

00126529



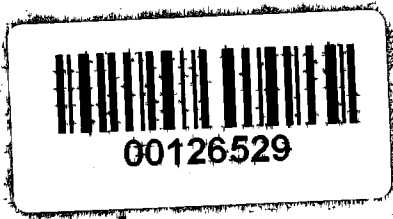




126529<sup>ac</sup>



LONDON :  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
1854.



LONDON :  
BRADBURY AND EVAN, PRINCES, WHITECHURCH.



# MORNING

IT having become known in the highest temporal place of Merry England that MR. PUNCH was about to complete the Twenty-Sixth Volume of his immortal work, he was aroused at an unusually early hour from his pillow, by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the bearer of the commands of HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, to the effect that MR. PUNCH should attend with his new Book—his last gift to a



delighted and enlightened generation—at the Crystal Palace; a fitting place, as it was pleasantly observed to him by the Court functionary above-named, wherein to dedicate to the Royal Consideration the brilliant and varied wonders of his last completed Book.

Magnificently printed in letters of virgin gold on white satin—"the worms were hallowed that did breed the silk"—was the Royal Command, to the following brief but heart-warming summons:—



*"Buckingham Palace, June 26.*

"MR. PUNCH is commanded by HER MAJESTY to attend at the Crystal Palace, at Two o'Clock to-morrow, to present to HER MAJESTY his Twenty-Sixth Volume."

*"Morning Dress."*

MR. PUNCH will not attempt to describe the attitude of the British nation on this event. No sooner was it made known to the world that he had received the Royal summons—no sooner was it an assured truth that he would take his blithesome way to Crystal-crowned Sydenham, than the whole population in the line of his progress made every possible demonstration in order to glorify and do honour to so great an event. Every possible sort of tapestry decorated the balconies. Hearthrugs and patch-work quilts vied with one another; and multitudinous brass bands made resonant the welkin with the air—"See, the Benefactor comes."

Arrived at the Palace, MR. PUNCH—his new volume under his arm—contemplated for awhile the People's Eden, in which the mighty gardener JOSEPH is planting so many Trees of Knowledge. And at once soothed and strengthened by the beauties around him, he awaited the Royal summons.

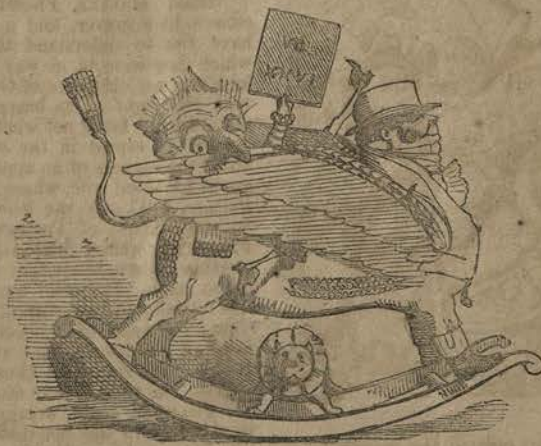
HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY—punctual as the sun—arrived at ten minutes to Two o'Clock, and as Two sounded from the belfry of Sydenham church, MR. PUNCH—duly called by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN—was face to face with her resplendent MAJESTY.

That Crystal Knight, SIR JOSEPH PAXTON—having received the Royal Command to such effect—introduced to the QUEEN, with whom were PRINCE ALBERT and the Royal Children,—MR. PUNCH and his Volume. MR. PUNCH was about to lay his book at the Royal Feet, when HER MAJESTY condescendingly desired to receive it in her Hand, and having\* beneficently smiled upon it, gave it to SIR JOSEPH, with orders that it should be added to the Five and Twenty Tomes of PUNCH—all of which are enshrined in a delectable Cabinet in the Royal Private Apartments of the Crystal Palace.

HER MAJESTY was thereupon graciously pleased to visit the PUNCH COURT—a Court hitherto most enviously neglected by contemporary literature, no notice of it having hitherto appeared in any of the newspapers. The inspection of MR. PUNCH'S COURT having been honoured by many musical laughs, the QUEEN returned to her Chair, and declared

## The Twenty-Sixth Volume of Punch Published.

*Vivat Regina.*





# WOLFE



## NEW YEAR'S EVE IN GUILDHALL.

AN APOLOGUE FOR ALDERMEN.

THE Pigeons of Guildhall, meek emblems of civic innocence, had folded their wings within their nests, and were slumbering in peaceful forgetfulness of the hall wherein "the love of the turtle" had so often kindled "the rage of the vulture" in the breasts of those to whom a fifth basin had been denied.

Occasionally a dyspeptic dove, fancying himself the inhabitant of a pie, would start from his uneasy dream, flap his wings, and utter a plaintive coo, but this passed, as one may say, in a *coup d'œil*, and silence once more reigned in the hall. GOG and MAGOG, contrary to their usual custom, preserved an unbroken taciturnity, and stood knitting their shaggy brows and blinking their great eyes in profound and painful meditation. But the clocks which now chimed out the mystic hour of nine aroused these worthies from their reverie, and springing lightly from their pedestals, they began to illuminate the hall, by dipping several rods of office in moonshine—a process which, as Gog surlily remarked, would give light enough for civic purposes. This done, they unbolted the great door, and gave admission to a crowd of men and women attired in festive though quaint garments, but wearing on their countenances an anxious expression traceable, no doubt, to the cause which had

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
The native hue of sturdy Gog and MAGOG."

Those colossal warders, stationed on either side of the door, received the names of the visitors, and took the cloaks, hats, and swords of such as were disposed to give them up. We should observe that before the door was opened, Gog laid his cap on a little table before him, and placed in it two rose nobles, three or four marks, and some smaller coins, as baits for the generosity of the guests.

"Good MASTER FROWICKE," said JOHAN DE GISORS, a grave citizen, to a graver, and a grocer, who walked in with him, "I shall have you to understand that mine eye have seen to-night that of which they were in no way fain. I did but go down Basing Lane to look how my old house of Gerrard's Hall bore itself, and to gladden me with the sight of its bravery, and lo! it was clean gone, and in its place were, I know not what new buildings of great size, but of small beauty. I espied in the street an old wife, who sold a baked fruit, about the bigness of an apple, the like of which I had never seen, and, quoth I, 'Good wife, where is Gerrard's Hall?' 'Gone to the Cristial Pallage, Sir,' quo' the wife, 'You'll see it there some day, Sir, along with the house of POMPEY, I'm told, Sir.' Conceive now, MASTER FROWICKE, what I felt on hearing this. Had it been one of the nine worthies, whose house they were to show with mine, it had not moved me so much. But who was this POMPEY? I trow the magnates of this city should have stayed, ere they dealt thus with the dwelling of a chief citizen and of a benefactor to the city. We were wont to say, MASTER FROWICKE, that an Englishman's house was his castle; but, methinks, if they deal thus with his castle, he must needs have an elephant, as well, to help move it."

"You speak sooth, worthy Sir," said KATHERINE HARDEL. "I also went down to the Smethfelde to look upon my Hermitage, for you know when my master, WILLIAM HARDEL, quitted the mayoralty and this life, our King, HENRY THE THIRD, gave me forty feet of land to build an hermitage thereon, in which hermitage I lived an ankeresse for many years. Marry it was pleasant to look out from my cell on the green fields and pleasant pastures, which the Hospitallers and the nuns of Clerkenwell and the canons of St. Bartholomew held, and to hear the fowles singen and maken merry, and to see the sote flowers springen in the meades, and the young maids and bachelors walking in the summer evenings by the side of Turnmill Brook. And, had I minded such vanities, I might have seen therefrom many joustes and tourneys, and many noble deeds of arms, done to win a look from ladies' eyes, amongst which it were unbecoming in me to say that mine had once been held the brightest. And now in place of the sweet pastures I could find nought but houses of the worst kind, and pens for cattle where the lists had been used to stand; and when, thinking that the wretchedness of the place might mortify the flesh and sadden the spirit, I asked of a boy if ever an anker dwelt there yet, he made answer, that he knew no house with that sign thereabouts, but that

know when my master, WILLIAM HARDEL, quitted the mayoralty and this life, our King, HENRY THE THIRD, gave me forty feet of land to build an hermitage thereon, in which hermitage I lived an ankeresse for many years. Marry it was pleasant to look out from my cell on the green fields and pleasant pastures, which the Hospitallers and the nuns of Clerkenwell and the canons of St. Bartholomew held, and to hear the fowles singen and maken merry, and to see the sote flowers springen in the meades, and the young maids and bachelors walking in the summer evenings by the side of Turnmill Brook. And, had I minded such vanities, I might have seen therefrom many joustes and tourneys, and many noble deeds of arms, done to win a look from ladies' eyes, amongst which it were unbecoming in me to say that mine had once been held the brightest. And now in place of the sweet pastures I could find nought but houses of the worst kind, and pens for cattle where the lists had been used to stand; and when, thinking that the wretchedness of the place might mortify the flesh and sadden the spirit, I asked of a boy if ever an anker dwelt there yet, he made answer, that he knew no house with that sign thereabouts, but that

the Three Drovers, in Long Lane, had good mild ale, and that their early pur was *stunning*, whereat I marvelled much."

DAME KATHERINE'S lamentations loosened the tongues of all in her neighbourhood. "Where are the walls?" cried one. "In the sewers," answered another. "Where are the wells, and brooks, and bosses of fair water?" asked a third. "Choked with dirt, or turned into ditches," replied a fourth. "I found the chapel wherein I was baptised and married," said a fifth, "doing service as the cellar of a broker's house. The fellow told me that some people, whom he called a society of antiquaries," (here STOW and REYNE WOLF groaned audibly) "visited it about once in twenty years to note the progressive accumulation of dirt in it. One of them wanted to buy and take away a quaint corbel that had grinned at me during mass for fifty years; but the broker and he had not as yet been able to agree upon the price."

"My masters and mistresses all," said GOG, in his blandest tones, "while you are lamenting the disappearance of objects naturally dear to you, the institutions of the City are themselves threatened. Charges, often made in the old time against the magnates, are now bruited about on all hands. They are accused of using the power their station gives them to advance the interests of their own relatives. Dost thou remember, worthy MASTER GERARD BAT, how, when the King made thee refund forty pounds which thou hadst taken, during thy Mayoralty, from the Victuallers, thou didst murmur '*Heu! Domine, ex his possem filiam meam maritare!*' If thou dost, thou canst sympathise with the modern magnates. They are accused, too, of wasting the revenues of the City, just as thou, SIMON FITZ-MARY, didst in thy shrievalty; for the which and for other *pravas et detestabiles mores*, thy aldermanate was taken from thee. Thou, SIMON, wast the founder of Bethlehem Hospital, and it concerns thee to know that a Governor of that house whose name differs but little from thine, is one of those men, and seeks to excuse their conduct. And, moreover, they are accused of taxing the commonalty to benefit themselves—a fault which thou, GUILIELME CUM BARBA, didst allege against thy compatriots. It will soothe thy perturbed spirit to know that those who play thy part now-a-days are

like to be more successful than thou wert, and that the magnates are like to come by the worst."

At these words a great clamour arose in the hall, but presently STOW was heard to say: "We have heard our good friends MASTER GIZORS and DAME HARDEL to speak at length of changes in this city, whereof, indeed, I have set down somewhat in a little book of mine-own; and MASTER GOG hath assured us of yet further changes to be passed upon those by whose neglect those alterations first complained of came about. Now in respect of buildings and their decay, I have not only read in old records of dwellings destroyed to make room for yours—as, indeed, some report that a Roman temple stood where MASTER GIZORS dwelt in after time—but I have seen hearths and pavements of Roman brick and tile dug up some twenty feet from under the houses which you and your fathers built. And in regard to civic government, MASTER HENRY FITZ-ALWYN, here, will tell us that before his time the city was ruled by port-reeves and provosts, and that the aldermen had no part in its government until he had been some time mayor. Whence I conclude that all things in this city are in a continual flux and change, and that the manners of the coming age will surely overcome those of the present time, as the buildings of to-day are reared upon and overerow those of yesterday, and as one generation of citizens hides its predecessors and their works under the dust of its feet—a piece of doctrine, which may go far to comfort thee, MASTER GIZORS, and to reconcile thy friends, MASTER GOG, to their inevitable fate."

The hall-keeper, dozing by the fire in his lodge, was roused by the sound of voices in the hall. "Drat it!" said he to his wife, "I could a sworn I'd locked it; them plaguey boys must have got in. I'll stop their larks." He rose and peeped into the hall, but no sight or sound met his eye or ear. It was empty, dark, and noiseless. "Werry odd," said he, as he returned to the fire, "It must have been them pigeons;" and GOG and MAGOG, who heard him, shook on their pedestals and chuckled, one to another, "The pigeons! Ha! ha! ha! the pigeons!"

### COMMON INFORMATION.



ERTAINLY we were gratified to observe that, at the Wolvesey Training School Meeting at Winchester, LORD ASHBURTON had announced that prizes would be awarded for a knowledge of common things. Without the intention of competing for these prizes, we may remark that colds and chilblains are common things at the present time; though headaches and bilious disorders, from over-indulgence in plum-pudding and the

other delicacies of the season, are much more common. Other affections, of a more sentimental nature, contracted in consequence of polking, waltzing, and Schottische dancing, are likewise common: and *Pop Goes the Weasel* has become so common as to be a bore. Holly and mistletoe are common—the latter giving occasion to a ceremony both common and—just now—proper. Christmas-boxes are common to postmen, or ought to be, considering how wretchedly that deserving class of men is paid. This festive period is not the time for considering whether, amongst common things, the House of Commons ought or not to be included, together with the Common Pleas, the Common Council, and the Common Serjeant, legal or military, as also Doctors' Commons, amongst the various institutions which were—originally at least—intended for the good of the community. We will only express our conviction that it is very desirable to promote a knowledge of common things; for the knowledge of common things is less general than the knowledge of common places; however, although we may be saying what has been often said before, we wish the reader a happy new year.

### RATHER TOO NICE.

AN extreme Teetotaler of our acquaintance has declared his inability to sympathise with Turkey, for fear of being accused of an adherence to the Porte.

### CHRONOLOGY OF REMARKABLE EVENTS.

*Prospectively calculated by our own Clairvoyant.*

- 1854. City Improvement begins. Temple Bar and LORD MAYOR'S Show end.
- 1856. Restoration of the bonnet to the crown of the head.
- 1857. Act passed for the Relief of London Lodgers. Prohibition of barrel organs, cats, blunt knives, and door chains.
- 1859. Teetotalism introduced among the London Cabmen. No less than three take the pledge at once.
- 1880. Something useful done by the Sanitary Commissioners.
- 1881. Great excitement prevails in literary circles. A London Author gets a cheque from a New York Publisher.
- 1899. Cultivation of genuine Havannah Tobacco Plants at Richmond ends.
- 1900. A clean street seen in the City.
- 1901. Publication of MR. JAMES'S 2,000th Novel.
- 1919. Completion of the Library Catalogue at the British Museum—up to the letter H.
- 1920. A racing prophecy fulfilled.
- 1933. Ventilation of the House of Commons effected.
- 1945. A London lady for a wager walks down Regent Street with her husband without stopping at a shawl shop.
- 1980. Maine law introduced into England—for an hour or two.
- 1999. Starvation of Curates ceases.
- 2000. Restoration of a borrowed Umbrella to its rightful owner.
- 2001. Apparition of a Policeman at the moment he was wanted.

### The Ins and Outs of Palmerston.

It appears that the Home Secretary is again "in," or rather, that he has never been "out;" or, at all events, not so regularly and completely "out" as those who have been speculating on the break up of the Ministry. If his Lordship left the Government rather abruptly, he at least made up for it by the rapidity of his return, and we can only hope that, on this occasion at least, it will not be found that "quick returns" lead to "small profits."

### To Parents and Guardians.

A MARRIED PUNSTER receives a few Pupils at his Residence, and has now a vacancy for Six, at the moderate premium of Three Hundred Guineas. The Pupils are instructed in every branch of the Joking Art, including a solid course of Conundrums, and every other requisite of a sound facetious education. There is a resident Professor for the foreign *jeu de mot* department, and it will be the constant aim of the principal to bring the minds of his young charges into a condition that will qualify them for the honourable profession to which they aspire. References can be given to the Parents of young Punsters. There is a play-ground for practical joking. Inclusive terms, Three Hundred Guineas per annum.

QUESTIONS FOR THE REVEREND N. S. GODFREY.



REVEREND N. S. GODFREY, S.C.L., of St. Catharine Hall, Cambridge, and Incumbent of Wortley, Leeds, has been publishing pamphlets, price eightpence, and holding forth at the Hanover Square Rooms—admission Two Shillings and One Shilling—on the subject of TABLE TURNING, to which he gives the rather catching second title of "*The Devil's Modern Masterpiece*." His pamphlet, price eightpence, of which the "fourth edition" is before us, he advertises as "*the result of a course of experiments*."

As the reverend gentleman professes to know all about it, we should be much obliged if he would answer one or two questions we desire to put to him. In the first place we should like to know the age or the stage at which a table begins to talk, and whether there is any analogy between a child's cutting its teeth and a table getting its legs or its castors? Are we to believe that a table cannot rap out a single word when it has only put forth its leaves, but has not yet found its legs—which form the grounds of its understanding? We should also be glad if the REVEREND N. S. GODFREY would tell us if, in the case of his experiments, he ever found a table with an impediment in its speech, or a stuttering table, or a table with a hesitation in its delivery.

We would also inquire of the clerical experimentalist, if a table, like any other talking machine, may be known by the company it keeps? and whether a table that has been accustomed to low society will be addicted to low language? If this should be the case, one would be

naturally cautious in purchasing second-hand furniture; for a table that has passed its life in a gambling-house, for instance, might have become so dreadfully loose, that no reliance could be placed upon it. Such a table seems to have fallen into the hands of the REVEREND N. S. GODFREY, for on its being asked "How many lies have you told us to-night?" we are told that "the table rapped briskly thirty-eight times," as if the mendacious bit of furniture was reveling in the fact of his having extensively humbugged his reverend questioner. As we are told by this pious authority that the table always begins with "a crack," we cannot be surprised at the immense number of "cracks" to which it confessed at the close of the conversation. Perhaps, however, the last might have been the greatest "crack" of all; and we should therefore be glad if the REVEREND N. S. GODFREY would tell us, why the confession of a series of "cracks" should be more entitled to credit than any other "crack" to which the table may give expression.

THE FIRST DOG OF EUROPE.

In a good book in which MR. CRUIKSHANK (we do not mean our Temperate friend, GEORGE) describes the African Gold Coast, he says—

"The Africans are exceedingly fond of pictures in their rooms. GEORGE THE FOURTH, in his Coronation robes, may be seen disputing for space with *Punch* and his *Dog Toby* as they appear in the frontispiece of his publication."

*Mr. Punch* has a loftiness which happily renders him perfectly indifferent to all insult; but is requested by *Toby*, who is of a more excitable disposition, to say that he is quite incapable of such a dispute as is here attributed to him. Where GEORGE THE FOURTH, with or without his coronation robes, is admired, *Toby* declines to compete for homage, and nothing but the ignorance of these poor blacks can excuse their hanging GEORGE within perfume-reach of *Toby*. However, *Toby* hopes that missionary exertions may teach these Africans to set a juster value on public characters.

A SEASONABLE CONUNDRUM.

WHY is a cold the best exercise for the nose?—Because the former usually sets the latter running.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.—The way in which ladies at present wear their bonnets has been called the "*neck plus ultra*" of fashion.

HINT AND HYPOTHESIS.

SUPPOSE a young Foreigner crosses the sea,  
In a vessel with Mammon not quite overladen,  
And, coming to England, the good luck hath he  
To win the kind heart of a true English maiden.

Suppose that her hand goes the way of her heart,  
And friends who have loved her from childhood right dearly,  
Settle, gladly, on him, from all charges apart,  
An income—we'll say thirty thousand pounds yearly.

Suppose they invite him to banquet and *fête*,  
Exhibition, review—every sight you can mention;  
Present him with jewels, and pictures, and plate,  
And load him, in fact, with all kinds of attention.

Suppose that they take him to lay a first stone,  
And are eager to offer him trowel and hammer;  
And when he makes speeches, they honour the tone,  
Applaud the good sense, and forget the bad grammar.

Suppose all is done that the best friends can do,  
From punctilious politeness to punctual pay-day,  
In part, that he pleased them all round at first view,  
In part for the love which they bear to his Lady.

Now, suppose that his wife has a trust of her own,  
Conferred by her Guardian, not much of a burden,  
Responsible, though, to that Guardian alone,  
Like the place MR. JARNDYCE bestowed on DAME DURDEN.

That so wisely and well she administers rule,  
Understanding her work, both in letter and spirit,  
That her Guardian (suppose that his name is JOHN BULL)  
Would floor the best man who should question her merit.

Now, if her young spouse, who has drawn such a prize,  
Behaves like a trump the first years of their union,  
And even takes pains, by a graceful device,  
To bring her and her neighbours in closer communion.

If he joins, like a man, in the sports of her friends,  
Goes shooting, and fishing, and hunting, and yachting,  
And comes out so well that the prejudice ends,  
That foreigners can't help intriguing and plotting.

What a favorite he grows with the high and the low,  
(With person, and sense, and accomplishment gifted)  
But suppose that—talked over by people we know—  
He lets us observe that his tactics are shifted.

That he meddles in matters which one might believe  
His former good taste would enjoin his eschewing,  
While, concerning some others, he ought to perceive  
A graver objection to do what he's doing.

That he talks to his wife on her Guardian's concerns,  
Over which she should have unrestricted dominion,  
And is oftentimes greatly displeased when he learns  
She has done any business without his opinion.

That when she's disposed, at the urgent desire  
Of her Guardian, to order some hostile proceedings,  
He seeks to dissuade her because it appears  
Some friends of his own wish to settle the pleadings.

That he's losing the name he so quickly acquired  
By a gentleman's highminded scorn of disguises,  
Giving up the frank bearing old BULL so admired,  
For mysteries the hearty old fellow despises.

Supposing all this—or a portion at least—  
*Mr. Punch*, who knows neither to fear nor to flatter,  
Believes that the wind will set strong from the East  
The day JOHN BULL JARNDYCE gets wind of the matter.

Caution to Wags.

GENTLEMEN are particularly requested not to make any jokes before ladies in frosty weather, as the lips of the gentler sex are so affected by the cold, that the slightest laugh occasions them to crack.

CON BY A COUNTRYMAN.

Q. WHEN is an Ox not an Ox?  
A. When he's turned into a meadow.



OUR DEAR OLD PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS OFFSPRING TO SEE THE PANTOMIME. UNFORTUNATELY, "THE ROADS" (AS THE CABMAN SAYS) "IS SO ORRIBUL BAD AND SLIPPY," THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO WALK WITH HIS DARLINGS THE GREATER PART OF THE WAY HOME.

### THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

*The Action passes in the Villa of MR. PATERFAMILIAS, in the neighbourhood of London.*

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. PATERFAMILIAS, (a man of an inquiring, but by no means robust mind, addicted to making swans of all his geese, with a strong scent for mares' nests, and an unconquerable habit of writing to the "Times.")

MRS. PATERFAMILIAS (a lady whose most earnest wish is "for peace and quietness," but who looks up to Mr. P. as the impersonation of all that is profound in science, and elevated in public spirit).

MISS P., MISS LAURA, MISS EMILY, MISS MATILDA, and "TOT" (young ladies from sweet twenty-two to chubby six).

MASTER P., MASTER GEORGE, MASTER HENRY, MASTER NEWTON (young gentlemen from audacious sixteen to inquiring seven)

SCENE 1.—Showing how Mr. P. broke out all of a sudden, after a severe course of Blue Books, in a determined effort to regulate his house and household on rational and sanitary principles.

*The Drawing-Room of Mr. P.'s Villa. Time—After Dinner.*

MR. P. entrenched in Blue Books at a round table, with a reading-lamp. MRS. P. at work. The young ladies variously employed, at Crochet, Berlin Wool, the last New Novel, &c. &c. MASTER GEORGE attempting to teach a Scotch terrier to walk on his fore legs. MASTER NEWTON (so-called after SIR ISAAC), who is a miniature of his father, with a great turn for the philosophy of common things, engaged in a mysterious experiment—with an ounce phial, a glass tube, and a tumbler of water, with which he is making a surreptitious slop under the table.

Miss Laura (to Miss Emily, in explanation of the principles of her crochet pattern). You drop two—count six—pass four—

Mrs. P. (in an under tone). Hush! my dear. You'll disturb your father. [A howl from the ill-used and much enduring Scotch terrier.

Miss Emily. Oh, GEORGE! How can you?—

Mr. P. It's perfectly impossible to read in this room. GEORGE, give over teasing that dog, will you, Sir.

George. I wasn't teasing him, Pa. I was only teaching him to walk like the Clown's dog at Astley's. He can nearly do it.

Mr. P. There, my dear; you see the consequence of taking your family to such places. Their influence is really enough to counteract all one's efforts to direct their minds usefully and scientifically.

Mrs. P. I'm sure, my dear, I'm very sorry; but at Christmas time, you know—

Mr. P. (severely). The money expended in a box at the theatre might be so much better bestowed. Is there not the Polytechnic?

George (eagerly). Oh! ain't it jolly, with the diving bell and the electrical eel?

Mr. P. I refer to DR. BACHOFFNER'S Chemical Course, GEORGE.

George. Well, that's good fun enough, when he blows himself up, you know, and makes such stunning nasty smells.

Miss Laura (deprecatingly). Now, GEORGE, how can you be so horrid?

Mr. P. My dear, that boy has not the least turn for science.

Mrs. P. (mildly). Hasn't he, my dear? I'm sure I used to think he would have, he was always so fond of gunpowder.

Mr. P. Happily, our dear NEWTON is a gifted child.

Master Newton (whose modesty is his least recommendation). Yes, Papa, I like science, and I know all about latent heat and carbonic acid gas, and manganese; it's in my mineral kingdom.

Mr. P. (proudly). That's a good boy. Here's sixpence, my dear. What will you do with it?

Newton. Buy a graduated scale, papa, for my bottle here. I'm making a thermometer. [Holds up his apparatus meekly.

George (aside to the young philosopher). Oh—you young humbug—you know you'll buy bull's eyes.

Mr. P. (examining the apparatus with parental interest). What's this? Isn't it really delightful, my dear, to watch the scientific bent of this dear child? What is it, my dear?

Newton. Well, you see, papa, air expands with heat, and gets lighter, and, so (here a sly reference to his book), if I insert in this bottle half filled with this water—you know—this tube—you know—and put it before the fire—the air will heat in the bottle, and the water will fall



“DANGEROUS!”



in the tube, because the pressure would be so great on the surface, you know—and if I could graduate it—you know, papa, it would be a thermometer.

*Mr. P. (in ecstasies).* Delightful—most interesting; my dear—did you follow the chain of reasoning?

*Mrs. P. (vaguely).* Oh—yes—it was very clever—I'm sure—quite beautiful. How ever he learns it all!

*George.* I saw him cribbing it all out of the book.

*Newton.* I didn't, then.

*Mr. P. (boicing GEORGE'S ears).* You mean and envious boy, detracting from your brother's credit, in this way. Go to bed, Sir, this instant.

[GEORGE retires crest-fallen.—MASTER NEWTON triumphs in another shilling.]

*Mr. P. (turns to the girls).* My dears, if I could only see you employing your time a little more rationally—more like your youngest brother.

*Miss Laura.* Oh, Papa, only think if we all to go making such messes about the house as NEWTON does.

*Miss Emily.* And look how black all the ends of his fingers are.

*Newton (proudly contemplating them).* Ah, that was making hyper-phosphorate of carbon, out of my "Little Chemist."

*Mrs. P.* When you burnt yourself so dreadfully.

*Mr. P.* Dear boy!

*Mrs. P.* Yes, my love; but it really is very dangerous. One chemist's quite enough in the family. If the girls were to take to it, I really don't think I could sleep in my bed.

*Mr. P.* Pshaw! (he turns back to his Blue Books.) Very interesting report this on the Ventilation and Warning of the House of Commons, my dear.

*Mrs. P.* Is it, my love? (abstractedly.)

*Mr. P.* Yes. DR. REID'S evidence is curious—and DR. ARNOTT'S peculiarly valuable. He shows, to demonstration, that in our houses the first principles of ventilation are habitually neglected.

*Mrs. P.* Indeed! How very interesting.

*Mr. P.* He proves, clearly, that in respiration, the oxygen which enters the lungs takes away the carbon from the blood and returns as carbonic acid gas, which is poison—that, in fact, we are continually poisoning the air we breathe.

*Mrs. P.* Gracious goodness, JOSEPH! Why, you don't mean to say—

[The young ladies pause in their work, and listen with wide open eyes and ears.]

*Mr. P.* Simply, my dear, that you, and LAURA, and EMILY, and MATILDA, there—and indeed I myself—are all at this moment giving off the most poisonous exhalations; and that it is a mercy, considering the wretched principles on which this house is built—and all houses, for that matter—that we are not found dead in our beds every morning.

*Mrs. P.* I declare you're enough to frighten one to death, JOSEPH!

*Chorus of Young Ladies.* Oh, Papa!

*Mr. P.* It's a melancholy fact, my dear; I've had it on my mind some time, but I'm determined to remedy it.

*Mrs. P. (timidly).* I hope you're not going to try any experiments, my dear, because, you know, they come very expensive.

*Mr. P.* Experiments, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS; how can you call by the name of experiment a practical recognition of a great principle of nature?

*Mrs. P. (humbly).* Oh, I'm sure I didn't mean to do that, my dear.

*Mr. P.* I'm determined to have the house ventilated, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, and I've been consulting these Blue Books on the subject. You see I'm suspended between the two principles—of the *plenum* or *vacuum* movements.

*Mrs. P. (in the purest innocence).* Oh, indeed, my dear.

*Mr. P.* Yes, the *plenum* principle, you see, is that which blows pure air into the house, so as to force an equal quantity of foul air out; the *vacuum* principle, that which extracts the foul air from the house and so allows the entrance of an equal quantity of pure air.

*Mrs. P.* Oh! but shan't we suffer dreadfully from draughts, my dear?

*Mr. P.* We shall get rid of our own poisonous exhalations, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, which, as a father of a family, I consider it my duty to do at any risk. I shall speak to MR. BELLOWS—the great practical and consulting chemist, you know, my dear—about it to-day. The work cannot be begun too soon.

*Mrs. P. (who feels a vague dread of what is hanging over her).* Well, I hope it won't require much doing to the house, my dear.

*Mr. P.* That, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, is a secondary consideration. My first duty is to my family; my second to my species. I shall communicate the results of my experience to the *Times*.

(These results we hope to show our readers in the next number.)

ANOTHER DEFINITION.

BONNET. An article of dress which no lady of fashion, nowadays, ever thinks of putting on.

VOICES OF BOXING NIGHT.



So long as we live we shall remember the "Voices of the Night" of the 26th of December, 1853, as they played on the drum of our affrighted ear at Drury Lane Theatre. But amid all the cries of various descriptions that burst forth from the noisy multitude, there was one which excelled all the rest, and reminded us of the cry of EXCELSIOR, so powerfully described by LONGFELLOW. The reminiscence has thrown us into a poetical fit, of which the following convulsive effort is the immediate consequence.

The Pantomime commenced at last:  
The Clown across the stage had passed;  
A youth, with frantic energy,  
Commenced the wild eccentric cry,  
"Hot Codlins!"

His throat was hoarse, he paused beneath  
The pressure of exhausted breath,  
But straightway through the audience rung  
The shout—the whoop from tongue to tongue—  
"Hot Codlins!"

The youth, with superhuman might,  
Raising his voice beyond its height,  
Cracked it, and with a spectral tone  
He 'twixt his lips went on to groan—  
"Hot Codlins!"

"Don't try it on," the poor Clown said;  
"I've not a note in all my head—  
I cannot sing." But far and wide  
The audience with one voice replied—  
"Hot Codlins!"

"O stay!" the manager expressed;  
"The weary clown requires rest."  
A voice responded, "All my eye!"  
And then again arose the cry,  
"Hot Codlins!"

"Think of the work he has to do,  
Tumbling about the whole night through."  
This was the argument polite.  
A voice replied from gallery's height—  
"Hot Codlins!"

In the last scene, where fays combine  
Round Harlequin and Columbine,  
To bless the fond and grinning pair,  
A voice cried through the startled air—  
"Hot Codlins!"

A little boy upon the ground  
Under the gallery-seat was found,  
Still in a shrill abortive squeak—  
Trying the oft-heard words to speak—  
"Hot Codlins!"

When the poor Clown had gone away,  
And on his scissors-bedstead lay,  
In lodging very near the sky,  
Up to the attic came the cry—  
"Hot Codlins!"

GOOD NEWS FOR HONEST MEN.—Railway directors are beginning to fall out among themselves.

## IMPERIAL CRIMINAL DISCIPLINE.



HERE NICHOLAS conquered and caught—as safe in custody as any burglar in the kingdom—what ought to be done with him, thief of the world as he is, disturber of Europe's peace and object of every British taxpayer's execrations?

One's first thought is that such a miscreant ought to be hanged. But, not to mention any objection that humanity may have to executions, it is to be considered that hanging is the punishment inflicted on a GREENACRE for having merely slain and dismembered one MRS. BROWN. Whereas this wretch is guilty of the massacre of myriads of persons, whom he, with malice prepense, through lust of dominion, has caused to

be cut, hacked, smashed, and beaten to pieces. So that if MR. GREENACRE deserved to be hanged once, the EMPEROR NICHOLAS would receive his deserts only by being hanged a great many thousand times; which is more than could be accomplished by the utmost ingenuity of MR. CALCRAFT.

Would it be preferable to try the benevolent system with the AUTOCRAT, and endeavour to reform him and soften his heart by means of solitary confinement, or an emendatory diet, combined with the exhortations of a zealous chaplain? Should we do well to shut the despot up in a model cell with a bell and a bible—giving him leisure to meditate on the text "*Non confundar in aeternum?*"

Or should we do better by placing him where "our rarer monsters are"—amongst his kindred in the pit with the pole in the middle of it at the Zoological Gardens?

## PUNCH'S SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL DESIGN.

In consequence of the publication of a letter from the Department of Science and Art informing us that the Department "will be glad to receive drawings executed in ink lines of any peculiar objects likely to be known and recognised by children," we have much pleasure in submitting a few specimens which we think any child will be able to recognise. Considering that the object of "the Department" is to supply "examples which the scholars may take home and copy," and that the time employed in learning the art of drawing, "will not amount to perhaps more than forty hours in the year," we feel that the amount of proficiency likely to be attained will be about equal to the artistic effort required for copying the specimens we furnish. The "Department" recommends for imitation the example of a Master at Chester who has upwards of 1000 scholars under his charge.

"He draws an object on a black board in the presence of the class, explains the mode of holding the pencil, &c., the point for beginning the object, shows the principal lines of construction, &c., catechizes the children about the form of the object and its meaning. Leaving some parts unfinished, he asks them if he has drawn it complete? if not, where it is incomplete? how it is to be made complete? &c., and thus excites considerable interest in the work among the children. He summons the classes to show their work on their slates. He then selects examples of the best and worst performances, and criticises them in the presence of the children."

Having taken a black board, we proceeded to draw upon it a round body, thus—



and our pupils having recognised a hoop, we went on to ask the most intelligent of them how the round body might be transformed into an animal. A dirty-faced little fellow, who had received in all twenty-three minutes of tuition, sagaciously suggested "legs," showing that he had detected the "incompleteness" of the figure with a sharpness that the "Department" of Science and Art would greatly admire. Following out the

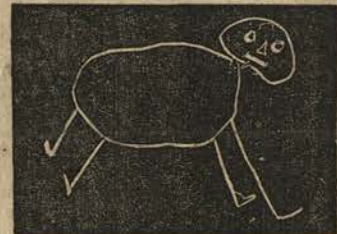
hint of the pupil, we transformed the round body into



and having inquired of the class what was wanted to complete the drawing, we were met with loud cries of "head" in all directions. This we at once supplied, and we arrived at the annexed result

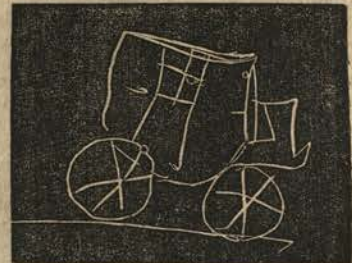


when a scholar more astute than the rest demanded the addition of "eyes, nose and mouth," which, as will be seen from the sketch that follows, gave us the drawing of a perfect animal—



It then became our pleasing duty to ascertain the extent to which the drawing would meet with recognition, and the class of animal to which it would be assigned by our youthful pupils. This led to some uncertainty, for there arose a variety of shouts, in which we distinguished the names of several different animals. One pupil recognised in the drawing "a cat," another shouted that it was "a dog," a third said it was "a hare," and a fourth remarked, that as it was not like any animal that he had seen, "it might be the hippopotamus."

Hoping to be more successful with an inanimate object, we drew the following—



and had the satisfaction of hearing a general cry of "cab" from the whole class, which proved to us that our mode of tuition—in conformity with the system of the Department of Science and Art—had been eminently successful.

We shall be happy to comply with the request expressed in the circular of MR. COLE, and will furnish the "Department" with any quantity that may be desired of the material of which the above are specimens.



CHILD'S PARTY IN DOWNING STREET.

(Described by good Mr. PUNCH for his young friends.)

"Come, my dears," said old GRANDMA ABERDEEN, as she sat minding the child's party in Downing Street on New Year's Eve—for they had begged so hard to sit up and hear the year rung out, that the soft-hearted old lady could not refuse them—"come, you have romped about long enough, and I am fond of peace, you know. Draw your chairs round the fire, and we will have some quiet game. MASTER CRANWORTH, you sit down on that cushion, and MASTER CLARENDON, please to put that bit of lighted cane out of your mouth. No smoking here. PAMMY and JOHNNY, why do you look so cross at one another?—you have had a miff again, I know. For shame upon you! CHARLEY WOOD, my dear, you are always in good humour, get between those two. GLADDY, my child, put down your slate, you are an industrious boy, but there is a time for everything. Now, who will tell me a story?"

"I will, Grandma," said little JOHNNY RUSSELL. "In the time of KING JOHN, there was a thing called Magna Charta, which—"

But here, Mr. Punch is sorry to say, MASTER PAMMY and one or two others burst into a very rude laugh, and said that JOHNNY RUSSELL was always beginning stories about Magna Charta.

"I will ask a riddle," said smart MASTER OSBORNE. But they all said they would not hear any of MASTER OSBORNE'S riddles, because he learned them out of the end of the *Boy's Own Book*, and of course they knew them all by heart.

MASTER PAMMY then proposed cross questions and crooked answers, but Grandma reminded him that they were all going to a party on the 31st, where that game would be the chief sport of the night. So, after some discussion, Grandma proposed that they should all tell one story.

"All of us in one story, Grandma?" said little JOHN RUSSELL. "That will be funny. We have never been in that before."

"The way is this," said Grandma. "One of you will begin and tell anything he likes, and go on telling it until I call to the next, who must immediately carry on the story in his way, and so on with the next, until you have all done. It is a favourite game in many places, and great fun; and each boy will show his character by the way he carries on the story."

There was great applause at this; and each boy began knitting his brows and thinking as hard as he could. After a few minutes, GRANDMA ABERDEEN called to JOHN RUSSELL to begin. They all set up another laugh, supposing they should have Magna Charta again; but JOHNNY, who is a cool, self-possessed little fellow, smiled, and went on steadily enough.

"There was, once upon a time, a very big giant, whose name was NICK, and he dwelt in a city built on piles by an icy river. He wore great black boots, and a moustache, and when he drove about his kingdom, the poor horses were made to go so fast, that they often fell down dead—for he was a cruel giant. He loved to tear people from their happy homes, and send them down dreadful mines, where the sun never comes, or to shave their heads and make soldiers of them, and have them half-starved until they were killed in doing his wicked work. Also, he was a great liar—"

"My dear," interposed Grandma, "I do not like this beginning. Perhaps you do not know all about the poor giant, who may have been a good creature and done these things for the best."

"I know him," shouted that audacious PAMMY, "and of all the rascals—"

"Hold your tongue, Sir," said Grandma, "it is not your turn yet. Go on, JOHNNY, but be gentle in your language."

"This NICK," continued JOHN, who now began to hesitate, "this NICK was hem, a—a—a despot. In our happy country we have a—a—a constitution, which is a long word, and I will explain it. In the days of KING JOHN, there were noblemen called Barons—"

"Go on, MASTER GLADSTONE," said Grandma, seeing the party grew impatient.

"Barons," continued MASTER GLADSTONE, speaking very fluently and gracefully, "who, weary of the despotism of their ruler, conceived that there were three courses open to them. One was to kill him, as in the case of KING CHARLES; another was to expel him, as in that of KING JAMES; and the third was to compel him to sign a charter of freedom. This latter they adopted, but I am free to confess myself unable to discover what this has to do with MASTER RUSSELL'S narrative. I will therefore say that this NICK, being one day in a great rage, determined to rush into a neighbour's kingdom, and commit all kinds of ravage. He sent soldiers and ships, and to throw people off their guard, he said his prayers very loud. Now this neighbour had some strong friends, who wished to save him, so—"

"So what, MASTER CLARENDON?" said Grandma.

"So," said MASTER CLARENDON, "they wrote a lot of pretty notes, not in very good grammar, I believe, to NICK, telling him he didn't ought to do such things, and offering that the neighbour, whose name was ABDUL, should give him money to keep off and leave him alone.

But ABDUL wasn't going to stand this, so he up with his flag, and comes out to fight NICK, and, by Jove, walked into him like—"

"Like what, MASTER MOLESWORTH?" asked Grandma.

"Like a savage," said MASTER MOLESWORTH. "For in an old book which I am very fond of, called Hobbes, it says, that man's natural state is a state of war, and I agree with that person to a certain extent. If we are prepared to concede that the best condition of a human being is that which is most like nature, there need be no hesitation in going to battle whenever we can. But wiser philanthropists hold—"

"What, MASTER PAMMY?" said Grandma, observing that this would not do.

"Their tongues," said MASTER PAM. "I don't know what ABDUL'S friends did, but I fear they behaved like cowards and donkeys. But if I had been one of them, I would have said to the others, 'Let's stand by that plucky ABDUL,' and I would have wasted precious little time about note-writing. I'd have sent ships to smash his city of piles, and when the rascal came back from robbing his neighbours he should have found his own house in a blaze, and what's more, I would have said to the people he oppressed, 'Here's swords and guns, go it.' And I would have gone on, sinking his ships and burning his cities, and hanging his thieves until he fell down in his boots and begged for mercy, and paid all the costs, and I fancy he'd be glad to keep in his own place for the next fifty years."

MASTER PAM got quite excited, and made all the others excited also, and they began to hurrah him; but he very much displeased Grandma by his violence, and she was going to read him a severe lecture, when the game was brought to a sudden end by the Bells dashing out into a full chorus. So they all wished one another a happy new year, and



MR. PUNCH WISHES YOU THE SAME.

Table Showing the Probable Duration of Life.

(100 Representing the chance of living longest.)

	Years.
Railway Traveller	1
Reader of the <i>Morning Herald</i>	1
Vegetarian	3
Member of the Peace Society	4½
Table-Mover, or Balloonatic	7
Parliamentary Reporter	8½
Husband of a Strong-minded Woman (unless he runs away from her)	9
Distressed Agriculturist	99½
A Constant Reader of <i>Punch</i>	100

Protestant Irish Priests.

It appears that Protestantism is making way in Ireland, even among the Priests themselves. At least, some of those reverend gentlemen are protesting strenuously against the Income Tax, on account of their incomes being derived from voluntary contributions—in that respect precisely resembling physicians' and barristers' fees. Consistently with this Protestant principle, they also object to the Confessional, in as far as it involves disclosures to the Tax Commissioners.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.—Misers.



### VERY INCONSIDERATE.

(N.B. SPOONINGTON has just been endeavouring to impress his companion with the idea that he is quite a blast man upon town.)

*Little Newlad.* "HALLO, SPOONINGTON, HOW ARE YOU? WHY, YOU'VE GOT "STICK UPS," LIKE ME!"

### BOXING NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

Come with me, and your umbrella take; your wrapper, and your hat;  
Let the latter be your Gibus—for you'll have to fold it flat.  
Come with me; for on a voyage of discovery I'm bound,  
Of the sundry Christmas pieces I intend to make the round.  
We have entered the theatre; oh, how free this land of ours!  
Free the gallery to pelt us with some miscellaneous showers,  
With the peel fresh from the orange we are greeted as we sit,  
Subject to a thousand questions in the middle of the pit—  
Questions of domestic comfort—questions we have heard of old—  
As to the maternal mangle having recently been sold.  
While these scenes are being acted by the audience around,  
On the stage there's something passing wrapped in mystery profound.  
Actors to and fro are walking, with their hands upon their hips,  
And we see that they are talking by the motion of their lips:  
One who seems to be the hero rubs his hands about his hair,  
And we come to the conclusion he's a lover in despair;  
Now, a lady in white muslin blows her nose with deep intent,  
And we gather from the action that her father won't consent;  
Now, a veteran, white-headed, paces fretfully the stage,  
Surely 'tis the heavy father in a true dramatic rage—  
With each sign of irritation, with each tapping of his head,  
Comes a shout from British public, comes a cry of "Go to bed!"  
Enters now another actor: by his most eccentric clothes,  
By the corking of his eyebrows, by the painting of his nose,  
By the faces that he's making (they're the ugliest he can),  
We, with critical acumen, know him as the funny man.  
Now, the hero and the lady in the muslin clear and white  
With a burst of indignation from the stage take sudden flight.  
Now the curtain has descended ere the opening piece is done,  
And the audience is eager for the pantomimic fun.  
Comes the business of the evening, comes the overture at last,  
Made of airs from all composers, slow, and moderate, and fast;  
Every school is represented, for 'tis usual to tack  
All together, DONIZETTI, BLEWITT, VERDI, BALFE and BACH.  
Now again the curtain rises, and the pantomime begins,  
Compound strange of noise and splendour, tricks and changes, groans  
and grins,  
Kicks and cuffs, and flying women, making us with wonder stare,  
At the sight of heavy mortals living—for a time—on air.

Ah! the poet from the effort of description feebly shrinks;  
Ah! beneath the weight tremendous his imagination sinks;  
Seeing always is believing, seeing only can explain,  
All the pantomimic wonders they're enacting o'er again.

### HIPPOCRATES AND BACCHUS.

A SOCIETY has been formed for the purpose of procuring the legislative prohibition of the sale of fermented liquors, except for medicinal purposes. Should a law to that effect be enacted, the only question will be, what purposes are, or not, medicinal; but that question will be rather what is termed a poser. For example, melancholy is a disease, and if brandy-and-water is permitted to be taken in cases of mental depression, there will be no end to keeping spirits up by pouring spirits down. A dram is a popular and efficacious remedy for a pain in the interior, but if that is to be allowed as an excuse for taking it, the majority of the population will be constantly having stomach-aches. Some people may think to settle the difficulty by referring it to medical men, who, however, naturally, would be too happy to prescribe liquor to healthy applicants in the hope of getting them for real patients. An English Liquor Law, treating strong drinks as drugs, would at any rate be a boon to the medical profession. For one draught that a physician now prescribes, he would have to prescribe thousands, if in him were vested the privilege of prescribing draughts of ale. One wonders in what terms a doctor would frame his recipe for the complaint that deans and chapters, for instance, are apt to be troubled with after dinner. Perhaps in some, such as the following—*Rg. Vin: Alb: Hispan: seu Rubri quant: suff: cujus sumatur cyathus subinde, urgente siti:* which would be a technical order for unlimited port or sherry. Or the generous medicine might be ordered thus: *Rg. Vin: Cujusvis Oij: gradatim, post prandium, hauriend: et rep: si opus fuerit*—a bottle of any wine you like to be drunk by degrees after dinner, and repeated if necessary. Another prescription might be given for a bowl of spiced wine, concluding with the direction, *Plat Episcopus, statim sumendus*—let a Bishop be made, to be taken immediately. Small glasses of brandy might be prescribed *pro re nata*—occasionally, and an alcoholic mixture might be ordered by the formula *Misce pro pileo dormitorio, horâ somni sumend:*—mix for a nightcap to be taken at bed-time. In surgery-windows we should see, in great gilt letters, such inscriptions as *Carevisia Londinensis. XXX Opt: or BARCLAI PERKINORUM et Soc. Integra.* A new feature would have to be introduced into medical education, and the examiners at Apothecaries' Hall would require candidates for their diploma to understand the Beer Engine.

### THE CZAR'S TE DEUM.

HARK! what hymn to Heaven ascendeth,  
Whilst his knees the Tyrant bendeth!  
Thanks for murder, havoc, ruin,  
Is the pious roar of BRUIN.

Thanks for shot and thanks for shell  
On defenceless men that fell,  
By no Angel turned askew,  
To their deadly mission true.

Thanks for unrestricted Might,  
Not as triumphing in fight,  
Not as having victory won,  
But a wholesale murder done.

Thanks for licence, such as needs  
For Imperial acts and deeds,  
That great CZAR who rules the region  
Whose inhabitants are Legion.

### A SMALL TRACT ON TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE will never be effectually preached by 'a Pamp. To throw cold water is discouraging; and the Pump, moreover, affords a handle to ridicule. If he wants to deliver an effectual discourse on sobriety, the Apostle of that virtue had better take his stand on the barrel—which vessel should contain light French Wine admitted at a considerably reduced duty. The only way to induce the British public to relinquish its present drinking habits, is, to give it something better to drink. That is to be found in the draught which cheers the heart without getting into the head; and now that the French alliance has become so desirable, one of the wisest things we can do is to pledge amity with our neighbours in their own cup.

A LAST ATTEMPT.—Q. When is the weather most like a crockery shop?—A. When it's muggy!  
[Reader faints.]

THE QUACK'S DIARY.

The following Diary has been kindly forwarded to us by MR. BUCKET of the Detectives. It was found in the pocket of a gentleman who was under his care for some hours.—

JANUARY.—Got up rusty suit with black reviver; washed and starched white choker, and dressed for conversazione of Hahnemann Society. Wrote circular to Duchess and other members of Aristocracy, accompanied by Prospectus of Homoeopathic Sanatorium. Looked up several East India Colonels, with constitution weakened by warm climate. Tried it on upon others debilitated in body and mind. Took apartments in Belgravia; baited with globules and fished for gudgeons; too many anglers already, no bites: forced to cut my *untucky*.



FEBRUARY.—Signed lease of Mansion in the country with 100 acres, Trout-stream and Cascade, to open as Hydropathic establishment. Advertised forthcoming work on "Water Cure in Hydrophobia." Also advertised Douche House; advertisement got me some credit, on which contrived to rough it on my chop and glass of sherry.

MARCH.—Impressed strongly with necessity of raising the wind. Landlord wanted to be off his bargain for Douche House—had been making inquiries about my respectability. Agreed to cancel lease for consideration. Name of month suggested march with Teetotalers; they making Demonstration; which joined; afterwards addressed meeting from Platform—and wound up evening at Hole in the Wall.

APRIL.—Spring coming on, idea of Greens suggested Vegetarian dodge. Let beard and moustaches grow, parted hair down middle, and went about delivering lectures. At Manchester and Salford immense success of "Tea without Shrimps." Tried in agricultural district "Trim-mings but no Leg of Mutton;" hissed off boards; and narrowly escaped being put under pump.



MAY.—Sign of potential mood—suggested new Possibility of Doing. Turned attention to Electrobiology; of which gave demonstrations

at Literary and Scientific Institutions at 1s. a head, reserved seats 2s. Felt real liking for subject. Delusions highly interesting; wonder if it would be possible to pass off silver over counter for gold?

JUNE.—Town now full of Superior Classes. Gave Mesmeric *séances* and Consultations with Clairvoyance, at new lodgings in May Fair. Sacked lots of money from ladies of rank robbed by servants, by giving information as to missing property through Somnambulist put into communication by Magnetism with Thief. So went on till one fine morning, when Somnambulist bolted with all the cash.



JULY.—Resolved to turn the tables on Fortune in a direct straightforward manner by Table Turning. By aid of pals lending hands, easily made Mahogany talk with legs. Sermon published by reverend gent., proving trick caused by evil spirits—brought great addition of visitors, and increased receipts very much.

AUGUST.—With growing experience and study of human nature, got on to Spirit-Rapping, by assistance of clever but uneducated Medium, being Gipsy, and spelling wrong. Rooms crowded with persons of wealth and fashion conversing through Medium with JULIUS CÆSAR, LORD BACON, NAPOLEON, and departed friends. Making no end of money till sceptical Editor came, investigated, and exposed hoax in his paper—whereby smashed.

SEPTEMBER.—On the first, recollected I had to pursue my game; shot over the water, and set up as Lecturer on Astronomy in Lambeth Slums. Drew horoscopes, cast nativities, gave advice about courtship and matrimony, and hooked flats by shoals, though mostly small fry.

OCTOBER.—Reminded by the falling leaf to make the most of time, added magic and fortune-telling to the astrological plant. Showed servant-girls their sweethearts in mirrors; exhibited the apparition of any person living or dead; and sold philtres, amulets, charms, and children's cauls.



NOVEMBER.—Blown up at last! Maid-of-all-Work, to pay me from week to week for helping her to get a husband by the stars, robs mistress; is had up, and accuses me, who am lagged and committed as a rogue and vagabond!

DECEMBER.—The year closes dull and drearily on me, though warmer than is agreeable, at the Crank.



WAR-SONG FOR THE MONEY MARKET.

LET all good folks that man disown,  
Who'd basely do a Russian Loan,  
To Coventry, the caitiff, send him,  
And may the Silent System end him!

Let no man traffic with a traitor  
Than MITCHELL or O'BRIEN greater;  
Afford him either fire or fuel,  
Or mix his physic or his gruel.

Let no attorney be so tender  
As legal aid the wretch to render,  
Although to save him from a prison,  
And keep off CALCRAFT from his wizen.

If such a miscreant can be married,  
May he be by a vixen harried,  
A woman who in debt will run him,  
And cause her tradespeople to dun him.

His dinner be, for having sold  
His country, neither hot nor cold,  
And by his cookmaid's constant blunder,  
Either much overdone or under.

May he with aches and pains be troubled,  
With crippling rheumatism doubled;  
The toothache and the headache rack him,  
And the tic-doloureux attack him.

Chaps crack the villain's hands in notches,  
Ereak forth upon him blains and botches,  
Boils, lichen, impetigo, tetter,  
And scabies that won't get better.

When from his domicile he sallies,  
May all the boys from all the allies  
As sparrows tease an owl, flock after  
His dirty heels with shouts and laughter.

Let howls and yells of execration  
Attend on his perambulation,  
And for his mean and hateful action,  
The whole world hiss him to distraction.

Conundrums for the Times.

WHEN may we consider ourselves to be completely under the Empire of the Ottoman?—When we recline on a too easy sofa, and fall asleep under its luxurious influence.

Where are we most likely to find the key of the Baltic?—In DAVY JONES's locker.

CURE OF SHOALS.

A CONTEMPORARY states that the income of the Church of England exceeds £5,000,000. Spiritual destitution, if it exist in England, is starvation in the midst of plenty. The clergy, so endowed, ought to cure souls at the rate of herrings.



MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

"AH! YOU MAY LAUGH, MY BOY, BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A COLD BATH TO MAKE YOU STRONG AND HEARTY!"

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

SCENE 2.—MR. PATERFAMILIAS has had a Ventilating Apparatus—of the most complete kind—constructed and adapted to his house, by the distinguished practical and consulting chemist, MR. BELLOWS. It consists of a pump for forcing in the external air, worked by the water-pressure got from a pipe leading from the reservoir upstairs to the cistern in the kitchen; a warming chamber, where the air is heated by hot-water vessels, on a plan of MR. BELLOWS'S own; a mixing chamber, where the warm air is cooled down to any temperature; a series of apertures in the floor and skirting-board of every room in the house, to admit the heated air; a ventilating shaft for drawing off the vitiated air, which communicates with all the chimneys in the house, and to which access is given by valves near the ceilings. Of course the bricklayers have been in the house for a month. The bills are left to the imagination of the reader. Open fires have been sternly suppressed. Colds are prevalent in the family. But the poisonous proceeds of human expiration are got rid of, and the scientific principles of ventilation triumph.

Scene as before.

MRS. P. seated, contemplating the place where the grate used to be in a disconsolate manner. MISS LAURA and MISS EMILY much wrapped up, and looking blue about the nose.

Mr. P. (reading to them from a scientific treatise). "When a person is placed in condensed air, he breathes with increased facility; he feels as if the capacity of his lungs was enlarged; his respirations become deeper and less frequent; he experiences in the course of a short time an agreeable glow in his chest—(pausing, and to his daughters) My dears, don't you experience—

Miss Laura. A-tch-ew! A-tch-ew!

Mr. P. (sternly). LAURA!

Miss Laura (dolefully). Oh, Pa, I've such a dead-ful cole il by head. A-tch-ew!

Miss Emily. A-tch-ew! Ad so have I—le-ally, Papa. A-tch-ew!

Mrs. P. (dismally). I'm sure, my dears, I don't wonder at it.

Mr. P. MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, how can you encourage your daughters in these absurd fancies? But to resume—(recommences reading) "an agreeable glow in the chest, as if the pulmonary cells were becoming dilated with an elastic spirit." (Inhalés.) Yes, I certainly feel the cells dilated. (To Mrs. P.) My dear, don't you recognise in yourself something of the kind described, since the apparatus was put up?

Mrs. P. Well, I've a kind of tickling in the throat; but I thought it was influenza, my dear.

Mr. P. Influenza, Mrs. P.! Ridiculous!

Mrs. P. Well, I don't know, I'm sure; but ever since the house was ventilated, my dear, I don't know how it is, but, I'm sure, I've never been myself.

Miss Laura. Oh, an' I'm so lwetchedly—A-tch-ew!

Mr. P. (shivering). Now, there, my dear, don't you feel it?

Mr. P. What?

Mrs. P. The draught through the floor; look how the carpet's dancing.

Mr. P. That is the mixed air, admitted through the channels from the tempering chamber by the BELLOWS valve.

Mrs. P. I'm sure I don't know what it is, my dear, but my feet are as if I was sitting in an ice-pail.

Miss Emily. And so are mine—oh dear—(hugging herself in her shawl. Mr. P. Impossible! I mixed it myself this morning at 66°—a healthy and agreeable medium temperature.

Mrs. P. Oh—but only put your hand down.

Mr. P. (putting his hand to the aperture). Well, I declare it does feel chilly. There must be something wrong with the valves. I'll just go and look into the mixing chamber. [Exit MR. PATERFAMILIAS.

Mrs. P. Oh, my dears, I always said how it would be, ever since your papa had in that dreadful MR. BELLOWS. I declare the room's like the frozen regions; and not a bit of fire to look at—nothing but those nasty, stuffy, hot-water pipes; and all those "bricklayers' bills," too; and—

Miss Laura (sniffing). Oh, mamma, what a dreadful sbell—dolt you sbell it, EBILY?

Miss Emily. Oh yes, it's ollible!

Mrs. P. So it is. I dare say your papa's been and done something to those dreadful valves, as he calls 'em—(A prolonged howl heard without). Oh, that's NEWTON crying! What can have happened?

Re-enter MR. P. in a state of great excitement.

Mr. P. Really, Mrs. P., that boy NEWTON—it's not to be borne. He's been at that hot-water apparatus again; and now he's ruined the stop-cock, and all the water's run off, and one of the boilers has got red-hot. It's a mercy the house wasn't burnt down.

Mrs. P. Oh, I know it will be, some of these days.

Mr. P. No wonder we were cold, with air coming in at 32°. But I've given him a good flogging, and sent for the plumber to repair the cock.

Mrs. P. (groans). And then there'll be more bills, my dear.

Mr. P. I beg you will not allude to bills, MRS. P. I pay them—that is sufficient.

Mrs. P. Yes, dear—but, (sniffing) whatever can that smell be, I wonder?

Mr. P. (sniffing). Smell!—Eh? well really—now—I do think it's like sulphuretted hydrogen?

Mrs. P. It's very nasty, whatever it's like—that I know.

Mr. P. (who has been hunting the smell). And comes through the air-channels in the skirting board—it's very odd. Eh—yes—I have it—you know the air tubes from the mixing chamber pass under the cellar—MRS. P.—depend upon it there's a cesspool somewhere, and some of the emanations of it have been taken up into the air-tubes.

Mrs. P. It's enough to poison one.

Mr. P. Yes—dangerous—decidedly dangerous; what a comfort we've found out its existence. We must have it looked to to-morrow. The gardener can go to MR. BATTS, and ask him to send up a couple of his men—my dear—to sound for the cesspool.

Mrs. P. Oh, MR. P., more of BATTS'S men! Do consider. We haven't had 'em out of the house a week as it is, and those bricklayers always make a bill—al-ways.

Mr. P. MRS. P., do you expect that, as the father of a family, I will consent to remain quiet with the consciousness that a cesspool is poisoning the air I breathe—and my children? Mc CAN shall speak to BATTS. I insist upon it.

Mrs. P. Oh, very well, my dear, if you insist upon it.

[A cloud of smoke is precipitated into the room from the exit valve communicating with the ventilating shaft. MISS LAURA and MISS EMILY go off in a prolonged chorus of sneezes and coughs.

Mrs. P. Oh, we shall all be smothered!

Mr. P. Smoke coming down! It's contrary to the laws of nature. It must be from the fire in the ventilating shaft. How very unaccountable!

[Smoke continues to pour out; MR. P. rings the bell violently.

Mrs. P. Open the windows, LAURA.

Mr. P. (sternly.) No—you'll entirely derange the ventilating system.

Enter SPRAGGS, a boy in buttons, with an air of consternation.

Mr. P. SPRAGGS! What is the meaning of this smoke?

Spraggs. Oh—if you please, Sir—MASTER GEORGE'S terrier, e'd got a rat—untin' it up stairs—and the rat he went through the flue door into the ventilatin' shaft—and the terrier 'e went arter 'im—and MASTER GEORGE thinks e've stuck fast in the flue, Sir—and the smoke can't get out, I think, Sir, and so it's a comin' down stairs heverywhere like heverythink.

Mrs. P. We must open the windows.

Mr. P. Confound that boy! Send him to me this instant, SPRAGGS. [Exit SPRAGGS.]

What's to be done. (Tugs at the valve.) I'll shut the valve. Hang it, it won't work. I'm afraid we must open the windows after all.

Enter the HOUSEMAID.

Housemaid. Oh, if you please, Sir, here's the pipe from the cistern up stairs been and burst with the frost, Ma'am, and the water's runnin' all down stairs like torrents into the front drawin' room.

Mrs. P. Oh, gracious me! the furniture will all be ruined.

Mr. P. And the action of the ventilating pump will be stopped! How very provoking! the whole apparatus brought to a stand-still; and when it was working so beautifully too, and now when I've had all the grates removed. What is to be done? I must see BELLOWS directly. [Exit MR. P.]

Miss Laura (to Miss EMILY). Oh, EMILY, do you hope it'll all have to be taked dowl agaid? A-tch-ew!

Miss Emily. Oh yes, that I do! A-tch-ew!

SCENE closes in a duo of sneezes.

"THE CRY IS STILL THEY COME!"



THE speculators in religious catchpennies, which, thanks to the spirit of cant, seem to be the most lucrative concerns of the present day, have adopted, apparently, the old pantaloon cry of "Somebody coming," to gain attention to their wares and merchandise. "Somebody coming," or "Something coming," is the theme of several of the new "serious" literary dodges with which Paternoster Row is at present inundated by those who are looking out for the best mode of making a market of popular cant or popular hypocrisy. The idea first originated among the political quacks who used to be always talking about the "Coming Man;" but it is now transferred to the pious portion of the world of humbug, who have been

attracted by the "Coming Struggle" to an extent that the "serious" booksellers have found largely conducive to their profit.

The idea is being again worked in the form of a publication called the "Coming Crisis—not yet;" the words "not yet," being apparently added to admit of future speculations in which "The Coming Crisis—a little nearer," and "The Coming Crisis—come at last," may be made available. We confess ourselves perfectly sick of the cry of "coming" which is being perpetually raised by the pious book trade, and we shall be delighted when instead of "Coming! coming!" we may be justified in saying "Going, going, gone!"

Tricks of the Telegraph.

THE telegraph has been playing some odd freaks during the recent snow storms. The wires have somehow got huddled together in such confusion, that they have mixed up the messages and have answered questions as to the price of stocks, with a jargon of irrelevant matter about news from New York, the Russian question, and the last quotation of Turkey in the Norfolk markets. We wish the papers had published a selection from the cross readings of the electric telegraphs, which might have furnished the material for a few "Nuts to Crack" at Christmas time.

MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

THOUGH it is certainly no privilege to be "free of the City," it would be undoubtedly very desirable to "get free of the Corporation" at the earliest opportunity.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.—The "Letter of the Law" must be a. It expresses a quantity that is unknown.

MORAL FURNITURE MART.

MESSRS. GREENWOOD, VARNISH, VENEER, AND Co. have the pleasure to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that, in compliance with the prevailing taste, and under the especial patronage of several

CLERGYMEN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

they have got together an extensive assortment of Talking Tables, Loquacious Lounging Chairs, Garrulous Sideboards, Eloquent Sofas, and other articles of Cabinet Work, peculiarly adapted to conversational purposes.

MESSRS. G., V., V., AND Co. have taken care in the selection of their stock to avoid those Tables and other articles of Talking Furniture that have been detected in rapping out falsehoods, and an arrangement has been made for keeping

A Clergyman on the Premises,

who submits every piece of furniture to a scrupulous examination before it is exposed for sale to the customers of this establishment. It is the constant aim of the Reverend Gentleman who superintends this department of the Mart to test the veracity of even the most trifling piece of goods, and thus it is impossible for any article of mendacious mahogany to remain without discovery.

MESSRS. G., V., V., AND Co. have recently added to their extensive stock a number of

MORAL DINING-TABLES,

warranted to turn away with disgust from any vinous excess, and to turn over their leaves, in order that the propriety of turning over a new leaf may be suggested to some of those assembled round them. Attention is particularly called to an extensive stock of

Talking Sideboards,

which, by the new system of Spirit Rapping, will divulge the secrets of the cellaret, and apprise the owner of any attempts that may have been made by servants, or others, to tamper with the wine, or to open an unlawful communication with the spirits.

SEVERAL PAIRS OF CARD TABLES,

warranted to kick against any attempt to cheat, and to be up to all sorts of games, so that if there should be any deception in the deal it would at once be exposed in the mahogany or rosewood.

Among the enormous stock of Turning and Talking Furniture, may also be enumerated a large VARIETY OF WARDROBES, some of which will not only turn themselves, but will also turn an old coat, or other article of dress, with the utmost neatness.

As nearly all the furniture sold at the Moral Mart is of the talking description, it may be said to speak for itself; and anything further that could be said for it would be quite superfluous.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

- THAT "Pop goes the Weasel" was composed by HANDEL.
- THAT JOAN OF ARC derived her name from being a *compagnon de voyage* with NOAH.
- THAT the London synonym for "civility" is "cabman."
- THAT GEORGE FOX, the Quaker, was a lineal descendant from the celebrated GUY.
- THAT the Commissioners of Sewers take in needlework.
- THAT the screw-propelling principle was first applied to omnibuses.
- THAT a dish of whitebait consists of fried curl-papers.
- THAT the Beef-eaters at the Tower are, without exception, strict vegetarians.

Time out of Mind.

LAW, we are sometimes told, will shorten our days, but the law of the County Courts seems to add to our days in a most extraordinary manner, for according to a recent return the County Courts sat 8570 days in the last twelve months. Law proceedings will multiply figures as far as costs are concerned, but we were not aware that such an effect could be produced by law on the number of days in a year, as to turn 365 into 8570. It is certainly a long and heavy day on which we go to law, and probably the calculation above noticed may be based on the principle that every day, to a man engaged in litigation, is as long as some twenty or thirty days of the ordinary duration.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.—At present, like a quantity of modern poetry, it is, in most of its branches, only so many dead Leaves covered with Rime.



### THE WEATHER IN THE PARKS.

*Skate Proprietor.* "Now, MARM! 'AVE A PAIR ON."

#### LONDON IN AN-ICE MESS.

Snow Hill has for once maintained a right to its title, and several small passages of London life, including Cranbourn Passage, and the Turnstile, Holborn, have been in a condition to suggest recollections of a passage of the Alps on a scale somewhat limited. London has, in fact, been almost blockaded by the snow, and Holborn Hill has been a sort of little St. Bernard, while Ludgate Hill has supplied a Simplon of a mitigated character.

The most seriously Alpine feature of the Metropolis, however, came on with the thaw, when avalanches began to fall from the house-tops with a rapidity truly alarming to the startled pedestrian. We ourselves were very nearly called to share with Mont Blanc a kind of mountainous monarchy, by being crowned with "a diadem of snow" as we passed along the Strand, and received a concussion which would have melted the heart of any less hardened snowball than that which fell upon us.

The south side of the water has been a kind of Arctic region, and the small sprinkling of cabmen has supplied a few living bears to give truth to the picture. Those intending tourists who have not much money to spare may save themselves the expense of a visit to Switzerland, for what with Mr. ALBERT SMITH'S Mont Blanc, and the snow-capped suburbs of London, there has been quite enough Swiss scenery visible without going beyond "the four mile radius."

#### TURNING DAY INTO NIGHT.

Most of the Theatres are turning day into night, by giving Morning Performances of their respective Pantomimes. We have no objection to this arrangement, though we think we ought to protest on behalf of the unfortunate Pantaloon, who gets a double allowance daily of those kicks and cuffs, for the endurance of which he is annually called into a brief existence at Christmas-time. It is lamentable to reflect on the fact, that the unhappy Pantaloon can get no rest either by day or by night, now that the practice of opening the Theatres in the daytime during the holidays has become general. We can only suggest that in place of a single Pantaloon, the management should provide itself with a pair of Pantaloons, to stand the wear and tear of double performances.

#### THE HEALTH OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Good living is sure to tell upon the corporation at some time or other, and we see a painful instance of it in the City Corporation, which is on the point of breaking to pieces from the abuses it has so freely indulged in for such a number of years. Good living has been the ruin of its Corporation.

THE ROUND OF FOLLY.—Hat-turning, and table-moving.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO MY  
LORD AB—RD—N.





## SOMETHING—AT LAST—IN A NAME.



employed for the purpose of driving the delegates into anything absurd or mischievous, to which they have sometimes rather too great a tendency.

AT a recent meeting of delegates in London, the secretary announced that "he had waited on MR. PRIGGEY, an influential cabman." PRIGGEY may be personally a very respectable man; but the name, in connection with the cab trade, is certainly curious. There is something rather rich in the idea of an "influential cabman," and we should hardly have been more surprised to hear of an "eminent costermonger," or a "distinguished dustman." We looked, with some curiosity, to see the mode in which the "influence" of the cab fraternity can be brought to bear on the strike, and we find it to consist of a "warm" offer to convey the parties "in a fly" to the most likely places to obtain assistance. We only hope that the aid of the cab-drivers will not be em-

## STARTLING FACTS BY TELEGRAPH.

LAST week, in consequence of the snow, Liverpool was in a state of isolation from the rest of the world, there being no traffic by rail or news by letter, and indeed nothing by which any idea could be formed of the doings or the condition of the Liverpoolians. Of course indefatigable efforts were made to open the communication with the Metropolis; but all was in vain, for the ordinary electric telegraph had got into a state of entanglement through the ice and snow, thus baffling all hopes of hearing anything from Liverpool. Bills were falling due in London, and were being dishonoured for want of "advice;" commercial firms were falling into discredit, and all for the want of communication with the north, when at last, after almost superhuman endeavours, it was announced that the Magnetic Telegraph had succeeded in bringing news from Liverpool. Everybody rushed to the second edition of the morning papers to drink in the long looked for news, when public curiosity was put in possession of the fact, that by tremendous energy a communication had reached London, bringing the news that "COTTON IS QUIET."

We cannot judge of the effect of this intelligence on the commercial world, but, to us, it seems as though the result of the telegraphic achievements had, after "much cry," ended in "little wool," though there might be a fair supply of cotton. We had no idea that the condition of this raw material was of such vital consequence as to make it paramount to every other subject of curiosity. We shall, henceforth, look out for the bulletins about cotton with unprecedented anxiety and interest. If we can only be assured by the paper on our breakfast table that "cotton has had a quiet night and is better," we shall, in future, feel a peculiar satisfaction, and we should perhaps rest contented with the knowledge that "cotton is not worse"—or worsted.

## GETTING DRUNK WITH A PURPOSE.

A MOVEMENT is now on foot to put a legislative stop to all drinking of every kind of beer or spirit, "except for medicinal purposes." Whether it will be an improvement to saturate society with water instead of moistening it with malt, is a question we leave to those who delight in dry discussion; but we must warn the friends of total abstinence that the exception "for medicinal purposes" is sufficient to throw the whole question overboard. We never yet knew an old woman who could not find a "medicinal purpose" for every glass of grog she happened to have a fancy for. If an Act of Parliament should ever be passed to prohibit spirit drinking, except for medicinal purposes, it will be absolutely necessary to add a schedule of imaginary maladies which shall be declared to be not within the exceptions allowed by the statute. In this schedule we would comprise that anile ailment familiarly known as the "wind," which has caused the consumption of more brandy and water by elderly females in one month than has been imbibed by the most inveterate toppers during an equal period. We must also guard the legislature against the allowance of "spasms" as a ground of exception to any measure for the prohibition of dram drinking, for there is no doubt that any woman of a certain age can command "spasms" at any moment, when she is desirous of calling up "spirits from the vasty deep" of the cellaret.

## BAYONET AND CHISEL.

A SENTIMENTAL NARRATION.

I PASSED the Palace in the Park,  
In sooth it was a weary trudge.  
The snow with trampled mud was dark,  
And all was slide and slush and sludge,  
Wherein I greatly feared to lose  
My nice new Yankee over-shoes.

I kept at distance from the dome  
Where dwells our Sovereign (when in town),  
Because I thought my short way home  
Was Birdcage Walk, of old renown.  
But I could see (and therefore state)  
Two men stood near that Palace gate.

One was the sentry—on his head  
The fabled skin that warms the bear.  
He ceased awhile his measured tread,  
And watched the other working there.  
For this, a sculptor, chiselled what  
He thought adornment. I thought not.

A huge tarpaulin sound and black  
Shrouded the artist like a cloak,  
The sentry leant his manly back  
Against his box, and thus he spoke—  
At least 'twas thus to Fancy's ear;  
For I was too far off to hear:—

"My friend, whose skilful plastic art  
Creates such graces out of stone,  
I feel a certain pang at heart  
When thou art gone, and I'm alone,  
That thou can'st do such things as these,  
While I can only stand at ease.

"Mine was a country life, my friend,  
Away from art and all its lore,  
Until kind Fortune deigned to send  
Recruiting Serjeant HENRY MOORE.  
He came—I drank—I took his fee,  
And am the soldier that you see.

"Yet do not think I speak in spite,  
Or envy thee thy well-earned gains,  
For that I know would not be right,  
(Thanks to our pious chaplain's pains);  
And warmly I appreciate  
Thy work upon our Sovereign's gate."

He ceased. His artist-friend replied—  
Fancy, once more, the short-writer—  
"Soldier, thou speakest, by my side,  
Words would do honour to a mitre,  
And I am proud to hear thy lip  
Commend the ornaments I chip.

"Yet do not mourn, thou gallant heart;  
Our ways in two directions run—  
Thou in grand deeds to bear a part,  
I to record them when they're done.  
And yet 'tis pleasant, friend, to feel  
We're fellow-workers with the Steel.

"And when thy Bagnet, in the flank  
Of Russian slaves, has bid them flee,  
This humble Chisel, friend, may clank  
To bid some marble speak of thee.  
And thus, though each in different way,  
Are we not colleagues—Brother—say?"

Thus Fancy deemed that at their stations,  
The Sculptor and the Soldier talked.  
But briefer were their observations  
As heard by one who nearer walked.  
Soldier. "That blessed wind is Eastly."  
Artist. "Confound the day—it's Beastly."

## THE CONVERSATION OF FLOWERS.

Do flowers converse? Yes, certainly; or else what is the meaning of "Flowers of Speech?" Besides, we have a standing proof of the conversation of a flower in its (s)talk!



WHEN COALS ARE SO DEAR, IT BEHOVES EVERY FAMILY MAN TO SEE THAT HE GETS THE PROPER NUMBER OF SACKS FOR HIS MONEY. PATERFAMILIAS DOES HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, ALTHOUGH THE COALS ARRIVE JUST AT HIS DINNER-TIME, AND THE WEATHER IS RATHER INCLEMENT.

## A PARODY WITHOUT AN ORIGINAL.

(So far as the writer knows.)

O, HAD I but ALADDIN'S lamp,  
I'd rub it every day,  
And so would save the costly stamp  
On bills I seldom pay.  
And if I had ALADDIN'S lamp,  
I'd dress me out so fine,  
And folks who now won't see the scamp,  
Would ask me home to dine.

Yes, had I but ALADDIN'S lamp  
(A modest "but," you'll say),  
I'd sack my laundress, MISTRESS GAMP,  
And keep a JEAMES so gay.  
And if I had ALADDIN'S lamp,  
In better boots I'd go,  
For these old things are precious damp,  
By reason of the SNOW.

## Simplicity in High Life.

A DISTINGUISHED Lady, who moves and rides and waltzes in the very highest circles, sent round lately to her French hairdresser (MONSIEUR ISABORE) for "a pot of the best Russian Ultimatum."

## THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE THEATRE OF WAR. We are enabled to state that the appearance of MR. BULL, so long underlined, will positively take place in a short time. He will appear in the revived drama of *The English Fleet*.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—"STEELE'S Select Works."

## THE INCOME-TAX MADE EASY FOR IRISH PRIESTS.

(To MR. PUNCH.)

"SIR, YER HONNER,  
"Tho I don't pretend to pryde miself on my privat carrieter, I'm punctival and consenshus in the dischargde of my pubble dooties—wherein there's a good many of your great pollytickle Swels, I've heerd, rayther like me. I allus pays my Taxis on Principlal, more partieler as I gets my own Livin by them as I levvy's upon the Commonaty. Not to mince the matter I'm what you calls a Prigg, unless you prefers the planer and more straitforrad Hanglosaxun igspresshun of Thefe. From that Callin and Hockypashun I drives a Hinkum considerable above anunder Powns, upon the ole of witch I pays Hinkum Tax regler like a man.

"I admires the Hinkum Tax. It's a tax arter my own art—comin down on a chap with a sort of summons to stand and deliver, and fork out is tin at wunce. So, I takes a sort o delite in payin of it, and if so be as I makes any horror in calculatin the rite Summ, I sends the differens in to the CHANCILER OF THE IGSHECKER hunder the ed of Conscience Money. I pade a putty good part of the £4,758 14s. 6d. as was sent to Guvment hunder the same.

"My callin bein agin the lors in coarse can't be Speccifide in my Sheddle, but that don't stand in the way of Acquitting myself of my Hobligashuns to the State. I puts it down—acordin to the advice of a respeckble Solicitor—as 'Unrecognised Industry.'

"Sitch being the Case in Regard to my Hinkum Tax, I can't conceave wot Difficulty that oly and reverent boddy the Roman Cartholick Priestes of Hireland can possibel ave about returnin theirselves for theirn. They calls theirs a illegal Relidgun. So is mine. Nevertheless I renders SEIZER his Doo fair and Honnest. Wy can't they Return their Perfeshun as 'Unrecognised Hindustry' like your Umbel Servant,

"Tode in the Ole, Jan., 1854."

"BARRINGTON SHEPPARD."

"P.S. There's this Differens betwene me and the Priestes besides, that my Hinkum comes hout of the pockets of the Ritch, and theirn hout of the Pittyance of the Pore.  
"B. S."

FASHIONABLE VISITING.—The parties care no more about the visit than a duck would, if you were to give it a caul.

## SEASONABLE SLIPPERINESS.

We do not think the slipperiness of the streets could have occurred at any more seasonable period than at Christmas time. Many a person who could scarcely walk—many a respectable person, who was so unsteady in his gait that occasionally he could not help himself from falling down—many a husband, whose disordered dress betrayed how often he had been measuring his length upon the pavement, attributed it entirely to the slipperiness of the streets. The frost could not have occurred more opportunely for such persons, though we think it is rather hard to attribute the slipperiness of their behaviour entirely to the condition of the public thoroughfares. For instance, we have heard of a gentleman who, upon being told by his wife who was sitting up for him in the parlour that he could not walk, excused himself by saying "itsh sho eggstchweemly swipp-swipp-schwipperry, my dear."

## GOODS IN GREAT DEMAND.

THE pedlar for whose wares there is most demand must be he who carries the "pack o' nonsense."

## PHENOMENON OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

AN individual who, from having been a sot, turned teetotalter, has become so sober that he sometimes sees only the halves of objects.

A THOUGHT FISHED UP IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—Women's eyes, like shallow fountains, are easily filled, and easily dried up again.

NEXT MORNING HEADACHES.—The shooting pains and penalties for infringing the laws of Nature.

THE SECRET OF RISING IN THE WORLD.—Idleness is like the nightmare—the moment you begin to stir yourself you shake it off.

INSCRIPTION FOR SURGEON'S HALL.—Surgeons are the angels of this world—they are constantly redressing injuries.

"THE DEAR DEPARTED."—Venison.

BACKGAMMON.—An absurd game, which ladies play with a Bonnet.

A COUNTY COURT RHADAMANTHUS.



PEOPLE are all agreed that the man who would lay his hand upon a woman otherwise than in the way of kindness is a villain, and that mal-treatment of the gentler sex ought to be a whipping matter; but we shall also mostly agree that a moderate punishment would have amply satisfied the ends of justice, and the interests of society, in a case of outrage upon a lady describable in the following terms:

"The offence complained of was of the mildest character, TURNER being accused of merely holding up his fists in a threatening manner towards the complainant over the shoulder of a man who stood before her."

Such is the statement of the County Courts'

*Chronicle*—a paper of which the contents are generally creditable to that Bench whose judgments it records; but which in the present instance relates the fact that the above-mentioned TURNER, for simply flourishing his fists at a MISS BLACKSTONE, behind somebody else, was sentenced by MR. J. B. PARRY, Q.C., the Judge of the Berkshire County Court "to £50 damages with full costs and immediate execution." Why?

"The lady admitted at the trial that she was not even alarmed by the conduct of the defendant!"

Everybody will suppose that the reason why damages of so swinging a character were inflicted on TURNER was, that MR. TURNER was a millionaire to whom fifty pounds were as five shillings are to persons in average circumstances. Were the case so it would reflect great credit on the judicial wisdom of MR. J. B. PARRY, Q.C. It would be a practical lesson in the science of fining, and might lead to an improvement in the system which levies the same penalty for the same offence on a drayman and a duke. But no. The defendant is described as

"THOMAS TURNER, a labouring man, with a family of young children, and who is also town-crier."

We are further informed that TURNER'S goods were taken under the legal process shortly after the judgment, but were insufficient to pay the costs; and that

"At a subsequent court the Judge, after inquiring into TURNER'S means, ordered that the damages and costs should be discharged by monthly instalments of 6s., thus in effect alienating a considerable portion of his weekly earnings for seventeen years prospectively, or subjecting him, in default of payment, to repeated monthly imprisonments during the whole of his future life, a process which, so far from cancelling the debt, would materially increase its amount by the addition of the heavy fees of the court upon every fresh imprisonment. The sum now due from this poor man amounts to £68!"

The foregoing facts were stated in a deputation that waited on LORD PALMERSTON with a memorial signed by the leading inhabitants and the clergy of the borough, praying the noble lord for inquiry into MR. PARRY'S decision. The MAYOR OF WALLINGFORD, who headed the deputation, also called the attention of the HOME SECRETARY to the facts that there was discrepancy in the evidence on which the conviction was based; that TURNER, being unable to pay the first instalment of 6s., increased by costs to £2 1s. 6d., had been committed to Abingdon Gaol for thirty days; and that his family are now dependent for support on the Union funds.

LORD PALMERSTON—who has generally a proper answer for everybody—promised to look into the matter. In the meantime it may be suggested that some power of appeal should exist from County Court judgments, seeing they may possibly be such as JUDGE JEFFERIES might have pronounced, particularly if JUDGE JEFFERIES had been as JUDGE PARRY was—both Judge and Jury. For, unfortunately, the QUEEN'S prerogative of mercy does not extend to judgment on civil process; and JEF—that is, PARRY acted strictly within his jurisdiction by mulcting TURNER to the uttermost farthing that he is empowered to impose.

A ROUND OF POLITICAL STORIES BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

- A STORY about a Statue to PRINCE ALBERT. By the City Corporation.
- A Fusionist Story about two Houses. By the COMTE DE CHAMBORD.
- A Scotch Grievance Story. By the EARL OF EGLINTOUN.
- A Yankee Story about Repudiation. By UNCLE SAM.
- A Pretty Little Story about Reform. By LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
- A Terrible Story upon the same subject. By BENJAMIN DISRAELI.
- A Curious Story about Resignation. By LORD PALMERSTON.
- Several Awful Stories about peace, the violation of treaties, the orthodox faith, &c. &c. By the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.
- The Old Story about War. By MR. COBDEN.

THREE THINGS THAT ARE ALWAYS FLOURISHING.—A Trumpet, a Schoolmaster, and *Punch*.

MASQUERADE REGULATIONS.

It appears that the masquerades in Naples, which used to be exceedingly lively, have become proportionably stupid from the authorities having published a long list of things which it is declared unlawful for masqueraders to say to one another. In the belief that, an English masquerade being already the stupidest thing in the world, any official interference must produce the opposite effect, and render such matters more amusing, the Lord Chamberlain announces that henceforth it shall be unlawful for anybody to utter any of the following *faceties*:

1. My eye! what a Guy you look.
2. Your wife's in the boxes.
3. You must have robbed the till to hire that dress.
4. Know you? Everybody knows you.
5. Twig his legs. What drumsticks!
6. Why, you are disguised—in liquor.
7. And you, for once, as a gentleman.
8. Here we all are.
9. Wouldn't you like some beer?
10. I wish you'd fetch some beer.
11. What 'ud you give for some beer?
12. Come out and get some beer.

(Signed) BREADALBANE.  
(Countersigned) PUNCH,

but under protest, inasmuch as the above list contains all the wit (except pokes and zoological noises) he ever gathered at an English *bal masqué*, and therefore he apprehends that this regulation will silence the gay revellers altogether.

STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

On a Tear which ANGELINA observed Trickling down my Nose at dinner time.

NAY, fond one! I will ne'er reveal  
Whence flowed that sudden tear:  
The truth 'twere kindness to conceal  
From thy too anxious ear.

How often when some hidden spring  
Of recollected grief  
Is rudely touched, a tear will bring  
The bursting breast relief!

Yet 'twas no anguish of the soul,  
No memory of woes,  
Bade that one lonely tearlet roll  
Adown my chiselled nose:

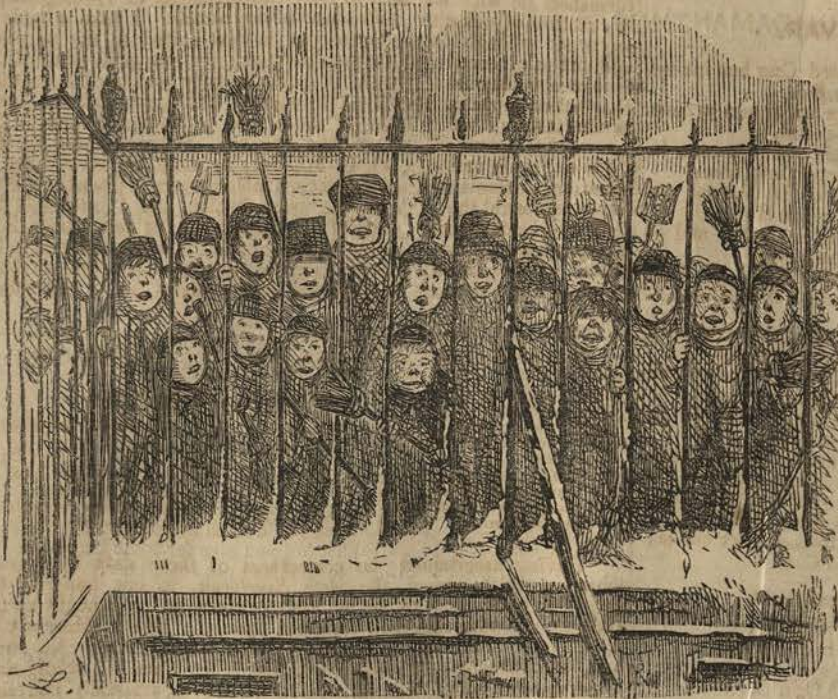
But, ah! interrogation's note  
Still twinkles in thine eye;  
Know then that I have burnt my throat  
With this confounded pie!

Why be Ill?

THIS question has been put to the world by DR. FORBES WINSLOW in the last number of his journal, and from the answer he gives to it, we learn the fact that many of us are ill simply because we are ill-disposed; or, in other words, that any one who wishes to make himself an invalid, finds a valid excuse for doing so. The doctor quotes BURTON, who talks of a priest that "could separate himself from his senses when he list," an achievement not very uncommon among the priesthood of the present day, for we find many of the clerical profession who take leave of their senses with the utmost ease, as the Reverend Table-talkers can testify.

TEETOTAL DEFINITION.

A SPIRIT LEVEL.—Drink, that lowers man to the level of the beast.



"WANT YOUR DOOR DONE, MUM?"

#### A CHAUNT BY A QUIET FAMILY.

AIR—"Ye Spotted Snakes!"

YE cornets shrill, with double tongue,  
Growling serpents, hence retreat:  
Flutes and fiddles, old and young,  
Come not near our quiet street.

Chorus.

Tipsy swell, from tavern "Free  
And Easy," cease Lulliete:  
Lulli—lulli—lulli—ete!  
Never horn, nor harp, till morn  
Come to Pop the Weasel nigh:  
So may we not sleepless lie.

Droning bagpipes, squeal not here;  
Hence, ye long-linked trombones, hence!  
Ophicleides, split not our ear;  
Clarinettes, do no offence.  
Tipsy swell, &c.

#### Parsons on the Ice.

AMONG the skaters in the parks last week were several Reverend Gentlemen, who distinguished themselves by the ease and grace of their movements. A few of them made some very awkward slips, and there were several whose backsliding was so perfect, as to be evidently quite natural.

GOOD NEWS FOR ALDERMEN.

THE longevity of the ass has been recently put beyond all doubt by observations of the zoologists.

#### MORE EFFECTS OF THE SNOW-STORM.

(From our Own Penny-a-Liner.)

WE have several important additions to make to the list of casualties and inconveniences occasioned by the great snow-storm.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN was about to take some steps in the right direction, but, from the slippery state of the streets, his lordship was compelled to stay at home, and content himself with writing a kind note to the Russian Embassy.

MR. COBDEN, MR. BRIGHT, and the other leading peacemongers, were about to convene a meeting, at which they intended to pledge themselves to attempt, in the case of Turkey and Russia, the "arbitration" and "pacific interference" which they have advocated in so many tons of tracts. But the snow rendered it impossible for them to show that their advocacy had ever been in earnest.

LORD GUILDFORD intended to have paid into Court several thousand pounds of income improperly received by himself, but the snow was so thick that his lordship's carriage could not get to his banker's.

THE General Post Office designed to have delivered the morning post letters in the City at least five minutes before the evening mails went out, but this time the snow afforded a really good excuse for a delay which is now habitual.

MR. FITZVERNON FITZMONTAGUE FITZHARRINGTON was going, as he had promised, to his tailor's, to pay a portion of the bill which has been running for three years, but the snow hindered him from walking and there were no cabs to be had; so, much to his annoyance, he was obliged to abstain from going, and to spend the money in giving a little square dinner at LIMMER'S. He has been so much affected by the circumstance that he has been unable to see the tailor since.

THE Nelson Column people had fully made up their minds to go to Charing Cross and have another look at the vacant face of the pedestal, and consider whether some of these days something might not be done towards seeing about the suggesting the completion of the work, but the snow caused the postponement of these active measures until next year.

THE Gas Directors actually did meet, and agree that it would be a very sad thing if they had to cut off the gas and leave London in total darkness. And then they went home, the snow, we suppose, preventing the Directors from directing that a large bright oil lamp should be provided for each gas-post, so that we might be at least no worse off than our fathers.

MR. FREDERICK BLOBS, of Camberwell, had proposed to take his wife and children to see a pantomime, but on account of the snow he was compelled to leave them at home and go by himself, the state of the streets also sending him round by a certain tavern near the Haymarket, and preventing his getting to Camberwell until four in the morning.

#### OUR WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

(Supported by Involuntary Contributions.)

MEN make their chief sacrifices to Love before they marry; women (poor creatures!) after.

Night-dreams are the many-coloured mental patch-work made from the spare clippings of our day-thoughts.

Little children are the lilies-of-the-valley of life.

A title is frequently nothing more than the crest stamped on a silver spoon.

The most solemn duties are generally the most readily undertaken. How many a man would, with pleasure, be your second in a duel, or stand godfather to your child, yet would strongly object to the loan of a five-pound note!

The "lines of life" that a woman cares most to see in her hands are the marriage lines.

Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally the shallowest.

Good intentions, like the waxen wings of ICARUS, melt with the morning sun.

A hasty marriage too frequently turns out a mourning suit that's run up in four-and-twenty hours.

Candied truths, like candied fruit, are all the better for having the stones picked out of them.

A Valentine is the first letter which a young girl learns in the Alphabet of Love.

Poor relations, that have been flung aside, often turn up and prove of value when least expected—like bank-notes that have been found, before now, in a waste-paper basket.

#### UNSEASONABLE DISCUSSION.

A PAINFUL discussion has lately been going on in the newspapers. We allude to the Kilt controversy. The bare allusion—as we will venture to say—is calculated under existing circumstances to inflict pain on any mind of common sensibility. With the thermometer at zero, the snow on the ground, the sea-gulls up inland, the skaters on the Serpentine, and the Thames nearly frozen over, the very mention of a kilt is enough to give anybody a cold. How could the cruel Scotchmen think of raising such a question in this bitter weather! The debate, indeed, in the dog-days, would have been agreeably cooling and refreshing, and it ought in mercy to have been adjourned to this time six months.

THE GIFT OF WORDS.—"Bless you, my children."—*The Christmas-box of a Rich Father.*

THE RUSSIAN LOCHINVAR.



HE big-booted Czar had his eye on the East,  
For treaties and truces he cares not the least,  
And save his good pleasure he conscience hath none,  
He talks like the Vandal and acts like the Hun.  
So faithless in peace, and so ruthless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of King like the big-booted Czar?  
He stayed not for speech, but, with sabre and gun,  
He rushed into Turkey, though cause there was none;  
But when he got near to the old Iron Gate,  
He found certain reasons which urged him to wait.  
For down by the Danube stood OMAR PASHA,  
Prepared to encounter our big-booted Czar.

So he drew up his legions—serf, vassal, and thrall,  
His footmen, and horsemen, and cannons, and all,  
Then out spake bold OMAR, his hand on his sword,  
In an attitude fitting an Ottoman Lord,  
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to see ST. SOPHIA, you big-booted Czar?"

"I've long asked your homage, my suit you denied,  
And my holy religion you've scorned and decried,  
So now I've come down with this army of mine,  
The rights and the wrongs of the case to define,  
And you have not a chance, for the Mussulman star  
Must pale when it looks on the flag of the Czar."

He flung down his challenge, the Turk took it up,  
(Remarking on slips 'twixt the lip and the cup)  
And deigned to his logic the briefest reply,  
"That the claim was unjust, and its proof was a lie,"  
And he brought up some thousands of swords as a bar  
To further advance by the big-booted Czar.

So before Oltenitza the battle took place,  
And the Russian thought proper to right about face,  
For the guns of Stamboul had a menacing boom,  
And a bombshell sent flying the DANNENBURG plume,  
And the Cossacks all grumbled, "T were better by far,  
To eat tallow at home than dine out with the Czar."

One hint would not do, nor one word in his ear.  
The despot commands, and his men persevere—  
So again to the breezes their standards are flung,  
And Kalafat echoes the war-trumpet tongue,  
And the Ottoman, charging, has scattered afar  
The ill-fated troops of the big-booted Czar.

There was wild disarray in the rear and the van,  
The Moslem they rode, and the Cossacks they ran.  
There was racing and chasing—'twas pleasing to see  
The Russ as well beat as a Russian can be.  
May this, and much worse, be all fortune of war  
That awaits the old pirate, the big-booted Czar.

THE ORTHODOXOMETER OR THEOLOGOSCOPE.

"ENLIGHTENED PUNCH,

Clapham Athenæum.

"You, and all who share your benevolent disposition, will be delighted to learn that I have discovered a very simple but effectual contrivance for the settlement of all religious disputes now pending, or hereafter to be raised. A clergyman in this neighbourhood (whose name I suppress, out of consideration for his modesty, and at his own urgent request), having discovered that the rotation of tables which has attracted so much attention lately is entirely produced by a demoniacal possession of the said tables, and having further ascertained that they are quite unable to revolve if any pious book be laid upon them, though its bulk be ever so trifling; but that they will curvet, caracole, and oscillate under any weight of profane or heterodox literature, first

furnished me with the idea of the Orthodoxometer or Theologoscope. My method of using the instrument is very simple. I take a table of any wood (though the Dodonese oak is best suited to the purpose) and either of homely or fashionable make, for one great merit of the invention is that, as one table is quite as fully possessed as another, the Orthodoxometer is within the reach of the highest and the lowest in the land, of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and of the meanest professor of the pea and thimble. Having placed on my table the book, or books, whose orthodoxy or moral fitness is called in question, I cause a number of practised table-movers to place themselves *en rapport* with the table, in the usual fashion, and I invariably find that the number and rapidity of the oscillations, or revolutions, is in a direct ratio to the amount of objectionable matter contained in the books. I have thrown the results of my last experiment into a tabular form, as being the one best suited to the subject, and I now submit them:—

Books Subjected to Test.	Bulk of Books.	Condition of Table.
BUTLER'S Analogy . . . . .	Small Octavo	Stationary.
PALEY'S Evidences . . . . .	Do. do.	Same result.
BENNETT'S Sermons . . . . .	Large do.	1 Revolution per minute.
BISHOP OF EXETER'S Pastoral Letters . . . . .	Do. do.	10 Do. per do.
DR. MAC HALE'S Do. Do. . . . .	Do. Quarto	100 Do. per do.
MR. NEWMAN'S Orations . . . . .	Do. do.	Oscillations furious.
The Complete Works of DENIS and LIGUORI . . . . .	3 vols. in Folio	Revolutions too rapid for computation.

"Having ascertained the correctness of these data by repeated experiments, I caused the *Acta Sanctorum*, in one hundred folio volumes, kindly lent to me by MR. PANIZZI, to be brought up from the van in which they had travelled from the British Museum, and piled upon the table. The consequences were fearful. No sooner were the operators *en rapport* with the table, than the whole mass, after moving round for some minutes with a gradually increasing rapidity, broke into a series of the most violent bounds and plunges, stretched four of the operators on the floor, and finally floundered through a party-wall into the next house, to the infinite alarm of the occupant; an old lady, who was in the quiet enjoyment of her tea, and *Bell's Weekly Messenger*. This last decisive experiment will convince you of the great merit of a discovery which will unquestionably put an end to much heart-burning and strife, since rival theologians need hereafter do no more than submit their works to the critical opinion of the writing table on which they have committed them to paper, instead of waiting for the equally certain but more remote verdict of posterity. In proof of the extreme accuracy and delicacy of my table's perceptions, I may state, that when the first edition of 'DRELCOURT on Death' was placed on it, it preserved its wonted tranquillity, but that, under the second edition, which contains DEFOE'S lying account of MRS. VEAL'S apparition, it gambolled in a playful and quite jocular way. Its sense of propriety is also very nice, for when a single number of *Punch* was placed on it, our united volitions could not move it; but it revolved rapidly under some cwt. of the daily and weekly papers, until we had cut out some trials and a quantity of advertisements, when it appeared satisfied and became stationary. I am having a large table constructed, to be ready against the May Meetings, in order that the speakers may use it as a rostrum. It will be of great strength, so that the heaviest speakers need be under no apprehension, and I confidently hope that it will be an unspeakable comfort to the orator and his audience, since, so long as it is stationary, the one will know that he is uttering, and the others will be sure that they are hearing, nothing objectionable. Should my invention come into general use, MR. DRUMMOND has promised to carry a Bill through Parliament, providing that no Orthodoxometer or Theologoscope shall ever be seized or distrained upon for rent, taxes, or other debts. We may reasonably hope that persons connected with the church will not attempt to seize these instruments in lieu of tithes or church rates, because such a seizure would either lay them open to the charge of burking a witness against their teaching, or would be a stifling of testimony favourable to themselves. I shall be very happy to show you or any friends my mode of operating, or to test any books of whose fitness you may entertain a doubt, and

"I am, respected *Punch*,

"Your admiring and obedient Servant,

"EUSEBIUS HUMM."

