKESPEARE, and them as plays him best. We've tried to get the better on it, but we can't; therefore, as LADY MORGAN said here the other night, we enjoy private drama-drinking, and keep up appearances."

"And who is that plain-mannered, thoughtful-looking republican?" ses I, pinto to another.

"That," says LADY DORCAS, "is MR. THOMAS CARLYLE. A particular friend of the Prince's. Heteaches the Prince German and English from his own books, and both together. He's now in the middle of *Oliver Cromwell*."

Well, LADY DORCAS tells 'em all off, one by one, to me; all the authors, and painters, and genius—as she called it—of the country; come, as they always come (but up the back-stairs, be it remembered), once a week to a sworry with Her Gracious Majesty.

I sot a few minutes longer, when as nobody took no notice of me, I thought I'd ryle 'em all for the night, and whittle my stick. I'd jist given the wink to BARNUM, when Gracious Majesty comes up to me, and, askin a thousand pardons, introduced all the company. Knowin my place, I sot in my chair, while all the genius of Britain—as LADY DORCAS called 'em—was ordered to make their bow, and pass afore me. When this was over, Gracious Majesty, with one of her own smiles, ses—

"Gen'ral, would it be at all aginst the grain, to ask you to obleege me and my husband, and the company, to honour us with the Colloge Hornpipe?"

Well, I didn't say yes, slick. No: I thought of the model republic, and of American independence. So I sot a minute, jist as if I was thinkin whether I would or wouldn't. At last, when I'd wound 'em all up to the agony pint of expectation, I ses—"I don't care if I do. But, for fear I should slip, jist let one of the helps brush them crumbs off the table;" for the genuises had been goin into the pound-cake and macaroons, like lightnin into a gooseberry-bush. Sartin some of em hadn't dined that day.

I think I've seen a leetle too much of life to brag, and so I won't say nothin of my hornpipe; only jist this,—as soon as I'd done it, Gracious Majesty ses "Charming!" And all the Maids-of-Honor—LADY DORCAS in special—cried softly, "What a angel!" "What a pet!" "What a animated sugar-plum!" And then the QUEEN unlocked a bracelet from her arm, with a little watch in it, and GOVERNOR BARNUM locked it round my neck. And then didn't the genuises look as if they'd ground glass in their stockings—and I—I pitied 'em.

Arter the hornpipe, I sung *Yankee Doodle*, whereupon PRINCE ALBERT was so affected, that he took his four diamond studs out of his shirt, and puttin 'em in my hand said—"Though they can add no lustre to you, Gen'ral, your genius may impart a brilliancy to them."

Arter that, I did the Greek Statues. And didn't some of the

Maids-of-Honor squeal at my "Ajax defyin the Thunder and Lightning!" At this pint, however, SIR JAMES CLARKE—shaking his head, and looking a little alarmed—begged I should be removed off the table. And I was removed accordin.

SYMPTOMS OF MASQUERADING.



Better-Half. (log.) "IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL SITTING UP WITH A SICK FRIEND, MR. WILKINS?"

JONATHAN IN HIS GLORY.

THE *Baltimore Sun* contains some correspondence relative to the late battle of Monterey, portions of which seem to have been expressly written for quotation in our periodical. As for instance—the writer is speaking of the "Texan Rangers":—

"They were each armed with barrelled rifles, and, as may be supposed, did great execution among the copper-skins."

Copper-skins! Quite a sporting phrase. Who would think the skins were those of human beings?

He then relates the following "incidents":—

"COLONEL M'CLUNY, of Mississippi, the great duellist, got upon the breastworks, waved his hat, and was in the act of giving three cheers, when a ball struck him, from the effects of which he has since died."

Universally regretted, of course, as the "great duellist," an honour to his country.

"SAMUEL W. CHAMBERS, one of the rangers, or 'the Delaware hero,' as they called him, deliberately took aim with his 'fire-shooter,' firing with great effect, and crushing the Mexicans."

"But it is impossible for me to mention all the numerous incidents that occurred at the present time."

Let us correct what must have been an *erratum* in the preceding paragraph. For "numerous" read "murderous:" such is the right designation of the whole affair; and even JONATHAN himself must admit "that's a fact."

Warner Warned.

POOR MR. WARNER was to have received a large sum had his Long Range succeeded, but this appears to have been quite out of the range of all probability. He had long hoped for the oyster, but he has now nothing left him but the shell.

THE BEST SUGGESTION.

THE Monster Statue might be used as a breakwater before the *Great Britain*. It will not find the tide in that quarter so difficult to stem as the tide of public opinion.

A COUNTRY CAROL.

I'm a true English farmer—no, that's not the word;
We don't mention it now, 'tis a name never heard;
No such people as farmers in these times there be—
Agriculturists now, mun, is what they calls we.

Folks are growing
Far too knowing,
Much too fast for a fellow like me.

Our calling itself is no longer the same,
It has got a new nature as well as new name;
We must all study science, we husbandmen, now,
And one need be a scollard to follow the plough.

Sent to College,
Crammed with knowledge,
Taught the wherefore, the why, and the how.

Time was when the farmer had no rule but one,
Just to do what his fathers afore him had done;
The new-fangled inventions we now take in hand,
I, for one, must confess that I don't understand.

Weeds restraining,
Ditching, draining,
Subsoil ploughing, all over the land.

I remember the time when the stable would yield
Whatsoever was needful to fatten a field;
But chemistry now into tillage we lugs,
And we drenches the earth with a parcel of drugs;

Makes each fallow
Physic swallow—
All we poisons, I hope, is the slugs.

Lor! when I was a youngster, who thought, to be sure,
Of guano, or gypsum, to use for manure?

Of acids and salts from the blue bottle shops—
Where we soon shall be going for tinctures and drops,
Draughts and potions,
Washes, lotions,

Pills and powders, to doctor the crops.

Well, there, to myself I says often, says I,
Things will come round again, I've no doubt, by-and-bye;
And your wiseacres find, arter all's said and done,
That the old plan of farming, my bucks, is the one;

Drop reliance
On their science,
Only finishing where they begun.

MISSING.—JENKINS.

FOR MANY YEARS EMPLOYED UPON THE *MORNING POST*,

And, "as sich," a staunch supporter of the rights of native industry, the Church, and all our other venerable institutions—has been missing for some weeks. Was frequently known, within the last month, to dine at the Restaurant * * * * * with a person passing for a corn-cutter, but well known to be a Jesuit missioned to this country for the private purchase of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the *Morning Post*.

THE AFORESAID JENKINS

Was last seen on board the *Water Witch*, in the port of Dover. He carried his luggage in a stained paper hat-box, with a written direction, "*Signor Jenkins, Vatican, Rome.*" Appeared to be very flush of money, and, it was remarked, talked very volubly to the stokers about *Il Papa Pio Nono*.

Whoever will give information as to the exact whereabouts and precise doings of the aforesaid JENKINS, will be handsomely rewarded. Apply at this Office between the hours of twelve and two: time, that of Shrewsbury Clock.

The Irish Weather.

THERE blew a tremendous breeze in the Rotunda at Dublin, last week. The damage amongst the Repeal craft has not yet been ascertained. There was a report that the *O'Connell*, of Derrynane, had lost all its rigging. When last spoken with, it was quite adrift, in the Downs. Upon leaving, there was a dead calm in Conciliation Hall, but it was the opinion of those who are in the secret of which way the wind blows, that a storm was rapidly brewing. There is every hope that the brewing will be even stronger than the last.

THE SMITHFIELD BULL FIGHTS.



It would really seem that there is a chance of the Spanish custom of Bull-fights being introduced into this country, for every Smithfield market-day one or more of the noble brutes may be found giving the public an elementary lesson in the exciting pastime. From St. Bartholomew's Hospital to Blackfriars Bridge, the road is enlivened three times a week with the playful gambols of a few bulls, and Chatham Place furnishes a sort of amphitheatre, which only requires a stand for spectators to give quite a Spanish air to the locality.

We recommend to the authorities that measures should be adopted for

giving to the Bull performances all the benefit they can derive from the accessories which are usual on similar occasions in the country where the Bull-fight is a part of the national amusement, as we expect it will become with us if the Smithfield arrangements are allowed to continue as at present. We do not see why the drovers, with their sticks, should not be at once constituted a band of *picadores*; while the policemen might be employed as *torveros*, with handkerchiefs affixed to the end of their truncheons, to brandish in the eyes of the bulls, and take off the attention of the animals from any *caballero* who may happen to be in jeopardy.

THE UNITED GLASS AND CROCKERY

Assurance Company,

PITCHER COURT, CHINA ROAD.

THIS Office unites the benefit of a Mutual Association with the security of a Proprietary Company, and offers to the Assured the following advantages:—

To all domestics, from footmen to maids-of-all-work, an assurance against the accidents—so frequent and so alarming in families—of broken glass, china, crockery, and delf of every kind; from carelessness, ill-temper, or the mischievous habits of dog or cat.

A very trifling per centage on the rate of wages received (clear of tea and sugar) will enable the servant assuring to break more than an average amount of glass or crockery; whilst the feeling of independence insured to the breaker will considerably tend to elevate him or her in the social position.

When it is remembered that the English domestic is peculiarly liable to those accidents of broken glass and earthenware that, for a time, tend to ruin the peace of families, and endanger the situation of the unfortunate servant,—such a Company as the present must be productive of the greatest good, as creating a cordial understanding between the employer and the employed.

When, however, it is remembered that servants, covenanting to pay for "all they break," are more than likely to be over-charged by the cupidity of their master,—or what is more frequently the case, their mistress,—this Society will step in, and throwing its shield about the defenceless, will fairly arbitrate the cost of the broken pieces.

To servants of eccentric or violent temper, who love to express their independence of master or mistress by smashing a sugar-basin, or letting drop a dozen of plates, this office will be found to offer the most consoling advantages.

MR. GEORGE TURNER has, for many years, been incessantly occupied, calculating the average duration of the existence of cups, saucers, dishes, plates, decanters, tumblers, glasses, cruets, &c. &c., in every walk of life, from Berkeley Square to Whitechapel; and is enabled, after the most earnest and minute research into their various longevity, to draw up such a set of tables as will enable the most independent footman and the most careless housemaid to break to their heart's content, at a rate of insurance inconceivably contemptible. The quarrels, the bickerings, the ill-blood heretofore occasioned by broken glass or china, may henceforth be avoided; and squabbles in the pantry, and tears in the kitchen be for ever abolished.

To heads of families, also, this Company must be of evident value, and in every way worthy of their countenance; as, upon engaging a servant, they cannot but feel doubly secure of their property, if the domestic to be hired is duly insured in the "United Glass and Crockery."

To render the rates of assurance as easy as possible, servants may insure separately for Breakfast, Dinner, or Tea-Service; or for Lamp-glasses only.

JENKINS, Secretary.

The Admiralty and Somerset House.

WE beg to call attention to the deplorable want of shot in the locker of the Board of Admiralty. Miss GREEN, the daughter of a naval veteran who had distinguished himself for nearly half a century in his country's service, being left in a state of destitution, applies to its first Lord Commissioner for relief. The answer is, virtually, "I have nothing for you." This is not the way in which the British tar should respond to the appeal of a female—the daughter, too, of a messmate—in distress. We fear that two public buildings, hitherto thought distinct, will now be confounded—the Admiralty and Somerset House.

THE "ART-UNION" ON ARTIST CHARACTER.



THE *Art-Union* has long been acknowledged the rightful dealer out of professional life and death. Very proper, this. Who but a fool would dispute with JUPITER, knowing the god was born heir to the thunderbolts? The *Art-Union*, however, is a voucher for private character. It has set up a sort of agency office where decayed artists may obtain recommendations to the benevolence of a public mightily in need of some such director in its disbursement of alms. A delicious vocation, this! But, alas! from the very depths of its tenderness, from its over-susceptibility, so likely to be abused! Here is a recent, heart-rending instance. A short time since it recommended the case of

"Mr. H. B. CHALON" to public sympathy; and now, with weeping eyes and bleeding heart, the poor thing eats up its syllables. "Mr. CHALON," says the *Art-Union*, with the tears running down its "innocent nose,"—

"Suffered us to state that 'he had ever been without reproach,' that 'he had discharged all the duties of life with credit and respectability,' and that 'his misfortunes had resulted from no indiscretion or evil habits:' he suffered us to state this knowing it to be untrue, and knowing also that we firmly believed it to be truth—and he has therefore forced upon us the grievous and sadly irksome duty of now saying the contrary is the fact."

Is it not shocking to be thus tricked, deceived into compassion; to be beguiled of positively half-a-dozen drops of ink, expended on a written character? And when, too, it is so patent to the world that we, who deal out the reputation, are, by our intense purity and spotlessness, the paramount authority to grant such a certificate? WE have ever been without reproach—WE have always discharged the duties, &c. &c.—WE have had no misfortunes, the result of indiscretion, or evil habits! Oh, no—no—no! Therefore, are WE shocked, annihilated by the thought that WE—who are the speaking-trumpet of all moral virtue—should have been "suffered" to say a good word for the naughty man; and with all speed take a most Christianlike revenge for the injury committed upon us. Yes, WE feel it: it is only due to ourselves. The man is poor; and—as he has not been always without reproach—WE magnanimously spurn him; he is in desolate old age, and—as he has had indiscretion, evil habits—WE smite our afflicted heart, and with tears in our eyes, spit upon his grey head.

How can WE do otherwise? WE are such a spotless, pure, ingenuous WE!

NEW FOREST, BERKSHIRE.

CERTAIN newspapers have given currency to a rumour so monstrous that *Mr. Punch*, for one, cannot believe it. The report is, that the road through Frogmore is to be stopped up, in order to be thrown, with the surrounding property, into Windsor Home Park; and that the public are to be similarly deprived of all roads and paths in Windsor parish leading to Datchet Bridge, inclusive of the communication through the Park, between Datchet and Windsor. Of course, therefore, the Home Park will be closed against the public altogether, no longer affording it even the accommodation of the ditch which has been of late years substituted for the pathway. Parliament, it is said, is to be applied to by the Woods and Forests for authority to make these alterations. Now, although *Punch* disbelieves this rumour, yet should it possibly prove a true one, he would suggest a caution to Parliament. The silence, perhaps, of the Windsor people will be construed into consent to these encroachments. For silent, no doubt, the good Windsor folks will be. Yes, and so would *Mr. Punch*, were he a butcher, or grocer, or baker, or in fact anything else than what he is, and did he live beneath the shadow of Windsor Castle. Let Parliament remember that, before it sanctions the exclusion—not only of the inhabitants of Windsor, but of the people at large—from the classic ground which surrounds HERNE'S OAK, the time has gone by for turning public property into New Forests.

Brougham's Intentions.

WE understand that among other matters LORD BROUGHAM intends to accomplish during the ensuing Session of Parliament, is the process of what he emphatically calls "knocking the bottom out of O'CONNELL'S beggins box."

SPLENDID RUSSIAN VICTORY!

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS has gained another of those tremendous conquests that now and then cause Fame to blow her trump and "crack her cheeks;" and make every laurel-bush throughout Christendom shoot up six inches, the sap fed and fructified by human blood. Scarcely, too, has the aforesaid Fame, like a tired trumpeter, wiped her lips, and taken breath, tired with glorifying the victory of NICHOLAS—a victory, achieved over we know not how many indomitable nuns, headed by a veteran abbess—than we are again called upon to marvel at the restlessness of human genius, vowed to conquest, and therefore heedless of all impediments, overthrowing and despoiling at least eighty unarmed Jews. The magnificent achievement is duly set forth in the *Warsaw Gazette* of Nov. 6. We subjoin extracts:—

"WHEREAS, our Father the Emperor having in the depths of his paternal beneficence resolved that all his Hebrew children should shave, and lay aside their old clothes, taking unto themselves the national costume; and whereas many of the stiff-necked generation having openly revolted against the tenderness of their Father; the Emperor—whom Heaven preserve—gave orders for an attack upon the rebels when and wheresoever they should present themselves.

"On the 3rd instant a party of the enemy made a demonstration at the gates of our city. They were led by their Rabbi, and being clothed in silk pelisses, trimmed with sable, presented a very formidable appearance. They were, moreover, armed to the teeth; inasmuch as they wore very long beards, weapons strictly forbidden by the Emperor (whom Heaven preserve)!

"The enemy moved in a compact mass to the gates, through which they entered; evidently believing that they were masters of the city.

"But what can withstand the troops of the Emperor (whom Heaven preserve)? At a given signal GENERAL LICKSPITZWITZ, with his division of the police, set upon the enemy with knives and scissors.

"The rebels screamed and prayed; but what can withstand the greatness of the Emperor (whom Heaven preserve)? In less than half-an-hour—such was the determined courage of our troops—every beard was cut from every chin of the enemy! Every ringlet was gallantly carried at the scissors' edge! Every pelisse was slit up behind, and in a word, the rout and discomfiture of the whole body were most complete.

"As mercy, however, is the distinguishing weakness of our imperial Father, the vanquished were permitted to retire to their homes, and were further allowed to carry with them 'the clippings of their beards,' to bury them 'in their cemetery!' One beard only—that of the Rabbi—was retained by our troops, to be deposited among the flags and other military trophies destined to cast such an immortal lustre on the reign of the Czar, our Father.

"Heaven preserve the Emperor!"

A GREAT MAN.

AT the opening of the branch line from Ramsgate to Margate on the South-Eastern Railway, which shortens the distance from London by making one hundred and five miles out of seventy-two, the health of Mr. COBB, the brewer, was proposed, as that of a gentleman who "was born great, had achieved greatness, and had had greatness thrust upon him." It is evident that the brewer is not thought small beer of in his own neighbourhood. We wonder that Margate is capable of holding so great a man with his triple amount of magnitude. To be born great is enough for some people, and to achieve greatness is what few attempt to go beyond; but a gentleman who has beyond all this, some more greatness thrust upon him, must really have more to bear than he can know well what to do with. Poor Mr. COBB must be as much embarrassed as the prize-bullocks, who always have "greatness thrust upon them at this festive period."