The Prophetic Guide.

Two clerical gentlemen have been carrying on an amicable discussion, in the columns of a serious contemporary, as to the interpretation of the biblical predictions concerning Babylon and the Euphrates. These worthy individuals may be allowed to settle affairs of this kind in their own way; but, in so doing, they will act wisely by attending to the proverb that suggests an analogy between future events and chickens in the shell.

## CANNON BALL-ROOM MUSIC.

WHAT a knack have the composers of fashionable dance-music of turning all things "to favour and to prettiness!" The attention of our readers may have been arrested by a lithograph in the music-shop windows, representing a cannon with the Russian standard leaning against it on one side, and the Turkish on the other, crossed saltier-wise; a pyramid of round shot underneath it, and in the back-ground smoke, amid which cavalry are skirmishing. This pretty picture constitutes the exterior of a musical publication, denominated the "War Galop." We have not, so far as we know, had the advantage of hearing this composition, and therefore we cannot say that it has not a high purpose. Perhaps it is calculated to excite reflection whilst it inspires gaiety, and to appeal to the heart as well as to move the heels.

"Amid the joy and the uproar" of the ball-room, it may tend to awaken pity and compassion for the sufferers by shot, shell, sabre, lance, and the other implements of destruction by which the ENEMY OF MAN and the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA are permitted to wreak their malice on the human race. Chords and movements, imitative of the groans of the wounded and dying, peradventure mingle with the lighter measure, which is tripped in the blaze of drawing-room glory by elegantly dressed persons of both sexes.

The "War Galop," possibly, illustrates the real thing so called, and spelt with two P's, as actually performed on the field of battle over the backs and stomachs and fractured limbs and faces of unfortunate crippled soldiers. It may serve to warn young ladies what frail things are the limbs and features of handsome officers, polk they never so charmingly. If so, let due credit be given to the composer of the "War Galop:" one D'ALBERT—or ALBERT—and we hope ALBERT will limit himself to the inoffensive means of music in advocating a peace-policy.



## It's a Way they have in the City.

At one of the Mansion House dinners lately, after loud cries had been raised for the carriages of the different Lords and Bishops, and equally loud responses had been given when their turn came to obstruct the thoroughfare, a young man amused himself by bawling out, at the top of his voice, "TEMPLE BAR IN FLEET STREET STOPS THE WAY!"

## NAKED SIMPLICITY.

A "TRUE HIGHLANDER" writes to express his indignant surprise that any possible objection can be taken to the Highland costume, as affording insufficient winter clothing. He "wad like to see the chiel," he says, "wha'd show him a warmer covering than bare skin."

GOOD INTENTIONS.—Good intentions, like the waxen wings of ICARUS, melt with the morning sun.

## THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

SCENE 3.—MR. PATERFAMILIAS has the Gas in.

Time—After Breakfast.

*Mrs. P.* (*laying down the newspaper*). Coals up again; forty-three shillings a ton! It's awful! And our winter stock not laid in yet.

*Mr. P.* That's lucky.

*Mrs. P.* Lucky, my dear?

*Mr. P.* Yes; because I have determined on dispensing with coals altogether.

*Mrs. P.* Do without coals, MR. P.? Why you might just as well think of doing without candles.

*Mr. P.* I trust very soon to be able to abolish in my house that most costly and unscientific mode of illumination, MRS. P.

*Mrs. P.* Good gracious! Well, it's bad enough to be without a cheerful coal-fire; but if we're to live in the dark, one might as well be an Esquimaux at once.

*Mr. P.* Why will you always rush to conclusions, MRS. P., in that most illogical manner? I say, I trust to be able to dispense with coals and candles, not with light and heat. On the contrary, both are most essential to the healthy development of the human animal.

*Mrs. P.* Well, my dear, I'm sure I could never get on without them, suffering from cold feet as I do.

*Mr. P.* My intention, MRS. P., is to have gas laid all over the house.

*Mrs. P.* Oh, my dear, you know what happened at the SIMKISSES, when they had it. Pray do consider—

*Mr. P.* My determination is the result of much and anxious consideration, MRS. P.

*Mrs. P.* You know it got into their store-closet and blew up the boy. And then there's DR. LETHEBY'S evidence—he's a scientific man, you know. It was in the *Times* last week all about the ammonia getting into the ground, and causing dreadful smells, and oil of vitriol destroying French polish, and books, and I don't know all what—

*Mr. P.* I have no doubt DR. LETHEBY'S conclusions are sound. He is a man I much respect. We owe to him the detection of many of the poisons which we habitually eat, and drink, and breathe. But I intend my gas to be purified. MR. BELLOWS has invented an admirable apparatus for the purpose.

*Mrs. P.* Oh, but remember his ventilating contrivance, my dear—what a nuisance that turned out—and the expense too.

*Mr. P.* (*waving his hand dictatorially*.) Enough, MRS. P. Expense is no argument with me, when there is a sound principle to be asserted and an example to be set to my fellow-men. (*Looking out of the window*.) Here's the gas-fitter with the estimate I asked for.

Enter SPRAGGS.

*Spraggs.* Please, Sir, here's MR. SOCKET.

Enter MR. SOCKET, hat in hand.

*Mr. P.* (*who is an excellent customer*). Ah, SOCKET. Take a chair. You've brought your estimate?

*Socket.* Good morning, Mum. Yes, Sir—that is, a rough eye estimate, you know, Sir, and I think we can make a good job of it, Sir.

*Mrs. P.* But the expense, MR. SOCKET?

*Socket.* Oh, bless you, Mum—nothing to speak of—nothing.

*Mrs. P.* Yes, but how much?

*Socket* (*reluctantly*). There'll be the pipe from the main down the front garden for the 'all lamp, say forty-two foot half-inch iron-welded tubing at sixpence, and there'll be the 'all lamp—that's according to fancy, you know. Then the double-cone burner and moon-holder—I put 'em in at five shillings, though there's many charges five-and-six; and, let's see, you've twelve rooms including dining and drawin'-rooms—their centre chandeliers in course—suppose we reckon twenty-four argum, at from 3s. to 3s. 6d.; and you'll want—let's see—say 300 feet half-inch zinc tubing, at 7d., and the bends and springs, diminishers, caps and plugs, brass-cocks, minor joints and linings, and the brackets for the staircases and kitching—Oh, they'll not 'urt you, Mum.

*Mrs. P.* Yes, but how much altogether, about?

*Socket* (*driven to a total*). Oh, bless you, Mum—speaking by rule of thumb—about a matter of £30 or £35, I dare say, more or less, that is, done at my prices. There's some fitters would make a job of you, but that's not JOHN SOCKET'S plan, as you know, Sir.

*Mrs. P.* (*overwhelmed by the total*). £30 or £35!

*Mr. P.* But think of the saving! Perhaps you are not aware, MRS. P., that a valuable little practical work, "Hints to Gas Consumers," makes out that "five cubic feet of purified coal-gas, consumed in a 15 hole argand burner, yields a light equal to 12 candles during one hour, and its cost is six-tenths of a penny!"

*Mrs. P.* (*who does not believe in figures*). Well, but we never burn twelve candles, my dear—not at once.

Mr. P. The little treatise proceeds to show, that the light from a pound of candles costs 7½d.; an equal quantity of light from sperm oil costs 11d.; an equal quantity of light from whale oil costs 5d., and an equal quantity of light from gas costs 2½d. 2½d., MRS. P., against 7½d.! Don't talk to me about the first cost of introducing into my house so vast a saving as this!

Mrs. P. (driven from her financial ground, in which she is as weak in arithmetic as strong in conviction). But the smell, my dear?

Mr. P. Pshaw, Mrs. P., mere prejudice. As the little treatise remarks:—"The odour of coal gas is a most valuable quality; its presence, in an unburnt state, being thereby infallibly indicated, and a fair warning given, that either by accident, mistake, or carelessness, something is going wrong."

Mrs. P. (bitterly). Oh, I dare say we shall know that soon enough.

Mr. P. (to SOCKET). Well, SOCKET, I think you had better set about it to-morrow; and if you'll come into the kitchen, SOCKET, we'll just consider about how it can best be laid on for cooking—(to Mrs. P.)—instead of the range, my dear—an enormous saving, and a source of heat over which one may exercise perfect control. Come, SOCKET. [Exit Mr. P. with SOCKET.]

Mrs. P. In the kitchen, too! and instead of the range. Oh, what ever will cook say!

SCENE changes.—The Kitchen.

MRS. FIERI-FACIAS discovered in a high state of inflammation, and in the solitary exercise of her mysterious functions. To her MR. P. and SOCKET. MRS. FIERI-FACIAS looks upon the intruders with angry dignity, pauses in her work, and hides her arms under her apron.

Mr. P. (blandly). Do not let us interrupt you, Cook. We shan't be a minute.

Mrs. F. Oh, as long as you please, Sir, in course. My work can wait—which I know my place—leastways I ope so.

[MR. SOCKET proceeds to make mysterious eye-calculations in different places; at last he approaches the range.]

Mrs. F. Now, young man, I'll thank you to leave my range alone, if you please.

Mr. P. MR. SOCKET merely wishes to take the measure for the gas stove, Cook. (To SOCKET.) I think it had better be placed to one side of the fireplace—there'll be more light.

Socket. Well, yes, Sir, I think it had. In course you'll have the range took out.

Mr. P. Yes, and the fireplace bricked up, as we shan't want it.

Mrs. F. (who has been gazing from one to the other—in a state of condensed emotion too strong for words—breaking out with intense civility). I beg your parding, Sir, might I pass a remark?

Mr. P. Certainly, Cook.

Mrs. F. Which the young man mentioned taking out my range.

Mr. P. Yes. You see, as I'm having the gas in, I am determined to embrace an opportunity of setting up one of the new patent gas-cooking apparatuses.

Mrs. F. I beg your parding—gas what—if I might make so bold?

Mr. P. (affably, but rather alarmed). Gas-cooking apparatuses—you know—in which every culinary operation is carried on with the utmost economy and comfort—no scorching hot fires—no danger of setting yourself on fire, Cook—no waste of coals—no.

Mrs. F. (struggling with herself). I'm obliged to you, Sir, I'm sure; but I ope I've not lived professed cook in families of distinction now this eighteen year come Martinmas, and the best o' characters from all my last places, to 'ave to dress a dinner at a nasty, stinking, singing, busting gas-pipe, at my time o' life! No (rising into sublimity), MR. P.! no, never!—not if I was to be roasted to a cinder afore that identical range; wich just you keep your 'and off—is it your fire? No, never! that I can assure you, MR. P.—wich you know if I've giv' satisfaction or not; but if my range goes I goes. (MR. P. attempts in vain to speak.) So don't think it, a-comin' here—(her grief begins to wrestle with rage)—measurin' and pryin'. No, Sir! and—(here grief gets the upper hand)—turnin' things upside down—wich I wish you may never live to repent it, you and your accomplices—(with a bitter glance at poor SOCKET)—when you're all pisoned, down to that blessed boy NEWTON, that I made candle for his poor dear mother—which I'm sure she don't approve no such goings on—(sobbing bitterly). Apparatuses, indeed! but go I will; and I give you warning then and there, Sir! and you ought to be ashamed of yourself; and you may search my boxes—(throws herself into a chair, and begins drumming with her heels).

Mr. P. Confound it! Cook—here—Cook—don't be a fool, woman.

Socket (sententiously). It's wonderful how they sets their faces agin' gas generally, does the cooks.

[Cook's drummings become more violent. Housemaid rushes in in consternation. MR. P. looks conscience-stricken, SOCKET alarmed. Scene closes.]

Enter MRS. P.

Mrs. P. Oh! MR. P., I knew how cook would take it!

(The results in our next.)

## LONDONDERRY AND LINDLEY MURRAY.



URELY LORD CHESTERFIELD is not the only nobleman whose name will go down to posterity at the foot of his letters. There is another noble Lord whose epistles to his tenants are as remarkable as those which the first named Peer addressed to his son. Here is one of them: but such is its profundity that it must be analyzed in order to be understood, and requires to be presented to the intellect by pieces at a time:—

"The MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, on leaving Ireland for the present, is grateful to be able to announce to his tenantry the pleasure he receives from the reports of the office."

What office? A Government Office? A Police Office? A Lawyer's Office? The Office of the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, is that the Office? and does the noble Lord keep an office? and if so, how many clerks does he keep, and at what salaries? However, from the report of the office, whatever it is, concerning his tenantry, he has learned

"That they are reducing, by every effort, the large amount of arrears on the estate."

What estate? Perhaps that was specified in the original document; in the copy of it which we quote, the only estate mentioned is Ireland at large, on leaving which country LORD LONDONDERRY says that he is grateful—meaning, perhaps, gratified—to be able to announce to his tenantry the pleasure he receives from the reports of an indefinite office, that they are reducing the large amount of arrears on this estate. LORD LONDONDERRY, at this rate, beats LORD BATEMAN. Half of the single county of Northumberland only formed the estate of that noble Lord, but the whole of Ireland appears to belong to LORD LONDONDERRY. Be this as it may:—

"He believes, and hopes, his last counsel to them has neither been impolite on his part, nor injudicious to the interests—"

"To" for "in respect to"—we presume—the interests

"Of the farmers on that very large and improving property."

Ireland, happily, has at length become an improving property, and it certainly is a very large one. It surely must be the estate which the noble Marquis alludes to. Did any one ever know that he was so extensive a proprietor? He proceeds to say—addressing the tenantry of Ireland—

"And he again calls upon them by every sense of honesty and duty, and that happy bond of loyal attachment and affection so long established and prevailing between his family and themselves, to persevere and continue to struggle and liquidate their rents due and their just and long standing obligations to him; and he assures them now that when their conduct is directed and restored to a proper reliance on their landlord, instead of being misled and deceived by others, they may entirely rely on an oblivion of the past, and a return of that indulgence, consideration, and paternal interest he has always been most anxious, as their friend and counsellor, to show them."

"December 17."

"VANE LONDONDERRY."

The pathos of the conjuration of his tenantry, "by every sense," &c., "to persevere and continue to struggle," &c., is exquisite, and there is great art in that employment of the appropriate language of distraction which immediately follows, and which represents their conduct as directed and restored to a proper reliance on their landlord, instead of being misled and deceived by others. In the same fine strain of bewildered emotion he assures them that they may rely on an oblivion of the past, whereas he has before mentioned a happy bond of loyal attachment and affection as having long prevailed between his family and themselves, and proceeds to promise a return of that indulgence, &c., which he has always been most anxious to show them, and of which the return would seem to be the return of the past rather than its oblivion.

If the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY is of a truth the landlord of all Ireland, he has indeed land and beeves. Overstocked with the latter, he disposes of his bulls in his letters.

A CONUNDRUM RUNNING ABOUT FLEET STREET.—Why is Temple Bar like a lady's veil? Because it must be removed to make way for the 'busses.

MOTTO FOR THE MINISTERS.—"Fortiter occupa Portum." Anglice —Stick to the Porte.



SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE KITCHEN BOILER.

(Affectionately Dedicated to PATERFAMILIAS, whoever he may be.)

## AN AUTOCRAT CARVED IN EBONY.

PLUTARCH—had he been now extant—might have been supplied by PRESIDENT ROBERTS, of Liberia, with a good case for a parallel. The following statement, respecting a neighbouring sable potentate, was made by the dark President in a Message to his ebony senate and sooty House of Representatives. Having related that the ruler in question, by name GEORGE CANE, had failed in his promises, invaded a contiguous territory, and was meditating mischief, he said—

“With GEORGE CANE war seems to be a ruling passion. No persuasion, I fear, will restrain him from shedding the blood of his defenceless brethren. But that he must be checked, gentlemen, is certain. Common safety requires it—justice and humanity demand it—and these claims are not to be resisted. If, therefore, it shall be established that GEORGE CANE is still carrying on his predatory wars, some measure should be speedily adopted to restrain him.”

Every word that PRESIDENT ROBERTS uttered respecting GEORGE CANE is equally applicable to another chief of savages more numerous, and of a different complexion from GEORGE CANE'S. One chief, to be sure, is black, and the other is white; but if the former has a black skin, the latter has a blacker heart, and is a worse blackguard. It may be surmised that GEORGE CANE is a nickname, indicating that the monarch so called is accustomed to beat his subjects, precisely as his Imperial fellow might be denominated NICHOLAS KNOET.

It is much to be wished that LORD ABERDEEN had, some time since, spoken out as much to the purpose about NICHOLAS KNOET as PRESIDENT ROBERTS spoke concerning GEORGE CANE.

## Rhymes for Infant Senators.

RIDE a cock-horse to Westminster Cross,  
To see my LORD ABERDEEN ride the high horse,  
For the Parliament meets on the Thirty-first,  
And then some bubbles are going to burst.

WHEN will the Registrar of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury give up his sinecure?—When he is no Mo(o)RE.

## HARD LINES FOR LOVERS.

A KINDLY person writing to the *Times*, under the signature of BALM OF GILEAD, on the subject of cipher advertisements, suggests the following as a method by which lovers who correspond by means of them may secure the secrecy of their correspondence:—

“If the affectionate pair will get two copies of some particular English dictionary (or what is better, the pages and words in each page) in some arbitrary way (as by beginning in the middle, &c.), and, adopting signs for the varieties of inflection, use the numbers for the words, they may publish their turtle doves in perfect safety, as no calculation of alphabetical chances could avail against them.”

Love sometimes sharpens the intellectual faculties, and may therefore, in certain cases, enable its victims to understand the foregoing complicated directions. But more generally the tender passion disturbs the mind; and it is doubtful whether many young persons, actuated by sincere mutual affection, would be able to make either head or tail of them.

## Fun in a Fossil.

THE world of scientific gastronomy will learn with interest that Professors OWEN and FORBES, with a party of other gentlemen, numbering altogether 21, had an exceedingly good dinner, the other day, in the interior of the Iguanodon modelled at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. We congratulate the company on the era in which they live; for if it had been an early geological period, they might perhaps have occupied the Iguanodon's inside without having any dinner there.

## The Fog in the Theatres.

THERE were very scanty audiences at the Princess's on both nights of the Fog. The Fog was so intense at one time that you could hardly distinguish MR. CHARLES KEAN from one of the supernumeraries. We have not the slightest doubt that, if this fact could have been previously known, the Theatre on both nights would have been crowded to the ceiling.





DOUGHTN'T THE TURK TO BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIS KIND FRIENDS (P) FOR THEIR PROMPT AND GENEROUS ASSISTANCE.



## GREAT FALL OF CHRISTMAS BILLS.



**A** MOST frightful fall, one of the greatest that has been known for many years, visited the Metropolis and other parts of the country, on the first of the present month, and continued throughout the week with more or less severity. The fall was composed of an almost incessant shower of Christmas Bills, which continued to pour into almost every house in every thoroughfare. The bills that fell in some places were so extremely heavy and numerous, as to form almost an avalanche, and preclude all hope of liquidation under a very lengthened period. In some instances the bills fell with such rapidity, as to keep the door almost constantly open, and it was quite unsafe for the inmate to

venture to the door, lest the bills—some of which were of tremendous size—should be thrown into his face with an alarming impetus. The only hope of meeting the overwhelming force of the bills was by an endeavour to raise the wind inside the house; but this attempt was successful in only a very few instances. So penetrating was the fall that the bills found their way through the letter-boxes, down the areas, and even under the doors, when the inmates, knowing what to expect, had kept the doors of their houses closed against the approaching enemy. We heard of several instances in which persons were found completely over head and ears, from the quantity of bills that had come in upon them. In some cases the inundation was so extensive that the parties were unable to leave their abodes, in consequence of the thoroughfares in the neighbourhood of their houses being rendered impassable by the bills that poured in from them.

We have heard it rumoured that, should the inconvenience continue, it is the intention of a number of benevolent gentlemen to form themselves into a society for clearing off the bills of those who, though they cannot be said to be "snowed up," are, undoubtedly, "hard up," owing to the position in which they are placed by the cause to which we have alluded. The activity shown by the boys in offering their services to clear away the snow might be imitated with advantage by the affluent, who would present a most pleasing spectacle, if they could be seen going round with purses, instead of brooms, in their hands, and addressing the inquiry, "Want your bills cleared?" to the poor unhappy victims of the Christmas inundation.

We have heard of some parts of the world in which the "falling dew" has had a fearful effect on the inhabitants; but we never witnessed anything to equal the effect of the "falling dew" of the Christmas bills, in throwing a damp on the spirits at the season of festivity.

## MRS. JANE GIMLET ON THE FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

*"Yeast Lane, Grinnidge, Sixth of Jenniuaryhatingfiftyfore.*

"ONNERD SUR,

"In course it didnt ort to be ekspekted that an ooman as ave live cooke at fiftene puns wage, and ave MISSUS RUNDLE at her fingurs hends, shoud hide her talons from the world, and consekwently at this festif secon wen hevery wun is a givin of routes or swarry mewyscals or petty soopys wich is the Frenshe for wite soop an game an hentrays, or taydansangs wich means week kneegus an makyrouns, or conwersatchyonis, wich air a big word but dont mean much for its only tee an koffee and miksed biskits an such like weksations of an unгры sperrit—at this festif secon I sumtimes rewits the spere to wich I were wuns akustumd and hastonishes Missusses with my long heksperiense an my short crusteses. An so tother day wen REVEREND

SLOCUM SMITH's heldest dorter wich is now MISSUS POPKINS (an ave married a gentelman in the Bank of Hengland or the Funs or the nasshynal dett or sum of them publik institushuns) felt called upon to giv a party, wich in coorse the wurd expek it of her as i heard her say, it were but natteral she shoold send for me to elp her kooke seein as her digesting ad bin famylier with my pastry from a child, and many was the gingerbread nut I'd made with a littel fizzik in it for her wen she were a littel thing not hier than the kitschen dreser. So in coorse bein summonsed I went to her ouse herly on the day wen the party was to be, wich was a month ago cum neks Tooseday fortnite, and lor! the pukker an the trubel she were in to gratify the world's hexpektashuns were a warning to all as thinks they cant ave enuf of satiety. I ses nuthin of takin hup the carpet in the drorrin room an scrubbin of the flore, an a charking of crowns an lions an humikorns an reaths an brew luvers knottes hall hover it, wich MR. POPKINS he got a krook in his bak by gettin hup at siks in the mornin to du it afore he went to towne, an a stoopin' so long on a hempety stummie, an I ses nothin of caryin hall the funitur of that rume 'ceptin' the pianner up into the hatik wich it were orful to see how it skratshed the paper hof the walls in the narrer passidges and got itself miksd up with the banystars an gammed up in the landins, an woodent go round korners no ow, an i ses nothin about takin down the bedds in too huther rumes, an arrandging wun for tea an clokes, and the huther for cards an tatyates, an kuverin the children's bedds with chintses to make them looke like setees an sofees, an reethin of the stares an the shandy leers and the picturs with hevegrences, and settin out the route seetes, an a lot more. I ses nuthin of all this, bekorse its only ousemades wurk, an ow MISSUS POPKINS could go and busy herself about it, an a flyin in an out an hup an down with a dustur in one and an a fether brush in the hother, wen the supper must ave been a lyn ey on her, passes my weke hunderstandin. In coorse it wood ave bin much better for er to ave sat down quiet and wipped the cremes all day, insted of lettin little SOPHEE (her heldest) do it, wich the child made herself uncommon hill by tasin hevery five minnits as the natur of childering is. An lor! she mite ave helped me in a many more things than she did, for she honely spun sum shugur an bete up about fiftee heggs, an made a pound cake, and blanshed sum harmonds to make a edgeog, an buttered my moldes an pattepens, an cut the paste in strips for the hopen tartes, an washed all the plate an chinee an glas, an cut hartificial flours hout of turnips, an dekkyrated the dishes, an rubbed arf a duzin lemuns with shugur for the punch, an rote a plan of the supper tabul showin were we wos to put the dishus, and copied a lot of motters out of potry bookes on to bits hof colured papur, an ropped barlyshugur kises up in em, an a few more trifuls not worth namin; an of coorse she ort to ave staid with me hinsted of going an washin the children's eds, an doin of the gurls' airs, an hironin hout their froks an sashes, and gettin up of MASTER TOMEE his best tunik (wich he had spoilt it wuns by pullin of the rasbery cremes on to hit as it wos a hairing), an settin hout the kandels, and sortin the kards, an rubbin of a lot of kid gloves with bred, and puttin buttons on MR. POPKINS his shirt, an starching his ruffels, an a takin up a fray in his silk weskit, and cleenin his shiny boots with creme, an a lot more littel hods and hens of no consekewens; but then she is but yung an a poore delikit creature, and young missuses seldom nose were to gif there eye, and were not, and is soon nokked up with doin of nuthink. An by an by down cum MR. POPKINS from Lundun with the hisetur pattees from PUSSELS, leastaways with the houtsides of em in a paper bag, an the hinsides in a galypot redy to be otted an put into the krusteses wen wanted; and then he cumms a fussin down into the kitschen, an a runnin in an out of the seller, a drorrin of is corks and decanting of his Marselly, an his Montylardo, an his Madedeerer, an his torney port, an a hangin of littel tikkets on the decanters (wich they wos needed, as there were a strong famly likeness atween hall the whines), han a miksin of is punch an smakkin of his lips, and olding of his ed on wun side wile he tasted it, and a turnin up the wites of his hyes as if the pupils wos a going into his ed to see if the punch had got there fast, wich it were aggerawatin to behold. An wot was wuss, he ad brought down with im a bottel of gellee an a bottel of blank manger from a chepe shop; an in coorse bein cold they woodn't cum hout of the bottels tho he brok the neks hof an cut his finger, an tuk on so as it were orful to here, and wood ave shoked REVEREND SLOCUM SMITH if he could a none ow his son-in-lor was a cussin an a swearin, an all becos he hadn't the sens to stan the bottels in of water akkordin to the printed direkshuns wich the shopman giv im. Howsumnever we got it all rite at last, an he an MISSUS POPKINS went hof to dress; an wen I take a pepe at them through the chinke in the drorin rume dore, they wos a waiting for their gesteses quite calm an beautiful—she in a wite lase gownd with a hapron trimmin in three threes dubble edded (as i here the dressmaker a sain), a sittin at the pianner, an playin of it quite aksidental like as if she didn't expek no one, an he a standin afore the fire, with wun elber on the mantilpeece, an wun hand a playing with his air, an a trying to look as if he didn't no wot the supper ad cost im. It were all beautiful then; but ow it turned hout u shall here anuther day from ure umbel chareoman,

"JANE GIMLET."



### THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

*Foot Boy.* "WELL, SIR, MASTER HIS AT 'OME, BUT HE'S CONFINED TO HIS ROOM. HE'S A GROWIN' OF HIS MOOSTARSHEERS, AND AIN'T ALLOWED TO SEE NOBODY BUT HIS 'AIRDRESSER."

### WHEN GROG MAY BE TAKEN MEDICINALLY.

*(As soon as the Law for the Prohibition of the Sale of Liquors comes into operation.)*

GROG may be taken medicinally :

After goose, or duck, or pork, or Irish stew, or any delicacy of the season, into which onions may have seasoningably entered.

Invariably after salmon.

When there is any washing being done at home.

When the painters are in the house.

When a person feels faint, and doesn't know what is the matter with him.

When a friend turns up after an absence of several years, or when you are parting with a friend whom you do not expect to see for several years.

When a person has the toothache.

When a person has lost at cards, or when a person has come into a large property.

When a person has met with a great misfortune, or made a tremendous bargain.

When a person has quarrelled, and when a reconciliation has taken place.

When a person is riding outside a stage-coach, or is on a sea-voyage, or goes out between the acts of a five-act tragedy, or before ascending in a balloon, or after coming off the jury of a Coroner's Inquest, or when you are sitting up for your wife, or when a friend drops in to smoke a cigar;—and in fact, upon all suitable occasions of sadness or merriment, when a person feels rather low, or feels in very high spirits.

### Commercial Festivities.

We learn from our social reporter that in spite, or perhaps rather, we should say, in consequence of the weather, the season in commercial circles has been a very festive one. Many an ice party has been got up suddenly by business men in London, while at Liverpool the brokers have been entertaining each other with a series of snow-balls.

### Phrenology for the War Office.

In the event of war with NICHOLAS, it will be unnecessary to excite the Destructiveness or Combativeness of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. The only thing requisite will be to appeal to their Benevolence; for doubtless every Englishman will consider it a charity to subscribe for the extermination of a gigantic vermin.

### THE NOBLE HERCULES.

THE papers inform us that "LORD BROUGHAM is expected to leave his chateau at Cannes." Of course he will leave it at Cannes, for he will not think of attempting to bring it with him. We know the power of his Lordship in moving the House of Lords, and we are aware that in former days the House of Commons has been carried away by his power; but the announcement that he "will leave his chateau at Cannes" is rather unnecessary. Any attempt to bring his chateau with him would be a waste of that energy and thought which we are glad to hear he still possesses, for higher and more useful purposes.

### THE (CHURCH) WARDEN OF WINCHESTER'S GLEE,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS COMBAT WITH THE MASTER OF ST. CROSS.

AIR.—"The Red Cross Knight."

BLOW, Warden, blow thy trumpet now,  
And thy triumph sound on high;  
For the paupers have fought by thy own true hand,  
And have won the victory!

The Warden had known their grievance long,  
And at length to the *Times* wrote he:  
"I see that the Master of St. Cross  
With its funds has been making free."

Then boldly the Warden his good cheque drew,  
And instructed his men of law:  
"Gainst the proud Usurper of St. Cross,  
Now wage ye a legal war."

Full soon the Master drew in his horn,  
And "peccavi" shouted he:  
Now the beef be hung both for old and young,  
And the poor feast merrily!



HOW YOUNG GENTLEMEN FROM SCHOOL GO TO SEE A PANTOMIME NOW-A-DAYS.

### Your Literary Women.

LITERARY women (says JENKINS) remind him of beautiful flowers, that have been withered and dried between sheets of blotting paper.

### THE MANCHESTER CONVICTION.

THE BEST BAIL FOR PRESERVING THE PEACE.—A Bale of Cotton.

JUDICIAL JESTING.



ACCUSTOMED as we are to such matters, we have not often noticed a finer instance of the transition from "grave to gay" than was exhibited the other day by the Deputy Assistant Judge at the Middlesex Sessions. The Jury had just found a prisoner guilty, when

"MR. WITHAM thought it a serious case.  
"The constable remarked that the offence committed by the prisoner was called 'putting the mug on.'  
"MR. WITHAM.—Indeed! Then I shall put the mug on him, and sentence him to penal servitude for four years."

The Deputy Assistant Judge commenced by calling attention to the "seriousness" of the case, and then, taking a cue from a constable, proceeded to indulge in a

jocose remark before sentencing a prisoner to four years penal servitude. "I shall put the mug on him," was the elegantly witty observation of the judicial functionary; but whether the learned gentleman suited the action to the word by literally "pulling a mug," as the slang phrase goes, at the unfortunate prisoner, the report does not enlighten us.

A PILGRIMAGE TO RUSSIA.

WE have read of arduous pilgrimages, undertaken in the enthusiasm of faith. This would be just the season—both in the primary and secondary sense of the word—for such a display of earnestness on the part of the Peace Society. Now that the weather is so cold, and the times are so hot, what could be more suitable in every way to existing circumstances, than a deputation from that pacific association to bear the olive branch to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA?

Do not those gentlemen and ladies see how much wiser would be the course of offering NICHOLAS the Pipe of Peace, than that of sending a fleet into the Euxine and bidding him put that in his pipe—and smoke it?

The procession of peacemakers might approach the throne of the Autocrat in characteristic drab—as good as with backs bare to the knout; MR. BRIGHT might precede, performing on the dulcimer; MR. COBDEN might follow playing a violin, and the rest of the delegates might come after, making music with "flutes and soft recorders," *cornets à pistons*, and all other instruments of harmony—which, of course, would be exclusive of drums and fifes.

Music "drew iron tears down PLUTO's cheek." Might it not even elicit some drops of pity from the eye of NICHOLAS? It hath charms to move the savage breast—or beast. Possibly it could mollify the heart of the Russian Bear.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS!

WE are sorry to say we have mislaid the questions to the following. However, we print the answers, as we consider them far too good to be lost. As soon as the Questions are found, they shall be published.

1. Because it's Candle-house (*scandalous*).
2. Because the one axes his way, and the other weighs his axe.
3. An Alley-gaitor (*alligator*), and a Gutter Percher (*gutta percha*).
4. The difference is this—in the first place the roll is mustered, and in the second the mustard is rolled.
5. When it's a-niche-in (*an itching*) of BURNS.
6. Because six postage stamps are equal to one kick.
7. AMELIA's waxy-natur (*vaccinator*), and MURPHY's Tête-à-Tête-or (*'atur-tatur*).
8. The one's Civil, and the other Militia is (*malicious*).
9. Because formerly it was Nile (*nihil*), but now it is Summit of Mont Blanc.
10. Because he's made an impression with sealing-wax (*ceiling-whacks*).
11. The reason why St. Martin's Lane is so full of dentists is because they know well enough that their customers would never come to them unless they were first driven by a Long Acher (*Aché*).
12. Because it is easier for him to hire his stand than it is for his opponent to stand his ire.
13. Because he throws his arms round his Sairey railing (*his airey railing*).

"BREACHES OF DECORUM."—A Highlander's trowsers.

THE OLD HALL OF WESTMINSTER.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST DAY OF TERM.

SOMEWHAT back of the Abbey wall  
Stands the ancient Westminster Hall;  
Across its pavement to and fro  
Gaunt barristers their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the Hall,  
A voice seems muttering to all—  
"Plaintiff—Defendant;  
Defendant—Plaintiff."

Half-way down the Hall there stands  
An usher, beckoning with his hands;  
'Neath the roof of massive oak  
Stands this usher wrapped in his cloak,  
With voice sarcastic to all who pass,  
Saying, "Whichever he is, he's an ass—  
Plaintiff—Defendant;  
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

By day, his voice is low and light;  
But, in the silent dead of night,  
A ghostly whisper seems to fall  
In echoes along the vacant Hall,  
Along the ceiling—along the floor,  
And seems to say at each court-house door—  
"Plaintiff—Defendant!  
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

Through days of Term, in November dank;  
Through days of Hilary, sittings in *banc*;  
Through every time of legal change,  
E'en through the long vacation's range,  
As if 't were the demon of strife and law,  
The voice repeats those words of awe—  
"Plaintiff—Defendant!  
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

In that Hall there used to be  
Banquets and hospitality,  
When Coronation cannons roared,  
Nobles feasted at its board;  
But, like the skeletons at the feast,  
The usher's echo never ceased—  
"Plaintiff—Defendant!  
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

There groups of lawyers' clerks have played,  
There briefless barristers have strayed,  
O, brieflessness! thou time of ease,  
Of conscience free from ill-got fees,  
Of pocket unoppressed by gold  
From clients negligently sold.  
"Plaintiffs—Defendants!  
Defendants—Plaintiffs!"

In that Court there sits, in black,  
The occupant of the Woollen Sack;  
There, on a cushioned bench below,  
The officers sit in a dismal row;  
And through the door, upon the stair,  
Stand like the pictures of despair—  
"Plaintiff—Defendant!  
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

All are scattered now, and fled;  
Suitors are married—suitors are dead!  
Some are grown deaf, and some are blind;  
Some are for costs in prison confined;  
And if you ask the reason why,  
The old Hall's echo makes reply—  
"Plaintiff—Defendant!  
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

Plaintiff here—defendant there;  
Nothing for both but constant care:  
And death and life their course shall run,  
Before the Chancery Suit is done.  
The dirge of Law and Equity  
Peals for both incessantly—  
"Plaintiff—Defendant!  
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

THE SUFFERER'S COUNTERPANE.—Chloroform.



### THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

"MY EYE, TOM, WHAT A 'ORRID BORE IT MUST BE FOR THE HORFICER SWELLS, NOW WE'VE TOOK TO WEARIN' OUR MOOSTARSHERS. THE GAIS CAN'T TELL HUS FROM THEM, NOW!"

### AN UNGRATEFUL SUBJECT.

THERE is actually such a journal as the *Dumfries Courier*. Our old friend is not a myth but a newspaper. A gentleman, MR. WILLIAM R. M'DIARMID, has actually written a letter to the *Times* dated from the *Courier Office*, Dumfries. In this communication MR. M'DIARMID strongly advocates the warming of houses by hot water. There are so many families in which discord prevails, that housewarming by hot water may be said to be already very general. Still, the peace of families would, in one respect, be materially promoted by the plan proposed by MR. M'DIARMID; for where the source of warmth is water, it is impossible that children can play with the fire, and by that means burn their fingers; so that the large amount of screaming which arises from that cause would be prevented. Persons about to marry would be saved considerable expense in fire-irons and fenders, and persons who have married, the hire of charwomen for the scrubbing and cleaning necessitated by dust and smoke, and the cost of the dresses and furniture spoiled by them. Those sweeping measures which it is necessary—under a double penalty, that of fine and of fire—to institute with reference to chimneys, would be in part superseded, and no gentleman, except a smoker, would be required to consume his own smoke. Transactions with the coal-merchant—which are not pleasant when coals are £2 a ton—would be reduced to a convenient scale: as the material in question would only be required for the purposes of roasting the joint and making the pot boil, the latter of which operations would be much facilitated by the diminished expenditure. That the substitution, however, of the hot water pipe for the grate would increase the comfort of the domestic hearth can hardly be said, as the hearth would be abolished; and the good old Christmas custom of gathering round the fire and telling ghost stories, could hardly be maintained in the absence of anything to gather round but a heated cylinder.

### Calling Names on the Turf.

We perceive from the Sporting Intelligence of the *Field* that there is a horse called SIR PETER LAURIE. Surely there must be some mistake, for the name in question was obviously intended for another animal.

### LIST OF PRICES FOR PUFFS IN A PANTOMIME.

	£	s.	d.
To a Greengrocer, for puffing his Gunpowder Tea, and the use of red-hot Poker	5	0	0
To a Perfumer, for puffing his Bear's Grease, and trying same on old hair trunk	5	0	0
To Ditto, if a Bear is introduced in any way in allusion to Russia, and a joke is made to hang thereon	10	0	0
To a Poulterer, if a Turkey is introduced in the same way in allusion to the war at present raging on the Banks of the Danube	10	0	0
To a Wine Merchant, if his Sublime Porte is brought in with equal ingenuity	10	0	0
To a Butcher, whose Shop affords Clown an opportunity of stealing the Sausages	10	0	0
To a Publican, whose Shop is made a Spirit-medium of Advertisement	10	0	0
For a Placard on a Wall, or a Board carried across the Stage	5	0	0
For a Simple Allusion	2	10	0
For a Trick	5	0	0
For Ditto, with a joke appertaining thereto	7	10	0
For Half a Scene	15	0	0
For Ditto, with practicable doors and windows	20	0	0
For an entire "spill and pelt" Scene	40	0	0
For Ditto, with numerable flats, tricks, changes, and first-rate jokes thrown in—all complete	50	0	0

\*.\* All Properties to be found by the Advertisers.

\*.\* No Money returned, in the event of the Pantomime not being a success.

Vicat Puff, no matter whether from *Reginas* or *Principes*.

### Railway Rallery.

ONE of our "Railway Libraries," we observe, begins its series with an "Essay on the Guillotine." We shall not stop to question if a subject such as this be exactly fitted to beguile the tedium of a journey. For ourselves, we certainly on such occasions incline to lively reading in preference to deadly. But, although we may admit the contemplation of death is perhaps nowhere more suitable than on a railway, still we cannot help thinking it is somewhat superfluous to draw a passenger's attention to any other engine of destruction than the railway engine.

### GENT WRITES TO PUFFING PERFUMER.



"MADAM,—I have tried your invaluable Pommade, and have now a handsome pair of whiskers and moustachios.\* Requesting you will send me another Pot,

"I am, your obliged Servant,

"FREDERICK SPOONBILL."

"Wolverhampton, Jan. 10th, 1854."

\* May difference of opinion never alter friendship.—*Punch*.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF HIS AGE.—An Admiral on active service at the age of ninety.



THE ROMANCE OF ADVERTISING.  
A FASHIONABLE STORY.

[Mr. PUNCH had intended to give the following puffs in an engraving, according to the custom of his Parisian contemporary. But the retiring character of every member of Mr. PUNCH's staff of artists (not one of whom can be prevailed upon to withdraw himself from intense study to mingle in society, and observe the fashions) interfered with his purpose, and he has been obliged to enlist literature in the required service.]

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

The brilliant saloons of HAUTOBLESSE HOUSE, one of the finest of our Metropolitan mansions,<sup>a</sup> were filled with a gay and glittering throng. Wit flashed, grace charmed, and Beauty, enhanced by the power of VELVETEEN'S Lotion,<sup>b</sup> smiled upon the scene. Nor was Music wanting to complete the fairy-like illusion. One of TWANGLETON'S magnificent grand pianos,<sup>c</sup> (thirteen octaves and a half, and treble action) touched by the white and taper fingers of the elegant and Honourable LAVINIA MONTORMINGTON, pupil of SIGNOR PIZZICATO,<sup>d</sup> gave forth its sparkling yet dulcet tones. All was gay and gorgeous, and as was beautifully observed by an accomplished reporter,<sup>e</sup> who waited in the hall, "the lights shone o'er brave women and fair men."

But appearances deceive. Were all hearts gay, as that delicious music pervaded the halls? Was there a delightful smile on every lip when the lovely performer, abandoning Italian melodies, sang, with unutterable sweetness, the new, original, and high effective ballad "Dash from thy Brow that Diamond Wreath," and instantly made it the song of the season?<sup>f</sup> Let yonder graceful couple answer. Place aux dames. Whose sylphide form lightly presses yonder beautiful couch of ebony and crimson velvet, richly carved back, and scroll.<sup>g</sup> Her face is lovely in its pensiveness, and her toilette—who shall worthily describe its simplicity of exquisite richness?—that perfect corsage,<sup>h</sup> that delicate pink satin, under blonde,<sup>i</sup> those inimitable bracelets, malachite and pearl,<sup>k</sup> that classic wreath, purple grapes and silver leaves,<sup>l</sup> that gossamer fan,<sup>m</sup> those tiny slippers,<sup>n</sup> into which the foot of CINDERELLA might try to enter in vain. She has a grief, that charming creature, and though her richly brodered handkerchief<sup>o</sup> falls upon the superb carpet, and contrasts in its cobweb lightness with the nobly artistic strength of the Aubusson,<sup>p</sup> she heeds it not.

Do you know that handsome guardsman, leaning on the boldly carved chimney-piece,<sup>q</sup> and apparently wrapped in admiration of the superb vase upon it, as the beauty of that *chef d'œuvre*<sup>r</sup> might well deserve? He is faultlessly attired. How elegantly fits that coat, how neatly sits the vest, how easily, yet how tastefully, fall those matchless trousers.<sup>s</sup> The very studs<sup>t</sup> in his nobby shirt-front<sup>u</sup> bespeak the scholar and the gentleman. What an aristocratic foot, how well *chaussé*.<sup>v</sup> How delicate the aroma<sup>w</sup> which exhales from the kerchief he presses to his lofty brow. That is AUGUSTUS CHARLES PLANTAGENET DE HORSELEY DOWN, for whom a hundred heiresses sigh, and who sighs for her who presses that ottoman.

They occasionally steal a glance at each other, and when their eyes meet, the lofty forehead of AUGUSTUS and the fair complexion of ARABELLA—why conceal her name?—are suffused with crimson. She plays nervously with her pretty mother-o'-pearl *bal* tablet,<sup>x</sup> and he turns, affecting to admire the new, piquant, and fascinating engraving—"Beer, Sir?"<sup>y</sup> But this cannot go on. It is observed by the songstress, who has concluded her brilliant ballad, and she approaches them with arch mischief in her glance.

"Silly—silly—silly babies," exclaims the high-bred beauty (who was educated at MADAME PAVILLON'S fashionable Establishment,<sup>z</sup> and is one of its numerous successes). "So they won't speak, won't they? Then they shan't. Come with me, AUGUSTA, dear."

A look of unutterable remorse from DE HORSELEY DOWN, and the two sylphs have fled. He flings himself into an American rocking chair,<sup>aa</sup> and its easy and delightful motion sends him into a quiet slumber.

When he awakes, a light hand, gloved à *merveille*,<sup>bb</sup> is on his arm. "O, for shame, AUGUSTUS," says the Honourable Miss LAVINIA. "Actually asleep. Then you owe us two boxes of gloves<sup>cc</sup>—mine five and a quarter—AUGUSTA'S you may find out for yourself, and here is her hand to look at. Is it not pretty?"

"O! if she would let me hold it for ever!" said DE HORSELEY DOWN, enthusiastically.

"I dare say she will, if you ask her prettily," replied LAVINIA, "for I have been talking to her about you, and she confesses that, until she knew you, she never—"

"Nay, LAVINIA," said the blushing AUGUSTA, "This is unkind. But if AUGUSTUS—I mean CAPTAIN DE HORSELEY DOWN—really means—"

Need we go further, or say that on that day two months the most elegant bridal breakfast<sup>dd</sup> ever furnished by MESSRS. UNIVERSAL AND CO. was spread in HAUTOBLESSE HOUSE, or that the neatest wedding carriage (a Basterna) ever supplied by the same parties<sup>ee</sup> stood at its door?

(To be continued when more ADVERTISEMENTS come in.)

<sup>a</sup> To be let from August to January. Apply on the premises.

<sup>b</sup> Large bottles, 5s.; small ditto, 3s. 6d. Sold by all perfumers.

<sup>c</sup> Manufactory, where all sizes may be seen, 96, Squalor Square.

<sup>d</sup> Will be in England next week. Address, Quadrant.

<sup>e</sup> Publishing Office of the *Taftunter*, 6, Crawley Street.

<sup>f</sup> Published by DOGGREL and DREARY, Music-sellers, Ratcliffe Highway.

<sup>g</sup> Made by VENEER and Co., Tottenham Court Road.

<sup>h</sup> MR. and MRS. STATTAPES, Oxford Street.

<sup>i</sup> MADAME VENTADOUR, Court Milliner, Holborn.

<sup>j</sup> ISAACS, HART, and Co., Houndsditch; also old clothes of every kind bought for Australia: parties waited on.

<sup>k</sup> TINSSEL, Exeter Arcade.

<sup>l</sup> MISS PASTEBOARD'S Repository, Clapham Lower Road East.

<sup>m</sup> MRS. VAMPER, which also supplies the Royal Theatres.

<sup>n</sup> HEMMING and MARKER, Regent Street.

<sup>o</sup> TAPISFRANC et Cie., Paris, France.

<sup>p</sup> CHISSELUM GIBBONS, New Road, where tazzas, tombstones, and other articles of *virtu* may be had cheap.

<sup>q</sup> BISKIT, Lowther Arcade.

<sup>r</sup> WHEEDLE, DOO, and NABBUM, Tailors, West End.

<sup>s</sup> ISAACS and Co. again.

<sup>t</sup> SNOBB and GENT, Shirtmakers, City.

<sup>u</sup> PUMP and TRAMPER, the Little Mud-boot, Holborn.

<sup>v</sup> MUSRISSON and PACHOOLY, Perfumers, Hoxton (hair cut in the *ne plus ultra* of fashion, charge 3d.).

<sup>w</sup> ISAACS and Co. again.

<sup>x</sup> TRASH and Co. (also a stunning assortment of spicery, plain and coloured, the very thing for swells up to snuff).

<sup>y</sup> Manor House, Wapping. (A pupil wanted on exchange principles, small-coal man's child preferred, but butcher not objected to.)

<sup>z</sup> CRACK and BLISTER, Furniture Warehouse, City Road.

<sup>aa</sup> By WOODSTOCK and SEAMS, Straud.

<sup>bb</sup> Which, as he is a man of taste, no doubt he bought at W. AND S.'s last mentioned.

<sup>cc</sup> See the advertisements daily.

<sup>dd</sup> The last remark applies with increased force.

Nicholas' Great Sham.

It seems that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is favouring the claims of the COMTE DE CHAMBORD, in the hopes, we suppose, that the COMTE, when he comes to the French throne as HENRY THE FIFTH, will help him in his designs against Turkey. Should these insane hopes ever be realised, the Eastern question will reduce itself to a question of bottles, on which occasion, we hope, LORD PALMERSTON will act as the Judicious Bottle-holder:—to descend to the cellar, the question will be between a bottle of Sublime Porte and Cham-Bordeaux.

THE TYPE OF CONCEIT.—An author having his love-letters printed.

## THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

SCENE 4.—*What came of MR. PATERFAMILIAS having the Gas in.* MR. SOCKET'S arrangements being completed, and MRS. FIERI-FACIAS replaced by a cook of more advanced ideas, a dinner-party has been arranged, at which the merits of the gas-cooking apparatus are to be triumphantly displayed before a distinguished circle, including MR. BELLOWS, the great practical and analytical chemist; MR. TOTTLE, the eminent statistician; MR. TAMMY, the well-known gourmet, his lady (authoress of "The Philosophy of the Kitchen"); MR. KECKSBY, MRS. P.'s uncle, from whom she has expectations, and whom MR. P. is desirous to convert from his stubborn adherence to old ways, &c.

Before dinner. MR. P.'s dressing-room. MR. P. is putting the last touch to his white waistcoat. MRS. P. in attendance. The gas is on, and leaping wildly in the burners.

Mr. P. (sniffing). No, Mrs. P., no. I cannot say that I smell anything.

Mrs. P. Then it must be the cold in your head, my dear. I'm sure I smell it, all over the house—and do look, MR. P., how it's jumping up and down! It's been doing that ever since it was lighted. I hope it's not going to blow up, as it did at the SIMKISSES, you know.

Mr. P. The smell is imaginary; but there certainly is considerable oscillation.

Mrs. P. (alarmed). Eh?—Considerable what, dear?

Mr. P. Oscillation—tremulous, irregular movement, MRS. P. Would you look in my pocket for the little treatise with a green cover—the "Hints to Gas Consumers," I mean—it will no doubt explain the cause, and suggest the remedy.

Mrs. P. (looking for the little treatise). Oh, if we're to have those nasty troublesome fitters in again! (Pausing abruptly.) By the bye, talking of the fitters, have you got in SOCKET's bill yet?

Mr. P. (uneasily). Yes, yes.

Mrs. P. (timidly). And how much is it, my dear?

Mr. P. Why, there were considerable deviations, you know—

Mrs. P. (pertinaciously). But how much does it come to?

Mr. P. (still more uneasily). Of course, eye-estimates can only be approximate—

Mrs. P. (doggedly). How much did you say, MR. P.?

Mr. P. Oscillation—tremulous, irregular movement, MRS. P. More there tubing charged than I was prepared for, or SOCKET either; and then the replacing of the cornices, and the taking up the boarding in the hall of course were not included in his calculation.

Mrs. P. He said from £30 to £35, you know.

Mr. P. Well, it certainly comes to more than that.

Mrs. P. It's £50—I'm sure it is, MR. P.—£50, if it's a shilling.

Mr. P. (striving in vain to change the conversation). Eh! isn't that a ring at the front door?

Mrs. P. (dolorously pursuing her train of thought). I always thought how it would be. I'm sure it's more than £50. It was £64 at the SIMKISSES, you know. But that's the way—if you had only let me settle with the man first! Oaly to think—£50! and that smell all over the house.

Mr. P. (who has completed his toilet). MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, I must beg you to withhold any further remarks in this tone. The expense is my affair. And what is a paltry sum of £72 compared to the ultimate saving!

Mrs. P. £72 for poisoning all the family, and perhaps blowing us all up in our beds, like balloons! But I hope you don't mean to pay it?

Mr. P. (authoritatively). How long are our guests to be kept waiting, MRS. P.?

Mrs. P. At least, I hope you'll put the gas out before we leave the room. I declare I'm afraid to touch it.

Mr. P. (majestically turning off the gas). Beautiful invention! Entirely dispenses with the necessity for bedroom candles, that fruitful source of accidents in families. (Groping his way towards the door, he tumbles over his cold-water bath.) Confound the bath!

Mrs. P. At least they saved one from breaking one's shins. (Snappishly). Where are you, MR. P.?

Mr. P. (who has with some trouble reached the door). Here, my dear.

[They grope towards each other in the dark, and exeunt. MRS. P. in the worst possible humour, MR. P. a little coaxed, but still firm in his allegiance to gas.]

SCENE changes.—The Drawing Room.

Guests assembled. The odour of the gas very decided. The centre chandelier winking violently. A slight but general sniffing pervades the party.

Mr. Bellows. Yes. I distinctly detect the presence of sulphuretted hydrogen.

Mr. Kecksy. Umph! I perceive a very nasty smell; if it wasn't for the ladies, I should say—stink.

Mrs. P. So I've been telling MR. PATERFAMILIAS; but, of course, he can't smell it.

Mr. Tottle. After all, the quantity of that deleterious agent must be insignificant. Let me see; this room is about 20 by 15, and 9 high—um—might I trouble you for a pencil, MR. BELLOWS? (BELLOWS hands him one.) That gives us about 2,500 cubic feet of air. Six burners—the escape from each burner in half a minute 72 cubic inches; about  $\frac{72 \times 6}{2500}$ ths of the total quantity of air in the room. A mere trifle, you see, my dear Madam.

Mrs. P. (not a bit dashed by this imposing array of figures). All I know is there's a dreadful smell.

Mr. Kecksy. That I can answer for.

Mrs. Tammy. Suppose we opened a window?

Mr. Kecksy. And give me my death of cold; thank you, Ma'am.

Mr. Bellows. If you'll allow me, there is a beautifully simple test for detecting the presence of the highly deleterious gas we are now inhaling. Might I trouble you to ring? [Mrs. P. rings.]

Enter SPRAGGS.

Mr. Bellows. Oh, would you fetch a small bottle you will find in my hat in the hall? It's labelled "POISON." [Exit SPRAGGS.]

Mrs. P. Good gracious, MR. BELLOWS, you don't mean to say you go leaving poison about like that, with such a boy as NEWTON in the house, too!

Re-enter SPRAGGS with phial.

Mr. Bellows. It is to avoid accidents from the inquiring disposition of the younger branches of families that I have it so conspicuously labelled. It is a saturated solution of acetate of lead. (He assumes the lecturer's tone and manner, suiting the action to the word.) You will observe, I moisten a piece of writing-paper with the solution. TOTTLE, will you unscrew one of those burners?

[TOTTLE jumps up on to one of the best worked chairs.]

Mrs. P. (in agonies). Oh, mind, those chairs aren't strong, MR. TOTTLE, and you're such a weight.

Mr. Bellows. I hold the paper over the stream which issues from the pipe; should the gas be impure it will communicate to the paper a brown stain, the sulphuretted hydrogen combining with the lead and forming sulphuret of lead. (He jumps down.) Would you replace the burner, MR. TOTTLE? (All crowd round.) You will perceive, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, the paper is now of a dark brown colour approaching to black, and has a metallic lustre. You see your gas is highly impure, my dear Madam, shamefully impure.

Mr. P. (absorbed in the experiment). Most interesting.

Mrs. P. (triumphantly). There, my dear, I told you so.

Mr. Kecksy. So did my nose. I'll back that against any test in the world.

Mrs. Tammy (enthusiastically). Oh, what a mighty lever is science, in the present day!

Mr. Tammy (reflectively). And our dinner to-day—cooked by gas, isn't it, P.?

Mr. P. (calmly, but with pride). Everything; from the soup to the soufflet!

Mrs. Tammy. How delightful!

Mr. Kecksy (aside to MR. TOTTLE). Umph! we shall see.

Dignified appearance of the GREENGROCER at the door.

Greengrocer. Dinner is served, Mum.

[The guests are duly marshalled, and file out. An interval of ten minutes.]

SCENE changes.—The Dining Room.

The soup and fish have been removed. An ominous silence prevails.

Mrs. P. looks resigned, but a vein of secret satisfaction mingles with her sadness. MR. P. has assumed a forced cheerfulness.

Mr. P. (to MR. TAMMY). A glass of sherry, TAMMY? (They take wine.) What do you say to the turbot?

Mr. Tammy (cautiously). Eh—um—well, I couldn't help thinking—eh, KECKSY?

Mr. Kecksy. Caught in a gasometer, I should think!

Mr. P. Come, come, MR. KECKSY, you are prejudiced.

[A mournful silence.]

Mrs. P. (with impatient disgust at MR. P.'s shallow obstinacy). Oh, MR. P., how can you, when everybody must have tasted the gas.

Mr. P. Now, MR. BELLOWS, I appeal to you. Could such a flavour have communicated itself to a fish under such circumstances?

Mr. Bellows (evading the question). Ah, you should have used my patent purifier.

[The pièces de résistance and entrées have by this time been placed upon the table.]

Mr. P. A saddle of mutton. Those are boiled fowls at your end of the table, MRS. P.?

Mr. Kecksy. Holloa?

Mrs. P. Yes, it will keep jumping like that all over the house.



Mr. Bellows. Ah, the cause may be easily detected. (*Rising from the guest into the lecturer.*) The first question is, is it general or partial? in the main or in the fittings? If in the former, you must apply to the Company; if in the latter, you have merely to turn off your lights one after another, beginning with that which oscillates the most, until the rest burn steadily.

Mrs. P. Oh! but hadn't we better wait till after dinner?

Mr. P. (*wildly attempting to create a diversion*). Let me recommend some of this saddle, MR. BELLOWES. (*Nervously to TAMMY, who has been helped, and puts down his knife and fork to MR. P.'s consternation.*) Well, TAMMY, what do you say?

Mr. Tammy. Well, I don't know, but I can't help thinking—perhaps it's fancy. Eh, KECKSY?

Mr. Kecksy. No, I'll be hanged if it is. Here, take away my plate.

Mr. P. Underdone, eh? Let me give you some nearer the point.

Mr. Kecksy (*eagerly*). No, thank you. (*Emphatically.*) My good fellow, the sooner you drop your gas-cooking apparatus the better.

Mrs. P. (*with a burst of bitter satisfaction*). There, MR. P.! What did I always tell you?

[*The chandelier, after a wild fit of flame, suddenly goes out altogether. Confusion. The voice of Mrs. P. is heard through the darkness with a Sibylline emphasis.*

Mrs. P. Oh! do sit quiet everybody, it's going to blow up!

[*Mrs. TAMMY throws her arms round her next neighbour.*

Mr. Kecksy. Bring candles, can't you? Don't cling to me, somebody.

Mr. Bellows (*with the calm self-possession of science*). The introduction of a naked light may be attended with fatal consequences.

Mr. P. Really, I must apologise; it's most annoying. What can have happened? Turn off the taps, MR. BELLOWES; you are calm. What can have happened?

[*The ladies shriek; MR. KECKSY swears. A general confusion. A hubbub heard in the passage.*

Enter SPRAGGS, lugging in MASTER NEWTON.

Spraggs. It's MASTER NEWTON, Sir. He've bin and let all the water out o' the meter. Cook ketched him at it, and all the lights has gone out like winkin'.

Mr. P. (*groping for his delinquent son*). Here—where is he? NEWTON, Sir, come to me this minute, I'll teach you—

Newton. Oh, please, pa, I only wanted some of the water out of the meter.

Mr. P. (*who has seized his son and is about to inflict summary chastisement*). Some of the water, Sir. What for?

Newton. Oh, please, papa, it was only to analyse it out of my "Little Chemist."

Mr. P. (*suspending his stern resolve. Proudly*). To analyse it! MR. BELLOWES, did you hear that? I'm really very sorry that my NEWTON'S unconquerable scientific bent should have caused any momentary inconvenience; but I ask you all, as parents, as persons interested in the development of your children's respective intelligences, can I, ought I to punish a child like this?

Mr. Kecksy. I should say, decidedly, yes. A young rascal!

Mr. P. By the tone of that remark, I can at once guess from whom it proceeds. MR. KECKSY, Sir, I pity you.

Mr. Kecksy. Pity me, Sir! How dare you pity me, Sir? Pooh, Sir!

[*He jumps up from the table. General confusion.*

Mrs. P. Oh, UNCLE KECKSY, it's my husband! Oh, MR. P., it's my uncle! Oh, do bring lights—if the gas is all turned off—oh—oh—oh—h—h—h!

[*Exit Mrs. P. into hysterics. Prolonged and profound sensation. SCENE closes on the darkness.*

• A lapse of five hours.

The conjugal couch of MR. and MRS. P. Grand trio. MR. P. snoring; the wind howling without; and the sleet pattering against the window-panes.

Mrs. P. (*waking up with a sudden start*). Oh, gracious! (*Nudging MR. P. violently.*) My dear—my dear!

Mr. P. (*testily*). Eh—Mrs. P.! Why this violence? What's the matter?

Mrs. P. I do believe nobody ever turned off the main near the meter, in the coal-hole in the area—did you?

Mr. P. Oh, bother! Yes; of course somebody did.

Mrs. P. (*bitterly*). And you expect me to lie here and put up with an answer like that? Somebody, indeed! You never turned it off, MR. P. You know you never did.

Mr. P. Well, what can it matter? (*He is violently shaken.*) Mrs. P., will you allow me to go to sleep?

Mrs. P. What! and all the mains charged, and half the taps in the house open, I'll be bound. And you, the father of a family! Oh, MR. P., I'm astonished how you can lie there and say such things—(*nudge*)—and sleep, and snore—(*nudge*)—and let your family be blown up before your very eyes—(*nudge*)—because you're too lazy—(MR. P.

groans)—yes, lazy—even to get up and go down stairs, and through the area into the coalhole, and turn off the main!

Mr. P. Do you hear the wind, Mrs. P., and the sleet?

Mrs. P. And do you smell the gas, Mr. P.? And do you know we may have the house full of it before morning—and the first lucifer the servants light, we may all be shivered into a thousand pieces, and blown out into the street, through the front wall? (*Nudge.*) Do you hear, MR. P.—are you going to get up? It's no use your snoring. I'm not going to close an eye, I can tell you.

Mr. P. (*acidly springing out of bed, with an exclamation we will not print*).—the woman! Now I'm up—will that satisfy you? (*Shivers.*) Ugh!—how cold it is! (*Groping for his garments.*) Wind cuts like a knife—and all those stone steps to go down!

SCENE closes on MR. P. in search of his inexpressibles.

THE SHAVING LINE IN STAFFORDSHIRE.



CORRESPONDENT of the Staffordshire Sentinel complains that MR. FORSYTH, the manager of the North Staffordshire Railway, has ordered all the men employed on the line, except the engine-drivers, to cut off their beards and moustaches on pain of instant dismissal, and actually did discharge some who refused to obey this truly barbarous edict.

Whether this blow at the moustache movement was struck by MR. FORSYTH off his own bat, or at the instance of his superiors, our informant saith not. Most probably the mandate to mow the chin, and reap the upper lip, was issued in the first place by the Directors; at least, we know that on most railways those gentlemen are determined close shavers. It is gross tyranny to interfere with the mugs of railway servants, except for the regulation of their indulgence in beer, and MR. FORSYTH, or his Directors, should consider that a beard does not prevent a pointsman from turning his points properly, neither has a tuft the effect of causing clerks to make mistakes in booking; moreover, that the proscription of the last-named ornament must greatly prejudice the Imperial interests.

THE LAWYERS ON THE MOVE.

WE are glad to hear that the superior Courts are about to undergo removal from Westminster Hall, for they have been at a stand still for want of business so long that anything in the shape of a move will be desirable. We understand that to avoid the contemplated expense of the removal, MR. BRIEFLESS has undertaken to move the Court of Queen's Bench for half a guinea—a sum for which he has moved it before, and will be happy to move it again whenever the opportunity is allowed him. It has been suggested that the profession has lately been such a sorry look-out in Westminster Hall, and that Law has indeed become so poor, that the Poor Law Removal Act might be resorted to for the proposed arrangement. Poor DUNUP maintains the position—though he can scarcely maintain himself—that the idea of any outlay for the purpose of moving the Courts is absurd, for from the lack of business Westminster Hall is of itself a moving spectacle.

A PENNY SAVED AND A PUNCH GOT.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to MR. PLANCHÉ, and will trouble that gentleman to request MRS. STIRLING to make a slight addition to an exceedingly proper observation she offers, as "Comedy," in the very pleasant piece, the *Camp at the Olympic*. MRS. STIRLING remarks, in her very happiest stage manner,

"And who for wit in comedy would seek,  
When PUNCH HIMSELF is but a goat a week?"

To prevent unhappiness and misconception, would MR. PLANCHÉ add something of this kind?

"Fourpence, I mean, to country friends supplies him,  
The favoured Londoner for threepence buys him."

With this addition the *Camp* will become a charming little piece.



DURING THE FROST A CERTAIN FOX-HUNTER INCREASES IN WEIGHT, AND GETS TOO BIG FOR HIS CLOTHES.

### THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

*As it may possibly, though not probably, be delivered on Tuesday next.*  
(EXCLUSIVE.)

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am very glad to see you again, and to welcome you back to the Palace of Westminster. The weather has been uncommonly cold lately. This reminds me to mention that the ventilation of these Houses has been a good deal attended to, during the recess, and I hope you will be comfortable. If not, please to impeach the people in fault, and I will take care that they get their deserts—at least.

"I see that a good many of you have followed the moustache movement. Well, some of you are improved by it, others not. MR. SPEAKER, I observe, still shaves, but if he will search for precedents, he will find that his predecessors have often worn the ornament in question. I don't think LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S looks well, and MR. ROEBUCK'S is decidedly a bad colour. MR. SERJEANT SHEE I fear dyes his moustaches, or they would never be so black. But I do not see any which look so well as those of my august Consort. (H. R. H. bows.)

"I do not hear anything satisfactory about the operas, but it has been rumoured that my theatre is to be opened by SIGNOR PUZZI. If so, I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you all there—my right reverend friends of course excepted. But do not neglect divisions.

"I am happy to tell you that my indefatigable MITCHELL has secured MADAME JENNY LIND, at an enormous salary. She says that she will sing at concerts only, but we shall see about that. Suppose I should 'command' the *Sonnambula*? If so, I should not wonder to learn that both Houses of you found nothing on the paper to keep you that night.

"I hear that Cochin China fowls are going out of fashion, and Bramah Pootras are coming in. I think I shall keep to the old ones. I hope you have all seen the capital pictures on the subject in *Punch's Almanack*; if not, my Ministers shall have them laid on the table of both Houses.

"I am very happy to tell you that I have given rather a broad hint to a parcel of visitors that I shall now be busy with public business, and that they must keep at home. You know that some folks will force themselves upon me, and one can't be rude. I rather think that

I shall have a flying call from my pretty young friend, EUGENIE BONAPARTE, one of these days, and she must make time to look in on you. Whether her husband will come, is uncertain. I do not know that I shall invite him, unless those Chambord and Orleans people give a party, in which case I decidedly will, to mark my sense of their conduct.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"I shall take it as a personal favour if you will begin business as soon as you can, talk as little as possible, and rise rather before than after twelve at night. I have privately requested MR. GLADSTONE to restrict himself to six hours' speeches, and MR. DISRAELI to ten minutes, exclusive, as regards the latter, of intervals for expressive action. As MR. MACAULAY does not say much, and the other two are about the only gentlemen you care to hear, I trust I have made satisfactory provision for your comfort. The more people you cough down the better.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE REPORTERS' GALLERY,

"I beg that you will have the goodness to condense all reports as much as possible; report no Member of the Brigade, nor any Member, be he who he may, who rises after half-past twelve. Indeed you will oblige me, as well as your wives, by retiring at that hour.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I don't mean to be kept in town one hour after the first week in July; so whether your work be done or not, you know when to have your country houses ready.

"I have only to say that we are all quite well at the Palace, and we shall always be happy to see any of you there. Lunch is ready every day at two. I take mine with the children, but the PRINCE will receive you. Good morning to you all."

### "To Persons about to Marry."

CONSIDERING the rubbish that is mostly sold at the cheap Furniture Marts, the poor deluded individuals, who buy their chairs and tables and four-post bedsteads there, generally turn out FURNITURE MART-YES.



TE DEUM!



WHO 'LL CUT HIS NAILS.



ORTUNATELY some daring Chiropodist has been cutting the nails of the tiger in the menagerie at Hull. The operation was successfully performed, and the animal has been much quieter ever since. Now we wish some one would take the Russian Bear in hand, and achieve a similar feat (no pun intended) with his nails. They have been getting dreadfully long lately, and the consequence is, that he has been wishing to come up to the scratch in all directions. It is time

they were cut; for the wretched beast goes howling about in a great rage, being evidently on a false footing, and in great pain from the awkwardness of his position. It is evident he will do injury either to himself, or to any one who happens to go near him, if some powerful remedy is not quickly applied. The case is at present interesting the attention of both England and France; and we hope in a short period to be able to announce the pleasing fact, that all the difficulties in the way have been effectually removed, and that at last the Russian Bear has had his nails cut! The sooner this great chiropodic event takes place, the better; for lately the unfortunate beast has been making such a dreadful noise, that he has quite disturbed the peace of Europe.

FREEDOM OF THE FREE HOSPITAL.

SUBJOINED is part of a biography of an eminent surgeon which appeared lately in the *Lancet*, accompanied by an illustration ridiculously faithful to the text:—

"In stature MR. HANCOCK is rather below the middle height. His countenance is animated, the features strongly marked, and the quick intelligence of a dark eye gives an expressive sharpness to lineaments, in which may be found harmoniously blended indications of kindness, intelligence, resolution, and thought. In his manner there is an admixture of serene drollery and serious consideration, combining, too, the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. With his pupils he is always found to encourage the industrious, to stimulate the inattentive, and, by his solicitude for the interests of all, he is deservedly considered in his school as a general favourite, and is looked up to by the students as the pupils' friend. His style of lecturing is peculiar, and partakes of the ABERNETHIAN order both in matter and manner; whilst the illustrative cases, from their point, and the occasional anecdote, from its pungency, remind us strongly of the palmy days of GUTHRIE and COOPER."

Never mind, at present, the professional question as to the system lately adopted by certain medical journals of puffing living practitioners by publishing their lives. Attention for another point. Were anybody to ask MR. HANCOCK whether he wrote the above glowing description of his own personal appearance and professional merits himself, the fittest answer that MR. HANCOCK could give would consist, to speak anatomically, first, in a contraction of the *psaos magnus*, *iliacus internus*, *biceps*, *semitendinosus*, and *semimembranosus* muscles, and then by a ditto of the *rectus*, the *vastus externus*, and *crureus* ditto, or, more vernacularly, in an elevation of the thigh and a flexion and extension of the leg, giving the *pollex pedis* or great toe a strong impulse, and causing the anterior extremity of the boot to impinge.

The Committee of the Royal Free Hospital, however, have not scrupled to put a precisely similar question to a gentleman—MR. GAY, late Surgeon to their institution—and because they were not satisfied with his answer to it, have dismissed him from his office—in which he had earned much credit and reputation, but little else, during a period of seventeen years. The daily newspaper reader will have seen that a meeting was held the other day at the Hanover Square Rooms for the purpose of considering the best means that could be adopted to protect MR. GAY from the consequences of his dismissal.

A biography of MR. GAY had appeared in the *Medical Circular*—unaccompanied by any remarks upon his features, such as the above. But it contained matter offensive to the Committee; praise of MR. GAY at the expense of their Lazaretto. It spoke slightly of the exterior

of that edifice, and disparagingly of the internal arrangements thereof, in so much as the following passage amounts to:—

"It is not too much to say that the position the Hospital has assumed is almost solely owing to the exertions of Mr. GAY; but for the success of his surgical operations, the Hospital would be little known."

Upon the strength of this not very strong discommendation of the Royal Free Hospital, the persons constituting its committee addressed the following polite note to MR. GAY:—

"*Royal Free Hospital, July 15, 1853.*  
"DEAR SIR,—In conformity with a resolution adopted by the Committee of Management of this Hospital, I take the liberty of submitting to you the following questions:—

"1. Was the manuscript or proof of your Biography published in a medical paper of the date of the 30th of March last, seen by you previously to its publication?"

"2. Did you supply any part of that Biography?"

"3. If that Biography was published without your knowledge or sanction, have you written to the publisher to complain of any statements or allegations it contained?"

"If you will favour me with an early reply, I shall be obliged, and am, dear SIR,  
"Yours, &c.  
"W. H. FENN."

"JOHN GAY, Esq."

"(Signed) "W. H. FENN."

To these cool interrogations MR. GAY distinctly replied that he had had nothing whatever to do with the biography, other in the ways particularised, or in any other, except in having supplied the editor with the mere facts of his birth and education. For the rest, he had simply taken no notice of it. These answers were voted by the Committee unsatisfactory. They were so, without doubt. But a body of men cannot be kicked.

Treating MR. GAY as their servant—in plush—these people next requested him to write a letter to the Editor of the *Medical Circular*, in order to the correction of the *Circular's* article. A hospital surgeon will do much to keep his employment—though it be its own remuneration. MR. GAY complied; in as far as concerned the misstatements of the *Medical Circular*. But this compliance again was unsatisfactory; the Committee dismissed MR. GAY, and a Court of Governors confirmed his discharge.

Hospital Committees and Courts of Governors have a perfect right to do what they like with their own. Undoubtedly they may treat their surgeon with as much insolence and injustice as they please. They pay their guinea, and receive their power—the privilege of being able to bully and insult a gentleman is one of the chief advantages of their subscription. To talk to them is idle. The appeal lies to the College of Surgeons. When a surgeon is tyrannically and unjustly deprived of his office, like MR. GAY, let the Council of that body set a mark upon the fellow who dares to fill his vacancy. Let its members decline to meet the sneak in consultation, and let all grades of practitioners combine to hiss the snob out of the Profession.

THE AFFAIRS OF ROME AND OXFORD.

(By Electric Telegraph.)

THE dome of ST. PETER'S was illuminated last night; and afterwards the POPE gave a ball at the Vatican. CARDINAL WISEMAN and the other Cardinals attended, and all the English residents received special invitations. The cause of these extraordinary festivities was the prospect of another Tractarian member for the University of Oxford in the person of SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, BART.; who, if returned for that seat of learning, may be confidently expected to carry out the views of his spiritual director, MR. KEBLE, which are supposed to be very nearly identical with those of DR. NEWMAN. The *Hildebrand*, or *Gregorian Quadrilles*, otherwise called the *Papal Lancers*, were danced with much spirit, and his HOLINESS figured in his usual style in the *Pastorale*. The *Borgia Galop* was executed with enthusiasm; and the evening concluded with the good old-fashioned country dance, in which all the company joined, of *St Ignatius Loyola*.

Deciphering Cyphers.

SOME little boys have been amusing themselves in deciphering the cyphers that appear occasionally in the *Times*. We wish they would exercise their ingenuity in translating LORD ABERDEEN—anywhere, so long as he was translated out of the Ministry—for we look upon him as being the greatest Cypher of the present day.

FIGURES THAT MUST NOT BE QUESTIONED.

THE Spirit-Rappers have not tried their skill yet upon a Multiplication Table. But, perhaps, they do not wish to rap an answer out of one, knowing that, if such a Table answered at all, it would most likely speak only in round numbers.

A COCKNEY'S QUESTION ON THE NAVY.

DOES a Port Admiral mean an Admiral who is laid down for a long series of years, and not decanted for service till he is very old?



OUR ARTIST "GOES TO NATURE."—Jan. 1854.

### MRS. JANE GIMLET ON THE FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

*"Yeast Lain, Grinnidge, hateenth Janivaryhatingiftifore."*

"ONNERD SIR,

"As I was sain wen I leff off ritin last, the gastes was begin to cum. It were a large party for MISSUS POPKINS; she is none to amost all her father's congregashun, an he is quite a populous preechur. I were in the teeroom, a handin' of em their tees an kophees, an consekevently I see em all butiful, the ladies a smoothin out their gownds as ad got creeshed a little, an the gents a runnin their fingers thro their air, wich the ats ad flatened the top curls. It were fine to see ow silent they wos, an kept hein on another hout o the corners of their hies an purtendin to be lookin hother ways. The ladies wos dressed butiful, sum in wite hover pink with wite sattin noods, an sum in pink hover wite with pink sattin noods, and huthers in airyfan an delusion, an wen I see their fresh yung faces an shiny hair with long pendings of ribbond a cummin hout hover their combs an hangin down their baks like bell ropes, an their brite eyes an white neks, an see em a glidin an a slidin hm an hout as if they wos too lite to walk, an britein hup wen they heard the moosic in the next rume, as if they'd been a part of the toone, I felt proud of my seks, though poverty wos my lot, an charin wos my mishun. But the men wos mostly way-faced crecturs with holler hies an thin chekes, an many on em tho yung wos a gettin bald, wich I an told its the want of fresh hair and the sedingtary life as maks em grow so, wile my JON, as is twice as old, ave his ed kuvvered with air as stiff as a dore mat an as blak as a kole skuttle, wich shos the gudness of Natur in sendin air were ats is not so easy kum by, an baldness to them as can get huther kiverings. There wos honely wun rele carritech, for most on em cum in cabs, wich the cabman allus asked more than is fair, an got it too, cos they woodnt be sene to argle an barge for a hodd sixpens afore cumpane; an sum cum in ired klarenses an brooms, an cum a mincin in an sain, 'Wen air the carritches hordered?' they sez, an 'Tell the cocheman the huther carritches is hordeied at tu,' sez they, as if it wos their hone family coche, and not cum hout of a muse at ten shillin for the hevenin and suffin for the driver. MISSUS BROWNJONES of Brownjones Park (she stud at the fontin for MISSUS POPKINS, an giv REVEREND SLOCUM a horgand for his church, an stands a trete of anthiums an beer to the skule children anniwally,) was the wun as cum in her hone carritech, an her grate hosses cum a prancin an a slitherin in the gutter, till they fritened MISS SMITHTOMSON, as wos steppin hout of the sedan (wich JONES the greengrocer, two stretes hoff, lets it hout at hateupence a jurney), so that she let her ridicule fall into the mud, an dropped her calash off her pore old ed, an got into such a twitter as nothin could be like it, nor coodnt heven speke till she ad drank tu glasses of kneegus an

amost a pint of tee. Last of all cum REVEREND SLOCUM hissself, lookin as butiful as he do wen he preech, with his sno white ankercher in one hand, an the ring MISSUS BROWNJONES giv him on the huther—a purl of grate price, as I here sum wun say, tho it were a diamint. 'Ah, GIMLET!' he sez, quite affabul, 'air u ere?' I am truly glad to see you. Yes, certingly, kophee, if u please, GIMLET. I am rejiced that me child does not forget the frens of her youth. A leetle more shewgar, GIMLET, an ow is ure worthy usban? Muffin? No, a finger biskit. Ow does he support the trubbels of these days of afflikshan, GIMLET? Not any more, I thank u;' he sez. So, wen hede teed, he went into the drovrin rume, as they hall did, an I thort I shoold see no more on em, but I were mistaken, for sum on em were a goin to act sherards wich, as I heard a gent say, is a kind of playhactin an water for them whose eds the theatar is too strong for. An so they cum into the tee rume to dress, an I elp em to mak such frites of theirselves as u never see.

"Fust, yung MISTUR TOMKINS, as are just hout of his harticles, and the sekkund MISS BROWNJONES, as is still in her teens, purtend to be MISTUR an MISSUS GRAY, wich I dessay they woodnt mind, an goes a workin hout of the tee rume into the drovrin rume, makin believe it were Regent Strete, and lookin at the things in the shops. An presently MISS BROWNJONES, leatways MISSUS GRAY, sez, 'Lor, HEDGAR,' wich is rele name air TUMMAS, 'Lor, HEDGAR,' she sez, 'wot a luvly mantel; I must ave it,' an he sez 'HANGELINA' (her name's HEMLY) 'this art can refuse u nuthin,' he sez, an wen old MARM BROWNJONES heard him say it, her face were worth lookin hat, but she sed nuthin. And so they goes into the shop, an there were MISTUR LINSEY the stobroker, who live three dorces hoff, purtendin to be MISTUR WOOLSEY, the abbadasha, an reddy to shave is custummers, as they say, wich he well nose ow. An so MISSUS GRAY she buys the mantel, an MISTUR WOOLSEY he pockets the money, and MISTUR TOMKINS he wants to get her hout of the shop afore she takes a fancy to hanything helse, an MISTUR LINSEY he wants to sho her sum more harticles, an MISTUR GRAY gets her tords the dore, an so Miss BROWNJONES she puts the mantel on afore they've tuk the ticket hoff. an walks hall down Regent Strete into the tee rume with this plakcard on her back: 'This ere butiful article in the mantel only £2 3s. 6d.'

"Well then, MR. POPKINS, he purtends to be a Quaker with a brord brim an a narrer mind, as I here a gent a sain, and goes about tellin peupl they orient to fite, and that the honely way to cure the HEMPEROR OF ROOSHER off his orrid graspin ways wos to giv im all he wanted, wich, in coorse, wood leave im nuthin to fite for, an that if we struv agin the HEMPEROR's werry nateral desires, we wos to blame, an not im. An then a lot of MISTUR POPKINS' frens, to punish im for talkin of such stuff, purtends to go to his ouse at nite an cut a hole in the shutter an take out a pam of glass, an poke MASTER TOMEE thro the winder to open the dore (wich the child were delited, and wanted to break the winder in rele earnest), an goes an piks the loks an cribs the plate, an wen old POPKINS cums down in his nite cap, tells im their desires is all werry nateral, an that if he flusters em, he is purwokin em to a breche of the peece. Well then, who but REVEREND SLOCUM hissself puts on a hold dressin gownd as MISTUR POPKINS does a bit o garduin in, an a pare o trowsers to match. An MARM BROWNJONES ides her velvets an satins under hany hold close she can get, an they both sit down afore the fire, an honces an mones an sez their werry pore, but REVEREND SLOCUM he turns to an hutters a butiful discourse about not bein cast down, till MARM BROWNJONES she cry wus than hevver, wich it come nateral to her as she do it wenever she here him preche. An then he gits so beksid in his tork, that he flourishes the poker and hits the mantel-peege, and noks down a bit of the wainscot an tumbles hout a lot of guinees, wich ad bin idden there hever so many yeres, a purpose that he an MARM BROWNJONES mitent cum to the workus. An so the sherard hended, an hevvery one hasked his naybor, 'Ave u guessed it?' an hevvery wun sed no, till sum wun called, out 'Its Mantelpeege,' an then they hall sed theyd thort of that, honely they didnt like to say, for fere they wos rong. An then they fell to dancin, wich I wish they addent, as ule understand wen u here agin

"From ure umbel chareoman,

"JANE GIMLET."

### A Bald Invention.

MR. ROWLAND informs us that wearing the hat is very injurious to the hair. If this is true, Quakers ought to be the baldest of men, for they keep their hats on longer than any one else, and yet we know several Quakers who have very good heads of hair. At all events, ladies are not likely to lose their hair from any similar cause, considering the present fashion of wearing the bonnet completely off the head.

EXTREME SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER.—A Mother-in-law, coming up from the country, and bringing her boxes with her, is generally a sure prognostication of a hard winter.

A SANCTIFIED "SELL."



NOBODY wanting an affecting volume of sermons will here find the promise of one—taken from a chief page of the *Watchman*, Methodist newspaper:—

"[ADVERTISEMENT.]—A New Year.—These words—though simple in themselves—are prolific of pleasing anticipations. Cherished in our riper age, amid the war and strife and anxieties of life, the memories which each returning year awakens within us are dear to each of our hearts, and indelibly engraved there. Thoughts of by-gone times, dim and indistinct at first—thoughts of other joys rise up from the depths within, and grow clear and more tangible before us. On each occasion we recall with delight the many joyous scenes which we have witnessed—scenes which are inseparably identified with the recollections of the merry days of our youth. But too often these pleasing reminiscences are chastened by other thoughts and images—blending in one common picture the lights and shadows of the past, and thus engrossed in saddened strain, we muse—perchance at times unconsciously—repeating to ourselves those plaintive notes which still recall our boyhood's task—

'They are past and gone! those merry ones,  
That were so glad and bright.'

The italics are our own—intended simply to call attention to the tone of piety which pervades the announcement, and suggests its purpose; rejoicing the heart of the serious reader with the expectation of sweetness.

Taste a little more:—

"Soon another circle in the great journey of life shall be attained—soon another New Year may be permitted to dawn upon our vision—soon may it be our favoured lot to mingle in the circle of love, and administer to the cheering offices of friendship; and should our spirits be chastened when we look around and behold those 'vacant places,' let each heart that pulsates in health and strength expand with gratitude to that source from whence proceed those issues of life, 'inestimable gifts'—and may the 'weary and heavy laden' look in faith to the thousand means which have been mercifully provided to mitigate their pains and to soothe their afflictions. And we may be permitted to mention, as one of the means of alleviating pain and suffering,"

the New Testament—one naturally surmises—or, at least, some tract, or set of discourses calculated to afford spiritual consolation—something powerful in that way, of strong anodyne, and at the same time awakening, properties. What comfort is offered to those who sigh for "vacant places?"—what rest is proposed to the "weary and heavy laden?"—Surely such as may be found in the unction of the Reverend OTTO SHARON, or the affectionate earnestness of MR. MANNA? Not so. No healing waters or balm of that description—but, simply,

"That extraordinary medicine, PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS, compounded by MR. PAGE D. WOODCOCK, Lincoln."

They are to "look in faith" to the Wind Pills of MR. PAGE D. WOODCOCK. In place of references to experiences and conversions, we are informed, as touching the Wind Pills, that

"Parties of the highest respectability in all parts of the United Kingdom have given their testimony to their wonderful efficacy in all complaints of the Stomach and Bowels."

And so all the allusions to vacant places and chastened spirits are introductory to a puff of Wind Pills, and those who are "weary and heavy laden" are invited to go to MR. WOODCOCK for a patent medicine to cure complaints of the inside. WOODCOCK is a nice bird! It may, however, be natural for a Quack to quote Scripture for such a purpose as that of inducing the credulous to swallow his compounds, but that the holy *Watchman* should afford him a conspicuous place in its columns for the citation of texts and the use of sanctified slang with that object, can only be accounted for by the supposition that the holy *Watchman* has its price—which is paid by the holy *Watchman's* profane advertiser.

Railway Addresses on the Subject of Smoking.

RAILWAY GUARD to Third Class. "Where's the Man that has been smoking? He had better not let me catch him. I'll soon put his pipe out."

To Second Class. "Now, gents, smoking isn't allowed—it's a fine of forty shillings."

To First Class. "If you please, gentlemen, smoking is against the rules. I must request you to put your cigars out."

MORAL PARADOX.

A THIRST for gold is denounced as unreasonable by those who, nevertheless, deny that it is a thirst for something solid.

MEMS. OF AN OLD REFORMER.

- Mem. To give up the filthy habit of smoking as soon as I possibly can.
- Mem. To harden myself against the insinuations of snuff, and to put my hands in my pockets, whenever a pinch is offered to me.
- Mem. Never to stop out later than eleven o'clock.
- Mem. To answer my letters directly they arrive.
- Mem. To summon every cabman who is impertinent or neglects to give me a ticket.
- Mem. To tutor myself in better habits of punctuality, so that when I am invited out I may not arrive an hour after my time.
- Mem. Only to buy those things I positively want, and never to buy anything until I have the money in hand to pay for it.
- Mem. To take some energetic means to get, once and for all, out of the debt of my tailor.
- Mem. To deal with my own tradesmen, instead of allowing the servants to order all the things for me.
- Mem. To insist upon having all my accounts sent in regularly every week.
- Mem. To entertain the deadliest hatred, and to wage the most relentless war, against that most ruinous of all systems—Credit.
- Mem. To try the experiment for a short time of seeing that the cellaret, in which my wine and spirits are kept, is locked.
- Mem. To examine more carefully my washerwoman's bills—and to check them always when they come home.
- Mem. To ascertain what stock of linen I have.
- Mem. To discontinue the folly of giving money to beggars.
- Mem. To stop drinking when I feel I have had enough!!!
- Mem. To forswear unlimited loo, and learn chess.
- Mem. Never to be in bed later than eight o'clock.
- Mem. To walk always a good hour before breakfast.
- Mem. To begin to think seriously about marriage, and the policy of insuring one's life.
- Mem. To cultivate good friends and pure thoughts; to endeavour to gain the esteem of all worthy people; to live regularly and respectably; to wind up my conduct with my watch every night before I go to sleep, and to examine whether it is too "fast" or too "slow;" to abandon all divans and billiard-rooms; to shave off my moustaches; and throw away my latch-key.
- Mem. (most important one of all.) To put into practice the above resolutions the moment I get a little more settled.

HEAVEN CONFOUND THE EMPEROR.

AIR—"God Preserve the Emperor."

HEAVEN confound the EMPEROR NICHOLAS,  
Acting at his present rate,  
Vanquished, humbled, and ridiculous,  
Hurl him from his high estate;  
Haunted always be his pillow  
By the spectres of the dead,  
Fouly, on Sinop's billow,  
By his slaves whose blood was shed.

Down, to rise expecting never,  
All his pride and glory smashed,  
May he hear the screams for ever  
Of the women whom he lashed;  
May the sum of human sorrow,  
Caused by him, his conscience wring,  
With no prospect of a morrow,  
To allay its poisoned sting.

If, resolved on depredations,  
Right he scorn, and might defy,  
Rise against him, banded nations,  
Hunt him down with hue and cry,  
On him, like a wild beast, hounded  
Be the dogs of Europe's war;  
Let him ever be confounded;  
Outraged Heaven, confound the CZAR!

New Lamps for Old Ones.

ODESSA, according to the author of a new book on Russia, labours under the disadvantage of being badly lighted. It is satisfactory to know that an English company—a ship's company, in fact—has undertaken, at the shortest notice, to light up the town in question so brilliantly as actually to cause reflection at St. Peterburg, and enable the CZAR to read French and English handwriting very distinctly, even at that distance. The iron tubes are ready laid, and the parties are only waiting for a few posts.



Boy. "HERE YOU AIR, SIR. THREE PAIR O' STRAPS FOR SIXPENCE."

### THE FINEST BALSAMS OF ARABIA.

FOR once in the way we feel almost inclined to recommend patent medicines. Those of which we are disposed to make such an exception in favour, are thus advertised:

"TREASURES OF THE DESERT.—The successful results of these remedies are without parallel. ALI AHMED'S Antibilious Pill, ALI AHMED'S Cough Pill, ALI AHMED'S Healing Plaster. In boxes," &c. &c.

We can well believe that ALI AHMED'S Treasures of the Desert will cure all the bile and coughs, and heal all the hurts, not mortal, that occur therein. Two considerations only restrain us from prescribing these medicinal treasures to all our bilious, asthmatic and wounded readers. We are not informed whether the Treasures which ALI AHMED derived from the Desert are to be accompanied or not, as remedies, by the diet and regimen which MR. ALI was obliged to observe during his residence in that locality. If the Antibilious Pill of ALI AHMED is to be combined with eating and drinking limited to a few dates and a little water daily, and with active horse-exercise, we should think it very likely indeed to remove, more effectually than any other pill, taken without restriction as to appetite, the worst congestion of the liver that ever afflicted alderman. A stomach cough would as certainly be relieved by ALI AHMED'S Cough Pill, if nothing but that, besides the dates and the water, were put into the stomach; wounds likewise would cicatrize, at the same rate, under his Healing Plaster, in conjunction with the same antiphlogistic sustenance. The other slight scruple that withholds us from stamping these Pills and this Plaster with our approbation, is, that we are not quite sufficiently satisfied in regard to what they consist of. The precise details of their composition we do not require to know: but if we were only sure that they contained nothing whatever that would have the slightest effect upon the human body in its natural state, we would recommend them, assisted by the adjuncts above-specified, in preference at least to any other quack medicines, except homoeopathic globules, because the latter would no doubt answer just as well under similar circumstances.

### Harvest without Sickle.

MR. MECHI'S last balance-sheet exhibited a profit, but it is to be feared that next year he will encounter a considerable loss, not indeed by the failure of any crops, but by the reverse; for if the moustache movement should become general, where will be the market for razors and magic strops?

"ORTHOGRAPHY FOR EUROPE.—The massacre at Sinope may be described as an atrocious Czarnage.

### SONGS FOR THE POULTRY-YARD.

Now that poultry-keeping has become as fashionable as crochet, and every well-regulated young lady keeps her Cochin China in preference to a canary, we may naturally expect the mania will soon affect the inspiration of our lyric writers. We are convinced, indeed, that Songs for the Poultry-Yard will be counted very shortly with the wants of the age, and will soon supplant those senseless *Will-you-love-me-then-as-nows* with which the sentimental school has far too long afflicted us. We are, therefore, tempted to anticipate the national demand, and to supply at once a specimen which any poultry-minded maiden has our full permission to inscribe in her Album—supposing that exploded nuisance can be anywhere found extant:—

AIR—"LESBIA hath a Beaming Eye."

LESBIA hath some Cochin Chi-  
na fowls of most superior breeding:  
Every one too fat to fly,  
So constantly she keeps them feeding.  
Daily wakened by their crows  
At some precocious hour she rises,  
And while their breakfast forth she throws  
Her pets she thus apostrophizes:  
"O my Cochin China dear—  
I mean expensive—Cochin China;  
Most hens lay  
One egg a day,  
But you lay *two*, my Cochin China!"

LESBIA longed to see the show  
Held lately in the street called Baker,  
And so importuned me to go,  
That I at length was glad to take her.  
Curious breeds there were on view,  
"Silver-pencilled," "golden-crested:"  
"Double-combed" I noticed too,  
(I'd much prefer them double-breasted!)  
And there were Cochin China here,  
Vastly costly Cochin China:  
Chicks we've heard  
By ducks are reared,  
But surely geese rear Cochin China!

### THE SLAVE OF THE SMASHER.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM a beautiful thing, though I say it that shouldn't. But my beauty is the ground of my appeal for sympathy—never withheld by the Briton from beauty in distress. It is that which aggravates the degradation to which I have been subjected. Sir, I have been cruelly abused—applied to the vilest of purposes. Read this extract from a recent money article in the *Times*:

"Persons are attempting to dispose of spurious gold-dust by offering it to money-changers in London. It consists of small pieces of some hard kind of earth electrotyped so as not to be discoverable by chymical tests. A parcel was brought to-day to MESSRS. SPIELMANN, in Lombard Street, which was completely undistinguishable from genuine gold-dust, except by its friability and want of weight."

"My sister, the Daguerreotype, in the hands of villains, has been rendered subservient to the vile arts of forgery. She, however, has had her compensation in having been also employed for the detection of rogues and thieves; but there is none for poor me. We, the offspring of Science, proud of our high birth, feel bitterly the disgrace of being under bondage to scoundrels; and I am sure that this is a kind of aristocratic feeling of which you will approve. Is it not a shame, Sir, that our dignity should be so outraged? and ought not a double punishment to avenge that fraud which is perpetrated by the misuse of the most delicate and refined inventions, and through the perversion of those wondrous—almost spiritual—powers, electricity and light? I am, Sir, your obedient Servant—and the unwilling slave ofascaloty,

"THE ELECTROTYPE."

### Service in Australia.

A YOUNG servant girl, previous to going into service, and after ascertaining very particularly what amount of work there was to be done, wanted to know, before she could accept the situation, whether "her mistress was prepared to make herself generally useful?"



## REVELATIONS FROM RUSSIA.

From our Own Correspondent.

St. Petersburg, Jan., 1854.



See that most accounts of the state of things here which have reached your contemporaries are calculated to give scarcely any true idea of it. You are cognizant of the fact that the Emperor, in the course which he has pursued, and is pursuing, has been actuated by religious enthusiasm, but you are little aware of the extent to which he is influenced by that powerful motive. Our letters here are liable to be opened, and were I to write on this subject without proper reserve, the consequence might be a speedy relegation to Siberia. I may, however, say that His

Imperial Majesty's mental condition in reference to religion is as exalted as it is possible to conceive. It not only displays itself in frequent acts of devotion, but also in other actions, which would be misinterpreted in England, but are here understood to be indications of the prophetic state.

Of course you are familiar with the portraits of His Imperial Majesty, representing him in his military frock buttoned over his chest. This arrangement, for a mystic reason, has been reversed. NICHOLAS now wears his frock tightly buttoned up behind. It is certain that, in any case, he will present something like a front to the foe.

On some principle, equally mysterious, the CZAR has addicted himself to divers peculiarities of diet. Though suffering grievously from indigestion, and a martyr to bile, he persists, against the advice of his physicians, in eating enormous quantities of caviare, which he has served up to him swimming in DAY and MARTIN'S blacking; and this being an imported article, I wonder how he expects to get it in the event of a war.

The Autocrat used to be extremely partial to Clicquot; but he has of late abandoned that beverage for train-oil; in which liquor he compels NESSELRODE to pledge him. Consistently with this change of taste, he declares himself a Lamp-speaking, of course, symbolically—and sometimes insists on being trimmed; as, to be sure, he deserves to be.

Severe as has been the struggle which the Emperor is maintaining with the Turks, he has had to contend yet more strenuously with spiritual foes. By attendants near his person he is described as being in perpetual conflict with ghostly enemies, inasmuch, that at times he can scarcely walk a dozen yards without catching at objects in the air, which might be supposed to be flies, but are invisible to the common spectator.

Add to these things that he has betaken himself to psalmody, and goes about singing, "*Non confundar in aeternum*," to the air of *L'or, c'est une chimère* from *Robert le Diable*.

You know that His Imperial Majesty is styled something more than the mere EMPEROR OF THE RUSSIANS. Were you resident here, you would have to take care how you addressed him as an earthly potentate.

Under these circumstances I must confess that I entertain slender hopes of a pacific settlement of the Eastern Question. This is the only chance. NICHOLAS—unlike most persons in his predicament—does not cultivate a beard; and his medical attendants have not taken away his razors.

## GREAT MEETING OF THE IRISH BAR.

THE papers announce that a meeting of the Irish Bar has recently taken place, at which it was ultimately decided, after a very hot discussion, that "the gentlemen of the Outer Bar shall be at liberty to take half a guinea under the Common Law Procedure Act." We were not present at the meeting, but we have reason to believe that the speeches were painfully animated, the excitement intense, and the whole scene—to the last degree—distressing. Many of the older juniors were affected to tears, in speaking of the dreary prospects of the profession, and a veteran "utter," venerable with the horsehair of forty Hilarys, held up in the air his empty brief-bag with a gesture of despair that had a thrilling effect on all present. The discussion was alternately angry and mournful; but the latter was the tone that seemed to predominate. Some amendments were proposed, and among other things it was recommended that the half-guinea standard might be conveniently lowered to seven-and-six, but this suggestion was—for the present—negatived.

Letters of adhesion from the English Bar—as represented by MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP—were read, amidst mingled feelings, in which astonishment seemed rather to prevail, and more than one member of the meeting asked hypothetically, "What either of these gentlemen could possibly have to do with it?"

We need scarcely say that we fully appreciate the estimate which the Irish Bar has put on the value of its services, and we can only hope that the readiness of the learned gentlemen to take "half a guinea" will be met by a corresponding promptitude on the part of the public in "cashing up" those moderate sums of ten-and-six, which the existence of the "outer" Bar of Ireland seems to hang upon.

## THE SONG OF THE BRITISH ADMIRAL.

I'm a wonderful man of my age;  
I'm gallant, and jolly, and brave;  
The foe I'm prepared to engage,  
For I've only one foot in the grave.  
Tis true that I'm weak on my pins;  
Tis true that I hobble about;  
But whew! when the action begins,  
Do you think I shall care for the gout?

Of practice I think I may brag;  
My profession I think I should know,  
For I hoisted my admiral's flag  
Very nearly three decades ago.  
Experienced I surely must be,  
As any old sailor alive,  
For my very next birthday, d'ye see,  
Will make me just eighty and five.

They say I can't stand to my guns  
Because I am shakey a bit;  
But if FATHER NEPTUNE'S old sons  
Can't stand to their guns—they can sit.  
They hint I'm unsteady of hand;  
They say that my voice is too weak  
For giving the word of command,  
But a shout is less shrill than a squeak.

Tis true that I'm touched in the wind,  
But at sea we have plenty of gales;  
And then, if I'm pretty near blind,  
I wink not when danger assails.  
Besides, in defence of the Porte  
If in battle I have to engage,  
I'm one of the regular sort;  
For perfection of Port is old age.

They may call me a stupid old muff,  
And say I am better in bed;  
But every day makes me more tough,  
From the sole of my foot to my head.  
Improvements, they tell me, time brings,  
In all that around us we see;  
If it does so to nautical things,  
It must have done wonders for me.

Then hurrah! for the gallant old tar,  
The Admiral jolly and brave;  
Shall he tremble at death from the Czar,  
With already one foot in the grave?  
Then give me my crutches—who fears?  
My gout I have learned to survive:  
*Rule BRITANNIA!* hip! hip! and three  
cheers  
For the old boy of eighty and five!

## NITROUS NICHOLAS.

THE *Standard* has the following paragraph:—

"SALTPETRE.—The prospects of war have led to increased transactions in Saltpetre, and within these two days a rise of 2s. per cwt. has occurred upon the advanced prices of last week."

The increase of the price of this supporter of combustion is, of course, owing to the operations of that incendiary who occupies the throne of Russia. It is not unlikely that NICHOLAS will invest his capital in Saltpetre to such an extent, that the name of his imperial city will be altered to Saltpetresburg.

## The Bourbons and the Printer.

THE Princes of the BOURBON family have caused it to be stated that "they have no accredited organ in the press of France." At this we are by no means surprised; remembering the long antipathy between the lilies of France and printers' ink. Moreover, when CHARLES THE TENTH flung the printer's type into the streets of Paris, how soon did that type beget whistling bullets!



OUR ARTIST (AN ARDENT LOVER OF VENERIE) BORROWS A "BIRDING-PIECE OF THE PERIOD," AND BRINGS HIMSELF DOWN AT THE FIRST SHOT.

#### CLOCKWORK AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

It is to be hoped that the preparations now in progress for fixing a clock in the round turret of the White Tower will be stopped. If there were any great want of clocks in the neighbourhood, there would be some excuse for disfiguring the venerable edifice to accommodate those who do not carry watches; but as it is, the addition of a clock to that monument of antiquity will be as little useful as ornamental. The White Tower, of itself, is a sufficient indication of the lapse of Time. The clock with which it is proposed to dedecorate it, is, we understand, to be a four-faced one; which makes the matter worse: an old friend with a new face looks odd enough; but a most unpleasantly queer sort of feeling would result from beholding an old friend with four new faces.

#### A Tender from Norway.

THE Northern Courts may profess the observance of neutrality during our approaching struggle with Russia; but the subjoined overture, which has appeared under the form of a newspaper advertisement, is a satisfactory indication of the side to which their feeling inclines:—

**LOBSTERS FROM NORWAY.**—A firm in Norway is desirous of making **CONTRACTS** with parties in England, for **LOBSTERS** during this year's season.

"Season" means campaign, of course. Everybody knows what Lobsters are intended for. We are very much obliged to the friendly Norwegian firm; but trust that we are sufficiently able to fight our own battles with our own soldiers, and that no auxiliaries will be required by the British Grenadier.

#### THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

SCENE 5.—MR. PATERFAMILIAS has gone into the subject of adulterations; and, as a first step to protecting himself, distrusting the beer of commerce, determines to brew at home.

MR. P., MRS. P., and the family assembled at breakfast. MR. P. is reading the "Lancet."

Mrs. P. Another cup of tea, my dear?

Mr. P. (laying down his brochure—to himself). Dreadful!

Mrs. P. The tea, Mr. P.? Well, it ought to be good. It's DAKIN'S best Family Mixed at 4s. 6d.

Mr. P. No, Mrs. P.; the exclamation was forced from me by these distressing revelations in this valuable periodical.

Mrs. P. Yes, I wonder how you can take it in, with all those dreadful accounts of operations and cases. It's enough to make one fancy one has all of them, sometimes, oneself.

Mr. P. You mistake, my dear. I do not refer to the purely therapeutical and surgical part of the journal—interesting as this undoubtedly is to minds familiar with the mysteries of our physical structure, but to the series of analytical investigations of the adulterations of food and drink.

Mrs. P. Oh, indeed!

Mr. P. (looking at his daughters). Were chemistry, as it ought to be, a subject of instruction in our seminaries, the detection of these deleterious practices would not be left to the conductors of a scientific periodical; it would be carried on by our cooks, our wives, and our daughters—in our kitchens, Mrs. P., and our store-rooms.

Mrs. P. Well, I'm sure it's bad enough as it is, with the boys, and their caustic, and phosphorus, and gunpowder, and things—without the girls blacking their fingers, and burning their eyebrows off, and blowing themselves up.

George. It was NEWTON, Ma, would make a mine in the front garden. I told him what a jolly row there'd be, but he would.

Newton. I only wanted to find the point of least resistance, Pa.

Mr. P. (fondly). Dear child! (To Mrs. P.) I tremble for that boy, my dear.

Mrs. P. So do I, my dear, constantly—

Mr. P. Lest he should be one of the martyrs of science some day.

Mrs. P. Yes, I'm always expecting to hear of his getting himself poisoned or blown up, or going up in a balloon and never coming down again, or some dreadful end.

Laura. I wish, Papa, you'd forbid him trying experiments on my canary birds. He hung poor Dicky over one of the gaspipes the other day, and turned on the gas, and if I hadn't come in just in time,

the poor dear thing would have been poisoned. He's never piped since.

Mr. P. My dear, your brother's mind is an inductive one; far be it from me to check it.

Newton. Please, mayn't I put one of EMILY'S dormice into the receiver of my air-pump, Pa?

Emily. Oh! you horrid, cruel little wretch!

Mrs. P. No wonder, my dear, when his Papa encourages him in it!

Mr. P. Once for all, Mrs. P., that boy's scientific bent shall not be thwarted by any narrow consideration for his sisters' childish fancies. I beg the subject may be dropped. To return to the adulterations.

Mrs. P. (meekly). Yes, my dear, the milk's shockingly thin.

Mr. P. That is a comparatively favourable case. The *Lancet* has not detected, in twenty-four specimens, the presence of any foreign agent more mischievous than common water.

Mrs. P. That's just what I'm complaining of.

Mr. P. But what is that to the adulteration of our tea? Now the sample in the caddy at this moment—its green colour is derived from the double cyanide of potassium and iron—the Prussian blue of commerce—an active poison.

Mrs. P. Good gracious, Mr. P., you're enough to frighten one to death!

Mr. P. The astringent flavour is due to catechu; the granular appearance, so pleasing in your eyes, is the result of kneading with China clay.

Mrs. P. What they make the tea-cups of. Only think!

Mr. P. And your coffee—largely compounded, in twenty-five out of twenty-eight samples, with burnt beans, chicory, and coffin-dust.

Mrs. P. Oh, horrid! I told the grocer I was sure it wasn't right; but I never thought they put coffins in it!

Mr. P. This black pepper again (taking up the castors) consists, in a great part, doubtless, of the husks of mustard-seed. This so-called cayenne pepper is largely impregnated with red-lead.

Mrs. P. (much distressed). Oh! that's what the children are always being poisoned with in the Twelfth-cake ornaments, at the coroner's inquests, you know.

Mr. P. Precisely; it furnishes a colouring matter peculiarly attractive to the young.

Mrs. P. I declare if you go on, MR. P., I shan't dare to eat anything but bread and water.

Mr. P. (grimly). Of which the former may owe its whiteness to bones, and its lightness to alum; while the latter may be rendered poisonous by retention in a leaden cistern.

Mrs. P. (tearfully). Oh! how can you, MR. P.? What is one to eat and drink, then?

Mr. P. It is difficult to say what article of food or drink to a scientific apprehension is perfectly innocuous. But, in some respects, we can protect ourselves.

*Mrs. P.* Really, I don't see anything one's safe with, unless it's hard-boiled eggs.

*Mr. P.* On one thing I'm determined, Mrs. P., that, for the future, we will brew our own beer.

*George.* Oh! won't it be jolly!

*Mrs. P. (more alarmed than ever).* But consider the mess, my dear! I remember, when I was staying at the WADDELS, they tried to brew in the large kitchen kettle; but it never did; and the servants all took to drink, and MRS. WADDEL had to get up at four o'clock in the morning every Wednesday, and the house used to smell so, you can't think, and it always came dreadfully expensive, and was never fit to drink.

*Mr. P.* The flavour, Mrs. P., is a matter of taste; but the expense is a point susceptible of arithmetical proof. I have been calculating—we pay 26s. the half-barrel; that is, 13s. per nine gallons. I find that, at the present high prices of agricultural produce, that quantity of sound wholesome beer may be made for 9s., which, at our annual expenditure of £31 12s. for malt liquor, will give us a net saving on the year of £10 8s.

*Mrs. P. (with her old distrust of arithmetic).* Well, it may be so by figures, but you know, MR. P., your savings always do cost a great deal in the end.

*Mr. P.* Even were my calculations unsound, which they are not, considerations of salubrity alone render it a duty to introduce and encourage the practice of domestic brewing, Mrs. P. (*Mrs. P. about to speak. He waves his hand.*) Suffice it to say, I have made my arrangements.

*Mrs. P. (much hurt).* Well! I do think you might have consulted me first.

*George.* Oh, do let me work the mash-tub, Pa, it's such fun; and the sweet wort's such jolly stuff.

*Newton.* And I've read all about fermentation, Papa; (*to his sisters, conceitedly*) which is of four kinds, EMMY, saccharine and vinous, and acetous and putrefactive, and—

*Mrs. P. (overwhelmed by NEWTON'S nomenclature).* Where ever does that boy pick up those dreadful long words?

*Mr. P. (impatiently).* Really, Mrs. P., the shallowness of your observations is quite distressing.

*Mrs. P. (apologetically).* Well, but they are long—very long words, my dear, for a boy of nine years old. I'm sure, when I was a girl, I never heard boys talk so.

*Mr. P.* I ordered in a bushel of malt yesterday. It was to be left at the grocer's to grind.

*Mrs. P.* Oh! then, that was what SPRAGGS brought in last night.

*Laura.* That made us all sneeze so, you know, Mamma, when we looked into the bag.

*Mr. P. (ringing).* Then, as the malt has arrived, perhaps we'd better begin our little arrangements at once. I shall require the entire use of the back kitchen, Mrs. P., and you had better tell Cook to get the copper fire lighted at once, and—let me see—

*Enter SPRAGGS.*

Oh! you brought the malt from the grocer's, SPRAGGS?

*Spraggs.* Yes, Sir, and he says please he 'opes it won't matter, but they'd been a grindin' pepper in the mill, and BILL CHURK—the man in the shop—he's afraid there was some left, leastways the malt smelt very peppery.

*Mrs. P.* There! pretty beer we shall have!

*Mr. P.* It is not of the least consequence; the fermentation will carry off every impurity. GEORGE, you will go with SPRAGGS, and draw off the water from the small water-tub at the back door; and, let me see—we must fit it with a false bottom, for a mash-tub, you know, my dear.

*Mrs. P. (tartly).* Don't talk to me, MR. P., I'm sure I know nothing at all about it.

*Newton.* Oh! I know, Pa! there's a treatise on brewing in my "Science of Common Things."

*Mr. P.* You will now, my dear boy, have an opportunity of witnessing in practice what your eager curiosity has already mastered in theory.

*George.* Come along, SPRAGGS. We'll draw off the water, Pa, like anything, and I can make a false bottom with the top of the flour-barrel in the store-room, Ma; it's just the same size. And I'll bore lots of holes with the Italian iron. Oh! ain't it a lark!

*Mr. P. (sternly).* I am sorry, GEORGE, to see you find an opportunity for trivial amusement where your younger brother sees an interesting application of science to the common uses of life.

*George.* Oh! he's just as fond of a lark as I am, Pa, only he's such a little humbug.

*Mr. P. (boying his ears).* How dare you, Sir?

*George (crest-fallen, to himself, as he sneaks off with SPRAGGS).* Well, he is a humbug; only wait till I catch him under the water-tap!

[*Exit GEORGE and SPRAGGS.*]

*Mr. P. (reflectively).* Then we shall want a washing-tub to draw the wort off into, and a shallow vessel of some sort for cooling, and a covered tub for the gyle.

*Mrs. P. (bursting out).* Pray, MR. P., how do you think the work of the house is to be carried on, if you go taking all the tubs and things in this way?

*Mr. P. (with dignity).* I am not to be deterred from a salutary and economical household reform, Mrs. P., by any trifling remarks of that nature, and so I tell you once for all. Will you oblige me by giving orders to have the copper heated, Mrs. P.—at once, if you please.

*Mrs. P. (bitterly).* Pretty beer you'll make of it, MR. P., that's one comfort!

[*Mr. P. smiles with an air of calm superiority. Exit Mrs. P. in disgust. SCENE closes for the present.*]

A PIPE OF "RETURNS."



OME few days ago "JACK came home from sea" in the *Thetis*, expecting to be paid off, after a three years' cruise, and looking forward, of course, to the full enjoyment of all the old conventional delights that make up the *agrémens* of "life ashore" in the imagination of the British seaman. All these visions were, however, cut short by the coming on board of a Lord of the Admiralty, who ordered the crew to be "piped up;" and having told them their services would be again required by their country, told them quietly to "pipe down" again. The gallant British seaman responded without the faintest murmur to this

appeal to his patriotism; and there was even a disposition to show the cheerfulness of his consent by an incipient cry of "hornpipe," which is the usual mode of manifesting delight on the part of a British Tar; in which capacity the Lord of the Admiralty would probably have felt himself bound to comply with the demand of the ship's company. After being "piped up" and "piped down," the crew—recollecting that the present are not exactly the "piping times of peace"—determined to do their utmost towards throwing upon Russia the necessity of "paying the piper."

AN UN-POLITE LETTER WRITER.

SOMEBODY seems to be always writing letters in Somebody else's name, which letters get into all the papers, when having been read, and translated into half a dozen languages, they are suddenly declared "by authority" not to have been written by the individual to whom they have been attributed. We really should like to catch and make an example of the mischievous busybody, who devotes himself to letters in this most objectionable manner. Within the last week or two a letter, bearing the signature of the DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, has been very extensively circulated, and has been the subject of much praise on account of the spirit it was supposed to manifest. It now turns out that the Duchess not only makes no claim to the spirit, but that she reprobates the letter altogether. It is a punishable offence to forge letters of credit, and we think there should be some penalty for forging letters of discredit, which these documents certainly are, and all concerned in concocting them.

A Protectionist Dinner.

LORD DERBY gave a Protectionist dinner to his party on the 30th, sternly carrying out the principles of Protection in every particular. The meats were from the indigenous wild boars of the ancient Britons, and the white cattle, the esteemed property of our painted ancestors. Even the port wine was said to be of the home vintage, and the champagne from the native, unsophisticated English gooseberry.

A Case of Chloroform.

It is mentioned in the papers that a tiger recently had his diseased nails extracted whilst under the influence of a powerful dose of chloroform. A wretched punster of our acquaintance, on being told of it, remarked that this was certainly the most extraordinary case of *clavo-reform* he ever heard of!



### FLUNKEYIANA—A FACT.

*Flunkey (out of place).* "THERE'S JUST ONE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK YOUR LADYSHIP—HAM I ENGAGED FOR WORK, OR HAM I ENGAGED FOR ORNAMENT?"

### A FEATHER IN THE BROADBRIM.

THERE are Quakers who can face danger without quaking; and among such intrepid Members of the Society of Friends are MR. HENRY PEASE, of Darlington, MR. JOSEPH STURGE, of Birmingham, and the gentleman from Bristol, who have proceeded to St. Petersburg with the purpose of endeavouring to induce the Czar to come to terms with Turkey. The boldness of their enterprise, indeed, amounts to tenacity; and most mankind would as soon think of going to the court of KING KOSOKO, to preach mercy and forbearance to his African Majesty, unarmed. A similar, but inferior courage, has been exhibited by VAN AMBURGH and CARTER; and happy will it be if our respected friends shall succeed in exercising a corresponding influence over the brute. But the expectation is much too sanguine to be indulged in, and it must be feared that the brave volunteers of Peace are constituting a forlorn hope.

### Benevolence Afloat.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND—LORD DERBY'S late Admiralty minister—according to the *Post* "has been more than ordinarily munificent" to the deserving poor on his estates. We are happy to add that his Grace's benevolence has also been to sea. As it was he who—for very good reasons for the time—appointed SIR FLEETWOOD PELLEW to the *Winchester*; the Duke has, in the handsomest manner, by way of reparation sent to each of the ill-used sailors of that ship, a pound of pig-tail. Having previously gone the whole hog in the appointment of the captain, this supplementary act of pigtail with the seamen was as just as it was graceful.

### ARRIVAL IN TOWN.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S luggage has arrived in Downing Street. It consists of a pill-box. It is said to contain the substance of his Lordship's intended Reform Bill.

### HARD SWEARING IN CHANCERY.

THE shocking habit of swearing seems to be getting worse and worse in the Court of Chancery, if we are to judge by a string of appointments which appeared in the *Gazette* of Tuesday. From this source we learn that no less than ten gentlemen were appointed in three days by the LORD CHANCELLOR to be "Commissioners to administer oaths in the High Court of Chancery."

We cannot understand the sudden necessity that has called for the enormous accession of swearing power that must be obtained from the appointments alluded to. The machinery of equity must be materially augmented by this arrangement—as far at least as the swearing department is concerned—though we fear that many will think the horrors of Chancery are aggravated by the fearful influx of oaths that the appointments in question lead us to anticipate.

### Statesmanlike Ignorance.

THERE are times and occasions when it is the profoundest wisdom of a statesman not to know when, politically, his nose is pulled; to be innocent of the knowledge, though he may suddenly tingle and glow from head to foot, of the precise moment when he is kicked. A beautiful, a triumphant living evidence to this State sagacity is NICHOLAS. The combined fleets of England and France enter the Black Sea, and the Emperor, with the simplicity of a milkmaid, begs to inquire of France and England—wherefore? Let broadsides roar, and, with the guilelessness of *Ion*, the Emperor would ask—"Is that thunder?"

### A WISE MAN OF THE YEAST.

WE understand that the Mayor of a town in the West of England has sent round a Circular on his own responsibility to all the bakers of the place, recommending them during the high price of flour to leave out the yeast, as he has reason to believe that it is the yeast which makes the bread rise.



“SALUTE THE ROOSHIANs ? AYE, AYE, SIR.”



**WANTED—A CASUS BELLI.**

His footmen and horsemen—his Cossacks and guns,  
 On our allies the Czar is quartering;  
 By Sinope's shore the Euxine runs  
 Red with blood from Russian slaughtering;  
 Of England and France the fleets advance  
 To face him, and his to face us;  
 But, though ready for war, neither we nor the Czar  
 Can find a *belli casus*!  
 Oh yes! wanted a *belli casus*!  
 Who can give us a *belli casus*?  
 Mrs. HARRIS, no doubt,  
 Was hard to find out;—  
 But what's she to a *belli casus*?

Without reason or ruth, the Czar passes the Pruth;  
 For assistance the Sultan prays us;  
 But what statesman can deem the mere crossing a stream  
 A sufficient *belli casus*?  
 If the Sultan can't see 'tis a mere guarantee,  
 His obtuseness doth sore amaze us:  
 We're his staunch allies, but in Western eyes,  
 Invasion's no *belli casus*!  
 Still we want our *belli casus*;  
 A regular *belli casus*!  
 Never were there two foes,  
 All agog for blows,  
 So hard up for a *belli casus*!

Says the Sultan: "Oh ho! I see blood must flow  
 Ere army or fleet they'll raise us;"  
 Oltenitza's fight is fought—"All's right!  
 Here at last is your *belli casus*!"  
 "No," quoth England and France,—"*if you advance,*  
*He resists; but a doubt still stays us;*  
 Whether getting a whack, and giving it back,  
 Can be called a good *belli casus*.  
 No—give us a *belli casus*;  
 A completer *belli casus*!  
 His conduct shows us  
 He's *bellicosus*,  
 But we don't see our *belli casus*!"

"As quiet we lay, in Sinope's bay,  
 The Russian butcher slays us;  
 He shoots us down;—bombards our town;—  
 Isn't that a *belli casus*?"  
 "Um—it might be; but don't you see  
 The same post that the news conveys us,  
 Says you couldn't resist, and 'tis hard to twist  
 Mere butch'ry to *belli casus*—  
 'Twas clearly *facinoris casus*,  
 For which we'd fain pull his *nasus*;  
 But—whatever our feelings,—  
 Ulterior dealings,  
 To ground needs a *BELLI casus*.

"Still your conduct so brave, your crown to save,  
 Under obligation lays us;  
 As your allies joint, we'll strain a point,  
 In default of a *belli casus*:  
 In spite of the shoal of Protocol  
 That in Stamboul's strait embays us,  
 Our fleets shall sail, with the first fair gale;—  
 That must be a *belli casus*!  
 To go so far may disgrace us—  
 But, not having a *belli casus*,  
 If there must be a war  
 Betwixt us and the Czar—  
 We must make our *belli casus*!"

The die is cast!—the order passed!  
 Three cheers the sailors raise us,  
 As 'neath clouds of dyek, from taffrail to truck,  
 Sails that floating *belli casus*.  
 "The Bosphorus past by the fleets at last,  
 When once we have dared to place us  
 On the broad Black Sea, our faults 't won't be  
 If there's not soon a *belli casus*.  
 As the Czar is so eager to face us,  
 If he'd only his *belli casus*.  
 We've done our best  
 To set doubts at rest—  
 And behold the *belli casus*!"

"We'll salute your foul rag of a Russian flag—  
 We'll embrace you if you embrace us;  
 By the Turks though we'll stand, by sea and land!"  
 Quoth the Czar, "Is't a *belli casus*?  
 Before we fight we must know outright  
 Lest we sink you or you chase us,  
 And get coming to blows with friends not foes—  
 Do you mean this for *belli casus*?"  
 Oh, dear! can nobody trace us,  
 The shape of a *belli casus*?  
 We thought we had got one,  
 Now the Czar thinks it's not one.  
 Is there such thing as *belli casus*?"



THE WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD.

"When the wind is in the East,  
 It's neither good for Man nor Beast."

**ABOUT RATS.**

THE question that has long divided the opinions of learned naturalists—  
 "Do rats leave dangerous places?"—has very lately been again put  
 forth, and has been submitted to the consideration of various dis-  
 tinguished individuals, believed to be admirably adapted to illustrate  
 the subject. The following letters are a few selected from many  
 received by an enthusiastic inquirer, who proposes to offer all his  
 MSS. to the hospitable pages (for they refuse nothing) of *Notes and*  
*Queries*:—

"THE EARL OF DERBY presents his compliments to —, and though  
 it is not his custom to make any reply to any person who may not have  
 the honour of his Lordship's acquaintance—nevertheless will make an  
 exception to his golden personal rule. His Lordship has no doubt  
 whatever of the fact that rats *do* leave dangerous places.—Has himself  
 known a rat—a very distinguished rat—that for many years dwelt  
 and rejoiced in Mr. JOHN BULL's protected barn that—on his Lord-  
 ship's accession to office—immediately, without so much as licking  
 his whiskers, quitted it."

"MR. DISRAELI has little time or inclination to discuss the habits of  
 rats; but has no objection to inform his correspondent that for months  
 since he has not crossed the threshold of the EARL OF DERBY, or  
 entered the house of any other forlorn individual—(however be-starred  
 and be-gartered)—of that bigoted party."

After such testimonials, it must surely be now received as an  
 established fact that—Rats *do* leave dangerous places.

**The would-be Scourge.**

Not all his will the Russian Tyrant works:  
 He flogged the Nuns, but cannot thrash the Turks.

A LAND SWELL.—A Lord of the Admiralty.

## SCHOOLS FOR ALL SECTS.



RICHARD'S himself again: that is, MR. COBDEN has been talking very sensibly at Manchester about education as related to religion. He has not, however, solved the difficulty of combining religious with secular instruction. It may be serviceable to explain how that object is to be accomplished.

Religion is a general idea, comprehending a great variety of creeds; and religious instruction, to be complete, must consist in informing the mind with accurate notions of all of them. Partial knowledge must lead to error, which, on so important a subject, it is especially desirable to avoid.

The appointment, in all schools, of a Professor of Religious Knowledge, naturally suggests itself as the means of attaining the desired end.

But, in the first place, a sufficient number of competently qualified persons could not be found on any terms; and secondly, if they could, the sects would squabble for the appointment, each claiming it for a member of its own body, unless the candidate belonged to no denomination in particular: in which case they would all object to him.

This plan, therefore, is not feasible, unless the contending parties would consent to draw lots, or toss up for the eligibility to the situation; which is improbable.

The alternative is simple. A teacher of each form of religion must be attached to all educational institutions. Judaism, Mahometanism, Roman Catholicism, and Protestantism in all its varieties, from Lutheranism to Latter-day Sanctity, must be represented each by its Professor. A Flamen of the Fire Worship should be added if procurable, and the system would be incomplete without a Tutor in the Fetish. After an exercise with his Rabbi, the pupil should have a lesson from his Ulema, next take a spell with his Popish Priest, and then another with his Church of England Parson, to be succeeded by a lecture from the Minister of Little Bethel, followed in turn by an exposition, from a Mormonite Elder, of the faith of JOE SMITH, and the final touch to the religious "instruction" might perhaps be given by a Spirit-Rapping Medium.

Seriously, this is the only way to give religious instruction—thereby being understood an intellectual apprehension of all the facts of the subject. It would take up a good deal of time. It certainly would also cost a great deal of money; and it would not, probably, tend to implant any faith, or hope, or love, in a child's heart.

But neither will causing a child to cram creeds and gabble catechisms by rote. If religious instruction means training in religion; that is another matter. That wants Professors of Charity, Purity, Humility, and so forth: Professors whose lessons must be given out of school. Persuasion can only be communicated by personal influence; and the notion of imparting spiritual knowledge, as you would teach arithmetic, is as reasonable as would be the idea of quenching spiritual thirst by a proceeding similar to drinking brandy and water.

## PLEASANT PROSPECT FOR THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

Nicholas. And so the English and French fleets have dared to pollute the Euxine—to defile our sacred Black Sea?

Menschikoff. Even so, Sir.

Nicholas. And our ships, Admiral?

Menschikoff. Prepared to burn, Sir.

Nicholas. And our sailors?

Menschikoff. Devoted to drown, Sir.

Nicholas. Be it so: burn and drown; under the circumstances, Russia can have no objection.

## Fiddlers Afloat.

FIDDLERS are just now in great request in the navy. The frigate *Cressy*, fitting at Sheerness, advertises for "a good fiddler." *Punch*, therefore, begs to recommend the EARL OF ABERDEEN as being a capital hand at a scrape.

## COTTON STUFF.

TAKE no heed of Aggression—allow it free scope;  
What's the use of opposing the Czar or the Pope?  
'T will be quite time enough your resistance to make  
When you're stretched on the rack, or chained up to the stake;  
And sufficiently soon to begin to cry out,  
When you find your back stung with the stripe of the knout.

What matter if Russia a seaboard obtain?  
Never mind till our navy she sweeps from the main,  
Which I hope she won't do, if we just cease to brag,  
And to sing *Rule Britannia*; and lower our flag.  
Let us learn to be meek, and submissive, and tame,  
And in time perhaps Commerce may make her the same.

That no foes will assail us I firmly believe,  
If we only continue to spin and to weave,  
Sticking closely to work in our mills and our mines,  
Not at all interfering to check their designs.  
So, with calico-making the end of your lives,  
Never mind the defence of your daughters and wives.



## "STARTLING (IF TRUE)."

First Citizen. "NOT HEARD THE NEWS, JEMMY? VELL THEN, PRINCE ALBERT, ALONG O' TWO MORE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEFS, IS IN THE TOWER, WHICH LOUIS NAPOLEON DI-WULGED HIM A-SENDIN' FI-PUN-NOTES TO THE HEMPERER OF ROOSHY (WHICH WAS A-GOIN' TO BE SUS-PENDEED, MIND YER), AND BLOWED THE GAFF."

Second Citizen. "LOR!"

## The Last Stage of Folly.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has, hitherto, been in the habit of devoting much of his attention to opera; but he will, henceforth, be absorbed by operations of a military nature, and the only theatre in which he will be able to take any interest will be the Theatre of War. The only musical association connected with his present insanity consists in the fact that he will have to pay for it to a very pretty tune.

## A SAMPLE OF RAP-PEE.

We wish the Scotchmen who are so fond of attacking trowsers would vince their hostility by resolutely and quietly "walking into them."

THE CZAR'S WATER COLOUR.—The carnage which stained the waves at Sinope was intended to convert the Black Sea into a Russian lake.



MRS. JANE GIMLET ON THE FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

"Yeast Lane, Grianidge, twentefthjenniwaryshatinfiftifore.



ORTHY SURR,  
"WHILE they was a dancin, me an MISSUS POPKINS' HANN tuk an laid supper in the dinner rume which air underne the drorin rume, an a butifull supper it were. There were a turkee at top with his bones tuk hout an forsmete put in in hinsted, wich it saves time in hetin an purvents the gents dirtin their wite glubs by pikkin of the bones. An there was two fowls similarly treted at bottom, but they amost broke my art in respek of being Cotchins, an avin such long legs

as coodent be trust shapeabul no ow. Next the turkey, on the senturline, was a tung in haspect, an nex the fowls was a gallon tin of weal, as they corl it, tho it was but a quart in hall. Nex the tung was hiseter pattees, and likeaways nex the weal, an between them two dishes of pattees cum a grand senturpeege. Lowermost was a cage of barleshewgar with a hen in it of mottuld blankmanger a settin on twelve heggs of the same, an a-top of the cage was a floorn of pound cake made a purpose for fore hellefants to stan on, two on em wite an two pink, with their baks to wun hanuther an their trunks to the cumpancee, an a holdin up a spun shewgar castul on their baks an a spun shewgar tray at the hend of heche of their trunks. The castul were full of triful, an there was rattyees in wun tray, motters in hanuther, miksed harmont caks in a third, an Bong Bong crackers in the forth. The fore corners was two raised pies an two lobster sallets, bein wun of heche at top an bottom. Then beginnin at the top there were a dish of jeunywar pastree on wun side, an a dish of gattow soocrays on the huther, then blankmanger-pumped hover with grapes, a matchin lemon jellee pumped hover with red currants, then a shantellee basket hover against a shantellee cake, then a dish of marchangs hoppersite a dish of mealfools, an then a set of hightallyan cremes to feller a lot of rasburry wips. In coorse custuds, an jellees, an cristalliged frutes, an Lick your Bong Bongs was stud about the tabul, permixuous with the plate an glasses. O! it were butifull, an wen I tuk a last luke hat it afore I fetched MISSUS POPKINS down to see it, an thort as ow it were amost hall made hout of heggs an shewgar an buttur, it were quite in natur for me to ave a proud art. 'Yes,' I sez to MISSUS POPKINS' HANN, as air a gude sole an nose her plaice, an air not stuk up like sum jaks in hoffis as wont take tellin from them as nose better, 'yes! HANN, giv me heggs, an shewgar, an buttur, an lle sho u a shaydoover, as they sez, that shall be fit for a nobulman's quizzin.' But wot air we that we shood boste? an ow sune our pride gits a fall!

"All this wile they was a dancin. At fust it was honely kwodreels, an we could ere em a sailin an a prommynardin about hover our eds as stately as beeduls an as slo as mutes, till HANN sez, 'Lor it wouf never do no ow that way. I must go an and the punch and the kneegus,' she sez, wich she tuk an did accordin. Well then they warmed hup an got the cold out o their jintes and the stiffnes hout o their feelins, and began a worltsing an a poleking till they mad the ceilin shake hover us like hanythin. 'Well,' I sez to HANN, as ad cum down agin with the hempety glasses, "I misdout that shamdeleere! Luke how it waggles! I woudnt wunder if the hile was to cum hout hall hover my senturpeege.' 'Lor,' sez HANN as ad got her ed turned with sein the dancin, 'ow them hellefants will shine if it does. Any ow, MISSUS GIMLET,' she sez, 'hanythin is bettur than them gashly kwodreels. I ate to see peopal a dancin as if they was at a berrin, but them polekers air delitelul,' an she fell a spinnin about the rume, an sez, 'I must go an and sum more punch an kneegus, an git hanuther peppe,' which she tuk an did accordin.

"Well then, doum cums MISSUS POPKINS to luk at the supper, an she stud an luk at it an sez, 'GIMLET! uve surpast uredself. We shant be long a commin, for we're honely goin to danse Lar Tompeter fust, an

MISSUS BROWNJONES air goin to danse too,' she sez, an goes away agin. 'Ho! Lorry me,' I thort, 'wot ever is the Tompeter, an ow will that shamdeleere bear it an MARM BROWNJONES too, for she weys about fiftene stun, and goes as hevvy as a dray.'

"Well, I went an stud upon the stares along of HANN, with a sinkin sperrit, for I trembulled for my senturpeege, as well I mite. They was pretty quiet at first, but hall on a sudden we heres a noise like a bus a runnin hover the stones, wich it were MARM BROWNJONES agoin down the middul, or suffin of that sort, an then there cum such a crash as turned me sik to ere it. MISSUS POPKINS hered it too, an cum a runnin hout an sez 'Wot is it, GIMLET?' I coodent speke, but HANN as ave uncommen presents of mind, sez, 'Nothin, Marm! honely suppers qwite reddu, Marm, please!' Wen the cumpancee hered her say that they leff holf dancin, an stud about, simperin at each other; so in coorse MISSUS POPKINS were forced to say, 'I think wele go down to supper if u please.' An down they cum. MISTUR POPKINS an MARM BROWNJONES fust, wich she scrooged in orful in the narrer stares; an then cum MISSUS POPKINS with MISTUR BROWNJONES, a meke littel man, as ad bene in a corner hall the hevenin a sain nuthink, wich is his way; an then REVEREND SLOWCUM SMITH an MISS SMITHTOMSON (it were supper enuf for her to be tuk down by him, I promise u); an then all the rest. A orrid feelin cum hover me, an I coodent move; but HANN run down an hopened the supper rume door, an hadent scarce done it wen she sings hout, 'Polecece! Polecece!' an goes into strong conwulshuns. The cry of a feller creetur in distress brought me to, an I ran down, an Ho! wot a gashly site met my hi!

"The shamdeleere and the best part of the ceilin ad cum down a-top of the supper, and scatturd the triful hout of the shewgar castul on to the boned turkee, an filled the lobster sallets with splinters of spun shewgar, and delooged the gallon tin of weal with a bottel of tornee porte as stud by it. Wun of the hellefants was plunged ed fust into a raised pie, an hanuther was a bathin of hisself up to his middel in the lemmin jellee, an a thurd ad got his trunk in a rasburry wip as if he was a gwine to drink it, an the forth were perched upon the tung in haspect, an stud a bowin and a balancin as if he were pokin his fun at us. The hen was squashed hall off a lump with her heggs, an all the huther things was wited hover with the plaster from the ceilin, and hevery thin was shook wun upon the huther till you coodent a told a marchang from a mealfool, nor a hiseter pattee from a Lick your Bong Bong, an all the decanturs was broke an the Madedeerer an the Marselly, an the Montylarde was miksed, an resolved, as I hear a gent a wisprin, into their primmytive hellement of sherry at twenty-two shillin.

"MISTER POPKINS he went a pokin about amongst the glass an fussin to get things to rites, as the natur of husbands is, but it wouf of no use, the squash were so complete. But the way his wife tuk it were wonderful. Her colour went an cum, an cum an went, an her lips got quite blue till she bit em red agin, an I see her tucker a heavin up an down, but she managed to smile as if it were only a triful. 'My frens,' say the REVEREND SLOWCUM, an we sor by the rollin of his hies as he was a makin hisself up for a discoorse, but his dorter stopped him, 'Not now, Par,' sez she, 'Not now, it's for me an not for u to improve the occashun. If our frens will go up stares an dance agin, but not Lar Tompeter, please, lle see wot I can do for em. An do take CHARLES,'—meaning her husband—'afore he cuts hisself with the broken glass.' Well REVEREND SLOWCUM did luke uncommon shut up at fust, but the gents all cheered his dorter, they was so tuk with her sperrit, an so they did as she sed, an harf an hour arterwards, wen they sat down to a kuple of barrels of hiseters, an a stiltin cheese an biskits, an a peece of cold beef, an sum am, they drank her elth in tumblers of wiskee todee, an sed it were the best supper they ever ad. An next day, MARM BROWNJONES giv her a new shamdeleere, an made it hup to her that way, but I never got no compensashun for the dammage that the Tompeter and MARM BROWNJONES did to the feelins

"Of ure umbel chareoman,

"JANE GIMLET."

Enthusiasm in Effigy.

In the fervid town of Cupar they have been burning the EMPEROR or RUSSIA—in effigy. How admirably does the act illustrate the reality of much popular enthusiasm! Why not burn the Russian fleet in effigy? Why not blow down Sebastopol and storm Odessa in effigy? We have small admiration for these avengers of wrong upon old clothes stuffed with shavings or musty hay; and count their enthusiasm just as much a sham as the rubbish they so heroically give to the flames.

Officering the Navy.

THE following are the new regulations relative to the physical recommendations of Admirals desirous of active service. They must not be above seventy-five, nor under seventy. They must not have been afloat within the last thirty years; as the less they have known of salt water, the fresher they will consequently be for the service.

FE-FO-FI-FUM - I SMELL THE BLOOD  
OF AN ENGLISHMAN !!!



THE WICKED GIANT WITH THE TWO HEADS.

#### THE AUTOCRAT AND HIS ALTAR.

THE idolatry that adores a forked animal, six feet high, as the "God of the Russians," is attended with some inconvenience. The holders of the "orthodox faith," or believers in NICHOLAS, are beginning to find the worship of that deity expensive. Over land, under sea, the following little fact has been flashed hither by electric wire:—

"The Court appears gloomy; the preparations for war have already cost enormous sums, and the Minister of Finance has laid his hands on the capitals of Loan Societies conducted by private persons."

The Nicolaitans of Russia have discovered that their divinity requires sacrifices; and that the immolation of helpless Turks is not enough for him. His own votaries must also bleed for his honour and glory, not only from wounds received, some of them in the back, on the banks of the Danube, but also in connexion with other banks, by a copious effusion of the circulating medium.

#### War Steamers for Russia.

Two war-steamers are being constructed on the Tyne for Russia: this is a fact well known; but what we have now to relate has been hitherto kept a profound secret. A distinguished tobacconist has sold his wooden Highlander—who was allowed to be a striking likeness to the EARL OF ABERDEEN—for the figure-head of one of the vessels. And yet the Czar has no gratitude!

#### LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

BEFORE marriage the man is very much struck with the woman, and afterwards the woman is very much struck by the man.

THE BAND OF HOPE.—The orchestra of a theatre having struck in the hope of getting their salary.

#### LAW WITHOUT LAWYERS.

THE other day one of the Courts at Westminster was brought to a dead stand still—by that very common cause—there being no cause that could be proceeded with in consequence of the absence of counsel. All the barristers that had anything to do at Westminster had something else to do at Guildhall, and the result was a pretty to-do among the judges themselves in consequence of there being nothing doing. It seems rather an absurdity to select those barristers for work who have no time to attend to it; but, of course, if HORSEHAIR SENIOR is an attorney, HORSEHAIR JUNIOR will be instructed on behalf of all the clients of the former, or, if SERJEANT SILVERTONGUE has got a name, the pretensions of every other Serjeant or Q. C. will be ignored; and as SILVERTONGUE cannot be everywhere at once, he will perform neglect his clients in two out of three of the Courts to which business calls him. Even the Old Bailey Bar has its favourites, and the "only recognised bully," or "the acknowledged hero of balderdash and bluster," will carry off all the briefs, to the utter neglect of the crowd of learned candidates for forensic fame who "hang out" for practice in the neighbourhood of Newgate.

The Barons of the Exchequer began a new, and we think a highly successful game, the other day, when, there being no barristers to do the business, the Bench went on without the aid of the Bar, and got through several causes in the absence of counsel on both sides. We have not heard that the suitors had to complain, and, indeed, the probability is that more substantial justice was done between them, than would have been the result if FUSBOS, Q. C., had been suffered to encumber the matter with his lumbering learning, or FUSTIAN had been allowed to confuse matters on the other side with his eloquence. When the public find that barristers who are paid to plead don't plead, and that their absence from their duty does not impede the progress of business, the public aforesaid will grow tired of paying exorbitant fees for nothing at all, and time will be saved by the Court as well as money by the suitors. We strongly recommend the precedent set by the Exchequer to the notice of the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, for law will lose half its terrors, and more than half of its expense, if it should be found that Judges will get at the law and facts of a case without the intervention of counsel on either side.

#### THE NO TROUSER NUISANCE.



THERE has been lately a discussion carried on with a good deal of vehemence as to the propriety or impropriety of walking about the streets without trousers—a practice which is said to be connected with the nationality of Scotland. We regret that Scotch nationality should have nothing better than great bare brawny legs to stand upon.

We must confess we have often been disgusted at seeing a heavy looking Scotch clown without any pantaloons; and we have thought the cry against the impropriety of allowing bullocks to pass through the streets rather unreasonable, while a quantity of no less offensive calves could freely perambulate the thoroughfares. We should be glad to see the nuisance exterminated, and though at present it may be said to be "scotched" and "kilt," we are anxious for more summary treatment.

#### Nicholas in Danger.

CERTAIN accounts from St. Peterburg express the most affectionate fears lest NICHOLAS—outraged by the shameful conduct of the allies—should go off in a fit of apoplexy. Baths of human blood have been taken by potentates of the like kidney with NICHOLAS, it is said, with the happiest success. But, it is plain, that the remedies of one age cease to cure in another; otherwise the blood of the three thousand slaughtered at Sinope would surely have been as restorative dew to the feverish system of the Czar.

## NOVELS FOR THE NURSERY.



SEEMING it hard that our rising generation should be debarred from the intellectual *pabulum* furnished to their elders in fashionable novels, and restricted to spelling-books and primers, or to infantine *historiettes* abounding alike in good children (with an occasional offender to act as Bogie), and moral lessons, we propose to give a random chapter or so of a romance suited to their capacities. For why, we would ask, when Miss JULIANA melts and kindles o'er the woes of LADY CLARE PHANTASMAGORIA, should not her youthful sister, EMMA, des't awhile from trundling the healthful but

prosaic hoop, to revel in her world of romance and sentiment? Thus:

## CHAPTER XL.

"Ah!" sighed the beautiful LADY ARAMINTA, gazing from the casement of her nursery at the pensive moon, "where art thou, AUGUSTUS?"

Beside her ladyship, untouched, unnoticed now, lay her neglected doll; her listless fingers clasped a new pink sash. "NODDLE," murmured the maiden, "attire me for the ball; to meet thee once more, AUGUSTUS!" she whispered musically. And now, her graceful pinafore soon laid aside, the high-born damsel languidly resigned herself to her attendant. Beauteous, youthful, scarce had she numbered seven summers, all eyes were turned on ARAMINTA at the balls and *sourees* which she deigned to honour with her presence. How to describe that loveliness? A robe of pale pink silk, with eight sweet flounces, drooped to her *genoux*, while *pantalons* of finest Mechlin completed her attire. How simple, yet how elegant! Silent and abstracted she remained during the toilette, save when NODDLE, perchance, unrolled a curl-paper too roughly; her thoughts were far away. Yes; vividly did memory depict that fatal supper, when, hovering round the Christmas tree, the HON. AUGUSTUS PECKISH (just turned of eight) strove gallantly to win the choicest *bombons* for themselves alone; and, as the liquid sweetness soothed his spirit, murmured soft words of sympathy and love. And ah! that honied kiss, those sugared lips!

## CHAPTER XLI.

In that festive scene of light and soul, who fair as ARAMINTA? who noble as AUGUSTUS? His ardent glance thrilled through her heart; her hand pressed his, and left in it—ah, what? A pair of doll's shoes, affection's offering! Soon, twirling in the mazy polka, again he treasured his love; and ARAMINTA, too, confided all her bitter woes.

"We'll live on sugar-candy, love, and learn no more horrid spelling."

"And my hair, love, NODDLE shall not curl it, shall she? She pinches it with tongs sometimes."

"No, no, sweet ARAMINTA; say but the word, be mine! My pop-gun shall gain us food. *Nero* shall be our fiery steed, our home shall be—"

"Nay, love, I have a darling doll's house, and a new box of *bombons*."

"*Bombons!*" cried AUGUSTUS, kindling at the thought, "*bombons!* say but the word, loveliest, dearest! say, may I call on your Papa?"

The maiden hid her blushes and her curls on the shoulder of her AUGUSTUS's jacket, her silken socks quivering in the bliss, the rapture of that moment.

## Sibthorp in his Place.

In answer to numerous affectionate inquiries we have to state that, on the meeting of Parliament, COLONEL SIBTHORP appeared in his place like a giant refreshed, or GOG or MAGOG newly painted. We are comforted to know that he had still no confidence in Ministers, and that his voice was for war. We were gladdened to observe that his neck was clothed (or lined) with his usual thunder—that his hee-haw (we mean ha! ha!) was as bellicose as ever—and that paving the floor of the House, he presented the magnificent image of a Colonel of Lincoln Greens scenting the battle afar—say at Kalafat or in the Black Sea.

## THE MONKEY TRIBE IN ART AND LITERATURE.

IMITATION is the homage that dulness pays to wit—the acknowledgment that successful talent receives from struggling quackery. The public have been nauseated with the amount of homage of this sort which *Punch* has experienced from those who have assumed, as far as possible, his external appearance, without possessing any of his inner qualities. It would be useless—perhaps unsavoury—to disturb the ashes of the dead, and we therefore say nothing of those who have imitated—or rather aped—our outward form; but the ape tribe has become so numerous and so indiscriminate in the objects on which it lays its paws, that inexperience may sometimes be deceived by the "spurious article" and the "base counterfeit."

The "spurious imitation" mania will admit of many illustrations, and a whole series of illustrations may be met with in the numerous imitations of the *Illustrated London News*, which having become a great success, has called into existence a crowd of imitators which will eventually resemble the original in greatness—but only by the magnitude of their failure.

MR. ALBERT SMITH, the original monarch of Mont Blanc, has another SMITH dogging him about with another Mont Blanc; though we believe the latter mountain, which has been labouring away for some time, has been rather a barren speculation. In getting up an exhibition we do object to the other MR. SMITH's attempt to confound himself with the MR. SMITH by putting the name prominently forward in connection with Mont Blanc, for the obvious purpose of profiting by a case of mistaken identity. We cannot say what his pictorial views may be—for we have not seen them—but if they resemble his views of fairness, we cannot think them worth anything.

We hope these remarks will have the effect of abating what has of late grown into a public nuisance, of a very annoying, if not of a very dangerous character.



FATAL EFFECTS OF WEARING AN "ALL-ROUNDER" SHIRT COLLAR.

## A Conversation in a Lodging House—Overheard on the Staircase.

Time—8 A.M. Not a Soul up.

Landlady (bawling from the bottom of the house). MARY, have you finished sweeping Mr. SIMPSON yet?

Mary (over the banisters). Yes, M'm.

Landlady. Have you dusted Mr. BRIGGS, and cleared out Mr. TAYLOR?

Mary. Yes, M'm.

Landlady. Well, then, blacklead Mr. JENKINS first, and then come down here, and give the Frenchman a good scrubbing, as soon as you hear the Sweeps have gone. [Exit MARY, to blacklead Mr. JENKINS.]

## Wanted, a Present of Slaves.

The fire-eater, JOHN MITCHELL, it seems advocates slavery in his New York paper. Anxious to receive a present, he wishes "that he was owner of a plantation of negroes in Alabama." All in good time. He has not yet got the plantation, but one of the BECHERS (MRS. STOWE's brother) has, in a scourgish letter, supplied the "patriot" with the lash. That,—as an inseparable element of slavery,—is something to begin with.

## OUR FAST YOUNG LADY AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.



WHEN you want, dear *Mr. Punch*, my opinion about the ceremony of the opening of the parliamentary season, or whatever you call it, on Tuesday? Well, I will tell you, in confidence, that it was exceedingly stupid. But I am very much obliged to you for sending us tickets, because *ROSE* and *ELLEN MARKABY* (whose parents give twice as many parties as we do—such stuck-up business though, I hate it), have long been wild to be there. Not for the sight, you know, for they are about the dullest girls going, but because they like to get among great people, and talk about them afterwards to little people. Haven't I favoured them with lists of Earls, and Bishops, and Ambassadors, who came up and were introduced to me and *JULIA*, that's all? Now, don't look re-

provingly at me, because you know that I do not mean any harm. When I tell you that I offered one of our tickets, for the inside of the House of Lords, to poor *MRS. VULPING*, who took us down, and had only red cards for the Royal Gallery outside, you will say I am not ill-natured. Now, scold, scold, scold, scold, scold, scold. Who cares for you?

*JULIA* and I had very good places, and being both of us pretty girls, I think we rather eclipsed the peeresses and those sort of people about us, though, certainly, they were got up regardless of expense, as the theatrical managers say. The men in red uniforms and tags, who showed us the way in, and who, I suppose, are beadies promoted to the Peerage, looked quite charmed with us. However, we walked haughtily forward, and took our seats among the aristocracy as proudly as possible. Some of the dowagers, with daughters of extreme skinniness, looked sternly at us, but most of the ladies around were very kind, and told us who the people were. I paid great attention, in order to be ready for *NELLY MARKABY*.

"My dear *Mr. Punch*, don't you ever be made a Peer. Much as I love you, I could not bear to see you in one of those red cloaks with ermine bars down it—an invention clearly taken from a sergeant's stripes, which are given him for good conduct, at least so our *HESTER* says, whose cousin is a soldier, and is good enough to eat all our cold meat, I believe. What Guys they look! And imagine a man being prouder of four stripes of ermine than of three, and looking down on poor creatures with only one. Talk of ladies and their rivalry about flounces! Once more, *Mr. Punch*, if you let them make you a Peer, you and I shall have a word of a sort.

"There was a long wait, and we got tighter and tighter, and at last our seat could hold no more, and we fairly rebelled against all new comers. But there came a grim old lady in black, with a world of diamonds, which sparkled the more, as, poor old thing, she was shaky, and had better have been at home. However, there was no setting oneself against an afflicted person, so, in a sort of flurry, I offered her my seat. She never thanked me, but took it, and I began to think I had been rather silly, when such a nice Bishop, who, it seems, had been watching us, took my hand, and with a smile, planted me down between his two daughters, and evidently told them to be civil to me. There was no need, for they were running over with good-nature—fair, plump things—very well informed, bless you, in fact I did not know half the things they did—but not a bit of stuckupishness. They made me understand the Turkish question in a minute, which you could never do, *Mr. Punch*, come.

"It was quite a House of Ladies. All down stairs, except one row of front seats (and some ladies got upon this too, and would not move), and the gallery round the place, and a great gallery opposite the *QUEEN* were crowded with us, and there was a Lady on the Throne, afterwards, and then the scene was complete. The Lords, too, in those gowns, looked like old women. While we were there, they had better have asked us to make a few laws, especially one against moustaches and smoking, which I told the Bishop's daughters was much wanted—but they did not seem to know people who were guilty of either.

"At last we were ordered to drop our mantles, and then came the guns, and soon afterwards the trumpets, and then the procession came in. It reminded me of a scene in one of those tragedies they used to

play at Covent Garden in *MR. MACREADY*'s time. I was a little thing then, and always went to sleep, but I remembered the heralds and the officers bearing crowns, and sceptres, and swords. But *HER MAJESTY* should have had a march played, and gone, stately, round and round the House.

"I thought the *QUEEN* read the Speech beautifully, though I felt quite nervous for her. What she said I could hardly understand at the time, and not much more when I came to read it. It would have been much better if she had spoken that capital and clever speech you composed for her, the other day, about Cochin China fowls and *JENNY LIND*.

"But what do you think, my dear *Mr. Punch*? As soon as the *QUEEN* had retired, making beautiful bows, and the Prince the same (and he looked so handsome, that I don't believe one single word against him—it's all malice, invented by ugly men. There!), the shaky old lady beckoned me to come to her. Well, I thought this rather odd; however, I went, and she asked me my name and where I lived. Which I told her. And then taking leave of the bishop's daughters put her out of my head. But yesterday, *Mr. Punch*, came a packet for me—it was left by a messenger who was not to wait. I thought it was some joke, and that one of my cousins in the Temple had sent a doll's cradle, or some such nonsense—they are always doing those things. A lovely bracelet—better than anything of *NELLY MARKABY*'s or her sister's either (for all their parties), and a little note, written, Papa says, in the courtliest old French, in which a 'charming child' (that's me, but I'm not a child) 'is requested to remember that a kindness to an ugly old woman' (which she was not), 'is not always thrown away.' No name, no crest, and we have no idea who she is. So, you see, your cards, my dear *Mr. Punch*, have turned up diamonds (two, at least, in a snake's eyes) for

"Your affectionate friend,

"Regent's Park."

"EMMA SARA LAURA FLICK."

## A Deleterious Compound.

*MR. COBDEN* said, at the recent Reform Banquet at Manchester—

"There are now 100,000,000 of subjects shut up in Delhi—the most miserable spectacle of fallen greatness in the world."

We can only say that if human nature is degraded in Delhi, we trust the disgrace is not altogether in-Delhi-ble.—N.B. We here fine ourselves five shillings for the above.

## "Scratched" for the Derby.

*THE EARL OF DERBY*, at the opening of the Session, has discarded a mass of useful, if not creditable hangers-on, who did his work in the vacation. They are naturally savage, and declare that *LORD DERBY* ought to hoist the notice exhibited at various places on the river, "All craft making fast to this Peer is liable to be cut adrift."

FOOL! FOOL!! FOOL!!!

A CORRESPONDENT, of whose lunacy there can be little doubt, and whose position has been very properly straitened by a peculiar kind of waistcoat, has written to us to say, that having frequently seen in the papers the words *MR. ROSS DONNELLY MANGLES*, he should like to know whether *MRS. ROSS DONNELLY* washes and irons.

## The Russians and the Gold Fleets.

*THE Divina*, a heavy 50-gun Russian frigate, that we suffered to fit out in Portsmouth Dockyard, has sailed for Australia to look in upon our gold ships, war permitting. And we fitted her out. Good-natured *JOHN BULL* supplies the implements by which the thief proposes to pick *JOHN*'s pocket.

## THE GRAND OBJECT OF PARLIAMENT.

*THE* great object of Acts of Parliament, judging from their unconscionable length, seems to be to make words; and as by their want of grammar and general lack of intelligibility, they invariably set people by the ears, it may be said that they succeed pretty often in their object.

## BRINGING NICHOLAS TO BOOK.

SOMEBODY—who, by his absurdity, proves himself to be nobody—is anxious to know why the French and English fleets have gone together to the Black Sea. Our plain answer is that the combined movement is made with the view of settling accounts with *NICHOLAS* by double entry.

EVILS ATTENDANT ON WEALTH.—Attendants.

## STICKING UP FOR TEMPERANCE.



OUR leaders of the Teetotal Movement are calling upon the friends of Temperance to stick up for the cause in a rather unusual manner. Circulars have been addressed to the nobility and clergy, inviting their "earnest co-operation in giving publicity to an illustrated placard," containing a fearful picture of the results of strong drink, as shown by a woman with her face besmeared with blood, a few children scattered about the room with broken heads and bleeding noses, while in the foreground stands the husband, brandishing the instrument of destruction in the shape of a huge gin-bottle. This picture is, we fear, terribly true to nature; but we think it is asking too much of the dignitaries of the Church and the Senate to go about, with an utter disregard of the injunction which bids "Billstickers

beware!" and deface the walls of the Metropolis with unsightly placards.

If the call of the Temperance body should be responded to, we may expect a party of the Peerage to be seen sallying forth, pastepot in hand, looking out for dead walls, and "doing a bill" wherever an opportunity may offer. The circular promises to furnish a supply of copies to "those who will assist in placing them where they may be extensively seen and read;" so that if the BISHOP OF LONDON will kindly turn billsticker in St. James's Square, he may expect to be favoured with a quire of the Temperance posters. We do not wish to damp the ardour of the aristocratic friends of Temperance, but we think it an act of kindness to call to their minds the fact, that "STICK NO BILLS!" is a common notification in the public thoroughfares.

## THE HORRORS OF FREEDOM.

WE have often heard of the horrors of slavery, but it remained for the City Corporation Commission to reveal to us the horrors of freedom, which have been declared in evidence to be sensibly felt by a large portion of the community. The objectionable kind of freedom is "the Freedom of the City," which is generally spurned, notwithstanding the profit that accompanies it in the shape of exemption from toll, which does not prevent its being regarded as—to use the wretched pun of a City wag—"an in-tol-erable nuisance." The cause of the contempt into which this freedom has fallen is the fearful possibility that he who accepts civic freedom may have civic honours thrust upon him; and this it is universally felt would be an amount of degradation that few could exist under. There is many a decent tradesman of London, or even merchant, who would consent to the position of a freeman, but recoils from the idea of becoming a LORD MAYOR—or even an Alderman—which might be the unpleasant consequence of his having, in an evil hour, become Free of the City.

One of the witnesses distinctly told the Commissioners now conducting the Corporation inquiry, that there would be no difficulty in getting the inhabitants of the City to take up their freedom, were it not for the insuperable dread they feel of being selected for City dignities. Freedom would be acceptable to many, were it not for the remote possibility of their being ultimately hung in chains—the golden chains of Aldermen. Perhaps, if a guarantee could be given that the Freedom of the City should lead to nothing beyond, there are many who would pay the few necessary pounds for the privilege of driving a cart through Temple Bar, without being pulled up by the oil-skin hatted functionary, whose duty it is to shriek out "Now then!" and demand a few coppers in the name of the City from the drivers of all waggons or carts—not adorned with the City arms—that enter the realms of Cockneydom.

## SOFTNESS OF HARDWICKE.

WE find the following passage in a six-line burst of eloquence, from the EARL OF HARDWICKE in the House of Lords, on the day of the opening of Parliament.

"He could safely say himself, that he had never written or dictated any article in any paper whatever."

We have much pleasure in bearing out the noble Earl in this rather unnecessary assertion, and we have no hesitation in saying that we believe him wholly incapable of writing any article in any paper whatever. No one ever suspected his Lordship—as far as we know—of having put his pen to paper with a view to publication, and we therefore fully acquiesce in the Noble Earl's avowal of his literary innocence. The HARDWICKES are not among the wicks to which the public looks for enlightenment, through the medium of the newspapers. As one of the luminaries of the House of Lords, the HARDWICKE in question is one whom we should be sorry to snuff out, or otherwise extinguish.

## GALLANT BLAST FROM THE GOLDEN HORN.

"A Turkish Poet, HALIL EFFENDI, has composed a war-song for his countrymen. It is somewhat in the style of the 'Marseillaise,' and has created the utmost furor in Constantinople."—*French Journal.*

"It is not in the least like the 'Marseillaise,' but is, notwithstanding, a very beautiful and spirited affair, and here it is."—*Punch.*

UP, wearers of fezzes!  
Up, owners of turbans!  
You, dwellers in Stamboul,  
You, Pera suburbans!  
Prepare to take part  
In the battle's concussions,  
And walk, like red thunderbolts,  
Into these Russians.

Waves on the standard  
The Shirt of the Prophet,  
At least, to speak properly,  
All that's left of it.  
So, swords by your sides,  
And your hands on their handles,  
March out and demolish  
The eaters of candles.

Come, from the Mosque,  
Cutting short genuflection,  
Come, from the slave girls  
Awaiting inspection.  
Come, from the coffee-house,  
Leave the tobacconist's,  
Put your own pipes out,  
And then your antagonists'.

Come, from the bath,  
Where the grim grinning nigger  
Scrapes off your skin  
At a very low figure.  
Quit the hareem,  
With its smiles and its cushions,  
And make up your minds  
To astonish these Rooshians.

Come, from your nocks  
In the Island of Princes,  
Where you eat such nice lunches  
Of sherbet and quinces.  
Come, from the banks  
By the Sweet Waters yonder,  
Where the matrons of Stamboul  
Talk *double entendre*.

O Father of Cannons,  
(I wouldn't be personal,  
But mean MR. TAYLOR,  
Who casts for the arsenal) ]]  
Soon shall your handiwork,  
Blackened with powder,  
Answer loud Dannenburg,  
Perhaps rather louder.

Up with the horse-tails!  
And up with the Crescent!  
We'll cure the Czar  
Of behaving unpleasant.  
Who's he that fancies  
The Moslem to frighten?  
The son of burnt fathers!  
We'll blow him to Sheitan.

## A Vocalist in Danger.

A MUSICAL Periodical has an announcement, intimating that

"MR. SIMS REEVES will be concluded next week."

We trust nothing serious is intended, though it will be a loss to the public if the extent of the contemplated design on the vocalist is to bring him to a conclusion by simply shutting him up.



### THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—HOW TO FLATTER A GENT.

Mr. Nose. "GOT ANY OLD CLOTHES, SIR? (whispers) ANY LEFT-OFF UNIFORMS, CAPTAIN?"

### BATTLE SONG OF BOW-BELLS.

If we must lick!—alas,  
Friends of Peace—NICHOLAS,  
Tooth and nail go at him,  
Strike a death-blow at him.

First from the Bosphorus,  
Blazing like phosphorus,  
Bring your ships fast up all,  
Blow up Sebastopol.

PASKEWITCH, STANKOVITCH,  
Smite, file and rank of each,  
MENTSCHIKOFF, GORTSCHAKOFF,  
Yea, till their swords shake off.

Smash GENERAL LUDERS, too,  
And all his intruders, too;  
Give OSTEN-SACKEN  
A deuce of a whackin'.

Make them from Kalafat,  
Run like hot tallow-fat,  
Their rear bay'nets scratchin',  
Expel them from Matschin.

At Giurgevo tan 'em;  
And hide, at Radovan, 'em,  
Whop, at Kalarasch, 'em,  
At Hirsova thrash 'em.

Mince 'em all, pound 'em all,  
Crush 'em, confound 'em all,  
The Tyrant himself if you catch—and  
don't gibbet him—  
Put him, brute as he is, in a den, and  
exhibit him.

### THE QUEEN'S SPEECH INTERPOLATED.

HER MAJESTY'S clear, silver voice was heard in every nook and corner of the building; it pierced even the dense body of Members struggling and kicking, from the Commons; although, as faithful chroniclers, we are bound to state that the royal syllables were now and then sorely hustled by a dispute, as the *Times* says, "conducted with so much warmth" by two Members, that they were now and then heard (in interpolations) above the "Speech" of their royal mistress.

The dispute of the Members has not been reported; we therefore give it, as it made itself heard through the voice of HER MAJESTY.

"I am always happy to meet you in Parliament."

("Where are you shoving?")

"I have continued to act in cordial co-operation with the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH."

("You talk of shoving! Just take your elbow out of my stomach!")

"My endeavours, in conjunction with my allies, to preserve and restore peace"—

("Don't talk to me.")

"—Between contending parties, although hitherto unsuccessful"—

("You pull my nose!")

"I will not fail to persevere in these endeavours."

("I'll knock you into the middle of next week!")

"With the view of supporting my representations, and of more effectually contributing to the restoration of peace."

### "STARS AND GARTERS!"

PERMISSION has been given by the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON to several persons to wear foreign orders, and the consequence is, that CLOT BEY is at liberty to convert his bosom into a crust of paste, with the imitation diamonds of the numerous outlandish decorations that have been from time to time bestowed on him. He is, it seems, a knight of two or three different-coloured eagles, and is altogether so illustrious, that our friend CLOT may well consider himself as a portion of the clotted cream of French society. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that the French Government, which is generally said to have established itself by tricks, should endeavour to fortify itself by a show of honours.

VERBOSITY IN LADIES EXPLAINED.—A Law-writer complimentarily says, "From the way in which ladies talk, you would imagine they were paid for their words at so much a folio."

### STRIKE THE FLIGHTY CZAR.

A Ballad for the Ministry.



H, leave the way, the fruitless mean,  
The path 'twixt left and right,  
And let your policy be seen  
As clear as day's broad light;  
And as we end the long delays,  
That mere evasions are,  
We'll show the pluck of other days,  
And strike the flighty Czar.

I'll tell how Turkish maidens wept  
When those they loved were slain,  
While English crews, inactive kept,  
Felt indignation vain;  
I'll tell thee how the Czar's reply  
Kept from the point afar,  
Then, scorn the diplomatic lie,  
And strike the flighty Czar!

### THE TURKISH QUESTION SETTLED.

THE report states that along the line of procession at the opening of Parliament "several Turks in their national costume were received with strong marks of popular favour." We were along the whole line of procession, but the only Turk we saw—except the Turkish ambassador—was our old friend, SEEDY-AL-HUBBUR, the itinerant vendor of rhubarb, whose presence was the signal rather for "chaff" than enthusiasm. He was certainly much "cheered," but this arose apparently from the cup that *cheers* and *does* inebriate. There was a dispute got up between SEEDY and a customer who had been purchasing rhubarb, and when the Turk asked for the money rather imperatively, the Turkish question seemed likely to lead to immediate hostilities. Happily four policemen interfered, and we had the satisfaction of witnessing the happiest result from the mediation of the four powers.

NAVAL COOKERY.—We are glad to see that the boilers of the *Simoon* troop-ship are in course of being strengthened. We hope they will be rendered strong enough to cook the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S goose.



THE SPLIT CROW IN DIFFICULTIES.—A FABLE FOR THE DAY.

“A SPLIT CROW FANCYING HIMSELF AN EAGLE, FIXED HIS TALONS IN THE PEECE OF A SHEEP—BUT, NEITHER ABLE TO MOVE HIS PREY,  
NOR TO DISENTANGLE HIS FEET, HE WAS DESTROYED BY THE SHEPHERDS.”





MEDICAL REFORM BILLS.



THE question of Medical Reform is one which Parliament, engrossed with its own reformation, if the distraction of war will allow it to attend to that, can hardly be expected to deal with just now. In the meantime medical men themselves might do something towards reforming their Profession. At least they may reform their own Bills.

At present a medical practitioner is paid in inverse ratio to the good that he does his patient. The latter gives the most money for the least value received, and for much that is worse than valueless received into the bargain—disgusting physic, painful applications, and other punishment. For the doctor's remuneration is based on a wrong principle, being proportioned to the length instead of the brevity

of his attendance—that is, to the smallness and not the magnitude of his services.

MR. ALDERMAN SURFEIT feels an unpleasant sensation in the great toe, which, on examining it by stooping towards it as near as he can, he perceives is swollen, somewhat red also, and rather shiny. Alarmed at these appearances he sends for DR. HEAD, who administers a judicious dose, prescribes a proper regimen, arrests an attack of gout, and receives five shillings for medicine and attendance, or at most a guinea fee. DR. HEAD goes to the Digeings; and on the next occasion DR. BLOCK is summoned to attend the worthy Alderman. DR. BLOCK tries a specific usual in such cases. It fails. He repeats the experiment with another, and another, and another specific, all usual in such cases, and employed largely in DR. BLOCK'S extensive practice. Leeches, liniments, lotions, are also applied, and lastly flannel and patience are recommended by the doctor. The last of these remedies proves successful in some months. Then the doctor sends his bill—if he has not been taking his guinea a day, or so, all along—and for a series of draughts and pills, and drenches, and emollients, and refrigerants, and sedatives, and stimulants, intricately worth little, relatively less than nothing, together with a certain number of visits, occupying so much time, of no value to anybody but the owner, DR. BLOCK gets his fifty or sixty pounds. No wonder that DR. BLOCK lolls in a carriage whilst DR. HEAD is obliged to emigrate to Bendigo.

They manage these things better in Utopia, and so might we, by paying the physician for his cure according to its importance. Let him charge so much per disease. For a common cold, say a crown; for a bad cough, a guinea; for bronchitis, pneumonitis, pleuritis, or other acute disorder threatening life, three, four, or five pounds; so much for quinsy, so much for dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout; so much for simple, continued fever, ague, typhus, with an extra charge for typhus gravior; jaundice, so much; epilepsy so much; such and such a figure for St. VITUS'S dance. What could be more simple, easy, and satisfactory than the following notion of a doctor's bill?—MR. JOHN JONES to JUSTUS FAIRFAX, M.R.C.S., &c.:—To Colic, 5s. 6d.; To Vertigo, 5s.; To Inflammation in the Chest, £3. 10s.; To Measles for MASTERS THOMAS and WILLIAM JONES, 10s.; To Hysteria, Miss WILHELMINA JONES, 6d.

If medical practitioners were paid in the manner above recommended, it would of course be their interest to expedite instead of retarding the cure of their patients as much as possible. In justice to them some additional allowance would have to be made for cases essentially of a chronic or tedious nature. On the other hand it may be objected that some unworthy members of the profession would cheat, by charging for consumption when the case was common catarrh, and putting down small pox when the complaint was only chicken; but there are not so many downright rogues engaged in regular practice as to give this objection much weight. On the contrary, such is the liberality of many medical men that if the patient would give a fair price for the cure of asthma or sciatica, no doubt the doctor would often throw influenza or nettle on the bargain.

RIVER COMMERCE.—Caviare to the Million.

“SCHOOLBOY” M.P.'S.

“HER MAJESTY, who is always diverted by the schoolboy impetuosity of the Members of her Lower House, appeared to be more than usually amused by the endeavours of right hon. and hon. gentlemen in the front rank to preserve their equilibrium, and to smooth down their faces into a reverent demeanour, and laughingly turned to the DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, to whom she made some good-humoured remark.”—Times.

MR. PUNCH would not—for any sublunary consideration—be thought capable of violating the royal confidence; but—in common with LORDS ABERDEEN and RUSSELL—he believes he will only communicate, what it will be very agreeable for the country to know, when he puts in undying type the “good-humoured remark” alluded to by our distinguished contemporary.

It was very natural that the schoolboy Members should, on the late occasion, exhibit more than usual alacrity, “surging and tumbling into the presence of royalty;” for never since QUEEN ELIZABETH presided at a bear-baiting, had there been a bear baited in Westminster from which such capital sport was expected. Therefore, we say, it was excusable in the old boys to be a little boisterous on the eventful occasion. As they “smoothed down their faces,” it was charming to see how young and green many of them looked.

The QUEEN—doubtless knowing what noisy, tumbling boys are—turned to the Duchess. “Duchess,” said the QUEEN.

“YOUR MAJESTY”—  
“You havn't such a thing as a pint of nuts in your pocket?”  
“No, YOUR MAJESTY,” answered the Duchess, by no means surprised—it is not etiquette to be surprised at anything—“not a single nut.”

“That's a pity,” remarked the QUEEN, glancing down at the struggling Commons—“otherwise, what a scramble we might have had with 'em.”

This was “the good-humoured remark,” and is at the service of the future historian.

CABBY'S CABALISTICS.

A COLLECTION of cab tickets given under the New Act by some of the London Cabmen would be a curiosity of hieroglyphics which might puzzle the ingenuity of the ablest to decipher or elucidate. We beg to present the public with a fac-simile of the latest specimen we have received, and we shall be happy to give any reasonable reward to anybody who will furnish a key to the mystery.



Perhaps some members of the Cab Protection Society may charge us with injustice to the much abused and particularly abusive cab fraternity for having put forth only a one-sided view of the ticket, and to meet this accusation we give the other side, for the benefit of all who may be able to make anything out of it.



We can fancy some future LAYARD employed in a fruitless attempt to find the meaning of these inscriptions, or some remote GELL endeavouring to do for a Cab Ticket what his antiquarian ancestor succeeded in accomplishing with regard to Pompeii, the ruins of which enabled him to conjecture what the city was in its perfect condition.

SEBASTOPOL AT THE MORTAR'S MOUTH.—Diplomatic remonstrance will not bring the Supreme Scoundrel of Russia to reason. NICHOLAS will never be quiet till he has had a good blowing up.



HEIGHT OF POLITENESS.

Lady. "You deserve a Penny, my Boy; but-I have no small change in my Porte-Monnaie."

Boy. "Oh! nang port, Mumselle, mercy tooley maim."

### THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

SCENE 6.—How MR. PATERFAMILIAS brewed at home, and what came of it.—The Back Kitchen. 6 A.M.

The small water-tub by the joint and several exertions of SPRAGGS and MASTER GEORGE, has been emptied of its contents—MASTER GEORGE having, of course, kept himself in cold, and his mother in hot water during the operation. Perils by fire have succeeded perils by water. MASTER GEORGE, in converting the top of the flour-barrel into a false bottom, has scorched his own trowsers, and singed all the hair off one side of SPRAGGS's head; and MASTER NEWTON having in his eagerness laid hold of the poker, in the manner usually practised in Pantomimes, has burnt his finger severely. MRS. P.'s maternal heart has been repeatedly wrung, but MR. P. is firm and collected, and the construction of the mash-tub has at last been triumphantly achieved. The water in the copper boils. The malt is in the tub. The moment of the grand Beer Projection is at hand. The family are assembled in a state of nervous tension.

Newton (craning over the copper). It's boiling, Pa! I see the bubbles of air at the surface. Ah, EMMY and LAURA don't know the reason of ebullience, I know.

Mrs. P. Oh, that boy will be in the copper—I'm sure he will! Come down, you bad boy, this minute.

[MASTER NEWTON is lugged down from his perilous perch.

Mr. P. (pausing—with a consciousness of imperfect information). Let me see—the water should not be let in on the malt at boiling point, I think.

Spraggs (who having already been in a family where they brewed, is regarded as an authority). We used to 'ave it about loo-warm, Sir, where I lived afore—leastways it was one pail o' bilin' to three o' cold.

Mr. P. (referring to his "Beer-brewer's Manual," at 2s.). Ah, that should give us about 78°, which I see is the heat recommended in this very clear little practical treatise.

George (springing to the copper with all a boy's relish for hot water and practical action). Now, SPRAGGS—hold the pail!

Mrs. P. Oh, you'll scald yourself to death, GEORGE—or your sisters—or some of us!

George (wildly dashing in the pail). All right, Ma!

Mr. P. (who pressing forward too eagerly, has had some drops of boiling water splashed in his face, angrily). Will you be careful, Sir!

George (who is already at the pump). Now the cold, SPRAGGS!

[The hot and cold water are solemnly mingled in the mash-tub by MR. P.

Mr. P. (seizing a walking-stick, and referring to his treatise, as he briskly stirs up the mixture). "Let the malt be stirred briskly round, so that it may thoroughly absorb the water"—

George (seizing a stick, and aiding his father). Hurrah!

Mr. P. (whose treatise fails him at points). How long did they stir it in the family you lived with before, SPRAGGS?

Spraggs. Well, Sir, that depended if it was Cook or MUSTER WADDLE—cos Cook couldn't a-bear the work.

Newton (who has secretly possessed himself of a three-legged stool, and is peeping into the tub). Oh! I see, Pa, all the gluten's in the water already; it's just like gruel.

Mrs. P. Ah, a precious mess I'm sure we shall have when all's done!

Mr. P. I should think the mucilage must be thoroughly extracted now. (Refers to his treatise.) "Then draw off the wort." Will you bring that washing-tub under the tap, SPRAGGS?

[SPRAGGS brings the tub and places it under the tap. The wort is run off. It is suspiciously pale, and there is very little of it.

Mr. P. (astonished). Bless me! why there must be more of it, surely!

Newton (at the mash-tub). No, Pa. It's all out, and the malt's all sticking to the sides of the tub, like paste.

Mr. P. (musingly). What can have become of all that water?

Spraggs (respectfully, but still with some of the pride of knowledge). Please, Sir, there's what MUSTER WADDLE used to call the suckage, Sir.

Mr. P. Eh! the treatise makes no mention of that.

Spraggs. The water as 'ave been and gone into the malt, Sir, that is—

Mr. P. Oh! of course; the absorption allowance must be made for that. How ridiculous! I had forgotten the absorption, MRS. P.

Mrs. P. Oh, I dare say you had, and I hope that may be the worst thing you'll forget before you've done with all this nasty mess.

Spraggs. They used to put in about as much second water, where I lived.

Mr. P. Ah! exactly—yes. Of course. I had overlooked the passage referring to that. But (examining and tasting the run) isn't the wort rather pale, SPRAGGS? and not so sweet, I think, as I had expected? Just taste it, will you.

Spraggs (tasting). Well, it do taste rather small, Sir, I think.

Mr. P. Um,—perhaps it will acquire flavour by standing.

Spraggs (doubtfully). Well, I dun'now, Sir.

Mr. P. However, we must put in the second water at all events, or we shall have no quantity to speak of.

George (susceptibly tasting the wort and squirting it out again). Er—what nasty, sickly stuff!

Mr. P. (cuffing him). How dare you, Sir?

Newton. May I, Pa?

Mr. P. Certainly, my dear, you will taste it to some profit. I am quite sure of that.

Mrs. P. How can you, Mr. P! I'm surprised. You'll have those boys laid up with stomach-aches, or bowel complaints.

Newton (tasting and reflecting). I say, Pa, I don't think all the gluten can have been converted into saccharine.

Mr. P. Eh? Well, so far as I understand the treatise, I think we must be right. However, we must add the second water, or there won't be two gallons of it in all.

[With much misgiving Mr. P. superintends the introduction of the second water. The wort dribbles off more abundantly, but paler than before.

Mr. P. (struggling against his doubts). It must be pale malt. (Cheerfully.) I have no doubt when the hops are added that it will be quite satisfactory. [Mrs. P. shakes her head with bitter triumph. Scene closes.

SCENE as before. Time—12 P.M.

The hops have been added, and the boiling is complete. The beer has been run off successively into a wash-tub to cool, and into the ex-mash-tub to ferment, MR. P. keeping jealous guard over it the whole time, and with much difficulty protecting it from the unscientific curiosity of MASTER GEORGE, and the inductive experimentalism of MASTER NEWTON. It is not till he has left it finally to ferment at ease, that MR. P. has retired with feelings which can only be compared to those of a general who has won a great battle, or a diplomatist who has conducted a difficult negotiation to a successful close, and now sleeps the sleep of satisfaction by the side of MRS. P.—N.B. MR. P. has used the celebrated "German Yeast manufactured from pure gluten." Stage dark.

Enter MASTER NEWTON stealthily, in his night dress, guided by his scientific bent, and his sense of smell, to the spot where the beer is fermenting violently in the silence of the night. The curiosity of this youthful votary of science has been too strong for him. In his eagerness to pry into the process of fermentation, he has left his crib, and now, in defiance of the injunction of both his parents, who have placed the back kitchen under general taboo, has come determined to

look into the small water-cask, in which the beer has been left to ferment. He is seen to approach the cask; to place his three-legged stool by the side of it; to lift up the hinged lid and to look eagerly in. All of a sudden, he starts back, his eyes rolling wildly, and throwing up his head, drops heavily off his three-legged stool on to the flags, struck senseless by the gases of fermentation.—Note. Many of our readers may complain of this approach to the tragic; but as MR. ROBSON observes in "Villains and Dinah," "This is not a comic history!"

Enter stealthily MASTER GEORGE in shirt and trousers, and SPRAGGS in his stockings. Impatient to test the result of the day's work, and imperfectly informed in chemical processes, GEORGE fondly imagines the beer will be fit for drinking that very night, and has won over SPRAGGS to go with him, and draw off a surreptitious jugful, against the positive orders of MR. PATERFAMILIAS.

Spraggs (in a whisper). My eyes! if your Pa was to catch us—  
George (in whom curiosity has conquered conscience). Oh, bother! they're all fast asleep. Get a light, can't you?

Spraggs (groping). Ere's the lucifers (he gets a light), and a candle.  
(He lights a candle.)

George. And I've got a jug. (Capering). Oh, aint it a lark!

[They approach the cask. Appalling discovery of the inanimate body of MASTER NEWTON! SPRAGGS drops the candle, and MASTER GEORGE the jug at the same moment. Crash and scream!

Spraggs (recovering wildly). Fire! Murder! Thieves! Fire! Oh, Master! Oh, Missus! Oh—Fire! MASTER NEWTON! Oh!

[Distant screams are heard, as of females in distress on the first floor, which are taken up and echoed more faintly, as from females in despair in the attics. Awful apparition of MR. P. in a night-cap and long night-shirt, armed with a poker and a night-light. GEORGE has lifted NEWTON up, and is hugging him and moistening his night-shirt with fraternal tears.

Mr. P. (almost speechless). Gracious goodness, what's the meaning of all this? GEORGE, what are you doing to NEWTON? SPRAGGS, what in the world has happened?

Newton (opening his eyes). Eh! Oh, please, Pa! I wanted to see the process of fermentation, and I think it made me feel as if I was tipsy.

Mr. P. (overcome, and clasping NEWTON in his arms). Oh, NEWTON, NEWTON, rash but gifted child! And you, Sir? (to GEORGE. Suddenly awaking to the unscientific intentions of SPRAGGS and GEORGE.) And SPRAGGS? How came you here at this time of night?

Spraggs (basely). It was MASTER GEORGE, Sir.

Mr. P. (perceiving the broken jug). Oh, I see! Good gracious, that I should be the father of two children so unlike! (Sternly to GEORGE.) Go to bed, Sir; I shall have something to say to you in the morning. (To NEWTON fondly.) Do you think you can walk up stairs, my dear, or shall I carry you?

Newton. Oh, I can walk, Pa, I'm not tipsy now. But (after a pause) please, Papa, you won't flog GEORGE in the morning? (He puts his arms round Mr. P.'s neck covingly.) Will you now?

Mr. P. (in the Roman manner striving to sink the father in the disciplinarian, but, failing in the attempt). No, no, my dear, no. He shall not be punished this time; but, if ever I catch him at these tricks again! And you, Sir!

[He rushes on SPRAGGS, and relieves his mind by boxing his ears. SPRAGGS kicks and howls. Scene closes.

**THE BRITISH ADMIRAL LIFE PILL.** This wonderful Pill, which is taken by most of our oldest and bravest Admirals (known, in consequence, as England's Admirals of the Blue Pill), is strongly recommended to all persons of infirm habits, who cannot move from their invalid-chairs, or are tied by a gouty leg to one position all day; no matter what their infirmities, or old age, may be, it will instantly put them in a state to undertake the most active service, and enable them to rise from a sick bed, and go through the most arduous duties at a moment's notice. Fortified with this Pill, their constitution, let it be ever so shattered, will be instantly put to rights, and capable of enduring the severest action. In the event of a long journey being requisite, distance is not the slightest object, for this Admiral Life Pill is warranted to give the person who takes it the power of going to any station, and occasionally beyond it, it having been found, after repeated trials on the temper of our seamen, to keep, not only itself, but the taker, in any climate. It will strengthen the weakest frame, and effectually stop all pains of rheumatics, or otherwise. In a word, it will make an old man better almost than a young one. Sold in Boxes, made out of the same wood of which the Winchester (SIR FLEETWOOD PELLEW, late Commander), and other notorious ships were built, at different prices, varying from the value of a screw steamer to a man-of-war. None are genuine, unless they have the Government Stamp upon them. To be had, in any quantity, for home use or exportation, at the Admiralty, who alone have the prescriptive right of disposing of them.

N.B. Numerous Testimonials from Admirals, now afloat, whose wooden legs have derived the greatest benefit from them.

**Great News for Scotland.**

"It has been announced in Constantinople," said the EARL OF ABERDEEN—"that I have received a hogshead of gold from St. Petersburg." The next morning the Premier received a letter from the authorities of Aberdeen, begging to know when that hogshead would be on tap?

**CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITIONS OF WOMAN.**



HE Strong-Minded Woman is a dragon in a nightcap.

The Stupid Woman hatches egg-plums.

The Obstinate Woman goes to sea in a bandbox.

The Patient Woman roasts an ox with a burning-glass.

The Curious Woman would like to turn the rainbow, to see what there was upon the other side.

The Vulgar Woman is a spider attempting to spin silk.

The Cautious Woman writes her promises on a slate.

The Envious Woman kills herself in endeavouring to lace tighter than her neighbours.

The Extravagant Woman burns a wax candle in looking for a lucifer match.

The Happy Woman died in a Blind, Deaf and Dumb Asylum years ago.

**"H. BAILLIE."**

THE Turks are bold at Kalafat;  
And when drums beat to quarters,  
E'en through Sinope's butchery,  
They stood to die like martyrs.  
But still we should have slighted them,  
(They're getting weaker daily),  
And lent a hand to NICHOLAS,  
Had we been ruled by BAILLIE.  
Oh, H. BAILLIE!  
Unpopular H. BAILLIE!

But Turkey's right and Russia wrong  
In each point of the quarrel;  
The Sultan's acts are fair and straight,  
The Autocrat's immoral."  
Pooh! right and wrong may serve as themes  
For GROTIUS or for PALBY;  
But these are led by sterner stuff,  
According to H. BAILLIE.  
Oh, H. BAILLIE!  
Unscrupulous H. BAILLIE.

When the big bully of the school  
Threshes some little victim,  
What generous boyish heart but burns  
Till he's gone in and licked him?  
We ought to take the bully's part;  
And call out to him gaily,  
"Hit him again, he's got no friends,"  
At least so would H. BAILLIE,  
Oh, H. BAILLIE!  
Ungenerous H. BAILLIE!

Are not the Russian Christians?  
What business have we then,  
As Christians, with ships and men,  
To help the turbaned heathen?  
If Christian deeds 'gainst Christian name  
Be put into the scale, he  
Would make the deeds the name outweigh,  
Religious HENRY BAILLIE!  
Oh, H. BAILLIE!  
Ridiculous H. BAILLIE!

The Cabinet must sorely dread  
The effect of a division,  
When they've against them such a most  
Consistent Opposition—  
"LORD ABERDEEN has moved too slow"—  
Say DERBY and DISRAELI—  
"He never should have moved at all,"  
Argueth HENRY BAILLIE!  
Oh, H. BAILLIE!  
Preposterous H. BAILLIE!



Obsequious Perfumer (log.). "MR. HAIR-OIL will be at liberty in five minutes, Ma'am; would you allow me to offer you a Seat?"

### THE BLACK, BLACK SEA.

*To a Member of the Peace Society.*

Oh come with me, my Dove,  
And our journey's end shall be,  
Where the British cruisers rove  
In the Black, Black Sea.

With Frenchmen by their side,  
And full long may we agree,  
As our fleets at anchor ride  
In the Black, Black Sea.

Like toad unto its hole—  
Where Old Nick's have had to flee—  
Into Port Sebastopol,  
On the Black, Black Sea.

Where Old Nick's squadron lurks,  
That so base and dastardly  
Went and massacred the Turks  
On the Black, Black Sea.

To venture forth, no doubt,  
They are very far from free;  
For they know they'd get served out  
On the Black, Black Sea.

Now tell me, oh! my Dove;  
Now admit the truth to me,  
Wasn't this a proper move  
On the Black, Black Sea?

And don't you think, also,  
It had better been, if we  
Had that move made long ago  
On the Black, Black Sea?

### REASON AND THE RAZOR.



It might have been expected that the Beard and Moustache Question would have been treated with some temper, being a subject of no importance; although it was once a matter of controversy between the Greek and Latin Churches, and by far the most substantial point on which they differed. Gallant captains wear moustaches—therefore some praise them. Swindlers wear moustaches to pass for gallant captains; musical professors also wear moustaches to pass for foreigners; wherefore others disparage them. This is not philosophy.

Although the bone of contention, Hibernically speaking, is hair yet it has been disputed without hair-splitting—nay, without the slightest attention to common logic. Irrelevant arguments have been adduced on either side; just as if the disputants were ladies, and had,

or could have, no beards or moustaches to debate about.

A futile objection to moustaches and beards has been based on the supposition that they are the badges of covert red republicanism, enmity to order, and membership of secret and treasonable societies. As if any conspirator in the drama of real life, and out of that of the Surrey Theatre, would sport a token of his designs; as if, instead of declaring himself by a rough muzzle, he would not wear the very smoothest possible face.

Beards and moustaches have also been denounced as indicating a desire to look picturesque, or grand. But everybody desires to look grand or picturesque unless he is conscious that the attempt to do so would make him look ridiculous, or unless he is too deeply absorbed in his studies, or anxious about his prospects, to trouble himself on the score of his personal appearance.

Arguments equally inconclusive, however, have been urged for letting the hair grow about the mouth and chin. Nature, it has been said,

meant it to grow there. So, Nature meant the hair to grow on the head, and the nails on the ends of the fingers; whence it does not follow that Nature did not mean hair and nails to be cut—if expedient. It has been asked: Why not also shave the eye-brows? Why not, in a measure, if ever they should grow long enough to get in the way?

The patriarchs lived long lives, and are supposed to have worn long beards; but it is not certain that the length of beard was the cause of the length of life, whereas length of life would undoubtedly occasion length of beard, if the beard were suffered to grow all the time.

It is probable that the patriarchs did wear beards and moustaches. They were wise. They would not take needless trouble. Therefore they would not shave. There was no reason why they should shave. They did not live by the exercise of invention. To them there was no need of the notions and new ideas developed in the human mind during the five minutes devoted to shaving. Moreover, their diet and beverages were consistent with the beard and the moustache. They did not mop up turtle-soup; they were not in the habit of burying their faces in frothing pots of beer. Their moustaches, therefore, and their beards were never agglutinated.

If Nature positively intended that we should wear beards, she would not have enabled us to shave without much inconvenience. She has not accorded us a similar facility of cutting off our noses. The rational conclusion is, that she meant us to consult our convenience in wearing our beards or shaving them.

The beard of man makes its appearance at the time when he arrives at the capacity of entering into the conjugal relationship. Hence it seems designed to attract the admiration of the fairer sex. Accordingly, the question of wearing it or shaving it, is one that is best determined, by being popped together with that other question, with which it is obviously connected. It is the province of woman to smooth the asperities of our nature, and it is for her to decide whether she will assert the prerogative to the extent of proscribing the use of the razor.

The views of the Bishop, the Colonel, or other commanding officer, the Official Chief, the Master of Clerks or Apprentices, may also be advantageously regarded in reference to retaining or abrading the growth under consideration.

He who is perfectly independent will wear beard and moustache if he derives comfort from so doing, unless he also incurs ridicule, in which case he will balance the positive feeling of pleasure, against the ideal pain that he may allow himself to suffer, or not, as he pleases. A man with a round fat face had better shave if he would rather not incur more derision than he is accustomed to. The same advice may be given to those whose crop, if cultivated, would be red: but in these cases all depends on the question whether the object is to create sensation, or to consult ease: please other people or one's self.

BULLETIN FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

(By Mesmeric Telegraph.)



THE EMPEROR, whose religious fervour hourly increases, has been dancing the greater part of the day.

During the intervals between these devotional exercises he addressed NESSELRODE and others in attendance on his person with great earnestness and fervour in what appeared to be an unknown tongue.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF had an audience with his Imperial Majesty; who administered a stern reprimand to the unsuccessful general, and concluded it by kicking his shins.

His Majesty then occupied himself with despatches from the army on the Danube, which, having attentively perused them, he desired might be cooked for dinner.

The Autocrat afterwards devoted some hours to the recreation of flying a kite, by means of which, he declared, he has drawn 60,000,000 roubles down from the sky, where they exist *in nubibus*.

Efforts, notwithstanding existing circumstances, are being made to bring about the admission of an envoy from England; and the Royal Family are trying to persuade the Czar to receive DR. FORBES WINSLOW in that capacity.

MINDING HIS Ps AND Qs.

A REMARK having appeared in the *Times* to the effect that MR. ELLIOTT GALER, who plays *Harry Bertram* in *Guy Mannering*, allows *Meg Merrilies* to lie dying in his presence, without vouchsafing her so much as a glance, that gentleman has addressed a letter to the Editor, in which he admits the fact, but explains it by the statement that he was instructed not to notice the presence of *Meg Merrilies*, until "a certain cue should be given." Perhaps the difficulty may be removed by giving *Harry Bertram* the following song, to be sung just at the situation in question.

You nursed me in my childhood,  
In days that now are past,  
The darkness you have scattered,  
That o'er my lot was cast;  
To you alone I owe, *Meg*,  
My life, it is most true,  
Yet dare not look upon you—  
I have not got my cue.

The fatal shot has slain you,  
And at my feet you lie,  
Your parting breath would bless me,  
It is through me you die;  
But though to your devotion  
Some gratitude is due,  
I dare not look upon you—  
I have not got my cue.

ILLUMINATED LETTERS.—Valentines.

THE GIN AND WATER DRAMA.

AT one of the cheap theatres, which peculiarly addresses itself to the taste of the million, a drama is being performed under the startling and yet familiar title of *Gin and Water!* We have no intention to analyse this singular specimen of dramatic grog, which is no doubt much relished by the audience, who are sure to drink in anything of the kind with peculiar avidity. We should have thought it rather difficult to write a play on Gin and Water, though a certain class of dramatists may have the habit of doing so. It used to be a common idea that authors drew their inspiration more successfully from gin-and-water than from the Pierian or any other spring, and the probability is, that the dramatist who has on this occasion taken gin and water into his head as a subject for the stage, has good reasons for doing so. It is to be hoped that he will not become intoxicated by success, for if he does we shall be inundated with plays of a kindred kind, and we may be expecting *Ram and Milk* to commence as soon as the run of *Gin and Water* has concluded.

If this should be the case, half the Metropolitan theatres would be converted into grog-shops, and we should be having *Brandy and Water*, in six stiff tumblers and eighteen tableaux; or, *Whiskey and Water*, in four acts and twelve toddy-spoons. We have not ventured to taste the *Gin and Water* now being offered to the patrons of the Drama; but we can imagine some effective lines which may, for aught we know, be figuring in the playbills.

MAGNIFICENT PALACE OF GIN!

And distant view of the Valley, with

THE CREAM OF THE VALLEY RISING TO THE SURFACE.

In this Scene will be introduced

THE CELEBRATED BOHEMIAN TUMBLERS,

Nightly honoured with Brilliant Overflows!!

The water employed in this stirring dramatic compound, will be furnished by the New River Company, and distributed among the

Well-known Pumps of this Establishment.

The whole will be preceded by the celebrated Overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits*.

Business of the Nation.

On the Wednesday evening which was solely occupied in the House of Commons by MR. HUDSON'S speech in vindication of his own conduct, we may venture to observe that there was (to quote JACK RAG) nothing stirring in the House but stag-nation.

EXTRAORDINARY COURTSHIP.—MR. GEORGE HUDSON courts inquiry.

A NEW LEASE FOR LIVERY!

"PERMIT me to express my heartfelt gratitude to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN for having insisted on the observance of diplomatic costume at the opening of the House of Lords, to the exclusion from that august ceremony of the American Ambassador, who by order of his Government could appear only in plain clothes. At a time when a utilitarian materialism is denying the soul of the beautiful in costume, his lordship has nobly distinguished himself by the chivalry with which he has come forward to bell the cat. I am one of those who take delight and pride in the official uniform which we are privileged to wear. I exult, I rejoice, in the splendour of my decorations; which reflect the orient beams of the sun, and the languid glances of Beauty.

"It has been asked, with melancholy ignorance, What is diplomatic costume? Why may not American costume consist in plain clothes? Simply because diplomatic costume is the reverse of plain clothes. Examples are better fitted to carry conviction than vague generalities, and I give the following description of diplomatic costume as a pattern.—A bright blue coat, with yellow facings, and metallic buttons heraldically ornamented; a green vest; scarlet plush ineffables; stockings of pink silk; glazed pumps adorned with resplendent silvery buckles. A convolution of variegated cloth twist bedecks the left shoulder. The hat is surrounded by a brilliant *bandeau* of gold lace, and on removal displays a crop of well-regulated curls, imbued with odoriferous *pommade*, and snowy with *far-na*. The apparel of which I have thus attempted a faint description is what I have the honour of wearing myself. Long may I continue to wear it; long may that gorgeous and captivating style of dress continue to be worn by our order!

"Large nuggets would not purchase the complacency which I derive from the consciousness of my grand yet graceful exterior. Thanks again, a million thanks to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN for having stemmed the tide of democratic vulgarity which would strip the diplomatic costume from state servants! If they were thus shorn of their glories, the same cruel fate would very soon be inflicted on gentlemen in private situations. I am one of those gentlemen. I belong to a cloth which has been the object of aspersion dictated principally by envy; but which may now advance its high pretensions under the express patronage of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. You have not heard of me for a long time. The fact is, sir, I now hold an appointment which relieves me from the necessity of literary labour. I continue, however, to observe the stream of events from my footboard, which, at present, is that of the carriage of a noble earl; but in a general capacity I remain, your obedient Servant.

"And old Friend,  
"JENKINS."

"P. S. I cannot sufficiently express my sense of my LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S courage in daring to offend America just now, for the love of plush!"

## ST. VALENTINE REDIVIVUS.



set"—"first we met"—"shady lane"—"sacred fane"—"myrtle bower"—"blissful hour"—"I'll be thine"—"Valentine." Therefore, to supply a want generally felt, and to restore valentines to their ancient popularity, we here append a couple of specimens of "Valentines de genre."

*The first shall be from MISS MARY SHALE to MICAH SLATE, Esq.,  
Professor of Geology.*

O THOU! far harder than the igneous rocks!  
Whose thoughts and feelings, by some dire mishap,  
As seldom turn to my bright eyes and locks,  
As if the trap you worship were *La Trappe!*  
Why dost thou leave my merits for the faults  
In veins of metal? Why, when I would shine  
Before thee in the mazes of a waltz,  
Are the coal measures quite preferred to mine?

Once, when I stumbled on the river's side,  
Thy arm sustained me, and I looked my thanks;  
Whereon you talked, until I nearly cried,  
About "Submergence and denuded banks."

HAT Valentines are generally sinking into disrepute must be attributed, we think, to their extreme monotony, and to the fact that they are so seldom adapted to the characters and pursuits of those to whom they are addressed.

The common sense, which, at most other seasons, dictates to lovers of either sex the readiest way of making themselves agreeable, seems to desert them on the 14th of February, and she, who if in love with a botanist would display in her conversation the greatest interest in the construction of the Cryptogamia, can, on that day of all days, find nothing better to write to him than the old farrago of "sun had

Once, when I deemed my ivory throat had caught  
Your gaze,—my coral chanced to meet your eye;  
And of its builders you discoursed, and thought  
Less of your MARY than those Polypti.

Ah! had my foot, which vainly courts your gaze,  
But left its print upon the old red sand;  
Or, had a membrane, given my form to raise  
Above the swamp, replaced my small white hand;  
Or, had my lot been cast in Oxford clay,  
With what awakened interest, I ween,  
Thou wouldst have dragged my fossil form to day,  
And told the world how lovely I had been!

But all in vain I strive to touch thy heart,  
And fill it with a passion like to mine;  
For, though I feel each day a keener smart,  
The "non-progressive" theory is thine.  
Then fare thee well! since nothing seems to fire  
Thy mind, save vast primeval seas of ice;  
For living beauty he will ne'er admire,  
Who only thinks a schistose rock is gneiss (nice).

*Our second instance is from MATILDA MEAGRIM to EUSEBIUS  
JONES, Esq., F.R.C.S., L.A.C.*

INSENSIBLE youth, while, each day, I desery  
Fresh charms in your sweet conversation,  
I fear that your heart will be stopped, by and by,  
By fibrinous ossification;  
For though, when my hand rests a moment in thine,  
A thrill through my whole frame is stealing,  
Your eyes look as calmly and coldly on mine,  
As if 'twere my pulse you were feeling.

And whilst, dearest Doctor, whene'er I expose  
My tongue to your friendly inspection;  
My lips pass unheeded, as if they were those  
Of a subject you'd bought for dissection.  
All the doses and pills that you send me each day,  
To cure me will never be able;  
For I throw the contents of each bottle away,  
And keep nothing at all but the label.

My illness requires, to cure it, dear youth!  
No potions, pills, plasters, or leeches;  
For I feel every hour, there must be some truth  
In what each homœopathist teaches.  
Yes, 'tis like that cures like, and I'm forced to declare;  
From my pains I shall never be freer,  
Till, my doctor relenting, his drugs shall prepare  
From CUPID's own pharmacopœa.

## A POOR BOX FOR THE CHANCELLOR.

THE *Times* lately recommended benevolent persons to send contributions to the Police Courts, and the result has been a large addition to the funds at the disposal of the magistrates. It has occurred to us that the principle of relieving distress through courts of justice might be greatly extended, if the public would have the kindness to send donations to the judges in Westminster Hall, and to the various Courts of Chancery. If the Chancellor had a Poor Box at his disposal, we are quite sure he would find, among the ruined suitors of his Court, a vast number of objects for the exercise of charity. We know of several instances in which the unfortunate victim of equity has been compelled to take a very good suit to the pawnbroker's, because he happens to have had a very bad suit in Chancery. There was a case reported a few days ago in which fifteen counsel were engaged, and we were strongly tempted to enclose half-a-crown's worth of postage stamps to the Chancellor for the parties to the suit, but we felt that the thirty stamps would go no way at all among the fifteen lawyers, each of whom would make a mere mouthful of the two Queen's heads that would form his share of the booty. We trust that our hint will not be thrown away, and that a Poor Box in Westminster Hall will shortly be in full operation for the benefit of the unfortunate victims of law and lawyers.

## Note and Query for the Slums.

It has often been asked why certain establishments for the sale of old iron, rags, bones, and other miscellaneous articles, are called marine store shops? Perhaps, because the stores are stolen in the main.

## STATISTICS OF GRATITUDE.

THE *Family Herald* appears to be astonished at the circumstance which it relates in the subjoined paragraph:

**MEN UNDER THE ICE.**—From the 19th of December last to the 6th of January, in St. James's Park 34 persons were immersed and saved; in Hyde Park, 6; in Kensington Gardens, 2; and in Regent's Park, 7; total 49, whose names and addresses are known, in addition to several who refused to give them. No subscription or donation has been received by the Humane Society from any of the above persons, with the exception of a poor boy, who requested the secretary to accept of twopence in return for the treatment he had met with.