THE WELLINGTON HORSE.

THE Editor of the *Literary Gazette* has elected himself as Groom to the Horse, and, in his new function, shows himself both critical and attentive. He thinks it a little late in the day "to pay the slightest regard to silly or envious clamour." To be sure, Envy has an omnivorous stomach, but even Envy, we think, must pass by the bronze morsel, having nothing to do with that. "The noisy scum of ribald jests," says the Groom, gnashing his teeth at *Punch*! But the invincible argument for the fixity of the Statue is—its size! It

"Could have happened in no country but England, that the production of the greatest work in bronze (*we care not whether lauded or found fault with as a work of art*) that was ever cast, should not have called forth one encomium, were it only for the vastness of the enterprise and the beauty with which it had been extricated from the mould. Why, the wide universe can show nothing to compare with it; and magnitude alone has ever been acknowledged to be an element of the sublime."

This crushing argument scarcely allows us a leg to stand upon. We own it—the Groom has cast down, defeated *Punch*! A little mistake is a vile thing; but a large blunder is a sublimity! In the like way that a man of average dullness is to be avoided as a bore, whilst a most egregious fool is to be folded to our bosom, a friend for life.

THE SONG OF THE STATUE.

WHEN every judge of works of art
Of me the truth shall tell,
That I must from the arch depart,
Where I could ne'er look well,
There may perhaps be some who've seen
Works bad as bad could be;
Think of the worst that e'er has been,
And you'll remember me.

When e'en SIR FREDERICK TRENCH shall slight
What now he seems to prize,
And deem it but a sorry sight
To meet the public eyes;
When taste no more can wear a mask,
But all shall rightly see,
At such a moment may I ask
You'll not remember me.

LIFE AT THE COLD BRANDY-AND-WATER CURE.

(From the MS. of a late Patient.)

NOTHING shall convince me but that I am right in attributing to the mistaken tenderness of a departed grandmother, a weakness of stomach much more easily conceived than expressed. To an immoderate use of ass's milk-and-water in my childhood, I owed a poverty of those "red particles" that form the sanguineous fluid. In a word, up to nine-and-twenty, I was—like a flat-fish—a watery-blooded animal. My habits, too, were recluse—ascetic. I never went to a ball, and turned from a play-bill as from the bill of a tailor. In fine, I was a pale, shadowy, rickety, nerveless, nincompoop. But let the reader judge for himself. Here are two portraits, both of myself: the one before, the other after the cold Brandy-and-Water Cure:



BEFORE.



AFTER.

Last autumn my disease was at its height. Even ass's-milk was too powerful for me; and I was in such a condition of melancholy, that a barrel organ under my window, seemed to grind my heart and brain to powder. At this crisis, a friend of SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER detailed with generous eloquence—that is, speaking gratis—the effect upon the Baronet of the Cold Brandy-and-Water Cure. "He had grown too weak to wield even a goosequill, and now"—said the friend, warming up—"he writes with a crowbar." I immediately set out for Malvern, and—but enough. The portrait of that friend hangs over my fireplace. He is painted with a glass of Brandy-and-Water in his hand, with this inscription for the eyes of my children's children—"The Guardian Spirit of the Family!"

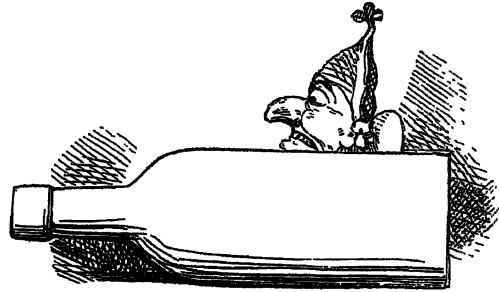
SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER has already made known the talent of DOCTOR SQUILLSON, who presides at the Cold Brandy-and-Water Tap at Malvern. I had advised the Doctor of my coming; and he, with characteristic tenderness, was in waiting to receive me. I was very weak, and very lame; and any other doctor might have suffered me to hobble and blunder as I could to his residence,—but it was not so with the Esculapian benignity of Malvern. I shall never forget it.

"It is a comfort to know,"—says SIR EDWARD in his own pathetic way—"that whoever resorts to DOCTOR SQUILLSON will have his Cold Brandy-and-Water strong, and plenty of it." It must be confessed, two great advantages to the melancholy and the ailing.

Directly I entered the house, I seemed in an atmosphere of alcohol. I arrived at supper-time. Never shall I forget the glowing, happy countenances of those who were to be my fellow-patients. Their ruby

faces shone like chemists' bottles by gaslight. The supper was composed of captains' biscuits and seedy lieutenants'. With these, of course, was the eternal Brandy-and-Water, in enormous jugs and bottles. A Captain—treated at the time for a chronic crick in the back—had just concluded the song, "The Glasses Sparkle on the Board," and his wife, intimating that "that made the tenth," was advising the patient "not to over physic himself, but to go to bed." He was a very noble, but withal a very gentle warrior, that Captain. Dressed in petticoats, he might have passed for an elderly gentlewoman. All the patients were led to bed at ten.

Accustomed for so many years to asses' milk, my stomach revolted at the thoughts of Brandy. However, I was awoke at seven by the attendant Spirit, who poured about four inches' depth of very weak Brandy-and-Water in what is called—THE BOTTLE BATH.



He then poured about three gallons of the grog over my head; and then, throwing a sheet about me, rubbed me very dry. The alcoholic particles, entering the pores of my skin, produced at first an unpleasant sensation; but quickly dressing myself, and—before I started—tossing off a tumbler of Brandy-and-Water, I was in a few minutes on my way to the hills. Never shall I forget my sensations! I passed a donkey on my way, and felt a renewed contempt for asses' milk. What a new bloom was upon the world! I trod the earth as though it was India-rubber—and felt the blood sing like a nightingale in my brain! What a deep compassion I had for the poor wretches who swallowed drugs! Obstinate victims of prejudice and craft, who would swallow Ipecacuanha when Nature offers Brandy-and-Water!

On I went to the fountain of St. Cognac's Well; a natural source, which—in honour of the saint—pours forth the Water and the Brandy already mixed. Took another glass—and still lighter and lighter went on. Home to breakfast at nine. Tea and coffee strictly forbidden. But who would taste them, that has once tasted DOCTOR SQUILLSON'S Brandy-and-Water? And of this there was a supply *ad libitum*. The eatables, too, were the finest Strasburg hams, tongues, Bologna sausages, and every conceivable sort of relishing flesh and fish. DOCTOR SQUILLSON, however, forbids periwinkles, as principally antagonistic to his system.

The table was full; but it is not for me, by pen or pencil, to publish the features of my fellow-patients. It is enough to say that they all, more or less, glowed with the benign effects of Cold Brandy-and-Water: and that blissful exhilaration of soul—so wondrously described by SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER—sparkled in the eyes, and bubbled from the lips of every invalid at the table. Upon the ladies, the system seemed to have the most felicitous effect. They chirruped like birds and were playful as kittens.

After breakfast, DR. SQUILLSON saw all his patients individually, prescribing for them their various baths, and the number of glasses of Brandy-and-Water. This over, the patients played at billiards, cribbage; anything that called for no employment of the mind. The least moral or intellectual employment is fatal to the Cold Brandy-and-Water Cure. "Patients who come here," said the benevolent SQUILLSON, "must forget all the ordinary cares of life; debts, duties, responsibilities, and all that; husbands must forget their wives—wives their husbands; in a word, the one sole thought of the live-long day must be Cold Brandy-and-Water."

We dined at three. Dinner magnificent. No wine, however, allowed—nothing but Cold Brandy-and-Water. A large bottle of each was set for every patient, male and female. The dinner composed of every conceivable dish calculated to sharpen the appetite. After dinner the good SQUILLSON allows cigars, but always with this condition—to drink plenty of Brandy and-Water.

(I have spoken of dinner; and here I cannot but dwell upon a strange coincidence. "I am glad," says a brother writer on the Cure; "I am glad that I brought my white neckcloths. I shall dress for

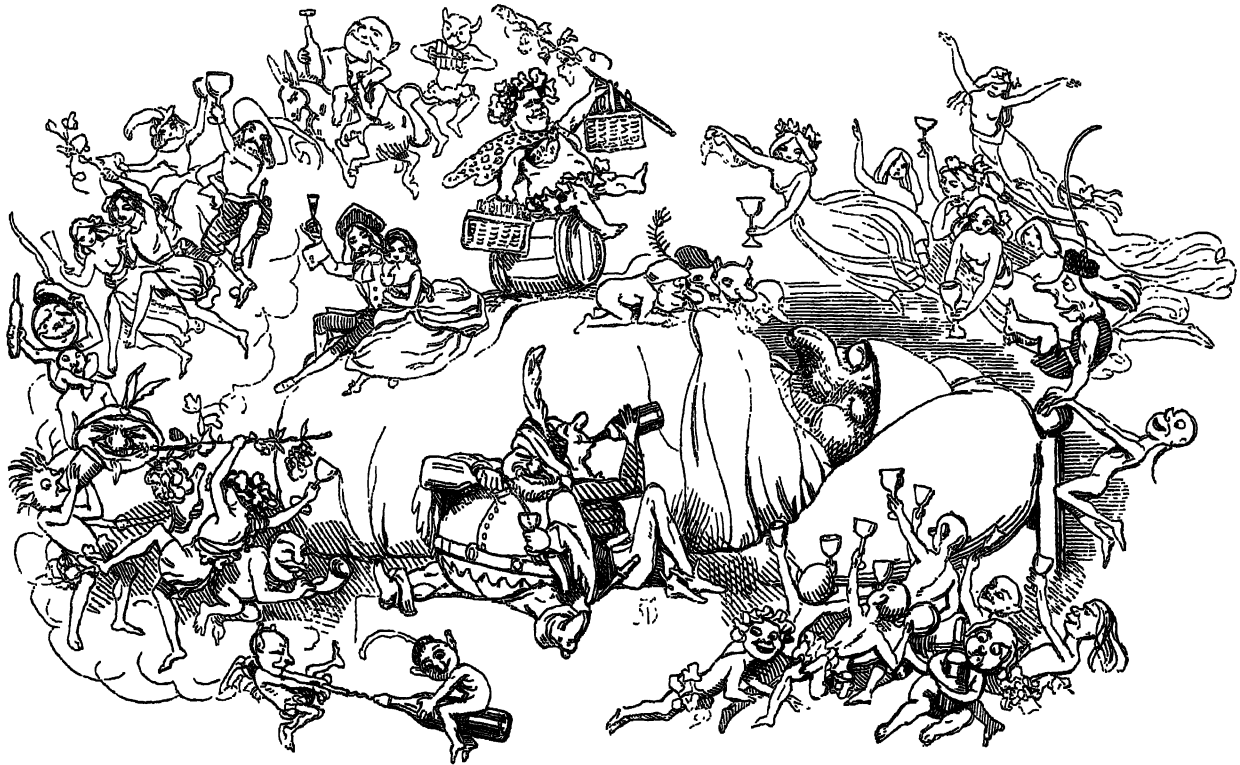


dinner." I, too, was glad upon the like principle, and I think the accident sufficiently curious to chronicle it.)

Cigars and Brandy-and-Water over, I went out, taking a very zig-zag stroll. Called again at St. Cognac's Well, and—to keep my conscience clear with the Doctor—took another glass. Home at seven, to prepare for the Sitz, or Punch-Bowl Bath, filled to a certain depth with Cold Brandy-and-Water. It being the first time I sat in it, I was allowed to take it with lump sugar. But this is an indulgence to beginners only. When in the bath, a blanket is thrown over you. With a little imagination, assisted by the fumes, and you may think

yourself either upon a tripod or a duck's nest; prophesying or hatching. The Punch-Bowl Bath, however, is generally taken with the hookah, which mightily soothes the sitter under the operation.

The next morning I was to have the Wet Sheet—namely, to be wrapt in a sheet previously soaked in Cold Brandy-and-Water. (From this practice, doubtless, comes the bacchanal phrase of "a sheet in the wind.") Let me, however, explain. Having stretched myself upon my back, the sheet was rolled round and round me; then came blankets; then a bed; and then I was tucked in, and made as air-tight as NELSON in the cask of rum. This was to be "packed," and—here I am.



Oh, for SIR EDWARD'S pen! Oh, for the eagle plume of BULWER! For how can my goose-quill express the delights, the glories of the wet Cold Brandy-and-Water Sheet. No sooner was I tucked in, than the spirituous fluid seemed to enter every pore, creep into my stomach, and thence rise in golden clouds to my brain! All kinds of musical utterance—all lovely sights were heard, were visible. Seethed in Cold Brandy-and-Water I seemed to flit from tavern to tavern. I can now perfectly understand how, when witches wanted to go to their Sabbath, they anointed themselves, and were there, at least, spiritually. In like manner did the Cold Brandy-and-Water Sheet waft me now to the "Cider-Cellar"—now to the "Coal-Hole"! I heard a thousand voices cry, "Hot with"—"Cold without"—and saw a multitude of men, spinning like dervishes about me—spinning with tubs of oysters!

Cruel was the hand that, at the end of the hour, awoke me from this bliss! Relentlessly that hand tore the blankets off, unwrapped the sheet, and I lay smoking—screaching hot. Never, I thought, had Brandy-and-Water smoked till then. In this state I was soused—for therein lies the philosophy of the cure—into a bath of Cold Brandy-and-Water—and Cold Brandy-and-Water, from a huge goblet, poured over my head. I was then rubbed dry—drest myself—swallowed two glasses of Cold Brandy-and-Water—two more at St. Cognac's Well—and returned, the first time with a suspicion of a headache, to breakfast.

Nevertheless, with the Cold Brandy-and-Water Cure, these may be taken as truths. "Debts and bills of acceptances forgotten; a sense of present spreishness absorbs the past and the future; and we feel continually in a state to laughingly exclaim—'We won't go home till morning.'" Indeed, in a very little time, I felt myself nothing but Brandy-and-Water; and now and then half expected that somebody would take a spoon, and stir me.

From the Wet Sheet I was promoted to the Douche or Decanter Bath. This is a fall of Brandy-and-Water of about twenty feet from a cistern shaped like a decanter.

The great point in taking this bath is to avoid letting the Cold Brandy-and-Water give you a blow on the head: which Cold Brandy-and-Water is apt to do.

DOCTOR SQUILLSON looked at my tongue every day; and every day, showed the increased effects of the Cold Brandy-and-Water. In six weeks it was furred like a mole's back. But my good fortune was most shown in what is called—"the crisis." Now, a crisis is nothing more or less than a large carbuncle appearing on the nose. Here is mine. And DOCTOR SQUILLSON, with a professional vanity perfectly natural, was very proud of it.



I have presented DR. SQUILLSON with a testimonial—a punch-ladle, with a silver four penny at the bottom. I am now at home, and never touch ass's milk. Guided, too, by the advice of the urbane SQUILLSON, I am enabled to carry on the Cold Brandy-and-Water Cure quite as well in my own house, as amid the Alps of Malvern. In fact, I am another man. I was puny, peevish, white-faced, melancholy. And now, I can't count my daily, nightly glasses of Cold Brandy-and-Water. I never miss a masquerade; and have been three times fined at Bow Street, for persisting in the cure. This I have done and dared—but I won't brag.

Permit me, reader, to conclude in the alcoholic words of SIR EDWARD. Speaking from the Sitz, or Punch-Bowl Bath, he says, "Here, then, O jolly brothers! O right sort of chaps! I bid you farewell. I wish you one of the most blessed friendships man ever made—the familiar intimacy with Cold Brandy-and-Water!"

Kindness to Animals.

It has been proposed by a benevolent individual—the same, we believe, who held the umbrella over the duck in a shower of rain—to provide the horse of the Duke of Wellington's Statue with a nose-bag. The poor dumb creature will never want for victuals, as there is generally a crowd of people below who keep up a constant supply of chaff.



HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

Irishman to John Bull.—"SPARE A TRIFLE, YER HONOUR, FOR A POOR IRISH LAD TO BUY A BIT OF ———
A BLUNDERBUSS WITH."

PANIC AMONG DANCING MASTERS.



OLKA Dancing-masters have sustained a severe loss in the death of the Polka mania; which had been yielding, for the last two years, enormous incomes to the principal professors of the Terpsichorean art. Some of them had rushed into large and expensive establishments on the strength of the Polka, but the untimely end of that once popular *pas* has left the Dancing-masters involved in liabilities they are quite unable to meet. Some of them, finding no dependence to be placed on the achievements of "the light fantastic toe," have taken abruptly to their heels.

The Polka market has long been declining, from the palmy days when it was taught by a Bohemian nobleman at half a guinea a lesson, down to the present day, when it is to be learned anywhere, in five minutes, for half-a-crown. The once favourite step, which was eagerly caught at on the most extravagant terms, is now going begging at a shilling a lesson, and such is the depression, that we may expect to see the Polka shortly advertised to be taught, with a Cracovienne in, for ninepence. Unless some other dance turns up as a successor to that which is now nearly defunct, the *Maitres de Danse* may hop the twig at their earliest convenience.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XLII.—SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.

In that noble romance called *Ten Thousand a Year*, I remember a profoundly pathetic description of the hero, MR. AUBREY'S, Christian manner of bearing his misfortunes. After making a display of the most florid and grandiloquent resignation, and quitting his country mansion, the delightful writer supposes AUBREY to come to town in a post-chaise and pair sitting bodkin probably between his wife and sister. It is at about seven o'clock, carriages are rattling about, knockers are thundering, and tears bedim the fine eyes of KATE and MRS. AUBREY as they think that in happier times at this hour—their AUBREY used formerly to go out to dinner to the houses of the aristocracy his friends. This is the gist of the passage—the elegant words I forget. But the noble, noble sentiment I shall always cherish and remember. What can be more sublime than the notion of a great man's relatives in tears about—his dinner? With a few unconscious touches, what author ever so happily described A SNOB?