Our domestic contemporary will perceive that there is, in truth, nothing wonderful in this apparently gross ingratitude. Except that one poor boy, the persons alluded to had simply to thank the Society for gratuitous brandy and water hot, which they voluntarily immersed themselves or let themselves in for; and for which, if not gratuitous, they could not thank the Society at all. Besides—unlike the poor boy—no doubt not one of them is worth twopence.

## A BÊTISE NOIRE!

News has reached London of the death of the EMPEROR OF JAPAN, and the Court is to go in'o mourning for three years in consequence. We understand from a source upon which we can rely—that is to say we can if we like, but we don't—that in consequence of the expected demand for black in Japan, a celebrated London house intends sending out several bottles of Japan blacking.

"UNE FANTAISIE DE BACH."—A Lady's Bonnet.



Man on the Grey (who comes Express pace over the Stile, and cannons against two quiet riders). "BEG PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT MY HORSE HAS GOT NO MOUTH."

#### THREATENED INVASION OF AUSTRALIA.

SOMEbody in Australia is said to be somewhat alarmed, because some Russian ship is said to be sailing about in some part of the Pacific. The nervous party, of whom there are always numbers waiting to be shocked and shaken by the wires of the electric telegraph, will of course be thrown into immense trepidation by the possibility that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, tempted by the gold, may contemplate the invasion of Australia. Society has always a quantity of quakers ready to go off into a fit of panic at one of Rumour's faintest reports, and we hear that a meeting has already been held in Melbourne by a few tremulous inhabitants, to consider the best means of fortifying the coasts.

We shall be glad to hear of any progress that may be made in this notable project for protecting several thousands of miles of sea shore, against the one apocryphal ship now rumoured to be pursuing some apocryphal voyage, for some very apocryphal purpose, in some apocryphal part of the Pacific. For our own parts we do not believe that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's projects tend in any way towards the Pacific, and we hope therefore that the nervous settlers who have met to fortify Australia, will settle down quietly to the more laudable task of fortifying their own nerves.

#### Reform and the Czar.

"WHISHT!" cried the Irish pig-driver to a curious inquirer, touching the pig's destination. "Whisht! he thinks he's going to Cork, but I'm driving him to Fermoy." MR. COBDEN has heard the story, and duly adapted its double-meaning at the Reform Meeting at Manchester. "They think I'm going to talk about reform, but I'm only going to praise St. Petersburg."

#### THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

WE do not quite understand the speedy return of the fleet from the Black Sea. We hope this movement will not prove to be one, with regard to which, the truth of the old saying as to quick returns and small profits will be realised.

#### THE HEIGHT OF RESTITUTION.

WE do not often borrow jokes; but for once must depart from our usual custom. An American statesman assigned, as a justification of his countrymen's desire to possess themselves of the British fisheries, the circumstance that they were "very valuable." Similarly, the magnitude of the joke subjoined is our excuse for taking it from the *Times*:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the first half of a £10 Bank note from 'Z. E. D.' on account of the Game Laws."

The Gregalach acknowledges the receipt of £10 from a Lowland grazier on account of black mail. What's-his-name Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Finance, acknowledges the receipt of £10 from a Rayah on account of "Haratch"—these are only faint attempts at joking after the above manner. Conscience-money on account of Game Laws!—the joke will be the death of us. The conscience that feels the obligation of such payment must be morbidly tender. It is probably a gouty conscience. Doubtless it is an expensive conscience too. PALEY could never have afforded, indeed, to keep such a conscience as that.

But hold. Perhaps the remittance came from a game preserver, and "on account of the Game Laws," means on account of the expense to which the sender had put his country in enforcing those laws against poachers. That supposition, if correct, would entirely alter the case; and ten pounds, instead of being a preposterous sacrifice would be a shabby instalment.

#### The Gord of Sympathy.

WE hear a great deal from poets and travellers about the Hanging Gardens of Italy. Considering the number of executions that take place under Italian despotism, we are not surprised that hanging gardens should be in request. We should expect to find in Naples, under the paternal sway of KING BOMBA, that a Hanging Garden would be very suggestive of a rope walk.

INSCRIPTION FOR EXETER HALL.—"Charity begins abroad."

ELIZABETH JONES, OF ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, TO  
RICHARD COBDEN, OF THE WEST RIDING OF  
YORKSHIRE.



HONOURED SIR,—As almost a *natralized subject* of his Majesty the EMPEROR NICHOLAS—(*Heaven preserve the Emperor*, as we sing by way of morning and evening hymn in our family of PRINCE GOTHEWOLEHOGANOFF)—I beg leave to thank you on the part of the English nurses (wet and dry) of Russia, whom you have righted in your beautiful speech at Manchester. A snow-ball must that heart be that did not melt at your support of my *down-trod adopted country*, and of English nurses in particular.

"I need not, honoured Sir, say how many years ago it was since I was engaged by an English house as wet-nurse, and sent out—*assigned* I think they called it—with *cotton and flannels* to the care of a gent in Russia, to be delivered to the noble family of the Go-

THEWOLEHOGANOFFS in their palace of Petersburg.

"It was so beautifully timed—everything is in Russia under the *telescope eye* of the Emperor—that I took the baby, he will be when his father dies, PRINCE GOTHEWOLEHOGANOFF—that I took that blessed PETER from the month. The present Prince is a man of what is called liberal notions in the *widest way*, not allowing any of the servants to be flogged under his own roof, but always having 'em sent out to be punished quietly and comfortably—(they're flogged, as I've heard, at so much a head)—and then to come back into the bosom of the family, being thought *none the worse of* for the licking, and thinking none the worse of themselves into the bargain. But a contented mind is a continual feast.

"Well, no, the Prince being fond of all sorts of liberties (as is whispered; not but what the Emperor knows it; *not a mouse squeaks in Russia* that the Emperor doesn't hear the cretur)—the Prince considers an English nurse—especially wet—as a lively part of the English constitution. In fact, no foreigner—not even a Russian—can be fonder of everything English. You should only see him drink bottled stout, and *eat mince pies* (which FORTNATE and MASON always sends us at Christmas.) The Prince when he heard he was going to have a son or a daughter, would have a nurse from what he calls and sometimes sings *dear old England the land of the free!* (you should hear him do *Rule Britannia* on the flute; only he now does it in his own iron cabinet, because he's heard his valet's a spy, and that might take him to Siberia, where it's so cold, I've heard, even the moon can't change herself). So—*afore* I knew where I was I'd made up my box—there was no refusing such good wages—and had bid good-bye to the Shoulder-of-mutton Fields, Hackney, and was dropping down with the tide, straight for Russia. That's at least *some*—years ago.

"As I say, I took the little PETER from the month. It is *n't* true—(and I wish you'd said as much next time at Manchester) that Russian babies are *weaned upon tallow*, and *cut their teeth upon oakum*—they *don't*. PETER, as a baby, had, to be sure, at first, rather a Russian look—but in three months he'd have passed for a true-born British baby—a *real English one*—even at the Foundling. Well, the dear child every day got so English, his own father didn't know him! When he was three years, the dear little fellow sung *All round my hat*—yes, chirped it like any blackbird. Then again, what a child for beef and plum-pudding—whilst, as he grew older, he took to knuckle-down and ring-taw (real English play) as if the games had dropt from the skies upon him. Then, too, how he boxes! But to be sure he was allowed great practice; all the servants being made to let him hit his little fists upon their noses and think nothing on it. The Prince said the dear child had owed all these blessings to me, his nurse, which was more than my poor merits deserved—for *I never knuckled down* in all my life; whilst as for using my fists,—I could as soon have *clapped a pair of wings!* For all that the Prince was so pleased that he made me a present—(being as I believe short of ready money, which will happen with Russian princes)—a present of a dozen slaves, which having no house for, I sold to a Jew, who robbed me in the most unmanly manner,—but why, honoured Sir, should I pour my private griefs into your breast?

"Being here in my native Hackney on business of the Emperor's, I

read your speech, and as gratitude is the weakness of our sex, I thank you, honoured Sir, for standing up for English nurses in Russia. Why, honoured Sir, the Russians *dote upon us*. The offers I've refused—but never mind that. We're turning St. Petersburg fast into London. In a few years, and you'll have a Queen Charlotte's Royal Lying-In, in every street in dear Muscovy.

"As you say, honoured Sir, we're getting as like England as snow's like snow. There's the English Club, with English gents the merchants—with just the same *white heads and red noses*, and gaiters and walking-sticks—and they drink port-wine, and talk of bees-wings in such a way,—you'd think you was listening to Bow Bell. One gent (a dealer in hides) was shockingly knouted—between ourselves—for black-balling a native as would have passed for British, but the thing has been *comfortably hushed up*. One English Club! Yes, I believe we have one! And with all my feelings for Russia, doesn't my heart melt and my eyes run over, when I see on VICTORIA'S Birth-day V R over the portico in our best oil, and hear Young Russia singing in better English than—saving your presence—you could do it at Manchester, *God Save the Queen!*

"And then, honoured Sir, our horse-racing! Why—in the Season—you'd swear you was at Epsom only for the snow. We've real English jockeys, and the horses themselves have so taken to it, they won't answer only to English names. It's wonderful how we're getting like you. All we want, is the men with the peas-and-thimble, and then, I should be a thankless cretur to despair of.

"So again, honoured Sir, thanking you for standing up *like a man and a brother* (saving your presence) for English nurses and English horses,

"I remain, Honoured Sir,

"Yours Respectfully,

"ELIZABETH JONES."

"P.S. I hope you'll excuse mistakes, but the climate of Russia is apt to lay hold of our tongues as well as our noses. I leave in the same ship with BARON BRUNOW, and shall be glad to send anything from you to the EMPEROR through my honoured master, PRINCE GOTHEWOLEHOGANOFF."

### THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR'S WALK.

FROM his downy bed at the break of day  
CZAR NICHOLAS walking is gone,  
To look to his little affairs upon earth,  
And see how his war goes on.

And pray how was the Monarch drest?  
Oh! in a helmet with a crest,  
His frock and trowsers were indigo blue,  
And one of his jack-boots the hoof showed through.

He saw a dastard spearing an infant,  
In an "orthodox" warrior's fury,  
And the Autocrat smiled, for it put him in mind  
Of HEROD'S exploit in Jewry.

He watched his Cossacks whilst they burnt a Turk's house,  
With rapturous tranquillity,  
And the Emperor was pleased with the inmates' cries,  
For they soothed his irritability.

As an army-surgeon, on a fast horse,  
Rode by on his avocations,  
"Ho ho!" cried the Czar, "I have found my good friend  
Plenty of amputations!"

As he passed Sinope's shore he saw  
The work of shot and shell,  
And he said, "In that place—which suffice it to hint—  
That work, 'twill be owned, was done well!"

He saw a certain Minister, deemed a Minister to his mind,  
Forced on in a certain House by a majority behind,  
And the Tyrant quoted Proverbs—not, however, like a Clerk—  
How JOHN BULL'S bite he hoped would be less bitter than  
his bark.

France and England's fleets in chase  
He fled with consternation,  
And all the haste he was able to make;  
For he found he had made a slight mistake  
To doubt their co-operation.

A BIT FROM BROTHERTON.—We legislate at midnight, as if our acts, like those of a bad man, would not bear the light of day.







BLACK MONDAY.—BRUNOW DEPARTING FOR HIS  
SCHOOL IN THE NORTH.

*Clarendon.* "THERE, DON'T CRY, WE SHALL HAVE YOU AMONGST US AGAIN IF YOU'RE GOOD."



WHAT IT HAS COME TO.

Aberdeen, 'I MUST LET HIM GO!'



## PARLIAMENTARY QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WE have a proposition to make to HER MAJESTY'S Government! We don't want office, for there is no office the Ministers could offer us that would be anything like an equivalent to our own office, the world-renowned 85, Fleet Street. We don't want any appointment; for anything of that sort which would too much occupy our time to allow us to attend to our literary duties, though it might be an appointment to us, would be such a disappointment to the public as no amount of money could compensate. What then is our proposition to the Government? It is simply to undertake the duty of preparing answers to the questions asked in Parliament; a duty in which all the Ministers—save one—exhibit a sad deficiency of tact and terseness. The only member of the Government who really knows how to give a good and telling answer to a question is our friend PALMERSTON, who, from his style, would seem to have been educated in the *Punch* school, but that the school had not been founded when his lordship had arrived at maturity. Nevertheless, he is one of those who are never too old to learn; and he has, palpably, profited by our style of teaching.

To show our fitness for the task we propose to undertake, we add a few specimens of the answers we should have given to some questions that have been recently asked of Ministers; and, as they usually have notice that a question is about to be asked, there would be ample time to obtain from us the reply required.

"NEW CHURCH IN PARIS.—MR. WIRE wished to know, from the Comptroller of Works, whether he had sanctioned the destruction of the Stables of the British Embassy at Paris for the purpose of building a church on the site, which was said to be worth £8000.

"SIR W. MOLESWORTH (would—if we had prepared his answer for him—have) said, that as yet nothing had been decided, but, undoubtedly, if the Church should be built over the Stables, it would have a stable foundation.

"N.B.—We are quite sure that this reply would secure a 'laugh' and a cry of 'hear,' which is always so much political 'capital' secured to the Government.

"THE THAMES TUNNEL.—MR. A. PELLATT asked whether the Government intended to make the Thames Tunnel available for carriage traffic.

"SIR W. MOLESWORTH (should have) said that the Government felt no inclination to go into the Thames Tunnel, as it was not very easy to see one's way out of it. There had been a great deal of public money already spent, which might be considered to have been thrown to the bottom of the Thames. Some people slept with their cash boxes under their beds for safety, but he thought it would not be advisable to put any more money under the bed of the river. The engineer had certainly got through a great deal of difficulty, but if he had got through the bottom of the Thames as rapidly as he had got through the money, the job would not have been a very lengthy one."

It will be seen from the above specimens of answers, "flicked off" at the moment, that we should adopt the style of reply that would be sure to tell in the House, where a very little wit goes a very great way, and comes a very great way too, for it is usually of the most far-fetched description.

## INCONSISTENCIES!

A PERSON arguing "merely to elicit the truth," and losing his temper because he gets the worst of the argument!

Clergymen complaining of the ignorance of the people, and yet opposing every plan for National education!

Scotchmen, full of Scotch grievances, leaving the country they make such a fuss about!

Peace Society men breathing universal brotherhood, and indulging in inflammatory language that is more than likely to lead to a breach of the peace!

High-titled ladies sympathising deeply with the slaves of America, and keeping up a number of milliners working all night, because they must have their dresses sent home by a certain time!

Magistrates building the costliest prisons, and not erecting a single school!

Irish members always abusing the Government, and yet too happy to accept a situation under it!

Agriculturists paying enormous prices for Peruvian Guano, and yet allowing all the London Sewerage to be wasted in the Thames!

Tradesmen giving their daughters the education of fine young ladies, and expecting them to mind the shop!

Condemning a boy to prison for stealing a handkerchief, and yet allowing a wealthy shopkeeper, who has been convicted several times of using false weights, to get off with a small fine!

Patriots declaiming loudly about the liberty of the subject, and putting their servants in livery!

Exeter Hall, whilst there is so much darkness at home, sending missionaries abroad to enlighten the heathens!

Government, seeing the charitable necessity of a ten-hours' bill in the cotton-mills, not passing a similar measure for the benefit of the tailors, the slopsellers, milliners, needlewomen, and other oppressed classes, with whom the hours of working are only limited by the will of the master!

AN INFALLIBLE ORATORICAL RULE.—It is very strange that the most garrulous speakers, no matter whether in public or in private, are invariably those who are "unaccustomed to public speaking."

## PRETTY NAMES FOR THE NAVY.

NOW that we are about to embark in war, in the cause of justice and humanity, we really ought to change the nomenclature of our Navy. "HER MAJESTY'S ship *Furious* has just returned from the direction of Odessa," says a newspaper paragraph. *Furious!* what a name for a man-of-war whose character we naturally associate with the calm courage of the British sailor. The mission of men-of-war, indeed, now is to preserve peace, and we should not assign them the names of angry passions, or of destructive processes and burning mountains. *Devastation* or *Stromboli!* why, we might as well christen a ship (and ships are named by christening) *Beelzebub*, or *Tophet*; *Primrose Hill* would be greatly preferable to *Stromboli*; *Devastation* might be exchanged for *Benevolence*; and for such appellations as the *Furious*, the *Terrible*, &c., might be substituted the *Amiable*, the *Gentle*, the *Modest*.—not, however, the *Retiring*. Nay, if the Peace Society had really done anything to preserve peace, a line-of-battle-ship, instead of being called *Ajax* or *Agamemnon*, might be denominated *Cobden* or *Bright*.

## ROME AND GREASE.



NOT long ago the *Freeman's Journal* announced a religious service to take place at the Metropolitan Church, Marlborough Street; informing those whom it concerned that

"On that day at Eleven o'Clock, the Archbishop and Clergy shall proceed to the solemn Benediction of the Candles. Immediately after there shall be a Procession with Lighted Candles through the Aisles and Nave of the Church."

And also publishing the further information that

"Those Catholic families who desire to have their Candles blessed on that day by the Archbishop will be pleased to have them sent in on the evening before, or on the morning of the festival, labelled, each with the name and address of the owner, which they can have immediately after the mid-day ceremonies."

Is the benediction limited to candles? Are lamps not capable of being blessed likewise? If one were to send a quantity of camphine to the Archbishop, would he bless that? If gas only were burnt by any person, how would it be necessary for him to manage? Inconvenience would attend the removal of the meter and the fittings, and it is not easy to see how the thing could be done unless by getting the Archbishop to bless the gas-works altogether, the whole plant. Still, gas would be better adapted for blessing than candles, if the ceremony involved sprinkling with holy water, which would not affect the former but might make the latter splutter! Perhaps, however, it may have the contrary effect, and may, by miracle, prevent the candles from guttering, or otherwise burning badly; which is the only advantage that it is possible to imagine any one could expect from the blessing of candles. Possibly those who send their candles to be blessed, however, believe that their rushlights will come back moulds.

## A QUESTION OF ECONOMY.

WE wonder what the Solicitor to the Post Office gets, in the course of the year, for prosecuting the numerous postmen who are taken up for abstracting money out of the letters. Considering the unfortunate number of cases, we should say the sum paid to him must be very large. We should not wish to have a better Christmas Box, than to be presented with the amount of his Bill of Costs every year. Now, would it not be wiser to devote that amount to the increase of the postmen's wages, and so, by giving them a fair sum that they can live upon, place them above the reach of temptation. It would put an end to all prosecutions, and the Post Office would be relieved of an infinity of trouble. Moreover, we really think that establishment would find, in the long run, that the alteration had been one of great economy; whilst to the public, who is the great sufferer in these robberies, there can be no doubt that the change would be attended with a considerable saving. What does MR. ROWLAND HILL say to our proposal?

## To Medical Men.

TO BE SOLD, a Decided Bargain, by a gentleman who is retiring from the neighbourhood, THE PRACTICE of a Young Lady, who is learning the Piano next door. Apply to OLD FIDGETTS, Esq., Rosewood Cottage, Broadwood Square, Islington.

A DREADFUL HUE AND CRY.—A Spirit Medium, who has absconded at Vermont, without paying one of her debts, is advertised in the American papers as "a runaway-rap."



IN FULL BLOOM AND FULL FEATHER.

Very slightly altered from "Le Follet."

## THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

THE RESULTS OF THE GREAT HOME-BREWING EXPERIMENT.

SCENE.—At Breakfast. MR. PATERFAMILIAS has been shut up in what SPRAGGS calls the "libery," from an early hour. The tea is cooling, and the muffins are toughening. Repeated summonses to the breakfast table have been sent to him in vain.

Mrs. P. (rising from the table and opening the door which leads from the breakfast room to "the libery"). Are you ever coming to breakfast this morning, my dear? Such a beautiful plate of ham and eggs; and here it's getting quite cold.

Enter MR. P., importantly folding a voluminous MS.

Mr. P. I'm coming, dear, I'm coming; but really I wish you would not interrupt me at these moments.

Mrs. P. Which moments, my dear?

Mr. P. The moments which I am able to snatch, from the harass of my daily avocations, for communicating to the British public the results of my own valuable domestic experience.

Mrs. P. (impatiently) Oh! more of those letters to the *Times*, I suppose?

Mr. P. (much hurt and with dignity). Those letters to the *Times*. I am at a loss to conceive, Mrs. P., what you mean by that peculiar stress on the demonstrative pronoun. Let me tell you it is a duty as well as a privilege to communicate one's personal experience to that great organ of public opinion on points affecting health, comfort, and domestic matters generally.

Mrs. P. (argumentatively). Well, but what is the use of writing when you know, my dear, they never print your letters?

Mr. P. Delay, and perhaps some slight irregularity, is almost inseparable from the conduct of a vast establishment like that of the leading journal. But they will print my communications some day. Meanwhile my letters are accumulating—no doubt, for the recess—when their columns will be more open to correspondents.

## THE EXCLUSIVE'S BROKEN IDOL.

A DON'T object at all to War  
With a set a fellas like the Fwench,  
But this dem wupcha with the Czar,  
It gives one's feelings quite a wench,

The man that peace in Yawwup kept  
Gives all his pwevious life the lie;  
A fina fella neva stepped,  
Bai JOVE, he's maw than six feet high!

He cwushed those democwatic beasts;  
He'd flog a Nun; maltweat a Jew,  
Or pawsecute those Womish Pwiests,  
Most likely vevy pwoppra too.

To think that afta such a cawce,  
Which nobody could eva blame,  
The EMP'WA should employ bwute fawce  
Against this countwy just the same!

We all consid'a'd him our fwiend,  
But in a most erwoneous light;  
In shawt, it seems you can't depend  
On one who fancies migh't is wight.

His carwacta is coming out;  
His motives—which a neva saw—  
Are now revealed beyond a doubt,  
And we must fight—but what a baw!

## Putting a Mess to Rights.

WE rejoice to see that the stoppage of the soldier's pay, taken out of it for rations, has been reduced: and we hope that those who fight their country's battles will at least be fed by that country on liberal terms. Allow them enough to eat, and we may trust that they will drub any enemy, but with less than enough for themselves, we cannot expect that they will give their adversaries a bellyful.

IMPERIAL POSITION.—The attitude which the EMPEROR of RUSSIA has most generally assumed during the late negotiations is that of lying.

Mrs. P. You know the loads of letters you wrote them about the saving from gas, and the advantage to health of that precious ventilating apparatus of BELLOWS'S.

Mr. P. (uneasily). Yes, yes; on those particular points perhaps I was a little sanguine.

Mrs. P. And then you've had £100 to pay the fitters and plumbers, and I don't know what, if you've had a farthing, not to speak of the smells and the ripping up the hall boarding, and the rheumatic attack you got going down to the meter that night.

Mr. P. I can't conceive, Mrs. P., the morbid pleasure you take in recalling these unpleasantnesses.

Mrs. P. (going on without attention to the hint). And as to health, what that ventilating apparatus did but give us all colds in the head, I'm sure I don't know; and then there was the taking it all down again, and coming back after all to the old plan of opening the windows. We didn't require to call in MR. BELLOWS for that.

Mr. P. Well, at least, I hastened to inform the public through the *Times* also, of these little drawbacks. Did I not?

Mrs. P. But they didn't print that letter either. How can you expect they will print any of your letters when they find you always doing the same thing—one day puffing a thing—

Mr. P. (much excited). Puffing, Mrs. P.! Puffing!

Mrs. P. (volubly). Well—it is "puffing" and nothing else—always believing what you see in books and places about savings, and improvements, and things—and never leaving anything alone—and then finding out your mistake, and telling them of it—that's the worst. If I was wrong, MR. P., at least I'd stick to it—

Mr. P. (cutting short her tirade). Mrs. P., your opinions are—I had almost said unprincipled; I cannot but call them most lax. Do you imagine, on the one hand, that I will ever withhold what I believe to be for the public good, or, on the other, that I am capable of concealing the points in which my efforts at amelioration may be disappointed. No, Mrs. P., never. JOHN PATERFAMILIAS is above such conduct; far above it. I will thank you for a cup of tea.

Mrs. P. (sulkily, as she pours out his tea). And what have you been writing about now?

Mr. P. The subject of my present communication is Beer. I have laid bare—exposed from my own experience and by figures—the

monstrous profits of the trading brewer, showing that he mulcts the public by at least 4s. in the half-barrel, for a deleterious article; and I wind up by describing minutely the method I followed in our own recent domestic experiment, with the reasons for preferring the pure German yeast as an agent of fermentation, and a calculation of the saving, which on our consumption amounts, as I find, to at least £10 10s. per annum, which, if you take the beer-drinkers at—

*Mrs. P.* Oh, I dare say you've proved it all quite right; but hadn't you better have waited till we'd tried the beer?

*Mr. P.* That may form the subject of a distinct communication at a future period.

*Enter SPRAGGS announcing "MR. WADDEL."*

*Enter WADDEL, a bluff, straight-forward gentleman, and a near neighbour of the P.'s.*

*Mrs. P.* Ah! good morning, MR. WADDEL, you're early.

*Mr. W.* Good morning, good morning. Yes, I was on my way to the City. (To MR. P.) Are you walking in that direction?

*Mr. P.* Yes, yes (mysteriously), I've a packet to leave at Printing House Square. *[Shows packet.]*

*Mr. W.* What? writing to the Times, eh? ah, wonderful paper, Sir! wonderful concern; profits £60,000 a year, I understand. But what's your subject?

*Mr. P.* On the advantages of brewing at home.

*Mr. W.* Oh, indeed! Well, we brewed at home, you know.

*Mrs. P.* (eagerly). Oh, now, MR. WADDEL, it didn't answer—did it?

*Mr. W.* Well—some how I don't quite think it did—for we've given it up—we found it come expensive; and then the tap was'n't good—not by any means—

*Mr. P.* Expensive! Why the saving is at least 5s. on the half-barrel.

*Mr. W.* Ah, I dare say—by figures; but, do you know, I've come not to believe in figures against facts—and the fact is, it *did* come deuced expensive.

*Mrs. P.* And wasn't good neither—was it, now, MR. WADDEL?

*Mr. W.* Well, no—not at all—at least everybody said so.

*Mr. P.* Ah, you must have had imperfect directions.

*Mr. W.* Well, I think we did it pretty much by rule of thumb.

*Mr. P.* (with superiority). Oh—no wonder it was bad, then; I employed an excellent little treatise—"The Beer-brewers' Manual."

*Mr. W.* (pleasantly). Well, I hope your's will turn out better than ours did—I'm sure I do.

*Mrs. P.* Hadn't you better taste it, MR. WADDEL?—Do taste it—I'm sure it's not fit to drink.

*Mr. W.* Well, that's not much of a recommendation—but I'll give you my opinion, if you like, with pleasure.

*Mr. P.* (with sprightly confidence). It's been racked off these six weeks to-day, and ought to be in fine order. I'll go and draw you a jug-full. You see, I don't like giving that boy, SPRAGGS, access to the barrel—he may acquire habits of intemperance.

*[Exit MR. P. to the cellar.]*

*Mrs. P.* (taking advantage of her husband's absence to reveal her griefs to MR. W.) Oh! MR. WADDEL! If you only would talk to MR. P., and try to make him hear reason, and not go on always making these dreadful improvements, and savings, and wasting such loads of money, and making us all so uncomfortable—

*Mr. W.* (shaking his head). Oh, bless you, I never interfere with your men of principles, and figures—I can't—they've always an average ready to fling in one's teeth, you know.

*Mrs. P.* Yes, those figures will be MR. P.'s destruction—I'm sure they will—I always said they would.

*Re-enter MR. P. with a jug of the famous home-brewed.*

*Mr. W.* (joyously). Now for it!

*Mr. P.* (deliberately pouring out two glasses, and holding his own up to the light). Um!—not quite clear yet, I'm afraid.

*Mr. W.* (Suspiciously). No—not quite—

*Mrs. P.* Oh—how can you?—MR. P. It's as muddy as gruel—you can see it is.

*[MR. P. tastes and puts down his glass, with a fallen countenance.]*

*Mr. W.* (pausing as he is about to drink) Eh?

*Mr. P.* Eh? Perhaps a—leetle—acid—

*Mr. W.* (cautiously tasting, stops at the first mouthful). A leetle acid! Why—my good fellow—IT'S VINEGAR—regular vinegar; you must have made a mistake in the barrel.

*Mrs. P.* (with a CASSANDRA-like outburst). Oh—no—that's right—that's our beer. There! What did I say?—all along!

*Mr. P.* I can't account for it; but it certainly is acid—decidedly acid—in fact—as you say—

*Mr. W.* Vinegar—my dear fellow—at any rate, it won't be wasted, MRS. P.—that's one comfort.

*Mr. P.* The fermentation must have been acetous instead of vinous. How could it have happened? Some of that dear boy NEWTON's experiments perhaps!

*Mr. W.* You must have had bad yeast.

*Mr. P.* No, on the contrary: I took care to purchase the patent yeast, made with pure gluten, you know.

*Mr. W.* (whistling). Oh that accounts for it. Why, my good fellow, that dried stuff's not strong enough to ferment beer with; it may do for bread, but for beer you want good fresh brewer's yeast. Why, I knew that much about it.

*Mr. P.* Ah, well—we shall know better next time—

*Mrs. P.* (wildly). Next time! Why you don't mean to say you're going to try again, MR. P.? (Dolorously.) Now MR. WADDEL, did any body ever hear such a man? Brew beer like that, and then talk of trying it again! I declare it's wicked.

*Mr. P.* (edging towards the door). Come, WADDEL, this is a tone which I am sorry you should hear used in my house.

*Mrs. P.* (with bitter triumph as they approach the door). At all events, hadn't you better put a P.S. to your letter, and let the Times know how the beer turned out.

*[Exit MR. P. hastily, and in the state vulgarly described as "with his tail between his legs."]*



Sinbad the Sailor and the Old Man of the Sea.

THE VALUE OF FREEDOM.

The City article of the Times, informed us one day last week, that—

"One of the largest diamonds known was deposited yesterday at the Bank of England, by a London house, to whom it was consigned from Rio Janeiro. Its weight is 254 carats, and its estimated value, according to the scale, £280,000. It is said to be of the finest water, and without flaw, and was found by a negro slave, who received his freedom as a reward."

Freedom is, we know, beyond all price, and we can scarcely be surprised at its having been changed at the comparatively moderate sum of £280,000 to a negro in Rio Janeiro. Nevertheless, as an article is worth only what it will fetch and as slaves are to be had for a few pounds, we can hardly see the principle on which a negro who had found property worth £280,000, should have been mulcted of the whole, and then presented with that which he might have purchased any day for less than a two thousandth part of the sum alluded to. The negro is, perhaps, perfectly satisfied. But we fancy that if we had fallen in with such a valuable "find," we should hardly have been content if somebody had walked up, taken possession of our treasure, and then informed us we were at liberty to go wherever we thought proper. It is evident that they manage these things in Rio Janeiro more summarily, if not altogether better, than they do in England.

## AMBASSADORS IN LIVERY.



HERE are, certainly, some anomalies in our ceremonial arrangements which cannot be got rid of too speedily. We refuse to let a servant in livery pass into Kensington Gardens, and we refuse to let a diplomatic servant out of livery pass into the House of Lords. The American Minister was positively refused admission to the ceremony of opening Parliament, unless he would consent to bedizen himself with gold lace, and, in fact, to come in masquerade. Had he dropped in at any Vauxhall *costumier's*, or taken Holywell Street in his way, and hired a suit of second-hand regimentals, or disguised himself in the cast-off coat of some discharged or dishonest flunkey, he would have been at once received into the presence of Royalty with the other

"Excellencies" who had tricked themselves out in the tawdry trappings demanded by the regulations of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. We must protest, in the joint names of common sense and common prudence, against the absurdity and the impolicy of calling on a foreign ambassador to put himself in livery, and running the risk of giving offence to a great nation by an imbecile adherence to an effete practice, which certainly ought to have gone out with Bartholomew Fair, and which might, at all events, be left to the *Bal Masqué* and the Beefeaters.

We do not blame the CHAMBERLAIN, who is the very head of all the livery servants in the kingdom, and is not only a state servant—in livery—himself, but would be nothing if the livery system were to fall into disuse at Court, where his occupation would be gone if the abolition of external show were permitted. We admire the good sense of the American Government and of the American Minister on this occasion, and we earnestly call on LORD JOHN RUSSELL, LORD PALMERSTON, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, and the other upper servants of the Crown—we have named these three as the most likely to be influenced by reasonable considerations—to get permission of their Royal Mistress to imitate the wise example of the domestic butler of the present day, by going out of livery.

## FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

PUNCH, in innumerable instances, is taken in. He is accustomed to be regularly sold. But he is not to be hoaxed; and he cannot believe that the following notice is, as a correspondent declares, to be read at a certain small hamlet called Ashley near Lichfield:—

## "NOTICE.

"All Persons found Gathering Bilberries or otherwise in these woods on the Lord's Day, will be prosecuted, and not be allowed to enter the Woods again.

"By Order of the Lord Bishop."

At least it is incredible that the last line of this announcement can be true. The notice cannot have been posted by order of the LORD BISHOP. It must have been stuck up by somebody who owes that prelate a grudge; with intent to bring him into odium and contempt. The rich are not likely to gather bilberries on any day. The poor have no opportunity of gathering them except on Sunday. That day is not the Jews' Sabbath, to be sure, nor are bilberries ears of corn; but the analogy between both the two days, and the two kinds of the fruits of the earth, is so obvious that it could not be overlooked by any Christian bishop, and would quite preclude the possibility of his putting forth such a notice as the above. The position of the word "otherwise" confirms the view. People are prohibited from "gathering bilberries or otherwise." How otherwise can be gathered may be a question; but doubtless the illiterate author of the phrase meant by "otherwise," "anything else," ears of corn, if wheat grew in woods, inclusive. The bishop who would forbid the poor from gathering bilberries in his woods on the "Lord's Day" would suggest a doubt as to what day he alluded to. He might be supposed to have perhaps invented some new festival of the Church, some additional day to be sanctified in his particular diocese as that of the Lord-Bishop. Moreover, acting with that consistency which enforces doctrine by life, he who denied the

poor bilberries on that sacred day would at least deny himself fruit. He might not, perhaps, entirely fast; he might even partake of soup, fish, roast-beef, and plum-pudding, in succession. But he would stop at four courses. Dessert would not approach his lips. He would drink his wine—but he would not touch a grape; he might imbibe any quantity of port, but could not taste the smallest piece of pine-apple.

## THE GUARDS' LAMENT.

"Three battalions of the Guards are under orders for Malta."—*Times*.

(SUBALTERN *singeth*.)

ADIEU to "the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall!"  
Chatty lounge at the big front Club-window farewell!  
Farewell Palace-Guards, with your dinners so gay,  
Where a friend one might ask, and had nothing to pay.  
Bank-duty adieu—once I thought you bad sport—  
Where I've guarded the bullion, and punished the port!  
How changed now our work—by reverse sad and hard—  
We've to punish the bullyin', the Porte we've to guard!  
Farewell—one and all! Little changed ye will be,  
While there's nought but sea-stores and sea-sickness for me!

(PRIVATE *singeth*.)

Farewell oh ye field-days—farewell guard-parades,  
Where we dazzled the eyes of them dear nurs'ry-maids.  
Farewell to the area, where oft on the sly  
My MARY came tripping when no one was by,  
And would open the gate, and would lead down the stair,  
To where the hot supper was smoking so fair!  
Farewell, Sundays out, when on JANE'S hoarded pence  
Together we tiddled, and cussed the expense;—  
Farewell—one and all! Shall I find, o'er the sea,  
Any "gals" half so green, and so tender to me?

(SUBALTERN *singeth*.)

Farewell, pleasant routs, with your belles fond and fair,  
Farewell, dear delights of a squeeze on the stair.  
Farewell, Rotten Row—and the ride the next day,  
When her cheeks looked so fresh, as we cantered away.  
Farewell, Chiswick fêtes—where 'mongst bonnets and flowers,  
'Twas so jolly to crowd 'neath the tents in the showers.  
And ye, dear pink *capotes*, ne'er to Greenwich again  
Shall I drive you for whitebait and HART'S pink champagne.  
Farewell—one and all—will ye e'er think of me,  
While I sadly cast up my accounts in the sea?

(PRIVATE *singeth*.)

Good-bye, tap-room tossing, and slate bagatelles!—

(SUBALTERN *singeth*.)

Adieu, billiards at PRATT'S!—Adieu, Jernyn-street Hells;

(Ensemble.)

We are gone—we are gone—where the big cannons roar,  
And our places in London will know us no more!

## DE OFFICIIS.

AMONG the offices that have been "sold" in the City, we find the following:—

Yeoman of the Waterside.  
Sword Bearer's Young Man.  
Common Huntsman's Young Man.  
Water Bailiff's Young Man.

We should like to have some account of the duties of these individuals who have been regularly "sold" for the benefit of the City revenues. The Yeoman of the Waterside seems to be a very inefficient officer, if we may judge by the numerous depredations committed on the coal barges; and which the Yeoman, if he did his duty at the waterside should certainly be the means of preventing.

The Common Huntsman's Young Man must be a curiosity in his way, inasmuch as the Common Huntsman himself would seem to be a very superfluous personage. We should like to know what there is to hunt in the City, or what occasion there can be for a Hunt-man, unless it is felt that the Corporation may probably go to the dogs rather speedily. We cannot better show our good offices to the City than by getting rid of these bad offices as quickly as possible.

A SLAP IN THE FACE FOR DISRAELI.—"Let no man fancy he is the coming man." Goethe.—(Vide Goethe's Opinions, p. 114.)





ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.

JACK'S (ALWAYS) ALIVE!

SIR JAMES GRAHAM is a thorough man of business, and a very good First Lord of the Admiralty; but, unless the reporters do him an injustice, he has made rather a startling announcement in the following passage from one of his recent speeches.

Speaking of the Coast Guard, SIR JAMES is represented to have said—

“While they were in the Coast Guard service, there was a civil pension given to their wives and children if they lost their lives in that service; when, however, they went into active service again, they were of course put on the same footing as other men in active service, and their right to the civil pension ceased.”

It seems from this announcement that when a Coast Guard man dies in the service his wife gets a pension; but if he should come to life again, the right to the pension does not come to life with him; and he, upon going “into active service again” (after having been once dead), “is put on the same footing as other men in active service, and his right to the civil pension ceases.” We really recommend an individual who has become resuscitated in such an extraordinary manner to try the effect of a bill of revivor on his pension, so that the latter may not cease when the former is no longer deceased.

Un-Parliamentary Intelligence.

SOME surprise has been excited by a rumour of a New Writ, in connection with the name of MR. DUNUP. Being aware that MR. DUNUP was not in the House of Commons, we have made some inquiries on the subject, and we find that the learned gentleman has in fact “moved for a new writ,” the truth being that he has moved in consequence of another New Writ having been issued against him.

METAPHYSICAL PROGRESS.—The Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts would be a great step in assertion of the Freedom of the Will.

THE REFORM BILL MADE EASY.

TIME—Breakfast hour on the morning after LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S introduction of the Bill.

SCENE.—A breakfast room near St. Pancras Church.

Persons visible. CHARLES, and ELLEN, his wife  
Person invisible. Their Infant Angel.

Ellen. Tell me, CHARLES, in a word or two, What is this grand Reform to do, I think LADY BOROUGHBRIE'S girls will call, And I want to appear to have studied it all.  
Charles (hands her the newspaper with gratification). There is the Speech. Or, here 's the Summary, Which gives the sense without the flummery.  
Ellen. No, I catch much quicker, I do, indeed, What people tell me than what I read.  
Charles. Your notion, love, decidedly varies From his who wrote *Segnius per aures*.  
Ellen. Now, don't be rude, but do as I say, (slyly) In your usual clear and masterly way.  
Charles (we fear flattered). Well, first LORD JOHN, at a dab of the brush, Wipes nineteen boroughs from—  
Ellen (with intense attention). Dearest, hush!  
Charles (less pleased). What is it?  
Ellen. No, it was my mistake. I fancied that baby must be awake. Now, pray go on, and to all you mention I am going to pay the utmost attention.  
Charles. Nineteen boroughs lose representation For having too scanty a population, And thirty-three, which return two men, Will never return more than one again. And this, with four already in hand, Gives sixty-six vacancies. Understand?  
Ellen. Oh yes, you make it quite easy—quite— But (confidentially) set open the door the tiniest mite.  
Charles (with no grace at all). Through the names, I take it, I need

Ellen. Does the scheme affect any people we know?  
Charles. Well, Andover, Arundel, Dartmouth, Harwich, Honiton—  
Ellen. Ah! what a thing is marriage! Somebody promised his baby's face Should smile in a setting of Honiton lace. Never mind that.  
Charles (does not). Well, now to allot These sixty-six M.P.'s whom we've got. Counties and parts of counties counting Heads over a hundred thousand mounting, And now returning a double M.P. In future will have the honour of three. But the voters are only to vote for two, As LORD JOHN has a curious crotchet in view, To let the smaller body come in For part of the triumph with those who win. And the man who gets two-fifths of the whole Comes in as number three on the poll.  
Ellen (paying the most extreme inattention, her mind, in fact, hovering on the borders of a wide shallow basket upstairs). I do believe they've run a pin in her, SAUNDERS'S roughness is really a sin in her. (To him.) I beg your pardon—now, don't you pout, If you'd only heard that child cry out.  
Charles (indignantly). It seems to me—I don't want to speak— No voice has a chance against that squeak.  
Ellen (gravely). When a child cries out it means to explain That somewhere or other it feels in pain.  
Charles. Do you really wish to hear any more?  
Ellen (sweetly). Of course. If you like, love, I'll close the door.  
Charles (instantly mollified). No, leave it open. Well, ten great towns— Despite the “Land” and its awful frowns— Get each a new Member; and three towns, new To the SPEAKER'S roll, are set up with two. Southwark obtains addition of one, From the figure to which its numbers run; And but one is given (and why the scarcity?) To our neighbour the London University.  
Ellen. Oh, CHARLES! you're surely telling me fibs— Why, they'll choose some favourite seller of squibs.

*Charles (laughing).* My dear, you're thinking of boys—the College Holds men—(*Observes her again distraite.*) How pleasant your thirst for knowledge!

Don't say you listen, and show you don't; Tell me you will, or else you won't.

*Ellen (rebuked).* My dearest, I hope I'm not perverse—

*Charles.* But what the deuce is the use of the nurse? Well, on we go. Those atrocious lawyers Are to send in two of their own topsawyers, As if the House didn't want relief.

From the men who jabber as if from a brief, With "puff" writ large on their brazen faces, And who jabber and puff themselves into places.

But the yell that met this precious proposal Has left this couple of seats at disposal.

Lastly, (I've tired you out, I'm afraid), A new Metropolitan district's made,

Where Kensington's haughty piles of stone Unite with the seedy and snob-like Sloane.

And now all this, if you count, you'll see, Allots the Members—just sixty-three.

*Ellen.* But sixty-six was the number you said.

*Charles (delighted).* Darling, you carry a quick little head.

The other three, there is no denyin', Are tossed as sops to the Scottish Lion.

*Ellen.* But do any new people get votes?

*Charles.* Yes, shoals!

And will strangely alter the state of polls.

Anyone earning a hundred a-year, Paid half-yearly, or quarterly, clear,

Or who takes his tin, economical fox, From Government, Bank, or East India Stocks;

Or pays to Assessed or Income Taxes

Forty shillings when GLADSTONE axes;

Or graduates where Ahnæ Matres conduct—

(*Ellen.* Like my brother Tom?)

*Charles.* Not quite—he was plucked.)

Or keeps fifty pounds in a Savings Bank For just three years—comes into the rank.

Voting for county or borough either, Whereas at present he claims for neither.

But here are the greatest changes of all, And those which promise us battle and brawl.

The ten pound man who a living earns Where he likes (if not in a town that returns)

Has a county vote—we shall soon see whether This will fuse the antagonist classes together.

And the borough rate, to meet working men, Is, moreover, reduced to six from ten.

With smaller matters you needn't be fashed, The register's final—freemen are smashed.

Rates and taxes need not be paid—

*Ellen (delighted).* I always said that law should be made,

For, of all the cruel, exacting things, Taxes and rates—

*Charles.* Our fancy's wings

Must bear us, darling, an awful height,

If they mean to take us from GLADSTONE'S sight.

LORD JOHN'S relief, in tottle and whole,

Is, "You need not pay before you poll."

Well, now, I trust, my ELEANOR finds,

She's in force to astonish the BOROUGHBRIE minds.

And the point you should take—or two points, may be,

In talking— [An unmistakable screech upstairs.]

*Ellen.* Oh! CHARLES, ring twice for baby.

[CHARLES rushes in wrath to the upstairs bell, and pulls as if he were tearing at the cord of a bath, and wanted to bring down a shower of babies. The hairdresser descends; and in an animated controversy with SAGNDERS whether the little angel really likes sugar or not, ELLEN forgets the duty of gratitude for the past, and of attention for the future.]

## INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS IN THE NAVY.



VERY day we read, "All is activity at the dockyards;" but what is the use of activity at the dockyards, if there is nothing afloat but "gout" and "indisposition?" The following paragraph is quite enlivening, and it is really refreshing to contemplate the vigour it seems to manifest:—

"We learn from Chatham that the whole of the artificers and labourers in that dockyard are now, with few exceptions, at full swing upon the task and job system of work, and earning from 5s. to 7s. per diem. The progress made daily in building the *Orion*, screw 91, is manifest even to an unprofessional eye, and the mechanics of all grades seem, under the excitement of the change of system, quite a new class of operatives. The sails and rigging of the *Meeanee*, 80, are complete, and she is ready for commissioning."

This is all very satisfactory; but when we come to read something about the officers who are to be at the head of the working of all this promising array of naval construction, we find such paragraphs as the annexed to damp our patriotic aspirations:—

"We hear VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. J. PERCY, commanding at the Nore, is suffering from an attack of gout.

"REAR-ADMIRAL MARTIN, superintendent of this dockyard, continues very unwell. This is most unfortunate at this present moment.

"CAPTAIN FREMANTLE, of the *Juno*, is also indisposed.

"CAPTAIN SIR EVERARD HOME, BARL, C.B., of the *Calliope*, 26, senior officer on the Australian and New Zealand station, is reported by the mail just in from that region to have died at Sydney on the 2nd of November last. CAPTAIN FREMANTLE, in the *Juno*, was going out to relieve him."

With a gouty commander at the Nore, an invalid superintendent of the dockyard, and an indisposed captain of the *Juno*, we are in a rather unpromising plight, from which we are not very efficiently extricated by the additional intelligence that the captain already declared to be "indisposed" is going out to Sydney to "relieve" a deceased senior officer. We do not wonder at the Greenwich pensioners having been thought of as a desirable accession to our maritime strength, and indeed looking at the age and infirmity of some of our admirals, we may regard the Greenwich pensioners as so much comparatively "young blood" infused into the navy.

Every one must be pleased to hear that England is ready to put forth its "old spirit," but we cannot help lamenting that the "old spirit" has not some rather newer bodies in which to deposit it.

QUESTION OF UNIVERSAL INTEREST.—How much?

## THE RULE OF THE WORLD WITH EXCEPTIONS.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the papers having for its title, The Rulers of the World, and giving an account of the number of sovereigns, with the peculiar title of their sovereignty. From this we ascertain that there are in the world two Rajahs, one Sultan, one Schah, one Ameer, and another singular animal, denominated an Imaum. The last of these living creatures would, no doubt, if transferred to the Zoological Gardens, share the public admiration with our old friend the Hippopotamus. Few have seen a live Imaum; and, if Muscat could spare its head for a single London season, we are sure that the exhibition of the Imaum would do a great deal for the Muscatese revenue.

By the way, we ought to protest against the omission of one or two individuals, within our own knowledge, who have been omitted from this list of "rulers of the world" rather unceremoniously. We have been expecting to see a letter from the Beadle of the Lowther Arcade, or his super-excellency the (six feet) High Keeper of Golden Square, both of whom might consider themselves on an equality with any Schah, and would look upon the Ameer as a mere humbug. There is, also, many a street keeper who is quite an Imaum in his own conceit, and who when, with the air of a Pacha, he inflicts a lick of his cane, feels as if he were at home in his own Pacha-lick. We hope, in the next edition of the "Rulers of the World," we shall find the names of a few of those who rule in the great empire of Beadledom.

"YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE OUT POOR IRELAND?"

DIRECTLY any new measure is proposed, you are sure to see an enthusiastic Irishman jump up in his seat, and inquire indignantly if the benefit of it is to be extended to Ireland. We should not be in the least astonished, if a Bill was to be brought in for "The Better Management and General Improvement of the Thames Tunnel," at some wild Irishman springing forward, and gravely inquiring, "if Ireland was to be included in the intended measure? for if not, he should bring all his influence to bear in opposition against it!" We really believe that if a Bill were proposed for "The Erection of Soup-kitchens in the Metropolis for the Relief of the Briefless Barristers of Lincoln's Inn," that these Hibernian zealots would object to it, unless it could be proved that Carrickfergus, and Downpatrick, and Dungannon, and Kilkenny, and Tipperary, and Westmeath, and Youghal, were specially brought within its provisions. We are positive they would oppose the pulling-down of Temple Bar, because the removal would be no kind of advantage to Sackville Street in Dublin.

THE BRITISH TAR'S MOTTO:—"Semper H."

DOVES OF ST. PETERSBURG.



It is known throughout our hopeful land that—some time since, when the weather was at the coldest, the quicksilver all but freezing—there were certain good simple-minded men, kept warm by the fervour of faith in human goodness, who left their English homes, their wives and little ones, to betake themselves to St. Petersburg, that they might have a brotherly talk with brother NICHOLAS, the god of Russia; but in very truth, only a fellow worm of the largest size—a worm, in fact, almost as big as a snake—gilded and coated with the brightest metal and the finest colours. Brother NICHOLAS, in all his bravery, should,

nevertheless, be sought and accosted by brethren in drab; the broad-brim would, undoffed, approach the casque. The New Testament should be opened, and words of life and charity be read therefrom in confutation of decrees of blood and death. The Sermon on the Mount against the Ukase, issued from our Palace!

All honour and all praise to these worthy men! There is brotherly love in their mild meek eyes: there is a sweet music in their very footfall. Let their pilgrims' staves—when the men shall have rested from going to and fro upon the earth—be hung aloft in Town Halls to quicken the thankful thoughts of all after-comers. What worthless old iron the sword of SCANDERBEG—what a butcher's knife, the blade of a NAPOLEON—to those simple staves.

Well, we have news—news exclusive from our own correspondent—of these pilgrims. They reached St. Petersburg, their shoes sound, and their spirits hopeful. They put up at the Snowball, kept by the worthy FEETOTALOFKY, to whom they carried particular missives. Having shaved themselves, they immediately proceeded to the Palace; and it was not their fault that they did not walk straight into the very heart of the building. But a difficulty presented itself in the form of a Grenadier of the Guard; he did not—albeit the Russians are accomplished linguists—speak English; but soon gave symptoms of his perfect command of the bayonet, which he had brought within a finger's breadth of the stomach of one of the pilgrims, undaunted, and the while desiring in plain English, that he and the Grenadier of the Guard "should reason with one another." Now it seemed that the sentinel would, in another second, have used the *prima et ultima ratio*—or first and last reasoning of grenadiers—to the puncturing of our pilgrim's waistcoat with whatsoever remained behind it, but that—as though like PHAETON'S, it had fallen from the sky—a carriage, the smoking wheels almost in flame, stopped at the Palace.

A man—a hero—a demigod—a JUPITER, that is a Russian JUPITER, flung himself from the vehicle. He was striding—for he had on his seven-league boots, and might as well have walked from Sebastopol, where he had been *incog.*, and whence he had for the dignity of the thing ridden—he was striding through the open gates, when his double-eagle eyes fell upon our Pilgrims.

"Who are you?" said the Czar, in the most mellifluous English that he learned at the breast of an English wet-nurse, long since ennobled, and married, and divorced—and married again to Muscovite princes.

"Who are you?" asked the Czar, a second time even more melodiously.

Whereupon the Pilgrims took out their cards of business, and placed them in the hands of the deity of Russia.

"Englishmen. I thought so," said the Czar, with slight emotion. "Follow me."

The grenadier of the guard immediately became as he was—even as he was—before the advent of the Pilgrims, and withdrew his bayonet from the drab waistcoat aforesaid.

The Czar moved on; and doors of malachite, with key-holes set in diamonds, and hinges of Ural gold, were flung open; at least a hundred of them, and still the Pilgrims—their hearts no more puffed up or elated than though they trod their native mud—still the Pilgrims followed. At length they arrived in a cabinet, the walls whereof were polished steel; a cabinet lighted from the roof by a fiery carbuncle. Nevertheless, the souls of the Pilgrims stood erect as before; neither did their knees shrink in their small-clothes.

"Sit down," said the Czar, "and make yourselves at home. I'm always glad to see Englishmen, even"—and the Czar smiled with that beautiful melancholy in his smile for which he was so celebrated at the flower-show, in

happier days, at Chiswick—"even, when they no longer see my Ambassador. My good friend"—and the Czar laid his hand in the most paternal way upon the right knee of the elder pilgrim—"my good friend, what *can* I do? Speak freely—unburthen yourself. In fact, whatever it is, mention it. What can I offer you?"

"Friend NICHOLAS, thou canst offer peace," said the Pilgrim. "With the greatest pleasure. But have I not done so? Have not MENSCHIKOFF and ORLOFF, and—my very good friends"—and the Czar's voice slightly trembled, and—(but the Pilgrim is short-sighted, and might have been mistaken)—his lip a little quivered—"my good friends, I have been shamefully misrepresented. Nevertheless, I hope I bear with evil like a Christian, and have moreover put up a *Te Deum* for some of my enemies. I hate the thoughts of war. As for my army, that necessary evil, I sometimes suppress a shudder when I review it."

"And thou dost crave for peace, NICHOLAS?" asked the Pilgrim, with a sweet, hopeful smile.

"I'll take the Sultan to my heart like—(that is, allowing for the difference of religion)—like a brother. I'd kiss your QUEEN'S hand like a father. I'd embrace FRANCIS JOSEPH like an uncle—FREDERICK WILLIAM like a man who has married his sister, and LOUIS NAPOLEON like anything. My good friends, peace is what I want—peace and my own way, and the Autocrat of sixty millions shall be found as gentle as any shepherd. And yet, England has joined with France, and ABERDEEN—who *can* trust in human nature after that?—ABERDEEN has sent British men-of-war into the Black Sea. The sacred Black Sea! Nevertheless, I'll forgive all—all for the sake of peace; peace, and my own way. But let me introduce you to the Empress."

The Empress could not be seen.

"Very well, another time. In the meanwhile, come and see the Empress's doves," said the Czar.

And the Pilgrims followed the Emperor, who led them to a dove-cot where doves were lodged as only the doves of Empresses can be received and done for.

"How willingly"—said the Czar—"in token of my aspirations, how willingly would I send a pair of these doves to one and all of the powers maliciously leagued against me!"

"I tell thee what, friend NICHOLAS. I'll take a pair to friend VICTORIA, and say to her what thou hast said." Thus spoke the elder Pilgrim.

"I thank you," said the Czar; cordially shaking the Pilgrim by the hand: "but wait awhile and know us better. Wait and you shall be the bearer of the doves. Look here"—and the Czar moved a sitting dove from off her nest, and took the two eggs, laying them, warm as they were, in the hands of the Pilgrim. "These will be hatched—I know so much of doves—in a few days. Wait then, two or three weeks, and you shall take the doves in token of peace."

"Peace at any price, friend NICHOLAS?" said the Pilgrim.

"Peace at any price," answered the Czar, "to my sister VICTORIA."

And then—unseen by the Pilgrims—the Czar replaced the dove's eggs by two bullets (he always carries them) from his waistcoat pocket; and the guileless Pilgrims departed to tarry at the Snowball until those leaden eggs should be hatched.

And such is and has been the policy of the Czar—to treat for peace, the while *his* dove-like thoughts sit upon bullets.



Summary Review.

The Czar, his Court, and People. By JOHN S. MAXWELL. Bentley. If this book bears out its title, it will supersede DANTE'S Inferno.



First Cabby (who is run up against). "NOW THEN! WHERE DID YOU PICK UP THAT OLD STRAWBERRY POTTLE YOU CALLS A CAB?"  
 Second Cabby (retorts). "SAME PLACE WHERE YER FOUND THAT BIT OF OLD RAG YOU CALLS A 'ORSE."

### "UP GUARDS, AND AT THEM!"

THE voice that spoke those fiery words hath into silence passed,  
 But the words are words for ever—an eternal trumpet-blast  
 That rings in every English heart—as, to burst of drum and fife,  
 The gallant guardsmen take their way unto the field of strife.

'T is long since London streets have seen battalions bound for war;  
 Their heads are grey, their blood is thin that have looked thereon  
 before—

But the grey heads rise erecter, and the thin blood runs less cold,  
 As along the Strand to the clashing band their march the guardsmen  
 hold!

"Ye are young and know not warfare—its prices and its pain;  
 The names from household records it wipes out with bloody stain:  
 With what pressure upon labour it sets its iron hand;  
 In what deep draughts it sucks away the best blood of the land.

"Have we not read in history its lesson writ in gore?  
 Must we not pay, still, day by day, its price in taxes sore?  
 How many a heart it widowed, yet in widowhood is chill?  
 How many a hearth whose fire it quenched, is black and joyless still?"

All this we feel—but feel, nathless, great as war's price may be,  
 There are prices worse of payment for men that boast them free.  
 Such as honour paid for safety, or life redeemed by lies,  
 Easy taxes bought by crouching—or wealth of weakness prize.

Weak Right stands forth 'gainst giant Might;—and shall England  
 brook a doubt,  
 Upon which side we take our ground, and draw our good swords out?  
 What matter names in such a strife? be the man judged by his work;  
 'Tis the ill-faith of the Christian 'gainst the good faith of the Turk.

The sword he draws for God's own laws who draweth it 'gainst Wrong;  
 In this great faith—through life and death—the people still are strong!  
 Let rulers gloze and statesmen prose, the people's heart is true,  
 And goeth to the battle, good soldiers, forth with you!

Then, drums, roll loud, as when ye cowed our foemen's hearts of old,  
 String nerves to strife, ear-piercing fife—speak trumpets, loud and  
 bold!

Shake your war-rags, emblazoned flags, till your glorious names of  
 yore  
 Show added to the deathless list one deathless title more!

### A DECIDED CASE.

THIS is not the time of year for mushrooms; but a new sect has  
 just quietly sprung up, as mushrooms spring. Witness a recent *Times*  
 advertisement:—

A Decided Christian is WANTED as a Superior GENERAL SERVANT, in a very  
 small Family. A good Character indispensable.

The Decided Christians are quite a novel denomination. From the  
 above advertisement it would seem that a good character is not a  
 recommendation which the "Decided Christians" necessarily possess.  
 Ordinary Christians had better beware of the "Decided."

### Equity Indeed!

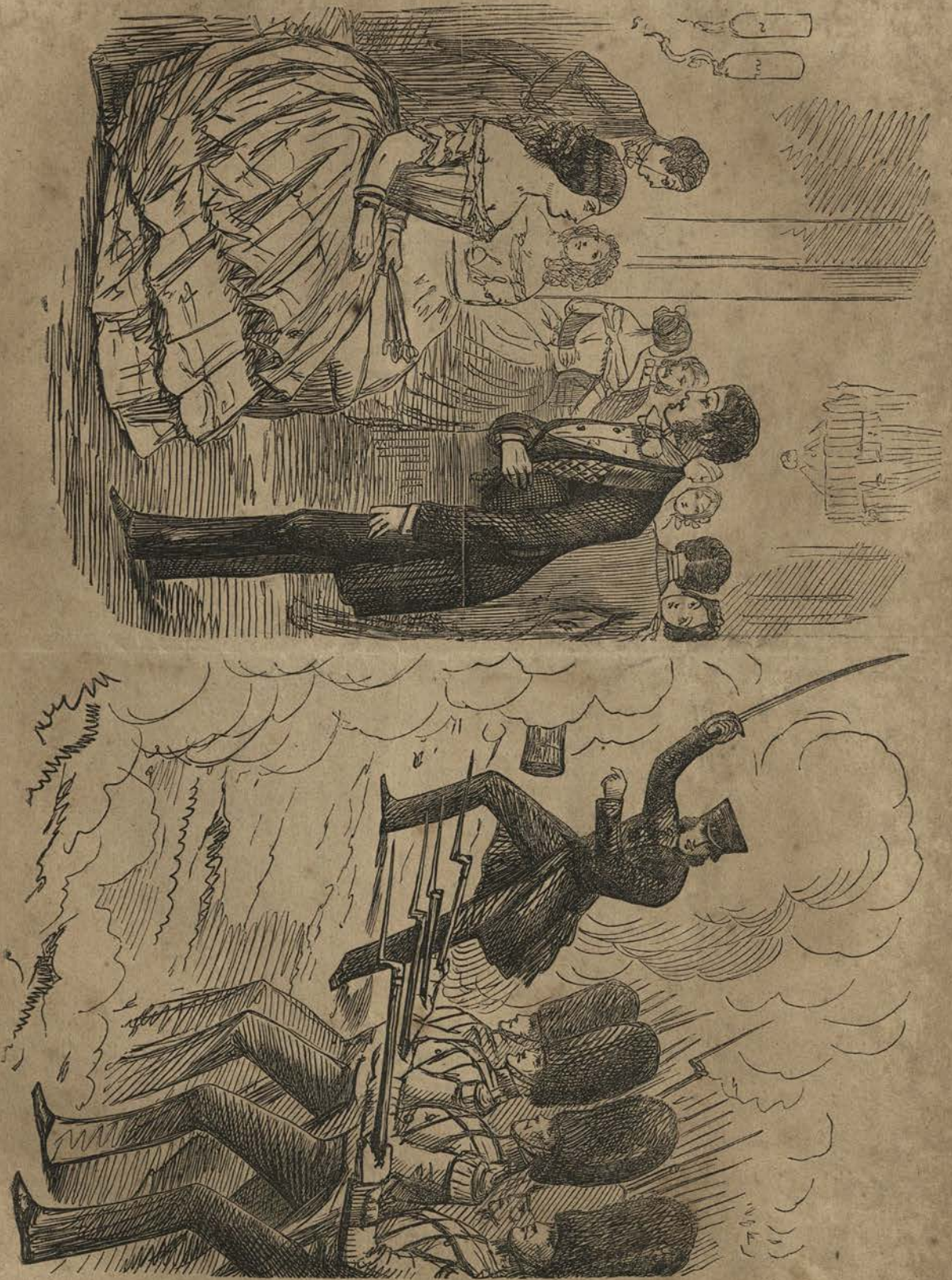
A SUITOR IN CHANCERY, complaining of that reformed—but still  
 rascally—institution, says

"A case is now pending in which you will be surprised to hear that the cost of  
 examining witnesses is not less than £100 per diem."

We are going to war with Russia; and the expense of the contest  
 will be enormous. But if we feel inclined to grumble at that, we may  
 consider that we ought to think ourselves lucky in having to go to war  
 instead of being obliged to go to Chancery.

### International Sweets.

A *Confiseur*, in the Rue St. Denis, at Paris, has just invented a new  
 Cordial for the special use of the English and French armies in  
 Turkey, to which he has given the name of the "Entente Cordial."



OUR GUARDS.

THEY CAN PLAY; AND, BY JOVE, THEY CAN FIGHT TOO.



Mr. P. (sternly continuing). The use of cold sponge baths in the morning must be regular and uninterrupted.

Laura (shivering). Ugh!

Mrs. P. (bitterly). Mr. P., if you expect me to allow these poor girls to be driven into galloping consumptions, without so much as opening my mouth—

Mr. P. (interrupting). It is my intention, at once, to hire a drill-sergeant to put the girls through a course of calisthenic exercises, with the Indian clubs and dumb-bells.

Laura. } Papa!  
Emily. }

Mr. P. (becoming more and more excited). Meanwhile, I shall consider of the erection of a gymnastic apparatus in the garden.

Mrs. P. (bursting out). Had you not better put them into jackets and trousers at once, Mr. P., and cut their hair short, and send them to sea?

[Mr. P. closes his Treatise with great dignity, when

Enter SPRAGGS.

Spraggs. Oh, please, there's an accident.

Mrs. P. An accident!

Spraggs. The long-legged Dorking fowl, Mum, the white un.

Mr. P. Eh! the pride of the pen I bought last week at the Baker Street show? Nothing has happened to that fowl, I hope?

Spraggs. She've been and got drowned in the water-butt, Sir!

Laura. Oh, dear, how dreadful!

Emily. But is she quite dead, poor thing?

Spraggs. She's insensible, Miss, and Cook can't bring her to now.

Mr. P. Bring her here, at once. [Exit SPRAGGS. Yes, I know—those "Instructions for the Treatment of Persons apparently drowned." I pasted them inside your recipe-book, Mrs. P. Quick! Get the book, at once! We may find the same rules applicable.

Re-enter SPRAGGS, bringing in a gigantic Dorking, in a state of suspended animation.

Mrs. P. Here's the book. (Looking at the fowl.) Poor thing, it's quite dead!

Mr. P. Let us not conclude too hastily. (Reading rapidly). "The head should not be allowed to hang down;" hold up the head, Sir, can't you (to SPRAGGS). "Gentle friction of the epigastrium should be employed." Rub the epigastrium of the bird, Mrs. P.—its crop—will you. "Hot bricks should be applied to the soles of the feet." Ask Cook to warm some bricks instantly, LAURA; at once! "Hot flannels to the pit of the stomach." EMILY, let some flannels be heated.

[All fly to execute his orders, the long-legged Dorking being a favourite in the family.

SCENE changes to bed-room.

A lapse of a quarter of an hour, during which, by superhuman exertions of everybody concerned, the directions of the Humane Society have been carried out in practice on the body of the apparently defunct Dorking. A bed has also been warmed for its reception.

Mr. P. I detect a slight pulsation, I'm sure I do, in the region of the heart. Is the bed quite hot, SPRAGGS?

Spraggs. As 'ot as 'ot, Sir.

Mr. P. Then place the bird gently in it—so. Yes, there certainly is a fluttering about the heart. Can anything else be done? What do the directions say further, Mrs. P.?

Mrs. P. (reading). "Recovery may often be much facilitated if a living person be placed in contact with the drowned person so as to impart vital warmth."

Mr. P. Stop. Yes, there certainly is a return of circulation. "A living person," eh? SPRAGGS, suppose you stripped, and got into bed to the unfortunate fowl.

Spraggs (with dignity). What me, Sir, strip myself! Go to bed alongside an 'en, Sir!—no, Sir!

Mr. P. I insist upon it, Sir!

Spraggs. No, Sir, not if it was as much as my place is wuth. No, not if I was to go without a month's warning or a month's wages.

Mr. P. Then I will, rather than peril the fowl's recovery. Your master, Sir, is not above imparting to a fowl, any more than he would be to a fellow creature, the vital heat from his own body.

[He pulls off his coat, fiercely.

Mrs. P. (disgusted). He really is going to do it. Well, I'm sure, Mr. P., the fowl ought to be much obliged to you. Come, my dears.

A lapse of another quarter of an hour.

Mr. P. has carried out his heroic resolution. The Dorking has profited by it, has recovered the use of its legs, and is now walking—with but little remains of weakness—about the room.

Mr. P. (at door—having resumed his clothes). Mrs. P.! Mrs. P.!—LAURA—EMILY! Come up—quick. It's wonderful! The fowl is perfectly restored. Come up. The fowl is walking about, apparently cheerful. Come—quick!

Re-enter MRS. P. and the girls.

Mrs. P. Well, I declare—so she is, poor thing—as if nothing had happened!

Laura. Oh, and now she's cackling!

Emily. Yes; and look—she's jumped up on to the wash-hand stand!

What can she be about? [Grand roudade from the resuscitated Dorking.

Mr. P. (watching eagerly). How very interesting! Ah!—yes—she's going, I declare she is—yes—see, my dear! Look! Yes—she has! (Rushing up, as the Dorking jumps down.) See—there! (He seizes basin.) If the intelligent animal hasn't gone and laid an EGG in the wash-hand basin!

[He exhibits the Egg in triumph. Profound and prolonged sensation. Scene closes.

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?



THE following paragraph will perhaps astonish all but those who, like ourselves, have long ceased to feel astonishment at anything, and who cannot help thinking that calf's head surprised is a dish that places a calf's head in a very appropriate position:—

"THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.—A German offers for sale instruments for indicating persons' thoughts by the agency of nervous electricity. The price of the instrument is two guineas."

There seems to us to be nothing very new in this invention, for we have often known people betray their thoughts by being shockingly nervous, which is evidently the same thing as "nervous electricity." The instrument we have sometimes seen applied with success in getting at the

thoughts, through nervous action, is an Old Bailey Barrister. The only point of the affair to which we object is the price of the instrument. We look upon two guineas as a great deal too high a price to pay for anybody's thoughts, unless they are such thoughts as those of PASCAL, which might be worth the money; but in most cases the maxim of "a penny for your thoughts," which has long ago been fixed by the old saying, is quite as much as the thoughts of any body are likely to be worth in these days of dull reflection. If the instrument is really what it professes to be, it might be worth while to apply it to LORD ABERDEEN, for the purpose of finding out what he thinks of himself in reference to his proceedings on the Turkish question. We might also ascertain whether the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA really thinks the English people will allow him to continue in the course he has adopted. Nervous electricity may be very useful in the latter case; but we trust the electricity will be accompanied by a good supply of thunder from the united artillery of France and England.

RESULTS OF THE CENSUS.

A VERY interesting pamphlet, called the "Results of the Census," has been "put into our hands" by a person into whose hands we put a shilling. We think there are some results of the Census which have been overlooked by the ingenious author, who will perhaps supply the omission in a subsequent edition.

One of the most remarkable Results of the Census, was its effect on the age of that beautiful production of Nature, familiarly known as the British female. The Census had, in fact, the same sort of operation on the ages of women, as a declaration of war would have on the Public Funds. Our own cook, who had been familiarly quoted in the house as upwards of fifty, fell suddenly to thirty-eight, at which she has since nominally remained; but no settling day has been appointed, nor is it likely that there will be any settling at such a clearly ideal figure.

Jack and Levy.

CAN WE DO WITHOUT A LEVY OF SEAMEN? is a question propounded by "BLUE PETER" in the Examiner. Perhaps not; but the seamen can do, and it is hoped will do, without any of the tribe of LEVY.



FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First Poet. *Friend.* "WHO'S 'IM, BILL?"  
 Second ditto. "A STRANGER!"  
 First ditto. "EAVE 'ARE A BRICK AT 'IM."

A FEW WORDS TO THE BRITISH LION.

THEY'VE roused thee then at last,  
 Thou old, majestic beast;  
 Did they think thy strength was past  
 Because thy roar had ceased?  
 By ST. GEORGE! despite thy doze,  
 (And a long one it has been),  
 Few would dare to rub thy nose,  
 Or to get thy paws between!

After years of tranquil life  
 Gnawing calmly at thy bone,  
 Thou art loth to wake to strife  
 In a quarrel not thine own;  
 But the cause of the oppress  
 Has been thine from day of birth,  
 And you cannot tamely rest  
 Whilst a despot walks the earth.

Boldly walked he, noble brute!  
 Whilst he fancied that you lay  
 Too torpid and too mute  
 To care to cross his way.  
 In features so benign,  
 In attitude so still,  
 He marked no latent sign  
 Of defiance to his will.

You have undeceived him now,  
 And aghast he stands before  
 The anger of thy brow  
 And the thunder of thy roar;  
 For he feels that thus irate,  
 Both the power and will you bring  
 To fix at once his fate  
 If he tempt thee to thy spring.

Stand up then for the right,  
 And in war, if it must be,  
 Strike out with all thy might  
 Till thy foe is on his knee.  
 Then take thy rest again,  
 Leaving safe the Russian bear,  
 Tethered by too tight a chain  
 To break it—if he dare.

THE EFFECTS OF CATHEDRALS.



CERTAIN poor Knights of Windsor—according to a contemporary—applied in a deputation, the other day, to LORD PALMERSTON, for Royal Authority to inspect certain documents, whereunto access has been denied them by the Dean and Canons of that ilk. The object of the Poor Knights is to ascertain whether the rich Parsons are or are not cheating them annually out of the greater part of £15,000. The documents in question are those of the Star and Garter order of Knighthood. Of course it is not to be presumed that the clergymen withhold their documents because their deeds will not bear the light. This should not be supposed in their particular instance simply because it is the fact in very many other cases. Let us

hope that the acts, if not the deeds, of the Windsor dignitaries will prove a marked exception to the majority of "Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment."

But what a curious thing it is that dishonest appropriation should be so very generally imputed to Cathedral Clergy! It looks as if there were something extremely fraudulent in the influence of a Cathedral. Stealing through "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," the solemn tones of the organ would seem to encourage an actual propensity to rob. The architecture of screens, one would think, suggest covert speculation, and artifices for self-aggrandisement are hinted by the enrichment of arch and canopy. Storied windows may be imagined to impart a stain to integrity; corbels to grin an incentive to roguish tricks, and the nave of the sacred edifice to communicate such a character as to justify spelling it with the prefix of a K. In short, it appears that the atmosphere of a Cathedral is impregnated with the same spirit as that of a stable; and that, as ostlers, grooms, and other

people employed about horses, acquire an aptitude at cheating, so do Deans and Chapters become imbued with a genius for malversation. The chantry may be regarded as breaching the morality of the horse-chanter, and the prebendal stall as stamped with similar associations to those which are connected with the equine ditto.

DISRAELISMS.

The statesman is a fool who gives up to mankind what is meant for party.

Language is like Dido's cowhide—valuable mainly from the space it is made to cover.

A minister, once in, should be like a Quaker who is challenged—his conscience should stand in the way of his going out.

Let me have abuse on my side, and you may have as much argument as you please on yours.

The best policy is assurance.

With irony any man may clear himself a path to power, like the vinegar with which HANNIBAL cut his way through the Alps.

Every man has his price; the only thing is, in buying, you must buy in the cheapest market; and when you wish to sell yourself, you must sell in the dearest.

Two and two may make four; but that is no reason why you should admit it. Never admit anything. Recollect, Protection was ruined from admitting cheap corn!

No faith like that which a man has in his own talents.

Deputations are the greatest nuisance that a ministry can be visited with.

There is no harm in bribing, as with the Spartans there was no harm in stealing; the great harm is in being found out.

A WORD ON THE OATHS BILL.—Considering how very extensively the Jews let in the Christians, a Christian Parliament surely ought to let in the Jews.



## THE THEATRE OF WAR.



of Europe are at present fixed, intends following the managerial example at the end of the long peace which the world has enjoyed. It is expected to run somewhat as follows:—

"In selecting the plan of campaign—which I have only done after expending cans of midnight oil, and pounds of Russian tallow candles in the research, I think I am sufficiently justified in departing from the well-known version of warfare usually adopted at the Cirque Olympique and Astley's. That version may be very effective in the representation, but as the killed of one battle generally figure as the conquerors of the next, and as wounds are only represented by the mimic aid of red ochre, whilst whole armies are put to flight by two or three British sailors, or half a dozen French gendarmes; that plan, recommended as it may be by the successful practice of many years, will never answer my Imperial purposes. My Theatre of War will be carried on on very different principles. I mean to have real killed and wounded. The wounds of my soldiers shall be real, bleeding, and, if possible, mortal wounds. There shall be nothing false about my productions—no false castles to be blown down like a pack of cards—no false ships to sink down a trapdoor—no false enthusiasm—no victories, as false as the supernumeraries, who are paid a shilling a night to win them, and do not mind, so long as they are paid, what side they fight upon. No! the destruction of my wars shall not be such as can be swept away afterwards by a couple of stage carpenters, but shall be terribly real in its nature, and as terribly devastating in its effects, theatrical and otherwise.

"In coming to this conclusion, I am guided by the examples set me by my noble predecessors PETER THE GREAT and CATHERINE, who were two of the grandest performers that ever distinguished themselves on the Russian Theatre of War. They made a great show in history, and so will I; a halo of blue fire still burns round the victorious associations of their names, and I wish mine to be illumined with a similar fire—only I am determined it shall be real blue fire—the bluest blue fire that can be procured!

"No expense has been spared to give proper effect to the different scenes of the war. I am ambitiously resolved that it shall be a war such as has never been seen on any previous theatre. It has already cost me thousands and thousands. It may put me to the outlay of millions. What is the consideration of a few hundred thousands, more or less, to one who has 56,000 millions at his disposal? I rise superior to such small sacrifices!

"There may be a question as to the propriety of interfering with the plan that for so many years has been successful in Europe, far surpassing the brilliant achievements of any previous war. My answer is, that I was left without the choice of arms—I was driven from one engagement to another till I was compelled to act on the defensive, and open a theatre of my own. Of what benefit is a peace to me if I cannot take part in it? An actor in my position cannot afford to remain idle. No name can be earned—no glory can be achieved—no laurels can be won to wreath my imperial brow unless I am actively engaged! To this Theatre of War, therefore, do I intend to devote all my energies—to give it the advantage of every scenic effect and accessory—to elevate it to that height of success which shall enable me to crush all possible rivalry. Besides, such idle questions will become the lips of an Emperor to reply to—they are best answered with the mouth of a cannon! The "Danubian Principalities" afford a grand opening for a new campaign, and it is my intention to commence there early in the Spring, and to bring such a corps into the field as shall safely defy all opposition. To ensure this, I have laid down the plan of an engagement that I am sanguine enough to expect will be as successful as the one at Sinope, and other places, where all resistance sank as ridiculously as a Turkish three-decker before the victorious broadsides of my gallant company.

"I have the strongest band that ever was collected together, and

IT is the fashion now with managers, MR. CHARLES KEAN, MR. SMITH, and others, when they produce a new piece, to issue a page of reasons; in which they state the great authorities they have consulted in the production, puffing themselves gently, all the while, upon the enormous pains and expense they have been put to in order to make it effective and profitable.

The EMPEROR NICHOLAS, the Russian Manager of the Grand Theatre of War, upon which the eyes

when they do begin to play, with their artillery and other instruments of tremendous execution, in good earnest, I rather expect they will astonish the ears of the world.

"The following authorities have been consulted in the course I have taken:—

"The Siberian Mines, and the Savings Banks of Russia; JULIEN's opera of 'Pietro il Grande;' 'Nesselrode's Pudding Receipt Book;' 'The Seven Champions of Christendom;' 'Baron Munchausen's Memoirs;' 'Tom Thumb;' 'Malbrook s'en va-t à la Guerre;' 'Widdicombe's Collection of Astley Play Bills from the Invasion of Moscow up to the present Period;' 'Planché's Unpublished History of the Battles of the Constitution that have been fought in the Registration Courts;' and the *Morning Herald* Office.

"NICHOLAS THE FIRST,

"Manager of the Imperial Theatre of War."

## SINGULAR SCENE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The QUEEN is transacting business with VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

Enter H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES in considerable excitement, and dragging in the *Times* newspaper.

The Prince. I say, Mamma.

Her Majesty (deprecatingly). By and by, my dear. I am engaged on important business. Go away, please.

The Prince. I've come on important business. Just you look here. (Hunts up, with some difficulty, an offensive paragraph in the paper, and puts his finger on it.) Here you are. How do you do, LORD PALMERSTON? Please to read that.

Lord Palmerston (smiles and reads). "The Hon. Member said that there were so many quarrels between the Crown and the Duchy of Cornwall, and so many disputes as to the rights of each, that the inhabitants did not know what to do."

The Prince (with great solemnity). Do you think he could have said that, now?

Lord Palmerston. I rather think I was in the House of Commons and heard him, your Royal Highness.

The Prince. By Jove!

The Queen (laughing). Now, EDWARD, what is it?

The Prince. What is it, Ma? Why, the Crown's you, Ma, I suppose. Isn't it. Eh?

The Queen. Well, I suppose it is.

The Prince. I suppose so, too. Well, and the Duchy is me, I suppose.

The Queen. Allowing for an angry young gentleman's grammar, yes.

The Prince. Very well. And the man dares stand up and say that you and I quarrel, Ma, about rights. As if everything I had in the world wasn't your's, and welcome, if it was fifty million times as much as it is. I wish they'd bring that pony round. I think we have the slowest servants in England. [LORD PALMERSTON laughs slyly.]

The Queen. Why, where are you going?

The Prince. I'm going to horsehip that fellow, of course—that Honourable Member. Only I thought you might like to know, first.

The Queen. Why, it is as well, perhaps, that you have mentioned it. Did we not agree, some time ago, that you were not to be so—what was the word, eh?—so "precious cocky." I think that was it.

The Prince (reddening). I wish you'd tell me who told you that story, Ma.

The Queen (smiling). A little bird. Was not that the word?

The Prince. Perhaps it was. I wish I knew what fellow had let it out, though.

The Queen. Well, but now you are going to be precious—there, don't be angry—but you are going to do it again. Perhaps LORD PALMERSTON will be so very kind as to take the trouble to explain to you what this dreadful grievance is.

[LORD PALMERSTON enters into some brief explanations, the result of which is the mollification of H. R. H.'s anger, and the countermanding the pony.]

## ISRAEL FOR THE TURK.

SOME rich Israelites at Adrianople—according to a letter from that place—have raised a free corps of Jews, very handsomely presenting the body to the service of the Sultan; who has very graciously accepted the services of ISRAELOSKY, and further, has presented to the warriors two banners to be to them as guiding meteors in the fight. One of these banners bears a silver crescent; well and good: the other bears three golden fishes, which would be well and good also, were not the fish tunny-fish; creatures much abounding in the Bosphorus. For these three golden fishes, from their rotund form appear on high on the Jews' banner like three golden balls! There is, however, this martial application in them: of three golden balls, nobody can expect quarter.

## HIGHLY IMPORTANT.



KING BOMEA ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHAT ATTITUDE HE SHOULD ASSUME UNDER EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES.

We see among the *Latest Intelligence* that the KING OF NAPLES has asked advice from the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, as to the attitude he ought to assume under existing political circumstances. Bless us! What next? We would recommend his pious Majesty to make haste and get under the bed, or crouch in any other obscure place as soon as possible—at all events to get out of the way.

## ABDALLA JALLA TO EFFENDI COBDEN.

"EFFENDI,—Whereas, in your place in the Divan, sitting as you do cross-legged riding for Yorkshire, you have spat dirt upon the Koran, and said the thing which is not of my lord and most high master, the SULTAN—you must allow me to make answer to you in the words of my mouth, which shall be shut as becomes a stranger dwelling in your land, which is known to all the ends of the earth for the shortness of its speech and the length of its business.

"Let it not surprise you—O Effendi—that I, a Turk, and born in Constantinople—(may ALLAH mend its roads for the better ambling of your mule in your next comings and goings)—that I talk thus of the creed of the English—namely, business. For know that when my beard was downy as a blackbird in the nest, I was sent from Stamboul to a certain house to learn and note the ways of men and cotton in Eblis, otherwise Manchester. My mother heaped dust upon her head, and my grandfather—(my father was with the Prophet)—tore his beard; but the cords of gain are twisted of gold, and who shall resist them. For what says the sage? "Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?" "Is it possible?"—asked my grandfather, when I was about to depart upon travel—"is it possible that the idea of an intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? The Prophet forbid!" Nevertheless, I came to Manchester.

"Let this suffice, Effendi, to satisfy you of the means by which my poor ignorance has picked up the pearls of the English tongue. I studied at a desk in Manchester. I have drunk of the Irwell, and lo, I speak ink. To business, then; business, which the Genii of Smoke call, almost without ceasing, from the tall chimney minarets, "Business, come to business, oh ye Faithful! There are no powers but £ s. d., and great are their Prophets!"

"In your place in the Divan, you said that my people—(whereof I am the basest)—must ever persecute, can never improve, because we must follow the laws, the unalterable laws of the Koran. Alas, Effendi, and is it really so? Is there no difference between the Prophet himself and my master, ABDUL-MEDJID? Is the turban a thing unchangeable? Consider the fez. Are not the robes, and shawls, and trowsers of the Turk of the days of your father rolled away like the clouds of a sunset; and who in the morning may ask—Where are they?"

"Have we not had the *Tanzimat*, good Turkish for Reform? Has it not been kneaded into the bread of the tender-stomached, and bastinadoed into the feet of the stiff-necked?"

"Doth not MUSURUS BEY bring his one wife to the table of the QUEEN OF THE ISLES, and—let drags be cast into the Thames, up and

down, I defy them—seek and be confounded, for any other houris in a sack.

"Doth not the Sultan vouchsafe to let the Israelite rush to battle against the Russ for the glory of the Crescent? I know, Effendi, that it will be said, a Sultan in need is as an eagle tangled in a net, and will therefore take any help. Or rather, as your own unclean proverb goes—(and goes in the mire like a hog for its subsistence)—"hungry dogs will eat dirty pudding." Therefore, it may be flung upon the beard of my master, that he forbears to spit upon the Jew, for the good, business, Manchester reason, that he can make the unclean Hebrew profitable unto him. It is not so, O Effendi, riding for Yorkshire. No. It is that the Turk has become even as other men by much mixing with other men. Do we not wear frock coats, and—may the Prophet pray for us, as he will—sit to have our pictures painted by the sun!

"Before I quitted Stamboul, the Koran was read by many of the faithful by a new light. AL GHAZALI, the slipper merchant, did not altogether believe that—having run across the bridge, finer than the finest cotton thread of Al Sirat—he will drink of milk and musk at the Prophet's Pond; and then, walking on the earth of the finest wheat flour (what a free trade in corn there must be!), pluck pomegranates and grapes from the tree of Tuba, everything becoming any food soever at the wish of AL GHAZALI. Nor did AL JANNABI, the baker, altogether hope to gather silks and satins from the leaves growing in Paradise; and to talk to him of the seventy-two immortal wives (besides the old ones restored as beautiful as ever and as good as new), he would say the Prophet wrote in the darkness of riddles; and that some wisdom may be tied in a knot like a serpent—to undo it is to be stung for the pains. Therefore he would shake his head at the two-and-seventy immortal maids of Paradise, the wives set apart for the meanest believer. He would declare—the Prophet could not, in his heart, have meant it. But these things suited his times. And what says the sage, Effendi? "A man is more like the times in which he is born than he is like his father or his mother." And therefore, believe—O EFFENDI COBDEN—that these things in the Koran which are not as real to the Mussulman's soul, as the stick to the soles of his feet.

"For consider it. You have a book upon which you build your mosques, and by which you impose tax and tithes for the comfort and subsistence of your Mufti. Now in this book, it is said to be most beautiful for all men, and most like a true Mufti—as Mufti should be—to divide a cloak, a loaf, yea a cup of water with the naked, the hungry, and the thirsty. It is good to sell all and give to the poor.

"Nevertheless the MUFTI OF CANTERBURY piles red gold at his money-merchant's, and the MUFTI OF LONDON dwells in a palace with kiosks upon the Thames, and rolls in filthy lucre even as a Thames eel in filthy mud.

"And the moral I drew from these and this is—it is not well or wise to think that the Turkey of to-day believes as hard, hard truths the stories that were told to Islamism in its cradle, and therefore must be cruel, bigoted, and persecuting, because commanded by a text—any more than it would be wise or true to write down of the bright Island of the West, the Archbishops are in poverty and the Bishops in rags, for they follow what is written in their book of faith, and give all their money to the poor and all their raiment to the naked."

"And so I rest, your Friend,  
"ABDALLA JALLA."

## Nicholas Scratched.

The reply of NICHOLAS to LOUIS NAPOLEON is said to be of the coarsest kind, written with a sword's point dipped in national tar; altogether not a missive to go into *The Polite Letter-Writer* of sovereigns. NAPOLEON, "our uncle," was won't to say, in contempt of all Muscovites, "if you only scratch a Russian you'll find a Tartar." LOUIS NAPOLEON, with his steel pen, scarcely tickled the Czar, and the Tartar, it is understood, has come out exceeding strong.

## Forget and Forgive.

SHAKE hands, old SMITH O'BRIEN,  
Here's my paw, says the British Lion,  
Let what's past be ne'er stirred;  
You're a man of your word,  
And no more fool's tricks will try on.

## Woman and her Bit of Bonnet.

A SAVAGE observer of female life has bitterly observed that—paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless true—the less a woman shows of her bonnet, the still less she exhibits of her brains.

## THE VERY WORST.

"THE Turkish quarrel smells in the nostrils of Europe," writes an indignant and olfactory journalist. No wonder, while one party is an Otto man, and the other a Musky wight. [Even pity has its limits.]



BRITANNIA TAKING CARE OF THE SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

**"GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!"**

STIRRING our English pulses out of their even beat,  
Flushing our English faces with an unwonted heat,  
From heart and tongue, of old and young, rises that high appeal,  
To wake a might which in the fight defieth shot and steel.

From humble homes and stately domes that cry goes through the air,  
With the loftiness of challenge, the lowliness of prayer.  
Honour to him who spoke the words in the Council of the land,  
To find faith in old England's heart, force in old England's hand!

Who said that peace had eaten out the manhood from our race?  
That love of gain, and fear of pain, for valour left no place?  
That leave to spin and gold to win, was Englishmen's sole prayer—  
Which so we got it mattered not how all besides might fare?

Back in the slanderer's throat we fling the cold and craven words:  
Never of old with manlier hold our fathers clenched their swords;  
Never in stour of Agincourt, or Cressy's desperate fight,  
With lustier breath, defying death, rang "God defend the right!"

Nay, all the more—that, oft of yore, when rose that battle cry,  
'Twas kingly strife that staked men's life, nought recking "how"  
or "why."

Ambition's game of sword and flame, serfs played as sovereigns chose,  
Whose right or wrong seemed weak or strong, by sheer event of blows.

'Tis not so now; the knee we bow, as those who, kneeling, see  
That war's event is ever bent by an all-wise decree,  
That we who fight for truth and right, must win, whate'er betide,  
For that the God of battles goes forth upon our side.

That right is old which we uphold, and call God to defend;  
It took its birth with new-born earth, with out-worn earth shall end;  
Mis-shapen Wrong, however strong in means, in minds, in men,  
Before the power of Right must cower to the abyss again!

What wonder then, if Englishmen are in this faith so bold?  
That each man's hand grips to the brand his father drew of old?  
What wonder that, with hearts elate, our soldiers seek the fight,  
To the great cry—from the nation's heart—of "God defend the  
Right!"

**THE POOR SUFFERER IN ST. PETERSBURG.**

BESIDES being crazy, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is said to have been afflicted with erysipelas and gout. The former complaint may be supposed to be a breaking out of a fiery humour, and the latter to have been brought on by over exertion in the attempt to trample on Turkey, by which he has put his foot in it. The Czar never paid any attention to his Constitution, and the worst results to himself, but the best to mankind in general, may be apprehended from his present course of intemperance. Drugs are mostly Oriental commodities; and as his ports will be closed, he will be in a great measure deprived of medicine, which, however, would be of no use to him without advice, and that he refuses to take. But England and France have determined to physic him, and will try and force a prescription down his throat.

**Saying for Somerset House.**

It is a considerable—though not, perhaps, a conclusive—objection to the proposed examinations for appointment to Government Offices that a man cannot want very much information to qualify himself for a mere post.

**THE LONELY MAN.**

No wonder that NICHOLAS is obliged to resort to a forced loan. He has told so many lies that nobody will give him any credit.

## THE GIRLS THEY LEAVE BEHIND THEM.



As troop after troop of brave men departs to fight the battle of freedom, the band of the regiment plays the regulation farewell of "The Girl I left behind me." This morsel of military music is by no means of a tender or plaintive character, but on the contrary expresses considerable exhilaration and rather high animal spirits. And if the very best of the girls whom the soldier leaves behind him were imbecile cooks and other females captivated by the mere human figure in a red coat, his chief emotion in leaving them might well consist in a lively sense of deliverance. But among the girls left behind him by the British soldier there are some in leaving whom he leaves his better half—bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. The remainder of that flesh and bone he may, alas! perhaps leave on the banks of the Danube, where the fallen warrior will make a brick in our barricade against the Tyrant of the World—that would be! For so much of him Christian burial is all that we can add to Turkish funeral honours. But his moiety left here among us, we may do something for—or leave it alone. If we take the latter course it goes miserably washing and cleaning, and, in nine cases out of ten finally begging, or into the workhouse. That will be the ordinary and usual lot of the girl whom the soldier leaves behind him in the person of his wife.

It is therefore to be hoped that "A NAVAL OFFICER," writing in the *Times*, will not vainly have called attention to the position in which the wives of soldiers will be placed by the departure of their husbands on foreign service for the defence of Europe and mankind against the enemy NICHOLAS. As to the soldier's pay, he half starves upon it himself, and after his semi-starvation there remains not the value of a crumb to be handed over to his wife and perhaps children. The girl—and, maybe, the little girls and boys—left behind by him have surely a claim superior to that of the mate and progeny of the lazy clown and the sottish and improvident mechanic. It is just that relief should be dealt out to them with no parochial hand, but with a palm a little wider open than that of the relieving officer, and in a spirit of consideration somewhat more kindly than the beadle's. Slashing away at the foes of England—who can slash in return, to some extent—is the soldier to feel that his wife, neglected by that England, is making abortive attempts to earn a miserable subsistence by mangling linen? In the approaching conflict with the Power of European Darkness, our soldiers will not disgrace their country by faintheartedness at the thought of the girls they left behind them. Let not the country disgrace itself by *only* thinking of those girls!

## A RATIONAL JEW BILL.

LAST week's Parliamentary intelligence includes the statement that—

"Mr. H. DREYMOND presented a petition from a place in Surrey, praying for the restoration of the Jews to the Holy Land."

The only reason that can well be imagined why the inhabitants of any place in Surrey should wish the Jews restored to the Holy Land by Act of Parliament, is the existence, in their opinion, of too many of the children of Israel in their own neighbourhood. There are places in the vicinity of the Victoria and Surrey Theatres where the Jewish community is perhaps more numerous than respectable; but to remove the principal population of the New Cut, for instance, to Palestine by a legislative decree, would be a proceeding of tyranny tantamount to treading in the hoof-prints of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. It may be suspected that those who want a bill for the deportation of the Jews, desire by that illiberal measure to counteract other bills operating to the Jews' advantage against themselves; and that they would not care a button for the restoration of the Hebrews to Jerusalem if they could only see them at Jericho.

A RUSSIAN OUTBREAK.—The papers say that the EMPEROR NICHOLAS has had a breaking out on his face. To us it has long been obvious that he is rash all over.

## BEGGING BISHOPS.

It is a melancholy fact, but a fact nevertheless, that the ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and YORK, and the BISHOP OF LONDON are reduced to beggary. We have before us, at the present moment, three begging letters, signed respectively, J. B. CANTUAR, P. EBOR, and C. J. LONDON. It is not, however, for themselves that these exalted prelates have exercised the calling of the mendicant. Happily the palaces of Lambeth, York, and Fulham are still "above want," or at all events so well founded as to spare the humiliation of "asking for more" on the part of their respective occupants.

The two Archbishops and the BISHOP OF LONDON have, nevertheless, commenced pushing about the begging box, or sending round the hat with considerable energy, on the part of "the poorer clergy" with whose "hardships and difficulties," they tell each other, they have a "well-known sympathy." C. J. LONDON in writing to P. EBOR, speaks with decent horror of the "greatly increased number of poor clergymen," and sets forth statistically the uncomfortable fact, that "there are about 4818 stipendary curates, and 1354 incumbents not having more than £200 per annum."

One might hope, that as the occupants of the various Episcopal palaces are aware of this dismal state of things among "our poorer brethren in the Ministry," as C. J. LONDON fraternally designates the clerical victims of poverty—one might hope, that under these circumstances the Bishops would be appealing to each other to make certain sacrifices of luxury and pomp for the relief of the necessities of the "poorer brethren." We are, however, doomed to be disappointed; for the Archbishops only write to the Suffragan Bishops, with instructions to touch up the Members of the Church in General, for the benefit of certain schools, and accordingly the Honorary Secretary has commenced stirring up the public with a shower of circulars, asking everybody whose position in the Blue Book or Court Guide may favour the idea of his having a shilling to spare for his "kind assistance." For our own parts, while thoroughly approving the principle of providing better for the poor clergy, we cannot help thinking that a little better approach to the equalisation of the incomes of all the "brethren in the ministry" would be the most satisfactory mode of dealing with a difficulty which has turned two Archbishops and the BISHOP OF LONDON into begging letter writers—a vocation that is not much to be envied or commended, however excellent the motive of the mendicants.

## THE WORK OF THE PEACE SOCIETY.

If ever we get out of the present European scrape—as we hope we shall live to do, and perhaps even with a few shillings in our pockets, some of us—in order that we may not so readily get into another, a combination must be formed for the purpose of doing the very reverse of what has been done by the Peace Society. NICHOLAS evidently mistook the bleating of that association of lambs for the voice of the nation, and presumed thereon. Now the British Lion is roaring too late. We shall know better in future; and our endeavour must be to institute a War Confederacy, which shall hold periodical meetings whereat violent harangues shall be delivered, and resolutions passed, and subscriptions entered into, for the purpose of promoting the settlement of international questions by appeals to arms. It shall further issue tracts inculcating the principles of combativeness, communicating knowledge of the arts of destruction, and enforcing the propriety of perseverance in singing "Rule Britannia." Thus, by a moderate display of quarrelsomeness and ferocity, we shall really serve the cause of universal brotherhood and philanthropy; at least, we shall secure ourselves from that sort of molestation which a sagacious dog, by occasional growling, exempts himself from on the part of bullies.

## AN OFFICER AND (NOT) A GENTLEMAN.

We were lately puzzled by the announcement, that among the City officials there is a Common Huntsman, a Water Bailiff, and a Yeoman of the Water Side. It has since occurred to our recollection that these offices are peculiarly appropriate to the city, where the abundance of "Stags" must furnish constant occupation to the Common Huntsman; while the Water Bailiff and Yeoman of the Water Side, may be fully employed in looking after the "loose fish" with which the City swarms.

## Advice to Smith O'Brien.

SMITH O'BRIEN is about to receive a free pardon. We are glad of it; and hope he will collapse into a quiet Irish landlord. As, however, PYTHAGORAS commanded his disciples to forbear from beans, so does *Punch* advise SMITH O'BRIEN never again to go among cabbages.





“GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT.”

*Lord John Russell.*



THE UNITED SERVICE.





SHEFFIELD TO THE SULTAN.



It is said that the Cutlers' Company—in admiration of ABDUL MENJID—propose to present him with a noble taste of the quality of Sheffield hardware, in the shape of a magnificent scimitar, of surpassing temper and marvellous edge—(somewhat by the way like to the gratitude of Sheffield's member, no doubt)—a scimitar richly handled, and bearing on its blade a short pertinent inscription. It is the well known custom of Asiatics to

have verses of the Koran inscribed on their swords; and the Cutlers' Company will, in a degree, follow the practice, by inscribing on the Sultan's Sheffield blade a few words that—in his war against Russia—shall at once embody an exhortation and an imitation: these words being in the largest Saxon—

“Cut and Come Again.”

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

MR. P. carries out his Domestic Reform Bill in his own person and that of his daughters. *Recolt of MRS. P.*

SCENE.—*The School-Room. The young ladies in their high frocks, lambswool stockings, and stout shoes, are laboriously and ruefully pursuing health, grace, and activity by the aid of the Indian Clubs, under the training of CORPORAL ROWDIDOW of the Coldstreams.*

\**Corporal (to MISS EMILY). That'll do for you, Miss, for a bit. (To MISS LAURA). And now, Miss, if you're rested, we'll go on agin.*

[*MISS LAURA, who has dropped her club, languidly resumes it.*

*Corporal (smiting the action to the word). Rise the harms gently at right angles to the body, at the same time gradually bringing the clubs 'orizontal. Right 'and club a little upper, Miss, till the clubs is brought perpendicular and parallel over the 'ead, then bring the hands quietly down agin. (MISS LAURA lets her hands, clubs and all, down by the run, in the most abrupt manner.) 'Ollo! Miss—that won't do.*

*Laura. Oh, I really can't keep up the horrid things—it's no use.*

*Emily. I'm sure my arms ache as if they'd drop off.*

*Corporal. Oh, that'll wear off, Miss, bless yer! In a week you'll knock 'em about like nine-pins.*

*Laura. In a week! Oh! I'm sure I can never stand a week of it, EMILY.*

*Emily. No more can I.*

*Laura. Let's tell Papa; do.*

*Emily. Oh, but he'll be so angry. Let's tell Ma.*

*Laura. Oh, here's Papa coming.*

[*They hastily resume their clubs. The CORPORAL recommences his "extension Movements."*

*Enter MR. P. cheerfully, with his chin and upper lip in a most stubbly state.*

*Mr. P. (cheerfully). Well, Corporal, what progress are you making?*

*Corporal. Werry tidy, Sir, werry tidy. In course the young ladies feels it a little 'ard at fust.*

*Mr. P. Remember, my dears, that MILO, the great wrestler of Crotona, having begun by carrying a calf on his shoulders, ended in being able to carry an ox without the least inconvenience.*

*Laura (sullenly). Yes, Pa! But if you only knew how stiff we feel—*

*Emily. And in these horrid thick shoes, too, Pa!*

*Laura. And these heavy high frocks—*

*Mr. P. My dear, depend upon it, the change is for your good—and a few months more will quite reconcile you to it. But don't let me interrupt the lesson, Corporal.*

*Corporal. Well, Sir, I think we was about falling out for to-day, Sir.*

*Laura (eagerly). Oh yes, I'm sure we've been more than an hour. Haven't we, EMILY?*

*Emily. At least an hour, Pa.*

*Enter Mrs. P., considerably excited.*

[*CORPORAL salutes, and exit.*

*Mrs. P. I really wish you would speak to Cook, MR. P.—(suddenly observing the state of his beard)—but good gracious, MR. P., why you're never going out in that state.*

*Mr. P. (calmly). What state, my dear?*

*Mrs. P. Why, you're not shaved!*

*Mr. P. (firmly). I am aware of it. As at present advised, it is not my intention ever to shave again.*

*Mrs. P. (in amazement). Never shave again!*

*Mr. P. I have lately been studying the subject of human hair, and I have satisfied myself that the practice of shaving, as hitherto followed in these islands, is an expensive, a troublesome, and a mischievous practice, and as such, to be exposed by argument and discountenanced by example.*

*Mrs. P. Give up shaving!*

*Mr. P. I have written to the Times in defence of the step I am about to take.*

*Mrs. P. (not yet believing her ears nor her eyes). But you don't mean you're going about, like a Jew, or a Frenchman, or a picture, with a great big beard and moustaches?*

*Mr. P. In what abundance or colour my beard and moustaches may develop themselves, I have yet to learn. (Calmly.) But I shall certainly let them grow, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS.*

*Mrs. P. Why, you'll have all the boys running after you in the streets.*

*Mr. P. I am prepared for ridicule from the inconsiderate.*

*Mrs. P. And you'll look just like some dirty, nasty foreigner. I declare I shan't be able to bear you.*

*Mr. P. The beard was certainly not given to us to be shaved off, Mrs. P. It not only defends the teeth from tooth-ache, the throat from catarrh, and the lips from chapping, but it acts as a natural respirator.*

*Mrs. P. (impatiently). Natural fiddlestick!*

*Mr. P. (continuing). While it adds dignity to the countenance—*

*Mrs. P. Dignity! As if your face—*

[*She pauses.*

*Mr. P. I am not aware my face, as it is, is deficient in that expression which inspires respect, but the beard certainly increases the majesty of the human face—*

*Mrs. P. But have you considered the trouble of keeping it clean; and then it will always be getting into your tea at breakfast, and into your plate at dinner; and, no—I declare, MR. P., I will not bear it.*

*Mr. P. I tell you, Mrs. P., I have maturely weighed the advantages and disadvantages, and I am determined to persevere until my efforts are crowned with a beard.*

*Emily. Oh, do have it died black, Pa.*

*Mrs. P. Oh! now really—*

*Enter SPRAGGS, with a hat-box.*

*Spraggs. From the 'atter's, Sir.*

[*MR. P., opening the hat-box, takes out a broad-leaved felt hat.*

*Mrs. P. And what on earth is that for? You are surely never going to a masquerade at your time of life.*

*Mr. P. (putting on the broad-leaved felt with dignity). This is the rational hat, my dear.*

*Laura. Oh, how funny!*

*Mrs. P. The rational hat! Oh, did anybody ever! I really wonder, MR. P., that you can make such an object of yourself—before the girls, too; though, to be sure, now you've made such objects of them, poor things, it can't matter much.*

*Mr. P. If you have any argument to offer against the hat, MRS. P., I am prepared to meet it; but mere vituperation, of course—*

*Mrs. P. Oh! as if all your experiments in-doors, and the discomfort and the expense, and your writing to the Times, and laming the poor girls with their horrid hob-nailed boots, and ruining their health and giving them spinal complaints with their nasty heavy clubs, wasn't enough, but you must go and make an object of yourself and a laughing stock, with your beard and your rational hat, and such ridiculous nonsense. I declare, MR. P., I've borne it till I can bear it no longer, and if you have no respect for yourself and your family, I'm sure my relations won't stand by and see me ill-treated and trampled under foot in this way, and these poor dear girls, too, I'm sure it's enough to tear a mother's heart to see 'em. (MR. P., having recovered a little from the first shock of this tirade, attempts to speak.) No, MR. P., don't attempt to talk to me.*

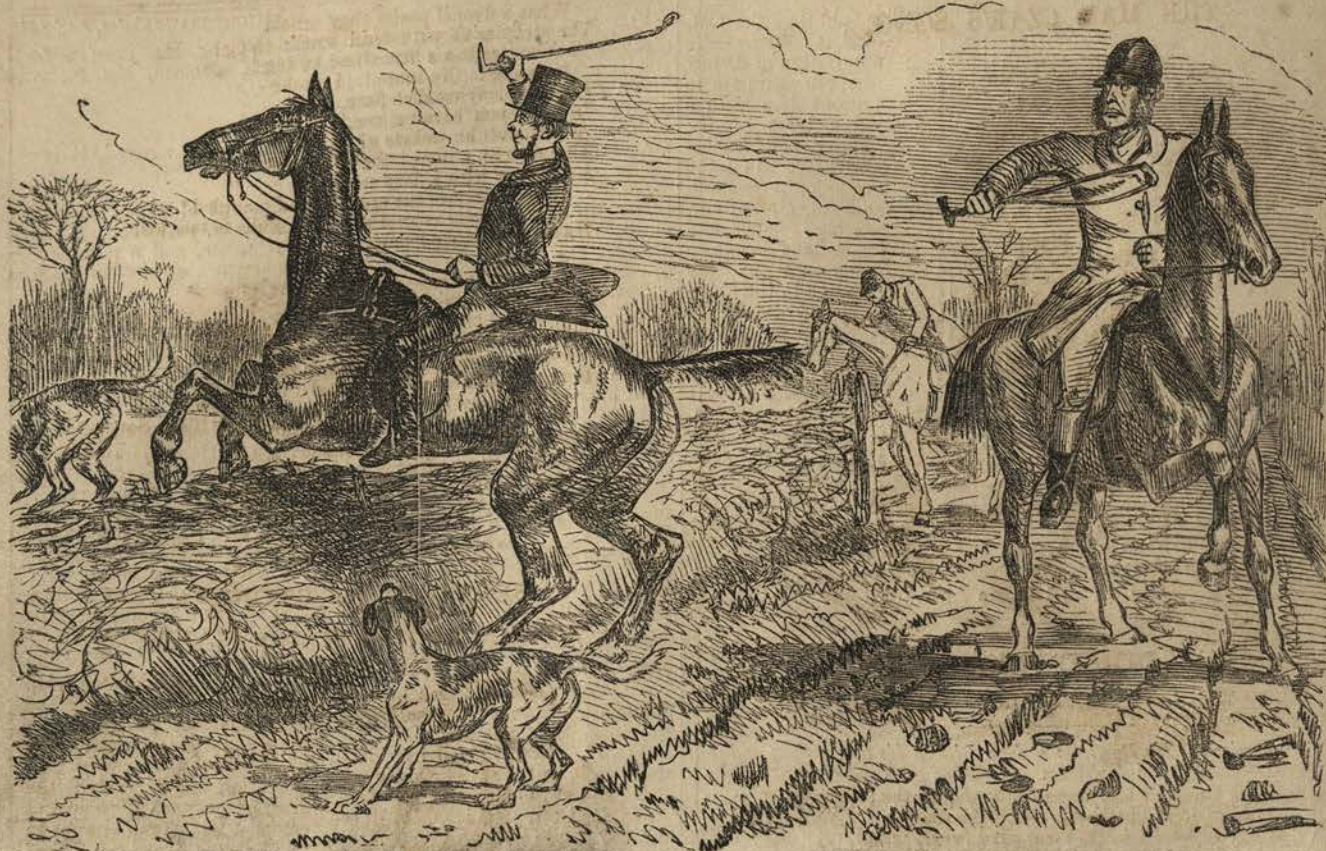
*Mr. P. But if you'd only hear reason, my dear.*

*Mrs. P. Reason? from a man at your time of life in a hat like that! But it won't be for long, that's one comfort; no, my dears (To LAURA and EMILY, who are beginning to whimper); and perhaps when I'm dead and gone—*

*Laura. } Oh, Mamma! how can you talk so. Don't please. Oh,*

*Emily. } Pa, oh!*

[*The MISS P.'s throw themselves into the arms of their mother—a pathetic group. MR. P. stands irresolute between his marital and parental affection, and his adherence to the natural respirator and the rational hat. Scene closes.*



Indignant Master of Hounds. "Now, you Sir! MIND THE HOUND! HE'S WORTH FORTY TIMES AS MUCH AS YOUR HORSE."

#### REASONS FOR BEING PRESENTED AT COURT.

MERE loyalty may be a sufficient inducement with many persons to be presented at Court, and indeed it requires a pretty good supply of that amiable feeling to reconcile sensible-minded persons to a pair of footman's breeches, a coat and waistcoat familiarly known to play-goers as the orthodox dress of *Noodle* in *Tom Thumb*—a bag wig which never goes on the head, a cocked hat that never remains on the head if you try to put it there, a sword which is fatal to nothing but your own dignity by always dangling between your legs, a pair of enormous shoe-buckles, and a yard or two of lace borrowed from your wife's habit shirt. A man must be very loyal indeed who submits to such masquerading to pay his respects to the QUEEN, or it may happen that he does so for the less respectable motive of seeing his own name in the *Court Circular*.

In looking through the recent list we find some of the ostensible reasons given by the Court newsman for certain presentations at Court to be rather unsatisfactory, and we instance the following in proof of our statement.

First we find—

"Mr. BEBB, on being allowed by Royal License to take the name of BEBB instead of LAUREL."

Now there isn't at any time much in a name, but if we may be allowed a preference, we should certainly prefer LAUREL to BEBB, and if we wished to be handed down to posterity in the *Court Circular*, we had much rather that instead of being thrust into the public eye as BEBB, our fame should be graced by union with LAUREL.

The next presentation which strikes us as rather remarkable in the reason assigned for it, is that of

"The EARL OF PERTH AND MELFORD, on restoration."

We should like to know in what way the Earl has been "restored," for "restoration" is a term usually applied to deposed monarchs, dilapidated pictures, buildings that have been burnt down, and property that has been stolen. If the Earl has been restored to his title, he might have reason to rejoice, or if he has been simply restored to health, the subject might be one for congratulation. But when we are simply informed that he has been presented "on restoration," we are

left in a perplexing ambiguity as to what may have been his past fate as compared with his present condition.

One or two gentlemen have been presented "on their marriage," and it is probable that a man after he is married, may not only have his shirt buttons more complete, but that he may be kept on the whole more tidy, and consequently more presentable. Several have gone to St. James's on the ground of having "obtained a commission," and it is certainly a satisfactory achievement, notwithstanding the small drawback of having been obliged to pay a pretty high price for it. Nevertheless, we cannot regard the reasons assigned for the presentations at Court, as on the whole very satisfactory.

#### EXPORTS FOR THE ENEMY.

To say that a man ought to be hanged, is generally to use a figure of speech; but if any one crime deserves the gallows it is that of selling to the enemy the means of destroying our own soldiers. We are sorry to say that a quantity of gunpowder intended for this murderous traffic has been seized, but we are glad to add that the quantity so seized was very large, and we sincerely hope the loss has ruined the owners. It would be difficult to conceive any punishment too bad for scoundrels who are capable of turning a penny out of a cartridge intended to kill their countrymen, if the nineteenth century had not, in a great measure, agreed to abandon the principle of avenging villainous deeds by physical atrocities. We would not, therefore, wish that such fellows should be eviscerated, or grilled, or denuded of their integuments in a state of consciousness—or even subsequently to decease. But we would serve them conversely as they serve the nation; and since they export articles for their country's harm, we would export themselves for their country's good—at any price that any customer would pay for such contemptible slaves.

#### Consideration on the Oaths Bill.

THE Jews may be a distinct nation; but they do nevertheless take a great interest in the Commonwealth. If that interest were only the interest of the Three-per-Cents, it would be something, but the interest they take is generally very, very much higher than that.

THE MAD CZAR'S SONG.



THE Crescent has horns—but where's the tail?  
As the great bluebottle asked the snail;  
Bezz, wuzz, wizz, wizz, wizz, wuzz, hum!  
And here's the new moon at the end of my nail—  
But I cannot get it under my thumb!

You lie, you lie, you lie, lie, lie!  
I'll stamp the whole world under,  
Bring me my boots—and now let fly!  
Hold! Stop! Just wait till by-and-by,  
And then you'll hear my thunder!  
Take out the spurs, to prime them well,  
Ram both of 'em full of shot and shell,  
We crept on the Moslem in a fog,  
They say old NICK is a cunning dog!  
There—look!—see!—there the squadron lies—  
Hush!—Now I'll bet a man-of-war  
To a transport, that I catch those flies—  
So!—gently!—softly!—No!—Too far!  
The great guns must be brought to bear—  
Load all the Paixhans—here's a pair!—

Fire!—fire and smoke!  
For the Orthodox Religion—ho!  
The cannon's mouth cracks joke on joke—  
Who was that laughing down below?  
Ha! how the wretch s writhe and sprawl!  
It does one good to see 'em  
What's that?—for mercy did you call?—  
By no means!—massacre them all!  
And now let us sing *Te Deum*.  
The carrion-crow has a lovely voice;  
And the vulture and cormorant screamed "Rejoice!"  
To the tune of the dying,  
That were crying,  
In the flaming hulks a-frying,  
Whilst I was in comfort lying,  
Singe 'em, roast 'em, scorch 'em, burn 'em!  
*Non confundar in aeternum!*

That lightning did the organ play?  
It whistles through my head—  
Ha! take those centipedes away,  
And the spiders and earwigs, too, I say,  
That are creeping in my bed!  
Beat off the French and English dogs  
Ugh! those frightful toads and frogs!

What a dismal psalm they croak!  
The steeples all with death knells clang!  
The incense has a brimstone twang!  
No more! No more! I choke—  
Blue the holy candles flare,  
In an instant burning low,  
All around the sockets glare,  
The skeletons there! the skeletons there!  
Fixing me with a fiery stare  
How the bones are crushed and mangled!  
And seaweed around the bare skulls is tangled,  
Ha ha!—it looks like hair.

Put out their eyes—the livid flame  
Has set on fire my marrow,  
My name—oh! you know what's my name—  
But this waistcoat is too narrow.  
My razors—my razors—let me shave!  
It is too bad, too bad, too bad,  
I'd swallow Turkey—that may be—  
And I'd wash it down with the whole Black Sea,  
But yet I know how to behave—  
A hornet's nest is in my brain!  
And that might make a man insane;  
But ME? Oh no! No, no, I am not mad!

SERMONS IN STONES;

OR, THE MEETING OF THE STATUES.



HE recently promulgated plan for colouring statues, and the news that the proprietors of the Crystal Palace were about to put the plan partly into execution, have caused the greatest excitement to prevail amongst the various statues in the Metropolis, and made most of them as vocal as MEMNON himself. CHARLES THE FIRST, whose long experience of London smoke leads him to doubt the durability of any but a perfectly black tint, has been heard by many foot-passengers travelling westward from the Cider Cellars, to exclaim, "*Nimum ne crede colori*," several times in a sad and solemn tone; but MAJOR CARTWRIGHT, so long the silent guardian of his solitary square, is vastly taken with the scheme, and has repeatedly astonished the policeman on night duty, by quoting these words from the *Winter's Tale*, as if he were already in possession of all the honours that polychromatism can bestow.

"Good my lord, forbear;  
The ruddiness upon my lip is wet,  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting."

But, as most of the Metropolitan statues are as solitary as milestones, and as soliloquies, however eloquent, can scarcely be expected to influence public opinion, it was thought better to call a general meeting of the London Statues for the purpose of considering the general fitness and applicability of polychromatism, as an adjunct to the sculptor's art.

The studio of an eminent stone-cutter, situated *al fresco*, in the New Road, and containing a great variety of designs both for funereal and ornamental purposes, was selected as the place, and the hour at which the statue of the COMMANDATORE went to visit DON JUAN was fixed on as the time of meeting. The usual occupants of the stone-cutter's yard resigned their pedestals, but with no very good grace, to their visitors, many of whom, and particularly those from St. Paul's Cathedral, seemed so perfectly at home in their new station, as to create a strong suspicion that it had been their birth-place. "A sweet little cherub," which had long "sat up aloft," on a fluted column, now squatted in a corner and looked gloomily at NELSON, who had ousted him of his seat, having got down from his own column by the aid of the fire-escape which GEORGE THE FOURTH and CHARLES THE FIRST had fetched for him out of St. Martin's Lane. PATIENCE, instead of standing on a monument and "smiling at grief," had given her place to SHAKESPEARE, and was scowling at him as if she thought he had taken it "not for an age, but for all time." The meeting was very numerously attended. Five or six of the equestrian statues, in their haste to reach it, rode at such

a pace up the City Road as to make it clear that the phrase of "Going it like bricks" ought, henceforth, to be superseded as an illustration of



extreme swiftness by that of "Going it like marbles." CHARLES THE FIRST had the lead, the superior breed of his horse giving him a decided advantage over the reedy, groggy, ewe-necked, stiff-kneed brutes on which his companions were mounted. His riding was much admired, as he used no stirrups and rode entirely from the knee; but poor GEORGE THE THIRD was left a long way behind, and came plunging



along, his pigtail vibrating with the violence of the butter and eggs trot peculiar to the "Berkshire farmer." The statue of his son and successor, which is of a rollicking disposition, greatly alarmed the quiet inhabitants of Artillery Place by shouting out the well-known lines from BURGER'S "Leonora."

"Tramp! Tramp! we ride along the shore,  
Tramp! Tramp! along the sea,  
Hurrah! We statues ride apace,  
Dost fear to ride with me?"

The meeting having assembled it was facetiously remarked by several statues at once, that as SIR JOSEPH BANKS, from the British Museum, was already in the chair, he had better keep it, and the worthy knight having entreated that he might not be compelled to speak standing, proceeded to explain the purpose for which the meeting had been called.

"They had all heard," he said, "that it was in contemplation to colour statues, in the hope that the use of flesh tints would give to the marble the glow and warmth of the human form. At present it was only proposed to subject the nude antiques to this treatment, but it must be evident to them all that a white marble coat, with breeches, stockings, and pumps to match, stood in quite as great need of colour as the face or the figure. It was impossible to be content with the use of flesh tints, as it would be simply ridiculous to colour GEORGE THE THIRD'S face, without at the same time giving to his venerable pigtail that dash of powder which it had wanted for so many years. He would not detain the meeting longer, but would conclude by expressing a hope that the painter's brush would soon endow him with a claret-coloured coat, nankeen breeches, a canary waistcoat embroidered with lace, white stockings, and shoes with buckles: a neat and elegant costume which he had worn during life, and which he much preferred to his present dress, which was fit only for a miller."

ACHILLES from Hyde Park then came forward and moved the first resolution, thus:—

"Sorely it grieveth my soul, O my friends, thus to stand up before you, Blackened with soot and with smoke from this highly fuliginous city, Like to MEMNON I seem than to him whom the white-footed THETIS Bare unto PELEUS the Old, nor would THETIS remember her offspring. Therefore I hail with delight the proposal to paint me, believing That he whom they paint must each year, or more often, be washed or re-painted.

Thus shall I cease to be like unto THOMAS, that just Ethiopian:  
Therefore I move that the project be quickly embraced by the meeting."

ACHILLES ceased, and DR. JOHNSON, from St. Paul's, stepping forward to second the resolution, said:—

"Man is so far the slave of form and custom, that he can have no idea of the appearance of his fellow man apart from the accessories of dress, nor can he separate the general the monarch, or the author, from the uniform, the robes, or the rags, with which fashion or fate have covered them. Were you able to transfer to the canvas or the marble the exact lineaments of PLATO'S face, you could not expect the philosopher to be recognised if you adorned his figure with the theatrical habiliments of JOSEPH GRIMALDI; nor would the features of my revered monarch (here GEORGE THE THIRD bowed) be known for his own under the helmet of RICHARD THE LIONHEARTED. And it must be evident to all who have studied the pages of history, that I cannot convey by any means a correct impression of the man whom I am intended to represent. The coat unconscious of a brush, the breeches too sparingly endowed with buttons, the linen unsparingly besprinkled with snuff, and many other well-known characteristics of the man, are wanting in me, and I sigh for the time when the painter shall endow me with those peculiarities, without which I can only deceive the ignorant and disappoint the wise."

It was next moved by the statue of ACTEON, from the Museum, and seconded by CHARLES THE FIRST, that in the development of the new plan the colouring of all dogs and horses should be confided to SIR EDWIN LANDSEER and to no other artist. A slight disturbance was created by the Boy with the Basket, from Pannier Alley, who had understood that azure was the colour chiefly employed in decorating works of his class, and who thought that the new process would therefore change a bas-relief into a *bas bleu*. Several of the statues having expressed a wish to know how they would look when painted, the chairman begged to introduce to the meeting, GOG and MAGOG, a variety of Highlanders from snuff shops, and one or two highly polished Black Boys from Ratcliffe Highway, and the meeting, after expressing much satisfaction at the pleasing prospect thus held out to them, cheered the chairman, and separated.



#### A Flash in the Hebrew Pan.

On Wednesday, MR. HENRY DRUMMOND presented a petition from a MR. FLASHMAN, of Dover, "praying Her Majesty's Ministers to take immediate measures for restoring the Jews to their own land." What does this mean? We always understood that the Jews were the great types and patrons of the class called flash men. Has there been a falling out? Are honest men likely to come by their own? We pause for a reply.

#### A Motion of Course.

WHEN PALMERSTON begins to speak,  
He moves the House—as facts can prove,  
Let URQUHART rise with accents weak,  
The House itself begins to move.

#### A Settler for Settlement.

THE announcement of MR. BAINES that he proposes to abolish settlement has been hailed with general applause; and it is allowed, that the labouring classes especially will owe to one of the greatest BAINES one of the greatest blessings.

#### KALAFAT AT ANY PRICE.

"I MUST take Kalafat at any price," says PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF. "It will cost me a number of men; but, Kalafat at any price." At least, he may make the attempt very cheap; the price-cost no more than that of a good piece of Russian towelling.

## "COMMON THINGS."

FULLY agreeing with LORD ASHBURTON and the *Times* that a knowledge of "common things" is now uncommonly desirable, we benevolently intend devoting to the subject an inch or two of our always "valuable space." Our own experience has long since taught us, and that of any "oldest inhabitant" will, we think, confirm the jession, that—

It is a common thing for the conductor of a Brixton omnibus to assert that he can put you down "within an 'underd yards or so" of your residence at Bayswater.

It is a common thing for those who purchase at a draper's "selling off," to find that they themselves are included in the selling.

It is a common thing for "sporting cards" to turn up knaves when you deal with them.

It is a common thing when you see an "original" farce annouced, to find by the papers it's "adapted from the French."

It is a common thing for tax-collectors to learn when they call on him that "master's just stepped out."

It is a common thing when you are asked to go shopping with your wife, to find that she puts on her very oldest bonnet.

It is a common thing for gentlemen who don't feel well after a wine party, to attribute their nausea entirely to the nuts.

It is a common thing for cabmen to drive you circuitously, alleging as a reason that the "streets are up."

It is a common thing for Cockney yachtsmen, when yielding to the elements, to assert that they never felt better in their lives.

It is a common thing for men who "won't detain you five minutes" to hold you by the button-hole for upwards of an hour.

It is a common thing for "real Norfolk sausages" to be manufactured in Whitechapel.

And it is a common thing on your returning suddenly from town, to find nothing in the house but a picked bone and a policeman.



Cabby. "What is it as is meant by 'Common Things,' as the Nobs is all for teachin' of us now?"

Waterman. "Why they tell me its Cabbigraphy and Bussiology, and all such things as belong to Civil Conveyancing."

## St. Petersburg Theatre.

It is said that NICHOLAS—who has some talent for melodrama, which comes out during his paroxysms—delivered himself, on taking leave of the Quakers, of the following speech:—"You have shaken the hand of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, but you have not shaken his resolution!" With these words, which were accompanied by a flourish of the fist and a stamp on the floor, the Autocrat made his exit.

THE TRUTH OFTEN LURKS IN A PARADOX.—Any fool can make money, but it requires a clever man to spend it.

## THE MACBETH MUSEUM.

THE *Morning Chronicle*, which appears to keep a correspondent in every benighted and uncivilised place in the world, has just published a letter from Scotland, in which it is stated, that

"Excavations were made in the course of last week at the supposed site of MACBETH'S Castle at Dunsinane, in Perthshire; after removing rubbish for some three feet, a wall was discovered, composed of large stones neatly joined together, and resting on the rock; but, beyond some charcoal and a few bones, no relics were discovered: the investigations will be proceeded with."

We are happy to state that Scotch perseverance was rewarded, and that, after some days digging, the following articles, in tolerable preservation, were found.

The rattle and coral of the baby *Lady Macbeth* speaks of, as one to which she had been a good deal attached, and did not bring up by hand.

The goblet *Macbeth* let fall when he saw the Ghost—rim a good deal indented, and the vessel still smelling of whiskey.

The pedigree of "*Mark*, King of Scotland," mentioned early in the play, and hitherto supposed to have been a fabulous sovereign.

The ring *Duncan* sent to *Lady Macbeth* as a small token of respect and esteem for her cookery. *Note*.—This present did not prevent the lady from causing the royal goose to be added to the articles cooked that day, but as the stones in the ring appear to be only Scotch pebbles, there is some excuse for her.

The bell her *Ladyship* struck when her husband's drink was ready. It is slightly cracked, but, as she mentions that she had also mixed for herself she probably struck hard, in the excitement of the moment. It is delightful to see poetical prescience corroborated by physical facts.

Several bottles of the physic which, by order of *Macbeth*, was thrown to the dogs. As the skeletons of some canine victims were found near the spot, it is probable that the Doctor was the MORRISON of his day, and that it was as well that the *Macbeth* family did not take his medicines.

The number of the *Sun* published on the last day of the siege of Dunsinane Castle. The dullness of its contents (this was some years ago, and the journal has vastly improved since), perfectly justifies *Macbeth's* observation, that he "began to be aweary" of the publication in question.

Other relics will probably turn up. Meantime the Managers of the London Theatres are on the *qui vive* to secure the above articles for a revival of the play. In the hopes of obtaining them, MR. CHARLES KEAN is already writing a learned and voluminous fly-leaf to his play-bill, while the Yankee Gentleman, who spoiled the *Corsican Brothers* for Drury Lane, is composing a beautiful scene between *Lady Macbeth*, her baby, and the nurse—another, introducing *King Mark*—and a third, in which *Lady Macbeth* exultingly brews the grog for her husband, with which and other American additions the play will last until a quarter to three in the morning. We shall duly announce the successful competitor for the MACBETH MUSEUM.

## ONE OF THE KNAVES OF THE CHURCH.

We should recommend the reader to put everything fragile out of his way, to protect it against the violence of the outburst of indignation which we think must attend the perusal of the following advertisement which appeared recently in the *Times*.—

TO SOLICITORS AND GUARDIANS.—20 per cent. commission on the half-yearly account, as long as the pupil remains, will be given by a clergyman near London, and receiving a limited number of YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who are treated with every possible kindness. Terms 60 guineas per annum, besides extras. No objection to lower terms; but in that case the rate of commission would be smaller. An Articled Pupil Wanted. Apply by letter, with real name and address to A. B. C., care of, &c.

So, here is a clergyman holding out a bait to solicitors and guardians to join in a scheme to obtain money under the false pretence that he has made a fair charge for receiving a pupil, and the solicitor or guardian is to obtain money under the false pretence that the sum paid is the amount required to obtain the advantage of the clergyman's tuition. One would be curious to see the sort of moral teaching that prevails in the establishment of the clergyman who has actually a new wrinkle to propose to the members of a profession who, justly or not, have the credit of being at the bottom of at least one half of all the rascality in Christendom. When a clergyman proposes to suggest a new dodge to an attorney, we are reminded of the fabled effort of a grandson to give instruction to his grandmother in the art of sucking eggs. Here, however, we have even a stronger case, for we find a son of the Church teaching the attorney or agent of the grandfather of lies how to suck the estate of an heir, or the pocket of a parent.

THE IMPERIAL BIRD FANCIER.—The hobby of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS consists in flying kites and feeding crows—both chiefly at the expense of his own subjects.



### PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

DELIGHT OF ONE OF OUR GUARDS NOW HE FEELS THAT THE COUNTRY WILL PROTECT  
"THE GIRL HE LEAVES BEHIND HIM."

### LOCKSMITHS AT LOGGERHEADS.

A CONTROVERSY—by means of advertisement in the *Times*—has been for some time going on between certain rival locksmiths; the question wherein appears to be, whether they have or have not succeeded in picking one another's locks. The species of dexterity for the palm of which these parties have been contending, is one that most people, perhaps, would rather rejoice in the silent consciousness of, than be solicitous to obtain for it an amount of notoriety, not exactly identical with reputation. It might also be expected that such a discussion would be conducted on either side with the calmness of philosophers who have rendered themselves expert in thieves' tricks for the purpose of baffling thieves. On the contrary, however, it is carried on with extreme acrimony and animosity, accompanied by reciprocal imputations of unfairness and fraud. Why cannot these ingenious gentlemen pick the locks one of another without also picking holes in each other's coats? Their presumably common object, the advertisement of their respective articles, would be better promoted if they could manage to divest their arguments on both sides of personalities calculated to suggest a doubt how far either can be depended upon.

### Popular Pressgang.

TIME-HONOURED custom, and respect for prerogative, forbid that the impressment of seamen should be done away with. No. Continue the system of impressing the British Sailor—but commit it entirely to the Public Press.

### THE VALUE OF A GENTLEMAN.

If the Admirable CRICHTON were to throw himself on the market in the present day, we fear that he would prove to be in very little demand, at a very low figure. The attributes of CRICHTON were never of the most negotiable kind, and though we have been assured that "every man has his price," we fear the price of mere accomplishments would be wretchedly low, when the business qualities of the human machine are estimated at the paltry sum set forth in the following advertisement:

**LAW.—WANTED** in a London Office, A GENTLEMAN possessing a thorough knowledge of Common Law according to the present practice, a general knowledge of Chancery proceedings, a facility in Correspondence, and general steadiness and industry. The Salary is proposed to commence at £80 a year, to increase according to application and ability. A Bond with Two Sureties to the amount of £500 will be required as Security. Address to X. L. &c.

To sum up the qualifications required by this advertisement, we find that for £80 a year, the advertiser expects a BROUGHAM'S knowledge of Common Law, a KNIGHT BRUCE'S familiarity with Chancery, a CHESTERFIELD'S adroitness at letter-writing, and a WHITTINGTON'S steadiness and industry. Besides all these qualities there must be added, in a minor degree, the responsibility of a ROTHSCHILD, inasmuch as security to a large amount will be required. It is true there is a vague prospect of an increase to the proposed remuneration, but as this will depend on "application and ability," and as the maximum of both these attributes is expected on taking the situation, we do not see how there can be room for any additional "application and ability" on which to found a hope of additional salary.

The best we can hope for the advertiser in this instance is, that he may be inundated with applicants professing to do all that is desired for the sum proposed, and that the party selected may very speedily do rather more than he bargains for, by doing the principal; who will thus be made to purchase a knowledge of the fact, that liberality is after all the wisest economy.

### Munitions of War.

WE have often heard it stated, in the fervid oratory of the hustings, that the elective franchise is the bulwark of the State. If this be really so, we are sure our timid readers will be glad to learn, that by his New Reform Bill, LORD JOHN RUSSELL proposes to fortify this bulwark with some additional ten-pounders.

NET PROFIT.—A fisherman's.

### CULLEN ON CAPERS.

THE progress which Popery has been making in the exclusive circles, will probably sustain a severe check from the publication of the following extract from ARCHBISHOP CULLEN'S "Lenten Pastoral," which, according to the *Times*, was read at all the chapels in Dublin, on the Sunday before last:—

"Never engage in those improper dances imported from other countries, and retaining foreign names, such as polkas and waltzes, which are so repugnant to the notions of strict Christian morality, are condemned by many of the highest and most respectable members of society, and are at direct variance with that purity and modesty of the female character for which Ireland has ever been distinguished."

The Protestant Association should get a few thousand copies of the above extract printed, and distribute them in Belgravia. If the superior classes—who have always been accustomed to regard Popery as a religion of taste and elegance—can be made aware that it condemns *la danse*, they will be much more effectually disgusted with it than they ever will by being informed that it condemned LATIMER and RIDLEY. Instead of telling them that it excommunicated QUEEN ELIZABETH, let them know that it anathematizes CELLARIUS, if you want to convince them that it is a "horrid" religion. Teach them that it not only enjoins occasional abstinence from meat (which may improve the complexion), but also prescribes perpetual fasting from the Schottische, and the Redowa, and the Valse à deux Temps. By the very mouth of the Pope's own mouthpiece in Ireland, instruct them that it calls these exquisite, these fascinating, these bewitching exhibitions of the poetry of motion, "improper dances imported from other countries and retaining foreign names." Do not waste words to demonstrate to them that it fastens fetters upon manly reason, and impedes the progress of the human mind. No, convince them that it shackles feminine ankles, and restrains the graceful movements of the female form. Then you may be sure that they will abandon the idea that there is what they call "soul" in its devotion. You will satisfy them that it is a dull, cold, hard system, as strict and as stupid as any species of Methodism. In short—that the Church of CARDINAL WISEMAN is as disagreeable and as vulgar as the Church of STIGGINS.

### Bring a Gridiron.

It is stated in a Masonic publication of great obscurity, that the first English freemason was WILLIAM OF SENS. Unbrotherly and ill-informed outsiders venomously hint that the said WILLIAM was not only the first but the last person of sense who joined the fraternity.

HOW TO ENDURE WAR-TAXES.



To bombard and batter the disturber of the peace of Europe, it is necessary that we should all shell out, and come down with the shot.

The effort of shelling or pulling out money is attended with pain. It may be compared to having a tooth out. In fact, KING JOHN'S JEW allowed several of his teeth to be extracted before he would pull out his money.

It has been proposed that the taxation necessitated by war should be submitted to under the influence of chloroform. But chloroform produces insensibility; and when Britons pay their taxes, they like to know what they are about. There is the same objection to brandy and water. The only possible sub-

stitute for chloroform is Moral Philosophy, which often has a highly narcotic effect. It is hoped, however, that the following considerations may prove consolatory without being somniferous.

In paying your war-taxes, recollect that you are only defraying an extraordinary police rate, necessitated for the protection of the community against a monstrous burglar, and hope that you are contributing to the rascal's apprehension and punishment. Or, bear in mind that your taxes are only so much money extended in the way of fire insurance against a dangerous incendiary or SWING.

Think that the coin you surrender will be transmuted by the Government into ammunition; so that it will, in effect, form a portion of bombshells and cannon-shot which may actually blow the palace of the old robber about his ears: perhaps enter into the substance of a bullet or a bayonet, destined to finish the work which the shells and the larger shot may leave undone.

Comfort yourself, at all events, with the assurance that your cash will be converted into weapons of offence and destruction, to be wielded against the Tyrant with all our might, and all our soul, and all our strength.

THUMBNAIL PORTRAITS.

THE MAN WHO PARTS HIS HAIR DOWN THE MIDDLE.

He has been brought up at home, or else educated at a girl's school. He can make pies and puddings, and is an unflinching hand at threading a needle. His sisters have taught him to sew, and it is said that he mends his own stockings, but at all events he does not practise the art in public. He wears turn-down collars, and cultivates sentimental poetry. He plays the flute, and loves to look at the moon. His great passion is reading novels. Many a night's rest has a lovely heroine robbed him of! His voice is soft, and flute-like—but a flute that only plays the very lowest notes. There is a confidential tone about his conversation, as if he were whispering some fearful secret that he was mortally afraid would be overheard. If he goes to the theatre, he takes his goloshes with him. He is timid, and has been known to walk up and down a pastrycook's for half-an-hour before he has dared go in to ask for a penny bun. At an evening party, he drinks lemonade, or orangeade, or sherryade, or any other mild young man's "ade;" in the day time, if he imbibes anything, it is milk, or ginger-beer. Beer he sets his lips against entirely, as, in his refined opinion, it tends to grossness. He contributes to Ladies' Albums, collects autographs, writes acrostics, and is indefatigable in his exertions if a young lady should want half a million soiled postage stamps to complete a charitable wager. His remarks upon the weather are as invaluable as they are inexhaustible, but, personally, he is not very strong, and he cannot sit with his back to his horses. It makes him giddy to waltz. He hands the muffins round with a grace that no lady can refuse. He sings in the sweetest little voice that wouldn't wake up a canary. But he is very miserable in his songs, and is always breaking his heart, or begging that he may die, but if he were asking you to pass the melted butter he couldn't put the request more mildly. At a pic-nic he is invaluable—and we never knew a pic-nic take place without a man who parted his hair down the middle—for he runs for the plates, cleans the knives and forks, fetches the spring water, and does a number of little useful offices whilst the other gentlemen are quietly seated down upon the grass eating their dinners. More than this, his pockets are always stocked with pincushions, and smelling-bottles, voice-lozenges, and pocket scissors and combs, and an infinity of nick-nacks most

serviceable to the ladies, who call him in return "a dear man;" and he is never so happy as when he is carrying their shawls and parasols, or is tuning their guitar, or holding their music, or with his cambric pocket handkerchief (a perfect cobweb, that you might roll up into less than a pill), is frightening away the "nasty gnats."

With him all children are "dears" and "pets"—all babies, "sweet little things;" and he stabs them playfully with his finger, and "chickabiddies" them, until he makes them cry. He doesn't like children, however, who romp and are noisy, disagreeable children, who pull him about, and disarrange his trowsers by climbing up his knees, or dirty his clean gaiters by standing on his boots, or tumble his beautiful hair. To conclude with a few rapid characteristics. THE MAN WHO PARTS HIS HAIR (it is generally light hair or a faint auburn) DOWN THE MIDDLE perfumes his handkerchief, likes home-made wines, is passionately fond of flowers, adores BYRON, cannot bear onions, carries an eye-glass, keeps a diary and a cat, holds skeins of silk for ladies, is ready to lend a hand to table-turning or any other fashionable folly of the day, rarely dances, has an inveterate habit of never parting with his hat, and is invaluable in taking an elderly lady down to dinner.



THE COLLAR MANIA.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE ORNAMENT FOR A GENT'S ALL-ROUNDER.

Things never to be Found when Wanted.

THE right fare for the cabman, when you're in a dreadful hurry; the words to express yourself when you are returning thanks; the courage to take the last fig, whilst some one is looking at you; the knives and forks when you go out to a pic-nic; the fire-escape, when there's a fire raging; and a policeman, when there's a disturbance.

PROVERBIAL PRECAUTION.

MR. STURGE does not say that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA asked himself and his companions to take any refreshment. If they stopped to sup with his Imperial Majesty, it is to be hoped each of them had a long spoon.

## THE FRIENDS' REAL SCENE WITH THE CZAR.



TOTALLY incorrect account of the interview between the Quaker deputation and the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA having been published, we subjoin the following, wherein our usual accuracy may be depended on.

The three Friends walked into the Imperial presence with their hats on their heads, and remained covered when they got there.

Then the spokesman delivered this address:—

“NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, EMPEROR of all the Russias. We come before thee, deputed by the Society of Friends, of which we are members, respectfully to beseech thee to withdraw the provocation whereby thou art in the way to cause a European war. In addressing this entreaty to thee, we trust that thou wilt consider us warranted by thy profession of the

Christian religion, which forbiddeth all warfare.

“We are further moved by the information that thou hast called on thy subjects to take up arms for the express purpose of protecting the Greeks, under the dominion of the Sultan, in the exercise of that religion, which is a religion that not only doth not require, but disclaimeth the protection of soldiers.

“Thou knowest that war hath for its direct aim the slaughter of human beings by piercing them with bullets, crushing and tearing them with bombshells and cannon-balls, cutting and stabbing them with swords, lances, and bayonets, and by other cruel and barbarous means putting them to death. Also that it causeth the burning of ships and towns, and the infliction of the most dreadful and atrocious outrages on the inhabitants of the hostile countries, succeeded in general by pestilence and famine. We ask thee to reflect that these are not the right means for defending the cause of Christians.

“Moreover, we desire to call thy attention to the fact, that war is not only inconsistent with Christianity, but also with commerce, and in thy case will materially affect the corn trade, in which both thyself and many of us are largely interested, besides doing great mischief to thy business in tallow, hides, tar, pitch, hemp, and hog’s bristles.

“We therefore exhort and implore thee to withdraw thy troops from the Danubian Principalities, and thus save Europe the calamities wherewith it is threatened by thy present policy, and preserve thy own soul from responsibility for them.”

Whereunto the Autocrat replied:—

“Gentlemen,—Considering that you know I have the power, and may reasonably doubt whether I have not also the will, to order you all three to be knogted to death, in approaching me with such a message as you have just delivered; I confess I admire your courage—which is the more remarkable that you are men of peace. But at the same time, I am astonished at your impudence.

“You come here to teach me Christianity. What do you know about the matter? You are dissenters from Protestantism. Protestants are seceders from the Latin Church. The Latin Church is heterodox. Thus you are heretics three times removed.

“I am the supreme head of the Orthodox Church. I am the great teacher of Christianity. I gave the Turks a practical lesson at Sinope. After that, I caused my priests to sing “*Te Deum laudamus*,” a hymn on a sacrifice. What, then, are you telling me to think of myself, in coolly proposing to me your ideas of Christianity?

“The only reply that I can condescend to give to your monstrous presumption, is by my mouth unutterable. There is, I believe, a vulgar word in your language, which signifies a particular piece of bacon. Understand my answer to be contained in that.

“In return for your obliging attempt to teach me Christianity, however, I will, if you like, teach it to you. Heretics of heretics of heretics! go and get christened by my ARCHI-ARCHI-ARCHI-VEY.

“In the meanwhile, to show you that passion is not among my failings, and that I am not proud—here is my hand.”

The Friends did *not* take the sanguinary hand. All three shrank back from it with horror. The Emperor, with palm extended, followed them around the presence-chamber, laughing, whilst they retreated, backing as if from a red-hot poker. His Majesty ascribed their refusal

to shake hands with him to the same merely conscientious scruple which caused them to retain their hats; and, giving up his gracious overture, called in the Empress to show her his visitors, whose costume and appearance afforded her infinite diversion.

## A TAX ON BACHELORS.

It has been suggested, as one of the best means of raising a fund for carrying on the war, to put a tax on Bachelors. Few but the parties themselves will object to this arrangement, though it proceeds on the ungallant supposition that married men find a wife a sufficient tax without any additional burden.

We hope that if the Bachelor Tax should be imposed, it will be in the shape of an *ad valorem* duty, and that every Bachelor will be allowed to fill up his own form of assessment of his worth, according to his own estimate. There need be no fear that any surcharges will have to be made by the Commissioners, for it is reasonable to expect that the valuation, if made by the parties themselves, will touch the maximum.

We know several Bachelors who put such price on their perfection of form, that they are sure to set themselves at a very considerable figure. There are many also who have expended vast sums in a species of self-culture that has, in their own opinion, added greatly to the sum at which they ought to be rated. We have heard of a case in which a *moustache* has been raised by a large outlay on a somewhat barren and unpromising field, and this process, which may be called the “high farming” of the upper lip, is supposed to increase the “permanent value” of the spot where it has been adopted.

Personal appearance is frequently a chief part of the fortune of a Bachelor, who regards a handsome face as equivalent to an estate; and if he preserves the hairs on that estate, he believes that he adds materially to its worth should he have to go with it into the matrimonial market.

We have a Bachelor acquaintance who has devoted half a life to his eyebrow, which he estimates at five thousand pounds, and he is seriously thinking of giving up the remainder of his days to a beard, which is at present in a most unpromising state of stubble. If an *ad valorem* duty were to be levied on this enthusiast’s estimate of himself, the proceeds would be nearly enough to support a whole regiment, for he places a very high valuation on the “growing crops” which cover the “face of Nature,”—as he complacently terms the face with which Nature has—either well or ill—favoured him.

By all means let us have a Bachelor Tax, but let every Bachelor be at liberty to assess himself; so that however much he may be rated above his real worth, he will never suspect that he could have over-rated himself, and will therefore be quite satisfied with the self-inflicted burden.

## VICTORIA!

FIGHT—with determined fury fight!

We know that we are in the right,  
For Freedom’s holy sake we rise,  
And have the best of battle-cries—

VICTORIA!

Fight for the QUEEN in the QUEEN’S OWN NAME,  
’Tis an omen of conquest, an earnest of fame,  
On with it, brave men, through smoke and flame!

VICTORIA! VICTORIA!

We arm against a despot’s reign,  
The empire of the scourge and chain;  
Of Liberty we wage the war,  
Old England’s QUEEN against the Czar;

VICTORIA!

Fight, mindful of our old renown,  
To put a brutal monster down,  
Fight in the name of BRITANNIA’S CROWN,

VICTORIA! VICTORIA!

In numbers let the villain trust;  
His savage hordes shall bite the dust,  
Splitting the liar and scoundrel’s ear,  
Scatter his host with our English cheer—

VICTORIA!

They in the righteous cause who die  
Triumphant fall, and, where they lie,  
Let their last faint breath swell the cry—

VICTORIA! VICTORIA!

## THE SAME THING.

THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. *L’Empereur de toutes les Russes.*







THROWING THE OLD SHOE,

At the Parting of Her Majesty and her Guards.

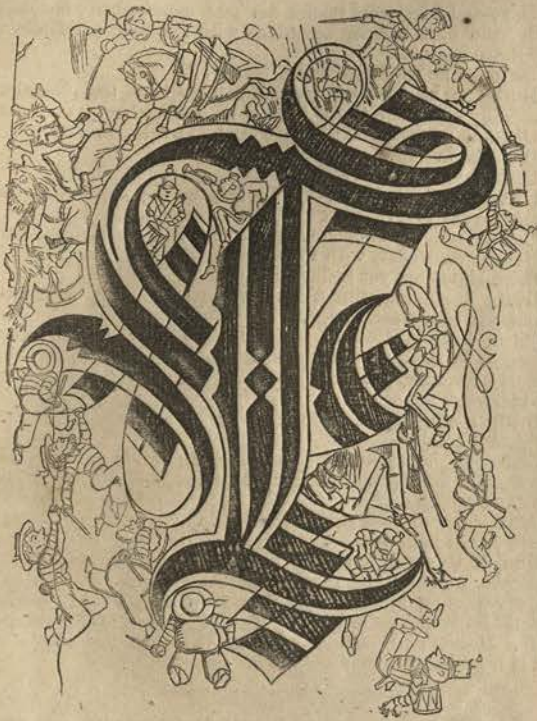
MAD DOG! MAD DOG!!



126529  
 At the Printing of Her Majesty and her Guards.



## IS IT FAR TO JERUSALEM?



S it far to Jerusalem?

What pilgrim is it asks this touching question? Who is he bound for the holiest of the Holy Land? Doth he carry the cockleshell in his hat? Doth he grasp a staff of cruciform? Doth he wear the pilgrim's simple weed? Doth he carry the pilgrim's scrip? In all the solemnity of truth-seeking, it is asked, Who is it seeks to know how far the way to sacred Jerusalem? It is a Pilgrim of St. NICHOLAS. Young he was, and almost as innocent as the sheep, whose fleece was to him as one sole garment; happy, thoughtless, frisking he was, as Tartar lamb in its first May month's life; dirty he was, and happy in his dirt as wild boar's wild pig; when there came a voice to his village, saying, "Let PETER become even as a Pilgrim of St. NICHOLAS, and prepare himself to journey to Jerusalem." Now, PETER was content to remain where Providence had dropped him. True it is the Priests had talked to him of Jerusalem, and, scratching his head, much confused by a singing therein, as of the voices of spirits; dazzled too, as by the light of holy fires, PETER had a strange whirling, dizzying notion of this

Jerusalem. Nevertheless, PETER was still fain to wear his old, and by this time, populous sheepskin, and to remain in the village, of which he was even earth of its earth.

There were strange stories told of this Jerusalem, a place far up, up, up, and surely getting very nigh to heaven. Strange stories of goodness and grace, and everlasting mercy to man, and all this seemed strange, perplexing to PETER, for he had heard from his childhood upwards, the thwack of the stick, he had more than once heard the death (crack) of the knout screaming like a vulture for the victims' vitals. Nevertheless, he would rather rest where he was, he would rather not go to Jerusalem.

And then the Priest from his pulpit tells terrible tidings of the wickedness done in Jerusalem. Old men howl, young women sob, and beldames tear their hair, monsters of Turks—two-legged dogs, no better—defile the Holy Places. The Sultan sends his mule from Constantinople to drink from out the Holy Manger, and Calvary is ploughed by the infidel plough and sown by the sons of opium with poppy-seed; and again the old men groan, and the old women shriek anew. But let PETER rejoice and bless himself, for the elders of the village, in obedience to the sacred Czar, have chosen PETER with some score or two of others, old familiar playmates, to go to Jerusalem. Nevertheless, PETER would fain tarry where he is. PETER is obdurate, rebellious, but there is the stick—the ruling genius of Russia, and PETER for the five hundredth time in his life, is black, and likewise blue. And PETER, his legs and arms bound by his native hemp, is flung into a cart to become a soldier. Here, as it sometimes happens to calves on their way to become veal, PETER hears his father howl and his mother scream for the last time, for he goes jolting onwards to Jerusalem, and from the depths of his trouble arises this question, Is it far to Jerusalem?

At length, shorn of his sheepskin, PETER becomes a pilgrim in uniform, and with his scrip of bullets, is sent towards Jerusalem, and still he marches and marches—the deliverer of the Holy Places; and still getting nearer and nearer, he asks of every new people, Is it far to Jerusalem?

For the last time he opens his mouth, and a Turkish bullet gives him satisfying answer. PETER has arrived at Jerusalem. Good Christians all, your prayers for the thousands and thousands of pilgrims bound to St. NICHOLAS—and now in morass, marsh, and quagmire faintly gasping, "Is it far from Jerusalem?"

"BARRY, COME UP."—*Indignant Elizabethan, with a cold.*

CYPRIAN, or perhaps it was ORIGEN, it doesn't much matter, for most likely the story is utterly false—lived nineteen years in one chamber, and took so little notice of it, that at the end of that time he could not describe its shape, or say how many windows it had. SIR CHARLES BARRY'S architectural creations lay a much firmer hold upon those who dwell among them, and actually force the officers of the Houses to adopt an antiquated style of speech, more in accordance with the forms and ornaments around them, than is the fippant talk of the day. Quotations from SHAKESPEARE and the Elizabethan dramatists, are quite the household words in the New Palace. For instance, no official ever thinks of asking another, "Who is speaking in the House of Commons?" but, if he wishes for that information, demands with *Macbeth*—

"Who Lies in the Second Chamber?"

## A CRACKED HEAD IN A CROWN.

LEARN, by the case of that old brute,  
The Czar, with pride gone mad,  
The monarchy that's absolute  
Is absolutely bad.

He in his bonnet has a bee,  
To use a Scottish phrase,  
Which doth around his ears, you see,  
A nest of hornets raise.

His head is turned—but on that pate  
Is fixed the Russian crown,  
And, turning with it, turns the state  
Completely upside down.

His reason from its seat is hurled,  
Whilst he retains his throne,  
Thus the derangement of the world  
Arises from his own.

How many roofs, through one loose slate,  
Are likely to be sacked;  
Of broken heads a sum how great  
Will come of one that's cracked!

War on us all one man's insane  
Determination draws,  
Determination to the brain,  
Considered in its cause.

Life's tide in many a fight will flow,  
Poured out in many a flood,  
'Twere bloodshed saved if he would go  
And lose a little blood.

If from unhealthy bile proceed  
The despot's mental ill,  
Thousands, perhaps, are doomed to bleed,  
Because he wants a pill.

O nations! to the fact attend,  
Which cannot be denied,  
The state of Europe may depend  
On that of his inside.

Let this reflection, borne in mind,  
The firm resolve inspire  
To give him physic, of the kind  
Such lunatics require.

## PICTORIAL STATUES.

THE *Morning Post* complains of a fashion which is becoming prevalent in sculpture; that of colouring statues—helping out the chisel with the paintbrush. Tastes, however, differ, and some connoisseurs may consider that the works of the sculptor are improved by painting; although the opinion of others may be that he had better confine his attempts to the creation of beauties without paint. The former class of dilettanti may confidently deny that the practice complained of by the *Post* is, as our contemporary says, an innovation. Not to mention the glaring proofs to the contrary which are to be seen in every toyshop window, the antiquity of embellishing works of plastic art is demonstrated to everybody who steps into Guildhall by the glorious hues with which the old Civic fancy has adorned Gog and MAGOG.

## Increase of the Police Force.

THERE was talk of an increase of the Police Force, but a lady assures us that there is not the least necessity for this addition, for she has remarked that, in the vicinity of the barracks, the policemen have increased considerably, as a body, having all grown much stouter ever since the Guards left London.

OUR ARTIST THINKS OF PAINTING A PICTURE FROM  
MACAULAY'S "IVRY,"

AND DECLAIMS THE POEM TO A PROSAIC PARTY.



Our Artist (*ore rot.*). “

Charge by the golden lilies! upon them with the lance!  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind—”

Prosaic Party (*interrupting*). Hullo!

Our Artist. Eh?

Prosaic Party. Why, hang it, that's only one spur a-piece!

AN ACTING MEMBER.

WE observe that a gentleman, named PALK, against whom we know nothing worse than that he is a Member of Parliament, has just been solemnising his election by giving some dramatic performances, in which he took a share, and to which he admitted not only his aristocratic friends, but “the tradesmen of the vicinity.” We should like to see the playbill, as we confess that, though unhappily familiar with the British Drama, we should find it difficult to select a set of pieces appropriate to such an occasion. Memory, prodded by ill-nature, of course suggests a few common-place sarcasms, and hints at *Quid pro Quo*, the *Apostate*, *Wanted a Place*, and similar unjust impertinencies, but these we should scorn to write down. But it occurs to us as possible that MR. PALK may have chosen to illustrate his intended Parliamentary career to his constituents after the manner of the “Grecian Statues,” once so popular. Perhaps he dressed himself in tight “fleshings,” and, getting upon a table, went into the following attitudes, to the sound of striking music.

MR. PALK as he appeared taking the oaths, adding a terrific bang on the Speaker's table as he defied the POPE and all his works.

Ditto as he appeared taking his seat courteously, but manfully, and in a manner accordant with the true principles of the Constitution.

Ditto, as he appeared crying “Hear!”

Ditto, as he appeared presenting a petition, and bounding gracefully therewith to the clerk of the carpet-bag.

Ditto as he appeared trying to catch the Speaker's eye.

Ditto trying another attitude.

Ditto trying a third attitude.

Ditto, suddenly dropping his hat, in the hope that this would arrest Mr. Speaker's attention.

Ditto, suddenly unbuttoning his coat and displaying a very glittering waistcoat, with the same view.

Ditto shouting, yet insinuatingly, at the Speaker.

Ditto, beginning with a kind of spasmodic pop, eminently calculated to attract notice.

Ditto, having tried all these devices of young and green Members in vain, and being continually defeated by the *rusé* First Commoner, waiting quietly until Mr. Speaker sees fit to see him.

Ditto (being called by name) as he appeared rising and saving his country.

Ditto, as he appeared next morning when perusing the papers, and finding that he is made to save his country in four lines and a half.

Ditto, resigning his seat and resuming those bucolic engagements which befit every true Englishman.

Now, if this was anything like the series of performances with which MR. PALK regaled his constituents, we can only say, in perfect ignorance of that gentleman's other merits, that it betokened an originality which bids well for his success in the House of Commons, and on the bare hypothesis we feel half inclined to look out for his speeches.

A Thought at an Election Committee.

IT must be confessed that nowhere does England appear to less advantage than at her Election Committees! Such a mass of meanness, trickery, bribery, corruption, perjury, of everything that is base and blackguard, as to make an Englishman ashamed of his own countrymen! You would not believe that Englishmen could have been guilty of such practices. We hope that no foreigner ever looks into those frightful blue-books, for if the national character were to be drawn from the evidence that is contained in them, how hopelessly black we should appear in the eyes of the world!

A Gigantic Change.

THE spirit of democracy has entered into that stronghold of conservatism and corruption, the City Corporation. When GOG and MAGOG are knocked off their pedestals, as soon they must be, they will be thrown upon the wide world, and not know what to do for a living. They may follow the example of other Conservatives, who have jumped down from the great height of their original position and mingled with the ranks of the people, and we may yet witness the strange fact of GOG and MAGOG turning demagogues.

NICHOLAS HIMSELF.

NICHOLAS, worshipped as the God of the Russians, has been acting like the very NICHOLAS—the great Pretender. He sent ORLOFF to tempt Austria and Prussia. Of a truth NICHOLAS is NICHOLAS, and ORLOFF is his angel.

Save us from our Friends.

IN his reply to the Peace Deputation the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA declared his sentiments to be in perfect conformity with those of the Society of Friends. We cannot doubt the sincerity of this assertion, for when the Czar sees all Europe in arms against him it is natural that he should become a Quaker.

AN UP AND DOWN TRAIN OF THOUGHT.

THERE is an up and down train of thought, which not infrequently ends in a railway collision, and that is when an irascible gentleman in a carriage insists upon having the window “up,” and another irascible gentleman insists upon having it “down.”



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

Officer (who is going to the East). "OF COURSE IT'S RATHER A BORE JUST AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON—AND I SHALL MISS THE DERBY! WISH THEY COULD HAVE HAD THE RUSSIANS OVER HERE, BECAUSE THEN WE COULD HAVE THRASHED 'EM IN HYDE PARK, AND DINED AT GREENWICH AFTERWARDS, YOU KNOW."

SUICIDE OF THE SEWERS.

THE neighbourhood of Greek Street has been in a state of great excitement, in consequence of a report that the sewers had put an end to their existence by a deliberate act of suicide. On inquiring at the office of the Commission the rumour was found to be—we can't say, too true—but true enough. The body which has just terminated its own existence has for some time led a very useless and unsatisfactory life, which had long been regarded as a burden, not only to itself, but to those who were heavily taxed by its extravagance. It has long been felt that it would be a mercy to put out of its misery a body which has long ceased to be regarded with any other feeling than one of contempt, and the public will be delighted to hear that the body itself has at last struck the decisive blow which every one has been reluctant to give, though desirous to see inflicted. A letter from the Home Office, intimating to the Board its utter inefficiency, had the effect of touching one of the members that happened to have some consciousness left, and this member gave the suicidal blow of which the body has happily expired.

There is no doubt that the Commission, in laying violent hands on itself, has only anticipated, by a very short time, the fate that was in store for it. Our only wonder is that it should have lived—or been allowed to live—so long, and we are rejoiced that by administering to itself its own *quietus* it has spared the Home Secretary the unpleasantness of performing the office of executioner. We should have been sorry to have seen LORD PALMERSTON compelled to stain his honourable hands in that sullage which has now been shed by an act of most exemplary suicide. The only difficulty now will be to find a dustman sufficiently dead to all sensibility to take away the ashes.

AN ART-TRUTH.—No woman ever knows how handsome she is until she has had her portrait painted.

THE POET IN PARLIAMENT.

COME, twine me a chaplet the brows to adorn  
Of the Colonel, whose eloquence playfully gushes  
From under moustaches, whose wildness would scorn  
The teeth of the comb or the print of the brushes.  
And recollect, that the man I sing  
Hates humbug with aversion hearty;  
So a wreath of many colours bring,  
Combining all but the hue of party.

They say of debate he's the standard buffoon,  
And taints with absurdity all that he touches;  
They hint that he's Parliament's own Pantaloon,  
With twaddle and wholesale abuse for his crutches.  
You'll see at once the kind of thing  
For a chaplet I need; so, quick, prepare it,  
And into the air a foolscap fling  
To light on the head that's fit to wear it.

MONASTERIES UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

If Roman Catholic ceremonies are imposing, Roman Catholic statistics appear also calculated to impose upon us. We must take care how we believe them—if we are to believe LORD E. HOWARD. That noble lord, in deprecating inquiry concerning convents and monasteries, is reported to have said—

"The honourable member, too, had quite a misconception as to the numbers of females in the convents; any one would suppose from the honourable gentleman's language, that all the 75 convents were crowded with melancholy prisoners, whereas he himself (LORD E. HOWARD) happened to know that in one of them there were but three inmates, in another but four, and in another but seven; and he believed the same description would apply to a great many of the rest. The fact was that, whenever two or three ladies united together for the purposes of education or charity in a locality, the editor of the *Catholic Almanack* forthwith registered them as an additional convent."

This exaggeration seems to be a sort of pious fraud, intended to disseminate the notion that Popery is spreading. The piety of the *Catholic Almanack* is perhaps not the less orthodox for being fraudulent. It is a sort of piety that has always tended to magnify monastic institutions.

SUBJECT FOR A FABLE.

THAT naughty little boy the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, seeing the reflection of the moon, in the shape of a Crescent, in the pale of the Greek Church, and crying because he cannot clutch hold of it.

POOR RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.



IT has been suggested that the space in front of Westminster Hall and the chief entrance of the House of Commons is not an appropriate site for BARON MAROCHETTI'S statue of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION; and certainly a statue of COKE upon LITTLETON, that is, of COKE placed on LITTLETON'S shoulder, would be more appropriate to the locality than that of the Lion-hearted Monarch on horseback. Considering the nature of the excitement which occasioned the Holy Wars, the fittest place for the representative of the Royal Crusader will perhaps be decided, by the majority

of people, to be the front of Bethlehem Hospital—an institution which would have been an extremely proper one for the accommodation of those heroes who showed their devotion to the shrine of that name by destroying their fellow men. If, however, it should be thought that too extreme a view of the crusading state of mind would be evinced by the connection of CŒUR DE LION'S image with Bedlam, MAROCHETTI'S work of art might anyhow be erected in proximity to a building opposite—the large Roman Catholic and mediæval meeting-house.

## OUR ELECTRIC SELVES.



A Book has been published on Electricity in the human body, and the modes of developing it. Previously to the publication of this work, however, it was well known that in the course of friction with society, or rubbing on in the world, shocks are frequently experienced. The phenomena of mutual attraction and repulsion have also been abundantly exhibited by innumerable persons of both sexes; but the laws that govern them have not been as yet explained. They are greatly dependent on the colour of the hair and skin, whereunto various artificial means have been devised of imparting those tints that are necessary to attractive action, but which have either been denied by Nature or lost through time or accident. An important influence is also exerted by the eyes, which occasionally give off sparks that inflame combustible individuals. Considering the body as an electrical machine, the most eligible form is not the cylindrical, still less the circular; a certain contraction of the waist is preferred; and some human electrical machines of the softer sex, with power sufficient to electrify a whole ball-room, exhibit a conformation resembling that of an hour-glass. The apparatus should be fixed on a pair of legs, which ought to be straight and of a moderate thickness, if it is one of the male kind; otherwise, in consequence of the present length of dresses, it does not signify what curves they describe, or what is their circumference, or of what size and shape are the feet.

This instrument will decompose water, but acts more energetically on wine and alcohol. Arranged in connection with a series of plates it will very speedily effect a rapid disappearance of victuals.

To insulate a human being, you may place him on a stool with glass legs, but a more effectual mode is that of depriving him of his money, which immediately cuts off his communication with the world. Diplomacy has succeeded in completely insulating the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who now stands on the insulated stool of Europe, which we hope will prove the stool of repentance.

## A NEW REFORM BILL FOR OMNIBUSES.

We wish Mr. FITZROY, or some good pushing propelling member, would put his shoulder to the wheel of public conveyances, and try to pass through the two Houses a new "Reform Bill for Omnibuses,"—one that should contain some of the following dreadfully-needed improvements.

That there should be sufficient room inside to enable a passenger to gain his seat, without having to force his way through an entangled thicket of knees, or to clear a path through a close crop of umbrellas and toes.

That the space of each seat should be portioned off, as in the French omnibuses, by means of wooden rails, so making each seat a comfortable arm-chair, in order that each passenger may enjoy his own share of room—neither encroaching upon his neighbour's space, nor allowing his neighbour, which is too frequently the case, to encroach upon his.

That there should be a strap running under the roof, or some means by which a passenger may work along, easily, to his allotted seat, without being subject to the unpleasantness of being jerked into a lady's lap, or having to clutch hold of a passenger's nose, or any other human handle in an omnibus in case of sudden helplessness.

That no conductor should be allowed to say "All right!" until you have fairly gained your seat and arranged your dress.

That there should be some method of communication with the conductor—and a small bell would answer the purpose—instead of having, as now, to poke his ribs with your umbrella, or to run the risk of pulling him off his elevated bracket by tugging furiously at his coat tails.

That there should be one fixed price for the fare of an omnibus, and not made variable, as it now is, at the pleasure of the proprietor, being threepence to-day and sixpence to-morrow; so that a passenger may

know, before he gets in, what he has to pay, and the conductor may not have the opportunity of charging what he likes.

That all bundles, more especially dirty linen, be excluded from the inside of an omnibus, and the persons carrying the same be compelled to go outside.

That not more than two babies be allowed at the same time in an omnibus—as a baby on each side is amply sufficient for the peace and comfort of any well-conducted vehicle.

That no dogs be admitted inside the omnibus—not even lap-dogs—as it is not pleasant to have a ferocious animal hungrily surveying the dimensions of your calves, or to be exposed to the wild stare of a panting, sharp-toothed terrier, in the dog-days.

That no conductor, after he has said "Going, Sir, in five minutes," be allowed to stop longer than ten.

We think, if this "New Reform Bill" could be carried, that riding in omnibuses would become, by being made more comfortable, much more general; whereas, at present, no one ever thinks of getting into an omnibus unless he is actually compelled. Our omnibuses are little better than police vans—only not so well regulated—into which no man springs of his own accord, but into which he is forced by the cruel pressure of circumstances. Really, if it were not for the disgrace of the thing, we think we would sooner ride in a police van than in an omnibus—for it contains more room, goes faster, keeps better time, and the conductor hands you in and out, and looks after you, with the greatest care and civility.

## DOMESTIC RETURNS.

MR. FLINT, of Flint Lodge, in Flintshire, has moved for the following Returns, and the necessary papers have been ordered to be placed upon the mahogany table of the dining-room as soon as possible:

For a return of the silver forks and spoons which were had out on the occasion of the last evening party, and which have never been returned to the plate-basket yet.

For a return of the housekeeping book, which has not been checked for the last three weeks.

For a return of the number of pies and puddings which have been consumed during the last six months, and to ascertain what effect they bear upon the weekly expenses, with the view of taking into consideration the policy of discontinuing the same.

For a return of all the books, no matter whether amusing, instructive, scientific, cookery-books, or novels, which have been taken out of the library, and never been returned to their places.

For a return of my slippers, which have been missing from the side of my bed for the last two days.

For a return of the quantity of table-beer that is drunk in the kitchen, and to consider whether it would not be advisable, and decidedly cheaper, to give them money in lieu of same, and, at the same time, to reflect upon the propriety, and probable cheapness, of engaging for the future none but temperance servants.

For a return of my silk umbrella which that confounded old fool SIMPKINS carried away with him on Friday evening last, after having won my money at cards.

For a return of all the children's frocks which have only been turned once.

For a return of all the children to school as quickly as possible, as they are unbearable at home, and their appetites are such that it is impossible to satisfy them.

For a return of all the Christmas bills, as yet unpaid, distinguishing those which have been contracted for personal, and those for general purposes, and to see whether the latter cannot be materially reduced this year.

For a return (only I consider it almost hopeless) of the gratitude that is shown me by my wife and children for the way in which I am always slaving to support them; and, also, for a return of the amount of respect that I am entitled to, as well as the amount I receive from the servants for the opportunity my means put at their disposal, and for which the ungrateful creatures have the greatest reason to bless themselves, of living in such a respectable establishment.

## Convent Sells.

It seems that there are numerous Convents in England containing from three to seven inmates, but which are puffed by the Popish press as regular nunneries. Instead of describing such very small sisterhoods as nunneries it would be more truthful to call them next-to-none-eries.

## A SERVICE OF DANGER.

It is a mercy that the Friends who went as envoys from their Society to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS did not burn their fingers, particularly as they ventured to shake hands with NICHOLAS himself.





THE POPULAR AND AMUSING GAME OF BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK,

AS AT PRESENT PLAYED IN THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES.

### "BULLYING AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS."

MORE than one of our public schools have lately furnished cases which fairly come under the head of "Aggravated Assaults," and which ought, therefore, to have figured in the Police reports rather than in the miscellaneous columns of the newspapers. Brute force, with its customary attendant cowardice, had, we hoped, fallen down to the lowest classes of society, but we regret to find that, in the highest classes of some of our public schools, the bully and the ruffian may still be met with. Not long ago there were some painful disclosures of some disgraceful proceedings at Harrow; and now we hear of an aggravated assault at Rugby by two ruffians of 16 or 17 on a little fellow, apparently between 10 and 11. These two noble youths, while kicking and beating their diminutive victim were caught in the act by a farmer's son, a lad of probably about their own age, and to whom they began to howl for mercy when he, very excusably, commenced inflicting upon them a taste of the violence they had exercised upon the unfortunate child that had fallen into their clutches. We are sick of the humbug we sometimes hear by way of excuse for the indolence of masters as to the propriety of not interfering with the boys at a public school, but leaving the stronger to oppress the weaker with impunity.

It is true one might hope that, among a large body of the sons of gentlemen, something like a wholesome public opinion would prevail; but experience unfortunately proves that the public opinion of a public school cannot be trusted. Lying and deception are frequently practised on the masters without exciting disgust among the generality of the boys, and though perhaps there may be one here and there who feels shame and contempt for the meanness he sees around, he meets with so little sympathy in his views that the chances are he will be either laughed or bullied out of his own sense of propriety by his unscrupulous schoolfellows.

It is a monstrous hoax to talk of the moral tone of a school in which eight or nine youths could stand by, without interfering to prevent an act of malicious cruelty practised by a boy in the higher form upon a boy beneath him, and indeed the truth is, that the

brutality of some of the schoolboys engenders cowardice in the others. One physical force ruffian in the upper form breaks the spirit of half-a-dozen in the lower, who when they rise to the position of their tyrants, exercise in turn the tyranny they have endured, and thus the bullying system is perpetuated without any check from the masters.

It is quite true that there are at the head of some few of our public schools, men of a very different stamp from those under whom the bullying system has grown up: and there is every reason to hope that the new generation of masters will do their utmost to put down the evil; but, unfortunately, they trust too much to the "tone of morality" which they believe to prevail among the boys, but which recent events have proved has no existence either at Harrow or at Rugby. We fear these establishments are not much worse than any of the other public schools in the "tone" that animates the youths that belong to them. We only wish some parent of some child who may have been brutally ill-used by a bigger and stronger boy, would try the effect of the act for the punishment of Aggravated Assaults, for there is at all events some power in the hands of the law, if there is no redress to be had at the hands of the masters.

### THE CROZIER IN THE BALL-ROOM.

"ARCHBISHOP" CULLEN has formally and solemnly denounced "the mischievous foreign dances called waltzes and polkas." What a splendid creature is a Hierarch of the Church of Rome! One day forbidding the sun to go round the earth, and the next inhibiting ENSIGN MURPHY from spinning MISS HONORIA O'BRADY round the ball-room. The sun is sure to obey the Archbishop, but the Ensign may be more refractory. We hope so, or what a dreadfully dull affair a Catholic ball will be for the future. In social fairness, a lady issuing cards for such an assembly ought really to warn the invited guest by putting in the corner R. I. P. instead of R. S. V. P.

NICHOLAS'S CREED.—"Aut C(a)zar aut nullus."

### THE POETICAL HANSARD.

As every one allows that the speeches in Parliament are dry, and as throwing cold water on the speakers does not seem to have a very refreshing effect, we propose to give a little additional zest, if possible, to some of the prosaic efforts of legislative oratory, by turning them into poetry. We have selected SIBTHORP'S speech on the Russian War, not as being the best adapted to the purposes of the poet, though perhaps it has peculiar claims on rhyme, from its utter abnegation of all connection with reason.

The speech of which the following is a poetical paraphrase, was spoken on one of the recent debates on the Eastern question.

Sir, notwithstanding this display  
Of blarney, bounce, and botheration;  
I still to Ministers must say,  
That humbug is not explanation.  
Others perchance the cap may fit,  
But if that's all they have to tell us,  
The country can't too soon be quit  
Of such a set of scurvy fellows.

Trust them indeed—they'll find in me  
One of their heartiest despisers,  
And sooner than my SOVEREIGN see  
Left in the hands of such admirers,  
I'd have no Cabinet at all.  
And as for all this fuss with Russia,  
My own Militia out I'll call,  
And at its head proceed to crush her!

### Emperor Alias.

It appears that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is greatly annoyed with the Prussian papers for styling him simply the Czar. We hope His Majesty is satisfied with the names which he is called by the British Public.

### SLIGHTLY SUICIDAL.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has sent over a Form of Prayer for use among the Roman Catholics, that all HER MAJESTY'S enemies may be speedily overthrown.



#### A FINE OPENING FOR YOUNG ISRAEL.

RECRUITING SERGEANT AND SWELL JEW.

"Enlist, my fine fellow, and serve the QUEEN."

"Much rayther remain as I am, and serve de Queen's Bench."

#### ARMA VIRUMQUE.

AT the banquet given the other day by the Reform Club to SIR CHARLES NAPIER, LORD PALMERSTON remarked that the gallant Admiral has already "put on his armour." As SIR CHARLES sat down to dinner in an ordinary body coat, we must presume that he wore it over his armour, which probably consisted of a shirt of mail, and instead of a breastplate of brass, a heart of oak. The Admiral, however, must on SHAKESPEARE'S principle, be walking about constantly in three complete suits, inasmuch as he is

"Thrice armed who hath his quarrel just."

Whatever may be the material of the gallant sailor's external accoutrements must be perfectly immaterial to one who can boast of the mettle which SIR CHARLES is known to possess.

#### THE EXILE OF THE THIMBLE.

SMITH O'BRIEN'S misdeed Royal Mercy condones,  
And pardon extends to FROST, WILLIAMS, and JONES;  
One more object of course its eye can't overskip;  
Grace for patriot CUFFEY, the poor little Snip!

Forget the fierce speeches he made in his wrath!  
Give him back to his country, his scissors, and cloth!  
The small, but magnanimous tailor set loose,  
And restore to his wife, and his needle, and goose.

His conspiracies dark in oblivion inter,  
And the great civil war he attempted to stir,  
And his handgrenade bottles—that is, gingerpop;  
And let poor little CUFFEY return to his shop.

"IN THE NAME OF THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND."—We do not know what this name may be, but, when invoked by SIR JOHN SHELLEY, we should say it was "WALKER."

#### PROCLAMATION OF OUTLAWRY.

We shall be very happy to announce, whenever we are able, that the allied Powers of Europe have arrived at a perception that the greatness of the scale on which a burglar is enabled to plunder, or a madman to rage, does not render the predatory or insane individual less a maniac, or less a robber, and that, conformably with this philosophical discovery, they have issued the following diplomatic Hand-bill and international *Hue and Cry*:—

**"Felony! Arson!! Murder!!! £10,000 Reward!!!!"**

Whereas, NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, *alias* the CZAR OF MUSCOVY, *alias* the AUTOCRAT, *alias* the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, *alias* the GOD OF THE RUSSIANS, stands convicted by the judgment of the Courts of Europe of having wilfully, feloniously, and maliciously invaded the dominions of his MAJESTY ABDUL MEDJID, SULTAN OF TURKEY, otherwise called the GRAND SIGNOR, and killed, slain, and murdered divers of his said MAJESTY, the said SULTAN'S true and loyal subjects, and doth by force and arms continue to hold and keep possession of the said dominions, and to slaughter and massacre the said subjects of his MAJESTY the SULTAN aforesaid, in contempt and defiance of the LAW OF NATIONS and the Authority of the said Courts, thereby openly abjuring and renouncing, and utterly repudiating and casting away all the sanctions and conditions of the said Law;

Notice is hereby Given that the said

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF

hath, by such his own act and deed, made and constituted himself, and is hereby declared and proclaimed

#### THE OUTLAW OF EUROPE;

and hath forfeited and doth forfeit the protection of the aforesaid Laws. And NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN, that a Reward of

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be given to any Person or Persons who will seize and apprehend the Body of the aforesaid NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, and give him into Custody to any Constable, Policeman, or Officer of the Sea or Land Forces of HER MAJESTY VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND, or of HIS MAJESTY LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, or to any other Servant or Minister of their said MAJESTIES who shall be empowered to hold and detain the said OUTLAW, NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, aforesaid.

And the same REWARD will also be given to any PERSON or PERSONS who shall give such Information or Assistance as may lead to the Capture of the aforesaid Outlaw. And all Peaceable and Well Disposed Persons are hereby exhorted and admonished to be aiding and assisting to the PURSUIT, PROSECUTION, SEIZURE, APPREHENSION, and ABATEMENT of the Criminal now at large under this sentence of Outlawry; with a view to the prevention of rapine, bloodshed, fire, famine, outrage, violence, and all other crimes and horrors of war impending and imminent by the Malice and Wickedness of the said Criminal and Outlaw aforesaid.

The aforesaid NICHOLAS ROMANOFF is upwards of six feet three inches in height, and moderately stout in proportion altogether; but has a Paunch swollen out like a Frog's. Has lightish eyes and complexion, great round joles, and a haughty and inflated expression of countenance. Wears a moustache, but no beard or whiskers, and generally dresses in a military frock and jack-boots."

Surely Europe is too sensible by this time to recognise any distinction between a Conqueror and an ordinary villain, except that of magnitude in villainy. Why should nations stand upon ceremony in suppressing a common nuisance? Why destroy an unnecessary number of Russians? They are not the enemy; they are only his tools. With just as much scruple as MR. INSPECTOR FIELD would entertain in the pursuit of a housebreaker, endeavour to secure the Imperial Thief. If we had NICHOLAS safe, indeed, it might be the best security for himself in the end—security from the fate of besotted tyrants, the consequences of whose ambition become intolerable to their slaves.

#### The Belles Lettres of the Present Day.

THEY can boast of their *Bell's Life*, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, and the *Belle Assemblée*; and they are further distinguished by the names of ROBERT BELL, JACOB BELL, ACTON BELL, and CURRER BELL— which last one we can only regret has been for so long a period a dumb BELL.

A PINCH.—A poor helpless, hen-pecked philosopher of a husband describes a pinch to be "the greatest amount of power at woman's command concentrated on a single point."

ANIMATED FURNITURE.



HAVING been called on to give credit to the popular fallacy—or fact—that furniture can walk and talk, we must be prepared to expect from table-turning a social as well as a mechanical revolution of the most extraordinary character. If it is possible to call a spirit into a chair, there will be no occasion to invite anybody to fill it, and a most distinguished party may be assembled which—as spirits have not yet begun to eat and drink—may combine the very highest order of company with the very utmost economy. A host with a taste for good society, may sit down to his humble chop, and place a dozen chairs round his table, for

the purpose of filling them with the very choicest spirits he may think proper to summon. If the talking furniture and the spirit rapping should become an established fact we may expect to see it announced in the *Morning Post* that LADY BLANK, or the HONOURABLE MRS. DASH, as the case may be, entertained at dinner ALEXANDER THE GREAT, MR. PEPYS, APPIUS CLAUDIUS, SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, CARACTACUS, and MR. DUCROW, to meet LORD PALMERSTON and the French Ambassador. A repast for three would thus serve the purpose of a dinner for eleven, and an evening assembly might be made to embrace several hundreds of the most illustrious visitors in the form of tables, chairs, rout seats, and other articles of furniture, while the cost need not exceed that of sandwiches for two or three, and about a pint of neutral negus.

Cards of invitation will of course have to be sent out to the principal furniture marts, and the only difficulty will be to select the shape in which a distinguished guest from the world of spirits will be expected. Perhaps the better plan will be to fix on certain articles of furniture as the types of certain classes, and to issue cards to these articles which are agreed on as the representatives of the sort of society whose company is requested. If, for instance, the presence of a literary man is desired, a bookcase should be asked to give the pleasure of its company; or if a Turk should be selected for invitation the lady of the house should intimate to some respectable furniture dealer, that she is "At Home" to some decent Ottoman. A family consisting of father and mother and six children, might be invited by requesting "the honour of the company of half a dozen chairs and two elbows to an evening party," and a married couple might be asked in the form of a double-action harp, while a young musical prodigy could be invited as a piccolo. Particular individuals might be asked as particular articles of furniture; PENN the Quaker might be invited as an inkstand; SIR THOMAS LAUBENCE, WILKIE, and TURNER, as a chest of drawers; and the late lamented Primate of all England as a Canterbury. COLUMBUS could be asked as an egg-cup, and a deceased Gold Stick in Waiting could come as an umbrella stand.

THE EXPENSE OF A MEMBER'S POST.

BESIDES the legitimate but unaccountable expenses, amounting from two thousand pounds or so to five times that sum, which a gentleman usually incurs by becoming a Member of Parliament, he has to be at the charge of keeping a Secretary. This retainer must not be a mere writing clerk. It is necessary that he should have some education—and a proportionate salary. He has to sustain an immensity of correspondence. This might be so abridged by judicious legislation as to enable many a representative of an unbought constituency to write all his own letters; and perhaps LORD JOHN RUSSELL will introduce into his Bribery Bill some provision for exonerating honourable gentlemen from the burden of an accumulation of those free and easy epistles which they are now continually pestered with by free and independent electors. The responsibilities of a British Legislator ought not to include the trouble of answering such applications as these:—

FROM THE ELECTORS OF JOBBINGTON.

"HONOURED SIR,

"AVAILING myself of the kind int you was pleased to throw out on canvassing me for my Sufferidge, I venter to Solicit the Sitation of a Place for my Eldest Son in the Customs, or Excise, Treasury, or Summerset 'Ouse, not pertickler witch. He rites a good

And, & is tollerable well versed in Accounts, if so be as there was a Opening for an Atashy, I engage to Say he would Discharge the Same with Advantage to himself and Credit to his Employers. In the probable aprochin Event of another Election,

"I remain your obedient Servant,  
"J. DUNN."

2.

"MR. PLEDGETER, SIR,

"Having been so kind as to state you would remember your humble Servant, in the event of your return for Jobbington, I take the liberty of applying to you in behalf of a nephew of mine, in the hope you will use your interest to procure him some employment under Government. As beggars must not be choosers, I would leave the selection of the berth to your kind direction; but to save trouble, as I am aware you must have numerous applicants, I should esteem it a favour if you would furnish me by return of post with a list of the vacancies which may be at present at your disposal, with any information as to the nature of the offices, and the qualifications necessary, which would be of material assistance in guiding me to a conclusion as to which would be the most eligible for the young man; and allow me in conclusion, to assure you that you may always depend upon the unbought support of your faithful constituent,

"WILLIAM PLUMPER."

3.

"SIR,

"About a month or six weeks ago, I forwarded you a number of the *Jobbington Argus*, containing a paragraph of the utmost importance in its bearings on Enlightenment and Progress. Will you please to tell me immediately, if possible, what view you take of the momentous question which it embodies, and whether you are disposed to act on the suggestion; also what course the Government is likely to pursue, in consequence; and whether you are inclined to support or oppose them in so doing, and if, in either case, you are prepared to go the whole hog?

"I am, Sir, Yours respectfully,

"JUNIUS BOREMAN."

4.

"SIR,

"I AM deputed by the Jobbington Mutual Improvement Society, Athenæum, and Burial Club, to request the favour of your subscription to that valuable Institution, and also of your becoming one of its Trustees and Stewards, to which we trust that you will add the further obligation of taking the chair at its next annual dinner. Also whether you could kindly make it convenient to attend its weekly meetings, which will be arranged to take place on those evenings on which you will not be detained in town by your parliamentary duties. I have the honour to be, &c.

"JAMES BADGER, Secretary."

5.

"P.S. May I also beg of your acceptance of the office of Provisional Director of the Jobbington Water Company, capital £5,000,000, in shares of £100 each, which I am endeavouring to form, and which, besides its advantages as a pecuniary speculation, is so highly calculated to promote the salubrity, prosperity, and general interests of the borough.

"J. B."

6.

"DEAR SIR,

"AT the request of Mrs. C., who remembers your kind assurance that she might command you in any way, I write to say, that as we are coming to town we should be much obliged to you for tickets for the House of Commons, one for myself, and another to admit Mrs. C. to the Ladies' Gallery. We shall do ourselves the honour of calling in the course of the day after to-morrow; but in case we should not find you at home, would you please to leave the tickets out for us; and also, if you can obtain them, tickets to see Buckingham Palace, and a few admissions to the Zoological Gardens?

"Believe me, dear Sir, your staunch Supporter,

"WALTER PLEDGETER, ESQ., M.P."

"CHEEKEY COOLE."

"P.S. Mrs. C. desires me to say that we shall bring our little boy, of whom you took so much notice when you called to solicit my vote, and who has cut two more teeth, and left off sucking his thumb."

Preparations for War.

THE policeman at Herne Bay has offered his services to the Government as a volunteer. His patriotic offer, it is said, has been accepted, and he is to go out immediately with the staff—the very identical wooden one that he has flourished so often in the boy's faces at the sea-side in the cause of civil order.

STOCK EXCHANGE SENTIMENT.—No Bonds of Affection so true, so dear, so lasting, as Treasury Bonds!



THE DON AND THE WINDMILLS.

## OUR PATRIOTIC POETS.

OUR pianoforte poets are all suddenly seized with a fit of patriotism and though continuing comfortably to "sit at home at ease," they are calling upon everybody to "Up with the Standard of England," price half-a-crown; to give "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue"—price two shillings; to "Unfurl the Flag"—post free for two dozen postage stamps—and to accomplish other valorous feats which are more difficult to do than to sing about, or to write about.

We have no wish to swamp all this enthusiasm by unplugging the waste pipe of the cistern of matter of fact, but we should have more faith in the sincerity of these pianoforte heroes and valorous vocalists, if, instead of composing at home, and shouting in concert rooms the most vehement invitations to every body else to die for their country, they would occasionally go forth themselves and try the experiment. Shedding a little ink is much easier than running the risk of shedding a little blood, and it is a tolerably safe proceeding to roar out after dinner "Let's rather die than yield" when neither horn of the dilemma happens to present itself. As a mode of testing the earnestness of the parties concerned, we have to propose a volunteer corps, to be called the First Light Pianoforte and Patriotic Professional Fencibles.

## THE COURAGE OF THE CZAR.

"Go, for our persecuted brethren fight!"  
Veiling the lust of rule with holy zeal,  
Snuffles the Czar: he means, "Go forth and steal!"  
"Whom shall we fear?" the Imperial hypocrite  
Exclaims, and of his eyes upturns the white.  
Fear, of a truth, to him should be unknown,  
Brave man! who dares before the eternal Throne  
To lift his hand, and words like these to speak,  
And then to thrust his tongue into his cheek;  
Eternal Justice whilst the dying groan  
And curse of myriads on his head invoke,  
Hero! with aspect so composed and meek,  
Blaspheming, and in such a pious tone  
Uttering defiance to Heaven's thunderstroke.

"ORDERED TO LIE UPON THE TABLE."—A Spirit-Medium.

## PARAGRAPH FOR SOME OF THE PAPERS.

PERHAPS there is no more striking evidence of a benevolent disposition than kindness and consideration for animals. This amiable trait of character is often very strongly and peculiarly evinced by the gentler sex. A remarkable instance of it has been communicated to us; and every reliance may be placed on the following statement:—A lady of rank and fashion, but not less distinguished by her beauty than her position, possessed a favourite spaniel; one of the true KING CHARLES'S breed. Having had the dog almost from her childhood, she was affectionately attached to it, and the little animal had now become what, in speaking of the canine race, we may term old. Advanced years had not impaired its outward appearance, or any of its sensible or other qualities, but had unfortunately deprived it of all its teeth; so that poor FIDO had for some time been obliged to put up with spoon-diet. Distressed at the privation thus endured by her pet, its fair mistress at last conceived the happy idea of having its powers of mastication restored by artificial aid. Accordingly, she consulted MR. MORRIS SALMONS, Surgeon-Dentist, by whom FIDO was supplied with a complete set of his newly-invented terro-elastic teeth; by means of which the faithful creature is now thoroughly enabled to enjoy its food, and experiences not the slightest difficulty in crunching the hardest bone of a mutton-chop.

## Great Anxiety in the County of Middlesex.

WE understand that the Electors of Middlesex, tired of waiting any longer, and despairing of receiving any intelligence through the usual channels of information, have resolved upon fitting out immediately an expedition to go in search of MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, who has been missing for some time past, and of whom no tidings have been heard since the opening of Parliament.

## The Modern Crusader.

NICHOLAS pretends that he is fighting the battle of the Cross against the Crescent. This is so far true that, in consequence of the opposition his ambitious designs have met with, he is himself as cross as cross can be.

THE END OF ALL ARGUMENT.—"You're another."



SAINT NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.



THE TAP ON THE DANUBE.



Our troops are likely to have warm work with the Cossack savages, they will of course frequently experience thirst, for the relief of which it is requisite that provision should be made. This has not been forgotten, if, as we hope, there is truth in the subjoined newspaper paragraph:—

“GOOD NEWS FOR THE TROOPS. — Arrangements have been made by the Government with a first-rate London Brewery to supply the troops while in Turkey, &c., with the best export porter at 3d. per quart. A ship of 350 tons burden is now preparing to take in the first consignment for Malta and Constantinople.”

As the Maltese do not, or cannot, add

hops to their malt in such a manner as to produce beer, the consignment of a quantity of that liquor to Malta was a judicious measure; and if the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is to be preserved by our troops, it is but right that Entire should also have been sent for their use to Constantinople. May the heavy give weight to their charge, and enable them to offer a stout resistance to any number of the enemy. Without becoming pot-valiant, the British soldier will fight the better for his pot of beer. Those who draw the sword for their country deserve at least a draught of porter; and doubtless they will draw the former vigorously, although they may draw the latter mild.

EXAMINATIONS FOR BARRISTERS.

It has long been thought expedient that law students should be subject to some examination previous to being called to the Bar. Under the present system an Utter Barrister may be called an utter ignoramus, and the only cramming that is requisite to fit him for his profession is to cram a certain number of dinners down his throat. He need know nothing more of law or equity than the fact that the “remainderman” is the man who gets the remainder of the gooseberry tart, which has already been attacked by the three who have gone before him in the same mess. A “joint interest” is, to him, nothing more than the interest he feels in the joint that is brought to table, and of a “demurrer” he understands nothing but the fact that it is idle to demur to the wretched stuff that is passed off as port wine at the students’ table.

There seems, at length, some hope that the system of eating one’s way to the Bar will give place to a more sensible system, and a qualification will henceforth be determined by what the candidate is able to send forth from his mouth, instead of by what he has stuffed into it. If we are to believe the Honourable Member who has brought the subject forward, the only book strongly recommended for perusal to a forensic aspirant is “Joe Miller;” and, indeed, we cannot help seeing that, whenever a joke is hazarded at the Bar, the source of it is the very honourable authority alluded to. The “legal mind” has such a love of precedent that a joke, no less than a case, must be found “in the books” before it is ripe for Westminster Hall, where a new idea and a new enthusiasm would stand an equal chance of rejection. It is but the other day that the majority of the Judges were lost in bewilderment as to whether a man who had been convicted of stealing some eggs had stolen the eggs, because there was a doubt whether the eggs were properly laid in the indictment, when, to the great relief of the judicial bench, it was discovered that “SHEARS’S case” had settled the point, or rather that the judge who tried “SHEARS’S case” many years ago, had said something which all the judges of the present day were quite content to say after him.

We sometimes wonder what is the use of an Act of Parliament when we find the variety of interpretations which can be put upon it in a Court of Law, where, very frequently, instead of an inquiry what the Act means, there is a musty research into what HULLOCK ruled half a century ago, or the whole Court gets suddenly confounded by an *obiter dictum* of the garrulous GARROW, which is, in turn, smashed by a sentence from the lips of BULLER, J., ferretted out of some ancient report by the research of some aged junior, with one leg in the grave and the other in FITZHERBERT’S “Natura Brevium.” We feel satisfied there is little use in reforming the law unless we reform the lawyers, and we hail the attempt that has been made to get rid of the gross absurdity and gross feeding which, at present, form the introduction to the profession of a barrister.

REASONS AGAINST REFORM.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL (*rising*).

TOWN, MR. SPEAKER, it was not my wish To cook, in this fashion, our kettle of fish, But my family motto impels me to state That a wise man will yield to the dictates of fate, And since the Reform Bill meets slight acceptance From those I see here, or, indeed, from the nation, (Which can’t take its eyes from the war in the East), Why, we’ll put off Reform “for the present at least.”

And here I might stop, for I really have stated Why the “cause” should (in equity phrase) be “abated;” But statesmen conceive that for all that they do A great heap of reasons is better than few. (As one rifle-ball’s fatal—that is, if it hits, But a blunderbuss *must* blow an object to bits), So of reasons—not reason—here follows a feast, For postponing Reform “for the present at least.”

Because the Directors, as PAXTON has bidden ‘em, Demand extra funds for the Palace at Sydenham; Because, when the Guardsmen embarked, the sad news Produced a most awful effect on the Jews; Because a new Ant-Eater’s come to the Park, And the Peers have a notion their House is too dark, And because Mr. KINGSLEY is author of “Yeast,” We will put off our Bill “for the present at least.”

Because old LABLACHE, with a very fat sigh, Goes over, this year, to the army of GYE, Because the *habitué* expects to be bored By snobs, with “Well, what is this *Etoile du Nord*.” Because we’re to have a new opera by VERDI (I greatly prefer a well-ground burdy-gardy), And because the old orchestra won’t be increased, We must put off Reform “for the present at least.”

Because the poor cits, in their blundering zeal, Cannot hit on a place for the statue to PEEL, Because MAROCHETTI’S, so grand and so tall, Is lost in the cabstand at Westminster Hall; Because the old bridge here, is sinking, they say,— Perceptibly losing its half-inch a day, Notwithstanding it’s buttressed, supported, and pieced— We’ll put off Reform “for the present at least.”

Because my friend PAM, with no small approbation, Has flushed, not the Sewers, but their Administration. Because my friend GLADSTONE, for war-money troubled, Has found that the Income Tax ought to be doubled. Because my friend BAINES has determined to cure The system that tends to make slaves of the poor, (Though well-managed parishes fear to be fleeced), We’ll put off Reform “for the present at least.”

Because my LORD ABERDEEN’S patron, the Czar, Has gone out of his wits (though the walk is not far). Because OMAR PACHA’S received a smart sabre, Wherewith the Don Cossacks he vows to belabour. Because these slow Moslems won’t work at the drill— (But they’ve got some new officers, now, though, who *will*); And because in the Baltic the ice has decreased, We will put off Reform “for the present at least.”

Because our recruiting proceeds very fairly, Though Ireland (the Younger) abuses it rarely. Because we’ve prepared a magnificent fleet, Which NAPIER himself owns is “nearly complete.” Because for some reason, a prejudice runs Against letting us make our own pistols and guns. (Poor MONSELL thinks MUNTZ is next door to a beast); We’ll put off Reform “for the present at least.”

In short I avow, (with some pain to myself), That the place for Reform is, just now, on the shelf. The bill’s been more useful than might be supposed, For BENJAMIN’S mouth for the moment is closed: The people don’t seem at this crisis to care For aught that’s not warlike; well, that’s their affair: Mine’s only to add, that my duty has ceased When I’ve put off this Bill “for the present at least.”

[*Moves that the second reading be taken on the 27th April.*]



### THE BEAR IN THE BOAT.

AN OLD FABLE, NEW MORALISED.

(To the tune, "Froggy would a-wooing go.")

THERE was a Bear got into a boat,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
There was a Bear got into a boat;  
He cast off the painter and set her afloat,  
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

This Boat, you must know, was christened "War  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
This Boat, you must know, was christened "War";  
'T was forty-eight years since she'd floated before,  
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Bear at first felt uncommonly proud,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
The Bear at first felt uncommonly proud,  
As he pawed at tiller, and pulled at shroud,  
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Boat drove at will of wind and tide,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
The Boat drove at will of wind and tide,  
The Bear imagined his paw did guide,  
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Winds they began to rise and roar,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
The Winds they began to rise and roar,  
The Boat drifted farther and farther from shore,  
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Bear thought the winds were whistling his praise,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Bear thought the winds were whistling his praise,  
And he thanked 'em, but held on tight by the stays,  
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Waves they began to heave and swell,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
The Waves they began to heave and swell,  
And the Boat on their white crests rose and fell,  
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Bear thought the waves were bowing to him,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
The Bear thought the waves were bowing to him,  
So he bowed to them, looking green and grim,  
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Winds grew louder, the waves more rough,—  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
The Winds grew louder, the waves more rough,  
And the Bear looked uneasy and roared "Enough!"  
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Wind it blew the sail from the yard,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
The Wind it blew the sail from the yard,  
For the Bear would jam the sheet down hard,  
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Waves clean over the gunwale flew,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
The Waves clean over the gunwale flew,  
For the Bear insisted on broaching-to,  
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

Now port, now starboard, the tiller he thrust,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
Now port, now starboard, the tiller he thrust,  
And thought he was steering true and just,  
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

With random paws he tugged tack and sheet,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
With random paws he tugged tack and sheet,  
And flattered himself he could sail a fleet,  
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

To cast up his accounts he at last began,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
To cast up his accounts he at last began,  
For sea-sickness spares Bear no more than man,  
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

Sick, helpless, and wild with rage and fear,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
Sick, helpless, and wild with rage and fear,  
The sea o'er the boat making breaches clear,  
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

Sails blown to ribbons, mast gone by the board,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
Sails blown to ribbons, mast gone by the board,  
The prostrate Bear his repentance roared,  
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

"Only let me get out of this cursed boat,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
Only let me get out of this cursed boat,  
And I promise I'll never again go afloat,  
With my topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!"

What did wind and wave for Bruin's prayer?  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
What did wind and wave for Bruin's prayer?  
Did they swamp the Boat and swallow the Bear?  
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage?  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!



Or did they waft Boat and Bear ashore,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
Or did they waft Boat and Bear ashore,  
A sadder and wiser Bear than before,  
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy?

We know not yet how the end befell,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!  
We know not yet how the end befell,  
But the next year's history p'raps may tell,  
With its topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,  
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

**BARON ALDERSON'S WIG.**

The following startling advertisement appeared on the 3rd of March in the *Times* :—

**TEN POUNDS REWARD.—LOST or STOLEN**, from Westminster, on or about the night of the 21st of February, a FULL-BOTTOMED WIG, the property of MR. BARON ALDERSON. Whoever will give such information to MR. METHERELL, wig-maker, 47, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, as will lead to the recovery of the above, shall receive FIVE POUNDS REWARD; or, if stolen, shall receive the sum of £10 on conviction of the offender or offenders.

Considering the popular superstition as to wisdom, which is said to reside in the wig, there is something rather alarming in the announcement that one of our ablest judges is at present in a state of wiglessness. We can only compare a judge without his wig to ALADDIN without his lamp, and we must therefore hope that the genius of the wig will speedily restore to the judicial head that mountainous pile of horsehair which constitutes the summit of judicial wisdom—the crowning point of justice.

We must, however, protest against the paltry estimate that has been put upon the value of this highest attribute of the judge's office, and we indignantly repudiate the wretched under-valuation of the wisdom of BARON ALDERSON; for, if one of our best judges is to be rated at only £10, what price can we be allowed to put upon some of the less sagacious occupants of the Bench—and cushions—of Justice? We have puzzled ourselves not a little in thinking how the learned judge could have lost his wig, for if it was taken from his head, it must have been done—if not immediately under his nose—almost immediately over his nose, which would seem to us a very adroit process to have been performed by a thief without detection. Possibly the learned judge may have been so lost in the contemplation of some abstract point that his wig was abstracted before he was aware of what was going on, or rather going off, over head; or, it may have happened, that in the midst of some excessively dull speech of counsel, his lordship may have dropped off, when his wig might have dropped off by the force of sympathy.

We sincerely hope the missing wig may be restored to its high position on the brows of MR. BARON ALDERSON, whose fine judicial forehead may be regarded as the Temple of Justice. We cannot bear to think that the honoured horsehair which so recently reposed on the head of an ALDERSON should form the stuffing of some ignoble couch, or descend to the degraded seat of some wretched cab, whose driver may be an habitual violator of that law of which the late possessor of the desecrated wig is one of the brightest ornaments.