We were reading the passage lately at the house of my friend, RAYMOND GRAY, ESQUIRE, Barrister-at-Law, an ingenuous youth without the least practice, but who has luckily a great share of good spirits, which enables him to bide his time, and bear laughingly his humble position in the world. Meanwhile, until it is altered, the stern laws of necessity and the expenses of the Northern Circuit oblige MR. GRAY to live in a very tiny mansion in a very queer small square in the airy neighbourhood of Gray's Inn.

What is the more remarkable, is, that GRAY has a wife there. MRS. GRAY was a MISS HARLEY BAKER: and I suppose I need not say that is a respectable family. Allied to the CAVENDISHES, the OXFORDS, the MARRYBONES, they still, though rather *décolorés* from their original splendour, hold their heads as high as any. MRS. HARLEY BAKER, I know, never goes to church without JOHN behind to carry her prayer-book; nor will Miss WELBECK, her sister, walk twenty yards a shopping without the protection of FIGBY, her sugar-loaf page; though the old lady is as ugly as any woman in the parish, and as tall and whiskery as a Grenadier. The astonishment is, how EMILY HARLEY BAKER could have stooped to marry RAYMOND GRAY. She, who was the prettiest and proudest of the family; she, who refused SIR COCKLE BYLES, of the Bengal Service; she, who turned up her little nose at ESSSEX TEMPLE, Q.C., and connected with the noble house of Albyn; she, who had but 4000 *pour tout potage*, to marry a man who had scarcely as much more. A scream of wrath and indignation was uttered by the whole family when they heard of this *mésalliance*. MRS. HARLEY BAKER never speaks of her daughter now but with tears in her eyes, and as a ruined creature. Miss WELBECK says, "I consider that man a villain;"—and has denounced poor good-natured

MRS. PERKINS as a swindler, at whose ball the young people met for the first time.

MR. and MRS. GRAY, meanwhile, live in Gray's Inn Lane, aforesaid, with a maid-servant and a nurse, whose hands are very full, and in a most provoking and unnatural state of happiness. They have never once thought of crying about their dinner, like the wretchedly puling and Snobbish womankind of my favourite Snob AUBREY, of *Ten Thousand a Year*; but on the contrary, accept such humble victuals as Fate awards them with a most perfect and thankful good grace—nay, actually have a portion for a hungry friend at times—as the present writer can gratefully testify.

I was mentioning these dinners, and some admirable lemon puddings which MRS. GRAY makes, to our mutual friend the great MR. GOLDMORR, the East India Director, when that gentleman's face assumed an expression of almost apoplectic terror, and he gasped out, "What! Do they give dinners?" He seemed to think it a crime and a wonder that such people should dine at all; or that it was their custom to huddle round their kitchen fire over a bone and a crust. Whenever he meets them in society, it is a matter of wonder to him (and he always expresses his surprise very loud) how the lady can appear decently dressed, and the man have an unpatched coat to his back. I have heard him enlarge upon this poverty before the whole room at the Conflagrative Club, to which he and I and GRAY have the honour to belong.

We meet at the Club on most days. At half-past four, GOLDMORR arrives in St. James's Street, from the City, and you may see him reading the evening papers in the bow window of the Club which enfilades Pall Mall—a large plethoric man, with a bunch of seals in a large bow-windowed light waistcoat. He has large coat-tails, stuffed with agents' letters and papers about companies of which he is a Director. His seals jingle as he walks. I wish I had such a man for an uncle, and that he himself were childless. I would love and cherish him, and be kind to him.

At six o'clock in the full season, when all the world is in St. James's Street, and the carriages are cutting in and out among the cabs on the stand, and the tufted dandies are showing their listless faces out of WHITE'S; and you see respectable grey-headed gentlemen wagging their heads to each other through the plate-glass windows of ARTHUR'S: and the red-coats wish to be Briarean, so as to hold all the gentlemen's horses; and that wonderful red-coated royal porter is sunning himself before Marlborough House, at the noon of London time: you see a light-yellow carriage with black horses, and a coachman in a tight floss-silk wig, and two footmen in powder and white and yellow liveries, and a large woman inside in shot silk, a poodle, and a pink parasol, which drives up to the gate of the Conflagrative, and the page goes and says to MR. GOLDMORR (who is perfectly aware of the fact, as he is looking out of the windows with about forty other Conflagrative bucks) "Your carriage, Sir." G. wags his head. "Remember, eight o'clock precisely," says he to MULLIGATAWNEY, the other East India Director, and ascending the carriage, plumps down by the side of MRS. GOLDMORR for a drive in the Park, and then home to Portland Place. As the carriage whirls off, all the young bucks in the Club feel a secret elation. It is a part of their establishment as it were. That carriage belongs to their Club, and their Club belongs to them. They follow the equipage with interest; they eye it knowingly as they see it in the Park. But halt! we are not come to the CLUB SNOBS yet. O my brave Snobs, what a flurry there will be among you when those papers appear!*

* Well, you may judge, from the above description, what sort of a man GOLDMORR is. A dull and pompous Leadenhall Street CREEPER, good-natured withal, and affable—cruelly affable. "MR. GOLDMORR can never forget," his lady used to say, "that it was MRS. GRAY'S grandfather who sent him to India; and though that young woman has made the most imprudent marriage in the world, and has left her station in society, her husband seems an ingenious and laborious young man, and we shall do everything in our power to be of use to him." So they used to ask the GRAYS to dinner twice or thrice in a season, when, by way of increasing the kindness, BUFF, the butler, is ordered to hire a fly to convey them to and from Portland Place.

Of course I am much too good-natured a friend of both parties not to tell GRAY of GOLDMORR'S opinion regarding him, and the Nabob's astonishment at the idea of the briefless barrister having any dinner at all. Indeed, GOLDMORR'S saying became a joke against GRAY amongst us wags at the Club, and we used to ask him when he tasted meat last? whether we should bring him home something from dinner? and cut a thousand other mad pranks with him in our facetious way.

One day, then, coming home from the Club, MR. GRAY conveyed to

* They are completed, and in safe hands. So there is no use in having me assassinated. They will be published all the same.

his wife the astounding information that he had asked GOLDMORR to dinner.

"My love," says MRS. GRAY, in a tremor, "how could you be so cruel? Why, the dining-room won't hold Mrs. GOLDMORR."

"Make your mind easy, MRS. GRAY; her ladyship is in Paris. It is only CÆSUS that's coming, and we are going to the play afterwards—to Sadlers' Wells. GOLDMORR said at the Club that he thought SHAKESPEARE was a great dramatic poet, and ought to be patronised; whereupon, fired with enthusiasm, I invited him to our banquet."

"Goodness gracious! what *can* we give him for dinner? He has two French cooks; you know MRS. GOLDMORR is always telling us about them; and he dines with Aldermen every day."

"A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prythee get ready at three;
Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?"

says GRAY, quoting my favourite poet.

"But the cook is ill; and you know that horrible PATTYPAN, the pastrycook's"

"Silence, Frau!" says GRAY, in a deep-tragedy voice. "I will have the ordaining of this repast. Do all things as I bid thee. Invite our friend SNOB here to partake of the feast. Be mine the task of procuring it."

"Don't be expensive, RAYMOND," says his wife.

"Peace, thou timid partner of the briefless one. GOLDMORR's dinner shall be suited to our narrow means. Only do thou do in all things my commands." And seeing, by the peculiar expression of the rogue's countenance, that some mad waggery was in preparation, I awaited the morrow with anxiety.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF HAIR CUTTING.

A BARBER in Bishopsgate, who undertakes to cut the hair of his customers in a Saloon representing the Bay of Naples, and professes to lather them into a belief that they are actually looking upon Mount Vesuvius, has carried his love of illusion so far as to have puffed himself into the belief that the public will be attracted to his establishment by such an announcement as the following:—

"Gentlemen may have their hair kept in the nicest order on terms in some cases at or under what is charged by the sixpenny cheap shops, where they have the chance of sitting down after some journeyman mechanic, and of obtaining more things than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio; or of being waited upon by some drunken half-day man, whom no respectable master would employ."

The insinuation thrown out against journeymen mechanics, and the genteel horror expressed at the mere risk of sitting down after one of the industrious classes, will have their weight with us, for as we know of no undoubted distinction by which a journeyman mechanic may be at once discovered, we shall certainly abstain from visiting these advertising barbers, lest they might mistake us for one of the class carrying about with them the pollution of industry. It would be awkward to be called upon for one's credentials of gentility by the fellow who is about to cut one's hair at this ursine menagerie.

THE SKATING SEASON.

THERE was a deal of skating in Baker Street last week. Several new *pas* were executed in the most masterly manner by the monster beasts wending their slippery way to their *dulce domum*, the Baker Street Bazaar. We noticed an ox who was throwing his whole body into the performance of a figure eight; and there was a great boar from Hampshire, who did a spread eagle in the middle of the road, in the cleanest manner. The Durham cows were less successful, having greater difficulty to keep upon their legs, but a *pastorale* was got up in Portman Square, by a party of four, who went up the middle and down again, executing the last step more than once, and changed sides, and *balanced* with a rapidity and *aplomb* that delighted a large circle of beholders. The skating was wound up with a *grande ronde* of all the animals on the ice. Refreshments, consisting of bran and oilcake, were served out in the course of the evening to the wearied skaters.

Punch à la Romaine.

SEVERAL new newspapers have been started at Rome; among them an English journal called the *Roman Advertiser*. We understand that, under the auspices of the present liberal Pontiff, an imitation of our own periodical will shortly be produced in the Eternal City, for the express purpose of enlivening the dulness so prevalent amongst the cardinals.

THE POETRY OF FISH.



FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE POET TAYLOR.

It is a refreshing sign of the times that Poetry is beginning to force its way into the business of everyday life, and our advertisers are continually cultivating the Nine, in the hope of attracting the million. Among the most distinguished mercantile votaries of the muse, is the celebrated J. TAYLOR, of Lombard Street, whose lyrics on piscatorial prices rank him with some of the best poets of our own—or anybody else's—era. If his verses do not become immortal, it is because they are "too good to live;" but we will at least preserve from oblivion the following:—

F I S H.—
Breathes there a man, so dainty fed,
That can refuse a good Cod's head
And shoulders, weight, nine or ten pound,
Plenty of liver and full of sound?
Let that man sulk—yes, let him frown,
Who refuses it for half-a-crown!

We regret that the above delightful distich should lose its poetical feeling by concluding with a common-place reference to the prices of ordinary fish, and observations on their weight, as if they were so much mere food; instead of being, as TAYLOR has made them, the sources—aye, the fish-sources—of inspiration. As the poet does not seem to have come quite up to the delicate niceties of his art, we suggest the following improved mode of putting the sentiment in the above stanza:—

When round the busy world we scan,
And learn each human wish,
We surely never find the man
Who'd dine without his fish.

Though some may praise the tender sole,
Or choose the brill instead—
They may be right, but, on the whole,
Give me my prime cod's head!

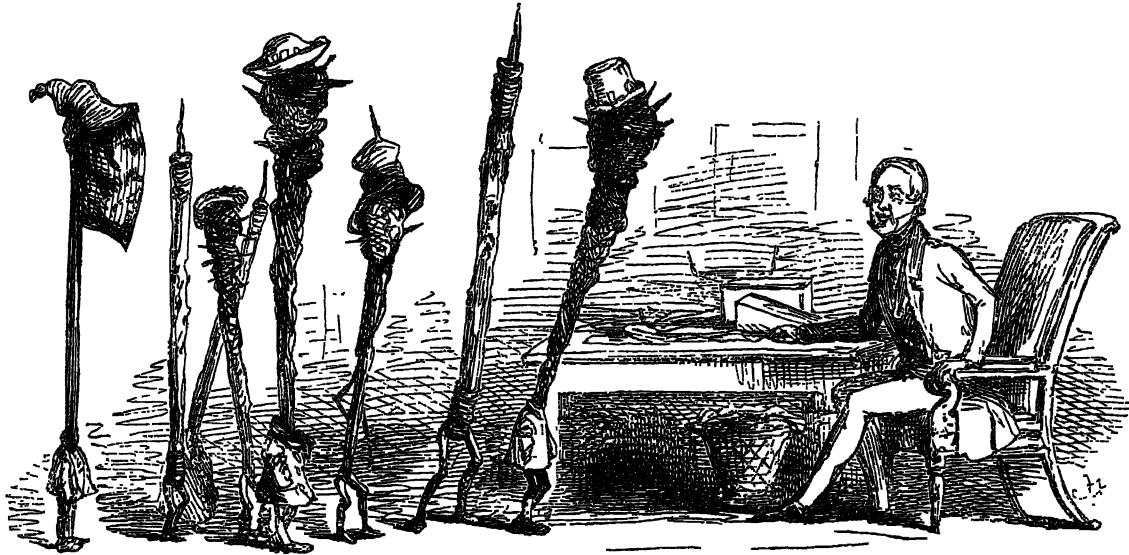
With parsley garnished gaily round,
And laid on china dish;
Complete, with liver and with sound,—
Sure 'tis the king of fish.

And if you would enjoy the treat,
Rush with your money down;
TAYLOR, of far-famed Lombard Street,
Sells it for half-a-crown.

Magnificent Addition! Chamber of Robbers!

MADAME TUSSAUD begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry that she has just added to her celebrated collection of Criminals, authentic models of those celebrated Robbers, JACK SHEPPARD, DICK TURPIN, and JERRY ABERSHAW, together with the THREE CROWNED HEADS implicated in the late Cracow Robbery.

THE PETITION OF THE STICKS.



CONSIDERABLE agitation prevails among the Sticks, in consequence of the threatened interference with their occupations by the removal of Smithfield Market, which will do away with the vested interest of the drivers of cattle through the heart of the metropolis. Several influential bludgeons have petitioned LORD MORPETH, and a number of the principal nobles have remonstrated on the injustice of interfering with their usual employment. We believe that a Shillelagh of some weight has presented several very knotty points to LORD MORPETH's attention. His lordship expressed his willingness to hear anything that the deputation had to urge; when one of them—a highly respectable ash—made a few very sensible observations. He said "That if the plebeian Sticks with whom he was associated were to be thrown out of employ, the aristocratic Sticks ought not to be allowed to retain their present

occupations. "Why," he asked "should the burly bludgeon be deprived of its rights, while the soft sugar-cane—he meant the higher class Sticks—or the whipper-snapper, if he might be allowed the term, were suffered to enjoy all their usual advantages?" LORD MORPETH replied, "that the Sticks were all useful in their way, but he thought the days of the bludgeon, the shillelagh, and other Sticks of the same class, were ended. He did not mean to deny their importance, and he believed they were at times very impressive, but he could not hold out any hope of prolonging their employment." An influential Axe, who had remained in the back ground, made some sharp observations, but the poor blade having lost his temper no attention was paid to him. The deputation then withdrew, having come to a resolution, that in their own defence the Sticks ought to stick at nothing.

THE PROMENADE CONCERT MANIA.



PROMENADE concerts will soon be all over London. There is scarcely a building sufficiently large that is not destined, according to rumour, for these performances. It is said that M. JULIEN is to have the Pantheon, and that the stalls will all be converted into private boxes. The National Baths in Holborn are decidedly to have the New-River water turned off, and the tide of public patronage turned on, in the hope of obtaining a series of profitable overflows. The orchestra will be stationed in the middle of the great tank, and the conductor, who will be surrounded by his Companions of the Bath, will no doubt go on swimmingly. The dressing rooms will be converted into boxes, and unless the speculation should receive an unexpected damp, there is every probability of its proving successful. On the opening night, "Turn on, Old Time" will be played, with Old Time disguised as a turncock; but instead of turning on he will be turning off the liquid element. During the summer months we daresay we shall have the "Deep deep Sea, Quadrille" with real water.

We have heard a rumour, but cannot vouch for its truth, that the BISHOP OF LONDON intends to apply for a music license for St. Paul's, in order that he may be enabled to compete with the attractions offered at other exhibitions. If he could announce a "Magnificent Addition!" with "No Advance of Prices!" the effect would be very great at the Christmas Holidays.

THE SCARCITY OF EGGS.

SEVERAL of the London papers have been commenting in terms of sober sadness on the present scarcity of eggs. We understand the dearth has been occasioned by the extent to which the Terpsichorean efforts of BARON NATHAN were carried last summer, and to the numerous imitations of his celebrated Egg Cracovienne. Though the Baron so contrives that he dances the pas blindfold without causing a single egg to shell out, his pupils and imitators have not arrived at the same proficiency. NATHAN would never harm a feather of the head of the incipient chicken if he were to dance blindfold among a row of nests; but the clumsy heels of the plagiarists have committed assault and battery on the eggs, to a tune that is truly terrible. We understand, however, that to make up the deficiency in eggs, which are so scarce and yet so desirable, a Treasury order will be issued to throw open all the mare's nests in the United Kingdom.

A PLEA IN BAR.

A TOLL-TAKER has been charged with embezzlement at Waterloo Bridge, where the traffic has been temptingly great since the closing of Westminster. Poor fellow! Some allowance ought really to be made for the novelty of his situation.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—The Spanish Bonds have fallen again since it was reported that LORD BROUGHAM had taken up the cause of the bondholders.

A Cure for a National Malady.

AN Englishman's love of mischief is proverbial; for it is well known that he cannot visit any object of interest, abroad or at home, without carrying off a memorial of the occasion in the shape of a piece of the precious relic, whatever it may be, or cutting his initials in some conspicuous part of it. We know a gentleman who wears a brick of the Colosseum as a brooch, and has got a table inlaid with marble, smuggled from the ruins of Pompeii. Every one knows that JOHN SMITH has sent his name down, or rather up to posterity, by chiselling it on the top of the Pyramids; and the toe of St. Peter, at Rome, though reported to have been kissed away, has no doubt been filed off from time to time for the sake of the dust by some of our countrymen. It seems as if they could not look at a venerable relic without having an irresistible desire to have a cut at it. The sight of the most ancient marble raises less a feeling of admiration than of a desire to have "a chip of the old block" to carry away in one's pocket.