**A Mistake about the Rite.**

An advertisement in the *Times*, addressed to Parish Clerks, offers a guinea for the "BAPTISMAL REGISTER" of ANGELO LOUIS LEVY. It is to be feared that the certificate of MR. LEVY's baptism is not to be had for any money.

**IMPERIAL DEVOTION.**

CZAR NICHOLAS is so devout, they say,  
His Majesty does nothing else than pray.

**A Berlin Muff.**

THE pusillanimous conduct of the KING OF PRUSSIA at the present crisis, appears to indicate an apprehension that the Czar will eat him up as a sausage to Turkey. But this fear exhibits his Prussian Majesty in the light of a very Small German.

**ART-FINERY.**

A BOOK has been published with the title of "Dress as a Fine Art." We hope this work does not recommend ladies to embellish themselves by painting.

**AMERICAN PARTNERSHIP.**



URELY it is a great comfort and encouragement to us to have the sympathy of our American kinsmen in the struggle whereon we are entering with the Power of Tyranny and Barbarism, and there is something very cheering in the sentiments thus expressed by GENERAL J. WATSON WEBB, writing in the *Times* to dissipate fears for the invasion of our commerce by privateering enterprise on the part of his fellow citizens :—

"The contingency to which I allude, as being the only one which could prompt an interference in European affairs, is, I sincerely hope, very far distant, but which should never be lost sight of in England, and which may ultimately be averted altogether by its being constantly kept before the world—I mean a combination of the Continent at some future day against England as the great embodiment of constitutional liberty in Europe. That day may come. How soon, if ever, He alone knows in whose hands are the destinies of nations. But come when it may, our interests and our feelings will alike combine to make us come to the rescue. We shall come, it may be, from a conviction that in fighting your battles we are contending for the cause of constitutional liberty. Our plea or our excuse for coming may be self-preservation; but in such a contingency come we will; and be assured that the youthful giant—for we shall be a giant before that day arrives—will not come the less willingly, or strike less effectively, because his strength will be put forth in behalf of a parent, who, if she was not always a kind mother, gave to us our Anglo-Saxon blood, and sent us forth deeply imbued with her laws, her literature, and her love of constitutional liberty."

The Americans will help us fight the Battle of Freedom if need be—in the meanwhile, we have their best wishes. So far from being inclined to molest us with privateers, their hearts are so much with our cause that we may venture to propose to them an undertaking in the nature of a private speculation, to be directed against the enemy, in which they might join us. There is one of the most remarkable men in the States, to whom, we trust, our proposal will be seen by no manner of means a bad notion. The suggestion we would offer, more particularly for the consideration of that distinguished individual, is that of raising a sum of money sufficiently large to purchase the EMPEROR NICHOLAS of the Russian nation, which will, no doubt, in a short time be glad to sell him. We calculate that the amount required will not be exorbitant. Indeed we expect that his subjects will be too happy to take any bid for their Emperor, when they find that it is necessary, at all events, to get rid of him. They will naturally prefer disposing of him at some little profit to clearing him off like mere ballast. Perhaps they will accept a figure for their Czar not much above the quotation of a pretty valuable nigger.

Having bought NICHOLAS at a vile price, boots and all, the enterprising speculator might take him about the country in a caravan, and show him, as an extraordinary monster, in the principal towns in Great Britain and the Union, after which he might be shipped over, and exhibited at Constantinople, whereby there is every just reason to believe that in a comparatively short time a considerable fortune would be realised. Everybody would go to see the greatest monster in the world—a monster greater than the Missouri Leviathan or the Sea-Serpent. We do hope that the eminent man in our eye with regard to this project will think well of it. He has raised himself to a high degree of opulence and social position by showing Lions; but he would elevate himself several notches higher if he could manage to exhibit the Russian Bear. Having now indicated this promising scheme of business, we commend it to the serious attention of BARNUM.

**Origin of the Quarterlies.**

We think it is clear that the plan of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* must have been borrowed from the curious habit they have of reading things in Parliament, for we notice that whenever the Members have something very heavy in hand which it is impossible for them to get through, it is generally ordered "to be read this day three months," which, in plain English, means that they never intend to read it at all.

**LOVE LOST BETWEEN LOCKSMITHS.**

MR. CHUBB has made it pretty clear by his recent correspondence, that whether he can pick a lock or not, he is very skilful at picking a quarrel.



*Chorus (of nice young Ladies).* "OH! OF ALL AND OF ALL, I NEVER! ISN'T IT THE DARLINGEST, SWEETEST, PRETTIEST, LITTLE DEAR DARLING DARLING! OH! DID YOU EVER!!!"

*Solo (by horrid plain-spoken Boy).* "HM! I THINK IT'S A NASTY, UGLY LITTLE BEAST, FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A CAT OR A MONKEY." [Sensation.]

#### THE SHAKESPEARE BELLOWS.

THE poet MOORE, in his Memoirs edited by our noble friend, LORD JOHN RUSSELL—if he will, or whether he will or not, allow us to call him so—speaks of a pair of bellows having on the front a portrait of SHAKESPEARE; which there is reason to believe had been in the possession of the bard of Avon. We thought we had already enough of supposititious SHAKESPEARE relics, but we suppose the antiquarians will now be going mad after the SHAKESPEARE BELLOWS. We cannot believe that the immortal WILLIAM consented to sit for his portrait to be taken on a pair of bellows, a mode of securing a puff for himself which we are sure he never would have resorted to. We are satisfied that if the alleged bellows could be produced, they would at once give a blow to their own authenticity.

#### OUR ACCOUNT WITH THE CZAR.

THE war with Russia, people say,  
Will render scarce our Tallow-fat;  
Let's make it up some other way,  
And take it out in Kala-fat.

If short of Russian hides we fall,  
A substitute providing,  
Let's give the Russians once for all,  
A taste of British hide-ing.

#### Woman, or Head?

ASK a woman to do you a service, and she considers how she can best accomplish what you wish. Ask a man, and he considers how he can best make you appreciate his intention to serve you.

#### THE SAUSAGE MAKING MANIA.

THE British sausage has always been a mystery to us, and a mystery we have felt no inclination to go into. The British sausage has, in our eyes—for we have usually kept it out of our mouth—been a compound, in which our imagination has pictured the possibility of those who have led literally a "cat and dog life," being blended together at last in silent union. A new light has recently been thrown upon the sausage by an advertisement, which would seem to show that there is some rather close connection between the British sausage and the British Lion. We have often heard from the Protectionists of the decease of that highly popular beast, though we suspect that the creature they patronised under that name was an inferior brute in the skin of the nobler animal. This must be the supposed lion alluded to in the annexed advertisement as having "gone off" into sausage-meat.

#### HOME-MADE SAUSAGES.

THE NOISELESS LION SAUSAGE-MAKING MACHINE, MINCE-MEAT, and VEGETABLE CUTTER, as worked in the Great Exhibition, Dublin, and shown in several public institutions. It was inspected and patronised by the LORD-LIEUTENANT, the COUNTESS OF ST. GERMAINS, and several other ladies of distinction, on account of the simple and effective working. It makes no noise, is not dangerous (the cutters being all enclosed) the meat (put in in pieces of two inches) is cut fine and filled into the skins at the rate of one pound per minute by the small machine. It will also cut vegetables for soup into the size of peas; and cut bread for force-meat, &c. as fine as grating. It can be worked on counter, dresser, or table, and in appearance is ornamental, &c.

Now, we presume, it is not imperative on any one who uses this machine, to use it exclusively for Lion Sausages, inasmuch as the old culinary direction, "first catch your hare," would naturally suggest the difficulty of complying with the hint "first catch your lion." If the machine can be made available in producing a home made sausage of some wholesome substance, it will indeed be a boon, and we can't be surprised that even the COUNTESS OF ST. GERMAINS and other ladies of distinction have taken an interest in its working. As the machine is "ornamental," it is probably intended to become an article of furniture; and if the "ladies of distinction" begin to take it up as a "hobby," we shall perhaps find "sausage making" taking its turn with crochet work as an object of fashionable female industry. For our own parts, if a lady friend were to offer her services to make us either a sausage or an anti-macassar, we should say at once "Give us a sausage."

#### RAW MATERIAL OF BARRISTERS.

As all the good things which can be created by Act of Parliament (and a good many acts look as if such creation had been their chief object) are given to Barristers, the least these gentlemen can do, in return for so much kindness, is to keep themselves decent and respectable. But they do not think so, apparently. Hear one of their own number, who is just now eloquent on the subject.

"A little time since it came out that a barrister was keeping a confectioner's shop, under a false name, in the Strand. Not the smallest notice is taken of him by the Benchers. Not long ago it came out at a trial at *Nisi Prius* in London, that a hosier was a member of one of the Inns of Court. I believe there are a good many persons of our profession keeping shops in London. A few years since an inspector of police was called to the bar."

And the writer adds, that more than one person, whose name is in the Law List, follows an occupation too vile to be even hinted at by *Mr. Punch*.

Of course there are excuses for everything in this world. The barrister-confectioner might say, that like many of his brethren, he had his eye upon Parliament; that a *restaurant* was only the French for a refresher, and that his selling the eye of the bull did not prevent his having the ear of the Court. The barrister-hosier, if vulgarly flippant, would probably urge, that though *bas* was a foreign word for stockings, selling stockings could not be foreign to the bar (a joke which ought to raise Hosier's Ghost), and then, with a smirk, he would very likely ask, "what was the next article" of indictment against him. And as for the barrister-policeman, he would, in his own opinion, be just the man, not only to move the Court, but to make it keep moving. But these reasons would fail to satisfy *Mr. Punch* that confectioners, hosiers, and policemen are proper persons to become barristers and receive Government appointments, and as MR. NAPIER has taken up the matter he hopes that gentleman will make no bones, not even "NAPIER'S BONES," of dealing with it vigorously.

#### The Money Market.

MR. BRIEFLESS is delighted at the talk of there being a "Law for the Abolition of Settlement" as it will enable him, he says, to meet with a much better face his creditors when they call upon him, as they will keep doing, for the payment of their "little bills." MR. DUNUP we are told, is equally delighted.

"AFTER DINNER" DEBATES.



We are sorry to see that some Members of the House of Commons have just discovered a new method of wasting the time of the country (as if the multiplicity of modes already in existence were not enough for the purpose), and the precedent has been set of asking an explanation of what Ministers may have said at their meals.

Though a private individual may take "his ease at his inn," a member of the Government will not be permitted to take it easy at his club. Our lively friend PALMERSTON—who, like *Punch*, LORD BROUGHAM, and nearly all other great characters, combines an abundance of wit with an ample share of wisdom—has given offence to MR. BRIGHT, whose name seems at variance with his character, for having made a few jokes at a dinner where he, the Home Secretary, presided as chairman. The Noble Lord was not sufficiently lugubrious on the festive occasion to suit the melancholy humour—or want of humour—which distinguishes the Member for Manchester. According to MR. BRIGHT'S notion, nothing ought to have sparkled but the decanters, and the Chairman should have assumed all the solemnity of an undertaker, on the dismal occasion that had brought the company together. If MR. BRIGHT is correct in his idea of how the recent dinner at the Reform Club should have been conducted, there ought to have been a CHADBAND for a Chairman and a PECKSNIFF for a Vice.

If the sort of questions that the Puritans of Parliament have set an example of are to be persevered in, we may expect something like the following notices in the paper of the Legislative business of the day.

MR. FRENCH to ask LORD JOHN RUSSELL whether it is true that he, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, just before going to bed, on Wednesday last, with a cold, did, or did not, call out to some one who was present, "Just give us our gruel;" and whether he spoke those words with reference to our present position with regard to Russia, and whether the words may be considered as an admission of weakness, intending to imply that any foreign power is likely to subdue us, or "to give us our gruel," in a certain slang sense, in which the words are generally received.

MR. MOORE to ask whether it is true that, at a dinner lately given in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn, a report was mentioned to be in circulation that a certain Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench has his feet frequently in hot water, and whether any judge who is continually in hot water ought not to be removed.

THE EARL OF DERBY to ask the EARL OF CLARENDON whether he had communicated to the publisher of "What shall we have for Dinner?" or any other cookery-book at any time a peculiar method of making a Cabinet Pudding, and whether it is with the sanction of his colleagues that the secrets of the Cabinet are disclosed.

THE EARL OF CLANRICARDE to ask the EARL OF ABERDEEN whether it is true that an orange in quarters was handed by the Premier to the French Ambassador at a dinner at the former's table, and whether the incident was significative of any understanding between the French and English Governments as to giving or taking quarter in the impending war.

LORD FITZWILLIAM to ask any Member of the Government whether at any dinner at which any one of them has recently been present, any observation has been made on any NESSELRODE Pudding which might be taken in an offensive sense by the Minister of a Great Power with which we are not yet openly at war.

LORD GREY to ask the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE whether at a supper at which three Ministers were present, a bowl of *Punch* was introduced, and whether the confidences then exchanged, were communicated through the *Punch* in question, to its celebrated namesake in Fleet Street.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

(Suggested by a Sufferer.)

Knowing a young man who fancies he's a poet, and spouts his latest nonsense every time he meets you.

Being accosted on a Rhine boat by your City greengrocer, while you are comparing notes of fashionable acquaintanceship with your tremendously "exclusive" friends the SWELLINGTONS.

Knowing an ex-military man who never misses a chance of explaining, technically, the position of the Russians.

Forming the acquaintance of an amateur violinist, who unhappily discovers you've a taste for music, and assumes the *sequitur* that you've a taste for his.

Knowing a young lady who (not otherwise insane), keeps an album, and asks you every time she sees you, to contribute.

Knowing one of those Hibernians of cucumbrian coolness, who borrow your money, drink your best wine, smoke your best cigars, lame your favourite hunter, and make fun of you to your wife.

Being acquainted in your babyhood with one of those impulsive young ladies, who have an ogreish propensity for waylaying little children and devouring them with kisses.

Being expected at a pic-nic to do all the work, because everybody knows you're "such a good-natured fellow."

Becoming acquainted with a man in difficulties, who can always see a way to retrieve his fortune, if he had but a paltry fi' pun' note to start him.

Meeting an old schoolfellow on one of ANGELINA'S "cleaning" days, and rashly inviting him to take pot-luck with you.—*Note.* The tax in this case consists in a pacificatory trip to SWAN AND EDGAR'S the next morning.

Lastly, knowing an artist of the severely classic school, who, because you happen unluckily to have given your countenance to the Moustache Movement, insists on loading you with chains as a model for CARACTACUS.



PUNCH'S THEATRICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Mr. Nicholas Romanoff as "The Outlaw of Europe."

The Moustache Movement.

It is rumoured that all the oysters on the English coast, following the example of other natives in HER MAJESTY'S dominions, intend, for the future, adding the moustache to the beard they have been hitherto in the habit only of wearing.



Light Porter (with a heavy load). "NOW THEN, STOOPID, WHERE ARE YER COMING TO?"

**NARROW MINDS AND BROAD SHEETS.**

(Conclusion of a Lords' Debate of Last Week.)

*Lord Brougham (to the Earl of Derby, who was just going out).* Here, I say, STANLEY—I beg pardon, I always call you by the old Reform name until I remember that you have turned Tory—come here. CAMPBELL and I want to talk to you.

*Lord Derby (pocketing a little green betting-book).* Will either of you do anything about BOIARDO or ACROBAT?

*Lord Campbell.* Don't be over greedy of this world's gains—they say you made twelve thousand pounds on the turf last year; eh?

*Lord Derby (quietly).* Do not believe everything you hear, LORD CAMPBELL.

*Lord Brougham.* Cool—his giving such a piece of advice to two ex-Chancellors. But courage is his forte. Sometimes, however, we may overstep the limits of wisdom—it's a thing I never do, and never did, myself, and therefore I may caution others. How came you to talk that nonsense just now about the newspapers?

*Lord Campbell.* That's what we wanted to say to you. I know you will take advice in good part.

*Lord Derby.* I take everything in good part, always, as you must have observed. Besides, you are both so much my elders that it is like men advising a boy. BROUGHAM was born in 1788, I think, and you, CAMPBELL, in the next year, which makes one of you 75 and the other 76.

*Lord Campbell.* What a memory the betting-book gives for figures! But though you are only a boy of 55, you might know better than to speak as you have just been doing.

*Lord Derby.* About the papers? Confound the papers! You never make a row about them but somehow you find you get yourself into a mess. But what do you two know of the matter?

*Lord Brougham.* The world says that in my time I have written a good deal for the newspaper press.

*Lord Campbell.* And I was actually a reporter, and handed my reports in to a daily newspaper with the same regularity which characterises, I trust, all my proceedings.

*Lord Derby (laughing).* Two paper caps for coronets, by George. Well?

*Lord Brougham.* Suppose now, DERBY,—I'll just put a supposititious case—suppose by some queer dispensation of Fate, you were made the Editor of a newspaper.

*Lord Derby.* What's the use of supposing nonsense?

*Lord Brougham.* I admit that word might properly describe the articles you would write. But don't run before my proposition. I am only supposing that you had the direction of a journal.

*Lord Derby.* Soon after the Conquest, JOAN STANLEY, the only daughter and heiress of our family, married WILLIAM DE ALDITHLEY, and he was progenitor of the Earls of Derby. Our creation dates from 1485. What is an Editor? (laughing). But you are good fellows—I'll answer anything you like.

*Lord Brougham.* I want to get at your ideas of the way the press obtains its materials. To-night you have told the Peers, that the first journal (except *Punch*) in the world can only have obtained the information on which certain political articles were based, by the fraud of some inferior official. Well, let us accept your hypothesis. Fancy yourself the Editor of a paper, and that you desire to have all the news of the day. How should you begin?

*Lord Derby.* Well, let's see. There are the Racing Stables. Of course one could get at their secrets by tipping the grooms, or the boys, if necessary.

*Lord Campbell.* Do take the straw out of your mouth. The politics of Europe—the intelligence from the different Courts—the supposed intentions of Sovereigns?

*Lord Derby.* Ah! yes, there's that. What a lot of Secret Service money would have to go

that way. By Jove, what with paying footmen to listen at doors, musicians for watching at balls, secretaries for duplicates of secret despatches, valets for getting under sofas to hear conversations and cribbing letters dropped in dressing rooms, and what with bribing a few other people who get into confidences, those newspaper-fellows must eat up their profits awfully! I can't see how they hedge to clear themselves, unless it's by working the Stock-Exchange with their early news.

*Lord Brougham.* Then there is City information—the state of trade—the feelings of the mercantile world?

*Lord Derby.* Well, I suppose they get that sort of thing as they get the foreign politics. Clerks and shopmen are as easily bribed as valets and footmen. Then, I take it, the writers must guess at what they don't know, and if they are contradicted, burn the letters that do it, and so make all safe. Artful dodgers, depend upon it.

*Lord Campbell.* The course a Ministry is likely to take is often discussed in a newspaper, and indicated with a good deal of precision. Come, the purse can hardly do much there, and yet the public are told, pretty truthfully, what is going to happen.

*Lord Derby.* Yes, and that beats me. I understand hints being given to papers, but in cases where one knows that has not been done, and on the contrary, strict secrecy has been the order of the day, I have seen the course staked out, flags and all. It makes one half believe in table-turning and mesmerism. Somebody's bought and sold, of course, but who is it, where all are Peers, or if there's a Commoner or so, he is rich enough to be honest? Tell us how the papers get put up to that, you newspaper fellows. Do you think it's the Maids of Honour set to listen at head quarters—diamonds—bank-notes in bouquets—eh?

*Lord Brougham.* I don't know, but you might move for a committee of inquiry, and have the LADY ALICES and LADY BEATRICES before it. I'll serve. Anything for my country.

*Lord Campbell.* Well, BROUGHAM, I told you that that was about his notion of the way newspapers are carried on. Now, my dear PRINCE RUPERT, listen to me. It was not of course to correct these chivalrous ideas of yours that we wanted to talk to you—the stable mind is not to be turned. But you want to be Premier again one of these days?

*Lord Derby.* No. But if the exigencies of the country should require it, and the leadership should be forced upon me, Heaven forbid, my Lords, that I should shrink from the side of my Sovereign, or refuse—

*Lord Brougham (impatiently).* Confound you, there's no one else to hear you, and don't talk that bosh to us. You are waiting for another spring at the Premiership?

*Lord Derby.* "If England will."

*Lord Campbell.* But she won't. However, run to win, as you would say, and for once be warned. You have told us by what base means you suppose the English press acquires its information. You know the mighty hold that press has upon the mind of millions, whom it counsels, excites, and directs. If you mean to be Premier, do not let the people of England see, quite so clearly, the contempt and loathing in which you, as an honourable man, must hold a nation which trusts to such a press.

*Lord Brougham.* Just so. Logically, LORD DERBY, having an honourable mind, must despise a nation swayed by a dishonourable press.

*Lord Derby.* That is pressing the matter too far—and at any rate needlessly.

*Lord Brougham.* Nay, there is another way of putting it. Reverse the proposition and say that the nation, confiding in the honour of its press, must despise—

*Doorkeeper.* Beg your Lordships' pardon, but may we not put the lights out?

[*Exeunt their Lordships.*]

## Talfourd.

ERE the war-clouds, darkly closing,  
Shudder to the rending flash,  
Ere a world holds breath to listen  
To the opening thunder-crash:  
Hear, from yonder seat of judgment,  
Words of peace—the true—the best—  
Ah!—the noble words are stifled,  
And a noble heart hath rest!

Dead! He should have died hereafter,  
Time had come for such a word,  
When the day of fight was over,  
And the triumph-bells were heard.  
Statesman—Minister of Justice—  
Friend of all who needed friend,  
Poet—might he not have tarried,  
Seen our conflict to an end?

Had the Statesman marked his nation  
Check and crush invading might;  
Had the upright Judge, rejoicing,  
Watched the victory of the Right;  
Had the oppress'd one's Friend beheld us  
Raise the weak—dash down the strong,  
Then, perchance, the Poet's utterance  
Had awaked in glowing song.

Other was the dread decretal,  
Life and Death obey their LORD,  
And the golden bowl is broken,  
And unloosed the silver cord.  
In the very hour when Duty  
To her dearest task was wed,  
Pleading for the poor and needy,  
TALFOURD'S gentle spirit fled.

What is left to those who mourn him?  
When the last sad rite is paid,  
When—but not with hopeless sorrow—  
Earth in earth is humbly laid.  
Call his image from the marble,  
Let the rich memorial tell  
How he earned the love we bore him,  
That we loved him long and well.

Let it speak of kindest nature,  
Of the large, yet subtle mind,  
Of a heart all overflowing  
With affection for his kind,  
Speak of honour—trust—and frankness,  
Of a hand preventing need,  
And of whisper from the giver  
Making bounty rich indeed.

Then record how he, undaunted,  
Fought through faction's wild turmoil,  
To uphold the Thinker's title  
To the earnings of his toil.  
How low cant and selfish cunning  
Barred his onward course in vain,  
Till he felled and chained the plunderers  
Of the Labour of the Brain.

Speak of eloquence, beguiling  
Foes themselves to own its sway,  
Rich with many an ancient jewel  
Touched with Art's all-kindling ray.  
Then inscribe his Poet-honours—  
Nay—that record be his own—  
Little reck's true bard of memory  
Passing with a sculptured stone.

*Ire licet.* Battle's signal  
Sullen booms o'er sea and plain.  
Wake ye at that fatal summons,  
Fabled Choosers of the Slain!  
Who, beside our red-cross banner,  
Falls, its foremost champion there—  
Flinging down a life, and winning  
Name that Time himself shall spare?

Gallant heart! But happier, nobler,  
Hold the doom 'twas his to meet,  
Who,—declaring Heaven's own message—  
Died upon the judgment seat.  
On his lip that holy lesson  
All his life had taught, he cried,  
"Help the humble—help the needy—  
HELP WITH LOVE." So TALFOURD died!

## PARLIAMENT AND THE PRESS.

PARLIAMENT has lately been in a state of much fermentation on the subject of the Press—not because the Press fails in its duty, but because it does its duty too well. The Press undertakes to obtain information for the public, and Parliament is angry at the information being obtained by the Press before it has reached the ears of statesmen, who are beaten occasionally in the race of intelligence by the public journalists. Legislators grow indignant over the matter and begin to ask who can have been betraying "state secrets," as though all information must come from official quarters, and can only be obtained by official corruption. The Press, however, prefers an honourable reliance on its own ability and energy to a degrading dabble in the slough of official venality which the Legislature supposes to exist.

It turns out, however, that if placemen really wished to sell the information derived through their official opportunities, they have not the article to dispose of, inasmuch as Downing Street is not always so well informed as Printing House Square. The journalist often knows what is going on, though the statesmen will only know it when the event itself and its novelty may be going off. It is quite legitimate for legislators to wonder at their own ignorance as much as they please, but it is not fair to presume that there is no wisdom but the wisdom of Parliament, and that if Parliament is unenlightened, the Press cannot be honestly informed.

A NEW PATENT.—A Patent has been taken out to extract the Spirit from Salmon, as it has been found from long experience, to be the cause of all the headaches which are carried home from dinner parties.

## THE AFTER DINNER SPEECH AT THE IMPROVEMENT CLUB.

(Reported literally.)

WELL—NOW—myhonangallan fren'—S' CHARLES NAPIER 's goin' t' th' Baltic. Why 's S' CHARLES NAPIER goin' sh' th' Baltic? Tell you why 's goin' to Balt—hic! 's goin' togive ZEMPARUSSIA dusa-good srash'n. (*Loud cheering.*) Sha's why S' CHARL' SNAPIER 's goin' sh' Baltic. ("Bravo, CHARLEY!") Shomeshay we're norrawar. Norrawar! Hash-ha! No! Norrawar! Noshexactly awar. But myhonangallan fren' 'clar' war soon as get in a Baltic. Get into Baltic give my honannangal fren' 'shority to clar' war. (*Vociferous cheers.*) Leave evryshing to myhonangallan fren'. Only lem get safeintobaltic. Zshen you'll see! You'll she'm versoon bring ZSHEMPRA NICH'LAS to's senses. Blow sh' old vagabon's navy 'boutisears like skyrocks wildfire GUYFAWKES Housacommons an' Fifshanovemba. (*Tumultuous applause.*) Zshen'men, here's all your vehgood healths! I beggapard'n—here's my honangal'n fren's shjolly goo' health! "For he's a jolly good fellow;" &c. (*Chorus by the whole of the company, amid which the Right Hon. orator tumbled down.*)

## Post Office News.

SINCE the departure of the Russian Embassy from Chesham Place, BARON BRUNOW's letters are all refused there, and the postman sends them back to St. Martin's-le-Grand with the red ink inscription—"Gone away. Address not known. Try Berlin."

CASES OF TYRANNY.—The Ukases of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.



(AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF COAXING AND PERSUASION, MASTER TOM IS PREVAILED UPON TO PAY HIS QUARTERLY VISIT TO THE DENTIST. INCONSIDERATE AND VULGAR STREET BOYS UNFORTUNATELY PASS AT THE MOMENT HIS OBJECTIONS ARE OVERCOME).

*First Inconsiderate Street Boy.* "OH CRKEY! IF HERE AIN'T A CHAP GOIN' TO HAVE A GRINDER OUT. MY EYE, WHAT FANGS!"

*Second Inconsiderate Do. do.* "OH, I WOULDN'T BE 'IM. WON'T THERE BE A SCR-E-W-A-U-N-CH NEETHER?" [And, of course, MASTER TOM relapses into his previous very obstinate state.]

#### A LANDLORD'S BOROUGH.

THE printed report of the Tynemouth Commission reveals some extraordinary particulars respecting the constituency of that borough, of whose whole population one-seventh consists of publicans; and as each of these is a host in himself, the whole body must exert a great influence in elections. To this particular class of electors it appears that the practice of corruption is limited, being, however, carried amongst them, to a quite unlimited extent; so that the only public spirit to which these publicans can make any pretence, may be said to be gin; to which disfranchisement might be added, by way of bitters. The two candidates are found to have paid £900 between them for colours and rosettes, which, however brilliant, resolve themselves, evidently, into bribery of the blackest dye. The election expenses of each are stated to have amounted altogether to £2,500. Pocket Boroughs were nearly done away with by the first Reform Bill, which, however, has left untouched many such places as Tynemouth, which may be called Out-of-Pocket Boroughs. CALIGULA made his horse a consul: if anybody has a jackass that he would wish to send to Parliament, let him get the donkey to stand for Tynemouth at a cost of between two and three thousand pounds.

#### Admiralty Experience.

It has often been complained that the Lords of the Admiralty have no practical acquaintance with nautical affairs. Nobody, however, can deny that the present First Lord is so far a good sailor, that he has, as his late speech at the Reform Club testifies, been half seas over.

ALWAYS IN A STATE OF FERMENT.—The most revolutionary article is bread, for, on the least rumour of an outbreak, it is invariably the first thing to rise.

#### A VERY AGGRAVATED ASSAULT.



A FEROCIOUS looking person who gave the name of NICHOLAS, and was understood to be largely concerned in the Russian business, was brought to the bar of public opinion, charged with the following very aggravated assault:—

The complainant, whose name was CIVILISATION, and who seemed to be suffering considerable pain from the brutality of the defendant, stated that she had known him some years, and that he had professed to entertain for her the sincerest feelings of friendship and respect. He had for some time past behaved towards her with great brutality, trampling her frequently under his feet, and assuming a menacing attitude towards any respectable member of her family who said a word in her behalf. Her friend BRITANNIA, and her respectable next-door neighbour, FRANCE, had felt so

disgusted at the scandalous scenes that had been acted, that they had addressed remonstrances to the Defendant, who replied sometimes by falsehood, and sometimes by insolence, until at last it was determined to endeavour to protect poor suffering CIVILISATION by force. Not content with his own violence, he had endeavoured to persuade two other rather doubtful characters to join him in his outrage on CIVILISATION, but they feared to become his accomplices,

though he so intimidated them that they wavered a good deal, and at last promised to stand by and say nothing.

In reply to some questions that were put to her, poor CIVILISATION said that she had done nothing she was aware of to offend NICHOLAS, unless it was by showing some sympathy for a poor old Turk, whom he was bullying and ill-treating, besides trying to break up an Ottoman, which the Complainant wished to preserve.

It further appeared that the Defendant had made use of the most profane and blasphemous language, and indeed his conduct altogether had been so unreasonable and violent, that there was some ground for believing he could not be in his right mind.

After some further testimony to the same effect, it was adjudged that NICHOLAS should be brought up for judgment on a future occasion, and that in the mean time he should be bound over in very heavy sureties to keep the peace.

As he refused to find the sureties required, he was ordered to be locked up, and was left in the custody of that able officer, "Old CHARLEY," who confidently undertook to lock him up forthwith.

#### MONEY ORDERS MADE EASY.

Much excitement has been caused by the appearance of the subjoined newspaper paragraph:

"MONEY ORDERS.—On the 1st of April and thenceforward, increased facilities will be afforded in procuring Money Orders, and obtaining payment of them when such payment is made through a bank. The Postmaster-General has directed that some of the precautions required for the security of ordinary Money Orders shall, in these cases, be dispensed with."

Bankers, we understand, will be enabled to procure Money Orders for their customers for the mere asking. The Postmaster-General has even authorised the dispensation with the precaution of requiring a deposit of the amount payable by the order. These arrangements, however, will not extend beyond the day above named. It is not true that the Post Office will grant Money Orders gratis after the 1st of April.

"DONE TO RAGS."—Austria paying in Paper-money.



PEACE OR WAR—ANYHOW HE MUST PAY THE BILL.





## THE BEAR IN MR. PUNCH'S MENAGERIE.

BY THE KEEPER.



HERE he is, ladies and gentlemen! Let me direct your attention to that gigantic and bulky kevodruped, the Rooshan Bear. This hinterestin' but ill lookin' specimen of Natural Istory is, as his name implies, an inhabitant of the North of Europe: in which dominions the Lion bein unknown, he is looked upon by the unappy and ignorant natives as the King of Beasts. In disposition, howsomdever, he by no means resembles the generosity and magnanimity of that noble hanimal; his natur' partakin' of the craft and cunnin' of the fox, the malice of the

hape or baboon, and the fierceness and voracity of the larfin' iena.

The hanimal now before you, ladies and gentlemen, is well known. He is better known than trusted. Bears in general is treacherous hanimals; but more particularly that there individjle of the genius. He keeps his eye upon his prey for years together, awaitin' his opportunity an under times patienter and slier than a cat watchin' a mouse. In the meanwhile he conceals his carnivorous propensities with so much art as to impose upon and deceive the closest hobserver; whereby experienced judges have been led into the mistake of supposin' of him to be a vegetable feeder. In consequence of the hinsidjus character of the Rooshan Bear I ope ladies and gentlemen will excuse me from venturin on the dangerous attempt of henterin his den. This azardous and foolardy experiment has been tried by three Quakers, who is said to have went in and shook in by the por; but I ave not yet eerd whether they've come out again.

The Rooshan Bear is notorious for his cruelty and windietiveness to the human specie; and 'specially to the female sect, in which barbarity he exceeds the Howrang Howtang. The story of the unfortnit Nuns of Minsk, whose backs was cruelly lacerated by this onmerciful brute is too familiar to inspire comment.

Though the inhabitant of Russia, the Bear of that country extends his ravidges and depredations into the adjimin' territories in all directions, as far as he possible can. Being sometimes resisted by the courage of the poppilation, he is forced to beat a retreat, and take to his eels with a flea in his ear, and a sore ed, wich as been more than wunce inflicted by the renowned SCHAMYL, the LION WALLIS of Circassia.

The diet of the Rooshan Bear consists mostly of the witals of the nation, or innards, which he is purwided with under the influence of fear by the Rooshian serfs, to satisfy his mawr. Peraps you'll be of opinion that them as demean themselves to carry 'im is wissera is a sort of creechurs that ain't fit for no better employment. For want of proper ofal this here hanimal have been pitchin' into Turkey, which bein' too tough for him, he is now sufferin' from indigestion.

The temper of the Rooshian Bear is usually morose and sullen, interrupted with fits of rage and frenzy; when he goes down on his marrow-bones and turns his eyes up into his ed growlin' meanwhile and showin' his teeth, in a manner orrible to witness and painful to relate. Of late this hanimal has grown so furious that we have resolved to chain and muzzle him, which, though a service of danger and difficulty, we shall endeavour to accomplish hundeterred by peril and regardless of expense.

I shall now, ladies and gentlemen, proceed to exhibit some highdear of this hanimal's ferocity, by means of stirrin' him up with a long Pole; a Pole in his flank bein', as you will observe, a sort of thing as renders him particklarly cantankerous.

A CONVERSATIONAL TRUTH.—Women never tire of talking about babies, and men about horses.

THE EMPIRE OF THE OCEAN.—NICHOLAS rules tae Serfs; but BRITANNIA rules the Waves.

AN EXTREMELY SUSPICIOUS CASE.—A Case of London New-Laid Eggs.

## THE FARMER AND HIS FRIEND.

'T is an ill wind, they says, as blows nobody good; What's one feller's famine's another chap's food: Of which observation the vorce ye may zee In this here disturbance 'tween Roosher and we.

No grain from Odesser be now to come in, Which zo fur is having Purtection agin, And happy's the varmer that's held on his earn, And has a good store in his rick and his barn.

The rest of the people will think it severe That bread and purvisions in general is dear; But what other business zoever may droop, At laste Agricultur' is now cock-a-whoop!

'Not only is grain a high price, but bezides The demand is increasin' for taller and hides: You wun't zay that breedin' prize cattle's a sin, Now there's sich a call for the fat and the skin.

The EMP'ROO o' ROOSHER there's zum as do cuss; There's many as wishes death to 'un, and wus, But I, for my part, no sich malice wun't bear, And doan't hate my enemy quite like that 'ewe.

Zo soon to his 'count I doan't want the chap sent; Naw, gie un due laishur and time to repent; Repent, in the end, I do trust he'll be made: The later the better for our line o' trade.

Meanwhile here's his health—as the Parson was as't To drink much the zame when the bottle was pass'd— We lives by the feller: then why should we stick At drinkin' long life—not success—to OLD NICK?

## RUGBY VINDICATED.

RUGBY has for some time stood high among public Schools, and we are delighted to find that nothing has occurred to throw any stain on its character. A report, which turns out to be in many respects erroneous, led us to fear that the moral tone of Rugby had been lately lowered: but we have received some letters from the School that are highly honourable to the writers, and convince us that the public opinion of Rugby is in a wholesome condition. The letters are no anonymous and abusive diatribes but sensible communications from young gentlemen who, writing in their own real names, express in manly and moderate terms a natural regret at the injustice that has been done to Rugby by the circulation of a report which it seems, though allowed to pass uncontradicted, contained many falsehoods.

We hasten to make to Rugby all the reparation we can for the injustice we may have done by giving undue credence to an unanswered report in a newspaper. The assailants of the little boy were, it seems, not much bigger than himself, and our Rugby correspondents, while expressing a generous contempt for the cowardice of the two boys who set upon the one, contend that the facts do not warrant the version that has been given. This version—or perversion—has, it seems, been traced to some one who has some spite against the School, for having been once turned out of its playgrounds.

The letters we have received are manfully written, and we cheerfully accept the assurance of the writers, that "bullying, if any does exist, is unknown to, and utterly abhorrent to the feelings of the bigger and older boys," whose ideas were "never more sound and healthy than they now are" on the subject of school tyranny.

We are glad to be informed that though the act which called forth our remarks was grossly exaggerated in the report, nevertheless "the indignation of the school was decidedly against the perpetrators of the deed," who, we are told, "were most properly flogged by the Head Master, when the offence was discovered." We are glad to be able to exonerate all parties but the two original delinquents, and we regret that, misled by a newspaper report, we should have expressed a doubt of the morality of the tone of Rugby. There is not a better security for the youth of a public school than the sort of feeling which seems to exist at Rugby—a feeling creditable alike to the Boys and the Masters. We hope that Rugby is by no means a solitary instance of its kind, and, indeed, we have reason to know that, in many of our public schools, the nobler are beginning to prevail over the baser elements.

## A Cup of Kindness.

To cement the alliance with France, may we suggest a glass of wine? And, by way of a graceful compliment, as well as for the good of trade, for the good of the public, for every good reason—for the good even of the revenue—let it be French wine at a moderate duty.

## SENTIMENT IN COOKERY.



OR the reason assigned at the end of this article, our dining-out Contributor has sent in his resignation. We dispatched him as our representative to the recent Reform Club Banquet, and the exciting dishes served up by the successor of the illustrious SOYER, so wrought upon his feelings, that—But he shall tell the tale in his own words:

“The turtle and spring soup were delicious, and we threw ourselves back in an attitude of calm enjoyment, *en attendant* the fish. (The Hock very good). Asked for salmon, and waiter inquired whether I would have *tranches de saumon en matelote martinière*? This dish, as we afterwards found, was the introduction of the theme—an allusion to the maritime character of the entertainment, the profession of the chief guest, and the nature of the

service on which he was to proceed. Not bad. (Sparkling Moselle not bad, either.) Mournful reflections caused by appearance on table of *dix poulardes à la NELSON*. Company evidently much affected, and tears in several eyes at the painful reminder of the death of our greatest naval hero, and the possible fate of him whom we were entertaining. (The *poulardes* very delicate eating, but provocative of thirst—Champagne). Gloom dispersed. *Soixante entrées* disclose a bold attempt to hit off the principal features of the Eastern quarrel. *Dix épigrammes d'agneau aux pointes d'asperges* refer without doubt to the Wolf and the Lamb fable as played over again by Russia and Turkey; and it requires no very keen perception to discern that *dix salmi de bécasse à la Richelieu* with an equal number of *boudins de lapereau à la financière* indicate the straits to which Russia will soon be reduced for want of the sinews of war, and that the ministerial financier of that country will require the genius of a RICHELIEU to acquit himself of his functions creditably. (Champagne soon palls; fall back to Hock, which is certainly fine.) Then follow the *vingt rôtis*, and dishes of *canards sauvages* convey no far-fetched allusion to the wild hordes whom the Czar is now gathering together to oppose to the armies of the West.

“We come next to *Soixante entremets*. At the sight of *cinq poudings à la diplomate*, cannot but indulge in inextinguishable laughter at this too evident indication of the failure of the MENSCHIKOFF mission (I drink to STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE); and *cinq Charlotte Prussiennes au Marasquin*, followed immediately by *cinq Turbans de Meringues aux pistaches*, convey—even to those unacquainted with kitchen French—profound and unmistakable reference to Prussian vacillation and the warlike ardour of the turbaned Turks. (OMER PASHA, I pledge thee twice in the king of all wines.) But it is for the last course that the *artiste* of the Reform Club reserves his highest flight of sentiment. *Cinq gâteaux Britanniques à l'Amiral* excite in my too susceptible bosom an enthusiasm which cannot wait for mere formal appeals from the chair. Quaffing off a special bumper of Burgundy, I raise a murmur of ‘Bravo, CHARLEY!’ which is hushed down by cold-blooded men on either side. But here a mild, benevolent-looking waiter deposits before me a dish of unwonted proportions. In a voice rendered thick by the emotions just called up, I inquire what are its contents, when, reading from the *carte*, coldly and unimpassionedly, the waiter replies, ‘*Cinq bombes glacés à la St. Jean-d'Acre*.’ I have just time to drink off a glass of the nearest wine (which happens to be some iced and very pleasant Chablis); and then, sinking back from before the awful *bombes glacés*, and having vividly before my eyes the fate of the powder magazine of St. Jean d'Acre, I lose all consciousness. Not to presume too long, Sir, upon your attention—I was conveyed to a cab by a posse of unsympathising waiters, and a racking head-ache all next day attested the powerful effect which this sudden shock had upon my frame. It is to avoid the possibility of any future painful effects of this kind in the exercise of my vocation that I am compelled, unwillingly, to ask of you to accept my resignation.”

## Improvement at the Admiralty.

OUR remonstrances against the appointment of superannuated officers to important posts in the Navy, have not, we are happy to find, been without effect. The newspapers have gratified us with the announcement that the mastership of the Baltic fleet has been given to MASTER GEORGE BIDDLECOMBE. We trust that MASTER BIDDLECOMBE will justify the confidence which has been reposed in him, and will approve himself a brave and a steady boy.

## THE UNION JACK AND THE TRICOLOR.

THE Union Jack and Tricolor are waving side by side,  
Where France and England's fleets upon the Euxine billows ride,  
Their two flags never thus have flown since famous days of yore,  
When ours was not the Union Jack, nor theirs the Tricolor.

To win the holy Sepulchre, beneath the Eastern sky,  
Did then the golden lilies with our English lions fly,  
True Christian from false Paynim to defend was then our work,  
'Tis now against false Christian to protect the faithful Turk.

But larger is the cause wherein our banners are unfurled,  
Free thought, free speech, just government; the freedom of the world,  
Not priests', but man's crusade to fight, our ensigns now advance,  
The Union Jack of England and the Tricolor of France.

Well met, ye noble standards! and never may ye part;  
May you be always emblems of the French and English heart.  
To those united colours true, we trustfully may fight;  
Thus let the Right assert itself, and Heaven will help the Right.



## LITERAL TRANSLATION OF AN I.O.U.

(By one who holds some hundreds of them.)

I is the person who gives the I.O.U. for a certain debt.  
O stands, in the language of figures, as well as figurative language, for Naught.

U is the person who, in his simplicity, receives the I.O.U.

The plain meaning, therefore, of the transaction is, that directly an I.O.U. passes hands, there is literally nothing—that is, O—standing between I and U.

And we doubt not that if the history of a thousand I.O.U.'s. could be ascertained, the above would be found to be the literal translation of at least nine hundred and ninety-nine out of them.

## Parsnic Practice of Physic.

Why the Clergy advocate Homœopathy is a circumstance which a DR. GRIFFITH JONES professes to explain in a book written by him. The reason why the Clergy advocate Homœopathy, we should think, is, because the Clergy do not understand Medicine. They think to cure diseases by infinitesimal globules in consequence of having merely a clerical notion of a cure. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that this is what may be denominated a clerical error. No doubt the Clergy ought to practise as well as preach; but their practice ought to be one in conformity with the precepts of Christianity, and not in opposition to the parish doctor.

WEARING APPAREL.—The tailor whose suit lasts the longest is a tailor in Chancery.

## IT'S ALL OWING TO THE WAR!



Since the Reform Bill has been postponed in consequence of the war, we know numerous instances of persons, who, following the example of LORD JOHN, have availed themselves of a similar excuse for deferring several other cases of intended reform.

Several officers have been compelled to leave without settling their bills. The war engrossed all their attention—they had not time to attend to them.

A family of distinction, residing in Pentonville, does not intend, this season, giving its usual parties, which were the resort and admiration of all Pentonville. How is it possible for people to dance with a war hanging over their heads?

MRS. JENKINS, of Ely Place, has put down her one horse-killer. With a war, likely to increase the price of every-

thing, it is best to begin economising at once.

The Lions for the vacant pedestals in Leicester Square have been sent back to the Zoological *atelier* whence they came. Though perfectly finished, it would be highly injudicious to put them up during a time of war.

The City Corporation had serious intentions of reforming themselves, but the commencement has been deferred until the war is over.

The British Museum had intended pushing on most vigorously the completion of their catalogue; but as a period when Europe is on the eve of being convulsed with a general war is not the best adapted for such a peaceful undertaking, the intention has been indefinitely postponed.

There was a distant talk of the creditors of the DUKE OF YORK receiving a part payment of their claims; but the war has put a stop to everything of the kind.

The liberation of the political prisoners in France has been postponed for a similar reason.

The *Morning Herald*, becoming suddenly awake to the absurdity of its Second Editions, which only lead it into ridiculous mistakes, has come to the resolution of not printing any more Foreign Intelligence. This unhappy decision is all owing to the war.

MR. HUDSON has determined not to publish his defence until the war is perfectly concluded. The minds of men are at present too agitated to give the proper attention to his simple statement.

In the meantime bakers, butchers, tallow-chandlers, milkmen, poulterers—all tradesmen, in short—will increase their prices, and you will see the excuse for the increase will be invariably put down to the war, just as if war had not enough to answer for on its own account; but every one seems anxious to increase the calamity and magnify its horrors!

## A BEGINNING AT ALL EVENTS.

THE inquiry into Mr. HUDSON'S life, "from the cradle up to the present moment," has already commenced under the auspices of some enthusiastic friends. Success has so far attended their efforts that they have already discovered the identical "cradle" in which Mr. HUDSON was nursed. On examination, it turned out to be a "cradle" such as is used at the Diggings. This is not an inapt beginning, forming, as it doubtless did, the emblematical foundation of the honourable gentleman's prosperous career. It could not have presented itself in a happier form. A small quantity of gold was still found in the cradle, and is supposed to have formed part of the toys that Mr. HUDSON played with in his infancy. The gold, upon being tested, was discovered to be not of the purest description. A considerable proportion of iron was detected in it.

## A Questionable Move.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has brought into the House of Peers a Bill for the transference of Testamentary Jurisdiction from Doctors' Commons to the Court of Chancery. It is to be hoped that Executors and Legatees will not find this change equivalent to getting out of the frying-pan into the fire.

## MAXIMS ON ECONOMY.

(Picked up in the Bankruptcy Court.)

In those interesting annals of the cheating and the cheated, which are recorded every day in the reports of the Bankruptcy Court, we met, on Monday the 13th, with the following suggestive paragraph, which we instantly extracted:—

"A Pocket-Book was produced, which COUNT DUNN had presented to him, and which contained maxims for enforcing the necessity of economy, the reading of which caused much laughter in Court."

We are sorry we were not present to have joined in the amusement; but, as we can easily imagine the nature of the information given, we beg, for the benefit of all persons of an easy, confiding, verdant nature to append the following

## CHOICE MAXIMS ON ECONOMY.

(BY A FRENCH COUNT.)

A haunch of venison upon credit is cheaper than a mutton-chop that you have to pay ready money for.

Borrow much, and lend little. This maxim may be called the Height of Economy. Practise it largely, and you are sure to grow rich.

The most expensive article you can wear is a coat out of elbows. It is extraordinary the number of odd things you never dreamt of that you will be called upon to pay in consequence of that coat!

The most economical dinner is when you invite a creditor to dine with you; but be sure you dine at Richmond, or Greenwich, or the Clarendon. Be sure the dinner is the best.

When a person feels he is getting poorer and poorer, it is high time he should start his carriage.

Never allow your face to express what your pocket feels. The more the latter is pinched, the more the former should smile. The Spartan youth would not allow any one to see a wolf was gnawing his vitals. So with you, if you cannot keep the wolf out of your interior, at all events do not let the world know it.

What is friendship? Too frequently the wooden handle to a bill! The man who has many friends is either a great fool, or a great knave.

Cards either make the fortune of a man, or ruin him. It all depends upon whether he has money or no money.

The worst extravagance is drinking. The man who drinks is sure to lose his head. Never put wine on the table, unless it is the card-table, and then it isn't for you to partake of it.

## THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF NICHOLAS.

(To the Editor of the *Zoist*.)

MY DEAR SIR,

If you deem the following case worthy of insertion in your interesting periodical, you are quite at liberty to publish it, and, in connection with it, to make use of my name, should you think that of any consequence.

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, aged 58, has for a long time given indications of mental derangement. For years it has been notorious amongst his personal acquaintance that he believes himself to be a sort of Messiah, commissioned to extirpate infidelity and liberalism.

He is now in a state not distinguishable from sleep-walking, in which he is subject to alternate moods of despondency and excitement. In the former he expresses the most gloomy apprehensions that people are conspiring to assassinate him; in the latter he preaches to those about him, and interlards his homilies with passages of Scripture. These are taken from the Latin Vulgate, with which it is believed to be quite impossible that he could have had any previous acquaintance. This display, therefore, of a faculty apparently supernatural, causes the greatest astonishment.

We, of course, know that this extraordinary manifestation of the organ of language is one of the phenomena of lucidity: though whether the patient has, in the popular sense of the phrase, any lucid intervals, may be questioned.

The cure of this case could, no doubt, be readily accomplished by Mesmerism. But it would be necessary to mesmerise at a distance; for until a decided influence had been established, any near approach to the patient would be unsafe. The object, therefore, is to find somebody sufficiently in rapport with him for that purpose. LORD ABERDEEN is supposed to have been so once; I wonder if he is still.

NESSERROBE has tried Turning upon ROMANOFF; but finds it quite impossible to turn him. The Satanic theory has been proposed by some superstitious persons to account for the case; in which it is clear, however, that there is no possession more diabolical than that which NICHOLAS has taken of the Principalities.

The application of metals has not been attended with success; but of that the reason is obvious. Instead of being applied *directly* to the

body of the patient, they (lead and steel) were brought to act on *subjects* only with whom he was supposed to sympathise; whereas, whilst those subjects were crushed, mangled, mutilated, and writhing in the most dreadful agonies, NICHOLAS, plunged in a state of profound moral insensibility, would toast his toes at a stove and sip Clicquet.

85, Fleet Street, March 1854.

P.S. The Bear at the Zoological Gardens was couched for cataract under the influence of chloroform. Yet there are those who would laugh at the idea of a Bear being mesmerised!

I am, my dear Sir, your inquiring reader,  
PUNCH.



### THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF BERNAL OSBORNE.

WE believe that some twenty gentlemen, of strong frame and determined resolution, have been selected to form part of this interesting expedition. They take with them a large stock of provisions. They are all well acquainted with MR. OSBORNE'S person, as they were members of the Committee that secured the Honourable Gentleman's return at the recent election. They started on Wednesday last from EVANS' Hotel, in Covent Garden, and, up to the last account, had proceeded as far as Downing Street. There they halted, and it is said that they have since received from a native of that rarely-visited district some valuable information, which will induce them to retrace their steps immediately, as far back as the Admiralty. It is to be hoped they are on the right track, and that, before the expiration of another week, we shall be in possession of some happy tidings that may encourage us to put some faith in the existence of this long-missing gentleman.

### Puseyism Put Out.

THE War with Russia is very unpopular with the Puseyites, as they can plainly see that it will be a dreadful blow to their tallow-candles!

### THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

EDMUND KEAN was the Upholder of the British Drama, and you may call CHARLES KEAN the Upholsterer.

IF NICHOLAS will meet SIR CHARLES NAPIER in the Baltic, he will hear of something to his Advantage.

### WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS ABOUT OUR TROUBLES.

THERE'S always some fantigue to vex and worrit;  
Foreigners quarrel—and we suffer for it.  
Firstways them French kicks up a revolution;  
Next all the Germans wants a constitution.  
The Prussians haves a rumpus with the Danes,  
Fighting and blowing out each other's brains.  
Then there's the Romans insurrection raising,  
And Austria and Hungary all a-blazing.  
Here we'd our Chartists and our Irish traitors,  
And after that the rot in the purtators;  
Then comes the POPE, who wants to take possession,  
A-trying on his insolent aggression.  
No sooner have we squared accounts with POPEY,  
Than that old NICK breaks out upon SIMOPE,  
And we must help the Turks, who serves Mahomet;  
No wonder every day there's some new comet!  
So into war they drag us, willy-nilly,  
Oh! I've no patience with 'em—they're so silly,  
Bringing upon us such expense and trouble!  
Already there's the Income Tax made double.  
And how, when war has shut out Russian tallow,  
Shall we be off for soap, white, brown, or yellow?  
Of course 't will ruin us almost in candles;  
And bristles will be wanting for brush-handles.  
Flax will be scarce, which linen's price must bring up,  
And so will hemp—save every bit of string up!  
No furs—no tippet, boa, muff, to warm us,  
But at a figure that will be enormous.  
No hides—our boots and shoes will soon be frightful!  
Oh! I declare it makes me feel quite spiteful.  
And pitch and tar will be as dear as leather.  
Tar?—yes, I'd tar him—that old Czar—and feather!  
From being feathered guards and gates may bar him  
But let JACK TAR pitch into him—he'll tar him.  
That's what I says as often as I wares,  
Indignant at war-prices and war-taxes,  
NICK puts you to expense and to taxation;  
So vent your rage on him for consolation.  
Since you must pay to fight him—drat and dash him!  
Pay with a good will—pay enough to thrash him,  
Oh the abominable nasty BRUIN!  
I hope and trust we're paying for his ruin.

### TO THE FELONIOUS.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]



OME subscriber to the "Society for the Prevention of Capital Punishment" points with pride and pleasure to the following extract from the daily press of Monday, the 13th of March. It refers to the Burnham Murder:—

"The fund subscribed for the defence of the murderer of MARY ANN STURGEON was augmented by a donation from the Society for the Prevention of Capital Punishment."

This shows that the S. for the P. of C. P. is doing its duty in no half-hearted fashion. Men differ as to the punishment of murder, some holding that example and expiation

should be made on the scaffold, others believing that every life is sacred, and that the murderer should be dealt with as one to be taught and reformed by punishment. The S. for the P. of C. P. scorn such narrow distinctions. The course is to help the criminal out of his scrape altogether. Give him money to hire barristers, and if these can bully witnesses and bamboozle juries into an acquittal, Capital (and all other) Punishment is Prevented in the completest way. The S. for the P. of C. P. has, unhappily, not been lucky in the case of MOSES HATTO, but by the law of odds, the next ruffian will have better fortune. So send in your subscriptions, and do not do the S. for the P. of C. P. the injustice to suppose that it is simply an association for rectifying the law, whereas its much more practical object is to assist those who would escape the law.

N.B. A few smart agents wanted—those whose hair has grown again will be preferred.

PRANKS OF PUMICE-STONE AT ST. PETERSBURGH.



HE under censor of the Russian Government is, it seems, Pumice-stone. What the principal censor Scissors spares, the smaller functionary, Pumice-stone, visits with erasure. Thus, between cutting and scratching, poor *Punch* arrives in an awful condition among his St. Petersburg readers. Of course, Censor Scissors is not very delicate in his ministrations, cutting here and cutting there with no more mercy, no more nicety than a Russian dragoon; and Pumice-stone goes as relentlessly to his work, as though he was the scrubbing-brush in the hands of the laundress of fable, resolved to wash the blackamoor white. But even NICHOLAS cannot outrage the English Press, and not suffer for it even between the blankets. Our special and secret correspondent at the Winter Palace—(it matters not how he ob-

tained the intelligence)—informs us that NICHOLAS ROMANOFF a few nights ago suffered a most awful visitation of nightmare, brought upon him by a maimed and scarified number of *Punch*, all the half-erased words—the work of pumice-stone—appearing most horribly personified, to the sleeping Emperor, who kicked one of his boots off—(he always sleeps in his boots)—in his agitation and terror. We give a few samples of the apparitions. Thus:

*Sinope*—incautiously scratched by the Pumice—appeared stripped to its SIN.

*Liberty* was reduced to LIE!

*Moderation* became merely military, as—RATION.

*Despot* was a harmless POT.

*Tyrant*, nothing but a RANT.

Whilst of your *Justice* there remained nothing in Russia but mere ICE.

In this way, does Pumice play Old Scratch for OLD NICK.

Y<sup>E</sup> AWFUL BALLAD OF Y<sup>E</sup> DEAD DIRECTORS.

“On the 8th of March, 1854, the thirty Directors of the East India Company shall elect fifteen out of their number: but the fifteen retiring Directors shall continue to act till the second Wednesday in April.” Vide SIR CHARLES WOOD’S *India Bill*, 16 & 17 VICT. c. 95.

It was thirty East India Directors—  
Thirty—excepting three—  
Each sat on his seat in Leadenhall Street,  
As grim as grim may be.

Then up and spake SIR JOHN Y<sup>E</sup> HOGGE,  
That sat above them all—  
“The eighth of March is come, when we  
By our own votes must fall.

“Fifteen of us are doomed to die,  
Fifteen to remain alive,  
By y<sup>e</sup> Act ‘sixteenth and seventeenth  
VICTORIA, ninety-five.’

“To SIR CHARLES A’WOOD, it hath seemed  
good  
We should each the other slay:  
Upon the soul of the Board of Control  
Be the blood that is shed to-day!

“So, gentle men, take each his pen,  
And his death list draw amain;  
Till each with a vote cut his brother’s  
throat,  
That the weaker fifteen be slaine!”

Then up and spake JAMES MELVILLE,  
Esquire,  
That Secretary true:  
“It’s little I thought this ballot-glass  
Such use would be e’er put to!

“Now foul you fall, SIR CHARLES A’WOOD;  
To your Office as you go,  
May their angry ghosts that have lost their  
posts,  
Still haunt you through Cannon Row!”

Oh never was seen such a sight, I ween,  
As befell then in that place.  
Each Director turned on his neighbour,  
And glared him in the face!

Till outspoke SIR JAMES LAW LUSHING-  
TON:

“Oh rather than tempt the vote  
Of any friend, mine own life I’ll end”—  
And straightway he cut his throat!

And other twain, seeing him self-slain,  
Did even as he had done;  
But the twenty-four survivors  
Their murderous work begun.

With secret pen all stabbed their men,  
And never a word they said;  
At ten of the day began the fray,  
And, ’ere one, fifteen were dead!

The seals were put, the glass was shut;  
None spake his hopes or fears!  
The seals were broke, the names were  
spoke,  
By the awful scrutineers!

Oh hard, I ween, died the doomed fifteen;  
And each, as he passed away,  
With a groan and a sigh, turned a ghastly eye  
On the brother that did him slay.

They have washed the gore from wall and floor;  
The bodies have toiled to hide  
With might and main, but all in vain—  
For with glazed eyes staring wide,  
And ghastly face, each in his place,  
Sit the dead by the living’s side!

Till the second Wednesday in April,  
That ghastly spell holds good;  
For so ’twas decreed by the act and deed  
Of cruel SIR CHARLES A’ WOOD!

Until that day, though passed away,  
Must those fifteen sit there,  
To make post-mortem motions,  
And posthumous bows to the Chair:  
I trow each murderer wishes  
He were anywhere but there!

Oh, to dip your pen in the inkstand  
Where the man you murdered dips!  
To have your motions seconded  
Out of your victim’s lips!  
To offer your hand, in a friendly way,  
To a dead man’s chilly grips!

Upon Board day, let none take his way  
Through the Street of Leadenhall,  
Or if any pass there, let him breathe a prayer,  
Lest perchance he may befall  
To meet fifteen Ghosts, on their way to their  
posts,  
In mourning coaches all!

THE PEDIGREE OF A HOUSE.

WE notice that a publisher in Fleet Street announces

“A Genealogical and Chronological Chart of the Royal and Distinguished Houses of Europe. Traced from ADAM to the Present Time,” &c.

We must say that the gentleman digs very deep for his Houses. If the foundation of our house was no sounder than that on which the above are built, we should be sorry to live in it. The author must be a most speculative builder, and we are only afraid, that, like many builders of the present day, he will run himself with his speculations. “Traced from ADAM!” He leaps boldly over the Deluge, though you would imagine that a slight accident like that would have washed away all traces, even in the building line. What are the premises, pray, upon which he founds his wonderful stories, stories as high as those of the Tower of Babel, and about as substantial? We wish he would point to them—we should like to see the precise ground. Such a building plot would turn out to be far more ingenious than the plot of any French comedy! But we have no doubt, that this veracious gentleman, if properly provoked, would bring forward the title-deed even of ADAM’S house, and would show us a fine coloured auctioneer’s view of the exterior, brass plate, door-knocker, area-railings, and all. This is the more probable, as it is well known that ADAM and his ancestors did not live in tents, or in the open air, but in well-built, imposing, stuccoed houses, with French windows, such as we see in the Kilburn Road.

A Distinction and a Difference.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is at present an Autocrat. But with France and England against him, we think the odds are two to one that he will soon be made a Naughtocrat.

## "VERY RIDICULOUS!"



GOOD Folk, you've heard NICHOLAS say that his will it is To carefully keep from commencing hostilities, I wish that I could conscientiously say To his word we the smallest attention should pay; For wholly regardless of decent formalities, He walks himself into the poor principalities, A breach of good faith on the part of old NICHOLAS, Not only disgusting but very ridiculous.

He says he obeys Christianity's call, In preparing his muskets, his powder, and ball,

And he tells us his butchery never will cease Till he's fully established the Gospel of peace; But what must we think of this blasphemous mocking? Except for Sinope with carnage so shocking, His boast of religion to laughter might tickle us, There's something about it so truly ridiculous.

If to friendship with England he makes an advance, 'Tis only to try and embroil her with France. His "parole de gentleman" nothing could mean, But under his words his intentions to screen. In vain he approached us with treacherous smiles, BRITANNIA was not to be caught by his wiles; But soon made it perfectly clear to old NICHOLAS, His attempts to cajole her were very ridiculous.

We said, "If a quarrel you don't wish to start, From those principalities please to depart." But this he refused, and went on to allege That all he had taken he kept as a pledge; And that if he came down like a hawk on a pigeon, 'Twas all for the good of the Christian religion: A manner of speech in a person like NICHOLAS, Not only disgusting, but truly ridiculous.

We've done whatsoever we consistently can To bring to his senses this obstinate man; Though fighting we hate, I think all must agree 'Tis no fault of ours if war there must be. So finding 'tis vain any longer to parley, We've sent to the Baltic our gallant "Old CHARLEY," Who, with his companions, may make MASTER NICHOLAS Feel truly disgusted and very ridiculous.

## New Relation of Royalty.

THE *Hampshire Independent* reporting a complaint against a pawnbroker named LEE, made at the Southampton Petty Sessions, mentions that MR. LEE is known in the Court as the "Pawnbroker to HER MAJESTY." Some former Sovereigns of England may have had occasion for the assistance of such a personage, whose connection with Royalty was notorious in a higher Court than that of Petty Sessions. The time, however, has gone by when the Crown and Sceptre were liable, on emergency, to ascend the spout. In the mean time we may observe that we were not aware that HER MAJESTY had an uncle at Southampton.

## FODDER À LA GOLDNER.

THE supplier of GOLDNER's preserves has gone unpunished; and impunity appears also likely to await the rascal, whoever he is, that adulterated the hay, destined for the Eastern service, with filth. The law affords some remedy against bribery; but seems to have no penalty whatever in store for those who are guilty of corruption.

## "EDUCATED DRAYMEN."

AMONG the arts of advertising, we observe that the Fine Arts are taking their place, and poetry and painting are beginning to lend their aid to puffery. We have just received an elaborately illustrated Circular of a suburban Brewery, inviting our attention to a variety of beers through the medium of a series of artistic sketches. In one of these Plenty is represented in the act of offering about a pound of hops to Industry, while on the other side of the picture we find Youth busy over a mash-tub. Lower down we perceive Age in a state of hilarity, arising from a supposed state of beer; and the series of illustrations terminates with an allegorical design, in which the most striking objects are a glass of ale, a pot of porter, and a hop-pole.

We have no objection to the alliance between the Fine Arts and the beer-barrel; nor do we see why the same pencil that draws a landscape may not draw a pot of beer, but we must ask an explanation of a certain paragraph in the Circular, which tells us that

"The Draymen engaged are of a new and superior class."

We must own that we cannot see any necessary connection between the quality of the Draymen and the quality of the beer; nor do we think we should quaff our "heavy" with any additional gusto because it might have happened to have been brought to our doors by an Oxford or Cambridge man, instead of by one of BARCLAY and PERKINS's regulars. We are not disposed to encourage an aristocracy of Draymen, and, indeed, it is not likely that anybody receiving a cask of beer will ask the Draymen "in" to talk over the literary topics of the day, or even the news in general. The Proprietors of the suburban Brewery think, evidently, anything but small beer of themselves, whatever they may think of the beverage they supply to their customers. The motto of this establishment for the intellectual supply of ale should be *Ale-re Flamman!*

## A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

In Spain the poor Editors are being transported in dozens. In France, a Cabinet Council is held to discuss the propriety of suppressing all newspapers in Paris but two. We expect that in a short time there will not be an Editor to be seen in Europe—out of England. An English Editor will be able to earn a large sum of money by exhibiting himself to foreigners. Fancy the Editor of the *Morning Herald* "on view, from ten till dusk." The Exhibition, we fancy, would be not only popular, but highly remunerative, the more especially if an announcement were to be previously made, that "about Eleven the Editor will receive, by extraordinary courier, a despatch from the Seat of War, and will proceed to open it in the presence of the audience.—N.B. The valuable contents will be communicated on the payment of a small fee." We make MRS. GAMP a present of this certain fortune. The only reward we ask is that she will allow us, when she begins her *séances*, to come and see her.

## LATIN LESSON FOR NICHOLAS.

As the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is so fond of quoting Latin, perhaps the following statement of the Austrian correspondent of the *Times* may suggest to his Majesty a somewhat apt citation in that language:

"In order to induce his irregular troops to show more mercy to the Russians, OMAR PASHA has offered a price for every living prisoner."

*Fas est et ab hoste doceri* is the familiar scrap of Latinity which the circumstance above related may occasion the Czar to come out with, to the amazement of his courtiers. It is as much as to say, dearest, that the champion of the (Greek) Cross will do well to take a lesson from the defender of the Crescent. Perhaps his Imperial Majesty will order it to be appended by way of moral to the drama now in course of nightly repetition at the theatres of St. Petersburg—the Tragedy of Sinope.

## Poem on Pease.

PEASE porridge hot;  
PEASE porridge cold;  
PEASE porridge by Des-pot  
Nicely sold!

## FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE.

SOMEBODY has been writing an elaborate work on the Human Hair. We have not seen it; but if the author has treated the subject fairly, he must have divided the Human Hair into several millions of distinct heads. We have some idea of writing a sort of companion treatise to that on Human Hair, under the title of Bald Facts.

GOOSE AND GREEN PEAS.



BEYOND question, the finest of Green Peas is your Marrowfat. Of all Green Peas it is the largest, fattest, softest. It is the chief of that province of the Vegetable Kingdom. The Marrowfat is decidedly the Prince of Green Peas.

This may be considered an uncalled-for remark in March. Green Peas are not in season, and the Marrowfat, particularly, will not come in till the latter end of July or the beginning of August. It is the last pea of Summer, and the objection may naturally be made that any allusion to it might as well have been postponed to this day four months.

In season, however, or out of season, a dish of Green Peas—peas of vivid greenness, of size, magnitude, and softness the

most remarkable—afforded a succulent and savoury feast the other evening to a large party at the Darlington Mechanics' Institute—Marrowfats we may well term these wonderful Green Peas; and indeed it would hardly be too much to say that the Marrowfats were perfectly Marrowfatuous.

MR. HENRY PEASE—who must allow us to call him MARROWFATS—is reported to have given, on the occasion and at the place referred to, a lecture on the subject of his recent visit to Russia as a joint bearer of the olive-branch from the Society of Friends to the Enemy. It does not appear to have occurred to MARROWFATS to congratulate himself and his companions on not having, in any very disagreeable sense, got hold of the wrong end of that pacific stick which they had the courage—all honour and credit to them for that—to extend to the Czar.

"What," demands the proverbial philosophy of the million, "can you expect from a hog but a grunt?" With equal reason it may be asked, what can you expect from another omnivorous animal, but a hug, of a very different nature from a friendly embrace. It is not, therefore, wonderful that MARROWFATS was agreeably surprised by his reception at the Court of St. Petersburg; according to the report of his lecture: which states that

"Arrived at the Palace of the Czar he described the magnificence of the Palace, and the gracious reception accorded them by the Emperor."

No doubt the Quakers found the Imperial Robber a very nice-spoken man. There have been some gentlemanly highwaymen. Certain heroes of Nursery Romance also—we seem to remember—found some of the Giants and Ogres, into whose castles they had penetrated, extremely affable; the monster giving his visitor many fair words, and entertaining him with great politeness and cordiality. And yet, says MARROWFATS:

"While at St. Petersburg the terrible slaughter at Sinope was performed at the theatres every night."

Against the wish of the gracious Emperor? The Press is under tolerable restriction in Russia—as MARROWFATS laments. Is there no censorship of the stage? Was the Autocrat of all the Russias unable to prevent the managers of the St. Petersburg theatres from glorifying a horrid and barbarous massacre? MARROWFATS should think so, considering, as he does, that Sovereign to be calumniated by British journalists. For

"MR. PEASE said, no one cherished more ardently than himself the love for the freedom of the press in England; but he was exceedingly grieved and humbled at the course which the press in England had pursued in reference to the Eastern question—in resorting to abuse and calumny against the Czar, instead of reasoning calmly, and appealing to sound argument."

Does MARROWFATS imagine that reasoning however calm, and argument however sound, would have saved us from having to come to the ultimate reason and the final effort of argumentation? The softness and greenness of MARROWFATS appear sufficient for that imagination too, inasmuch as:

"He could not believe but that the impressions which were communicated to the public by the press, were entirely erroneous and unfounded as regarded the Emperor and Empress. The effect which these misrepresentations had produced on the mind of both was painfully apparent."

Who has ever accused the Empress of tyranny, cruelty, rapine, fraud, and utterance of the thing which is not? The EMPRESS OF RUSSIA must have made herself very gracious to MARROWFATS to induce him to come out thus as the champion of her fame, *à propos* of her Imperial husband's boots. Surely she pinned some extraordinary favour to the buttonless coat. To conclude: Friend MARROWFATS affirms that

"From what he saw of the Emperor and Empress, he was convinced that the estimation in which the former was held here was incorrect. He believed that the Czar was kind and temperate."

It has never yet, we believe, been insinuated that the civil courses and passions of the Czar are occasioned by habitual drunkenness. As to his humanity, how does MARROWFATS reconcile that with the actual Sinope in the first place, and its dramatic repetition every evening—till further notice, presumably. By the by, MARROWFATS

ought to go to the Play—'tis a pity that attendance at theatricals should be contrary to the drab cloth. He would there learn what acting is, and see how ferocious and astute tyrants can cajole and wheedle simple gulls. MARROWFATS at least might read SHAKESPEARE in his chimney-corner, and be thereby taught that a man may "smile, and smile, and be a"—NICHOLAS; may "sigh, and with a piece of Scripture" palm off the vilest falsehood and cloak the darkest villany.

MARROWFATS has been buttered with the butter of an Emperor; he has been soaked to stultification in the imperial butter. When next moved to bear testimony to the "humanity" of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, let MARROWFATS imagine himself at Sinope, and consider how he would have liked being shelled.

SCENE FROM

"THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN."

An Unfinished Drama.

SCENE—St. Petersburg. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR following.

Emp. SEYMOUR, come hither—now we are alone, And I can talk to thee. I like thee, SEYMOUR; I note thy zeal and thy alacrity, Thy diligence—and, I will add, discretion, Shown in thy service to thy Sovereign Mistress, Coupled, I think, with what therewith consists In every way—good will towards our own.

Seymour. Sir, it rejoiceth me that mine intents Should be apparent to Your Majesty.

Emp. SEYMOUR, thou bear'st a brain. Now mark me, SEYMOUR;

I love thy QUEEN, and love thy countrymen, Her subjects, loyal as they are, yet free! Would every prince—in Christendom—had such! We have a common interest, gentle SEYMOUR; England and Russia should be hand and glove.

Seymour. England is bounden to Your Majesty With Russia's glove that would protect her grasp.

Emp. Ha! Well, so take the figure an thou list. Hark in thine ear. Look yonder, SEYMOUR; look! Seest thou yon Turk? SEYMOUR, he's very ill.

Seymour. But that Your Majesty's more keen discernment Did graciously correct my grosser sense, I should have blindly deemed yon Turk in health, Rude as my speech.

Emp. Oh! but he's ill, good SEYMOUR, He's dangerously ill; and time it is The disposition of his property— For he will die intestate—should be thought on By his next heirs. Now, therefore, SEYMOUR, list. To his estates in Candia and in Egypt England is freely welcome to succeed, If England will but cleave to my consent.

Seymour. But how, an't please your gracious Majesty Will the co-heirs therewith be satisfied?

Emp. That which suits me will Austria suit likewise, Prussia is nought; then, if but England side With us, at France I snap my fingers—so!

Seymour. So please you, Sir, unto my Sovereign liege I will transmit, by way of Downing Street, The weighty matter you have broached to me.

Emp. But, SEYMOUR, mind; all this is said and meant In strictest honour, and in confidence. Let's have no seals, no parchment, no red tape; I merely want a quiet understanding, And make my offer as a gentleman.

Seymour. But, under pardon of Your Majesty For usage of a somewhat vulgar phrase, Returning to our muttons, may I ask Is it so certain that the Turk will die?

Emp. Oh! he will die—no doubt of that, good SEYMOUR; No hope for him! convey thus much to England, And so good night. Mind this, the Turk must die! [Exit.]

Seymour. The Turk will die? Of that I'm not so sure.

The Turk must die! so NICHOLAS declares. His mind is made up for the poor Turk's death. Pray Heaven that he hath not resolved thereon! I'll straight to mine hotel, and ere night's cap My temples shall in fold, in black on white I will reveal this plot to CLARENDON.

[Scene closes.]



## AS GOOD AS A PANTOMIME.

*The Czar-Clown.* "I DON'T MEAN ANY HARM, PAROLE DE GENTLEMAN!"—(*Vide Russian Correspondence*).

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OH sad was my heart as for marching we mustered,  
For I thought of the wife I was leaving behind,  
And the six hungry mouths round their mother that clustered,  
With bread at high price, and with work hard to find.  
On my watch aboard ship, standing sentry ashore,  
By the bivouac fire, still that thought would pursue;  
Till I dreamed a glad dream—and was sorry no more—  
'Twas the time of the night when they say dreams are true.

I dreamed that I saw the poor babes I'd forsaken,  
And her whom too soon a sad mother I'd made,  
Looking still, as she looked, when that last leave was taken,  
Not knowing from whom to seek counsel or aid.  
I heard their shrill cry as they asked her for bread,  
Heard her answer—"The bread of the parish or none!"  
Saw them shivering for cold on a blanketless bed,  
And crouched round a hearth whence the last spark was gone.

When sudden, with look like an angel of grace,  
And hands that bore raiment and firing and food,  
I saw a kind lady come into the place  
To cheer my sad wife and her clamorous brood.  
"Take, eat, and be warm; 'tis the offering of friends,"  
She said; "not the dole on the pauper bestowed;  
It comes from the country your husband defends,  
Which to you pays a debt that to him it feels owed.

"His heart will be stouter, his arm will be stronger,  
When he knows that his children are clothed, taught, and fed;  
That his wife lives in dread of the workhouse no longer,  
To the shame of the country for which he has bled."  
Then I cried in my sleep, "Take the soldier's thanksgiving!"  
When lo! the *réveille* proclaimed break of day;  
And I stood to my arms with a heart free from grieving,  
All fears for my wife and my babes chased away.

## A WARNING STORY FOR LORD DERBY.

LORD DERBY has avowed his chivalrous determination to run at the Press, when offended by the light cast abroad by it upon any subject that, as his Lordship believes, ought to remain in sacred obscurity. For the timely instruction and benefit of LORD DERBY, *Mr. Punch* humbly begs permission to relate to him a true story. (*See Newspapers at PEELE'S Coffee-house*).

About two—it may be three, it surely is not four—years ago, there was a bull pastured in a field skirting a railway. The bull—a weakness with bulls in general—had a high sense of his dignity. It may be, he was a bull of long descent, come down to us from the grand old bulls of the Caledonian Forest. Be this as it may, the bull had—it was believed—been much annoyed by the rattling, and bellowing, and smoking, and steaming of the railway-train, that would pass him—contemptuously pass him—on wheels of thunder. "Shall I, a bull, permit this?" asked TAURUS, as was thought from the sequel. "By no means. I will—when next disturbed—pitch into the train—run at it—toss it off the rail—throw it into infinite space."

The night-train appeared; and, by way of mockery of the magnificent bull, carried two flaming red lights! Now the bull had a natural disgust of everything put forth that was red. Whereupon, true to his determination, but further stimulated by the new insult—the bull threw up his tail, lowered his head, shut his eyes—and ran full butt at the railway train.

And the train, in one moment, knocked every puff of breath out of the body of the bull, that lay so much beef upon the railway.

The house of DERBY is famous for its breed of cocks. Let his Lordship take heed lest he complete the tale; making the story a double story of a Cock and a Bull.

## Wild Oats.

"We have all our wild oats to sow," says the *Times*, on gaming. Very good; only unfortunately the oats of the simpleton make the dirty bread of the scoundrel.



THE PEOPLE OF THE LONDON CHARITABLE SOCIETY



THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.



PRECAUTION IN WAYS AND MEANS.



COLONEL SIBTHORP often puts the Government a question which it is difficult to answer. Take, for instance, the following:—

“Why, during the most natural public anxiety and suspense in the present state of things, and the declaration of HER MAJESTY’S Government, particularly so the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, of the necessity of doubling the Income Tax from 7d. to 10d. in the pound on account of the war, some more direct and positive declaration of war has not taken place, or their assurance that such impending war will be avoided altogether?”

These are the terms, as reported in the *Times*, of an interrogation of which a notice has been placed on the “votes” by the honour-

able and gallant Member for Lincoln. What the Colonel meant to ask probably was:—Why, if Ministers considered it necessary to increase the Income Tax on account of war, they have not declared war, and if there is to be no war, why don’t they say so? The drift of these demands is plain enough. The Colonel, who has no confidence in the Government—“particularly so the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER”—evidently suspects that HER MAJESTY’S Ministers in general, and MR. GLADSTONE in particular, have availed themselves of the alarm of war for the purpose of procuring an addition to the tax on income: in other words, of obtaining an increased Income Tax under false pretences. COLONEL SIBTHORP also, no doubt, thinks that the tax once obtained will be permanent—that if one pretext for its imposition should cease, another would be found for its continuance. In the former of these suppositions charity forbids us to coincide with the Colonel; but experience compels us to endorse the latter.

Without clairvoyance, by ordinary waking vision, it was foreseen by the least wide-awake, that the promised diminution, and subsequent cessation, of the Income Tax, would, somehow or other, never take place. However desirable the Succession Duty may have been in itself, there is no doubt that every gentleman who voted for it in any belief in the promise of its superseding the Income Tax, was a silly gentleman.

In the event, which it is to be feared is too probable, of the proposed increase of taxation being demonstrated, even to COLONEL SIBTHORP, to be necessitated by existing circumstances, the Colonel—or any other member—will do good service by moving some resolution whereof the effect shall be to prevent cheerful submission to the cost of a just and necessary war from being mistaken for passive endurance of confiscation. Some three hundred thousand persons have now the honour of carrying on the war with the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. They are to furnish its sinews out of their incomes. The nation will assert itself at their expense. The provision which would otherwise be made for adversity by the industrious who earn a precarious livelihood, is to be seized upon as funds for fighting the Czar. This must be borne—as publicans are obliged to bear the having soldiers billeted on them—borne with grinning—for a time. But the wry faces are as necessary as the patience. If the teeth are not shown while the extortion is endured, the exaction will have no end. Fashionable Finance consists in fixing the screw where there is the least resistance; and turning till the clamour of the suffering class becomes intolerable—or till something cracks!

JOHN SMITH TO THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

“HONOURED AND LEARNED SIR,  
“VOUCHSAFE, through the favour of *Mr. Punch*, to accept my grateful thanks. Your new bill, for throwing cold water upon the ‘Hells’ of London makes the giving a false name an offence to be summarily punished. Now, learned Sir, as my name has been so often taken, and consequently abused by noblemen and gentlemen caught ‘on the premises,’ allow me to thank you for your clause that compels the gambler Fitznormancross, or Heronsplume, or Eagleswing, to give his own name, and not to cloak himself in the much worn and much abused name of  
“Yours, JOHN SMITH.”

JUST THE TERM FOR IT.—Considering the height at which Shirt Collars are now worn, we think the present may indeed be called a stiff-necked generation.

RAILWAY CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

PARLIAMENT has extended protection to animals by certain acts, of which horses, cats, and even humbler brutes, constantly reap the benefit. The “donkey wot won’t (or can’t) go” has the benefit of a most wholesome section of a very stringent measure, which consigns to prison any ferocious “BILL BURN” who may be disposed

Whilst crying out his greens,  
To wollop his donkey with all his means;”

for even more than BURN’S justice may now be done upon the offending individual.

While, however, we highly approve of the law in question, which enables the cat to pass its nine lives in comparative comfort, we are glad to find that the Cruelty Prevention Society of Armagh is about to extend its operations to the case of travellers by railway. It is creditable to the men of Armagh that, while protecting the lower order of animals, man is not forgotten; and, though there is, probably, not a hog in Armagh too low for the sympathy of the society, there is not a human being too exalted for the fellow feeling of an association which might take *Armagh virtumque cano* for the motto of whatever arms it may appropriate. For our own parts we never could appreciate the benevolence that would hold an umbrella over the duck that may have been “caught, just caught in a shower,” and decline to interfere on behalf of human suffering. The mode in which our third-class railway travellers are treated is a scandal to an age which legislates for the comfort of a cab-horse, and places water-troughs along the Strand for the benefit of any lost sheep or idle dog that may feel disposed to take to drinking in that crowded locality. We do not, by any means, disapprove of these thoughtful arrangements for a thirsty metropolitan mutton, or a peculiarly dry dog; but we object to the exclusion of human beings from the benefit of the acts against cruelty to animals. It is, certainly, as cruel to expose a number of thinly clad women and children to rain and wind for several hours on a railway train, as it is to exact from an unhappy donkey more than a fair day’s work for a fair day’s thistles.

We should have no fear but that the existing law would be sufficient to meet any case of cruelty to a human being, if common sense were to be the guide by which it would be interpreted; but as long as we have judges who look at precedents instead of at principles, who ask what has been said from the Bench a hundred years ago, instead of thinking what ought to be said at the present day, we shall not be surprised to find it “settled” that “man is not an animal.”

THE RUSSIAN CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

(TO THE NUISANCE.)

OH! believe me that all that endears thee, and charms  
Slaves who fondly adore thee to-day,  
Would vanish to-morrow, in case that our arms  
Should take all thy commerce away.  
The Czar that is truly wise never forgets  
Certain previous Autocrats’ close;  
For the “God of the Russians” a sun is that sets  
Very often more fast than he rose.

NICHOLAS HIMSELF AGAIN.

FROM the “secret correspondence” which has lately been divulged to us, we find that in his “confidential” interviews with SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, the EMPEROR expressly wished it understood that his proposals were made “on the word of a gentleman.” We confess that we were somewhat puzzled at first to reconcile this wish with the conduct that accompanied it. On reflection, however, we remembered that—

“The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman:”

and we are therefore not surprised that NICHOLAS should claim that dignity.

Relief in Equity.

A BOOK called “The Great Highway,” has been advertised as the production of a MR. FULLOM. We understand that it is in contemplation to apply to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain any evil-disposed wag from saying that “the Great Highway must be the Fullom Road.”

DISRAELI’S ORATIONS.

THE Member for Bucks is now familiarly known as the Tapeworm; his speeches being merely long, with no discernible head or tail.

## AN OBJECT FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.



HERE is a MR. STURGEON—hay contractor for the Artillery—surely he is an object worthy of the sympathy and support of the Peace Society. Considered with becoming charity, his conduct in supplying rotten hay, well wetted, and mixed with dirt and shavings, could only have been dictated by his desire to serve bloodshed. For instance, if the horses have been half-starved, how could they have taken the field for the work of slaughter. As for the shavings, they were no doubt shavings from the palm-trees of peace; whilst the dirt in the trusses preached the valuable truth to belligerent man that man himself—in all his glory of scarlet and gold lace—is but earth.

The dead lamb in one of the trusses is a most touching symbol of the pacific nature of the contractor STURGEON; a surgeon that, for the rest of his days, we would compel to trail a pike.

## HAY FOR THE EAST.

HAY for the East was the warriors' cry,  
Hay for our gallant steeds' supply:  
Such hay as they got you never saw;  
Each truss full of shavings, and filth, and straw!

Who was the miscreant—who the beast  
Supplying these trusses of hay for the East?  
A lamb's dead carcase was found in one,  
Which looks like a piece of playful fun.

Rare fun it had been—for besides, this hay  
Was damped, that it might the heavier weigh—  
Had the cargo caught fire like a heated rick;  
Such fun as might come of a Russian trick.

About us 'twere well to have our eyes,  
And keep a look-out for Russian spies:  
The Czar sells Quakers; but others are sold  
By themselves, perhaps, for the tyrant's gold.

For supplying this mess of filth and straw,  
Enact an *ex post facto* law,  
In that litter to make the Purveyor's bed,  
With the straw and the filth and the lambkin dead.

## A Sort of Gentleman.

IT will have been observed that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA whilst negotiating with the British Government—which he all the while endeavoured to deceive—was continually making protestations on his honour as a *gentleman*. He cannot be said to have had no pretensions to that title; only it is a pity that Ministers did not know that the gentleman they had to deal with in NICHOLAS, was the OLD GENTLEMAN.

## "MAIMED RITES" OF CONSCIENCE.

FROM a letter dated Wrawby, and commencing with "My dear Parishioners," we learn that a painful act of conscientiousness has been performed by the vicar of that parish, the REVEREND J. R. WEST. That reverend gentleman asserts himself to have made this exertion from principle, and out of real charity, and says that it cost him "a great deal of pain and trouble indeed." This sacrifice of feeling to duty consisted in the refusal to allow the body of a deceased Methodist—a MRS. SMITH, according to the *Lincolnshire Times*, wife of MR. EDWARD SMITH, ironmonger, that was to have been buried at Wrawby—to enter the church. How peculiarly distressing its performance must have been to his merely natural sentiments, may appear from the following passage in his apology, in which, referring his systematic exclusion of certain corpses from the sacred building to a sense of right, he asks—

"What other motive could I have had in the last instance, where the family is so very respectable; where I have never seen or even heard of any of that bitterness of word or feeling against the Church, which is too plainly manifest in some of this parish? I have, indeed, a real esteem for that family; they have never given me the least offence or occasion for any unkind feeling. I acted simply out of kindness and out of a feeling of duty."

If MRS. SMITH had been a wicked Duchess, whose pride, luxury, stinginess, malevolence, and irreligion had been a scandal to the neighbourhood, who never went to any place of worship at all, it may be conceived that a clergyman, though amiable as the REV. MR. WEST, would experience but a moderate wrench of the heartstrings in closing the holy portals against her unholy remains, in case he thought himself bound to do so. But MRS. SMITH, the wife of MR. EDWARD SMITH, ironmonger, who "had," says the *Lincolnshire Times*, "been a consistent member of the Wesleyan Connection for several years, and died in the faith of a Christian," was, at least, a person whose conduct had procured her the REV. MR. WEST's "esteem." It must, therefore, have deeply pained him to shut her body out of the church—considering what the exclusion meant.

But if MRS. SMITH died in the Christian faith, she also died in the Wesleyan schism; and MR. WEST acts in obedience to the following Rule:—

"They who have regularly forsaken the Church during their lifetime should not be admitted within the walls of the church at their burial."

But by whom was this Rule decreed? By one of the Nicene Councils?—by the Council of Chalcedon?—at least by the Hampton Court Conference, or perhaps by Convocation under JAMES I.? By

no such authority; to judge from the information afforded on the subject by MR. WEST to his "dear Parishioners:—"

"As some of you have told me that many think me wrong in having made a certain rule about the Burial of Dissenters, and that many attribute to me very wrong motives, I wish to explain to you what were my real reasons and motives for making that rule."

Hence it appears that this Rule, or Canon, was framed by the Synod of Wrawby-cum-Brigg, convoked by MR. WEST, whereat MR. WEST presided, and which consisted of the REV. MR. WEST.

In making this "Rule," MR. WEST contends that he ought, at the very worst, to be thought mistaken. That may be granted; he writes in a vein of Puseyite pathos evidently sincere. But was he not *grossly* mistaken in convoking, and constituting, and superintending, and obeying the Synod of Wrawby-cum-Brigg?

MR. WEST cannot believe

"That Dissent is lawful, that to split up into ten or a dozen separate bodies in every Parish is agreeable to the principles of the Christian religion."

Does MR. WEST not remember that the whole Parish of Christendom was split up into ten or a dozen separate bodies, more or less, three hundred years ago? "If I could believe that Dissent is lawful," he declares, "then I would give up my Rule at once." If it is not lawful to dissent from the PARSON OF WRAWBY, was it lawful to dissent from the POPE OF ROME?

With seeming justice, certainly, MR. WEST observes:—

"I have only to add that it does seem to me a most unreasonable thing that people who regularly forsake the Church in their life-time should so much desire to be taken within the walls of the church at their burial."

No doubt; provided there is a dissenting chapel in the churchyard. Would MR. WEST be willing to allow one in his? In the meanwhile clergymen who refuse the dissenting body church-room after death might as well decline to accept church-rates from it during life.

## Phœbus's Picture Gallery.

WE are happy that LORD RAGLAN intends to take with him to the East an experienced Photographer. "The Land of the East" is, as BYRON says, "the clime of the sun," and we may now hope for a series of pictures by that eminent Artist, MR. PHÆBUS, executed in his own *atelier*.

DISRAELI'S HOPES.—When MR. DISRAELI said, "I have some modesty, I hope," did not "Hope tell a flattering tale?"

## MUSICAL CRITICISM, WITH SPECIMENS.



R. PUNCH has received a great batch of new music. He has not the slightest idea why it should be sent to him, but several strong ideas why it should not. The only object, so far as he can understand, with which music is sent to a periodical is that the latter may puff the former more or less outrageously. Well, puffing is unhappily not much in *Mr. Punch's* way; but, besides this, it really appears to him a great waste of paper, nicely printed with musical characters, and embellished with frontispieces of

greater or less absurdity, to send it to him or any other honest reviewer when every music publisher appears to keep a clerk expressly to write reviews of the "house's" publications. What is the use of a bit of sound opinion, when there is a fluent young gentleman ready with a cut and dry paragraph to fit anything his master may publish? "Of all the exquisite gems which even the heaven-born fancy of the gifted BUGGENS has produced, this is at once the most sparkling, the most captivating, and withal the easiest for the player." Or: "We thought that SNOGGINGS LOGGINGS had reached the acme of genius when he wrote his '*Pearls on the Heartstrings*,' but we have learned our presumption in listening to '*Diamonds of the Brain*.'" And then these counter critics have another advantage. While they are forging a criticism they invent a journal for it, and specimens of papers which neither we nor the Stamp Office ever heard of are daily advertised as coolly as if such papers had existence. This is prudent. Our friend the *Musical World*, for instance, is very honest; and despite his extreme fatuousness in contending that fiddlers are not, habitually, fools, gives legitimate opinions on music, and we never see his name attached to any publisher's puffing. But we read of the *Musical Jargon*, and the *Musical Slave*, and the *Musical Trowel*, and the *Musical Toad-eater*, and a score of similar works, and on the strength of such frauds helpless young ladies who look down the advertising columns to see what new pieces they shall buy are deluded into the purchase of rubbish. And how the young gentleman grins when they walk into his master's shop, and say they will take the "*Cloud of Harmonies*," or the "*Bilious Girl's Prayer*," because "they see it is spoken very well of by the press." What, therefore, is the use of sending new music to *Mr. Punch*?

However, as it has come, he will look at it. It appears to have been in a great measure inspired by recent events, nearly all of it having relation to the Oriental question. The first which comes to hand is—

"*Up with the Union-Jack, Crescent, and Tricolor!*" *A patriotic Song, dedicated to OMER PASHA. Poetry by ALCIBIADES BUNG. Music by HAYDN JORRIWOPS.*

We do not think we like this poetry—much. Yet it is bold, and boldness belongs to a martial subject.

"Up with the Union-Jack, Crescent, and Tricolor,  
Proudly the flags shall in harmony join,  
Teaching the haughty Russ champion to break a law  
Which to keep sacred he ought to combine.  
Charge on him, sons of the Thames and the Isis,  
Charge on him, sons of the Seine and the Rhone,  
Showing you're equal to cope with this crisis,  
By taking a firm and a resolute tone.

"Fear not his millions of Moscovite legions;  
Are they not slaves who can never be free?  
While you are proud of the noble allegiance  
You owe to *Belle France* and the Isle of the Sea.  
So dash up the Danube with all your three-deckers,  
And, lashing its billows with fury and foam,  
Let all the dark mountains resound with your echoes  
'*French, frappez chez vous!*' and '*Bold Britons, strike home.*'"

If we were hypercritical we might object to the rhyme to "tricolor," which rhyme, if read "breck a lore," as is necessary, ridicules Cockneyism. Next we object to "join" and "combine." Thirdly, we want somebody with whom NICHOLAS should combine. Fourthly, we think the seventh and eighth lines slightly prosaic. Fifthly, we do not think NICK has millions of legions, or if he has why they are not to be feared, and why they are to rhyme to "allegiance." Sixthly, we want to know how a three-decker is to be got up into the Danube; and Seventhly, we object to the translation of "strike home." But, on the whole, the song has only the faults of its class, and is so like the majority of such works, and the music (being stolen from MEYER-BEER) is so good, that we are happy to recommend it. The next is sentimental.

"*Her Guardsman's where, on Danube's Bank.*" *Song. The Poetry by the HONOURABLE AUGUSTUS NOBHEAD, the Music by MRS. AUTOLYCUS CABBAGE DE CRIBB.*

"Her Guardsman's where, on Danube's bank,  
The Mosan walks his round,  
And though her loved one's sword may clank  
She cannot hear the sound.  
For many a day her cheek will pale,  
From his dear sight debarred,  
And many a night she'll still bewail  
For that young Coldstream Guard.

"But Time, it is a wondrous thing,  
And passes day by day,  
And after winter comes the spring,  
To smile the storm away.  
And oh some day that heart may gain  
Its pure and rich reward,  
And those bright eyes look, not in vain,  
For that young Coldstream Guard."

The lady's music is in every way worthy of the gentleman's poetry, and as the publisher, who naturally knows so much more about these things than we can, observes, "There is a touching and a pellucid mingling of gentle sorrow and of elevated hope about this song, which must recommend it alike to the pianoforte of the general player, and of the fastidious Christian."

The third Song with which we have been favoured has what the writer supposes to be a local colouring about it. A very little of such colour, and that not over well put on, is enough in these days. It is

"*Oh were I but a Pasha's Bride!*" *Song by a Young Lady of Rank. Music by SIGNOR VOLTI SUBITO, principal Harpist to the QUEEN OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.*

"Oh were I but a Pasha's bride,  
I'd love his bridle rein,  
And I would ever seek his side  
Upon the battle plain.  
And when the dreadful fight was done,  
I'd deck his gay kiosk,  
Or mix his sherbet, scour his gun,  
Or go with him to mosque.

"And when his mutes the fearful knives,  
Or cords of death, should bring,  
My tears should save the victim's lives,  
My beau relax the string.  
And I would brush his crimson fez,  
And stick it on one side—  
I care not what my mother says,  
I'd be a Pasha's bride."

As regards this precocious young lady, whose ideas of a Pasha's domestic arrangements are so accurate, we can only say that, though possibly we might be inclined to spoil the child in the way not recommended by SOLOMON, we should certainly remit her to a course of dry toast and water and collects. As for SIGNOR VOLTI SUBITO, we recommend him to turn rapidly to some other profession than music-making:—stone-breaking would supply his ear with all the liveliness it seems to covet.

We find a mass of other songs in the parcel, but have no space to do more than enumerate them. There is the "*Sultan's Triumph, a Country Dance*;" "*When Britain Storms the Iron Gate*;" "*The Guards are Gone! How many Hearts*;" "*The Barrack Halls are Vacant Now*;" "*The Fusiliers on the Danube, a March*;" "*Let England's Ships in Thunder Roar*;" "*Pop Goes the Cannon*;" "*England, Old Tyranny's Foe*;" "*Beautiful Sisters, the Thames and the Seine*;" "*Join, France and England, Hand in Hand*," &c. &c. We may deal with them at some future period; in the mean time, we doubt not to see them puffed every day, according to publishers' custom, with choice laudations, shop-manufacture, and carefully selected from non-existent journals.



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

DISMAY OF A BRITISH SWELL ON SEEING A POSTMAN WITH MOUSTACHES.

## SUBJECTS FOR THE LAW OF SETTLEMENT.

THOUGH we hope MR. BAINES will succeed in his laudable attempt to get rid of the oppressive law of Removal, we hope that the following exceptions may be made in the abolition of Settlement:

That all Settlement may not be got rid of until a regular settler has been administered to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

That the abolition of Settlement may not interfere with the right of any old young lady of a certain uncertain age from getting herself comfortably settled.

That if any tenant finds a decided case of Settlement in any portion of his house, the power of removal may not be taken away from him.

That if a creditor finds himself in debt to all the tradesmen in the neighbourhood, he may be justified in suspending his own removal until he has effected a satisfactory Settlement.

That the abolition of Settlement should not extend to any marriage Settlement.

That any Settlement at the bottom of any beer, wine, or other liquid, shall not be *ipso facto* illegal, but may, nevertheless, be subject to removal if it should be thought expedient.

## The Turkish Loan and the Rothschilds.

THE ROTHSCHILDS having accepted the loan of two millions against the Greek Cross for the Crescent, may now be justified in taking their jews' harps from the willows, and playing, "Rise, gentle Moon."

## THE BERTH-RIGHT OF INCAPACITY.

To Mr. Punch.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR,

"I SEE Government means to throw open places under it to competition—which I hope I have spelt right. Candidates to fill those places are to be examined for them; and those who pass the best examination for them, are to have them. This is to put an end to buying and selling situations, and jobbing, and corruption, and so on. All that may be very true; but then what is to become of the class I belong to? We are numerous and respectable; particularly so. All laws, latterly, have been made for the benefit of the opposite class of persons. Isn't this what you call legislating for the few instead of the many? The learned professions are closed against us by examinations which shut their doors in our faces. The army used to be an asylum to many of us; but now it is necessary to know ever so much to get into that. What are we to do? Clever fellows can get on in lots of ways; we have only one way. Places are our profession. It is no use telling us to follow the plough. Suppose we hav'n't been brought up to it? Because we can't digest knowledge as some can, that is no reason why we should starve. Respect the vested interests of aldermen and people like that? Then, I say, respect the vested interests of Dunces. If there are to be examinations for places, I hope—to give us some chance—candidates will be examined in conduct; in which many fellows who are very clever, indeed too clever by half, do not shine so much as we. I have been waiting a long time in expectation of something under Government, which has been promised my friends by our Conservative Member. They don't know what else to do with me; and I am sure I can't tell them. I hoped I was going to be quietly provided for without any trouble; and here now I shall not be able to try for a clerkship even, without standing the chance of being plucked, which will be a dead certainty to a fellow like me. I am not ashamed to own that I am a

"Leatherhead, March, 1854.

"DUNCE."

"P.S. They tell us we ought to look out for girls with money. I should like that as well as anything else, as I believe we do usually have the advantage with the softer sex; but unfortunately for us, the choice in general depends upon their friends and relations, and not on themselves."

A SPECIAL PLEA.—The best plea to put in, if threatened with law proceedings, is, "Pleas(e) don't."

## THE PRESS IN DANGER.



STRAWS thrown up show which way the wind blows; and there are some such slight indications of a wind setting in from the Continent that may blow hitherward the clouds which in neighbouring nations are darkening the light of the Press. A late speech of LORD DERBY's may be considered as one of these straws. And if a parliamentary Committee is to constitute itself an Inquisition, and a Member of the Irish Brigade, abetted by a congenial and calicoatic stump-orator, is to call the Editors or Managers of Newspapers over the coals for representing that gallant corps as composed of mercenaries, our House of Commons will soon assimilate itself to European despots; and announcements of the following kind will speedily figure in the enervated columns of our Contemporaries:

A first warning has been given to the *Times* on account of an article commenting with undue freedom on the policy of the KING OF PRUSSIA.

The *Standard* and *Morning Herald* have received warnings, the latter for the publication of incorrect intelligence, and the former for copying the same.

The *Quarterly* has had another warning for an article tending to weaken the Cabinet.

A final warning has been sent to *Punch* for a pun expressive of aversion to the Income Tax, and a caricature calculated to annoy the POPE.

## True to a Hair.

SAMSON'S strength lay in his hair. And perhaps the same may be said of the British Lion: for it is evident to all who have ever come in contact with that animal, that its strength lies principally in the main.

A LEADING ARTICLE BY MR. PUNCH.



OUR readers will acquit us of ever wandering into prosaic details or self-laudation. But there is a circumstance connected with the recent publication of the Secret Correspondence between the Government of England and her representative at St. Petersburg, which, unless we state it, will probably escape general attention, and to which in justice to ourselves we are inclined very briefly to advert. We do so, less for the sake of recording any superiority of our own, than for the sake of answering the hundreds, we might write thousands, of correspondents who, finding that we are invariably and infallibly right, not only in our judgment of past public events, but in our predictions for the future, unceasingly speculate upon the question whether the Government, for the time being, supplies us with secret information, to be used at our discretion. We are perfectly aware that the public, seldom deceived in its judgment, is justified in attributing our almost preternatural knowledge to sources not open to the world. And we unhesitatingly admit this to be the case. We are above the affectation of disclaiming connection with the Executive, and we conceive that in plainly avowing that we are received into the confidence of the Administration, we pay the good sense of the latter a compliment which will materially conduce to its popularity.

The circumstance to which we are about to refer is this:—The Secret Correspondence, which everyone has read, and which discloses the whole of the designs of the Emperor of Russia upon Turkey, was placed in our hands at a time when the eyes of the nation were hermetically sealed to the fact that such documents were in existence. We shall simply place two facts before our readers, and leave them to form their own decision. In examining the Secret Correspondence, we lighted, of course, upon the famous passage regarding the Sick Man, the type under which Turkey was alluded to by Nicholas. The following are the words:—

“We have on our hands a Sick Man—a very Sick Man; it will be, I tell you frankly, a great misfortune if, one of these days, he should slip away from us, especially before all necessary arrangements were made.”

The passage we found was given in the despatch in the original French of the speaker, which we append, for a reason which will presently appear:—

“Tenez, nous avons sur les bras un Homme Malade—un Homme gravement Malade; ce sera, je vous le dis franchement, un grand malheur si, un de ces jours, il devait nous échapper, surtout avant que toutes les dispositions nécessaires fussent prises.”

The above extracts comprise one of the facts to which we invite attention. We proceed to the other.

It became most essential that the attention of French and English statesmen should be called, in the most impressive manner, to the designs of Russia. At the same time it was impossible for us to allude to the Secret Correspondence in a way to excite the suspicion of the public. We were not, of course, in a position enabling us to do so. But what we did was this. We took the idea of the Sick Man, and so treated it that, while those who had read the Secret Correspondence could not fail to see that we illustrated the passage in question, the public would simply recognise in our engraving a startling reproduction of the situation of Turkey and her neighbours. We refer to our cut of the 17th September, 1853, rather more than six months before the Secret Correspondence was published. That engraving represents the Sick Man,—the sharpened features indeed emphasizing the phrase, the *very* Sick Man. Above him is Russia, typified as Death—“if he should slip away from us,” and in the foreground, consulting on the “necessary arrangements,” the “dispositions nécessaires,” are England and France. Why did we put France there? Any one, who will read the latest revelations will see that at

the time our cut appeared the Russian bribes, scoffed at by England, had been repeated to France. Is not that an answer?

We shall add little more. The engraving appeared; the attention both of statesmen and the public was gained; but we violated no confidence. Six months later the world receives the correspondence. We could complete this article by other revelations, but let this suffice. We did our duty; and, if it be to the exertions of *Mr. Punch*, as is generally admitted, that Turkey will owe her salvation, he is content that NAPIER and RAGLAN shall have the triumph; and he will take it as a particular favour if they will look sharp about it.

THE KINGDOM OF BEGGARS.

THE other day an old impostor, who was charged, at a police court, with mendacity and mendacity combined, was described in the report as “the Queen of the Beggars.” We never yet heard of the Kingdom or Queendom of beggary, and we are at a loss, therefore, to know the origin of the Royalty attributed to the old rogue; who, without respect to the privileges of crowned heads, was packed off to the House of Correction for a trimestrial turn at the crank or the treadmill. Where there is royalty there is generally an aristocracy; and, if there exists a beggarly throne, we may naturally presume that there is a beggarly peerage, with a beggarly ministry, and all the other beggarly paraphernalia of a state of mendicants. Who is the Prime Minister of the beggars? and may we not find their Lord Chancellor among some of those diseased limbs of the law whose speedy amputation is desirable for the health of the professional body? We should like to know whether the throne of the beggars is elective or hereditary, and what becomes of the crown during the interregnum caused by the committal of its wearer for three months, or any less period, to the fields of Cold Bath, or any other locality equally calculated to act as a damper to ambition?

We think the penny-a-liners ought to be careful how they confer royalty on malefactors, for there are already several crowned delinquents scattered over Europe, and any addition to the stock is only an augmentation of the evils that afflict society. When we look at Spain with its beggarly and bankrupt condition, and recollect that there is a queen already ruling over that country of political and pecuniary paupers, we cannot see why any other Queen of the Beggars should be constituted. If there is a royalty and an aristocracy of beggars in this country, there may possibly be a House of Commons, and we shall be perhaps hearing of the Speaker of the Beggars, in the shape of some plausible cadger who is loud in proclaiming his “Shame at appearing in such a position before his *kynd* friends and fellow Christians”—the ignorant nursemaids who, with mistaken benevolence, pelt him with halfpence from the attics. For what we know there may be a Parliament of Beggars, and every division of the metropolis may have its mendicant representatives. How do we know that the “mechanic” under the lamp-post in the New Cut, “got up” with chalked face and white apron, is not the “Honourable Member for Seven Dials,” and that the elaborately-weeded widow, with two bouncing babies in her arms, lying well dosed with laudanum, at the corner of St. Martin’s Church is not a peeress in her own right in the kingdom or queendom of beggary?

THE ABSOLUTE PHILOSOPHER.

AND so at last the die is cast, and France and England war declare! With all my heart; for my own part, I don’t a single button care. The worst suppose—that by my foes my navy should be all destroyed! That won’t harm me, so I should be a fool if I were much annoyed.

They’ll shell my forts; bombard my ports, perhaps; and devastate my coasts:

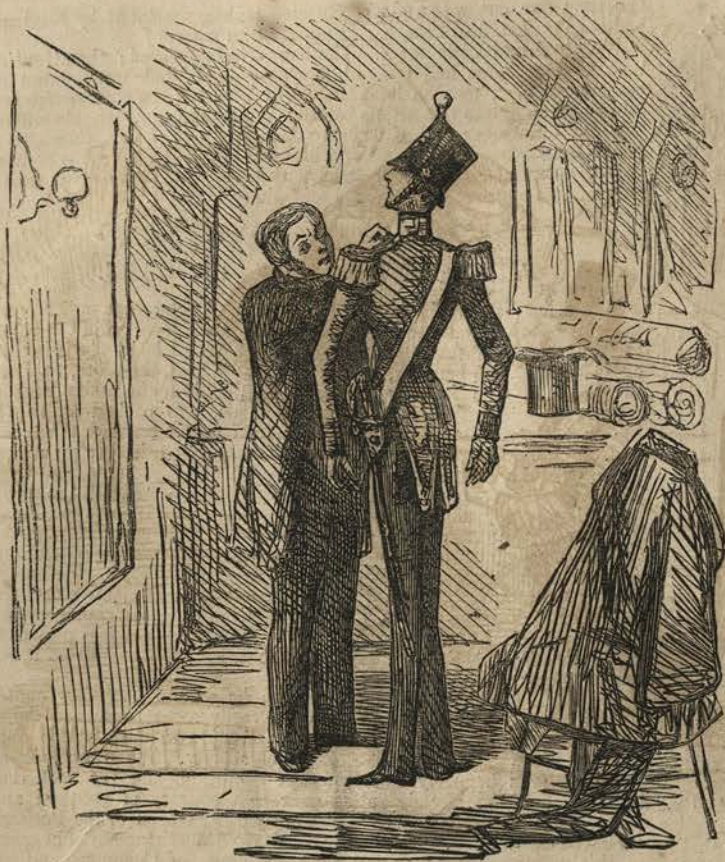
But I shall smile, secure meanwhile, because surrounded by my hosts. With troops begirt, I shan’t be hurt; so won’t concern myself a jot: Serf piled on serf as well as turf will serve to stop a cannon shot.

I treat as jokes the hardest strokes by sea or land that they can hit, For one thing’s clear, I need not fear; they won’t affect myself a bit; BRITANNIA, reign upon the main! let me my savages command; Rule thou the waves: give me the slaves, a Czar who like myself will stand.

Paste this up in your Mind.

LET you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odour. Evil company is like tobacco-smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

THE MOTTO OF RICHARDSON’S GHOST.—“A Fair Day’s Work for a Fair Day’s Wages.”



#### PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

ENSIGN STURBS HAVING BEEN APPOINTED TO THE 121ST, GOES TO TRY ON HIS UNIFORM.

*N.B.* The gallant Ensign has hitherto been accustomed to dress in a loose, dégage manner.

#### THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

INTEGRITY and ability do not seem to be "looking up" in the market, if we may judge by the following advertisement from the *Glasgow Herald*.

**CLERK WANTED.**—An active, middle-aged, Married MAN to act as Clerk and Collect Accounts. He will require to write a neat swift hand, and must be thoroughly acquainted with Book-keeping. None need apply whose character and abilities will not stand the strictest investigation, and produce Security if required, for his intromissions. Salary £40 per annum.—Apply by letter, addressed M. B., *Herald Office*.

The unfortunate individual who is compelled by hard fate to seek this situation, must combine the maturity of age with the energy of youth; for he must be active and past the prime of life, while, as if the advertiser was determined on cheapness for mere cheapness sake, the clerk is required to be "married" as well as badly paid, so that his salary and the claims upon it, may be in an inverse ratio. We presume there are in the world some unhappy wretches who take the kind of situations above advertised, or such advertisements would not be constantly appearing; but we would seriously ask how it is possible to get anyone to answer them, but men of desperate fortunes, or persons who have a morbid appetite for a mixed state of overwork and starvation.

We should imagine the individual who would accept the above clerkship on the terms proposed, to be either a swindler or a hypochondriac; for the former might seek the engagement with a determination to rob his employer at the first and every other opportunity, while the latter might be one to whom "a living is not so much an object as a miserable situation in which he may indulge his hypochondriacism." It is rather disheartening to find that character and ability are so low in the market, as to be dull at forty pounds a year, and indeed so flat at the price, that they do not easily find purchasers at even that beggarly quotation.

#### THE POOR BLIND BULLY.

Oh say what means the word called Right,  
Which you so oft employ?  
What is it but superior might  
To conquer, or destroy?

And what is Truth, can you explain,  
But a mysterious thing,  
A holy pearl, to the profane  
Which Czars should never fling?

Strong jaws has Bruin to devour  
His prey, sharp fangs to tear;  
Are they not Right, as they are power  
Unto my friend the Bear?

You wish—as who indeed would not?—  
Heaven may the Right defend—  
Your arms, your powder, and your shot  
Must be what you intend.

"Defend the Right!" I likewise pray,  
And bid, for its success,  
My "ARCHI-ARCHI-ARCHI-VEY,"  
Our bayonets to bless.

#### THE DIVINITY OF FASHION.

OUR fashionable contemporary, that published the other day, according to custom, an account of the ladies' dresses worn at the QUEEN'S Drawing Room, may as well take a proper opportunity to describe gowns of another sort: gowns such as those alluded to in the subjoined portion of an advertisement:—

**SURPLICES FOR EASTER.**—MESSRS. COX AND SON have prepared their usual large supply of SURPLICES of the improved make, which have been so much admired.

On the occasion of the great festival above mentioned, the *Morning Post* will perhaps gratify us with a list of the clergymen's dresses worn thereon: and perhaps, if there is a *Follet Courrier des Eglises*, devoted to Puseyism, it also will come out with some pretty pictures of Tractarian divines in their surplices "which have been so much admired," entitled "Clerical Fashions for Easter."

#### RUSSIAN AGENTS.

The *Globe* lately published the following paragraph:—

**SEIZURE OF COMBUSTIBLES.**—On Saturday the Officers of Customs seized a vessel in the Thames laden with saltpetre and sulphur, consigned to a Russian port. It is understood that the Government intend to enforce the penalties against the shippers."

This information makes us regret that war was not declared a few days earlier; in which case the penalties alluded to would, if we mistake not, have been those of high treason.

The rascals thus ready to supply the enemy with combustibles, would no doubt be equally willing, for a sufficient consideration, to act as common incendiaries in the interest of Russia. By the way, as NICHOLAS is evidently capable of anything except the acknowledgement of his mistake, it would be well to keep a sharp look-out in our dockyards and arsenals against MESSRS. SWING, who are extremely likely to hold a commission from the "gentleman" called Autocrat of all the Russias.

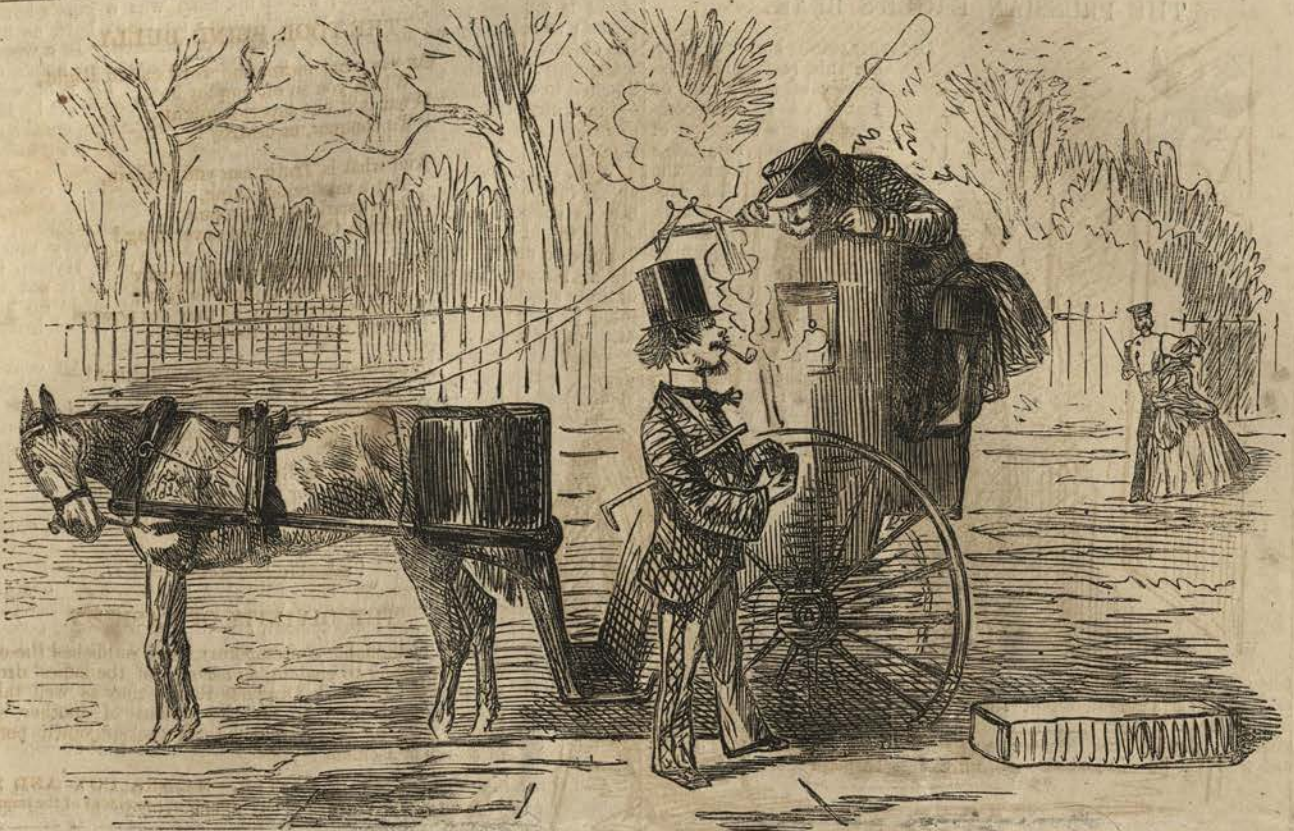
#### The Unquestionables.

THE opposition of the Papal party to inquiry into Convents is perhaps not wonderful, considering the fact, that the priesthood, whose instruments they are, has always entertained a strong objection to inquiring minds. We know what happens at Naples and elsewhere to those who attempt to search the Scriptures, and therefore we can hardly be surprised at the outcry made here against the proposal for examining Nunneries. Those who fear the discovery of the truth may naturally be indignant at the idea of raising the veil.

#### SOME CREDIT TO THE CZAR.

THE Czar may boast of the 3,000,000 soldiers at his command, but, although surrounded with so many forces, nevertheless, considering the shifts by which he has been obliged to raise money, it must be confessed that he is a loanly man.





THE BEARD MOVEMENT.—GAMMONING A GENT.

*Little Gent.* "OW MUCH?"

*Cabby.* "WELL! I'D RATHER LEAVE IT TO YOU, SIR! AND WHAT WE POOR HANSOMS IS TO DO WHEN ALL YOU OFFICERS IS GONE ABROAD, GOODNESS KNOWS."

MIND YOUR ANTECEDENTS.

WE frequently hear of the neglect of their antecedents by certain politicians; but, considering how little worth remembering such antecedents often are, we may pardon a great deal of political oblivion. An indifference to one's antecedents in grammar is a far more serious offence, and indeed we have recently been much shocked by a rather startling announcement in a shop at the West End, where we are told

"The stock is being sold off IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DEATH OF ONE OF THE FIRM with the concurrence OF THE SURVIVING PARTNERS."

We are, of course, fully aware that the respectable house to which we allude has had no hand in the melancholy event which has been the signal for a "selling off;" but a disregard to the rules of grammar has led to the construction of a sentence which might bear a construction of a very alarming nature. It would appear that "the death of one of the firm" had taken place "with the concurrence of the surviving partners," who are grammatically made accessories before the fact, with which, morally and physically, they have not had the remotest connection.

In another instance of disregard to antecedents, we find a person advertising himself as an "agent for FARINA'S Eau de Cologne," which, he says, is to be had of himself, "JOHN HALL, IMPORTER OF LIVE BEARS at 15s. the case of Six, or 2s. 6d. per bottle." The importation of Live Bears is, of itself, a rather eccentric occupation; but the intimation that they are to be had "at fifteen shillings the case of six" gives the finishing touch to an announcement that scarcely comes within the range of bare possibility. Whether any customer is likely to be found for half-a-dozen bears is doubtful, and even if the public could be offered the temptation of a "single bear at the wholesale price," we do not think there are many who would be induced to greet with open arms so strange a bargain. We may be told the tradesman meant to imply that he sells his Eau de Cologne "at 15s. the case of six;" but that is not the case according to his very ungrammatical advertisement.

THE FINE OLD RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a novel song, made by a rare old pate,  
Of a fine old Russian Gentleman who governed a large state,  
And who kept down all his subjects at a furious old rate,  
With the fine old despot's practices too shocking to relate;  
Like a savage old Barbarian all of the olden time.

His outward man was often dressed in artful smiles and bows;  
And with "parole de gentleman" and very specious vows,  
Did this Imperial hypocrite—as all the world allows—  
Humbug the English Government, and no suspicious rouse,  
Like a rare old Barbarian all of the olden time.

Where fierce Siberia's frost and snow, the boldest might appal,  
He hurried off by thousands those who at their country's call  
Tried to preserve her liberties from his despotic thrall;  
Nor did he favour rank or wealth, but banished great and small,  
Like a great old Barbarian, all of the olden time.

But tyranny, though strong, must fall. It happened, by the by,  
This Russian on a neighbour's land, had cast a longing eye,  
And said to England, "Here 's a man that 's sick, and soon must die!

Some one will get his property, so why not you and I?"  
Like a rare old Barbarian, all of the olden time.

Now surely nothing less of this can anyhow be made,  
Than right down robbery, which is a very wicked trade;  
And though by England and by France the spoiler's hand is stay'd,  
'Tis by old NICHOLAS himself the bills must all be paid,  
By this rare old Russian Gentleman—blot on the present time.

THE ASIATIC MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.—"I have some modesty."  
—DISRAELI'S own solution.

## THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE'S BEAK.



CICATRIZATION has, we hope, ere this, restored the integrity of the KING OF PRUSSIA'S nose, accompanied by a cessation of the febrile symptoms which arose from the excoiation of that protuberance. The reader of course knows that his Prussian Majesty, whilst walking in the Palace Gardens at Charlottenburg, had the misfortune to run his royal proboscis against a tree; thereby barking the former, if not the latter: and was laid up by reason of the accident with low fever. Out of evil comes good; and this casualty, which might have been followed by consequences of a deplorable nature, may perhaps lead to the happiest results. It may impress the illustrious sufferer with the expediency of preferring an upright and direct to a stooping and tortuous course; and, for the future, of adopting a dignified attitude and walking straight. Not that we mean to insinuate that the Monarch was in that state in which the footsteps are devious, and the vision is double; his disaster is ascribed to mere shortness of sight; and we trust he will make no more blunders through shortsightedness.

## PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

MONS. BALZAC has preached the solemn yet sad truth, to the startled ears of all the nations of the earth, that every French wife is an object of tenderest sympathy to some unmarried sentimental one. In some cases, the lady is in the condition of the large-hearted gentlewoman in the old song:—

"She loves her husband dearly,  
And another man quite as well."

But, commonly, it is not so. Her husband is a brute to whom she is legally bound. The wife is, in fact, a victim tied to the horns of the altar; and her agonies at her hard condition pierce any number of waistcoats, cut their way through any corset, and go direct to the human heart, as beating over a French novel—palpitating in a French play-house. In fact, it is a household axiom—very successfully circulated by M. BALZAC—that a woman has only to vow to love a man, to be justified in hating him. The marriage service, like witches' prayers, is to be read backwards. A woman in the bonds of French matrimony is exposed to a monster like poor ANDROMEDA. Bold and gallant, and very much and very tenderly to be rewarded, is the young gentleman who shall free her from the creature permitted to devour her. The bridal-flowers of the French bride are not in reality orange-blossoms but every one of them a love-lies-a-bleeding. M. BALZAC and others have gone over the decalogue, and with their sharpest pen-knives have scratched out the forbidding negative in a certain commandment.

The marriage license is a license to snap the marriage-tie. In very many tales has M. BALZAC preached this consoling truth, but in none with greater eloquence, aided by finer example, than in *La Grande Breteche*. This tale, with a little more blister-powder added to it, for the French stage, did its due sentimental work in a French Playhouse, and—in natural course, as things theatrical are at the present time—the piece finds its way to the Princess's Theatre, for the delight and instruction of the humdrum, matrimonial English, who do not commonly look upon their corner-cupboards as places where wives may, when JONES or BROWN comes unexpectedly home, hide the gay and gallant ROBINSON, with whom Mrs. JONES or BROWN danced in her spinster days; and who has therefore been followed by ROBINSON the broken-hearted, with oaths upon his lips and a ten-pound note in his pocket, to extort consent, and smooth the way to an elopement. In fact, to take the victim Mrs. JONES or BROWN to his arms, and, stanching the bleeding heart, to make the loved one his own for ever and for ever!

The *Married Unmarried* is the English title to the last morality from

the sparrow-quill of M. BALZAC; whose ink-horn was a goat's-horn—*Adèle* is married to a *Colonel* of wrought-iron: he is as hard as his sword; as cold; but by no means as polished or pointed. In a word, the *Colonel*, being *Adèle's* husband, is a brute. Talk of the bonds of matrimony, why the *Colonel* is a conjugal turnkey, and his poor wife doomed to the condemned cell of her bed-chamber. Poor heart! He—the brute—talks bullets; whilst she—especially when she speaks of *Juan*—speaks pearls and diamonds. How should it be otherwise? The *Colonel* is a Vampire, and *Juan* is a duck!

Well, the *Colonel* is called from home to Paris; and *Juan*, of course, enters the *Colonel's* wife's bed-room to talk over the horrors of wedded life, as suffered by *Adèle*, and the joys that must certainly follow, if *Adèle* would break her marriage-yow. And the lady is very much inclined to do it. After all, what is it more than an ugly Hymen in china; already flawed by her wishes? Why, then, should it not be entirely smashed by her determination? She has all but made up her mind to run from her husband when—the *mal apropos* wretch!—the husband returns.

What is to be done? How foolish to ask the question. Of course *Juan* is put away with her other precious moveables, in *Adèle's* bed-room closet. Enter the *Colonel*, who—(French matrimony has such a nose!)—smells a rat. The *Colonel* is such a brute, and does so bully that sweet little wife—her face running with tears, a lily over-charged with morning dew—that after swearing to her innocence with the energy of a trooper, she trusts in the support of Heaven and her innocence, and boldly confesses—there is a man in the closet!

Whereupon, black thoughts of murder, thick as black beetles, crowd into the cavernous heart of the villain husband! There is a certain jocose mason, of the name of *Colin*, luckily on the premises. The *Colonel*—in a demoniacal whisper—with the sternness of a CATO desires the mason to block up the door with Roman cement. Bricks are not enough for his revenge; but cement, that cement which the *Colonel* knows is in the possession of *Colin*, and which in five minutes will be harder than marble—hard as the *Colonel's* heart.

The *Colonel* orders his supper in the bed-room; the mason departs to his work; and while *Colin* lays it on with a trowel, the *Colonel*, with no compunction, tips his wine. No naughty nun was ever walled up more completely than—to the ferocious delight of the *Colonel*—is *Juan*!

And now all is done, and the *Colonel* is exulting, when a troop of gendarmes enter with a warrant of bigamy against the double husband!

"Hm! ha! glad it's no worse."

"But it is worse"—cries the virtuous *Adèle*; "it's premeditated murder!"

Only premeditated, gentle reader; because—of course—*Juan* escapes through lath and plaster, confronting the *Colonel*; who is about to finish him with his felonious sword, when he is turned from his purpose by the very pointed bayonets of the force—entrusted with the bigamy warrant.

The infamous *Colonel* is conveyed to Paris to be tried for his offence, and, as we hope, to be sent to the galleys; whilst *Adèle*, who has already fallen into the arms of *Juan*, marries him, has a large family, and lives happily ever afterwards.

No. We transgress the French canon. To live happily, she must do everything except marry him. As *Mrs. Peachem* says, "'tis marriage, husband, makes the blot."

Now at an English theatre, is not this a pretty dish to set before an English Queen?

## TO THE NEUTRALS.

How many serfs has NICHOLAS to tremble at his nod?  
How many slaves to fear him, and adore the "Russians' God?"  
Germans! at least may you disdain to swell the wretched horde,  
Under the scourge to grovel, and to crouch beneath the sword.

Speak, gallant Prussians! to the knout will you submit the back?  
And Austrians! say if ye would see your Fatherland Cossack?  
Will you consent that darkness shall again hide Europe's day,  
Now is your time to answer, if you mean to answer *Nay*!

## A Bed of "Cold Pisen."

MR. SIMON, in his admirable Sanitary Report, calls the Thames "a gigantic Poison-bed." Now, if it is so, it is entirely the fault of the City Corporation, who are the Conservators of the River. We think, therefore, that it is but right that "as the Aldermen have made their poison bed, so they should be made to lie in it."

## TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

FIRST THOUGHTS ARE THE BEST decidedly, inasmuch as it is not every one whose powers of thinking will go so far even as that.





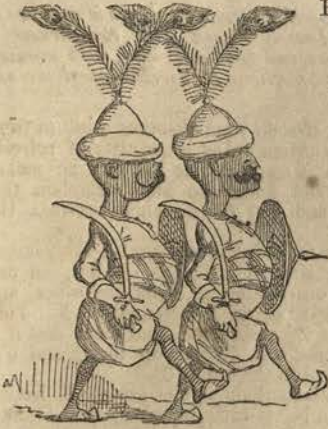
THE "MONTAGNE RUSSE."—A VERY DANGEROUS GAME.



“RIGHT AGAINST WRONG.”



## TO THE UNMARRIED.



Find the following announcement in the *Post*, no doubt very gratifying to all parties concerned; gratifying and extremely delicate withal:—

"Among the *débutantes* at the Drawing-room yesterday remarkable for their beauty, Miss —, daughter of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. —, was observed."

The Americans manage these matters in a more complete manner. When their "own correspondents" speak of the beauty of fair young spinsters, they also label each lovely one with the amount of money that is to gild that refined gold. Let the *Post* be instructed, and in future give the exact figures numerically representing the extra charms of young *débutantes*, remarkable for their

beauty, with the further notice (according to family expectations) that "no one under the rank of Duke's, Earl's, or Baronet's son need apply. None but principals attended to. To be viewed at ALMACK'S or in the Park."

## THE IRISH GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

THE following is the slightly anticipated Report which the Irish Grievance Committee have, we believe, agreed upon making to the House of Commons.

"The Committee was appointed on the complaint of various Irish Members, who felt themselves greatly outraged at being informed by the *Times* newspaper that in England they were considered as a pack of needy and venal adventurers.

"The Committee thought that the fairest way of getting at the truth, was by hearing what the Irishmen had to say of one another. The Committee had proposed that the too flattering colours in which they expected 'Irishmen painted by themselves,' would be shown, should subsequently be toned down to Saxon taste; but the process was unnecessary.

"The Committee called a variety of witnesses before it, of all shades of Irish politics, Orange, Green, and Neutral, and beg to submit to your Honourable House specimens of what they had to say.

"THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH NAPIER, late Attorney-General for Ireland, stated that the whole management of the patronage of Ireland had, so long as he recollected it, impressed the popular mind with the belief that it was given for pecuniary purposes. He thought there was a great deal of truth in these matters. He did not know of any man in Ireland getting on by mere merit."

"MR. KEOGH, the present Solicitor-General for Ireland, took in hand MR. LUCAS, one of the loudest players in the POPE's brass band, and questioned him as follows:—'Did I not at a large public meeting at Athlone describe you, in your presence, as one who would plunge a dagger in a man's back, but never dare to do anything to his prejudice openly in his presence?' To which MR. LUCAS replied, 'You charged, me with being a calumniator, using the strongest language which could proceed from human lips. But then we agreed that everything in the report that had an angry character should be struck out.'

"DR. GRAY, an Irish writer of eminence, asked MR. KEOGH whether he had not described certain Irish gentlemen as 'PADDY SOMERS and fellows like those, who live by selling places.' MR. KEOGH would not deny it, but did not exactly remember. But, naturally desirous to do his best for his countrymen (and his evidence in exculpation of them must be received with caution), he adds, that he never charged Irish Members, on any public occasion, with selling places, but might have charged them with selling their country.

"MR. AIKINS, the Dublin Sword-bearer, stated that Members of the Dublin Corporation obtained compensation for lost places through MR. JOHN REYNOLDS, then M.P. for Dublin. They collected £200 or £300 to reward him. In reply to the question, 'And did MR. REYNOLDS take the money?' the witness replied, 'Indeed, Sir, he did, but in order to avoid appearance of paying him for Parliamentary services, they put it down "Defence Fund."'

"MR. LUCAS, above mentioned, desirous to retort upon MR. KEOGH for the unflattering picture drawn of him, charged MR. KEOGH with dishonourable conduct and corruption, but explained away this charge. 'He meant making promises and taking oaths which were deliberately broken.' To MR. KEOGH's question, he replied, in final explanation, 'In taking place you acted corruptly, and have done so ever since.'

"DR. GRAY, above mentioned, stated that in 1851, on a motion of MR. DISRAELI'S, MR. JOHN SADLER, late an Irish Lord of the Treasury, came to him accompanied by MR. FRANCIS SCULLY, and said, 'Here's SCULLY won't vote for us after all, giving as a reason that he has got an appointment from his brother. We had an arbitration in a small angle of the lobby, and decided that MR. SCULLY might vote according to his conscience.'

"Your Committee, in further illustration of the subject, observe that, on Friday, the 17th of March, the said MR. SADLER gave in the House itself his opinion of MR. LUCAS, whom he described as a man who lived by slandering and uttering libels, and that the Speaker, accustomed to Hibernian criticisms, supposed of course that MR. SADLER'S last word was 'lies,' and called him to order.

"On the whole your Committee decidedly think that the Irish Members had better have let the subject alone, and not have adduced formal proof of what was before only a general impression."

## THE HORRORS OF MR. CHAMBERS'S INQUISITION.

ALTHOUGH slightly objecting to the domination of Popish parsons, *Mr. Punch* will ever be among the first to exclaim against any injustice done, or affront offered, to his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen at large. Now they have of late been greatly wronged and insulted by the language held in reference to them by those who profess to be their friends; but who are, in fact, merely the tools of their priesthood. Indeed, they may well say, "save us from our friends," particularly from their friends in the House of Commons, from MR. BOWYER to MR. OSBORNE, inclusive.

The menaces with which MR. T. CHAMBERS'S proposal for a Committee of Inquiry respecting Conventual and Monastic Institutions was met by the Members for Rome, imply an accusation, surely most unfounded, against their co-religionists. The POPE'S representatives, one after the other, insisted on the danger and impolicy of mooted the proposed investigation at this juncture. This is as much as to tell the House of Commons that it had better not say anything about monasteries or convents just now—otherwise the Roman Catholics will betray their country and their QUEEN to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. Of course there is no fear that HER MAJESTY'S Roman Catholic subjects will take the prediction as a hint. Yet many of them will be as strongly tempted to do so as it is possible that they can be by language highly inflammatory and quite inaccurate. Depending on the truthfulness of the delegates of his Holiness, when they find those gentlemen denouncing the proposition of MR. CHAMBERS as an insult, an infraction of religious toleration, as persecution, as involving brutal treatment of unprotected females, &c., they may very naturally conclude that the inquiry in regard to monasteries and convents will consist of revolting interrogatories, answers to which will be extorted by the rack and the thumbscrew. The Papal deputies speak as if they seriously believed that such are the means by which the inquiry will be conducted. And yet they complain of it as being the reverse of a *Holy Inquisition*.

The like extravagant language occurs in a Declaration, whereunto is appended a string of names so tremendously aristocratic, that nearly every one of them might furnish a noble authoress with a title for a fashionable novel. These Popish individuals of the superior classes affect, moreover, to regard the question of the treatment of nuns as exclusively their own affair. Now, it may be all very well for DE BUGGINS and FITZWALKER, the Papists, to be quite easy with respect to female relatives in a convent. But the case is otherwise with Protestant HOBBS and MUGGINS, whose sisters, or aunts, or grandmothers peradventure, may have embraced popery and taken the veil. H. and M. would not feel quite satisfied on the subject of "discipline," and as to the influence of "superiors" touching the disposal of property. Into these matters they would be anxious to inquire—with all politeness of course. But the House of Commons is told to inquire if it dares—and if it does dare, to look out for treason!

As MR. CHAMBERS proposes that his Committee shall consist partly of Roman Catholics, it is probable that instruments of torture will not be employed to elicit information, at least with unreasonable severity; and it is equally likely that no very grossly insulting line of examination will be adopted. Indeed it may be pretty safely trusted, that the question ordinary will be alone used, and no recourse whatever had to the question extraordinary or impertinent.

To question their creed or institutions in any way, however, seems to be a heinous offence to Roman Catholic zealots. As they denounce such questioning so angrily as persecution, it may be doubted whether they may not perhaps have used the latter term in history as freely as they employ it in political discussion. One might suspect that their confessors were simply witnesses forced to confess the truth, and that the block to which their martyrs were brought was a mere nonplus. Perhaps the sufferers for their Romish opinions under ELIZABETH were only interrogated: and FATHER GARNET, subsequently answered for his conduct with his—tongue.



THE PARLIAMENTARY BUTTON-HOLDER. (POOR MR. SPEAKER!)

## A COLLEGE EXAMINATION PAPER.

TO THE UNINITIATED.—*N.B.* Undergraduate is supposed to have entertained London Friend with the perusal of Examination Papers, and London Friend, next morning, writes down his recollections of various questions and problems.

1.—A traveller on a straight road observes a hill in front of him, and coming to an inn, takes a quantity of refreshment equal to treble X; on leaving the inn he makes another observation and finds two hills. Explain this without calculation, and find the distance between the two hills.

2.—A and B are two individuals; one considerably larger than the other, in a street C. B, the smaller, on one side of C, takes an observation at A on the other, and shortly after finds the wrath of A increased to X. Find the probable results of B's observation, and show that if A carries a stick the series, 1, 2, 3, etc., up to p's and q's, will most likely be equal to the tan. of B.

3.—Let A B C be a triangle in a quiet street, E, having sides *a, b, c*; let side *a* be violently struck by an individual D. Prove that if A B C be accompanied by a kettle-drum, the effect will be the introduction of A 1 into E, and that A B C and D will be eliminated from the question.

4.—Given any area; to find how many policemen can be contained in it.

5.—Let B be an area, and A 1 a quantity slowly moving about B. Show that in the lapse of a certain time the quantity A 1 will be found in B, and explain the phenomenon.

A REFINED GENTLEMAN.—NICHOLAS boasts of being a refined Gentleman—excessively refined. We suppose he has gained his refinement, like that of sugar, by means of blood.

## WAR!

THRICE thirteen years have passed away since England sheathed the sword,

And battle-scarred, war-wasted, gave God thanks for peace restored,  
With leisure for life's quiet tasks, and toils, and aims, and arts,  
In the hum of the world's workshops, and the press of the world's marts.

DAGON the Great had fallen! That God of sabre sway,  
Whose sword carved realms, whose nod made kings or marred, had passed away,

And England, who had grappled with the giant, and had won,  
Now saw a nobler strife to wage—deeds harder to be done.

Sins long condoned to be atoned; corruptions foul and old  
To purge out of her bosom; scum of lies and rust of gold;  
Chained industry to free from bonds; new worlds to mould and man;  
Conscience in Church and State to free from burthen and from ban.

Stoutly she set her to the task, and from that hour till now  
Hath never once looked backwards, nor lifted hand from plough;  
And, one by one, hath trophied conquests mightier by far,  
Than any ever chronicled on the iron roll of war.

Soldiers of Peace—what wonder thought of other strife we had none?

The captains we of Industry! What recked we of pike or gun?  
In spades and ploughshares, ships, and looms, our iron found employ;  
Armies were royal playthings—the sword a silly toy.

When, lo, our peaceful dream is broke! And, startled from our toil,  
We hear again the measured tramp of soldiers shake the soil;  
Our forges ring to the hammering of guns and swords once more;  
Again the drum booms through our streets, and the broadsides shake our shore.

The great war-devil we thought bound for aye hath snapped his chain,  
And ramps and rends to the furthest ends of north and south again.  
England must leave her workshop, her innocent tools lay by,  
And buckle on her armour, as of old, to do or die!

Not unto us, not unto us, the guilt, the sin, the shame!  
God be our witness, not of us the provocation came.  
Much we have borne—all had forsworn but honour—still to bar  
From us and from the nations the awful Fiend of War.

It may not be. The Fiend is free. And now our work is clear,  
As in the old time we faced him, we must face him now and here.  
Not mockingly—not mirthfully—but gravely as men ought  
Who count their cost by the value of the thing that's to be bought.

Our fathers met and mastered the Giant of the sword;  
Had we been minded to be ruled he was indeed a Lord!  
What was ATTILA's flail of iron to the knot wherewith this Czar,  
A Slave himself, drives on his Slaves from icy steppes afar!

Body and soul he must control who rules as this man rules.  
Down! Kiss the rod! The Czar is God! Hear, Churches! Listen,  
Schools!

Who crouch to him give life and limb, give thews, and thought, and brain;  
Light dies, night lies, wherever his Cossack hordes draw rein.

If ever cause hath hallowed swords, hallowed the swords must be  
That leap forth in this struggle of the enslaver and the free.  
If e'er just quarrel added power to prayers and pith to arms,  
It is this, that thrills through England war's long-unused alarms!

Then take thy stand and lift thy hand, O England, calm and high,  
And look the great sun in the face that lights our own free sky,  
And breathe a prayer, head bowed and bare, for a blessing on the blade  
That never was drawn lightly, ne'er ignobly down was laid!

## Our Lady of Atocha.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, according to Spanish papers, has lately decorated Our Lady of Atocha, with "the collar of the Golden Fleecce;" which, we suppose, is merely a sublime manner of informing the protane vulgar, that Our Lady of Atocha has been invested with a new Flannel Petticoat.

## The Czar's Conundrum.

CZAR NICHOLAS cried, as he looked in the glass,  
"Ha! ha!—why am I like a beautiful lass?"  
"Well, why?" said the EMPRESS. "Because," replied he,  
"So many fine fellows are dying for me!"

HOPELESS ATTEMPT.—It appears that Friend PEASE, and the other two Friends, went to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA with the intention of trying to ap-peace the tyrant!



FOUL PLAY IN THE CHURCH.

The following advertisement throws a new light on the means by which a poor country parson may sometimes manage to make a livelihood out of what is fancifully termed a living :—

**A COUNTRY CURATE** is ready to supply **AMATEURS ONLY** with *Seats of Cochin Eggs, guaranteeing them sound, and no tricks played.* Buff-birds, 10s. 6d.; Splendid First-Class White Cochin, 2 guineas. Application to be made to the National Schoolmaster, &c. &c.

The reverend advertiser appears to divide his attention between the poultry yard and the pulpit—the cure of souls and the care of chickens. His object seems to be to get a shilling into his pocket egg-ways, if he cannot effect the object in a more legitimate manner. The reverend poulterer, we regret to see, feels it necessary, notwithstanding the sacredness of his calling, to guarantee that there will be “no tricks played,” as if he thought he might otherwise be suspected of a species of thimble-rig with his eggs, and the substitution, perhaps, of an addled Dorking for a first-class Cochin.

We have heard some revolting stories of the tricks of barristers, and the frauds some of them will commit to get a fee allowed by a not very curiously-inquiring judge; but the country curates, with all their poverty, were, we thought, above being suspected of the swindling that some who have found their way to the profession of the law have been guilty of. The barrister's gown does, sometimes, shelter a mass of dirt and dishonesty, but the surplice though often concealing a ragged coat, does not often, we hope, encase the form of a plunderer. The country curate who seeks an addition to his income by dealing in Cochin eggs, need not, we think, have thrown a slur on his sacred office by suggesting the probability of tricks being played by a parson-poulterer on his customers.

The whole thing is lamentable enough, and we cannot help expressing our regret that with the splendid revenues of the Church, it is necessary for a country curate to be thinking of Cochin fowls, instead of devoting himself to the more congenial pursuit of Co(a)chin students. We beg to recommend the case to that highly respectable society the Friend of the Clergy, which will soon be in the height of its annual dining, preaching, and speechifying. If it could lay the great egg-case before the public, and draw up a graphic account of the poor curate who counted his chickens before they were hatched, the effect on the after-dinner subscription-list would, in all probability, be excellent.

PUNCH BEFORE PARLIAMENT.



It seems to be the new fashion of certain Committees of the House of Commons to call before them the newspapers for the purpose of inquisition into the affairs of the press, and as we think it quite possible that it may be our turn next, we have prepared a few questions and answers, which may save MR. BRIGHT, or any other curious M.P., the trouble of sending for Mr. Punch in the hope of getting anything out of him.

*Chairman of Committee.* The circulation of *Punch* is very large, I believe?

*Mr. Punch.* I believe you, my boy!

*Chairman.* The Committee would like to know what ground there was for the large cut in last week's number?

*Mr. Punch.* There were two distinct grounds.

*Chairman.* Be good enough to name them.

*Mr. Punch.* A fore-ground and a back-ground.

*Inquisitive M.P.* Your publication is understood to be carried on at a considerable expense. I should like to know at whose expense the jokes are made.

*Mr. Punch.* At the expense of yourself, occasionally, or of anyone else who may be the object of them.

*Impertinent M.P.* I find that certain Members who have taken a certain course, are described by *Punch* as dishonest. Now I have taken that course; am I therefore to understand that *Punch* charges me with dishonesty?

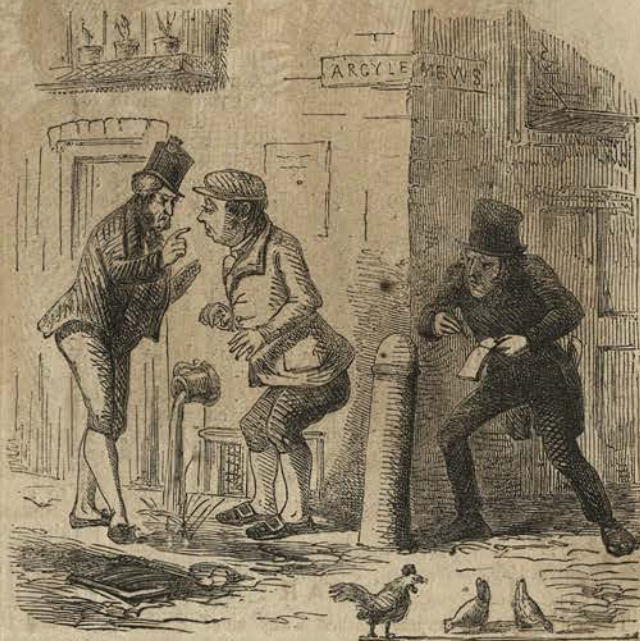
*Mr. Punch.* You speak of facts, and ask me to draw an inference. The facts must speak for themselves, and I leave you and the public to draw the inference.

*Curious M.P.* If you will not tell us the circulation of *Punch*, perhaps you will tell us the greatest extent to which it has ever sold.

*Mr. Punch.* The greatest extent to which it might ever have been sold, would have been in the event of its having put any faith in the DERBY-DISRAELI Ministry; but as *Punch* never did put any faith in that ministry, the extent to which *Punch* might be sold is incalculable.

*Chairman.* Your answers are so unsatisfactory that you had better be prepared when next called on to attend the Committee.

*Mr. Punch.* Rhoo-too-too-too whroo-too-it. *[Witness withdraws.]*



The Editor of the "Times" getting at the Ministerial Secrets.

INDISPOSITIONS MADE VERY EASY.

WE read, in the *Musical Transcript*, that at one of the performances of the *Etoile du Nord*, at the Opéra Comique,

"HERMANN LEON was so indisposed as to crave the indulgence of the audience he, however, played the part, and NATHAN sang the principal *morceau*."

Now we think the above plan might be imitated with great benefit at our London Theatres. For instance, suppose—and it will require no great amount of imagination to suppose such a thing—MR. SIMS REEVES is indisposed some evening. An apology is made for him, (and it wouldn't be the first time)—however, he will kindly speak the words, and some one of equal, if not superior, merit will sing the principal *morceau*. MR. SIMS REEVES's powers of indisposition, great as his talent is undoubtedly in that respect, could not possibly extend so far as to prevent him speaking the words of an opera; and the fact of his appearance, independent of the pleasure the public would derive from seeing their popular favourite, would convince them that he really was ill; and would, moreover, have the effect of removing several unpleasant doubts that have hitherto existed in their minds on that imaginary musical score.

A Church Canon.

A CANON of Ely has just gone off, aged 59. For five-and-thirty years the said canon was charged with pluralities to the amount of £3,000 a-year; proving that you cannot have a worse report of a Church Canon than by overloading the same with golden shot. Such Church Canons were never known to the Army of Martyrs.

DO YOU WISH TO INSULT ME?

REALLY, if the title of a Gentleman is subjected to much more contumely, similar to that which it has lately received from the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, it will not be safe to confer it upon any one, excepting as a NICK-name for a blackguard.

## NAVAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.



IN the departure of SIR CHARLES NAPIER for the Baltic, it was observed, when HER MAJESTY took leave of the fleet, that one of the men on board the *Duke of Wellington* had fearlessly climbed to the truck of the main topmast, and there joined lustily in the parting cheer. The position was no doubt chosen to show the height of his loyalty, and we certainly may question if any but a tar could have screwed his enthusiasm to so high a pitch. But, however daring the feat may have seemed, it has since been utterly eclipsed by the exploit of a brother sailor. For, on the sailing of the squadron under ADMIRAL

CORRY, we are reliably informed by "our own correspondent" that—

"The same daring and exuberant enthusiasm which manifested itself on Saturday on board the *Duke*, was displayed on this occasion; and on the giddy top of the main, fore, and mizen trucks, was perched a tar, who holding one hand aloft, and with the other wildly waving his hat, testified alike his daring and his loyalty."

This picture of "a tar" perched on three mastheads at once somewhat forcibly reminds us of the old play-bill announcement of a favourite performer appearing in three pieces. However exuberant a man's enthusiasm may be, we yet can scarcely conceive of its enabling him to sit simultaneously in three distinct places. Indeed, with all our knowledge of conjuring, we must confess we feel a little puzzled to know how the feat was accomplished, and we should be glad if "our own" in a future number of his journal, would condescend to enlighten us.

In these days of Mont-Blancism we are of course prepared for almost any amount of climbing, but this synchronous ascent to three separate mast-heads has, we must admit, completely astonished us. Considered merely as a feat of strength we can't help thinking that it's coming it a little too strong. We have no wish, however, to accuse "our own" of any intentional deviation from veracity; and we therefore think we shall be putting the most charitable construction on the matter, if we assume that his account was written after dinner: and that when describing his "tar" at so impossible an elevation, the writer possibly himself may have been a little elevated.

## AN ATTORNEY IN THE COURT OF HYMEN.

THERE are more Philosophers in the world than people generally suppose. An Advertisement which has appeared in the *Hampshire Independent* demonstrates this; in the following very few words:—

**MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE OFFICE &c. &c.** Legally Established in 1848. For introducing Ladies and gentlemen, at present unknown to each other who are desirous of entering into matrimony. Upwards of 7,000, comprising all classes of society, have been married and made happy through Mr. LISTON'S assistance during the last four years.

Whether MR. LISTON means 7,000 persons or 7,000 couples, doth not appear; but if through his means 3,500 men, and as many women, have been "married and made happy" during the last four years—then certainly does this world, at least HER MAJESTY'S part of it, contain a very considerable proportion of philosophers. Not that marriage, and happiness in consequence, can be said to argue philosophy, though happiness in spite of marriage may. But here we have between three and four thousand couples, at the lowest computation, marrying philosophically. In the first place they marry upon an abstract principle; the simple desire to be married: apart from any predilection or passion for the concrete called Loved One, Young Man, Young Woman, or Sweetheart. In the next place they are "made happy" by the gratification of that very moderate desire. Now, to find happiness in the satisfaction of moderate desires is the essence of philosophy. To the attainment of this felicity, however, it seems that "MR. LISTON'S assistance"—in the shape, probably, of wise exhortation—is necessary; for, proceeds his advertisement,

"And such unparalleled success is the best guarantee that all can be suitably married, irrespective of Age, Appearance, or Position."

There is no degree of superannuation, ugliness, or poverty, to which a match could not be found. The difficulty is to persuade Dotard to accept Crone, Gny to take Griffin, Beggar to put up with Tramp, and *vice versa*. To reconcile a stout middle-aged gentleman to union with a lady of corresponding years and dimensions may often be no easy

task; and may require a great deal of "assistance" on the part of MR. LISTON; consisting probably of a discourse on the unimportance of Form. For a decided turn for moralizing is evinced in his announcement, which thus continues:—

"Ladies and gentlemen who are anxious to Marry, but who cannot find suitable Partners amongst their own circle of acquaintances, should apply immediately, and not wait in the too often fallacious hope of being more successful next year, &c. &c., and thus waste the most valuable time of life seeking an object that can be attained in a month."

In addition to the above valuable advice, MR. LISTON says:—

"Read the *Matrimonial Guide*; it contains full particulars for application, and will convince everybody. Sent gratis to any address for six stamps to pay the postage."

Of what the *Matrimonial Guide* will convince everybody, MR. LISTON does not mention. His own "integrity" he offers to prove by references to "his Bankers and others of respectability." He states that "as he employs no Agents, the strictest secrecy may be relied on," and concludes with this impressive warning:—

"Beware of those who keep Agents, or advertise imaginary referees and testimonials."

To the country gentleman who wants to marry somebody without being attached to anybody, as an appropriate form of application for the aid of this matrimonial attorney, may be suggested a few sentimental but simple

## LINES TO MR. LISTON.

An aching void within my heart  
There is, which be it thine to fill;  
I cannot play the lover's part,  
I leave it to thy better skill.

My bosom yearns for one sweet mate,  
My sorrows and my joys to share,  
For whom? Nay, that I cannot state,  
I know not—and I do not care!

Seek then for me the being dear  
Who shall my life with rapture crown,  
And either send the charmer here,  
Or let our hands be joined in town.

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

WITH the bombastic appeals of NICHOLAS to the fanaticism of his slaves, may be contrasted the following language addressed by QUEEN VICTORIA to her subjects:—

"HER MAJESTY is persuaded that in so acting, she will have the cordial support of her people; and that the pretext of zeal for the Christian religion will be used in vain to cover an aggression undertaken in disregard of its holy precepts, and of its pure and beneficent spirit.

"HER MAJESTY humbly trusts that her efforts may be successful, and that by the blessing of Providence peace may be re-established on safe and solid foundations."

These simple and solemn words will touch the feelings to which they are spoken with a power far greater than the effect of the Czar's melodramatic and blasphemous invocations. They have one peculiar force; the force of truth; wherein they have the advantage, not only over NICHOLAS'S professions of zeal for Christianity, but also over almost every syllable that he utters.

The gentle and humble declaration of the QUEEN will probably be read by the Emperor with a horse-laugh, which we hope will be soon changed into a howl.

## FALSE HAIRS AND GRACES.

AN indignant father of a family has sent us a circular, which he snatched from the hands of his eldest daughter, and in which young ladies are invited by some atrocious dealer in wigs to adopt his filthy manufacture, by mixing with their own locks the hair cut from the heads of other people—frequently on account of fever, and sometimes under circumstances of a still less attractive nature. We share with our Correspondent the disgust he feels at these mercenaries, who, for the sake of selling a few sham curls and fictitious tresses, put falsehood literally into the heads of the rising generation—and, oh horror! the female part of it. We are not advocates for violence, and we are rather disposed to agree with the Dramatist, that "the man who lays his hand," &c. &c., "is an," &c., "whom it would be gross flattery to call an," &c. &c. We, nevertheless, are disposed to think, that if a young lady is suspected of wearing false hair it would be allowable to dash her wig to the ground, and though we are not inclined to recommend the tearing of the hair, we would excuse any one who should unmask a female impostor by carrying away the "false front" under which she may have ventured to present herself.

A KIND WORD FOR THE CZAR.



OME flowers, as we all know, were strewn on the grave of NERO—it is supposed by some solitary friend, in whose affections even that tyrant held a place. More probably the act was performed by some small boy in a spirit of opposition. To this motive only can be ascribed the sympathy with the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, exhibited in a recent debate, by the MARQUIS OF GRANBY. According to the *Morning Chronicle*—

“The MARQUIS OF GRANBY said it was a matter of regret to him to observe the tone and language that had been used by Members of the Government and others, who were no doubt conscientiously opposed to the aggression of Russia. That aggression might be wrong, as well as dangerous to the interests of this country; but it would be more becoming this great nation if it entered into the argument of the facts more in the

spirit of the Honourable Member for Manchester than some of the speakers that night.”

It is difficult to say whether it is more extraordinary that the MARQUIS OF GRANBY should feel for the injured name of NICHOLAS, or that he should coincide in any sentiment with MR. BRIGHT.

“He objected to the tone of these speeches, a tone which the Emperor on his part did not employ. The Emperor gave us full credit for our desire to maintain the peace of the world, a credit which we, on the other hand, denied to him. (Laughter.)”

We have given the Czar a great deal too much credit for a desire to maintain the peace of the world. For that desire he has had twelve months' credit, which is twelve months too much. We gave him more credit, we are sure, than the MARQUIS OF GRANBY would expect from his tailor.

“He knew that there were gentlemen who believed that, do what the Emperor would, or say what he might, there was an underhand meaning very different from that which appeared; and he said that if they entered on the discussion of these blue books and correspondences in that spirit they could not arrive at the truth.”

Few gentlemen doubt the meaning of what the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA does. There was no equivocation in the Sinope massacre. But one signification can be attached to his assertions when delivered from the cannon's mouth. The doubt is as to the sense of what proceeds from his own. For instance, when he calls himself a gentleman, it is clear that he means something else; and a correct though vulgar answer to his pretence to be such, would consist in telling him that he is another.

“He thought the Honourable Member who had stigmatised Russia as having acted fraudulently would regret having used such an expression of that power.”

Why, any more than having applied the same expression to the conduct of any “gentleman” that has been sent to the House of Correction during the past week? One should rather rejoice in having employed so temperate, yet just, an expression when one's indignation might have hurried one into the use of coarse substantives and adjectives, and even participles of a low and profane description.

“Then came the Vienna note, which the Emperor, who was called ‘the disturber of the public peace,’ was willing to accept. What Russia wished for was the Protectorate of the Greek Church. Was there in that demand anything that we should really be afraid of? Was there anything in that demand that showed she wished to take Constantinople?”

Of course there was not anything in the demand that showed any such wish. Good care was taken that there should be nothing of the sort. Really such a question is unworthy of the name of the noble MARQUIS. So simple an interrogatory may be regarded as the sign of the Green Man rather than that of the MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

When, for merely destroying a single life by violence, an individual is called a number of names, of which the mildest is assassin, the question which LORD GRANBY may be invited to consider is, whether to describe the Czar as “the disturber of the public peace,” is not to speak of him with a gentleness so extreme as to be absurd.

Fiddlededum and Fiddlededee.

THERE are two Philharmonics, the Old and the New. The one is almost always full, the other generally empty. Musicians, when they wish to distinguish the former from its young rival, make a musical point of calling it the “Don't Philharmonic.” The allusion to the emptiness of the old institution is understood at once.

THE DOMESTIC CAMPAIGN.

ALAS! must we have no Reform,  
On account of this pestilent war?  
Can we only sit quaking, and list for the storm  
Of battle, to roar from afar?  
Because of the Russians and Turks,  
Must there be an indefinite stop  
To the whole of our local and national works?  
In fact, must we all shut up shop?

The season that now is at hand  
The winter of trade must it be,  
Because France and England have taken their stand,  
In arms, that the world may be free?  
As far as appearances go,  
There's somewhat more pleasant to hope;  
No doubt we shall all due anxiety show,  
But let us not uselessly mope.

The opera, with enterprise bold,  
As usual has opened its doors,  
And the New Philharmonic, as well as the Old,  
Together with Concerts by scores.  
Still ALBERT SMITH makes the ascent  
Of Mont Blanc—attracting a shoal—  
No matter what eyes on the Bear are intent,  
Now climbing Ambition's long pole.

His carpet-bag WOODY unpacks,  
His sketch-book displays every night,  
Albeit that Mussulmans strive with Cossacks,  
And Britons and Muscovites fight.  
Ventriquoist, Wizard, and Bard  
Who pours the extemporised lay,  
MR. JACOBS contrives, without any regard  
To Russia, to conjure away.

WYLD's Great Globe continues to draw  
In spite of the mad autocrat,  
Who, scorning all justice, unheeding all law,  
The original covets of that.  
The Art-Exhibitions will not  
This summer be closed, by the fears  
And excitement occasioned by our having got  
With Muscovy's Czar by the ears.

And well it is these things are so,  
Because, of the enemy's thumps,  
That one would be far the most mischievous blow  
That struck us all into the dumps.  
As heartless their object ne'er blame  
Amusement who strive to impart;  
At a time such as this our most sensible aim  
Is to keep one another in heart.

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.

“SIR,

“In these days of starving economy, when governesses and needlewomen are so shamefully underpaid, may I take the liberty of suggesting a new opening for female employment, which I think would be attended with the most beneficial and lucrative results. It is well known the many annoyances that bachelors are almost daily exposed to in connection with their linen. Legal students, perhaps, suffer the most in these trying emergencies, as there never is any one—not even a laundress—on the premises, to whom they can appeal for assistance. Now my suggestion is this:—I think that if a number of women were to go through the Inns of Court every morning with the charitable object of sewing, stitching, and mending all imperfect garments, they would realise a very large income. Their visits should take place between nine and ten o'clock in the morning before the day's studies began, and they might give notice of their approach by crying out, ‘Any buttons want sewing?—any shirts to mend?’ I am confident the returns would be very large, and that the new business would be an immense boon to all distressed bachelors. How often has the temper of the whole day been ruffled by a shirt minus a button!

“Yours, Sir, in all seriousness,

“AN OLD BACHELOR.”



• SHARP'S THE WORD.

ADMIRAL PUNCH'S SIGNAL TO THE FLEET.

SOME NEW QUESTIONS TO AN OLD TUNE.

Gin a Briton meet a Russian  
Looking rather shy,  
To come down upon the Russian  
Won't the Briton try?

Gin a Russian aim at Turkey  
While a Briton's nigh,  
When the Russian sees the Briton  
Won't the Russian fly?

Gin SIR CHARLEY in the Baltic  
Should a Russian spy,  
Won't SIR CHARLEY at the Russian  
Have—at once—a shy?

Gin a Russian 'gainst a Briton  
Shall his utmost try,  
Ere he truckles to the Russian  
Won't the Briton die?

“The Northern Lights.”

If these Lights are supplied with Russian tallow, the sooner they take in a good supply of it, we think, the better, unless they have a particular desire to shine as one of the lights of other days. By the by, we are continually hearing of the “barbarian darkness of the North,” and yet, in spite of all its tallow, there is no nation in such a state of darkness as Russia!

A ROMANCE OF ROME.

THE literary organs of ultra-Protestantism are generally spoken of as serious journals; but those of the opposite party appear more deserving of the appellation. Our ultramontane contemporary, the *Tablet*, reviews a biography, one of the series of Oratorian Lives, called “The Life of SAINT FRANCIS of Assisi,” which for seriousness in the narration of the most astonishing events, may not only be said to surpass the once famous *Methodist Magazine*, but also the *Wonderful* ditto; and at least to equal the personal memoirs of MR. LEMUEL GULLIVER. Having, without abatement of his own gravity, mentioned an occasional interruption of that of the Saint, who, he says, used to be raised “into the air during his contemplations, so high sometimes that he was even out of sight,” at which times we suppose he was seen by multitudes of “the faithful,” the Reviewer quotes the following as an authentic fact:—

“A MIRACLE OF ST. FRANCIS.—The earliest authors of the life of our Saint record a very singular miracle which he performed on his route in the house of a gentleman. All the inhabitants of the place were gone to the great square to hear him preach. A female servant who had been left in a house to take care of a child, wishing to hear the sermon, left the child alone. On her return she found the child dead, and half boiled in a copper of hot water, into which it had fallen. She took it out, and, in order to hide the disaster from the father and mother, she shut it up in a trunk; the parents, however, learnt their misfortune, which was the more afflicting as this was their only child. The husband entreated his wife not to let her distress appear, out of respect for the servant of God, who was to dine with them. During dinner FRANCIS endeavoured to inspire them with a holy joy, knowing what the ALMIGHTY had in store for their consolation, and at the end of dinner he feigned to wish to eat some apples. They expressed their regret that they had none to offer him; but pointing to the trunk in which the child was shut up, he said: ‘Let them look there and some will be found.’ It was in vain that they assured him that there was none there! he insisted on having the trunk opened. The gentleman, to oblige him, and with a view of hiding the object of their grief, opened the trunk, when, judge of his astonishment, on finding his child alive and well, and with a smiling countenance, holding an apple in each hand. Transported with joy he carried the child and placed it in the arms of the holy man. (Pages 36, 37).”

Certainly this would be “a very singular miracle,” if it were true. Its moral meaning is particularly singular. In the natural course of things, children are apt to tumble into the fire, or into coppers, and generally to get into scrapes and hot water by reason of being improperly left by their nursemaids. Whether the cause of the abandonment be the policeman round the corner, or a popular preacher in the adjoining square, the practice of such dereliction is very undesirable; and the story of a miracle wrought to repair its consequences does not appear to be a very edifying anecdote. How the parents showed their respect for the Saint by hiding their distress from him, is not clear; and indeed the distress which could be concealed so easily, seems considerably less than natural on such an occasion. The pretence of the holy man that he wanted apples, and the appearance of the infant with one in each hand, certainly reminds us of some wonderful performances that we have witnessed—on the part of Clown and Pantaloon. The

species of the apples is not mentioned by the hagiologist: he might as well have added that they were “monstrous pippins.” Perhaps some of the pips are still to be seen at the Brompton Oratory.

QUOD NUNC DESCRIBERE LONGUM EST.

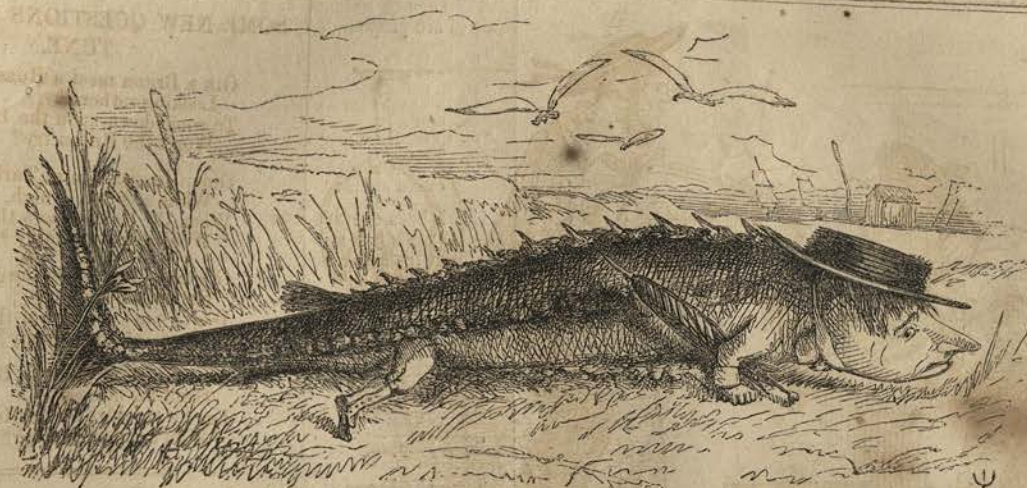
MR. PUNCH's contemporaries, who are always on the watch for some animal, mineral, or vegetable wonder, have lately discovered, in California, a tree, which grows to the height of 360 feet, and measures 90 feet in circumference. And they affirm that when one of these trees had fallen through decay, a horseman rode into the hollow trunk for upwards of a hundred feet, and then found space to turn his horse round and ride out again. Now *Mr. Punch* has no objection to the production of this tree-mendous article in print. He will tolerate it as he tolerated the “colossal cucumber” and “early gooseberry” of blessed memory. He admits that the gentlemen of the press must live, and as, if my LORD DERBY should ever succeed in preventing them from publishing the truth, they will be compelled to rely upon their power of invention for the means of subsistence, *Mr. Punch* would not have them allow that useful faculty to grow rusty. Let them, then, invent if they please a tree which shall throw into the shade even the whole of those arborescent myths, the Nine Elms at Vauxhall, but let them not presume to trespass upon *Mr. Punch's* province by interlarding their imaginative descriptions with jokes. The *Morning Advertiser*, after describing the before-mentioned tree, actually says, “This tree is said to be an evergreen pine; but, judging from its great size, we should imagine it to be a plane (plain) tree.” The *Press* thus comments on it: “We have read of the Arabian trees which wept gum; but remarkable as those trees were for their tears, this is at least as remarkable for its size (sighs).” The *Morning Herald* opines that the officer who rode into the tree was deterred from proceeding farther by his fear that he should not be able to find the route (root); and the *Standard* surpasses all the other offenders, by suggesting that the horse may have been frightened by the tree's bark.”

The Tide of Opposition.

THE strongest and foulest opponent the City of London has is one they have created under their own noses in the inodorous shape of Father Thames, who, it may be said literally, is always running a muck, and not without some foundation for his dirt, against the Corporation.

THE WISH WAS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has forbidden the exportation of hemp from his dominions. So much the better for civilisation: give him rope enough, and he'll realise the old adage.



FANCY PORTRAIT.—MR. STURGEON.

THE "WALKING" GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS.

THE necessity for sending our troops abroad has led to the consideration of how we may economise our forces at home, and the subject has produced the following short conversation—or legislative duct—in the House of Commons:

"MR. WARNER rose, in pursuance of notice, to ask the Secretary at War whether the Government are willing to consider the expediency of entrusting the ordinary escort duty of HER MAJESTY to the QUEEN'S Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms instead of employing a cavalry regiment. At a moment when they were sending troops abroad, it might be well to avail ourselves for this special service of a corps in all respects thoroughly efficient for such a purpose, except that they were not mounted. (The Honourable Gentleman throughout his question was greeted with considerable laughter.)"

"MR. S. HERBERT said—Sir, in consequence of the notice given by the Honourable Gentleman, I made some inquiries into the subject, and obtained some information as to the constitution of this corps. (Laughter.) But as I find thereby that they have not been in possession of horses for a period of 150 years. (much laughter), I am afraid that their disuse of mounts might incapacitate them for the duties they would be called on to fulfil. (Great laughter)."

As it appears that the Gentlemen-at-Arms have not had a horse for a century and a half, it is probable that there would be a frightful falling off among the corps if any attempt were made to turn it into a body of cavalry. It would indeed be cruel to set any unfortunate fellow on horseback for the first time in his life, to act as an escort to the Sovereign; and indeed, unless the Gentlemen-at-Arms were to be strapped on by the legs, it is doubtful whether they would not have to vacate their seats in a rather undignified manner. Perhaps it might be worth the consideration of the Government whether it would not be a saving to the country to give "the honourable corps" half a dozen lessons in riding at the public expense, to enable them to hold on for the short time they might be required to do duty, instead of a cavalry regiment, in attending on HER MAJESTY. Perhaps an arrangement might be made to place the honourable corps on velocipedes, which as the road between Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament is pretty smooth, would glide pleasantly enough over the ground, and thus the "gentlemen riders" might keep pace with the royal carriage without being called on for any effort in the way of horsemanship, of which they appear to be incapable.

It is quite evident that the Gentlemen-at-Arms are not as yet fit to trust to anything but their legs, and though it is their duty to be in attendance on the diplomatic circle, a few days' attendance on ASTLEY'S circle would much improve their general efficiency. They may be useful enough at a Drawing Room or Levee as supernumeraries in a sort of theatrical display, but at present their utility must be confined to that of "walking gentlemen."

The Sawney Bean of the North.

SAWNEY BEAN—according to Scotch chronicles—was wont to live and fatten himself upon babies. The SAWNEY ROMANOFF of RUSSIA is to be treated—according to certain politicians—after the like fashion. All our innocent ones—our little chicks—such as the infant Reform Bill, the baby Ballot, and the toddling Public Library Bill—are to have their tender necks wrung, and be straightway offered up to the maw of NICHOLAS. The EMPEROR of RUSSIA'S carriage stops the way; and like the carriage of JUGGERNAUT, everything of living interest is to be thrown under its wheels.

THE (GRATUITOUS) EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THOUGH the exhibition of the Royal Academy does not open nominally till May, there was an exhibition on a much larger scale at Trafalgar Square last week, than will be seen this year within the walls of the National Gallery. We were present at the opening of the Exhibition, which had much of the effect of a moving panorama, and the pictures were extended in spring vans, displayed in cabs, carried in the arms, or hanging on the painters' hands, as many of them are likely to do for some time, while an eager multitude thronged round, to catch the best glimpse they could of productions which may not be destined again to be seen in public. We shall not criticise an exhibition of the very indiscriminate nature we have described, nor shall we say anything to wound the affectionate pride with which the would-be Titian hugg'd to his arms the piece of high art which is destined at some future day to take a very high place over his own chimney-piece.

There were some touching instances of pain shown by artists at resigning to other custody their cherished productions, but as the artists in question and their works are likely to meet again very soon—certainly within a month—it would be a waste of sympathy and pathos to grow sentimental on such a subject.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

MRS. DE POYNTZ HONITON LACEY does not intend coming up to town this year, but has already signified her intention of remaining at her country villa at Herne Bay until the autumn, when she will transfer her elegant establishment, as usual, to Margate. This resolution has been the source of great regret and unceasing lamentation amongst MRS. DE POYNTZ LACEY'S six unmarried daughters, and has caused no little panic in the most distinguished circles of Pentonville, where their beauty and accomplishments created, it may be recollected, so great a sensation two years ago. Their absence is to be attributed to the War, as their worthy and respected mother has been heard more than once to give audible expression to her fears that the London season this year, in consequence of the absence of so many officers, who are engaged on their duties in the East, will be a very dull one. This is not the only maternal breast by many, we have good reason for stating, on which the same vague fear has operated with precisely a similar effect.—Fashionable Paper.

What Ho! Apothecary!

MR. BLACKETT, in the Oxford debate of Friday, complained that the study of medicine had been entirely neglected at the University. This seems the more inconsistent, considering how much of the education administered there is a mere drug.

A SANITARY REGULATION.

(Respectfully submitted to the Board of Health.)

WE wish a Quarantine Law could be established, and rigidly enforced against all Persons who had proved themselves in Society to be Pests or Plagues.



## ALL FOOLS DAY.

Vagrant Juvenile. "HI! CAPTIN! YOU'VE DROPPED YER MOOS-TARCHURS." [Gent is arrested by a horrible feeling of doubt and dread.]  
Vagrant Juvenile. "OH YOU APRIL FOOL!!"

## FOR LADIES.

As SWIFT justly observes, wicked WILL WHISTON failed to discover the longitude. *Mr. Punch*, however, has made an important discovery bearing on that subject. He has found out the reason of the length of ladies' gowns. He always suspected that the stockings were at the bottom of it. Such turns out to be the case. The stockings are otherwise than white. But the case is not quite so bad as some may fear. The colour of the stockings is nothing worse than a very dark shade of—blue.

Some printed examination papers, put forth as having been set at a young ladies' school, have been forwarded to *Mr. Punch*. In corroboration of the view above advanced, *Mr. Punch* will cite a few questions from them; beginning with—"Geometry:"—

"1. Define a circle."

The answer expected to this question, cannot well be imagined. That which it might receive in some cases, may be supposed to be "A wedding-ring."

"2. What is an isosceles triangle?"

The question being understood, the reply perhaps would be, rather generally:—"The shape of a nasty little wretched sandwich that one gets at MRS. ASTERISK'S evening parties."

"5. Mention the two corollaries deduced from Prop. xxxii."

A corollary would naturally be conceived of by not a few young ladies as some sort of an ornament for the neck.

"7. Define a gnomon."

The definition would be vague, most likely. "Something horrid" would be the most conspicuous that could be reasonably expected.

Next comes "Algebra;" a little whereof will go a considerable way:—

"1. If  $a = 1$ ,  $b = 3$ ,  $c = 5$ ,  $d = a$ , find the values of  $\frac{2b}{a} + \frac{3c}{b} + \frac{ba}{c} - \frac{2a+b}{c}$  and  $a^2 + 2b^2 + 3c^2 + 4d^2$ .

"2. Reduce to their simplest forms—

$$\frac{(a-x) - (2x-a) - (2-2a) + (3-2x) - (1-x)}{(2x^2 - 2y^2 - x^2) - (3y^2 + 2x^2 - x^2) - (3x^2 - 2y^2 - x^2)}$$

$$\{2a^2 - (3ab - b^2)\} - \{a^2 - (4ab + b^2)\} + \{2b^2 - (a^2 - ab)\}$$

"3. Multiply  $9a^2 - 3ab + b^2 - 6a - 2b + 4$  by  $3a + b + 2$ ."

The resemblance between the above formulae, and those of "Miss 4, drop 1," &c., would doubtless occasion a solution of the problems to be attempted in crochet.

Then comes Botany, and then Geology, wherein the following inquiries are propounded, among others:—

- "10. In the Palaeozoic era, what names are given to the principal groups of animals, and particularly to the fishes of the Devonian strata.  
"11. In the secondary series, what strata prevailed? Name them in succession.  
"12. In what strata are the fossil reptilia the most abundant? Specify some of the saurians.  
"13. In reference to the chalk, distinguish the upper from the lower strata, and describe two of its great beds in basins in England.  
"14. In what respect did the fishes of the chalk period differ from those of the earlier strata?"

Chalk beds are not four-posters. Basins are earthenware, not chalk. These, perhaps, are the most satisfactory responses that would be returned to the preceding interrogations.

Chemistry is the next article; and the gentle pupil is required to say—

"18. To what cause may the expansion of bodies be ascribed?"

To eating and drinking more than is proper for them, the reply might possibly be.

She is also to solve this riddle:—

"21. How can we have ice and boiling water in the same vessel?"

"By shipping ice from Wenham Lake in a steamer," she may answer.

Then she is called on to

"26. Give a succinct account of the chemical action in burning a candle, mentioning the effects and products of the combustion."

Supposing the candle to be a composite, she might safely describe the result as a decomposition; and might add, that if the candle were burned at both ends, its combustion would be attended with a rapid disappearance of tin.

Under the head of "Histoire de France," she is requested to declare—

"15. Quel âge avait Louis XV. à l'époque de son avènement, qui fut régent pendant sa minorité, et à qui donna-t-il sa confiance?"

Rather a delicate question, the latter. In connection with History at large, she is asked—

"18. Who were the Seven Sages of Greece? Give some account of the poets."

A large order, as commercial gentlemen say, in regard to the poets. One more question from Mythology—

"4. What account does history give of Cybele?"

Pretty much as reliable an account as it gives of CINDERELLA, might be not very impertinently responded.

It must not be inferred from any of the above remarks that *Mr. Punch* disapproves of the cultivation of the female mind to the utmost extent of its powers. The more a lady knows about the crust of the earth the better, if she possesses a corresponding acquaintance with the formation of pie-crust. And as to mathematics, let her be a wrangler, as long as she keeps her temper in common argument.

## THE SEWERS, ALIVE AND KICKING.

THE Sewers Commission which was reported to have committed suicide a few weeks ago, seems to have "scotched" instead of having quite killed itself. The Home Office refuses to put the poor thing out of its misery; and the Commission is, therefore, neither dead nor alive; or, to use a more familiar phrase, it is in a "deadly lively" condition.

It is characteristic of the "ruling passion strong in death," that the Commission, which has always done things by halves, has only half killed itself. It is unfortunate that nobody will give the finishing blow to a body that has such a knack of leaving things undone, that it cannot even finish itself off in a business-like manner. We object to suicide in any shape; but really we cannot help thinking that when honourable gentlemen have made up their minds to do away with themselves, they should "do it, not leave the task" to the Home Office, which has enough on its hands without being called in to put a period to a parcel of unprofitable existences. The Commission of Sewers is at present in a dying state, in consequence of a self-inflicted blow, which was not decisive enough to be immediately fatal, and the result is, that we are bored with a death scene as long as that of a provincial *Richard the Third* who, after having been regularly riddled through the body in a dozen places, by *Richmond's* sword, has still a supply of vital sparks sufficient to keep him hopping and fizzing about the stage for ten minutes, like a nearly exhausted cracker. Can nobody put the Commission out of its misery? Our own correspondent Echo, has nothing to say by way of answer but "Misery."

NEW TITLE.—PALMERSTON, in consequence of his strong advocacy of Turkey, goes by the name now of "THE JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER OF THE PORTE."

THE WRONGS OF SCOTLAND.

THE EARL OF EGLINTOUN made a motion on the wrongs of Scotland, and then almost immediately withdrew the same. Like his prudent countryman, detected crawling through a hedge by the proprietor on the other side, he has "gone back again." There is, however, no heart in the House of Lords; or, if there be, it is a heart of brains; hearts being, at times, strangely composed of such misused material. The House of Lords did not contribute the "meed of one melodious tear" in answer to the bagpipe oratory of the noble Earl, groaning, snorting, straining, shrieking—like unto a chorus of lunatic peacocks—with the wrongs of Scotland. And wherefore this apathy—this coldness of the moral sense—to the crying Wrongs of Scotland? Alack! The patriotic British peers at that moment bethought them of the wrongs of England, done unto her cuttysark sister. Was there not, at the time, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, that Scotch pebble, the Prime Minister of England? Has he not blown up the war, when—even as heretofore, blowing his porridge—he, all the while, believed he was cooling it? If Scotland has not her right sort of lion—has England, it has been asked, her proper sort of Premier? With a GORDON at the head of British affairs—with what face can Scotland complain of the iniquities wreaked upon her, by her southern sister? Nevertheless, with a lively hope of obtaining the ear—and the very longest ear—of the Government to the grievances of Scotland, the EARL OF EGLINTOUN had jotted down a few compensating matters that were to enter by way of full satisfaction to long-suffering Caledonia. The noble Earl having withdrawn his motion, in the most liberal manner has handed over the prepared list to be printed in the pages of the ever-equitable *Punch*. We give a sample (being short of space) of the things required:

- That when in Scotland the Scottish Lion should take precedence of the Lion British. That when in England, the Scottish Lion would have no objection to give the *pas* to the pet of Britannia.
- That Hyde Park should be moved to the vicinity of Edinburgh; and that the timber flourishing in Kensington Gardens should be pledged to be in leaf, themselves or by proxy, nine months in the year in Perth or Glasgow.
- That every Scotch thistle (when and for so long a time as it pleased) should be allowed to appear as an English rose.
- That the Tweed should no longer separate the two countries, but be bottled off, and deposited in the Bank cellars.
- That—by way of some reparation being made to the neglected Ordnance Department—Mons Meg should fire nothing less than silver balls on saluting occasions; the balls to become the property of whomsoever shall find them.
- That, to remedy the present deficiency of Scotch state officers, there should be instituted the dignity of Brimstone-Stick-in-Waiting.
- That Holyrood House should be made a Crystal Palace, with power to add to the number.
- That there should be a Scotch Lord Chancellor, expressly appointed to sit—not upon a luxurious woolsock—but upon a sack stuffed with actual thistles.
- That all Scotchmen wanting places shall—by such proved fact—be allowed to take their seats as Scotch members in the Imperial Parliament.
- That the Scottish lion—in deference to the known superior morality and piety of the Scotch people—shall be allowed the privilege of wearing two tails; one tail to wag on working days, and the other to rest on the Sabbath.
- That, as a small recompense for his patriotism, the EARL OF EGLINTOUN be permitted to quarter a Haggis Proper in his arms, or to take it whole, as he pleases.

RIVAL PAPER-MAKERS.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has petitioned the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA that the Austrian Troops, if sent into the Principalities, be not compelled to take Russian paper-money. How wise and business-like this is! It is on a par with the subterfuges and tricks that opposition tea-dealers resort to in order to allure each other's custom. Austria knows well enough that if the Russian paper gets into the market there will be but little chance for their own. We wonder it did not petition at once that the troops should be paid in nothing but Austrian paper-money. It could have made but little difference to the troops themselves, for the value of the paper, no matter whether it came from Vienna or St. Petersburg, would have been about the same. In the meantime, it remains to be proved how these paper-soldiers will stand fire!

\*A Russian Rushlight.

OTHO, the Kinglet of Greece, has been converting his small dominions into a candle, which, in the spirit of the well-known proverb, he is holding to NICHOLAS. He had better beware lest the candle should be snuffed out, and the candlestick pre-emptorily disposed of.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE QUESTION,  
AND  
THE "BRIGHT" SIDE OF THE QUESTION.



RAPPLE with wrong, however strong,  
Whatever the struggle may cost us;  
Think nothing gain while wrong-doers remain,  
Nothing loss till honour is lost us.  
Nail the flag to the mast, and fight to the last;  
Submission like the pest shun."  
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,  
And "the Right side of the Question."

"Count well the cost. What in honour's lost

Will be made up to us in money:  
Busy bees are we, and stingless should be,  
Intent but on storing honey.  
Meddle not with war between Sultan and Czar;  
Think how income-tax we may best shun."  
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,  
And "the Bright side of the Question."

"The strong bully who'd wreak his wrath on the weak  
Must be taught there is a stronger;  
The thief in his course of fraud and force  
Must be let to prowl no longer.  
Should protocols fail, lead pills like hail  
Of our offers will aid digestion."  
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,  
And "the Right side of the Question."

"Ne'er ask of two foes, which provoked to blows;  
With the stronger make alliance.  
Pocket sneer or flout, if it come to the knout,  
You may dodge, but don't offer defiance.  
If the Czar we resist down goes cotton twist;  
Non-resistance is our suggestion."  
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,  
And "the Bright side of the Question."

"These Calmuck slaves, these Calmuck knaves,  
Would tread out thought and culture;  
But the talons we'll snip, and the wings we'll clip  
Of the black Carpathian vulture.  
The carrion bird, from the swoop deterred,  
Henceforth shall the Turkey's nest shun."  
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,  
And "the Right side of the Question."

"The Russians sell corn and tallow as well,  
And also hemp and bristles;  
Raise their prime cost, how much is lost,  
Dear payment for warlike whistles!  
Let £. s. d. our standard be;  
And every other test shun."  
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,  
And "the Bright side of the Question."

"There are worse things far than blood or war,  
Higher things than cotton-spinning;  
Such as Right and Truth, and Honour and Ruth,  
And Glory for the winning!  
There's a duty to do, and we'll carry it through;  
Nor, Levite-like, the opprest shun!"  
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,  
And "the Right side of the Question."

"Spin—spin—spin—spin! Tin—tin—tin—tin!  
Man makes money and *vice versa*;  
As 'twixt Turkey and Bear, for customer,  
Though an ugly one, best have *Ursa*.  
Ne'er fash your thumbs, so the money comes;  
To ask whence it comes we'd best shun."  
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,  
And "the Bright side of the Question."



ENTER MR. BOTTLES, THE BUTLER.

Master Fred. "THERE! THAT'S CAPITAL! STAND STILL, BOTTLES, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE CHINESE DO THE KNIFE TRICK AT THE PLAY." [BOTTLES is much interested.]

## THE WAR AND THE WOMEN.

THERE is one of the "horrors of war" that has hitherto escaped public observation, but it is a horror which is beginning to excite universal alarm amongst the unprotected females of England! It is all very well for the troops to go away cheerfully, with their bands playing "*The Girls we leave behind us*," but some of the girls that are left behind find it very difficult to reconcile themselves to such an easy and off-hand mode of treatment. One girl of our acquaintance, who is not likely to be left very long behind, writes on the war question as follows:—

"It has a serious aspect as regards us young ladies. We read every day of a draught of fine young men. Perhaps 50, perhaps 500, are sent off to the East. There won't be any one left worth having. There will really be no alternative for us but the Church. The clergy will have it all their own way."

There is something very pathetic in this lamentation over the perpetual draught of "fine young men," and the idea of throwing more young women into the arms of the clergy, who have already got their hands full of the sex, is very far from satisfactory. As it is, we have nearly every parson besieged with slippers, worked by fair hands, and inundated with tea-pots, purchased by the subscriptions of infatuated females; but, when the clergyman is the only article left in the matrimonial market, we may expect that not even the poorest curate will be safe in his surplice from the too affectionate grasp of some of the "girls" that the soldiers have "left behind them."

## Astonishing Kindness.

THE *Globe* mentions a circumstance, respecting HOWARD the philanthropist, which constitutes by far the strongest instance on record of that illustrious man's benevolence. It is that he, at the age of 25, married a first wife who was then 52. HOWARD is generally admitted to have been an individual who was in advance of his age: but few are aware that the first Mrs. HOWARD's so greatly exceeded that of her husband.

## GUY FAWKESOFF'S GUNPOWDER PLOT IN THE BALTIC.

AMONG the foreign intelligence published by some of our contemporaries, is mentioned a plan for the destruction of the British fleet in the Baltic, invented by an ingenious Russian gentleman, whom NICHOLAS, if it answers, will handsomely reward. Large masses of stone, or boulders, have been placed on the ice, in order that, when it melts, they may sink, and become artificial rocks, whereon our gallant vessels are to founder. In addition, these humps of rock have been charged with gunpowder, communicating, by means of wires, with a galvanic arrangement in the nearest fortress, by means whereof, should the ship escape foundering, it may be blown up.

Our contemporaries have not described the contrivance for insulating the wires, without which this clever device would prove abortive, and which would have to resemble that of the submarine telegraph in every particular, except in being prodigiously stronger, in order to stand the rolling and bumping of the boulders.

From a peculiar source of information, we are enabled to state that the shortest of the insulating cables is a hundred miles long, and is principally composed, not of gutta serena, as was originally intended, but of India rubber, to allow for stretching. For the same reason the wires are formed of gold, that metal being superior to copper in ductility. These two circumstances are calculated to give some idea of the gigantic resources of the Russian empire.

It does not appear that the intelligence of this formidable arrangement for the annihilation of the Baltic fleet has created any great excitement amongst our tars; and we believe it has also been related to the brave corps of Marines without in any way disturbing their equanimity.

## The Turf.

IN pure admiration of the ill-used NICHOLAS, it is said that LORD DERBY and the MARQUIS OF GRANBY intend, in their own august persons, to run this year for the EMPEROR'S CUP. If the Marquis should happen to win, there are heavy odds against his winning by a head.





# PET OF THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

"HE SHALL HAVE A LITTLE TURK TO PULL TO PIECES—THAT HE SHALL."



SONG AND SUPPER.



Now then, waiter, bring that gentleman's kidneys!"  
 "Gentlemen, give your orders; give your orders, gentlemen: whisky brandy rum hollands gin; rum gin hollands brandy and whisky."  
 "Cigar, Sir? Yes, Sir."  
 "Gentlemen, if you please I'll sing a song." "Attention, gentlemen, if you please for a glee!"

The respectable medical practitioner, who wears black clothes, a white tie, and a staid countenance, smiles gently, speaks mildly, goes softly, and demeans himself altogether in a careful and decorous manner, will remember where he was wont to hear the cries and shouts above specified, at a time when he used to sport a pilot coat, carry a cudgel, drink frothing pots of stout, one at a pull, smoke cigars, and whistle and sing "Vari-

ety!" about the streets. Those exclamations were then familiar to his ear. He was in the habit of hearing them of nights, or rather of early mornings, vociferated in a subterranean supper-room, by the landlord and waiters of a large hotel in Covent Garden. Thither was it his custom to resort after the theatre, to eat poached eggs or devilled kidneys, or scalloped oysters, or Welsh rabbit, or all these things, and to drink a quantity of beer in addition to all that he had swallowed between the acts, followed by several goes of hot grog, with concomitant cigars. His ears, in the meanwhile, were regaled with a few glees, nearly always the same, bellowed and shrieked over brandy and water by certain professional gents, and an occasional song, equally familiar, which the landlord, who presided at the central table, volunteered to bawl. Comic songs in the cockney vernacular, and extemporaneous doggerel of a personal nature, in the same language, completed the harmony of the evening. The medical student of those other days recalls a scene of enjoyment approaching to dissipation, and mirth not very far remote from vulgarity.

The present correct attendant of genteel and serious families may now be horrified at the idea of going to "EVANS'S,"—*la e Joy's*—as the place was called in his pupillary days, and was so called, not without reason. But it has ceased to merit that addition. Its joys commence before nine o'clock. As regards the ear, they are derived from singing of a character both diversified and superior. They are not interrupted by cries for gentlemen's kidneys, and shouts for orders. The succession too, of the performances is immediate; they are given from a platform, and not over brandy-and-water. The sense of propriety which has been acquired in the cultivation of patients, would no more be offended by the songs of other years. Their notes, falsetto and bass, are silent now, even as the voice of WILL WATCH, the bold smuggler, who at last really sleeps at peace with the dead—peace undisturbed by a requiem of jingling tumblers and ardent spirit-rapping of tables. This statement is made from the personal experience of a visit to the underground Hall of Harmony; which, though it lies as deep as ever, is by no means a low place, and may be pronounced to have been greatly elevated.

The entertainment consists of old madrigals and glees, and a variety of popular and classical modern music; with drawing-room songs of the PARRYIAN order: the programme, nevertheless, not excluding "*The Little Pigs lie in the best of Straw*," but not being inclusive of anything less suitable to the *boudoir*. The evening to which this account refers was also enlivened by a SLOMANIC improvisation—at the expense, however, of an absent party—that party being the CZAR OF MUSCOVY.

Some eight chorister-boys, with as many male singers, besides two or three comic vocalists, constitute the staff of the establishment, and another staff is contributed by the veteran VON JOEL, who whistles "*Rousseau's Dream*" and other touching melodies on a walking stick.

The performances generally were such as to be highly satisfactory to this present critic, particularly as he paid nothing to hear them beyond a reasonable price for his refreshments—which he really did pay for, and is not working out their amount in this notice, it being intended solely for the benefit of rational young men who cannot afford to subscribe to glee and madrigal societies, and may be glad to know of a place which offers all the amusement afforded by those associations, in addition to a supper, of which the cost is moderate, and which is the only thing to pay for.

A GOD-SPEED TO THE FLEET.

SAIL on, good ships! go, gallant men! with a people's prayer to guide you!  
 May fair winds still your canvas fill; no evil hap betide you.  
 Upon the course that NELSON steered you once again are steering;  
 May his spirit be your spirit—feared by all, and nothing fearing.

The little *Fairy* leads the van—with our island QUEEN to guide her—  
 Whom Ocean gently beareth, as a proud horse bears his rider;  
 Each a cloud of duck from deck to truck, the huge hulls follow after,  
 While the sea-breeze loud, in sheet and shroud, pipes with a jubilant laughter.

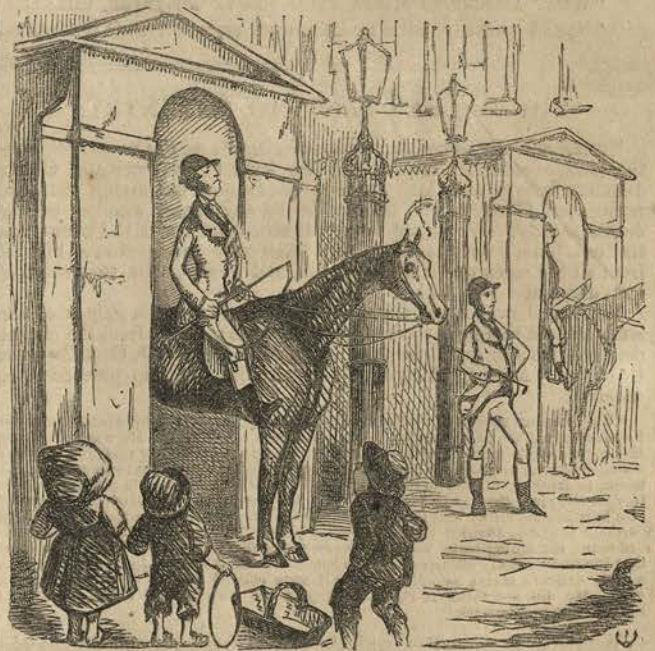
In the QUEEN's name, with glad acclaim, the nation hails an omen  
 Of Victory to her subjects, of defeat unto her foemen;  
 Nor less in our old Admiral's—for is he not the peerless?—  
 Of a family that ne'er knew fear, acknowledged the most fearless.

A holier cause your prowess draws to the East and to the Nor'ward  
 Than that wherein our Viking Sires bore the Raven banner forward.  
 Ne'er after fleet such heart-whole prayers went since the proud invader  
 Threatened the narrow seas, with his "Invincible" Armada.

And then Old England's heart leapt up, as now again 'tis leaping;  
 Nor found she then more gallant men to hold her flag in keeping.  
 And if our QUEEN be of gentler mien, her silken robe is hiding  
 A heart as leal, as throbb'd 'neath the steel of QUEEN BESS at Tilbury riding.

Great is the charge laid on us in the glories we inherit:  
 St. Vincent's name—and NELSON's fame—and COLLINGWOOD's pure merit;

To your hands we give in keeping our treasure of sea-glory;  
 Be it yours to add new chapters to that immortal story!



NOW THAT THE HUNTING SEASON IS OVER, SOME PATRIOTIC FOLLOWERS OF THE CHASE VOLUNTEER TO DO DUTY AT THE HORSE GUARDS DURING THE ABSENCE OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.

Military Intelligence.

THE expected arrival of the Militia has caused the greatest alarm and jealousy at Winchester. A spirit of the strongest dissatisfaction reigns, it is feared, through the ranks of the Police; and, if not speedily checked with a firm hand, may spread into a serious *émeute*. It is reported in one of the most hospitable kitchens, where his well-known gallantry often forms the topic of loud eulogium, that a distinguished Sergeant talks of sending in his resignation, with a view of offering his services to his country, if the War Office will only accept them, and allow him the same rank in any regiment, line or cavalry, that may be ordered for the East.



"WHAT A STUNNING MEERSCHAUM YOU'VE GOT THERE, CHARLEY!"

"YES, I THINK IT WILL BE HANDSOME BY THE TIME I'VE PROPERLY COLOURED IT."

### THE JUDGES SENT TO COVENTRY.

THERE is really something more in being "sent to Coventry" than the phrase generally implies, for we have the authority of CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS and MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE for saying that the horrors of Coventry are intolerable by any decent member of any decent society. We cannot wonder that to send a man to Coventry is to "cut" him; for it is—if we may believe the papers—to cut him off from all the amenities of civilised life, and to doom him to a state of dirt, damp and degradation.

We are, however, speaking on the authority of the judges of the land, and we therefore proceed to quote some passages from the charge delivered to the grand jury the other day by SIR T. J. COLERIDGE at Coventry. After speaking of the offences, his Lordship proceeded to observe:

"The lodgings appointed for the Judges, he need scarcely say, ought (and it was not too much to ask) to be wholesome, clean, plain, and comfortable. He was quite sure the Judges would require nothing more; but he was sorry to say that the lodgings which had been prepared for him were quite prejudicial to health to remain in them—to eat, to drink, or to sleep in them. If any of the Grand Jury would take the trouble to visit the place they would bear him out in these remarks. The High Sheriff would also bear his testimony that for a person to remain there was impossible; it was really perilous to a man's health to live in such a place. The stench which pervaded the bed-room, the dining-room, and the other rooms of the house, was to such an extent that it was extremely offensive and unwholesome, and the Chief Justice (who was in a very delicate state), as well as himself, were obliged to sleep with their windows open. He did not think it right to sleep in the town another night, and should therefore go to Warwick."

We strongly sympathise with the excellent and learned judges, who in consequence of the disgusting stench at their lodgings, were the innocent cause of justice being brought into very bad odour. We cannot understand precisely from the words of the charge whether the two judges were packed in the same sleeping apartment, but as both their Lordships were obliged to sleep with the window open, we may presume that they were condemned to a "Double Bedded Room," which, though an excellent subject for a "screaming farce," is hardly a fit scene for the introduction of two of the most elevated of judicial characters. Neither of their Lordships is stupidly fastidious, but are both of them men of strong sense, and if they enjoy a strong sense of smell, there is no reason why that sense should be outraged by a bouquet of *mille odeurs* formed from the compound extract of drains and cesspools.

If such was the atmosphere of the Judges' bed-room, we may be sure that the furniture was not particularly choice; though if cleanliness could have been secured, their Lordships would probably have been indifferent as to whether the *Lit de Justice* provided for their repose was a tent, a turn-up, a half-tester, or a scissors. At all events it is

quite clear that the Bed of judicial dignity is not always a bed of roses, and indeed poor JERVIS, C.J. seems to have been provided with something worse even than the bed of the Thames, for, we find from the following extract that he literally slept in a cesspool:

"CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS sat in the Second Court, at St. Mary's Hall, and before proceeding to business made some remarks on the Judges' lodgings, even more strongly condemnatory than those made by MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. A document being handed to his Lordship in which it was alleged there had been some alteration of a figure, he said he could not perceive it; and took occasion to add, he was sorry to say he had been lying in a cesspool all night; a place only fit for pigs, or people who had been brought up in Coventry."

There have been judges in former times, and indeed there are a few still on the Bench, who could luxuriate in their pipe, and, vulgarly speaking, enjoy "a drain," but we doubt if there is, or ever was, a wearer of the judicial ermine, who could appreciate such a pipe—probably in connection with the cesspool—and such a drain as CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS was brought into contact with at Coventry.

### PROPOSED NEW CREST FOR SIR C. NAPIER.



O RUS(S), QUANDO TE ASPICIAM?

NOTICE TO QUIT TO MR. CHARLES KEAN AT THE PRINCESS'S.—  
"Away with Melancholy."

### A SONG.

WHEN lovely woman, prone to folly,  
Finds that e'en ROWLAND'S oils betray;  
What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can turn gray hairs away?

The only art gray hairs to cover,  
To hide their tint from ev'ry eye,  
To win fresh praises from her lover,  
And make him offer—is to dye.