In order to cure this injurious propensity, it has been proposed that a block of wood and a knife should be suspended before or at the side of every object of art, so that the lookers on may have something to cut, without doing any damage to the sculpture, architecture, or painting, as the case may be, that would otherwise fall a victim to that hacking attack which ends at last in total consumption. The words "Please to cut this Block" should be written over, as in the annexed illustration.



NAMES OF STREETS.

A SUFFERER lately supplied to the *Times* a heart-rending account of his pursuit of a dinner through difficulties. He was invited to dine with a newly-married friend (newly-married men are sometimes permitted to invite acquaintances), at a certain Gloucester Terrace, which—beguiled by a similarity of name—he sought from Regent's to Hyde Park; at last arriving at the Terrace required in such a state of exhaustion that he was carried into the dining-room by two footmen, and after much difficulty and considerable attention was restored by the application of sundry plates of hot soup to his stomach. The sufferer, of course, loudly calls for a "remedy of the present system of street nomenclature." Why should there not be a registrar of streets as of births? Why should not bricks and mortar be duly christened by an appointed authority, the Beadle of the Parish and the senior Pew-opener standing sponsors?

The Punch Projectile.

MR. PUNCH is very sorry to hear that CAPTAIN WARNER'S Long Range has failed. To console the Government for this disappointment, Mr. P. will engage, on reasonable terms, to compose a squib which shall strike the enemies of his country at any distance.

NOTICE!—If the WELLINGTON Statue, which was left on the top of the triumphal arch in Piccadilly, about two months ago, is not taken away by the 21st of this month, it will be sold to defray expences.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

ON the QUEEN'S visit to Arundel Castle, the chair of recognition used at the Coronation and presented to the DUKE OF NORFOLK, was shown to Her Majesty, who honoured the chair with a further recognition by recognising it as an old acquaintance. We understand the meeting was rather affecting. The QUEEN no sooner saw the chair, than she threw herself into the arms of her old friend, and declared that she could repose with confidence on its tried integrity. The chair in conformity with the usual etiquette, remained standing during the whole of the time that Her Majesty continued seated. During the interview, the air of the "Old Arm Chair" was whistled by one of the Lords-in-Waiting. Her Majesty on quitting, took the veteran kindly by both arms, and playfully exclaiming—"Adieu, ma chère," quitted the apartment.

BLUNDERBUSS IRELAND.

A LETTER from Virginia (county Cavan) speaks of a public sale by auction of muskets and bayonets; an Enniskillen paper has also a sort of price current for guns and pistols. The *Free Press*, speaking of the south, says "there is more business doing in the trade in guns, pistols, and blunderbusses, than in any other in this town." Birmingham pants at its stithy, and cannot sufficiently supply weapons to famishing Ireland; one proof that Ireland has a very ostrich-like stomach; and wanting food, can make a very dainty meal off iron. We think we shall commission our artist to execute a fancy portrait of starving Erin swallowing, like an Indian juggler, knives by the dozen: and caring not to lay her money out upon necessary bread and potatoes, enjoying the luxury of gunpowder and, à la Chinois, dishes of slugs.

Matrimonial Market.

WE understand that in consequence of the flatness which prevailed last year in the matrimonial market, occasioned by the speculations in railways, the stock on hand of unmarried ladies is much larger this year than usual. To meet the circumstances of this unexpected glut, it has, we hear, been determined to sell off the entire last year's stock, among which will be found several unredeemed pledges. All the old goods will be offered first; but to give a few attractive features to the sale, there will be introduced a portion of the novelties of last season. Of course it cannot be expected that there will be the slightest reserve on this interesting occasion.

IMPERIAL MAGNANIMITY.

THE *Post Ampt Gazette*, Frankfort paper, says—

"The EMPEROR NICHOLAS has shown much disinterestedness in the Polish question. One of his Ministers said to the Austrian Government—"The Emperor gives you a *carte blanche* as regards Cracow; do what you please."

This is touching. Imagine JONATHAN WILD saying to BLUESKIN—"There is the ouse; and there is the swag. As for the master and missus, the kids and the slaveys, why you may tie 'em all to the bed-postes, or cut their precious throats, or blow their brains out. It shan't be said that JONATHAN WILD can't be disinterested. No, BLUESKIN, and so I gives you—a *carte blanche*!"

No more Autographs.

If the Electric Telegraph comes into general use, as we hope it will, for we hate writing letters, there will be an end to the nuisance, to which celebrities, like ourselves and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, are subjected, of having to write our name fifty times a day to fill young ladies' albums and curiosity-collectors' portfolios. Autographs will certainly never be able to survive the shock of the Electric Telegraph: but we suppose some other tax on greatness will be levied in its stead. We should not at all wonder that the next demand on a genius will be to send some unknown admirer, "who hopes you will excuse the liberty," your photographic portrait. We should not mind this so much, as it is always our wish to do a thing handsomely.

AN APOLOGY.

THE Austrian Government calls the act of taking Cracow an "incorporation." For the future, thieves should say when they are taken up for stealing a pocket-handkerchief, "Why, my lord, I merely incorporated it."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE BRITISH DRAMA.—Two new theatres are to be built in Paris.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XLII.—SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.

PUNCTUAL to the hour—(By the way, I cannot omit here to mark down my hatred, scorn, and indignation, towards those miserable Snobs who come to dinner at nine, when they are asked at eight, in order to make a sensation in the company. May the loathing of honest folks, the back-biting of others, the curses of cooks, pursue these wretches, and avenge the society on which they trample!)—Punctual, I say, to the hour of five, which Mr. and Mrs. RAYMOND GRAY had appointed, a youth of an elegant appearance, in a neat evening dress, whose trim whiskers indicated neatness, whose light step denoted activity, (for in sooth he was hungry, and always is at the dinner hour, whatsoever that hour may be), and whose rich golden hair, curling down his shoulders, was set off by a perfectly new four-and-ninepenny silk hat, was seen wending his way down Bittlestone Street, Bittlestone Square, Gray's Inn. The person in question, I need not say, was Mr. SNOB. *He* is never late when invited to dine. But to proceed with my narrative:—

Although Mr. SNOB may have flattered himself that he made a sensation as he strutted down Bittlestone Street with his richly gilt-knobbed cane, (and indeed I vow I saw heads looking at me from Miss SQUILSBY'S, the brass-plated milliner opposite RAYMOND GRAY'S, who has three silver-paper bonnets, and two fly-blown French prints of fashion in the window), yet what was the emotion produced by my arrival, compared to that with which the little street thrilled, when at five minutes past five the floss-wigged coachman, the yellow hammer-cloth and flunkies, the black horses and blazing silver harness of Mr. GOLDMORÉ whirled down the street! It is a very little street of very little houses, most of them with very large brass plates like Miss SQUILSBY'S. Coal-merchants, architects, and surveyors, two surgeons, a solicitor, a dancing-master, and of course several house-agents, occupy the houses—little two-storied edifices with little stucco porticoes. GOLDMORÉ'S carriage overtopped the roofs almost; the first floors might shake hands with CROESUS as he lolled inside; all the windows of those first floors thronged with children and women in a twinkling. There was Mrs. HAMMERLY in curl-papers; Mrs. SAXBY with her front awry; MR. WHIGGLES peering through the gauze curtains, holding the while his hot glass of rum-and-water—in fine, a tremendous commotion in Bittlestone Street, as the GOLDMORÉ carriage drove up to Mr. RAYMOND GRAY'S door.

"How kind it is of him to come with *both* the footmen!" says little Mrs. GRAY, peeping at the vehicle too. The hugest domestic, descending from his perch, gave a rap at the door which almost drove in the building. All the heads were out; the sun was shining; the very organ-boy paused; the footman, the coach, and GOLDMORÉ'S red face and white waistcoat were blazing in splendour. The herculean pushed one went back to open the carriage-door.

RAYMOND GRAY opened his—in his shirt-sleeves.

He ran up to the carriage. "Come in, GOLDMORÉ," says he. "Just in time, my boy. Open the door, WHATDYECALLUM, and let your master out,"—and WHATDYECALLUM obeyed mechanically, with a face of wonder and horror, only to be equalled by the look of stupefied astonishment which ornamented the purple countenance of his master.

"Wawt taim will you please have the *cage*, Sir," says WHATDYECALLUM, in that peculiar, unspellable, inimitable, flunkified pronunciation which forms one of the chief charms of existence.

"Best have it to the theatre, at night," GRAY exclaims; "it is but a step from here to the Wells, and we can walk there. I've got tickets for all. Be at Sadler's Wells at eleven."

"Yes, at eleven," exclaims GOLDMORÉ perturbedly, and walks with a hurried step into the house, as if he were going to execution (as indeed he was, with that wicked GRAY as a JACK KETCH over him). The carriage drove away, followed by numberless eyes from door-steps and balconies; its appearance is still a wonder in Bittlestone Street.

"Go in there, and amuse yourself with SNOB," says GRAY, opening the little drawing-room door. "I'll call out as soon as the chops are ready. FANNY'S below, seeing to the pudding."

"Gracious marcy!" says GOLDMORÉ to me, quite confidentially, "How could he ask us? I really had no idea of this—this utter destitution."

"Dinner, dinner!" roars out GRAY, from the dining-room, whence issued a great smoking and frying; and entering that apartment we find Mrs. GRAY ready to receive us, and looking perfectly like a Princess

who, by some accident, had a bowl of potatoes in her hand, which vegetables she placed on the table. Her husband was meanwhile cooking mutton-chops on a gridiron over the fire.

"FANNY has made the roly-poly pudding," says he; "the chops are my part. Here's a fine one; try this, GOLDMORÉ." And he popped a fizzing cutlet on that gentleman's plate. What words, what notes of exclamation can describe the nabob's astonishment?

The table-cloth was a very old one, darned in a score of places. There was mustard in a tea-cup, a silver fork for GOLDMORÉ—all ours were iron.

"I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth," says GRAY, gravely. "That fork is the only one we have. FANNY has it generally."

"RAYMOND!" cries Mrs. GRAY, in an imploring face.

"She was used to better things, you know; and I hope one day to get her a dinner service. I'm told the electro-plate is uncommonly good. Where the deuce is that boy with the beer? And now," said he, springing up, "I'll be a gentleman." And so he put on his coat, and sat down quite gravely, with four fresh mutton chops which he had by this time broiled.

"We don't have meat every day, Mr. GOLDMORÉ," he continued, "and it's a treat to me to get a dinner like this. You little know, you gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, what hardships briefless barristers endure."

"Gracious marcy!" says Mr. GOLDMORÉ.

"Where's the half-and half? FANNY, go over to the 'Keys' and get the beer. Here's sixpence." And what was our astonishment when FANNY got up as if to go!

"Gracious marcy! let me," cries GOLDMORÉ.

"Not for worlds, my dear sir. She's used to it. They wouldn't serve you as well as they serve her. Leave her alone. Law bless you!" RAYMOND said, with astounding composure. And Mrs. GRAY left the room, and actually came back with a tray on which there was a pewter flagon of beer. Little POLLY (to whom, at her christening, I had the honour of presenting a silver mug, *ex officio*) followed with a couple of tobacco pipes, and the queerest roguish look in her round little chubby face.



"Did you speak to TAPLING about the gin, FANNY, my dear?" GRAY asked, after bidding POLLY put the pipes on the chimney-piece, which that little person had some difficulty in reaching—"The last was turpentine, and even your brewing didn't make good punch of it."

"You would hardly suspect, GOLDMORÉ, that my wife, a HARLEY BAKER, would ever make gin punch? I think my mother-in-law would commit suicide if she saw her."

"Don't be always laughing at Mamma, RAYMOND," says Mrs. GRAY.

"Well, well, she wouldn't die, and I don't wish she would. And you

don't make gin punch, and you don't like it either—and—GOLDMORE, do you drink your beer out of the glass, or out of the pewter?"

"Gracious mercy!" ejaculates CRÆSUS once more, as little POLLY, taking the pot with both her little bunches of hands, offers it, smiling, to that astonished Director.

And so, in a word, the dinner commenced, and was presently ended in a similar fashion. GRAY pursued his unfortunate guest with the most queer and outrageous description of his struggles, misery, and poverty. He described how he cleaned the knives when they were first married; and how he used to drag the children in a little cart; how his wife could toss pancakes; and what parts of his dress she made. He told TIBBETS, his clerk, (who was in fact the functionary who had brought the beer from the public house, which MRS. FANNY had fetched from the neighbouring apartment)—to fetch "the bottle of port wine," when the dinner was over; and told GOLDMORE as wonderful a history about the way in which that bottle of wine had come into his hands, as any of his former stories had been. When the repast was all over, and it was near time to move to the play, and MRS. GRAY had retired, and we were sitting ruminating rather silently over the last glasses of the port, GRAY suddenly breaks the silence by slapping GOLDMORE on the shoulder, and saying "Now, GOLDMORE, tell me something."

"What?" asks CRÆSUS.

"Haven't you had a good dinner?"

GOLDMORE started, as if a sudden truth had just dawned upon him. He had had a good dinner; and didn't know it until then. The three mutton-chops consumed by him were best of the mutton kind; the potatoes were perfect of their order; as for the ruly-puly, it was too good. The porter was frothing and cool, and the port wine was worthy of the gills of a bishop. I speak with ulterior views; for there is more in GRAY's cellar.

"Well," says GOLDMORE, after a pause, during which he took time to consider the momentous question GRAY put to him—"Pon my word—now you say so—I—I have—I really have had a monstrous good dinnah—monstrous good, upon my ward! Here's your health, GRAY, my boy, and your amiable lady; and when MRS. GOLDMORE comes back, I hope we shall see you more in Portland Place." And with this the time came for the play, and we went to see MR. PHELPS at Sadler's Wells.

The best of this story (for the truth of every word of which I pledge my honour) is, that after this banquet, which GOLDMORE enjoyed so, the honest fellow felt a prodigious compassion and regard for the starving and miserable giver of the feast, and determined to help him in his profession. And being a Director of the newly established Antibilious Life Assurance Company, he has had GRAY appointed Standing Counsel, with a pretty annual fee; and only yesterday, in an appeal from Bombay (BUCKMUCKJEE BOBBACHEE v. RAMOROWDER-BAHAWDER) in the Privy Council, LORD BROUGHAM complimented Mr. GRAY, who was in the case, on his curious and exact knowledge of the Sanscrit language.

Whether he knows Sanscrit or not, I can't say; but GOLDMORE got him the business; and so I cannot help having a lurking regard for that pompous old Bigwig.

GRATEFUL PADDY.

OCH! PADDY, my honey, we've given you our money,
And we freely came down with the dust, did we not?
And now you enjoy it, the way you employ it,
Is in laying it out upon powder and shot.

In want and starvation, you cried to our nation;
To relieve you we punch'd our own indigent sons;
You gained your petition—to buy ammunition,
Pikes and cutlasses, bayonets, pistols, and guns.

Against us thus arming, your conduct is charming
To the friends that you found in your season of need.
Sure, PADDY my darling, at Englishmen snarling,
'Tis a rare grateful boy that ye are, then, indeed!

So shout for O BRIEN, the young Irish Lion,
Whilst pursuing your mighty magnanimous course;
Our arms 'gainst "our honours" the Sassenach, the donors,
You convert into weapons of "Physical Force."

RAISING A PALACE.

As it is the general complaint that Buckingham Palace wants height, would it not be improving it to put the Wellington Statue on the top of it?

PLEA FOR PRIZE CATTLE.

To Mister Punch,

PLEASE Sir, I am a Cook in A gentilman's famaly where yure Paper is took in by us servance and Cause great a Musement, i can Ashure you, down staves in the Kitching. Has for my Self, I am sure i often larfs over it till i amost bustes. But there's won subjick on witch i hone i feels a little bit T-nder, and you will very much obleege me If you will Crack no more JOUX upon It. Wot i mean is, your Skitts upon the Fat cattal, witch i must say they often Hurt my Feelins. The jintes of Besf about crismas i Look upon as quite Picters and i don't like them to Be maid Fun of; no more would you if you wos in my Place, witch, as Cook, the Fat is my perkisit. The Fatt being the best part of the Meat, it is very Pretty pickins, and i Git for it at the rate of Fourpence a pound for Meltin. If you brought down the Fat it would be a great Loss of Substans to Us pore Servance, witch of coarse we should Expeck to be considderd in the wagis. So you won't wonder at my Feelin sore about the Fat. I know this, that if i lost my Fatt it would be Half as Much gone out of My pockett as my Place is Wuth.

Your umbil Servant,
"HANN LARDER."



THE BRITISH LION, AS HE APPEARED AT THE PRIZE CATTLE SHOW.—FATTENED UPON FREE TRADE.

THE WESTMINSTER ROAD OF RUIN.

THE contractors for repairing Westminster Bridge have contracted it so terribly that the footpath is no wider at present than a book-shelf. It is narrower even than any of those very narrow lanes, which are called Streets, in the City. If two fat persons were to meet, one would have to lay down to allow the other to pass over him. It was lucky that none of the prize beasts had occasion to cross Westminster Bridge, or else the few palings which are doing duty for a parapet would certainly have been knocked into the Thames, and the tallow monster probably would have followed it; in which case Lambeth would have been flooded. A paragraph states that the Bridge is to be thrown open for carriages in about a fortnight. We do not like to pick holes, but, considering the number of cavities at every step, we must say that Westminster Bridge has been opened weeks ago, in the most liberal manner. No other bridge on the Thames can boast of so fine an opening. It stands by itself, and, considering the obstinacy with which it resists all improvements, its motto should be, "Open to all, and influenced by none." We shudder at the notion of an omnibus disappearing some day down the centre arch of the bridge. Such tricks are only fit for pantomimes!

PORTUGAL AND HER STREET.

INSOLVENCY has long been associated with the name of Portugal, from the Court of the former being situated in the street of the latter. Now that the Portuguese are in a state of bankruptcy, the location of the Insolvent Court in Portugal Street appears singularly appropriate.

THE TEA MOVEMENT.

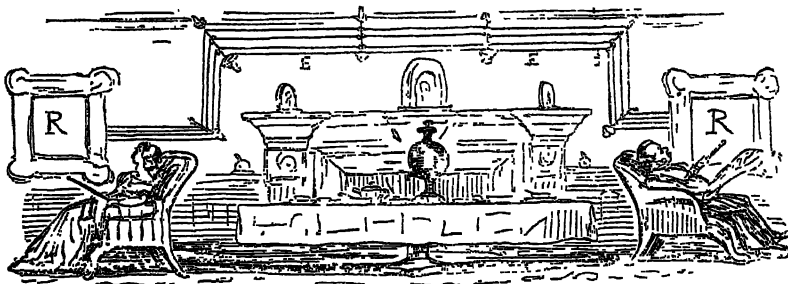
THERE is at length a stir in Tea, which is not confined to the millions of spoons connected with the British Breakfast Tables. There is a determination to emancipate the Gr-gns, as well as the Blacks, the Souchongs, as well as the Hysons. At public dinners Untaxed Tea is now drunk with all the honours, so that Tea and Toast have become identical. The cry of the patriot in favour of "our hearths" is not complete without the addition of "and our tea-kettles." The fine rough-flavoured old Pekoe has languished too long in fiscal fetters, and there is a demand that it shall be released from the bonds that used to bind it. If the ministers will not give freedom to our teas, they are to be regularly teased out of it. The question is, one that comes home to the bosoms and businesses of our wives and our washerwomen. It is an alarming fact, that every spoonful we put into the pot has been laid under contribution by the tax-collector, and our second cups are weakened to pay a duty which has only to be removed to enable us to afford to make "the last cup as welcome as the first."

When the second, third, and fourth waters are added, in the vain hope that our refreshing beverage may be renewed, and that the thrilling ecstasy of the first cup may live again in the second, how terrible is the reflection that the impoverished liquid is rendered poor by the excessive price put upon the herb in consequence of the claims of the Custom-house! The tea we drink should be free as the air we breathe, the cabbage leaf we smoke, and the chalk we imbibe in our milk—at breakfast. Why should tea be liable to a tax? We pause for a reply—which we request may be sent, post paid, to our office.



THE ANTI TEA-TAX OFFICE.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS FOR FAMILIES.



It has been suggested that the Electric Telegraph is too good a thing to be confined to public use, and that it may be introduced with considerable effect into the domestic circle. It sometimes happens that a husband and wife are, for a time, not upon "speaking terms," though communication between them may be requisite. This desirable result might be easily accomplished by means of the Electric Telegraph, which should be fitted up in the apartments of every married lady or gentleman. In fact reconciliations would often be much more easily effected by the plan we propose, for there is often something exceedingly provoking in the tone of a voice, while in the sound of the Electric Telegraph there is nothing whatever to irritate. There should be a station opposite the usual seats of the master and mistress of the house, and short signs could be used expressive of "When do you mean to get out of your ill-humour?" "I'm ready to make it up, if you are,"

and other amiable approaches to reconciliation, which could not be so well conveyed by word of mouth as by the mute eloquence of the wire. The annexed sketch furnishes some idea of how the plan could be made to operate, and by which the difficulty of saying "the first word" towards reconciliation may be remedied.

A Song to be sung at all Agricultural Associations.

STOCK-BREEDERS, stock-feeders,
Subsidi-drainers, patent weeders,
All lights of Agricultural Societies,
Who plough by means untold of,
Use manures that land makes gold of,
And upset ancient farming proprieties;
Who the future think and see big,
In the light of DR. LEMIG,
At dinners monthly, quarterly, and annual;
Who from ancient rule of thumb,
To BOUSSINGAULT have come,
And have at fingers' end the *Muck Manual*;
Who with wurzel, beans, and linseed,
Make obese what once was thin seed,
Till our sirlains are so fat that we cant eat 'em;
Who feed pigs to a condition
Which leaves spare-rib a tradition;
Let all such hear *Punch's* a moment, we entreat 'em.
Besides your fattening cattle,
You've of late begun to battle
In a way of your own, for the peasant;
And from oxen pils, and muttons,
To give medals, coats, and buttons
Unto Virtue, witing meekly for the present.
He who's best borne half-starvation,
Longest held worst situation,
(Like the world, your system best approves the
hardy 'uns);
Who's fought out his life of labour
Without sinking like his neighbour,
Or holding out his hand to Board of Guardians:
He that thus with fierce endeavour—
To-day, to-morrow, ever—
Has won his bread, or struggled on without it,
Shall find the gentry willing—
As far as twenty shilling—
To square scores with him, and say no more about it.
And then, in all the beauty
Of after-dinner duty,
Good digestion fanning conscience while she doses,
You thank your stars that throw you
High to help poor souls below you,
And each one each one else's health proposes.
Then port and claret warmed,
And in self-approval armed,
With a fmg at th- Press, by which you're nettled,
You call the bill and pay,
Nor imagine that the day
Has brought with it a debt which you've not settled.
Oh! bethink you, honest gentry,
Of a style of double-entry,
We are all of us rather inclined to:
Set down twice our own payments,
And half the dues of claimants;
And the tattle of the whole who can be blind to?

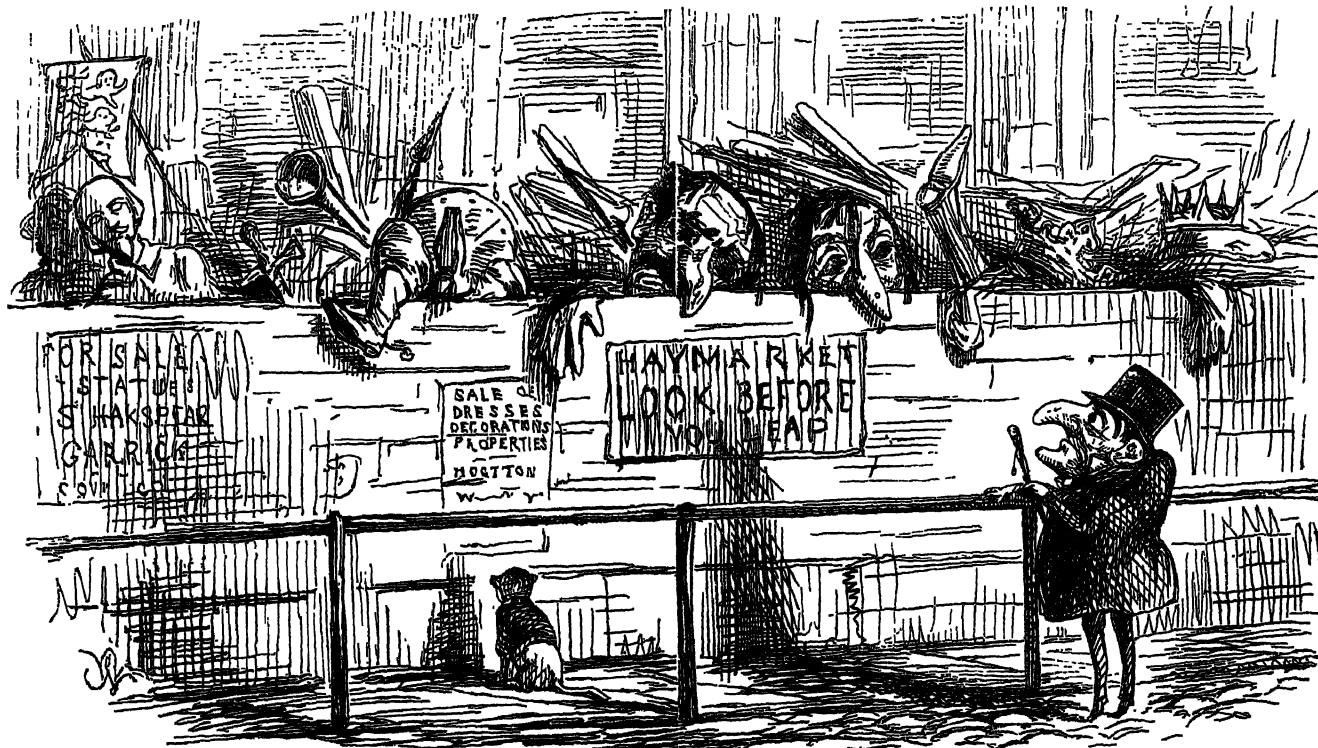
A Fine Tone of Indignation.

THE Old Masters are so hurt and cut up in consequence of the severe towelling they have received at the hands of the cleaners, that a great number of them intend never to show their faces in the National Gallery again.

A DELICIOUS NON-SEQUITUR.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, at the Smithfield Cattle-Club Dinner, gave "The Butchers of the Metropolis," which toast he followed up with the appropriate sentiment of "Live and let live." In which case, we ask the Duke, what is to become of the Butchers?

STATE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.



THIS splendid temple of the drama presents at this moment a melancholy spectacle of fallen greatness. All the glories of former years are thrown together in an inclosed space, level with the grand portico. The properties, of the most gorgeous description, have been shot in a heap, as so much rubbish. *King John's* sceptre has got, by some strange chance, into the mouth of the *Bronze Horse*, and the crown of *Richard the Third* has fallen on to the head of *Friar Bacon*. "Chaos has come again," in all its pristine purity. *Othello's* lamp is in the hands of *Guy*

Faustus, *Prospero's* wand is sticking in the eye of *Bluebeard's* elephant, and the goblet from which *Macbeth* used to drink health to *Banquo* is smashed up with the cauldron of the witches. The whole aspect of the theatre affords much room for the reflections of the philosopher; and not the least suggestive point to the sage is the Haymarket bill of the clever comedy of *Look before you Leap*, on the hoarding, which may be studied with quite as much profit by those inside as those on the outside of the building.

THE VAUXHALL HERMIT.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the papers, announcing the death of an imaginary personage, the Vauxhall Hermit. He certainly must have died of utter inanition, if he has died at all, for his thinness was so extreme as to render him nothing better than a transparency. It is true that during the Vauxhall season there used to be "a light in his laughing eye" from nine o'clock till twelve; but the luminous appearance was attributable to a rushlight, over which a lid was cleverly put to protect it from the elements. We have, on more than one occasion seen the "gentle Hermit's" eyes blown out by a sudden gust of old Boreas. We shall be hearing next of the death of Gog or Magog, and of the length of time they were stationed in Guildhall as watchmen.

We have inquired at Vauxhall Gardens, as to the truth of the report of the Hermit's decease, but we are happy to say that there is no foundation for the rumour. When last seen, the Hermit was sitting in his usual position; and though his cheeks were colourless, a little red lead will put upon him the usual "roseate hue of health," in a dab or two of the sixpound paint-brush. His frame is said to be somewhat shattered, but by attention to his board, and strengthening his profile, this temporary defect will be speedily remedied. The Hermit's cat might be, as the French say, *un peu mieux*, but she will be looked to at the proper period.

Metropolitan Sites.

LORD MORPETH, with his characteristic liberality, intends opening an Office for Statues out of place. A list of situations will always be kept for reference, and vacancies made public as soon as they occur. Every facility will be given to philanthropists wishing to erect their own statues.

LEARNED MUSICAL CRITICS.

OUR musical critics are getting so learned that we don't know how to follow them. They will tell us every key in which every piece is written, which is all very clever on their parts; but they sadly perplex us by the odd names they give to things we only know under more familiar titles. They will talk to us of a delicious *scherzo*, a beautiful bit of pedalling for the horn, and a nice phrase of contrapuntism, while they will inform us that there is a luscious passage for the wood, when they mean there is something pretty for flutes, flageolets, or oboes. There are now so many nice divisions of wood, wind, brass, string, and steel, that we shall expect to hear next of a fine *morceau* of fugue for the parchment, by which, of course, will be understood the tambourines, *grosses caisses*, and kettle-drums. We shall hear probably of a lovely bit of scholarly writing for the steel, in allusion to a few notes given to the triangle. We have no doubt this is all very learned, and we have great respect for learning, but we like the intelligible as well when it is convenient.

Extraordinary Longevity.

MR. ANTHONY DIBBS has in his possession a joke which has lived for the last ten years. It has appeared in several magazines, run the round of all the periodicals, and been *fêted* at the principal dinner-tables of the metropolis, besides being a very great favourite for innumerable seasons at the Circus at Astley's. The last time it appeared in public, was in a burlesque. It was dreadfully exhausted at the time, but still it has survived the blow. It made an attempt to come out on Christmas Day, at an evening party, but was so very weak that it was obliged to retire, the moment after. It is living at present in the greatest privacy with MR. ANTHONY DIBBS.



TREATY OF VIENNA

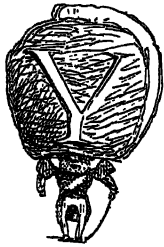
THE LAST CRACOVIANNE.

AS DANCED BY PRUSSIA, RUSSIA, AND AUSTRIA.

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

THE GENERAL AND HIS GOVERNOR TAKE A CATALOGUE OF PRESENTS BESTOWED AT THE PALACE.—AN ARITHMETICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL CALCULATION.



“You jist look here! I AM thunder-smitten,” ses I, tryin to fling down the *Mornin Post* as I spoke.

“What’s the matter, Gen’ral?” axed BARNUM, chippin his fourth egg—for he sucks ‘em like a weazel, that he may soften his voice to talk small to the women. “What’s the difficulty?” ses BARNUM.

“If these Britishers arn’t all froth and bang, like ginger-pop, I’m a varmint, and not the wonder of the airth, that’s all. Don’t they crow about their Freedom of the Press, like twenty thousand game-cocks?”

“Roosters,” ses BARNUM, solemn; “remember you’re a pure American citizen, Gen’ral, and never forget to say roosters. I should never forgive myself if I’d brought you from the most enlightened nation of the airth to be contaminated by the vulgarity of Europe. Roosters,” and he went on with his egg.

“Well, I am so ryled,” ses I, “taint a wonder what I said. Here’s the *Mornin Post* with the *Court Circular* in it—as full of lies as Philadelphia’s full of Quakers. Jist read it.” Whereupon BARNUM reads: “Last night the DUKE and DUCHESS of ERMINE, the MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS of STRAWBERRYLEAF, his Excellency the Cannibal Islands’ Minister and Lady, dined at the Palace. In the evening there was a distinguished party of the nobility and *corps diplomatique*.”

“Not a word about me!” ses I. “Won’t you go slick to our Ambassador—won’t Mr. EVERETT—for it was afore BANCROFT’S time in course—won’t he call *Mr. Court Circular* out? Aint it an affront to the flag?”

“Tisn’t his fault, poor critter,” ses BARNUM; “*Court Circular* only puts in the paper what’s handed out to him chalked on a slate. One of the Honor Maids or Waitin Lords gives it him; and he only puts it in his best English, and then sends it to the papers.”

“And they talk of a pure, unlightened press! I wonder if our own *Mornin Airthquake* would belittle itself by such doings! I have heard of printers’ devils; and for sartin they must write such bamboozlin with their pisted tails. “Tisn’t at all clear grit, BARNUM”—ses I—“to be left out for Dukes and Marquises and such critters. I could not ha’ thought it of Gracious Majesty.”

“Gen’ral,” ses BARNUM, in his soft way—and he’d gammon a whole bed of spinach by only winkin at it—“Gen’ral, we musn’t be too hard upon Gracious Majesty; dear lady, she can’t help it. JOHN BULL, the beast!”

“That’s right, Governor,” ses I, “swear at him, and make me happy.”

“JOHN BULL doesn’t care a munch of oil-cake for all the genius of the ‘varsal airth.—And if he was to know that painters, and players, and poets, and such cattle, went once a week—as they do—to spend a sworry with Gracious Majesty, why it’s much to be feared he’d look down upon her. And so, whenever Gracious Majesty has a private party of geniuses to tea with her, why, jist for the sake of appearances, and peace and quiet, she’s obligated to put ‘em off upon the public as Dukes and Airls, and Ambassadors. In like way, you see, as coiners gild pocket-pieces, and pass ‘em for pure gold.”

“If genius isn’t the rael Cheshire here?”—ses I, a leetle streaked—“what’s to become of me?”

“We shan’t show you as a genius, Gen’ral; that wouldn’t pay for the candles. No: we shall sink the genius—for you are a wonderful critter, that’s a truth as plain as chalk—and puff the dwarf.”

Still I wasn’t to be smoothed round and round like a beaver hat, and I ses—“If I’d ha’ been up to that deceivin varmint, *Court Circular*, you don’t think I’d have flung away my hornpipe and our national melody! No: they should have sent me to the Tower first.”

“Now, Gen’ral,” ses BARNUM, “don’t let your dander rise. And for the weakness of the Britishers, don’t despise it, for we shall turn it into ready money. If they cared for what’s called genius, they wouldn’t suit us. I’m told that a man at the ‘Gyptian Hall was able to set up his carriage for life upon a baboon’s-head and a salmon’s tail.”

“Lor!” ses I—for I was ‘stonished—“as how?”

“Why, he put ‘em both together, and called ‘em a mermaid. The

shillins fell in showers. There was no keeping out the people of quality. One old baronite was flung down in the mob, and broke his leg; but he warn’t to be discountenanced; for the very next day he come upon crutches.”

“And set up his carriage upon a false mermaid?” ses I, quite bewildered.

“And more than that,” ses BARNUM, “he sold her rael comb and glass fifty times over for a swinging sum—but all private, in course—to dowagers of the nobility. By the way,” ses BARNUM—and he looked on a sudden as bright as though he’d wiped his face with the tail of a comet—“by the way, Gen’ral, you didn’t happen to be born with a caul—eh?”

“I don’t know; mother can tell you,” ses I.

“Because, if you was, I’ve no doubt it would sell agin and agin to the Lords of the Admiralty. That pint must be thought of,” ses BARNUM, seriously. “Howsumever, if your name isn’t yet in the *Court Circular*, you was gilt and jewelled last night at the Palace tarnation. Look here;” whereupon BARNUM took out such a heap of gold and glitter, from a drawer, I thought to myself “I’m as fine as a new weathercock.”

“Let us catalogue ‘em, reg’lar,” ses BARNUM, and he got pen and paper. “Call ‘em out, and I’ll write.”

—A gold bracelet, from Gracious Majesty, with a watch a tickin still in the middle of it.

“BARNUM,” ses I, “I did feel a leetle like a dog with this about my neck last night. Couldn’t it be taken in for my leg, kinder Order of the Garter-like?” BARNUM nodded, and I went on.

—Four diamond shirt-studs out of PRINCE ALBERT’S own busum.—

“Well, they’re nation genteel, but a leetle small; not much bigger than big peas. Howsumever, I’ll wear ‘em till bigger comes, and then they’ll serve for courtesans at cards.”

—Two large emerald brooches, from two Duchesses.

“I tell you what I shall do,” ses I. “Yes; with these brooches I’ll give trade a lift. I’ll wear ‘em for buckles, and stick ‘em in my shoes. And so,” ses I, “like a true republican, look down upon the aristocracy.” BARNUM didn’t speak, but grinned, as much as to say, “Gen’ral, bless you!”

—Three gold chains, given from the necks of three Countesses.

“Two of ‘em jined,” ses I, “will make me a skippin rope; and the third will go round my waist to tie my dressin-gown.”

—Five-and-twenty pearl and diamond and ruby rings, warm from the fingers of several ladies of nobility.

I didn’t know what to make of them; but I seed that something was wriggling in the mind of BARNUM; for he sot bitin the end of his pen, like a rabbit at a cabbage-stalk. At last—his face lightin’ up like gas—he ses, “I tell you what, Gen’ral. Them rings—when you get more of ‘em—and by-and-by you’ll have as many as a thousand rattle-snakes—them rings may be made a great feature. We’ll have ‘em all linked together, and made a kinder chain of; and then, when you go agin upon the stage, you may dance a hornpipe in the fetters; and the name of every lady’s ring may go into the play-bills.”

“Governor,” ses I, “that will be very handsum; besides, it will ryle the men, and that gives me special satisfaction. For I could see ‘em, last night, while some of the pretty critters was kissin me—not but what I could have done with half the allowance I got, for I *have* seen flies killed with treacle—I could see ‘em a lookin’ at me, as if they could have swallowed me like a mint-julep. And ‘specially the geniuses, as they called themselves, looked in that fashion;—and they needn’t; they never give me nothin’.”

“Genius, my dear Gen’ral,” ses BARNUM, “never does. Don’t expect it. It may be, that genius has seldom anything to give—but, however—it is to gifted critters like yourself, Gen’ral, genius is always shabby. Howsumever, to proceed with the catalogue.”

—A silver thimble!

Well, I was streaked! Who *could* have insulted me with that dirty bit of metal! And then I recollected, jist as I was lifted into the carriage, it was flung in at the winder, no doubt by one o’ the housemaids of the Palace. I was so ryled, I was goin to climb up the leg of the table, and catch hold of the thimble, and fling it in the fire, when the Governor put his hand upon me.

“Gen’ral,” ses he, “I guess your thoughts. Arter you were in bed last night, I thought much of that thimble. I know a little of arithmetic and morals, and they are linked tarnation close together. Well, I find that allowin one housemaid out of fifty that comes to see you gives you a silver thimble, and of course she will”—

“Why of course?” ses I.

“If Gracious Majesty gives a watch, in course the housemaid will give a thimble. It’s example in high places that makes the true

vally of monarchy. Well, I calculate that every housemaid out of fifty presenting you with her thimble, we shall have at least two thousand bushels, three hundred pecks, two quarts, of silver thimbles."

"Lor!" ses I. "And what, Governor, shall we do with 'em?"

"Send 'em to the Mint," says BARNUM, "and melt 'em into dollar pieces."

THE RISING GENERATION.



First Juvenile. "HALF-A-DOZEN CHERROOTS, IF THEY ARE GOOD."

Second Juvenile. "AND I SAY, OLD BOY, WHILE YER HAND'S IN, JUST FILL MY BOX WITH BROWN RAPPEE."

ROYAL DISINTERESTEDNESS.

A VERY amusing letter has been printed, from DUKE D'ASSIS to the COUNT DE MONTEMOLIN, in which the former tries to persuade the latter to marry the royal lady, who is now the wife of the writer of the epistle. We congratulate the husband on the promptitude with which he got up his affection in time to meet the wishes of his country, and was prepared to centre his happiness, at a few weeks' notice, on a fair object he had so lately most earnestly recommended as the wife of another. The Duke, however, hints that if his beloved cousin will not take the lady, and cement his own and the nation's happiness, he, the Duke, must go through that operation. If ever there was a choice that decidedly deserved the name of HOBSON'S, it is this of the DUKE D'ASSIS in his thus amiably taking the partner declined by the COUNT DE MONTEMOLIN. The whole transaction is a precious piece of satire on royal marriages. We are afraid Heaven only makes the common ones, and that royal marriages are the work of some other manufactory.

A True Triplet.

OH where, and oh where shall the ducal Statue go?
The arch it is too high, and the ground it is too low;
And 'tis oh, 'pon my word, I'm sure I do not know.

(*Spoken.*) Do you, reader? Can you really tell me what would be the best site for hiding such a sight altogether? No, no, I see you are as much at fault as I am; so we may as well both of us sing—

And 'tis oh, 'pon my word, I'm sure I do not know.

THE CURFEW.

THIS remnant of the dark ages still exists in many lodging-houses, where landladies who find coals and candles are dreadfully afraid of fire. The fact of all the lights being extinguished, is communicated by the kitchen bell being violently rung, which is a signal for all the servants to go immediately to bed.

Ode on a Prospect of the Abolition of Eton Montem.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where Aristocracy's young flowers
Bless HENRY'S holy shade,
For culture which the monarch meant
For scholars poor and indigent;
Unable for their lore to pay—
Some grumbling churls, in language strong,
Pronounce this change a wicked wrong,
No matter what they say!

Ah hapless tow'rs! ah luckless spires!
Ah statutes shirk'd amain!
That high-burn sons of noble sires
Might learning *gratis* gain;
The gales that from your quarters blow
Oppress me with a sense of woe;
For they a horrid rumour bring
That Eton Montem is to be
At length abolish'd.—Goodness me!
Oh what a shocking thing!

Say, Hill of Salt, for thou hast seen
Full many a noble race
Do what might be considered mean
In any other case—
With cap in hand, and courtly leg,
Waylay the traveller, and beg;
Say, was it not a pleasing sight
Those young Etonians to behold,
For eleemos, nary gold,
Arrest the passing wight?

Whilst some, of more excursive bent,
Their vagrant arts to ply,
To all the various places went
That in the neighbourhood lie;
To Datchet, Slough, or Horton they,
Or e'en to Colnbrook, took their way,
Or ancient Windsor's regal town;
Stopp'd everybody they could meet,
Knock'd at each house in every street,
In hopes of half-a-crown.

Gay clothes were theirs, by fancy made;
Some were as Romans drest,
Some in the Grecian garb array'd,
Some bore the knightly crest;
Theirs was attire of every hue,
Of every fashion, old or new,
Various as NATHAN'S ample store:
Angelic beings! Ladies! say,
Will ye let these things pass away?
Must Montem be no more?

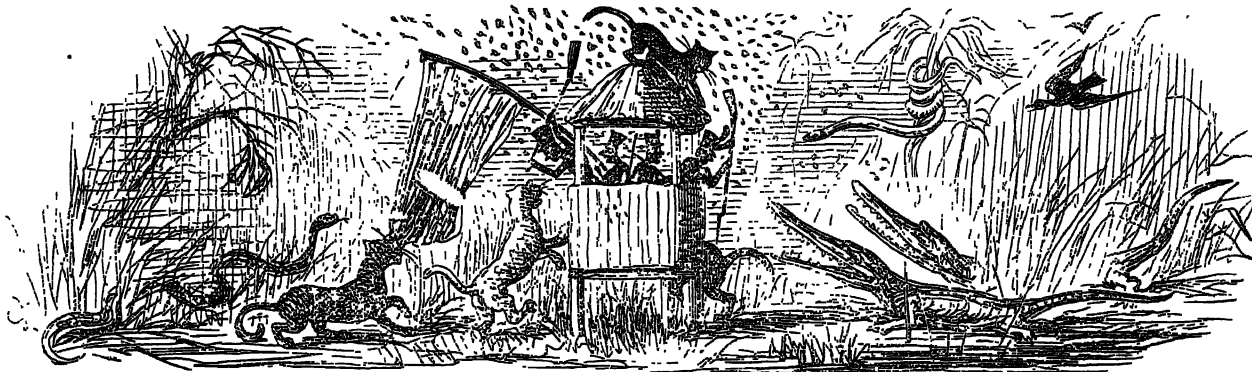
Alas! our institutions old
Are going, one by one;
The work of innovation bold
With Montem has begun;
Next flogging it will overthrow,
And fagging, too, of course will go,
And then farewell the good old school!
Science with Latin and with Greek
To mix e'en now Reform would seek;
Ah, tell her she's a fool!

To all their likings, and their taste,
Their fancies and their qualms;
Some gentlemen may feel debased
By sons who ask for alms;
Yet youthful Lord, and stripling Duke,
To beg for salt, without rebuke,
At Montem always were allowed:—
What argument can answer this?
No more—where beggary is bliss,
'Tis folly to be proud.

BRITISH LINERS.

THE submarine telegraph has been laid down successfully at Portsmouth. This is the most literal instance we have yet heard of BRITANNIA ruling the waves.

THE WAR IN MEXICO.



In the course of this campaign, the chief difficulty has not been to oppose the troops, but to defend positions against those disagreeable enemies and expert tacticians, the wild beasts. It is bad enough to be obliged to hold out against the assaults of a file of soldiers, but it is terrible to be compelled to resist a furious cohort of alligators, each of whom has an entire file in his tongue, and a double column of teeth that would make the oldest soldier admit that, in spite of all his manoeuvring, they saw through him. The bears form of themselves a squad of heavy buffs, that are celebrated for the ardour with which they not only hug themselves, in the confidence of success, but embrace—very

inconveniently—every opportunity. No infantry is so formidable as that regular Bengal native, the lion, and there is not a more efficient lancer than the sting of one of those venomous reptiles from which the poor Mexicans have been obliged to protect themselves. RICHMOND, in his address to his army, seems to have anticipated what is now going on in Mexico, when he energetically exclaims,

“Let us be tigers in our fierce department!”

We confess that this style of coming to the scratch is about the most tremendous that can be adopted; and we wish our Mexican fellow-creatures well out of it.

PLAYING AT “MAJESTY.”



SABELLA is “woo’d, and married, and a’,” and is, *de facto* and *de jure*, Queen of Spain. But the CONDE MONTEMOLIN must be king; and as nobody will acknowledge him in his own country or in France under that title, he comes to England, throws himself into the arms of the *Morning Post*, and is duly crowned in the editor’s room, the compositors assisting. The ceremony of coronation must have been very affecting, the king being anointed with printers’ ink. The solemnity concluded—we have not space to give all the *minutiae*,—the son of CARLOS becomes his Majesty—at least to the *Morning Post*. “His Majesty” drives in the Park—

“His Majesty” visits the exhibitions—and “His Majesty” goes to the Haymarket Theatre, where (how very easy and convenient is play-house royalty!) “the orchestra,” says the *Post*, “played the loyal Basque air, a compliment the delicacy of which was felt and appreciated by *His Majesty*, and by the noblemen and gentlemen of his suite.” We think the king ought to have sent for the leader of the orchestra, and upon the spot have created him a grandee of the first class; the title would have been quite as valid—just as profitable, too—as that of the Haymarket King of Spain. “You shall be a duke,” says the potentate of the old play to the ambitious simpleton, “you *shall* be a duke, only nobody must know it.” And after this fashion has the Count been enthroned and anointed. He *is* a king—averts the *Post*—only nobody knows it.

INVITATIONS TO DINNER.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, after visiting the Smithfield Cattle Show, sent round to the most important competitors the following circular, as a proof of the high estimation in which he held them:—

“HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE presents his compliments to the Prize Ox, and will be happy to have his company at dinner any day next week, at the Freemasons’ Tavern. A knife and fork will be laid for any of the Prize Ox’s friends as may please to accompany him.”

Invitations were likewise despatched to the Prize Pigs. PRINCE ALBERT’s, which won the prize, have been specially honoured by His Royal Highness with a card for a *tête-à-tête* dinner.

DIPLOMATIC WASTE PAPER.

We have been favoured with a peep at the *trousseau* of the DUCHESS OF MONTPENSIER. It is a joint present from Austria, Russia, and Prussia, contained in a trunk lined with the Treaty of Vienna.

REGENERATION OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.

A GERMAN company has been invited to come over next season, and it is expected they will perform at the Princess’s. A Spanish banker is in treaty for the Adelphi for the performance of Spanish dramas, and there is a loud talk of the Lyceum being taken by a real Bohemian nobleman for the legitimate Bohemian Polka and Hungarian tragedies. Sadler’s Wells will, at the termination of the present season, administer to the elevated taste of the present day with a series of *Poses Plastiques* on the grandest scale—fifty professors are engaged. Drury Lane will still maintain its character for ballet, as a company of dancing Newfoundland dogs has been engaged, and will perform the Battle of Waterloo, got up with dances and processions. The celebrated French poodle *Bijou* will perform the part of NAPOLEON, and take real snuff. The Haymarket will be opened with a troop of Cossacks, who will give their national melodies, and act some of their finest comedies. The St. James’s will still remain in the hands of the French company; so that, with the Italian Opera at Her Majesty’s Theatre, and another at Covent Garden, there is every hope that next year there will not be a single theatre in London where the English Drama, now almost obsolete, will be performed. An Englishman who wishes to see a play of SHAKESPEARE’S will have to run over to Paris, or else go out by the *Great Western* to New York.

A Soon for Royalty.

As the gun-cotton explodes without any noise, we think HER MAJESTY might, instead of having her ears deafened, every time she appears in public, with endless salvos of artillery, be received with discharges of cannon loaded with the above silent material. If the “National Anthem,” also, could be discharged in the same way, without its being heard, we are sure it would be a most pleasant relief to HER MAJESTY; but this is more than we can expect, as every little Mayor who runs out of his parish to present himself and mace to the QUEEN, is not likely to sing small on such an occasion, as his great object is to make as much noise as he can whilst he is about it.

AN OBLIGING OFFER.

(*A Chemist’s Shop.—Shopman and Old Lady.*)

Old Lady. Now you are sure this is Carbonate of Soda—not Arsenic? *Shopman.* Quite certain, ma’am; try it.

A Cut for O’Connell.

A PORTRAIT of MR. O’CONNELL has been published at Dublin. It is dedicated “To the greenest spot in the world.” The inscription underneath runs as follows:—“The only fulfilment of MR. O’CONNELL’S promise that unless Repeal was carried in a twelvemonth, he would put his head upon the block.” We need not say that, for the sake of the joke, the engraving has been done upon wood.



Tom. "Ah, Bill! I'M QUITE TIRED OF THE DISSIPATION OF THE GAY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD. I THINK I SHALL MARRY AND SETTLE."

Bill. "WELL, I'M DEVILISH SICK OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE MYSELF, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THROWING MYSELF AWAY IN A HURRY."

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

TALE THE TENTH.

Excuse the question, Marines, but—how are you off for soap? Very poorly, you will say. Exactly so. Fresh water is scarce on board ship, and salt is incompatible with lather. Often, therefore, must you sigh for the comfort of a good bath: feelingly would you appreciate the blessing of one. So, were you to quit the service, and become members of the labouring classes on shore, you would be greatly delighted with the baths and washhouses which are everywhere provided for their use. You may have heard, perhaps, that these institutions have been more generally talked about than established:—be assured that this is a calumny on the affluent. Baths and washhouses for the labouring classes, in London especially, are much more plentiful than workhouses. They are now about to be erected in St. James's, Westminster, where they would have been built long ago, but for the population of that parish being mostly so wealthy as not to be supposed to want them.

It has at length, however, been determined to introduce them; there, for the accommodation of the poor few. A motion to that effect was last week passed in the parochial vestry, not, (as was reported by the democratical *Morning Post* with a view to excite a prejudice against the aristocracy,) by one vote; but unanimously. The *Post* asserts that a Mr. GASIN opposed the motion, and said, "He did not think that baths and washhouses were at all necessary, for the poor would not use them when built." Do you believe this? Do you suppose that Mr. GASIN, (whom there is every reason to believe to be some benevolent old gentleman,) would make a remark so dirty? Oh no! But this by the bye.

The Baths and Washhouses are to be constructed forthwith, and—this is the point for your special attention—on a scale of extreme magnificence. The nobility and gentry of St. James's are determined that the buildings shall, in every respect, do credit to their rank and opulence. Accordingly, these baths and washhouses are to be designed by MR. BARRY, who, no doubt, will render them, architecturally, monuments of British art, as well as charity. Their interior arrangements are to be most commodious, each separate bath is to be composed of marble, and plentifully supplied with warm or cold water at option. Nothing in the shape of soap will be thought of under brown Windsor, except in the washhouses, where there will be a sufficiency of yellow. The towels will be none of your huckabuck, but the richest damask. Abundance of lavender water and other perfumes will be provided,

effectually to obviate the inconvenience which many of the inhabitants of St. James's complain that they have experienced from the inferior classes coming "betwixt the wind and their nobility." In fact, the distinguished denizens of St. James's are resolved, if possible, to outdo the Baths of Diocletian; for they say that it is scandalous that Christian London should be inferior in any respect to Pagan Rome. And this is the Tenth authentic narrative which *Punch* has related to—the Marines.

A New Extinguisher.

SOME enterprising candlestick-maker has invented a new extinguisher. It is in the shape of the WELLINGTON Statue; and when placed on the top of the candle it has about the same proportions as the original monster, on the top of the Hyde Park pedestal. It is called the TRENCH Extinguisher.

WORSE AND WORSE.

It is said that the Bey of Tunis has become music-mad, and intends to take an Opera Company home with him. An incorrigible punster, —the same who has been reprimanded several times without the least effect—declares it to be natural that there should be a strong love of tunes in a Bey of Tunis.

THE CAMBRIDGE POLICE.

THE Police forces are more numerous than they have been generally supposed to be. Besides the Metropolitan Detective and Rural policemen, there is a distinct class of this useful body of men, called the University Division, which is formed by the Proctors of Oxford and Cambridge. The identity of the Proctor with the Policeman, would perhaps have remained unnoticed, had it not, both as regards their office, and manner of discharging it, been strongly manifested the other day. It is the Policeman's duty to patrol the streets. The Proctor, also, has his beat. The policeman is prone to uncalled-for exertion of authority. Whether this tendency was exhibited by the Proctor at Cambridge in committing a female of questionable character, merely for appearing in the streets, to the Spinning House—let the reader judge. The Spinning House is a damp miserable dungeon, and the poor wretch caught her death in it. And is this law? Aye, marry is it—College Law. With his beat, behaviour, and station, or Spinning House, is not the Proctor a policeman all over? Not quite. To consummate the resemblance, he wants an oil-skin hat and cape. As he unites the clerical with the constabulary character, the uniform and buttons might be dispensed with, as also the regulation highlows and Berlins. It may be questioned whether the hat should not in form be that of a Master of Arts. The collar, for a two-fold reason, should be lettered; and further, to indicate the combination of the officer and scholar, we propose to substitute for the ordinary marking, the Greek letters and numerals, as A 4, B 8.



A MERRY ANDREW.—SIR ANDREW AGNEW being asked what was a "moral engine?" replied—"A railway engine which does not run on the Sunday."

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XLIII.—SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.



THE BACHELORS in Clubs are very much obliged to you," says my old school and college companion, ESSEX TEMPLE, "for the opinion which you hold of us. You call us selfish, purple-faced, bloated, and other pretty names. You state, in the simplest possible terms, that we shall go to the deuce. You bid us rot in loneliness, and deny us all claims to honesty, conduct, decent Christian life. Who are you, Mr. SNOB, to judge us so? Who are you, with your infernal benevolent smirk and grin, that laugh at all our generation?"

"I will tell you my case," says ESSEX TEMPLE; "mine and my sister POLLY's, and you may make what you like of it; and sneer at old maids, and bully old bachelors, if you will."

"I will whisper to you confidentially that my sister POLLY was engaged to SERGEANT SHIRKER—a fellow whose talents one cannot deny, and be hanged to them, but whom I have always known to be mean, selfish, and a prig. However, women don't see these faults in the men whom Love throws in their way. SHIRKER, who has about as much warmth as an

eel, made up to POLLY years and years ago, and was no bad match for a briefless barrister, as he was then.

"Have you ever read LORD ELDON'S life? Do you remember how the sordid old SNOB narrates his going out to purchase twopence-worth of sprats, which he and Mrs. SCOTT fried between them? And how he parades his humility, and exhibits his miserable poverty—he who at that time must have been making a thousand pounds a year! Well, SHIRKER was just as proud of his prudence—just as thankful for his own meanness, and of course would not marry without a competency. Who so honourable? POLLY waited, and waited faintly, from year to year. He wasn't sick at heart; his passion never disturbed his six hours' sleep, or kept his ambition out of mind. He would rather have hugged an attorney any day than have kissed POLLY, though she was one of the prettiest creatures in the world; and while she was pining alone up-stairs, reading over the stock of half-a-dozen frigid letters that the confounded prig had condescended to write to her; he, be sure, was never busy with anything but his briefs in chambers—always frigid, rigid, self-satisfied, and at his duty. The marriage trailed on year after year, while Mr. SERGEANT SHIRKER grew to be the famous lawyer he is.

"Meanwhile, my younger brother, PUMP TEMPLE, who was in the 120th Hussars, and had the same little patrimony which fell to the lot of myself and POLLY, must fall in love with our cousin, FANNY FIGTREE, and marry her out of hand. You should have seen the wedding! Six bridesmaids in pink, to hold the fan, bouquet, gloves, scent-bottle, and pocket-handkerchief of the bride; basketsful of white favours in the vestry, to be pinned on to the footmen and horses; a genteel congregation of curious acquaintances in the pews, a shabby one of poor on the steps; all the carriages of all our acquaintance, whom AUNT FIGTREE had levied for the occasion; and of course four horses for Mr. PUMP'S bridal vehicle.

"Then comes the breakfast or *déjeuner*, if you please, with a brass band in the street, and policemen to keep order. The happy bridegroom spends about a year's income in dresses for the bridesmaids and pretty presents; and the bride must have a *trousseau* of laces, satins, jewel-boxes and tom-foolery, to make her fit to be a lieutenant's wife. There was no hesitation about PUMP. He flung about his money as if it had been dross; and Mrs. P. TEMPLE on the horse Tom Tiddler, which her husband gave her, was the most dashing of military women at Brighton or Dublin. How old Mrs. FIGTREE used to bore me and POLLY with stories of PUMP'S grandeur and the noble company he kept! POLLY lives with the FIGTREES, as I am not rich enough to keep a home for her.

"PUMP and I have always been rather distant. Not having the slightest notions about horseflesh, he has a natural contempt for me; and in our mother's lifetime,

when the good old lady was always paying his debts and petting him, I'm not sure there was not a little jealousy. It used to be POLLY that kept the peace between us.

"She went to Dublin to visit PUMP, and brought back grand accounts of his doings—gayest man about the town—Aide-de-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant—FANNY admired everywhere—Her Excellency godmother to the second boy. The eldest with a string of aristocratic Christian names that made the grandmother wild with delight. Presently FANNY and PUMP obligingly came over to London, where the third was born.

"POLLY was godmother to this, and who so loving as she and PUMP now? 'O ESSEX!' says she to me, 'he is so good, so generous, so fond of his family; so handsome; who can help loving him, and pardoning his little errors?' One day, while Mrs. PUMP was yet in the upper regions, and DOCTOR FINGERFEE'S brougham at her door every day, having business at Guildhall, whom should I meet in Cheapside but PUMP and POLLY? The poor girl looked more happy and rosy than I have seen her these twelve years. PUMP, on the contrary, was rather blushing and embarrassed.

"I couldn't be mistaken in her face and its look of mischief and triumph. She had been committing some act of sacrifice. I went to the family stockbroker. She had sold out two thousand pounds that morning and given them to PUMP. Quarrelling was useless—PUMP had the money; he was off to Dublin by the time I reached his mother's, and POLLY radiant still. He was going to make his fortune; he was going to embark the money in the Bog of Allen—I don't know what. The fact is, he was going to pay his losses upon the last Manchester steeple-chase, and I leave you to imagine how much principal or interest poor POLLY ever saw back again.

"It was more than half her fortune, and he has had another thousand since from her. Then came efforts to stave off ruin and prevent exposure; struggles on all our parts, and sacrifices, that (here Mr. ESSEX TEMPLE began to hesitate) that needn't be talked of; but they were of no more use than such sacrifices ever are. PUMP and his wife are abroad—I don't like to ask where; POLLY has the three children, and Mr. SERGEANT SHIRKER has formally written to 'break off an engagement, on the conclusion of which Miss TEMPLE must herself have speculated, when she alienated the greater part of her fortune.'

"And here's your famous theory of poor marriages," ESSEX TEMPLE cries, concluding the above history. "How do you know that I don't want to marry myself? How do you dare sneer at my poor sister? What are we but martyrs of the reckless marriage system which Mr. SNOB, forsooth, chooses to advocate?" And he thought he had the better of the argument, which, strange to say, is not my opinion.

But for the infernal Snob worship, might not every one of these people be happy? If poor POLLY'S happiness lay in linking her tender arms round such a heartless prig as the sneak who has deceived her, she might have been happy now—as happy as RAYMOND RAYMOND in the ballad, with the stone statue by his side. She is wretched because Mr. SERGEANT SHIRKER worships money and ambition, and is a Snob and a coward.

If the unfortunate PUMP TEMPLE and his giddy hussy of a wife have ruined themselves, and dragged down others into their calamity, it is because they loved rank, and horses, and plate, and carriages, and *Court Guides*, and millinery, and would sacrifice all to attain those objects.

And who misguides them? If the world were more simple, would not those foolish people follow the fashion? Does not the world love *Court Guides*, and millinery, and plate, and carriages? Mercy on us! Read the fashionable intelligence; read the *Court Circular*; read the genteel novels; survey mankind, from Pimlico to Red Lion Square, and see how the Poor Snob is sping the Rich Snob; how the Mean Snob is grovelling at the feet of the Proud Snob; and the Great Snob is lording it over his humble brother. Does the idea of equality ever enter DRYES' head? Will it ever? Will the DUCHESS OF FITZBATTLEAXE (I like a good name) ever believe that LADY CRESUS, her next door neighbour in Belgrave Square, is as good a lady as her Grace? Will LADY CRESUS ever leave off pining for the Duchess's parties, and cease patronising Mrs. BROADCLOTH, whose husband has not got his Baronetcy yet? Will Mrs. BROADCLOTH ever heartily shake hands with Mrs. SNEYD, and give up those odious calculations about poor dear Mrs. SNEYD'S income? Will Mrs. SNEYD, who is starving in her

great house, go and live comfortably in a little one, or in lodgings? Will her landlady, Miss LERSAM, ever stop wondering at the familiarity of tradespeople, or rebuking the insolence of SUKX, the maid, who wears flowers under her bonnet, like a lady?

But why hope, why wish for such times? Do I wish all Snobs to perish? Do I wish these Snob papers to determine? Suicidal fool, art not thou, too, a Snob and a brother?

THE POPULAR MOVEMENT.



CERTAINLY dancing seems to be the Popular Movement. The Baths in Holborn have been opened as a Ridotto, and the Strand is advertised to throw open its doors—for the twentieth time this season—as a Frascati, in the hope, we suppose, of its turning up at last a trump card. The Ridotto surprised us. Where there were formerly six feet of water, there are now some thousand feet of human beings, pumping away at the Polka in the most vigorous style. We expected to have seen a quadrille danced in

pattens, and the Masters of the Ceremonies, we thought, would be rushing about with mops, carrying away pails of water.

We imagined that the bath had been turned into a ball-room for scientific skaters, who would go through a variety of new figures, and that a new Russian ballet would be produced, to show what the skate was capable of doing on clever heels. We inquired for a *baignoir*, taking it for granted that would be the new term for the private boxes; but the check-taker evidently misunderstood us, for he replied in an indignant voice, "We ain't got none." However, we went in to judge for ourselves, and saw the bath filled with a stream of hats and bonnets that kept pouring in all the evening. We plunged into the deepest part, struck out into a quadrille, floated through a waltz, and did the tread step in the Polka in the most buoyant manner. We never recollect a more refreshing bath.

MOVEMENTS IN HIGH LIFE.

THE astronomers tell us that on the 30th of December, the planet JUPITER will hold a sort of *réunion* of all his moons. JUPITER will appear in all his belts, and the moons will form a very brilliant and *recherché* circle. The assembly is expected to take place at exactly eighteen minutes after seven, mean time, and in the mean time the necessary preliminaries will be advanced as much as possible. The opposite motions of the first and second satellites, who are always going different ways, and never hit their heads well together, will prevent the pleasing assembly from being of very long duration. The group will separate very early, for JUPITER and his moons are exceedingly regular in their mode of existence.

It is to be hoped that the two moons who don't agree very well will not reflect upon each other, or interchange any of their lunar caustic.

A Hopeless Case.

MR. COBDEN—the *Daily News* informs us—in a letter to Mr. HENDERSON, from Cadiz, says:—"You are strong in the justice of your claim, and you must try every appeal to the honour and honesty of the Spaniards; and, if necessary, endeavour to shame them into the payment of their debts." For "if necessary," Mr. COBDEN should have written "if possible." Spanish honour and Spanish honesty are equivalent to Punic faith and Irish gratitude.

OBITUARY.

WE regret to have to announce the premature departure of JOHN FROST, Esquire, whose dissolution happened very suddenly, on the morning of Saturday, the 19th of December. He had been in a very hardy condition for several days, but at the period we have named, he gave decided symptoms of breaking up, and the debt of Nature was soon liquidated.

Punch's Christmas Carol.

HERE comes Christmas—ancient, jolly,
Crown'd with mistletoe and holly.
Oh! the pleasure, oh! the treat,
To behold the joints of meat—
With a concourse whilst we stop,
Gazing at each butcher's shop—
And the turkey-laden coaches,
Thickly thronging Town's approaches:
But a crowd, too numerous,
Answers, "What is that to us!"

In each grocer's window, see
What a heap of spicery!
Citron, cloves, and cinnamon—
What a sight to look upon!
Candied orange-peel, and plums,
Nutmegs, raisins, figs in drums;—
What delicious visions rise,
Of plum-puddings and mince-pies!
Ah! but thousands answer thus:—
"Well-a-day! what's that to us?"

Some, alas! there are, to whom
Christmas brings but cold and gloom,
No warm fire, and no good cheer,
Though it comes but once a year;
Gentlefolks, suppose we try
If we cannot change their cry,
And provide them with a reason
Thus to hail the jovial season:
"Christmas—though necessitous—
Thou art something still to us!"

THE CHILDREN OF THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

WE need, perhaps, hardly make any apology to our readers for introducing into these pages the following paragraph from the *Times* newspaper.

"CHILDREN OF THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.—We are sorry to learn that the children of the late T. HOOD are, in consequence of the death of their last remaining parent, left entirely dependent upon the small fund, amounting, we believe, to about 800*l.*, collected by public subscription at the period of Mr. HOOD's death. The pension of 100*l.* granted by Sir ROBERT PEEL, ceases with the decease of Mrs. HOOD, who lived but a twelve-month to enjoy it. We believe that LORD JOHN RUSSELL has already been applied to by the friends of the family to continue the pension to the children, but his lordship has intimated his inability to comply with the request, since the pension becomes, by the death of Mrs. HOOD, the property of the public."

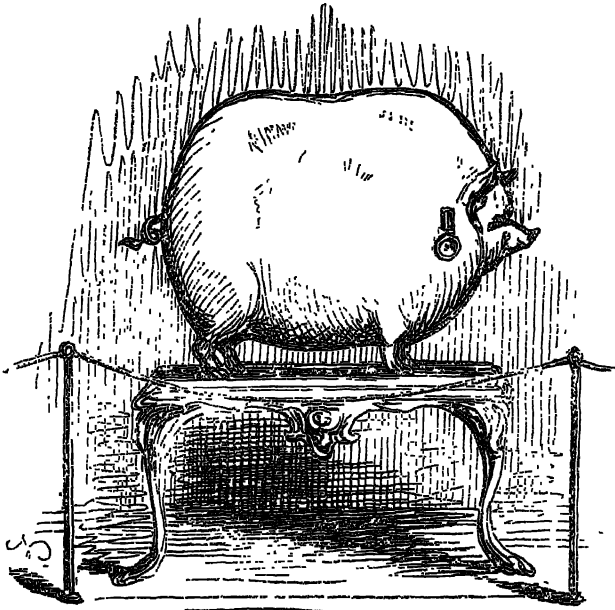
The public, if it could have its own way, would rather lose ten times the sum, than deprive the children of THOMAS HOOD of one farthing of the stipend, which, necessary as it might have been hitherto, must be still more essential now, that they are without the care of even one parent. Why is it that the Liberals will continually force us to draw odious comparisons between themselves and their political rivals on questions of practical liberality?

ROYAL DISSOLVING VIEWS.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE is at a loss to know what to do with the Victoria Gallery at Versailles. The meetings,—the royal embraces,—the festivities at Tu,—the whole series of pictures representing the *entente cordiale* have been so completely thrown into the shade by recent events, that the visitors only laugh at them. It has been suggested to put them into mourning, and cover them with the deepest crape. Another recommendation has been to turn the pictures round, and set their faces to the wall. The blank canvases would certainly present a correct picture of the present aspect of affairs, and could not possibly offend the eye or the *amour propre* of the most patriotic Englishman or Frenchman.

The blanks, also, might be taken as a gallery of portraits of the greatest statesmen of the present day, and a strong family likeness be traced between the THURBERS and the PALMERSTONS of the two countries. But we think we have a proposition which will save LOUIS-PHILIPPE the necessity of colouring over the past, or drawing on the future. Let him send the pictures to the Commissioners of our National Gallery, with directions to have them thoroughly cleaned. When they have undergone that operation, the pictures can be hung up with the greatest safety, as no one will be able to make out what they mean. They might illustrate the next dozen victories which the French are sure to win, the coming twelvemonth, over ABD-EL-KADER, and no one be any the wiser. This is what we call helping LOUIS-PHILIPPE clean through a difficulty.

HOMAGE TO A BRITISH PIG.



LOUIS-PHILIPPE is very anxious to induce HER MAJESTY to subscribe again to the *entente cordiale*, which has been discontinued lately, at Buckingham Palace, "until further orders." The difficulty, however, has been to make a beginning; but the Baker Street Bazaar has afforded an opportunity which LOUIS-PHILIPPE, with his wide-awakeness, could not allow to pass. He has sent over to PRINCE ALBERT'S Pig, which won the prize, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, as a mark of His Majesty's admiration of his greatness (the Prince's, not the Pig's) as a British Farmer.

The Pig was anything but gratified at the compliment conferred upon him, and kicked for a long time, (as well as his fat would allow him,) against wearing it. He seemed to consider that it degraded him to the level of a French pig, and he was melted to that degree, that two drops of lard were observed to roll down his fat cheeks. He lost caste immediately among his companions, dwindled down to a comparative shadow of fifteen stone, and expired the same evening. Light be the mould (candles) which will be raised from his body!

We should mention that PRINCE ALBERT has not in the slightest degree acknowledged the compliment paid to his Pig, but MADAME TUSSAUD has taken the dimensions of the sensitive-minded martyr, and, as she goes upon the system of giving the public wax enough for their money, she intends exhibiting a model of him, as large as life, in her Chamber of Horrors.

THE LAST WEEK OF A CHRISTMAS PIE.

(Suggested by VICTOR HUGO'S "Derniers Jours d'un Condamné.")

Friday. I am packed up! How close this hamper smells! Pah! And was it for this fusty prison that I have exchanged the air and brilliancy of the Pastrycook's window?

They are moving me, with the carelessness characteristic of PICKFORD. Yet I am labelled "perishable."

Ha! I am moving—rapidly—more rapidly! I am—I must be in the railway-train. Yes—that whiff of steam proves the fact!

We have stopped—suddenly. They are wheeling the truck aside! How cold it is! We must be standing uncovered! Drip—drip—plash—plash! It is the snow melting from the top of the station—Ugh! It penetrates the hamper and soaks my straw—the duck stirs within me. I suffer—I suffer—the mould is growing slowly over my lid in this living tomb.

Three days have we been standing here! A dreary time! I am getting mouldier and mouldier—Ah! that twinge! I must be turning sour!! Oh PICKFORD! PICKFORD!

How dark and noisome and damp is this truck! and to think that at this moment a brilliant Christmas party may be waiting my arrival! The lights—the warmth—the funkies—the flowers! I see,—I breathe them! A fair hand is raised to carve me! Oh, ecstasy! * * * *

Pshaw—it is a dream—a delusion! I am here, perishing in my straw! I wonder how much of me is still wholesome?

Ha! a step—a noise of voices! The door of the truck is opened!

They are busy with my fastenings! My time is come! Ha! Ha! I am entirely spoiled!
[The rest is lost in a violent altercation between the consignee and PICKFORD'S clerk.]

REFLECTIONS ON A TEA-TABLE.

Know ye the land where the hot toast and muffin
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their spheres;
Where scandalous stories and hints about nuffin,
Now melt into whispers, now rise into sneers?
Know ye the land where the liquids and cake
Their circumnutations consecutive make;
Where POMPEY'S strong arms are oppressed with Pekoe,
And the air waxes faint with the scent of the sloe;
Where malice produces its bitterest fruit,
And the voice of detraction can never be mute;
Where the tints of the story, the shades of the lie,
In number though varied, in falsehood may vie,
And the venom of scandal is deepest in dye;
Where virgins of fifty strange ringlets entwine,
In the fond misconception of looking divine?
'Tis the land of the teapot, the realm of the tray.
Can we smile when we know what their votaries say?
Oh! false as the curls of their ancientest belle,
Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which they tell.

MUSIC IN EBONY.



WE have been accustomed to talk, by a figure of speech, of the magic strains of WEBER and other composers; but Music is now literally assuming the character of the Black Art. Heretofore, Italy has been considered to be the land of Song; but Song seems to have lately migrated to Ethiopia, if we may judge from the popularity which has been acquired by the serenaders of that nation. Nigger melodies are now all the rage; and even sentiment—whose accents were always broken—rejoices, or rather mourns, in broken English. It is to be expected that Kentucky will shortly produce a HANDEL, Maryland a MOZART, or Virginia a black BEETHOVEN. SR. CECILIA assuredly must blush for Europe, if she does not at once change her colour for sable.

So dark a shade threatens to be cast over the Opera, that it is likely that *Otello* will next season be sustained by a genuine native. White, like British talent, will fail to be appreciated; and BALFE will have to blacken his face and style himself—not Monsieur, but SAMBO; and JOHN BULL will exclaim, in the taste of BORTON, "I have a reasonable ear in music: give me the tongs and bones."

Punch's Railway.

INQUIRIES have been made as to whether the BENTINCK Fund for "reduced trainers" will be available for the poor fellows thrown out of employ by the cutting off of the one carriage on the Kensington Railway. We understand, however, that the line is again to be worked, and a new coal-scuttle has been sent in for the purpose of feeding the tender.

ALL ONE.

WE see a book continually advertised, addressed to "young sportsmen," and styled, *Stable Talk and Table Talk*. We have generally observed that, with young sporting gentlemen, stable-talk and table-talk are convertible terms.

THE ROYAL HOUSES OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

If Portugal is in a state of insolvency, Spain cannot be far from it. Looking at the position of the two countries, we should say it was next door to it.

THE RISING GENERATION.



Young Lady. "NOW, THEN, YOU TIRE-SOME BOY—WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO SAY TO ME THAT SO NEARLY CONCERNS YOUR HAPPINESS?"

Juvenile. "WHY, I LOVE YER, AND I CAN'T BE APPY WITHOUT YER."

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

THE GENERAL UPON EXETER HALL AND THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

BARNUM having hired a location at 'Gyptian Hall, ses to me, "Well, Gen'ral, when do you feel disposed to show yourself to these English critters? If tainte done soon, they'll tear the door off the hinges." For BARNUM had put it about in all the papers, consarnin my visit to Gracious Majesty to the Palace, sinkin, in course, the slight of the back-stairs, for he didn't want to get up a war atween the two countries afore we'd plucked the Britishers. "If tainte awful to hear the smashin of carriage-poles and pannels in the street right under our winders; the aristocracy do so crowd to catch a glimpse on you." The aristocracy of England, be it understood, is sich a critter for the true grit; the rael thing, special if it comes from anywhere across the sea.

"BARNUM," ses I, "I do feel a little streaked that you should bamboozle me about the baboon and the salmon, that made a mermaid atween 'em; there never was nothin' o' the sort; father has been and inquired; and only that they saw his dander was up considerable, they'd have kicked him out of the 'Gyptian Hall, slick."

BARNUM ses nothin to this; but I could see he was ryled tarnation, for he stroddled like a pair of compasses across the room, and pulled and pulled at the bell, as tho' he was payed for pullin it. "Ax the Gen'ral's father," ses BARNUM to the help when he come, "to do me the leetle favour of steppin up here." And afore you could ring a dollar, father was in the room.

"So, I hear you've been to the Hall," ses BARNUM; "now which way did you go to it?"

"Out o' the house, down Bond Street, along Piccadilly, past Charin-Cross—where the king, whose head they cut off, tho' he looks perkin enough jist now, is sittin a horseback—then right up the Strand, and on the left to a purty big stone house up steps."

Somethin I could see was ticklin BARNUM; but he only said, "You never heard, Mr. STRELTON, I s'pose, of Exeter Hall?"

"Never," ses father; and BARNUM shakes his head, as much as to say "Poor forlorn sheep." However, in a minute he kinder smiled, and ses, "What did you see at the Hall, Mr. STRELTON?"

"Why," ses father, "I see a good many people, most th' 'em in black,

with white cloths twisted 'bout their throats; and a good many on 'em lookin as though they'd jist lost a dollar and not found a cent; and there was a good many she critters—a lot on 'em with steel and tawtey-shell spectacles on their noses, and some of 'em lookin as if they'd jist come from picklin onions, and had a leetle of the vinegar in their faces."

I could see BARNUM screw his mouth, as tho' he was suckin up a julep. However, he ses, "Go on, I beg, Mr. STRELTON."

"Well," ses father, "I followed them as was going up, and after twistin and turnin I found meself in a sort of horse-shoe place, filled with black coats, and white cloths, and tawtey-shell spectacles. Afore me was a large platform, very full of these critters. 'Tarnation,' ses I to meself, 'how on airth can they show the mermaid on that stage, if it is so full of humans? Taint givin the poor critter fair play.' Well, they put a solemn-faced, straight-haired human in a big chair, and the people clapt and halloed; and I heerd more than one tawtey-shell woman say 'That's SIR RANDREW—that's the blessed Baronite!' and others screech'd 'What a lamb of a man!'"

BARNUM wriggled and twisted, and then cried, smotherin a larf, "Go on, Mr. STRELTON, go on."

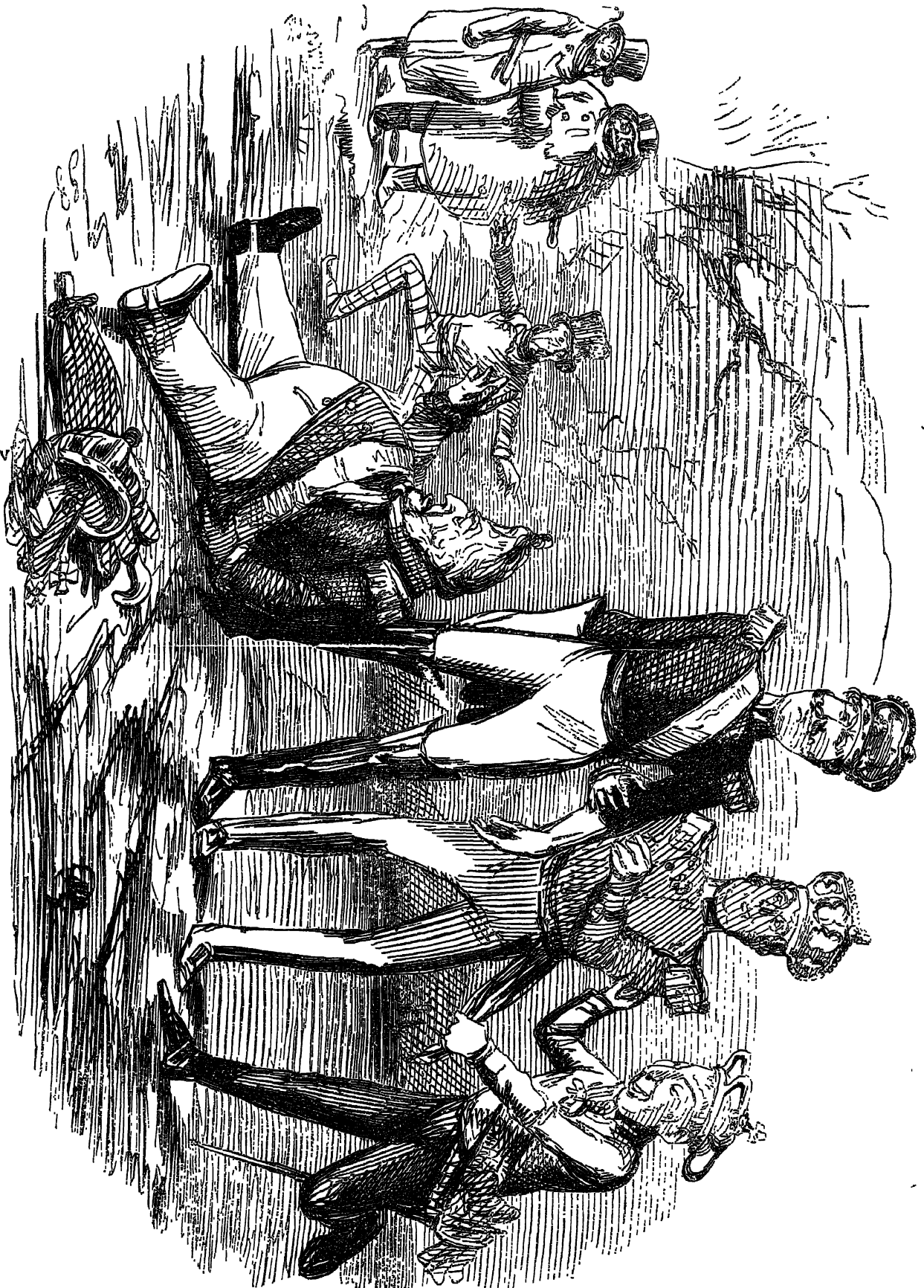
"Well," ses father, "the chairman got upon his legs, and said 'It was a delightful sight to see what he did see afore him, so many fullar countrymen and women,'—here one tawtey-shell began to sob,—'and more, so many foreigners.' Well, thinkin this was nothin more than a purty compliment to the flag, I cries out 'Columbia thanks you, stranger,' whereupon the meetin—sich was their manners to the freest citizen on airth,—screeched out 'Shame!' 'Turn him out!' but I only screwed meself tighter to the seat and grinned like a thousand wild cats at 'em. 'We are here assembled,' ses the Chairman, 'to cut off another inch from the tail of Satan! We have put down that sinful ingine the Sunday muffin-bell, and we will not pause, or falter, or bate a jot of heart or hope, before we see the day when the grass will grow in Lunnun streets on Sundays—when people will go with their eyes upon the stones to church and back again; and not a soul—no, nothin but the benighted sparrows—to be heard in this wicked metropolis; and the Thames—so full of steamers—be as the Dead Sea.' And then the people halloed, and the Chairman sot down; and other critters got up, and talked in the like way. So at last, I gets up and goes out, and so down stairs, till I come to a feller with a long stick in his hand, and goold upon his collar, and goold about his hat. 'When are they goin to show the mermaid?' ses I. 'What do you mean?' ses he, looking a leetle afre. 'The critter,' ses I, 'that's half woman half fish.' 'No woman o' the sort here,' ses the goold band, mighty short. And then he turned agin upon me, and ses, 'You poor lost sheep—go, show your humbleness, and crawl to home upon all fours. Well, I was too tickled by his airnestness to be at all ryled, so I ses, 'Well, if I can't see the mermaid, can I see the sarpents? I spose you know what a sarpent is, here to the Hall.' 'I should think so,' ses Goold Band; 'they're smittin him now up-stairs. The baronite has got him by the throat, and I wouldn't be him for tuppence.' I was in a bit of a fog; still it was such a curious critter, that I kinder humoured him. 'And where,' ses I, 'did the Jibbeways show themselves? where did they do the war dance? and where's the Battle of Waterloo modelled in biscuit?—and where?'—but afore I could say any more, Goold Collar lays his hand upon me, and calls up one of the Perlice. 'You will take this wretched heathen to the station—and then afore the magistrate—and then to the treadmill, where they'll cut his hair, and larn him to be a Christian.' 'I come here,' ses I, 'to see the Mermaid, and have got my shilling ready, if anybody had axed me for it.' 'Go away, you great fool, and don't make a noise,' ses the Perlice, smilin like, and givin me a good-natured shove down half-a-dozen steps. Well, the American Eagle did a little expand his wings in my busum, but I smoothed him down, and holdin my fist up at Goold Band, I whistled Yankee Doodle—as loud as ten thousand canaries—and walked on."

Here BARNUM bust into sich a fit of laughter, the fire-irons danced agin. "MISTER STRELTON," ses he, when he'd come a leetle to, "You must understand that in Lunnun there is two Halls—one is Exeter, and one is 'Gyptian. Now, you have been to Exeter, and not to 'Gyptian."

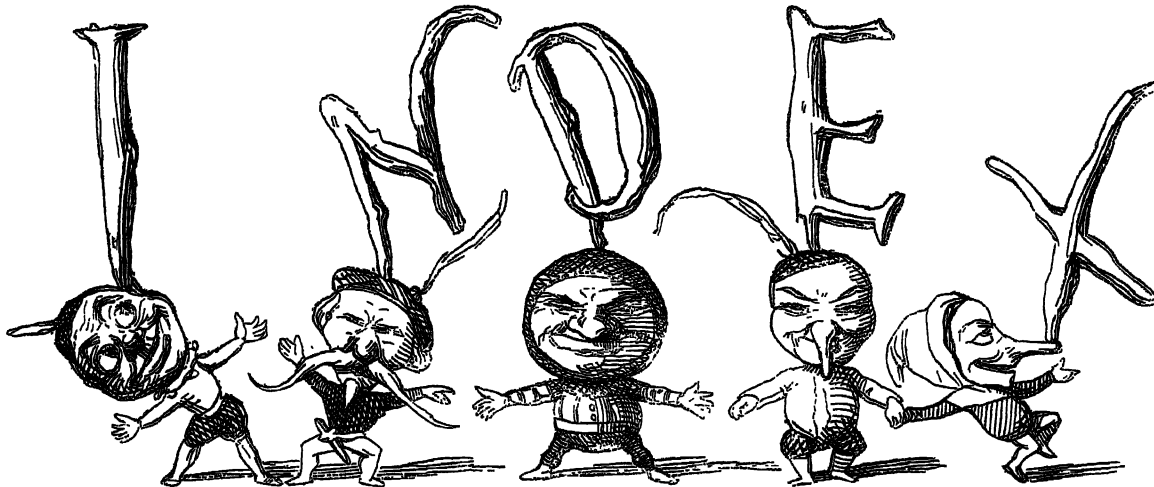
And so it turned out. Howsomever, as I am writin to Americans, it's only proper in me to warn 'em against the mistake; otherways, from what is sometimes done and said at Exeter Hall, strangers might sartinly believe they were at the 'Gyptian.

Dreadful Fall in Kitchen Stuff.

SOME inhuman boys established a slide outside the Baker Street Bazaar, and the consequence was, that as the monster beasts came out of the theatre, where they had been exhibiting, they slipped, went a few yards down the slide, and then rolled over. We counted as many as six mammoth pigs, and a prize ox at the top of them, all sprawling upon the ground at the same time. The latter monster went down so rapidly, that a gentleman compared it to "greased lightning." The police certainly should have put over the slide a board marked "Dangerous." We never recollect an instance of meat going down so rapidly.



ROYAL PASTIME; OR, LOUIS-PHILIPPE "TRIPP'D UP."



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