### INVASION OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

WRITING under the signature of "One of the Public," a correspondent of the *Times* informs us that—

"For the sixth time the persevering Lord of the Manor of Hampstead has applied to Parliament to alter his father's will, to enable him to build over his property at that place—a power which his father withheld from him."

The perseverance with which the individual alluded to returns, year after year, to the charge with his little bill, is worthy of an old English bill-man. But as the bill is not brandished in the face of the foe, but in that of the people, and is merely an instrument for cutting up and enclosing Hampstead Heath, we trust, for the good of the London public, that the said bill will be once more dishonoured.

### Bright Thoughts on War.

FORTIFICATION is vexation,  
Invasion is as bad;  
While deekers three do puzzle me,  
Shell Practice drives me mad.



## LOVELY NIGHT!

"WOT WAS THAT WHISTLED? VY THE NIGHTENGALS TO BE SURE. IF YOU'LL COME ALONG O' ME YOU'LL HEAR 'EM A GOOD DEAL BETTER."

## THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

EVERYBODY allows that some "compensation" is due to MR. STONOR, the newly appointed and dis-appointed Colonial Judge, who, after having sent in his testimonials, including the report of an election committee, imputing to him the offence of "bribery" was, notwithstanding the imputation, which he had himself brought under the notice of the Colonial Office, dispatched as a puisne judge to VICTORIA. Bribery must of course be kept far away from the judicial bench, but the question now is, why, with the details of the alleged offence, under their very eyes, the people at the Colonial Office thought proper to send the alleged briber as a judge to Melbourne.

We are told the affair was "overlooked" by the underlings, but why are not the underlings themselves properly overlooked and made to do their duty? It seems to be allowed, that the Colonial Office having ruined MR. STONOR, will be obliged to effect the financial restoration of that gentleman in the handsomest possible manner. Now we are curious to know whether the "handsome thing" is to be done at the public expense, or whether the aforesaid "handsome thing" is to be done at the cost of those by whom the very ugly transaction that has taken place was perpetrated? As to the basis of the compensation, that will have to be settled hereafter, but we presume the old official standard will be followed, by giving something like a sum not exceeding fourteen-twelfths of the whole annual salary, with perhaps another office during the life of the person to be compensated, and a few thousands per annum for two or three generations of his posterity.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SAYING.—There is but one step from the Sublime Porte to Old NICHOLAS.

## GREAT NEWS FOR MR. PUNCH'S "LITTLE FRIENDS."

"THE United Association of Schoolmasters of Great-Britain" (says the *Morning Chronicle*) is about to open a permanent exhibition in London, containing specimens of educational books, maps, diagrams, &c. Mr. Punch, whose intimate acquaintance with everybody and everything around him is only equalled by his willingness to impart his knowledge to the public, hastens to offer the earliest information as to the nature of this exhibition, and the character of the curiosities it will contain. In it, he confidently affirms, will be found the rod which was wielded by DIONYSIUS after he had resigned the sceptre of Syracuse, and to this classical instrument will be appended one of the advertisements in which the same worthy announced to his young friends (in the purest Greek) that the vacation was about to terminate. This case of objects will command the attention of all profound scholars, and those, in particular, who have devoted themselves to the study of Greek roots will be pleased to have both roots and branches at once presented to their view.

The next case will contain the bow and arrows with which the first schoolmaster taught the first young idea how to shoot. On the bow is inscribed this motto from HORACE, "*Non semper arcum tendit APOLLO,*" from which we may infer that the first schoolmaster occasionally gave the first young idea a half-holiday. In a third case will be found NERO's copy-book, with copies in the handwriting of SENECA. From the text-hand copies we extract "*Error non est culpa,*" and from the round-hand, "*Prave intercommunicationes corrumpunt bonos mores,*" as specimens of sound philosophy and elegant Latinity. Side by side with these samples of imperial penmanship will be seen an imposition assigned to the "little son" of CORIOLANUS and VIRGILIA for playing truant. The young scapegrace had to write out a thousand times the words: "I had rather see the swords and hear the drum than look upon my schoolmaster." There is some reason for thinking that this relic was once in the possession of SHAKESPEARE. Another conspicuous object will be the Mummy of an Egyptian Schoolmaster, who was embalmed in the memory of his affectionate pupils. In the same sarcophagus with this highly dried pedagogue were found the mummy of a cat of nine tails, and a number of papyri. These last, when deciphered, proved to be the holiday letters of the pupils, who, if we may credit their own assertions, were so happy at school that they quite dreaded the approach of the vacation. When MR. PETTIGREW unrolled the schoolmaster, he was rewarded by the discovery of the original "Rule of Thumb," which was placed at the ends of the fingers of the mummy's right hand. This valuable relic, however, will not be exhibited, as it quite supersedes the keys to WALKINGHAME and BONNYCASTLE, and

is what schoolboys commonly term "a fudge." It is therefore reserved for the private use of the United Association of Schoolmasters. "An eminent draughtsman has promised to contribute drawings, ground plans, and elevations of the *Ædes Valpianæ*; and another artist will furnish similar sketches of the *delce domum*;" and a plan of the grounds surrounding that delightful mansion.

The schoolmaster, who has been abroad so long, has sent maps of the countries through which he has passed, with specimens of the natural and artificial productions of many lands. But Mr. Punch has not space to mention all the marvellous curiosities which this exhibition will contain. He will conclude, therefore, by saying that MR. PAYNE COLLIER has contributed the satchel with which "the whining school-boy" (mentioned by the melancholy *Jacques*) "crept so unwillingly to school." The satchel still contains some crumbs of unquestionable antiquity, which Mr. Punch who has tasted them, unhesitatingly pronounces to be the remains of a baked plum pudding.

## NOT SO MAD AS HE SEEMS.

THE other day a lunatic ran up into a pulpit at Frome to demand from the parson an explanation of his sermon. We do not understand the precise ground upon which a verdict of lunacy has been returned in this case, for we cannot think that the fact of needing an explanation of a sermon is in itself a proof of insanity. We have often been lunatics ourselves, if we might be pronounced insane for having been puzzled by a discourse from the pulpit. Perhaps, however, the alleged lunacy consisted in the absurd expectation of being able to get the parson to explain himself. We admit the extreme impropriety of the act of the individual who chose such an unfitting time and place for the explanation he sought; but to pronounce him mad because he was puzzled about the meaning of a sermon is a measure so harsh that we call upon that eccentric society the Alleged Lunatics' Friends to look into the case as speedily as possible.

## An Extreme Case.

'Tis said, in language terse and neat,  
Extremes will very often meet;  
Perchance, then, at no distant season,  
E'en NICHOLAS may come to reason.

REMOVED TO MOSCOW.—NICHOLAS, it is said, takes up his quarters at Moscow, as being safer; thereby signifying by his absence from St. Petersburg, that "rubbish is not to be shot there."

## THE "GAZETTE DE ST. PETERSBOURG."



Paris. Not satisfied with this short-sighted evasion, however, many of their shops and houses, also, are lighted with the same weak substitute. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, we are credibly informed, instead of lighting himself to bed as formerly, with a tallow candle, has a melancholy gas-pipe fitted up on the staircase, which, by leaving the door of his bed-room open, enables him to undress and to get into bed. Now, when we take into consideration the serious difference there is in price between tallow and gas, and when we know what a sickly, unsatisfactory light the latter gives, compared to the brilliance of the former, it will not be considered presumptuous, we hope, to surmise, that before many weeks are over, both London and Paris will be compelled—to avoid the increased expense—to remain in darkness altogether."

"The English troops are fed upon dead lambs, and the English horses upon bad musty hay. These are the poor creatures our brave soldiers are to fight! Against such despicable foes, victory is no longer doubtful, but reduced to a matter of positive certainty!"

I have lately received a copy of the above wonderfully veracious journal, and make a few curious extracts from it:—

"Our perfidious enemies are already beginning to perceive the foolish error of their ways: knowing well enough that they must soon be at a dreadful loss for tallow, the principal supply of which the barbarians draw from our enlightened country, they have resorted to the miserable expedient of lighting their principal thoroughfares with Gas! This is actually the case, and may be witnessed any night in the best streets of London or

"The following cold-blooded insult to our beloved Emperor will scarcely be believed. We stake our honesty, however, upon the truth of it. In one of the lowest parts of London, called St. Giles's, may be seen exposed, at a hairdresser's, a large Bear, brutally ripped open, and over it is written, in large characters, 'ANOTHER FINE RUSSIAN BEAR SLAUGHTERED.' The allusion in this is but too evident, but we tell the Cabinet of St. James, that the animus of it is as contemptible as the sarcasm is weak."

"The average height of your French soldier is four feet three. The average height of your English soldier is considerably under that."

"We perceive that a contract for 600,000 puncheons of Rum has just been entered into with the English Government. This is to supply the British navy. Now, how low must be the courage, how weak must be the faith of your English sailor, when he requires so much Rum to support it!"

"The Russian soldier can thrash three French soldiers at any time. This was proved at Austerlitz, and innumerable other places, during the late war. Now it is an established truth that the French soldier is better, than three English soldiers under any circumstances. History has put this latter fact beyond the smallest possible doubt, much less contradiction. Consequently, if a Russian can lick three Frenchmen, and a Frenchman is better than three Englishmen, it stands to reason that one Russian is more than a match for nine Englishmen. However our first victory will soon establish this point."

"The English and French ladies are so terribly distressed for a proper supply of bear's grease, that they are actually obliged to use lard for their hair; and when they cannot afford that, they are too glad, to avail themselves of the assistance of a little butter. To economise upon the latter article, some of the proudest ladies both in England and France, are eating at the present moment for their breakfasts and teas nothing but dry bread."

"So straitened is the English Government for the necessary means of transit for its army, that it is compelled to solicit permission of M. LOUIS NAPOLEON for part of its cavalry to go through France. English pride is lowered to that humiliation!"

## THE BALTIC AND THE EUXINE.

A CONTRAST AND A CAUTION.

Air.—"Charlie is my Darling."

CHARLIE sails so daring, so daring, so daring—  
CHARLIE sails so daring—the gallant old NAPIER!  
DUNDAS lies never caring, never caring, never caring;  
DUNDAS lies never caring, at Beicos all the year.

Oh I wish that in the Black Sea, the Black Sea, the Black Sea,  
I wish that in the Black Sea we'd a CHARLIE to command;  
Then the fleet we'd not so slack see, so slack see, so slack see,  
Nor have to haul 'em o'er the coals, for not having coals on hand.

Still, CHARLIE, don't be rash, man; be rash, man; be rash, man;  
My CHARLIE, don't be rash man, but cool as you are brave;  
And DUNDAS, do try a dash, man; a dash, man; a dash, man;  
And take a leaf from CHARLIE'S book, upon the Euxine wave!

## Ultimatississississimum of Nicholas.

[Received by Telegraph.]

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has communicated with Berlin, offering to evacuate the Principality, if the Sultan will eat pork chops in public with the Greek Patriarch, and afterwards, in undeniable black-strap, drink the health of the God of Russia.

## THE PRICE OF IRISH MEMBERS.

MR. DRUMMOND declared that the price of Irish Members had been proved to be according to the scale of the income-tax: namely, 7*d.* in the pound. Surely, even this would be a very dear price; unless with Irish Members, as with certain other animals at market, it was agreed to sink the offal.

## SUSPENDED CIVIL ANIMATION.

THERE is much sense in LORD PALMERSTON'S suggestion in reference to the Property Disposal Bill:—

"It would be an intelligible course to enact that nuns should be deemed—as he believed was the case in some Roman Catholic countries—to be civilly dead, and therefore incapable of transferring property to any one after taking vows."

But as nuns do sometimes, there is reason to suppose, "fret at their convent's narrow walls," it would be necessary to make some provision for the restoration of civil rights and powers to the nun in the event of her coming to life again. The *Habeas Corpus* would afford the means of extricating her body from its living tomb—if her voice could only be heard from within it. Her property might then be restored to her, as it is in the case of other persons whose incapability of managing their own affairs is but temporary.

## The Moral Mr. G. H. Moore.

MR. MOORE, in his attack on ill-used MR. STONOR, complained that the Government had clothed corruption "in ermine." Should the member for Mayo ever be exalted to authority, he might decorate himself with the fur of the old Irish wolf-dog; for never did Irish hound indulge in a louder Irish howl than did MR. MOORE against the injured MR. STONOR.

## A Modern Bidder.

THERE is a "calculating boy" in the *Hull Packet* Office of whose surprising talent some estimation may be formed from the following paragraph:—

"CATTLE RETURNS FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 6.—HELEN M'GREGOR, from Hamburg, 10 Horses; Swanland, from Rotterdam, 11 calves. Total, 10 horses and 11 calves."

A PRUSSIAN COURT CIRCULAR.



THE following extracts from the Prussian *Court Circular* have been sent to us (we do not mind acknowledging the fact) by the valet of the KING OF PRUSSIA. This will account at once for their authenticity, to say nothing of the nature of the document itself, that carries within it the most convincing evidence of the truth:

"The King began dressing by first putting on his stockings, then he changed them for socks, then he pulled them off again, and seemed undecided which he should put on. He remained in that state for a quarter of an hour when he sent in the greatest hurry for his pedicure. In the meantime, his Majesty dressed, and when the pedicure arrived, he said he did not want him.

"At nine o'clock the King rang for his shaving-water, and when I took it to him he was very angry that I had not brought him his chocolate, which was no sooner ready than he said he should prefer a cup of tea.

"The King, when dressed, was pleased to intimate his intention that he was going to sneeze, but suddenly changing his mind, he coughed instead.

"The King, before going into the garden, stood contemplating two hats, which were hung up in the palace hall. One hat was white, the other black. He first put on one, and then the other. This he repeated at least a hundred times, when, quite uncertain which one he should put on, his Majesty went out at last without any hat at all.

"In the afternoon, his Majesty complained of a slight touch of the gout in the right foot. His attendants, schooled by long patience and experience into the instability of all royal wishes and feelings, sent for a quantity of ice; nor were they much out in their calculations, for in less than ten minutes afterwards, His Majesty was attacked with a violent pain in the head, and if the delay of a second had taken place in applying the ice to his temples, his Majesty might probably have changed his mind, and have been seriously laid up with an attack of small pox.

"After dinner, the King ordered his carriage round with the intention of repairing to the Royal Chapel. His coachman, however, drove him to the Opera House. His Majesty seemed much pleased at the sagacity of the man having so accurately anticipated his wishes.

"A Cabinet Council had been ordered at two o'clock, in order to revise the eternally-promised Constitution, which every right-minded Prussian has long since abandoned all hope of ever seeing. The Ministers, when they assembled, surprised His Majesty in the garden playing at skittles—an athletic game in which His Majesty is fond of spending the greater part of his business hours. It was curious to see the ministers, far from being surprised, pull off their coats, and join their sovereign in the sport.

"The King, feeling unwell in the evening, sent round to the chemist's for 'his usual physic.' The servant returned with a large box, which, upon being opened, turned out to be a case of champagne. His Majesty took a couple of doses, and felt considerably better.

"The King, before retiring to rest, wrote autograph letters to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND and the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, assuring them of his steadfast (*standhafte*) sympathy and cordial co-operation. This augurs favourably for Russia, and, in fact, the troops were ordered the next morning to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice towards the Austrian frontier."

Manchester Mythology.

We have just seen a pretty little picture, printed at Manchester, of MINERVA springing from JUPITER'S head. It is most charmingly done, only the Goddess of Wisdom is not armed *cap-a-pie*. On the contrary, she is attired in the costume of a Quakeress, and the only weapon she carries is a cotton umbrella, the handle of which is fashioned into a likeness of BRIGHT. The other hand is holding a prospectus of the Peace Society. The effect altogether is very peculiar.

STRIKE OF SEAMEN.—There is one description of strike in which we hope our sailors will never engage—that of their colours.

THE DREAM OF THE "RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN."

(In the Unfinished Drama of that Name.)

SCENE.—*St. Petersburg. A Room in the Palace. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA solus.*

*Emp.* A desperate game is that I've now to play; Austria looks adverse, and I dare not count On "MONSIEUR CLICQUOT,"\* brother to my wife, Because, though I could turn him round my thumb, Untoward subjects hath the muzzy king. I do remember, when I was in England, At Ascot I o'erheard a drunken knave Upon the thimble pea that staked a crown Cry Nick or Nothing! so play I, to be Or nothing or the NICK of all this world. If ever, now should I be wide awake,

[*Sinks upon an ottoman.*]

How strange that I feel thus inclined to drowse!

[*Nods. Music descriptive of supernatural agency interrupted by stertorous breathing. An APPARITION in the habit of St. NICHOLAS rises.*]

*App.* My son! my son! my son!

*Emp.* (*raising his head in a state of somnambulism.*) Thrice holy Sire!

Do I indeed behold thee? Sure, at least, Now I'm awake, and this can be no dream!

*App.* My son, I come thy bosom to explore By the confession of thy mouth. Declare Frankly and truly, whether Christian zeal, Or mere ambition's lust, hath egged thee on To take up arms against the Ottomite?

*Emp.* Already thrice those holy chaps have yawned As now, and three times hath that canonised tongue, As with a solemn serpent's breath, intoned That summons in mine ear. Yet once again! Hear me, great saint, protest that to this war I am incensed by holy fire alone.

*App.* In faith and truth?

*Emp.* In truth by faith sustained.

*App.* As thou dost hope for mercy?

*Emp.* Even so.

*App.* Upon thy soul's life?

*Emp.* Yea; upon the life

And venture of my soul. But, mighty Saint, Thou needest not adjure me by such gross And common oaths. Suffice it if I pledge The truth of my profession with a pawn Which I more prize, almost, nay, pardon me, Than that eternal jewel thou didst name: My word of honour as a gentleman!

*App.* Thine honour thou dost pledge that the world's peace,

Inflamed by Christian love, thou hast destroyed?

For this thou giv'st thine honour?

*Emp.* Ay, mine honour.

Bright as the golden glory round thy brow.

*App.* Thou say'st thine honour as a gentleman?

*Emp.* Nay now, sweet Saint, thou dost my patience tax.

Confound me if I lie! In Heaven's name,

Against the Turk I've drawn the sword, by Heaven!

*App.* Ho ho! well sworn. Now am I satisfied.

So swear the lips when I the heart inspire!

[*Horns protrude from his forehead.*]

Then forward in thy pious enterprise!

[*His staff assumes the form of a trident.*]

And in my blessing prosper. Take it thus—

The Western Powers may NICHOLAS subdue!

In all thy counsels, stratagems, and schemes,

I ever at thy elbow will attend.

Meanwhile, farewell, my namesake and my son!

[*Fireworks; amid which "Saint" NICHOLAS descends.*]

The EMPEROR, uttering a loud shriek, falls senseless.

Courtiers, Guards, Officers, &c., rush in tumultuously, and the SCENE closes.

\* A sobriquet with which NICHOLAS honours his brother-in-law.

TWO THINGS RATHER DIFFICULT TO BE DONE AT ONCE.—To cultivate a Moustache, and a taste for Vermicelli Soup.



A BRIGHT IDEA.

## TORTURE OF A NUN.

(From the "Catholic Champion.")

WE blush to record another of the hideous outrages perpetrated upon Catholics by the furious bigots of the Law-made Church of England. Unable to trust ourselves with the indignation excited by the revolting detail, we will confine ourselves strictly to facts, leaving comment to the faithful.

A deputation from the committee appointed by the tyrant majority of the House of Commons, went, on Tuesday afternoon last, to the newly established convent of Our Lady of Self-Complacency, at Bayswater, and proceeded to exercise their function of Visitors. Every cunning and artful device had been adopted in order to disarm suspicion, and of the three commissioners, two were benevolently looking elderly gentlemen, fathers of female families, and the third was a young and well-born M.P., the owner of large estates, probably stolen by his ancestors from the Catholics of other days. The better to conceal their views, the deputation behaved with the most hypocritical affectation of courtesy, sending up their cards to the Lady Superior, from whom they had previously obtained an appointment, and begging that if the hour were at all inconvenient, she would name another. But the holy and venerable Lady knew too well the malignant nature of those with whom she had to do, to afford them a handle for accusing Catholics of resisting the Legislature, and they were at once admitted.

We might dwell upon the atrocious wiles by which it was sought to disguise infernal persecution. We could tell how politely the bigots behaved, how they affected to do their work with the utmost delicacy, and how evidently they had determined that neither word nor gesture should escape them that could be construed into insult or unkindness. The sickening shallowness of the artifice could deceive no true child of Rome. But it is to the abominable cruelty practised in one particular instance that we would advert as calmly—calmly, ye blessed Saints—as we may.

The persecutors, after a brief visit, were about to retire, really baffled, but pretending to be all smiles and courtesy, when a young and beautiful Catholic lady, Miss ANGELICA DANVERS (aged sixteen), and who is shortly about to devote herself and her fortune to the convent, happened to enter the room, and, almost before she was aware of it, found herself in the centre of the group. The tactics of the Inquisitors instantly changed. They evidently beheld a victim, nor had her sweet and cheerful smile, her fresh young loveliness, nor her musical voice, power to deter them from their course. The venerable Superior left the room to attend to those duties of hospitality which we are enjoined to practise, even towards our enemies, and as the door closed, that young and helpless creature was subjected to Protestant barbarity. We dare hardly write the rest, but O! gentle S. HOOKEY, and O! kindly S. WALKER, give us strength.

The poor girl was led to one of the massy chairs, in which, with a smile that might have disarmed a fiend, she took her seat, and she was instantly asked by one of the elder Inquisitors whether she did not think it delightful weather. To this insidious question, framed to

extort an answer that might be construed into a desire to get out of the convent into the open air, Miss DANVERS replied, with the simplicity characteristic of our faith, that it was rather warm. The younger Inquisitor was then left to assail her, and he proposed a series of interrogatories, apparently founded on the topics of the day, but really designed to entrap her. At length, when he proceeded to the length of asking her what she thought of the Opera of *La Vestale*, even the simple girl saw the allusion, and the future Nun hesitated to speak decidedly of the *Vestal*; but said that good works should be held in honour though they might not be understood. Angelic answer! But it could not melt these savages.

The Rack was shown her. The young saint regarded it with a smile, and said that a sister of hers had gummed the pieces together, and that she had only painted and varnished it; and she took out some of the visiting cards in order the better to show her work.

Unsoftened by the innocent cheerfulness of the poor child, the younger Inquisitor took up a piece of thin cord which was lying on the table and, tying its ends, put it over his two hands. She understood the signal, and with a slight flush of modesty, held out her own white hands for the torture. He twisted and involved the cord with fiendish ingenuity, and then transferred it, with a cruel smile, to her outstretched hands, muttering some ferocious jest about cat's cradles. Yet, long as the process lasted, for he took a strange pleasure in protracting it, and alternately taking away the cord from her and putting it on again, he could not destroy that smile—nay, more than once her laughter showed how a Catholic can defy Protestant malice.

Lastly, the poor girl was subjected to the Question Extraordinary. The younger Inquisitor, who, despite his fierce nature, seemed strangely fascinated by his unoffending victim—such is the power of true virtue—drew near to her, and in a low, intense whisper asked her whether her affections were engaged. Miss DANVERS replied in the negative, but hearing the footsteps of the Lady Superior, and wishing, even amid her own sufferings, to spare the feelings of that venerable person, added, in a low voice, "Here's Mother," appending a simple exhortation which from those pure lips ought to have had weight, even with the hardened doers of wrong. She merely said, "Do right, do." He seemed touched, and was thoughtful during the brief remainder of their visit, which was ended with all the hypocritical courtesy with which it began.

Brave girl! True martyr! Noble soul! Thus to have suffered is better than—

Since the above was written we have received afflicting tidings. It appears that the last words of Miss DANVERS to the young M.P. were misinterpreted by him—that he *did* write, and that she answered him. The result was that she left the convent, and they were married yesterday. S. HOOKEY, S. WALKER, another victory to these Protestant miscreants!

## ANOTHER SMALL ITEM IN THE BILL AGAINST RUSSIA.

Nicholas Romanoff, Esq.

To John Bull.

Dr.

1854.

March	To Bill delivered per MESSRS. NAPIER and DUNDAS	£1,000,000
Apr. 11.	Very fine Reform Bill, (best manufacture, with great variety of clauses, warranted to cure all defects in the representation, to give new members where wanted, and take away old ones where not wanted, to reward industry, and to recognise education by giving each the franchise, to secure the expression of the feelings of minorities, to separate the polling-clerk from the tax-gatherer,* to extend the right of voting to about a million of deserving candidates, and generally to rectify the Constitution); such act being utterly destroyed this night by your outrage	1,000,000
		£2,000,000

With J. Bull's Compliments.

## A Bit of our Mind.

THERE seems a little difference of opinion as to the fitness of ADMIRAL DUNDAS for the command to which he has been recently appointed. Some of our contemporaries appear to think, that for a man on active service he has been acting somewhat passively. Others again are quite the other way of thinking, and congratulate the Government upon having made a happy choice. For ourselves we would willingly abstain from offering an opinion in the matter: though were we asked to do so, we think we should scarcely be accused of anything worse than Cockneyism, if we ventured our belief, that although possibly for the Black Sea ADMIRAL DUNDAS may have been a happy choice, yet for the Baltic we certainly have hit upon an ap(p)ier.



GLADSTONE MADE EASY.

The following is an English translation of the financial statement made by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the night before the holidays, and of the debate that followed, and it is believed that a feat like that of explaining a discussion which so painfully bewildered the House of Commons was never before attempted.

Mr. Gladstone. Sir, upon the Sixth of March, I stepped forward, prim and starch, And unto this House I stated What it was I estimated MR. BULL would have in hand That day month.

Mr. Disraeli. I understand; And if memory serves me right— Mr. Gladstone. Interruption's impolite In due time you'll have your turn, For the present, list and learn. Now, the sum which then I built on— Mr. Disraeli (aside). (Gammon is not quite the Stilton.) Mr. Gladstone. Was (the rounder sum the shorter's)

Just two millions and three quarters, But the cash which did come in Gave us an excess of tin, Being (MR. DISRAELI smiles)—yes, I see you laugh— Just three millions and a half.

Mr. Disraeli. Showing, therefore, that you blundered, In your thousands, by eight hundred. Mr. Gladstone. Something under. That may be,

But no blame belongs to me. For the taxes I expected Could not be so soon collected, And I did not quite foresee There'd be such a rush for tea.

But, be easy, for it's plain We secure no real gain, Since these items, at a glance, Prove but payments in advance. So we'll take Three Millions, clear, As our Surplus for last Year.

Various Members (derisively). That will get us very small tick In the Danube and the Baltic.

Mr. Gladstone. For the present, don't be troubled, Since the income tax is doubled.

Mr. Disraeli. Yes. But say, my Oxford NECKER, Why you beggared the Exchequer, Taking from the Bank pavilions Rather more, Sir, than Five Millions. Such a course is quite Satanic. Just suppose you'd caused a panic?

Mr. Gladstone. Just suppose, Sir, just suppose!

Both arguments like those. First, if that's a satisfaction, Your five millions, and the fraction, Really come—you know it's true— To a trifle more than two. But the Bank accounts are kept In a fashion so inept, That I'm not surprised the nation Is deceived by such quotation.

Mr. Disraeli. If I were a vulgar talker, I should here refer to WALKER.

Mr. Gladstone (warmly). And besides, Sir, as a rule,

'Tis a doctrine of my school, That a man's an ass who anchors Faith in balances at bankers'. If his purse is sure to fill, Let him hoard or spend at will. And this House is not averse To replenish JOHNNY'S purse.

Mr. Disraeli (perversely). That five millions was a loss, Spite of your Tractarian gloss.

Mr. Thomas Baring. I'm afraid you'll be a sorrower, GLADSTONE, you habitual borrower.

Mr. Gladstone. That's too bad, you city dunce, Since I've only borrowed once.

Mr. Laing. You must pay it back. I own I should recommend a loan.

Sir H. Willoughby. So should I. Mr. Gladstone. No, should you re-a-ly. Your reproof must cut severely.

I reply to each invective, That my statement's retrospective. And I'm not inclined to mention What may be my next intention.

Mr. Disraeli. Vainly with your speech I've tried To believe I'm satisfied.

Mr. Gladstone. I've no doubt you did it vainly.

Vanity's your foible, plainly. All my measures (you may think 'em What you like) increase our Income. Stocks have only tumbled down To eighty-eight and half-a-crown. Trade's advancing—or (I'm guarded In my words) is not retarded, And the Public Credit—give it Scope—is right as any trivet.

Mr. Disraeli. Trivet, yes, and bless your souls, One you'll see across the coals.

Mr. Gladstone. Nothing, Sir, shall make us rue, While unto ourselves we're true.

Mr. Cardwell. If we've nothing more to learn, Perhaps the House may now adjourn.

CROWNED HEADS IN NIGHTCAPS.



THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—according to a very minute narrative of the Times Correspondent—has had a dream that has mightily comforted him. We are not—after all—all alike in our sleep. When the crowned head draws on its nightcap; the head, even in its profoundest slumbers, does not wholly forget its anointed top. Even in the cloud-land of dreams, monarchy keeps its state! Sleep, the great leveller, does not make the Czar lie prostrate, that, even for a second or so, he may take the knout in lieu of the serf. No: royal dreams are still royally guarded; and the nightcap of the Emperor doth still hedge about a right royal skull. This is the creed of courtiers; the religion of the back stairs; although

the profane vulgar may avow themselves irreverent unbelievers. Be this as it may, NICHOLAS has had a dream; which dream, with his constitutional condescension, he has narrated to his chosen of the Court of St. Petersburg. It seems that St. NICHOLAS appeared to the Czar, and—in his waggish way—quizzed the Emperor on his affected devotion to the war. It was all a sham and a flim, cried the Saint; whereupon the Emperor swore it was all a truth—truthful as his own sword. Again the Saint appeared, again doubted, and was again emphatically rebuked by Heaven's warrior in jack-boots. A third time the Saint presented himself; a third time declared himself dubious, when NICHOLAS reiterated his intentions of sincerity "on

the word of a gentleman." The Saint could no longer oppose such an expression of holy zeal so sanctified, but cried—"Go on, my Son; go on, my NICHOLAS! Proceed and conquer!" Therefore, NICHOLAS is determined to storm Constantinople, and bow-string the Sultan on the word of a gentleman!

This dream—we learn from private but most authentic sources—has set nearly all the other crowned heads in a ferment, and royal brains have wobbled with visions. The KING OF GREECE has had his dream. A few nights since he dreamt that the crescent moon of Turkey was turned into a green cheese and that he was eating it.

A very terrible dream has disturbed the slumbers of the KING OF NAPLES. He dreamt that he was turned into a huge lucifer match; and that one of his political prisoners rubbing him against the bars of a dungeon caused him to ignite, leaving behind him a shocking smell of sulphur.

The KING OF PRUSSIA dreamt that he was turned into a gallant showman's magic lantern; and that nothing came out of him but shams and shadows.

The poor POPE dreamt that he had become a bomb-shell, fired into the Eternal City for the punishment of his flock. Feeling himself about to burst, he awoke supplicating the saints to "save the pieces."

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA dreamt that he was turned into a sword, and that presenting himself to NICHOLAS of Russia, NICHOLAS grasped the handle; when, immediately the blade melted away in blood-drops.

About to go to press, we have received the following account from our own Correspondent at St. Petersburg of the last dream of the Czar: a dream only known to himself and our informant, who writes as follows:—"St. Petersburg, April 1. His Majesty has dreamt a dream. He thought that Death, the skeleton, appeared to him with a boot-jack in his bony hand; and grinning a horrid grin, said—"May it please your Majesty—just for the peace and contentment of the world at large—be good enough to take off your boots."

Wanted a Solution.

GIVEN: the will of PETER THE GREAT; to find the way to Constantinople, and the other places named for conquest in it.



### NOTHING LIKE KNOWING THE COUNTRY.

*Huntsman (to Officer going Abroad).* "PLEASE BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS GIVE MY RESPECTS TO MASTER HARRY."  
*Officer.* "OH! BUT MY BROTHER IS IN THE WEST INDIES, AND I AM GOING TO THE EAST."  
*Huntsman.* "MAYHAP YOU'LL MEET AT T'COVER, SIDE ALL THE SAME, SIR!"

### WAR TAXATION MADE VERY EASY.

THE fact mentioned in the subjoined paragraph is peculiarly consoling in reference to Ways and Means for War:—

"It is believed that the amount of duties received by the Customs of the United Kingdom up to last Saturday evening on tea, since the new duty came into operation on Thursday morning, will be little short of half a million sterling."

In order to meet war expenditure it has been all along anticipated that it will be necessary to retrace our late commercial policy by again raising the duties on articles of consumption that have been reduced. Really this unpleasant necessity appears, from the above statement, to have been too readily taken for granted, and on the contrary, there is ground to hope that finances for fighting will be most easily provided by the much more agreeable operation of diminishing the taxes on commodities to a very low figure. From a liberal reduction of the duty on French wines, for instance, might actually be derived considerable resources for maintaining hostilities with Russia, in addition to the advantage of strengthening our connection with France.

### VIPER MITCHEL.

MITCHEL—who, let us hope, carried away in his bosom the last rotten potato from Ireland—MITCHEL has been yelling for an invasion of Canada by Russia. Will MITCHEL himself enlist? He ought: for he is just the creature to carry food to a bear. MITCHEL yells to his countrymen:

"That the success of England in the present war will tend to rivet still more firmly the chains upon Ireland, and that every Irishman who enlists in the British Army takes side with the foes of his country, and aids in her enslavement."

We hope MITCHEL will continue to write thus. His ink-bottle can do no harm to Ireland. The patriot blight has, we hope, disappeared from Ireland for ever: the very potato blossoms must smile in contempt of such slugs.

### A CRITIC TO LET.

DOES MR. CHARLES KEAN want a young man with some impulsiveness and a good flow of ink, to write the criticisms on the productions at the Princess's Theatre? Because, if so, he might hear of such a young person at Belfast. The excited party who does enthusiasm for the *Belfast Evening Mail* says (of some MR. SULLIVAN, as it happens—but, bless you, to a young man who writes like this, it does not matter on what peg he hangs his inspiration):

"His conceptions of character are accurate, and his developments true to nature, which is the highest state of perfection to which imitative art can rise. Above all, he has soul, and it is that which surprises, enraptures, and transports his audience, so that the one feeling of enthusiastic admiration actuates them, and the theatre reverberates with thunders of applause."

Such a writer ought not to be lost to the London press. And the reason why we commend him to MR. KEAN is this, that we think that gentleman's literary staff may be short of hands, as the notices of the last Princess's farce were given at considerable length in two of the daily papers and—curious coincidence—in the same words—which was hardly fair to the editors.

### Martyrdom of Murder.

LAST week three wretches were hanged for murder. The execution was made a martyrdom by the priest officiating—"In one moment," said he to the culprits, "you'll be in heaven." Thus heaven is to be gained by bullets; and the certain path to bliss to be marked with innocent blood! And of such teaching is the lesson of the gallows! In the present case the assassins were all but canonised by the sympathy of the mob.

### MUSIC FOR THE FLEET.

THE favourite air performed by the band of ADMIRAL DUNDAS's ship is the old one of "*Peaceful Slumbering on the Ocean.*"



A STRUGGLE BETWEEN DUTY AND INCLINATION.

GALLANT LITTLE JOHN TAKING LEAVE OF HIS PET TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY.



## A GOOD END;

OR, THE REWARD OF THE RIBANDMAN.

"MR. PUNCH,

"PROBABLY there are not many people who rejoice in an entirely self-approving conscience. If there are any, your humble servant is unhappily by no means one of them. I endeavour indeed to do as I would be done by, perhaps with some success, but in striving to perform what is right and avoid what is wrong in other respects, I know I very often fail shamefully. Few of my misdeeds have hurt anybody but myself—but that self I am afraid they have hurt very much. Had I to drink hemlock presently, I should not be able to do it like SOCRATES. I could not lay my head on my pillow composedly with such a nightcap. Thought of what I should have to say for myself on waking would trouble me. Even JOHNSON owned that his self-consciousness would be reflected by a voice in the air which should say, 'SAM JOHNSON, you are a very wicked fellow!' I wish I were no wicked a fellow than SAM JOHNSON.

"Well, Mr. Punch, you will say, all this is making you my Father Confessor: I had better choose another. Well Sir; perhaps I had: a regular one: such a Father Confessor as either of the two priests by virtue of whose shriving the three Ribandmen, who were hanged the other day at Monaghan, were enabled to die apparently not only better than SOCRATES, but as well as St. STEPHEN. The *Northern Whig* contains an account of the execution—perhaps I ought rather to say martyrdom—of GRANT, QUIN, and COOMEY, the individuals alluded to, for the murder of Mr. BATESON. I subjoin a few passages from the reporter's statement illustrative of the euthanasia of these men:—

"Yesterday morning, through the courtesy of Mr. TEMPLE, the Governor, I was permitted to see the three prisoners. In company with some others, I found them walking in one of the yards of the prison, after having largely partaken of an excellent breakfast. QUIN and GRANT were smoking, and the three appeared to be in the best of spirits. I expressed, as did several of the party with me, my regret at seeing them in their unfortunate position; and QUIN and COOMEY both replied in the strongest terms, that they were fully prepared for the fate that awaited them—that, thanks to the attention which had been paid them by their clergyman, they were ready to meet their God. In the course of the conversation which ensued, COOMEY particularly entered into religious topics, remarking that he never, in the whole course of his life, felt so happy as he did at that moment, with the confidence before him of, in a brief time, meeting his Saviour. . . . On our leaving, the unfortunate man shook each of the party warmly by the hand, and expressed a hope that when we were about to die, we would be as fully prepared for it as they then were."

"Unfortunate men?"—unfortunate epithet: words should be better weighed though at a penny the line. Happy individuals, favoured persons, I should rather say. *Hamlet* wishes to know who would not destroy himself if he could escape the ills of life by committing suicide. Who would not much more willingly be hanged; regarding the consequence of hanging with the eyes of GRANT and COOMEY?—

"Throughout the entire conversation GRANT and COOMEY spoke with a spirit and freedom which was perfectly astonishing—looking at their approaching end as a merchant might be supposed to do on entering on a prosperous enterprise, which would reap for him rich and glorious results. Mr. SWANZY, the sub-sheriff, called upon them in the morning, and on going up to them, said he was sorry to see three men in their position. "Sorry!" said one of them in a tone of surprise. "Why, it is glad you should be, Sir!"

"So I think I should say if I were going to be hanged for murder 'It is glad you should be, Sir—glad that this world is going to be rid of me: wish me as the Judge did, mercy in the other!' It does not seem that this was quite what the prisoner meant:—

"He then asked them if they had any statement to make to him in relation to the offence for which they were to die? "No," said COOMEY, "our Saviour said nothing when he was executed!"

"A certain thief, however, did say something on the occasion to which COOMEY alluded; confessed the justice of his sentence; and this is the case of the two, one would think, that COOMEY might have considered the more analogous to his own.

"COOMEY and his companions preserved their exalted frame of mind even on the scaffold. QUIN and GRANT were first hanged:

"In passing from the yard to the pressroom, an incident occurred, which, though trifling in itself, tended to show QUIN's state of mind. Clothed in their dead dress, the two men passed through the yard, each in company with his spiritual adviser, and during the time they were shaking hands with some officers of the prison, the Rev. Mr. SMITH had passed some distance in advance of QUIN, when the latter came skipping after him like a schoolgirl, threw his arm round his neck, and drew him on with a lightsome, hurried pace for a short distance."

"Danced him, in short, to the gallows. I wonder if Dr. CULLEN approves of that sort of polka!

"QUIN said, "Hell cannot now scare us." (When the hangman pinioned his arms), "He's doing the best job that ever was done for us." (To the Rev. Gentlemen), "We return you many thanks, gentlemen. Will you not give us your blessing before you go?"

"Both reverend gentlemen then blessed them."

"The Rev. Mr. SMITH. "Remember the penitent thief on the Cross. In one moment you'll be in heaven. You have eternal happiness within your reach!"

"I think I need quote no further. Enough to say that COOMEY met his fate with such enthusiasm that it might have been imagined he believed himself to be POLYCARP.

"Is not this Irish deathbed—as I may venture to call it—calculated

to make any frail mortal wish his death might be like the death of COOMEY and his accomplices, and his latter end like theirs? Is not such a scene likely to prove especially edifying to Irish spectators? The cotton nightcap a crown of martyrdom; the gallows-trap a gate of life! this is indeed hanging Ribandmen to encourage the others. Really, Father Confessors should induce penitents to moderate their transports a little in undergoing capital punishment for murder. Else, perhaps, may it not be considered by the mob that the wilful murderer, at least if a Ribandman, is merely a devotee that 'wilfully seeks his own salvation?' In one moment you'll be in heaven!—a dying philanthropist would be glad to be sure of that: a timorous hope that in a single moment one may not find one's self elsewhere, seems as much as can reasonably be entertained, in the highest state of reformation, by any moribund ordinary person, who, though no felon, is well aware that he deserves the appellation of

"REUS."

## THE LUNGS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE sometimes exult in being finer fellows than our forefathers, because we have steam-engines and they had none. Certainly, on a railway, in a dockyard, in a cotton-mill, in various other commercial and national establishments, a steam-engine is an advantage which we may well consider ourselves to enjoy over them. Some, however, of those machines afford us the reverse of any ground for boasting at the expense of our predecessors: such, namely, as we employ, unsuccessfully, to effect purposes which they accomplished perfectly well without. They erected noble public buildings, so constructed as to ventilate themselves. They had no steam-engines, indeed, for the ventilation of those edifices; but the edifices did not require any. According to Mr. SPOONER, the present House of Commons is ventilated by three; two below, drawing air in, and one above pumping it out. But Mr. SPOONER says that the air is burnt and decomposed by this arrangement; that it passes through chambers, one of which stands over a great sewer; and is then forced up through the floor, saturated with dust. The question is, whether the term ventilation can be correctly applied to this process. If it can, then bees, when a hive is taken, may be said to be ventilated with brimstone: and small boys may be described as ventilating an apartment when they blow air into it impregnated with smoke by means of a lighted tobacco-pipe and a pair of bellows.

The mistake—for to poison instead of purifying the parliamentary atmosphere must be a mistake, else were it treason surpassing that of GUY FAWKES—has consisted in trying to cause the House to do that which the desideratum is to admit of being done by the inmates. It has been attempted to make the House breathe, whereas the endeavour should have been to render possible the respiration of the Members. The three steam-engines are a sort of lungs; but as this respiratory apparatus is connected with a sewer, it performs an office opposite to that of the lungs in the human body, which serve to exhale vitiated air and inhale pure only.

Thus the House of Commons may be regarded as a huge monster, breathing foul air, and the Members (no offence to the Irish Brigade) as parasitic animals which occupy its interior, and breathe the atmosphere which the monster has breathed previously. This is a mixture of deleterious and unsavoury gases. Not only that, but Mr. SPOONER also affirms that it is traversed by "whirlwinds and tornados of dust flying through the house in a manner that is most disgraceful." The architecture of the House of Commons may be considered to have necessitated this state of things; to which, however, a totally different style of building would have been appropriate. The House, to suit such an atmosphere, ought to have been constructed with an entrance like a huge dragon's mouth, having a row of enormous teeth in either jaw, after a design which, we believe, will be found in some of the early editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

That all discussion is not stifled by air calculated to smother anybody is a wonder to those who are ignorant of the adaptability of the animal economy. Perhaps, as the wind of heaven is tempered to the shorn lamb, so the air of the House of Commons is dulcified to honourable members. It has been held that there is a mysterious relation between things natural and moral. Rats live and thrive in sewers; can it be said that a House wherein laxity of party-principle has become general, is appropriately ventilated with air to which a sewer is tributary? The variations of temperature, occasioned by alternating jets of hot and cold air, also complained of by Mr. SPOONER, may perhaps likewise be considered to represent the climate of England: and it would be well if the opinion of the nation were represented as accurately as its climate.

Mr. SPOONER declares that the sum of £200,000 has been expended in order that the House of Commons may be supplied with air—consisting in a great measure of sulphuretted hydrogen. The name of SPOONER will shine the brighter for having called attention to this throwing away of good money after bad gas; a gas, however, whereby the first syllable of that name, considered as silver, would be very soon tarnished.



### NEVER CARRY YOUR GLOVES IN YOUR HAT.

MR. POPPINGTON FLATTERS HIMSELF HE IS CREATING A SENSATION.—(Perhaps he is).

### MISSING—GEORGE THE SECOND.

MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE has threatened to bring the Great Globe about the ears of MR. WYLD, who, it was supposed, had carried off the statue of GEORGE THE SECOND from Leicester Square to set it up on his own private grass-plot. Very odd is it that our democratic friend of Finsbury should be so suddenly smitten with sympathy for the statues of kings; the more especially when—as was the sad, earthy case of GEORGE THE SECOND—it was nothing more than mere clay, with a coating of lead, and the thinnest over-coating of gilding. But it appears that the statue was, from the first, private property; and therefore—long before its final removal—was taken, a good deal of it, bit by bit, away by the ingenious fellow-countrymen of the Irish members.

The statue had an outside of lead, and it so happened, when any of the Irish hodmen or bricklayers engaged within the fortunate vicinity of the statue, felt upon them the inconvenience of thirst, that, with a notion of the assuaging properties of porter, they did not hesitate to remove from the statue as much lead as might, conscientiously weighed in the scales of a marine-store, purchase one, two, or three pots of malt, according to the modest necessities of the timid yet withal thirsty Irishmen aforesaid. Now, here is a sum to be worked out by MR. MOORE and other virtuous senators of his kidney, burning with indignation at the proved bribery of poor MR. STONOR: If the leaden tail of GEORGE THE SECOND's horse would go into twenty pots of porter, how many pots would the head go into? To Irish members, so capable on all occasions of making head and tail of everything, such calculation must be particularly easy.

Whilst, in the stern pursuit of our duty, we give this hitherto unknown history of the lead of one Member of the House of GUELPH, we must also, in justice to the ingenious Irishmen, who poured the lead melted into porter down their throats, speak of their unutterable disgust when they discovered the statue to be, not at all at all what they first believed it—a large lump of glistening gold, but hollow lead, with Dutch metal on the outside, and dirty clay within. They were disgusted, because they were cheated. Nevertheless, they made the best of the bad, and swallowed their disappointment cool from the pewter.

Alas, and may it not be even thus with the living Irish member; the sterling, golden M.P. for Potheentown? He stands on the hustings one piece of unalloyed gold. Common eyes cannot look at his brilliancy for winking. He is a member of precious price, which he proves when he bows to the minister. And then he rises in the house, and what seemed gold is proved to be the most dumpish lead: and—certain matters come out, and he is examined by a committee; and—och, murder!—our golden member is a thing of the very dirtiest clay!

But leaving this heart-breaking discovery, what is to solace MR. DUNCOMBE in his loss of the statue of GEORGE THE SECOND that MR. WYLD—as he boldly avowed to the awful face of SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH—has had carted away with other rubbish? For our own part,

we can bear with becoming fortitude the absence of GEORGE THE SECOND, and would suggest to MR. WYLD that he should duly affix outside his Great Globe the notice—“Statues carefully removed.” *Punch* thinks he could point him out a few; but just to begin with, merely names the statue of a certain duke on the top of a certain column. All his creditors declare that he “never came down yet,” so let us hope the time is come at last.

Should there be a new special office appointed, namely, the Keeper of the Statues, MR. DUNCOMBE has displayed the finest genius for the post. Give it to him, and in his new admiration for the House of GUELPH he would doubtless vote a blue satin great coat with gold frogs—(what a King Stork he was for gold frogs!)—to GEORGE THE FOURTH; and in the fulness of his gallantry bestow upon the statue of QUEEN ANNE a befitting amplitude of brocaded petticoat.

### MA PAROLE DE “GENTLEMAN.”

REALLY if the term “Gentleman” is subjected to such base uses, it will be growing into a term of contempt. The European series of Gentlemen, hitherto, has not been a very favourable one. Only consider, there was GEORGE THE FOURTH, who was called the “First Gentleman in Europe.” And now, as a fit companion, there comes the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, who, we suppose, may be looked upon as the “Second Gentleman in Europe.” We do not know how the list can be extended any further, unless you put down KING BOOMBA as the “Third Gentleman;” and it is really doubtful whether they would not have delicate scruples about associating with so bad a lot. With such examples before one, the innocent mind unconsciously exclaims, “Who would be a Gentleman?”



Interesting to Bankers.—The largest Check ever yet Drawn.

### “STOP, CZAR!”

NICHOLAS, it seems, can rob a late ambassador, with the like completeness with which he can ravage a province. On the other hand, he illustrates the strength and delicate dealing of the elephant. For, says the old saw, the elephant can alike tear up an oak and pick up a pin. NICHOLAS can, it is now proved, pick an ambassador's pocket; all that now remains for him to do is to tear up the British oak.

CASES FOR THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE.



REALLY we wonder that the frequent announcement of the receipt of Conscience money by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, does not urge the conscience to act in a variety of ways on those who, in some shape or other, owe restitution to society. We cannot understand why the conscience should usually limit its accusing voice to cases of unpaid income tax, when there are a thousand instances at least to which, if conscience were to act conscientiously and indiscriminately, its motions would be appropriate. We can, without hesitation, cite a few cases in which restitution might be dictated by conscience with the most unquestionable propriety.

Every barrister absenting himself from the trial of a cause in which he has taken a brief, should return the fee and all contingent damages as conscience money, to his client.

The parson who has curtailed the bishop of a portion of his first fruits should, at the voice of conscience, forward a pint of the earliest gooseberries to the episcopal palace of the diocese.

The dull Member of Parliament should send conscience money to all readers of newspapers who have read more than six lines of six speeches.

All the metropolitan milkmen should send round conscience money to all their customers who have been paying for new milk from the cow, and consuming a miscellaneous compound in which the struggle for ascendancy has been entirely between the pump and the chalk-pit.

We might, however, go on *ad infinitum*, in suggesting cases where conscience should make restitution, instead of limiting its influence to those frauds of which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been the victim. We have said enough to give the key note to conscience for playing on the pockets of the public to a very pretty tune, and we hope that instead of making cowards of us all, conscience will inspire the public in general with the courage to acknowledge boldly all past error, and to open the pocket with spirit in offering due recompense.

ALARMING STATE OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WHAT catastrophe can it be that has reduced the Cathedral Clergy of Winchester to destitution? The *Hampshire Independent* contains the announcement following:—

"THE CATHEDRAL BELLS are to be chimed no longer for lack of funds to pay the Ringers; so say the Chapter!"

That the Reverend Gentlemen would—except under pressure of the direst necessity—deprive any individuals attached in an humble capacity to the Cathedral of employment; that they would take bread out of bell-ringers' mouths to put money into their own banks, is incredible. We are therefore grievously afraid, that by some misfortune which has not as yet been explained, the capitular estates have ceased to pay, and the Canons have been all ruined. Our melancholy imagination depicts them going about out at elbows; in ragged cassocks à la PARSON ADAMS. Poverty, however, is no disgrace to Evangelical men: nor is shabbiness a reproach to the cloth, unless it can also be imputed to the wearer. Let the tattered shovel-hat of Winchester go round for subscriptions: or else, peradventure, the next thing we shall hear will be that the Cathedral Service is to be performed no longer for lack of funds to pay the Clergy.

Canzonet by the Czar.

A province is to me  
A material guarantee;  
So 's a chair and so 's a table:  
With me all 's fish that comes to net,  
I take whatever I can get,  
And prig as much as I am able.

EXTRA SAFETY.

THE London Life Assurance Offices have given notice that they will charge no "danger premiums" upon the Assurance of the Lives of Officers in the Black Sea Fleet, so long as that squadron is under the Command of ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

MEAN SPITE.—Russia, enraged with Turkey for having been the cause of depriving her of her markets for tallow, revenges herself by stirring up Greece!

TURPENTINE TURPITUDE.

ALL the enormous gooseberries chronicled in the newspapers are not authentic. Neither, perhaps, are all the enormous acts. To the mere invention of some reporter, fertile in atrocities, let us hope the *Times* was indebted for the following case of

"DISGUSTING CRUELTY.—WIGTON, April 11.—At the petty sessions held here this day, MR. JOSEPH RAILTON, of Snittlegarth, presiding, MR. THOMAS HAYTON, of Gerrard House, near Wigton, owner and occupier of a large estate; MR. GEORGE HAYTON, his brother; and ROBERT HARDING, a husbandman, in the employ of the first defendant, were charged, at the instance of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with having wantonly tortured a greyhound dog. From the statement of MR. FORSTER, who attended for the Society, it appeared that on the night of the 7th of March, the three defendants got possession of a greyhound belonging to a neighbouring farmer; that, while the younger HAYTON held its head securely between his legs, his brother saturated the animal's hide with turpentine, and, setting fire to it, drove it away. By some accident the flames were extinguished soon after the dog reached the open air, whereupon the defendants again secured it and repeated their brutal act, after which the affrighted animal was seen to leave the house a second time enveloped in flames. As it afterwards appeared, the dog ran four miles to its master's home, where it was next morning discovered in a dying state crouched up under some straw, with its bowels protruding."

Such barbarity would be quite incredible, were it not certain that NICHOLAS EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is at this time guilty of much greater by plunging Europe into war, which is worse than dipping a greyhound into spirits of turpentine and setting it on fire, inasmuch as thence will ensue conflagrations of towns, cities, and ships, attended by the combustion of human beings, and thus by the torment of our species to an extent in the aggregate immensely greater than the agony above described as inflicted on a miserable greyhound. It is observable that the HAYTONS, according to the above description, are evidently claimants of the title of "gentleman," in which respect there is an additional resemblance between them and the Russian savage.

"The case having been satisfactorily proved by three witnesses, MR. WARRE, solicitor for the defence, urged that the occurrence was purely accidental, and that the dog had caught fire a second time from a cinder which had fallen out of the firegrate. (A laugh.) The defendants had certainly applied some turpentine in the first instance, and set light to it, but without any intention of destroying the animal. He hoped, from the high respectability of his clients, that the bench would take a lenient view of the matter, in which event, MR. HAYTON would have no objection to recompense the owner for the loss of his dog."

Respectability, according to THURTELL, is the quality which keeps a gig. The high respectability of the HAYTONS, probably—unless their case is merely a horrid newspaper romance—keeps a dog-cart; a vehicle for the conveyance of dogs for sport: such sport as the gentlemen (of the Russian sort) had with the farmer's greyhound. However, the height of the HAYTONS' respectability was such that justice could not, it seems, reach up to them.

"The magistrates having consulted for a few minutes, the chairman pronounced the decision of the bench. After administering a severe rebuke to the elder HAYTON for the unseemly levity he had exhibited during the proceedings, MR. RAILTON said, the bench had no doubt whatever that a most wanton and cruel act had been perpetrated, and that the charge had been fully brought home to the accused parties, who would each pay the highest penalty imposed by the act, *viz.*, £5 and costs; or, in default, stand committed for six weeks to the county gaol. In pronouncing this decision, he felt bound to add that it was not the unanimous opinion of the bench; but a majority of the magistrates being in favour of the imposition of a fine instead of a committal to prison, he was bound to give effect to the opinion of that majority."

If the respectability of MESSRS. HAYTON had been no higher than that which consists in keeping a vegetable cart, and their offence had been no graver than that of beating, with a little too much force, the donkey employed to draw it, they would at this moment doubtless be expiating their guilt at the crank.

One of the Horrors of War.

"LIKE causes produce like effects." An atrocious piece of alleged robbery on the part of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has led to the making of a pun of almost unheard-of atrocity. When it was rumoured that the Czar had seized the furniture of SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, it occurred to everybody that NICHOLAS must be mad, and this supposition led to the frightful suggestion that to suspect the EMPEROR of insanity for stealing an ambassador's chairs and tables was the most chair-i-table construction to put upon it.

THE CZAR'S IDEA OF AN ANGEL.

NICHOLAS has called his brother-in-law, the KING OF PRUSSIA, "an Angel of Peace." An angel—after the Russian view—has of course two wings; one of infantry and one of artillery.

Naval Intelligence.

JUST as we were about to go to press we were favoured by the intelligence—(through a private and confidential source)—that T. P. COOKE had been sent for, and ordered immediately off to take the command, *vice* ADMIRAL DUNDAS, of the Black Sea Fleet.

THE GREATEST CONSOLATION IN THE PRESENT WAR.—That we are not fighting for the BOURBONS.



"A LITTLE GALE WILL SOON DISPERSE THAT CLOUD,  
AND BLOW IT TO THE SOURCE FROM WHENCE IT CAME."—*Shakspeare.*

#### THE LORDS IN A BAD WAY.

On the subject of war administration discussed lately in the House of Lords, the *Times* observes:

"But, only think of this great question being debated with an attendance at first of about 50 peers, and before the end of LORD GREY'S speech not much more than a dozen! Later in the evening a very important measure was read a third time, in a house of exactly a dozen, the numbers being 7 content and 5 not content."

The Peers are sometimes called an oligarchy, and certainly by mustering on the most momentous occasions in numbers so very small as those abovementioned, they seem desirous of meriting the appellation. It is to be hoped that their Lordships do not intend to gratify the extreme democratic party by gradually abolishing themselves as a branch of the Legislature: but if they continue growing small by degrees, and making themselves more and more scarce, they must ultimately vanish.

#### Court Mourning.

THE COURT has been ordered into a week's—a little week's—decorous mourning for the late DUKE OF PARMA. Ladies are to wear black silk, and gentlemen black swords and buckles. It is believed that the grief exhibited at St. James's will be equal to the sorrow manifested by the people of Parma. Quite.

#### THE PORT ADMIRAL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

At the annual dinner of the Members of the Southampton Chamber of Commerce, according to the *Hampshire Independent*, the toast of "The Army and Navy" having been drunk, the MAYOR (J. T. TUCKER, Esq.) returned thanks for the Navy, as "Admiral of the Port." It is not perhaps generally known that the MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON is also, by virtue of his office, PORT ADMIRAL of that flourishing maritime town. Should an invading squadron ever get past Calshot Castle, it would of course be his duty to blow it out of the water, unless it stuck hopelessly in the mud. From this duty there is no fear that he will ever shrink: in the meantime we hope his exertions will only be required for the more agreeable one of giving friendly visitants a blow-out. The MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON, of late years, has always been ready to afford friends of all nations a bellyful, and no doubt the present Mayor will also contribute manfully towards giving the enemy a drubbing. May Southampton never be without a Mayor who is Admiral of the Port, and may that Port never fail to exhibit the beeswing! And may that gallant Admiral be Admiral not only of the Port, but also of the sherry, as well as of the claret and the champagne!

TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.—The Reform Bill has been sacrificed to MARS.





**MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.**

Gent. "I SAY, MOSEY! WHY DON'T YER GO THE 'OLE 'OG, AND LET ALL YER BEARD GROW, LIKE ME?"

**BISHOP JANUS ON PUSEYISM.**

DIVERS inhabitants of one of the fashionable districts where the elegant subscribers to the Church, and its other *habitués* amuse themselves with Puseyism, have appealed to the BISHOP OF LONDON to interfere, and to stop practices which, to the memorialists, appear to savour of Popery. They have stated their fidgets at some length, and DR. BLOMFIELD, with his usual promptness, has made a lucid and energetic reply which has just appeared in the daily papers. It will settle the question of the right of clergymen to add "attractions" and "effects" to the English Protestant Liturgy, and Mr. Punch has therefore much pleasure in giving it immortality.

The BISHOP OF LONDON to the KNIGHTSBRIDGE PURITANS.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN,

"I have received your letter, complaining of practices which you say are introduced by your clergyman, the REVEREND MR. LIDDELL, into the services at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. I fully admit that every member of the Church of England has a right to complain to the bishop of the diocese, but at the same time I deny that the conduct of the clergy ought to be made the subject of lay censure, and therefore, while responding to your appeal, I decline to answer your complaint.

"You object to the Flowers upon the Altar. I own that they are nowhere expressly ordered by the Prayer Book. But, in the time of EDWARD THE SIXTH, floriculture was not so well understood as it is now, and perhaps if it had been, flowers might have been appointed as church ornaments. I am confirmed in this view by finding, in the sermons of the bishops who edited the Prayer Book, many favourable allusions to flowers, and beautiful lessons drawn therefrom. At the same time, if any particular scent gives the congregation, or even the beadle, a headache, that flower ought not to be included in the bouquet. I need hardly add that I am also strongly opposed to the Pagan flower called "Venus's Looking Glass," and to the flower familiarly called Jump-up-and-Kiss-me, and if the rose should be thought to lean to the confessional, I think MR. LIDDELL must exercise his own discretion as to the propriety of retaining it.

"You object to the Cross upon the Altar. This is a mere question of heaviness. I am told that it is a very light one (*sic*), and therefore ought not to weigh much upon your minds. Remember that there is a cross on the top of St. Paul's, yet I have not heard that MESSRS. DAKIN AND CO., MESSRS. GRANT AND GRIFFITH, or other inhabitants of the churchyard, against whose orthodoxy nothing has ever been said to me, demand that it should be taken down. And I may add that there are several crosses in the Crystal Palace, which will shortly be opened on Sundays (with the approbation of myself and my episcopal brethren), and therefore offers a parallel case to that of a church. I

admit, however, that if the cross had been a heavy one it would have been a different thing.

"You object to the Intoning the Service. This is really matter of taste. I would rather hear good intoning than bad reading, not that I accuse MR. LIDDELL of reading badly, because, as you must have observed, I really know nothing about the circumstances, and indeed the presumption is that as he writes very well he will read well also. But as I cannot say that anything which tends to harmony is improper, I can only suggest that there are plenty of churches where the service is read abominably enough to satisfy the most particular Protestant.

"You object to the Chorister Boys. I agree with you that, as a general rule, boys are a nuisance, in church and everywhere else. But boys have a clear common law right (*See BURN'S Justice*) to go to church, and when there, to sing; nor is there any statute or common law preventing them from wearing their shirts outside their other clothes. If there were, I fear the smock-frock, so interesting a feature in our country congregations, must be interdicted, and I am sure you would not desire an agriculturist to worship in his waistcoat. As regards the boys not using their handkerchiefs, I think it is a clear case for MR. LIDDELL's personal and continual watchfulness and interference, and that of every lady member of his family, and I have given him a wipe on the subject. As regards their struggling for apples, pinching one another, and introducing irrelevant remarks, connected with dinner, into the responses, I deem it a case for the beadle's cane.

"You object to the Perpetual Bowing: I quite agree with you, and think that no persons should bow in church except when they see an acquaintance, when, of course, common politeness dictates a smiling recognition, whatever part of the ceremony may be going on. But this practice is too universal among the orthodox to need my sanction. There is a very good paper in ADDISON'S *Spectator* on the subject, but as its argument goes the other way, you need not read it unless you like.

"You object to the Procession of Clergymen. Now here you are wrong. 'Procession' is derived from the Latin *processio* (*See AINSWORTH'S Dictionary*), and means the act of proceeding. If you had studied logic, you would know that the service could not proceed unless some one proceeded to perform it. Well, if you are not Dissenters (which I hope is not the case), you will own that clergymen only ought to perform the service. *Ergo*, the procession is right. This difficulty I have thus happily been able to dispose of, I trust to your satisfaction, by means of the classical information I acquired in earlier life, and which has assisted me in obtaining one or two other desirable ends.

"Thus, my beloved brethren, I have set all your minds at rest, and it only remains for me to hope that in future you will not trouble me with such appeals, for they entail great vexation upon me. Circumstances change, and with them Bishops' opinions, but *littera scripta manet*, and it is disagreeable to be accused of condemning in 1844 what one encourages in 1854. Go quietly to church, and if you do not like what is going on, go quietly to sleep, so that the peace of the Establishment may not be disturbed.

"Believe me, my dearest Brethren,

"Your affectionate Diocesan,

"Fulham, Bon Vendredi, 1854."

"C. J. LONDON."

**THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE HAS LEFT PARIS.**



o the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has at length torn himself from the delights of the French capital to go—to Vienna. Folks grumbled at the royal tarrying; but the fact is, the Duke is so great a man that he is not to pass through Paris—like a small cinder through a sieve—with a little shaking. Nevertheless, ignorant civilians began to be very uncivil; reporting that his Royal Highness intended to put himself for a term to the Military School, feeling himself as yet but a mere

child in arms. These cynics are silenced; for—at the time we write—His Royal Highness must be at least twenty leagues from the capital; and will not stay above two or three days in each town, to see the sights, and go to one ball at most on his way to take ship for the battle-field. There were great fears that His Royal Highness, in his enthusiasm for French delights, would, at Versailles, go so very near the waterworks that he would never again get his powder dry. We have the best authority for stating that no such accident has occurred.

## THE POSTMAN OF EUROPE.



stamped a large brass double-headed Eagle. The Prussian Monarch's name will be henceforth identified with that of the celebrated "WALKER, the twopenny postman;" or it is probable that he may supersede at Astley's, and other equestrian circles, the fame of the "Courier of St. Petersburg," for the KING OF PRUSSIA has been figuring away lately in no better character than that of grand Dispatch-bearer of NICHOLAS.

## A FORM OF BEQUEST.

A MR. HOLFORD of the Regent's Park, has left all his large fortune to the PRINCE OF WALES. A noble and a patriotic gift. MR. HOLFORD had no particular knowledge of the budding goodness of the PRINCE OF WALES; but having once seen his Royal Highness knuckle down at taw, MR. H. was convinced that he would become a glory to the nation; having once beheld him trundle his royal hoop, MR. H. concluded that the Prince would prove a master of the whole circle of politics. Therefore, MR. HOLFORD left the PRINCE OF WALES all his large fortune; and who shall impugn the sanity, the benevolence that dictated the golden bequest? Not *Punch*.

But as it is becoming a fashion (did not NIELD leave £300,000 to the QUEEN?) to bequeath money to the illustrious of the land; *Mr. Punch*—for the convenience of his friends—begs leave to submit the subjoined Form of Bequest to the many enlightened persons who will in the due course of the present mania, bequeath their fortunes, large or small (if large the better), to him—*Punch*.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

I, A. B., being of eccentric mind—but by no means mad, for I have employed no doctor—[*this may or may not be inserted, according to the fact*—do, in consideration of my affection, esteem, admiration, love, and enthusiasm of the many noble and exalted qualities of *Mr. Punch*, as exercised by him for the benefit of the universe, at 85, Fleet Street, in the City of London, do bequeath unto him [*here insert sum*] together with all [*here put in houses, messuages, plate, horses, pictures, &c. &c.*; though it will materially aid the simplicity of the transaction to say ALL AND EVERYTHING without further circumlocution] of which I die possessed.

And I am the more induced to make this wise and benevolent bequest not in respect to any want soever that may be felt by *Mr. Punch*, for I know he can roll in gold, and rub himself dry with bank-notes—but in respect to the exercise of my own will, feeling that to leave money to hospitals, asylums, schools, alms-houses, or any other institution for the alleged relief, benefit, and protection of the human-kind,—is to make a very vulgar use of money that ought, by natural attraction, to meet money. As steel runs to magnet, so should gold go to gold. Therefore I leave [*here repeat bequest*] to *Mr. Punch*, not because the value of the bequest can help him, but because it pleases me.

And further, I beg of SIR PETER LAURIE, as Governor of Bedlam, to carry out my wishes: knowing that, in so far as regards *Mr. Punch*, it will be to SIR PETER a labour of love.

The testator—if wishing to keep his last will a secret from his poor relations—may have the above quietly witnessed, by calling up the cook and getting her to call in the policeman, who will both put their hands to the same.

THE MONITORIAL OUTRAGE.—Everybody must have been disgusted with the recent case of bullying at Harrow. We trust that the "Monitorial System," which has been established at that public seminary for young gentlemen, will be so modified that we shall never again be shocked by such harrowing details.

## OUR SCORE AGAINST NICHOLAS.

If Income Tax be doubled  
To pay the cost of arming,  
If Traffic's course be troubled  
By dreads and doubts alarming;  
If our funds in price be fickle as  
The glass on an April day,  
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,  
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY!

If the authors of Improvement  
In State or in the Church,  
Are barred from onward movement,  
If LORD JOHN'S left in the lurch,  
If to ask Reform's ridiculous,  
If abuses still bear sway,  
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,  
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY!

If our allies be slaughtered  
By this "gentleman" deceiver,  
If our choicest troops be quartered  
In nests of plague and fever,  
To be mowed down by death's sickle as  
You mow a field of hay,  
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,  
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY!

If the orphan's cheek be slubbered,  
And the widow's heart be chill,  
If there's bare shelves in the cupboard,  
And a vacuum in the till,  
If, in short, we're in such pickle as  
War brings, go as it may,  
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,  
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY!

If from quiet sleep we're shaken  
By unwelcome roar of battles,—  
If the Sultan's land be taken,  
And SRYMOUR'S goods and chattels—  
From sublime unto ridiculous,  
If we find "the priggish lay"—  
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,  
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY!

If a long-quenched fire be heating  
Our English hearts and hands,—  
If our ploughshares we are beating  
Into bayonets and brands;  
If to war—pastime perilous—  
We're invited, far away,  
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,  
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY.

If JACK be beat to quarters,  
Some, we know, must pay his shot,—  
If the Tartars should catch Tartars,  
As 'tis as like as not;—  
Let those who try to tickle us,  
If tickled, mind what I say—  
They owe it all to NICHOLAS,  
AND NICHOLAS SHOULD PAY!

## Francs and Dollars.

THE decimal coinage question is gathering strength. The *Times* PLETUS of the Money Market proposes that our tenpenny piece should be called a franc, "which expresses its value all over Europe," and further, that our piece of fifty pence or 4s. 2d. be called, in compliment to America, a dollar. Perhaps no measure could be better calculated to increase brotherly love among France, America, and England. That national hearts should beat towards one another is all very well; but what are hearts to pockets—what feelings to francs—what duties to dollars?

MONEY AND ITS MORAL.—It is impossible for a man to make ducks and drakes of his money without, at the same time, making a great goose of himself.

## PENITENTIARY DRILL.



HERE was a letter from a correspondent of the *Times*, under the signature of M., proposing that Government should try if some use could not be made of the better sort of convicts by forming them into an "Experimental Brigade," with a view to make soldiers of them if possible. Regarded superficially, this project may appear open to derisive remarks. For the Cavalry of the "Experimental Brigade" may be suggested the title of "Her Majesty's Horse Guards (Black)." A force constituted of convicts should, it may be said, be divided into regiments each named according to some characteristic delinquency. Thus one regiment would be termed "The Light Fingers;" another "The Heavy Burglars;" others being designated as "The Footpads," "The Forgers," "The Smashers and Coiners." A Second Regiment of Convict Dragoons might be composed of "Horsestealers;" the "Sheepstealers" also forming a corps of their own. The Infantry might be recruited principally from the London Pickpockets; and the sharpest of the thieves generally might be selected for Riflemen. The uniform of the various regiments might be pepper-and-salt, or fustian with different facings in each instance, and also for either side of each soldier; his right facings green, for example, and his left yellow. Finally it may be recommended that they should usually be played into action with the *Rogues' March*.

To the above observations it may perhaps be sufficient to reply, that as the military drill is capable of straightening the shoulders of a stooping bumpkin, so if extended to moral slouching, it may perhaps also render a rogue upright, and ultimately enable many a shamefaced offender to hold up his head.

## THE PUFF SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

THE following advertisement appeared in a recent number of the *Court Journal*. We are at a loss to determine the category of puffing to which this announcement ought to be referred, and we must leave our readers to decide whether it belongs to the puff blasphemous or the puff mythological:—

## AVIS IMPORTANT AUX DAMES.

LE GRAND FELIX, le Dieu de la Coiffure, arrivant de Paris, est descendu chez le célèbre EDOUARD, Coiffeur, 127, Regent Street.

MONS. FELIX ayant appris avec regret que plusieurs personnes n'avaient pas été satisfaites, la saison dernière, des employés qu'il avait envoyés pour le remplacer, et desirant éviter tout désagrément, et surtout empêcher que l'on ne se serve de son nom, en ce que plusieurs employés se sont fait passer pour ses frères; MONS. FELIX a l'honneur d'informer sa noble clientèle qu'il n'a pas de frère, et que pour cette saison, lui et MONSIEUR EDOUARD exécuteront seuls le genre de Coiffure qu'ils ont composé expressément pour cette année.

Les Dames trouveront chez MESSIEURS EDOUARD et FELIX un assortiment complet des plus gracieuses nouveautés, et notamment une Coiffure inimitable qui ne se trouve que chez eux.

Leçons de Coiffure de neuf à une heure pour les femmes de chambres. Les Dames sont priées de se faire inscrire d'avance, &c.

We recollect hearing a posture-master at the opera described, rather impiously, by himself and his admirers, as "the God of the Dance," but the God of Hair-Dressing is a divinity unknown to any system, however degraded, of ancient or modern mythology.

The advertisement we have quoted represents the hair-dressing god as "descending" in Regent Street, and appearing to "le célèbre EDOUARD," whose celebrity is, as far as we know, bounded by the walls of his own establishment, for we, in our happy ignorance, never heard of him. It seems that "the god" had been working last season by very inferior agencies, whom we suppose we must—in continuation of the mythological allegory—describe as the "fallen angels" of hair-dressing, and who have offended by claiming brotherhood with their great master. LE GRAND FELIX indignantly disclaims the possibility of such an affinity. He "knows no brother! has no brother!" and will "bear no brother near the throne" of hair-dressing. He and the célèbre EDOUARD will alone execute those miracles of hair-dressing which they have "composed expressly" for the present season.

We can excuse the musical fanaticism which canonises a MOZART or even a MENDELSSOHN; we can forgive even the insanity that screams out *to Bacche* over a grand old fugue of BACH; but to attribute anything divine to the composer of a head-dress—the maker in fact of a wig—implies an amount of infatuation and fatuity combined which we cannot believe to be co-existent with the merest outline of humanity.

## ECLOGA GRENOVICENSIS.

SCENE.—The "Lock up" of the Greenwich Police Station.

Persons.—Thomson and Johnson.

JOHNSON.

DIC mihi, THOMSON amice, since, quelled by our foes' greater number, Convenimus ambo at length in a place unpropitious to slumber, Wherefore we should not begin, *Tu*, calamum levem inflare, Et ego (I've broken my pipe) mea carmina tibi cantare?

THOMSON.

Incipe, mi JOHNSON, tunc incipe! Sweeter thy carmen Judicio nostro will seem than the song of the lark, tho' there are men I know, who would tell you with VIRGIL (his words, I believe, I Can quote) "Qui non Bavium odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi!"

JOHNSON.

By the steamboat to Greenwich we came! Illi robor et æs circa pectus Must have been, who, to boats crammed like those, with unparalleted cheek cou'd direct us;

For the crowd was so rough and so rude, that the boat, e'er she got here, had plenty

Of torn garments, coats, bonnets, and shawls to suspend Deo maris potenti.

On landing the touters salute us, each bawling out, "Siste viator!" Here—"Nunc est bibendum," exclaims, from the Admiral Hardy, a waiter;—

From the famed Crown and Anchor another cries, "Nunc pede libero pulsanda!"

A third with his hand towards RICHARDSON'S booth, would impel us,

Where the smoke from the pipes is so thick that the visitor glad to escape, his

Eyes smarting, is forced to exclaim, "Tui plenum, quo me, Baccy, rapis?" So many invite us to tea, that we murmur, "Ah! sooner or later,"

As HORACE has told us before, "sors omnium urna versatur." Next the learned pig's master inquires, "At kissing the cook who is quickest?"

And, THOMSON, it bothers thee greatly monstrari, et dicier, "hic est." But as TELAMON, AJAX, ACHILLES, displayed the same failing before, I Can say to thee, "Ne sit ancillæ, my boy, tibi amor pudori."

Then a potent clairvoyante invites us, but wholly declining to hear her, "He

Was right," we exclaim, "who taught, quid sit futurum cras, boy, fuge quærerere;

Towards the park, with its kiss in the ring, our footsteps directed must be, as

We remember, 'nec dulces amores sperne puer, tu, neque choreas.'" For a while, at the foot of the hill, we stand to admire the follies,

The tumbles and races of those quibus placent Arcadiæ colles; And then rush to the "Kiss in the Ring," where the pæri lecti as fast as

Their legs can convey them along, are chasing the virgines castas. As we go there, by rasping our backs with their scratchers, they try to surprise us,

Whilst ab angulo intimo comes the puellæ proditor risus: With the handkerchief me POLLY HOPKINSON petit, and calls me "Her deary;"

Then pretends to run off at full speed, sed se cupit ante videri. Nox erat at length, et in cælo fulgebat luna divinely;

And the folks in the fair have been plying the vile Sabinum so finely, That the drink has produced (this effect of good liquor a terrible bore is),

Here rixam, here jocos, here somnum; and here, too, insanos amores. You, THOMSON, then jump on a tub; (a teetotaller, thou!) and to shame 'em,

"Teacum obeam libens," you cry, "my friends; teacum vivere amem." But vainly you add to these maxims, "Sodales, lenite clamorem!"

Only savages fight o'er their cups, so tollite barbarem morem." For a terrible shindy arises, "Quo ruitis? Quo, quo scelesti?"

The Peelers exclaim; and alas! seeing you taken up with the rest, I Rush on to your aid, and at length of the squabble the upshot and fruit is,

We're both borne, unlike PINDAR, along, numeris non lege solutis.

## The Pope's Palm Branches.

THE POPE was last year so bothered for palm-branches, that this season he has blessed three hundred at one breath, and benevolently bestowed them upon the pious, to be worn in their button-holes. Whilst the POPE is blessing his palms, it is not unlikely that MAZZINI is binding together his birch.



TO BE SOLD—THE PROPERTY OF AN OFFICER GOING ABROAD.

## HECTOR (PUNCH) REPROVES PARIS (CAMBRIDGE).

*(Slightly improved from POPE).*

WHILE Reverend SUMNER draws up Wednesday's prayers,  
*Punch* to the Tuileries in wrath repairs;  
 And entering, in the glittering rooms he found  
 His friend the Duke, whose useless arms lay round;  
 While opera-glass, white glove, and crush *chapeau*,  
 Denote far less the Warrior than the Beau.

Him thus inactive, with an ardent look  
 Great *Punch* beheld, and high resenting, spoke.  
 "Come, GEORGE, is this the time for *fête* and dance?  
 Why lingerest in the brilliant halls of France?  
 Russia and Greece against the Turk conspire,  
 Who begs his slow allies to open fire;  
 Along the Danube ABDUL's champions fall,  
 And the fierce Cossack climbs o'er TRAJAN's wall.  
 DUNDAS lies idle, or from sulk or fear,  
 And ice impedes the keels of bold NAPIER.  
 While thou art courting fair EUGENIA's smile,  
 Or watching the *grandes eaux* at proud Versailles.  
 Your Royal Highness, were it not more fair  
 Our troops to hearten and their toils to share?  
 Start—and approve thyself the Moslem's friend,  
 'Tis more than time the Russian's march should end."

The manly CAMBRIDGE from the sofa sprung,  
 No vain excuses faltered on his tongue,  
 Eight words alone he spoke. "By Jove, you're right.  
 I'm off, my boy!" He said—and rushed to fight.

*Iliad*, vi. 388.

## Offer of a Polish Legion.

VERY interesting letters have passed between a Polish officer and the Prime Minister, the Pole wishing to know if Poles would be accepted to "fight side by side with the English and French troops against the common enemy?" It is said that the EARL OF ABERDEEN will finally accept the offer, with this proviso—that the Poles must pledge themselves on no occasion whatever to fire ball. As a Prime Minister, there is nothing like being on the safe side.

## THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

We are sorry to have to announce, at the very opening of the war, a frightful murder of the QUEEN'S English by the English Government. The new Orders in Council lately put forth in HER MAJESTY'S name a case, and indeed several cases of bad grammar, which prove that, however capable our rulers may be of governing a country, they know little of the government of verbs and substantives. We have neither space nor inclination for an elaborate criticism, but it will suffice to give an instance of a departure from those principles for which COBBETT published a work, and LINDLEY MURRAY sells at the book-stalls.

We are told that

"It is not HER MAJESTY'S intention to claim the confiscation of neutral property."

We should really like to know, in reference to this passage, how the neutrality of property is to be ascertained. We have heard of "neutral tints," which might determine the neutrality of a picture, but we should be puzzled to decide on the neutrality of a chair, a table, a sideboard, or any other article of furniture. The only strictly "neutral" piece of goods we can conceive is an object so clumsily constructed as to be neither one thing nor the other. Perhaps, however, the Proclamation may be intended to recognise the new philosophy of table-talking, and it may be the wish of the Government to discourage as much as possible anything like a political bias in household goods, by protecting against confiscation such goods only as preserve a strict neutrality. We think it quite unnecessary to point out any of the glaring faults in Grammar which the Proclamation contains, and which will be obvious to the very meanest capacity. How these errors escaped the capacity of the Government must, after the above announcement, appear very remarkable.

## Westminster Abbey in Danger.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is about to be removed. On second thoughts, SIR CHARLES BARRY by no means approves of the structure, inasmuch as it does not harmonise—as he once thought it might—with his new Houses of Parliament. It is said that, in deference to the fine taste of SIR CHARLES, the Abbey will be removed to Copenhagen Fields.



# HECTOR CHIDDING PARIS.

A HINT TO H.R.H. FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"HIM THUS INACTIVE, WITH AN ABBENT LOOK  
THE PRINCE BEHIND, AND HIGH RESENTING, SPOKE."—*Pope's Homer.*



DUET BETWEEN PUNCH AND THE BRITISH PUBLIC.



THE following Duet has been written to the very easy and agreeable Air of "My Pretty Page," in order that it may be sung everywhere and by everybody:—

*British Public.* My faithful *Punch*, look out afar, Look out, look out afar!

Hear you no tidings of the war, No tidings of the war?

*Punch.* The British fleet at rest I see, With sailors whistling o'er the lee.

*British Public.* My faithful *Punch*, look out again, Look out, look out again; See you no fighting on the main, No fighting on the main?

*Punch.* No, dearest Public, all is still, All, all is still; Save when some Turks the Russians kill, Some Turks the Russians kill.

*British Public.* My faithful *Punch*, look out once more, Look out, look out once more; Hear you the British Lion roar, The British Lion roar?

*Punch.* The British Lion's tail I see, Wagging most portentously: And now I think I hear him roar Louder than e'er he did before. But, dearest Public, much I fear, 'Tis but an empty roar I hear.

*British Public.* Oh mind what you say! Have the fleet gone to play? Did I send them away For an idle display?

*Punch.* I know what I say; Now you've sent them away, I hope for the day When they'll get into play: I shall cry if they don't.

*British Public.* Oh mind what you say! Did I send them away For an idle display, I shall cry if I did, &c. &c.

*Punch.* Oh 'tis true what I say! Though I hope for the day When they'll come into play: I shall cry if they don't, &c. &c.

INSTRUCTIONS TO NAUTICAL MEN IN THE NOBLE ART OF QUADRILLE DANCING.

**LE PANTALON.**—Haul upon the starboard tack and let the other craft pass—then bear up and get your head on the other tack—regain your berth on the port tack—back and fill with your partner and box-haul her—wear round twice against the sun in company with the opposite craft, then your own—afterwards boxhaul her again and bring her up.

**L'ETE.**—Shoot ahead about two fathoms till you nearly come stem on with the other craft under weigh—then make a stern board to your berth and side out for a bend, first to starboard, then to port—make sail and pass the opposite craft—then get your head round on the other tack—another side to starboard and port—then make sail to regain your berth—wear round, back and fill and boxhaul your partner.

**LA POULE.**—Heave ahead and pass your adversary yard-arm to yard-arm—regain your berth on the other tack in the same order—take your station in a line with your partner—back and fill—fall on your heel and bring up with your partner—she then manoeuvres ahead and heaves all aback, fills and shoots ahead again and pays off alongside—you then make sail in company, till nearly stem on with the other line—make a stern board and cast her off to shift for herself—Regain your berth in the best means possible; and let go your anchor.

**LA TRENISE.**—Wear round as before against the sun twice, boxhaul the lady, and range up alongside her, and make sail in company—when half-way across to the other shore drop astern with the tide—shoot ahead again and cast off the tow—now back and fill as before and boxhaul her and yourself into your berth, and bring up.

**LA PASTORALE.**—Shoot ahead alongside your partner, then make a stern board—again make all sail over to the other coast—let go the hawser, and pay off into your own berth and take a turn—the three craft opposite range up abreast towards you twice, and back astern again—now manoeuvre any rig you like, only under easy sail, as it is always "light winds" (Zephyrs) in this passage—as soon as you see their helms down, haul round in company with them on port tack—then make all sail with your partner into your own berth, and bring up.

**LA FINALE.**—Wear round to starboard, passing under your partner's bows—sight the catheads of craft on your starboard bow—then make sail into your own berth, your partner passing athwart your bows—now proceed according to the second order of sailing—to complete the evolutions shoot ahead and back astern twice, in company with the whole squadron, in the circular order of sailing.

A FRENCH AGGRESSION.

AMONG the other afflictions of the House of Commons is one MR. FITZSTEPHEN FRENCH, an Irish Member, who has lately taken to popping up in every discussion, and impeding the debates with some commonplace or other of exceeding dullness. Of course FRENCH has a perfect right to do this, and other people have an equal right to laugh at his pertinacity. But when FRENCH commits a furious and unprovoked onslaught upon innocent arithmetic, the man who would refuse to stretch forth his hand to rescue addition in distress is unworthy to be the countryman of COCKER.

A night or two before the holidays a Committee was being appointed. This Committee consisted of fifteen members. The nominator explained that he had taken pains, the question being one of party, to select as nearly equal numbers as he could. He had taken eight gentlemen from one side, and seven from the other. But this would not satisfy FRENCH. He popped up, as usual, and had got ever so far into his speech before the House knew what he meant. It was then discovered that he was complaining of this mode of reckoning.

"But what could I do?" asked poor MR. FORSTER, the nominator, piteously. "I can't get more than eight and seven into fifteen."

This view of the case seemed to strike MR. FRENCH for a moment, and he may have been counting the Committee on his mental fingers. Perhaps he reflected that though, in his own Roscommon, such a paltry Saxon plea as arithmetic offered would have been scoffed into contempt, it would hardly do in the presence of Exchequer Chancellors GLADSTONE, DISRAELI, GOUBURN, and BARING (not to mention SIR CHARLES WOOD, who is rather more of a Roscommon arithmetician), to insist that in a committee of fifteen the two sides should be of equal number. At last the light shone upon the FRENCH mind, and he dashed at the loophole through which it gleamed:

"I would appoint men of sense."  
It was bold. But the House saw MR. FITZSTEPHEN FRENCH's evident device to evade serving (though the precaution was needless, for nobody asked him), and another insult was heaped upon Ireland by its being agreed that eight and seven did make fifteen. However, we hope that FRENCH will bring the matter again before the House after the recess—it will, at all events, give him the chance of making another speech. Perhaps the real secret of his wrath against arithmetic was that having, the night previously, been boring the House at an unseemly hour, he had been himself "counted out."

A Windfall to the Prince of Wales.

A MERCHANT, named HOLFORD, has died and left all his large fortune to the PRINCE OF WALES. What a pity there was no such sort of enthusiasm in former times! If folks had only left fortunes to the last PRINCE OF WALES—who was duly festered into the whitlow GEORGE THE FOURTH—what money would have been saved the country! We, however, may take some comfort from this growing desire on the part of a rich and loyal people; we may cease to vote a single farthing for royal branches. In time, Royal Highnesses—like Royal Hospitals—may come to be supported by voluntary contributions.



### THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

*Blackguard Little Boy (to Queen's Coachman). "I SAY, COACHY, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"*

### THE DRAMA IN THE SUBURBS.

EVERY now and then an attempt is made to get up an interest in the metropolis for some little theatrical speculation in the suburbs, and we are told by an advertisement or two that a dramatic season is about to commence at Greenwich or Richmond, or Kensington as the case may be, with a powerful company from London. The Theatre Royal Kensington used to be remarkable for the largeness of its promises and the smallness of its performances; until a few years ago the proprietor, finding no other chance of filling the pit, converted it into a public bath, in which condition it knew, for the first time, the reality of an overflow. The private boxes were converted into dressing compartments, and the scenery was transferred to the walls—an arrangement which enables the bather to swim from the Bay of Naples to Venice, and back again, in three minutes and a half with, or without, the friendly aid of corks and bladders. Instead of a suburban *Shylock* in a Holywell Street hat and a Houndsditch gaberdine, strutting before the Rialto to a fourpenny pit and a twopenny gallery, the Kensington schoolboy now gazes on the view of Venice from the centre of the bath, which his imagination transforms into the middle of the Adriatic. This illusion is far more complete than any that was produced at the Kensington theatre in its palmiest dramatic days, when the great tragedian MACKEAN had been "secured" to perform the highest possible tragedy at the lowest possible salary.

We have been led into these reflections by an announcement of the opening of a country theatre with a company of the highest talent from the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Lyceum, and Manchester. The names not having been given in the advertisement, it is possible that the *élite* of those establishments may be performing *incog.*, with a lofty disregard of personal renown which actors, in general, are not distinguished for. The most touching part of the advertisement is that which intimates that "an omnibus will be in attendance at the close of the performances" to take the audience home. Alas! we have seen audiences for which a cab might have been sufficient, and even then the driver would not have been in a position to charge for an extra passenger.

QUERY ON CAVALRY.—If a COLT'S revolver is not a horse pistol, the question is, whether it ought not to be?

### HYMN TO ST. NICHOLAS.

(By his Namesake.)

SAINT, of Russia's empire holy,  
Whom as Patron we adore,  
See a client, bending lowly,  
To thy picture, kiss the floor,  
Me, Lieutenant of thy throne,  
Me, thy name—who likewise own.

Thou the favoured land defendest,  
Smelling sweet of tar and pitch;  
Thou thy guardian arm extendest  
O'er the race in tallow rich.  
Ever be our hides thy care;  
Still preserve our caviare.

Chiefly prosper the incursion  
I have made upon the Turk;  
Islam's surely thy aversion,  
Deign to bless the holy work.  
Are not we thy special charge,  
Whether captive or at large?

Not for help do I beseech thee  
In a Russian's name alone,  
For I trust my prayer will reach thee  
In another, no less known,  
As pertaining to a class,  
Sacred to ST. NICHOLAS.

Thou of all, in every nation,  
Art believed the friend to stand  
Who subsist through depredation,  
By the strong or stealthy hand;  
Thou defendest all who seize  
On "material guarantees."

Whether territory grasping,  
Or a table, guard me still,  
Bless my clutch, whatever claspings,  
Stranger's sticks or subject's till,  
Empire, Ottoman by name,  
Or the chattel called the same.

Though I be with foes surrounded,  
Though the constables increase,  
Let me never be confounded.  
Lo! Great Britain her police  
With the French against me bands:  
Keep my collar from their hands!

### FIRST STEPS IN WARFARE.

THE most important military movements that have as yet taken place have been principally those which have been accomplished by the energy and activity of distinguished officers, figuring in the "Lancers." These exploits have been performed in the face of balls; but have not as yet encountered the opposition of bayonets. The enemy's flank has not in any instance been turned, but the opposite party has been met hand to hand, and driven completely round about. Advancing, receding, deploying to the right and left, and defiling about the scene of action with a quick step, have constituted the most important evolutions. The chasseurs have also distinguished themselves by chasséing: but it cannot be said that the steps hitherto taken in the conduct of hostilities have been limited to quadrilles; for those warlike operations have also included the "War Polka." We trust, however, soon to hear that our heroes have finished their *galops*, and are riding as hard as they are able after the Russians.

### Doubtful Diplomacy.

WE are told to take heart from the pleasing fact that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE visits the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. Is the Duke about to startle the world as a diplomatist? We do not doubt his genius for the duty, but are afraid of his extreme good-nature. It is an old axiom that you cannot safely bolt a door with a tallow candle. Neither do we think that Austria will be induced to load her gun with Cambridge butter.



## THE POETRY OF POTATOS.

THERE is not, at first sight, any very natural affinity between potatoes and poetry; but we have received a circular from a potato salesman in Newington who has, evidently, so much sensibility that we should expect all his potatoes to have watery eyes, from the sheer force of sympathy.

His circular opens with a business-like avowal of his determination to sell at a moderate profit, and we detect no gleam of fancy in the first paragraph beyond a playful allusion to the superiority of "a nimble ninepence" over "a slow shilling," and a quaint offer to provide "bags" for families to carry home their potatoes in. Up to this point the potato salesman alone is manifest; but, suddenly, the poet bursts forth in allusion to his "mother," his "boyhood," and his "father's homestead near the New Forest, in Hampshire." It seems that his childish recollections cling round an old saucepan in which his mother was in the habit of cooking potatoes; and, after exclaiming parenthetically, but rather prosaically "(Please to remember that it must be an iron saucepan)," he goes into a rapturous strain on the mode in which his mother used to "strain the water off her tatars."

Having indulged the "pleasures of memory," our potato poetaster proceeds to give utterance to the following gush of feeling, which would melt or mash the hardest heart, and might extort a pensive sigh from the most mealy-mouthed of critics. Speaking of his mother, the potato-poet says:

"But she is no longer occupied in the homestead, for her silvery hair tells me she is not far from a better home. Well indeed do I remember the old farm house; there I see my father still—the quiet village, with its humble swain," &c. &c.

There is much more in a similarly touching style; but we feel we cannot do justice to the potato poet in comparatively lifeless prose, and we therefore will suppose that we have entered the warehouse, drawn forward two chairs, taken our seat by the dealer's side, and entered on the following dramatic dialogue:

## CHARACTERS.

POTATO POET.                      STRANGER.

Stranger. How much are those?

Potato Poet.                      They're a superior sort,  
Grown in a garden where I passed my youth—  
(Three pound for twopence)—'twas my boyhood's home!

Stranger. I'll take sixpennorth. But you spoke of home—

Potato Poet. Oh, 'twas a lovely spot! (weigh out nine pounds.)

Well I remember how my father sat  
In his arm-chair—(now, can't you find the weights)—  
He was the village HAMPTON.

Stranger.                      (That's a bad un;

I'm not a goin' to take that specky tatur).

Proceed. I love to hear romantic tales

Of youth's bright holiday—(That weight looks light.)

Potato Poet. (It's a good ounce in favour of the buyer).

The village bell is ringing in mine ears—

(BILL, there's a customer in the front shop);—

My footsteps press again the village green—

(Them cabbages must go to Number Six).

Stranger. How fresh the verdure of your youth appears;

How thickly memory is planted out

With roots whose seeds were sown in infancy.

(I'll pay for the potatoes).

Potato Poet.                      (Thank you, Sir).

If that potato hath a watery eye,

Start not to see in such an eye as mine

The gushing tear; for I have recollections

Which fill the bursting warehouse of my heart.

Bear with me, Sir, I pray thee.

Stranger.                      That I will.

But, though I bear with thee, there's something yet

That I must with myself contented bear—

(I'll carry these potatoes home myself).

Potato Poet. (I'll send them, if you please).

Stranger.                      I'd rather not.

Who's born to bear, must bear what's to be borne. (Rising.)

Potato Poet (rising). I thank you, Sir.

Stranger.                      At parting, take my hand.

Potato Poet. Most willingly. And, in return, I offer

This hand of mine—a market-hand of radishes.

[The STRANGER exit as the POTATO POET retires into his Warehouse wrapped in thought.]

## A Good Omen.

THE first Russian prizes taken are vessels laden with salt: the very article that we propose to put upon the tail of the eagle.

## A MODERN MYSTERY.



ALAN ROLLESTON, a well-dressed but strange-looking man, having a huge red beard and bear-skin coat, was charged with loitering and sleeping in St. James's Park, and refusing to give any account of himself.—The Defendant had been remanded for a week, to enable INSPECTOR WALKER, of the A Division of Police, to ascertain if anything was known respecting him. It was proved that for some time past he had obstinately persisted in remaining in the open park—literally taking up his residence there; and, as he always appeared attracted towards the royal carriages when they passed, the Police had felt it their duty repeatedly to order him off; but he invariably returned, and at length, being unable or unwilling to state how he got his living, or what were his motives for sleeping in the open air, he was taken into custody.

The Magistrate cautioned him that he was liable to a term of imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond for sleeping in the open air, and advised him therefore not to repeat the offence, desiring the Police, at the same time, to apprehend him if he did. For this once he might be discharged.—Police Report.

Oh, who is this stranger so dark,  
With beard so suspiciously red,  
Who spends all his days in the Park,  
And never goes home to a bed?

His object there's none can divine;  
Though harmless his manner and mien,  
Some mischief he sure must design,  
For he looks at the coach of the QUEEN.

To prison they lead him away;  
Of course they are perfectly right:  
His crime—doing nothing by day,  
And sleeping *al fresco* at night.

Of punishment still to be feared,  
The Magistrate, shaking his head,  
Has warned the strange man with the beard,  
If he does not go home to a bed.

But oh, beak! of conviction beware,  
Lest judges of learning and worth  
Shall hold on appeal—None can sleep in the air  
As long as he lives on the earth.

## SCENES AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

FROM a memorial addressed by MR. WESTERTON, the Churchwarden of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to the BISHOP OF LONDON, it appears that the performances of which that church was some time ago the theatre are still going on to a great extent under the auspices of the HON. AND REV. R. LIDDELL, the incumbent; ceremonies and observances being practised, and use being made of ecclesiastical "properties," in such a manner as to impart a Romanesque character to the services. It is due to the Bishop to say that he does express his disapproval of many of the papistical monkeyisms denounced by the churchwarden; but it is equally due to truth to add that he disapproves of them with evident reluctance. The subjoined allusion to the cross on the communion table will exemplify the spirit of his lordship's reply to the memorial:—

"As this cross (which is not large and massive as you describe it, but small and light) was on the table when the church was consecrated, though not seen by me, a large offertory dish being on part of it, I am not satisfied that I have authority to direct its removal without consent of the churchwardens and parishioners except by a formal decree of the Consistorial Court. I certainly wish it to be removed, and should be glad if the parishioners would agree to its removal without such authoritative sanction."

The BISHOP OF LONDON is said to be a wag, and no doubt he reads his *Punch*—which is not the same thing with reading *Joe Miller*; as is too generally the case in perusing joacular publications. Were the right reverend prelate indeed familiar with the class of witticisms denominated "Old Joes," it is not likely that he would have penned the above parenthesis of apology for the Puseyitical cross—an apology which is identical with the celebrated plea, "'Tis only a little one." The same excuse will cover the introduction of diminutive images, tiny wafers, and infinitesimal beads, to which if there be added a few indulgences and a little auricular confession, we shall have a totality which may be regarded as a sort of petty popery.

## Criticism for the Author of Evil.

THOUGH not present at the grand Review in honour of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE that lately took place in the Champ de Mars, we may observe that we hope the contributors to that Review will join effectually with the United Service in cutting up NICHOLAS.



TRAPPED.

## PAPER WONDERS.

THAT man is grass is, of course, a solemn truth, solemnly received; but that nettles should be paper is a bit of news that will startle the millions. Nevertheless, the *Gardener's Chronicle* declares that "nettles and mallows in particular" make excellent paper. "The common stinging-nettle" has a splendid fibre, and in Germany has been made into first-class paper. At this very hour the world is so prosperous, so well-to-do and well dressed, that commerce cries in vain for rags to feed the paper-mills. And here are millions and millions of reams of the green material—the much-abused and long-neglected nettle—idly growing in our very ditches. Will not MR. GLADSTONE look liberally, scientifically at this enormous waste of greenness—this dreadful sacrifice of vegetable power? The *Gardener* declares that the fine old English stinging-nettle possesses a fibre "scarcely inferior to hemp." Hear that, NICHOLAS: and tremble at the rod of nettles in store for the chastisement of Russian trade! The like cheering authority also assures us that the Spanish broom (*Spartium junceum*) makes first-rate paper: but this scientific fact, we doubt not, has long been known to Spanish statesmen; all Spanish bonds having been printed on broom paper, that they might be swept out of the Spanish memory as cleanly as possible. Be this as it may; let us as Britons rejoice in the possession of our never-failing crops of British nettles, ready to be converted into "first-class paper." And there is a hopeful moral, a

comforting assurance in this discovery, that at length does justice to the scorned, abused, neglected, "common stinging-nettle." A thing growing in ditches; a wounding, irritating, wicked weed, stinging men, women, and children—it has still grown with a name for unmixed badness. And now, this thing of ditches shall be gathered, and steeped, and daintily manipulated, and come forth to the world, in its revealed self, the whitest, purest paper! Beauty that would squeal at a touch of the saw-edged leaf of the "common stinging-nettle" calling it a cruel, odious thing—may now lay her hand upon the purified leaf—(its soul of whiteness and innocence evolved from its green, acid body,)—and, tracing thereon gentlest thoughts for eager, happy eyes, may bless the common stinging-nettle. Let no man, undeservedly cast down and reviled, despair;—for even nettles—common stinging-nettles—are looking up.

When will MR. GLADSTONE permit MR. DISRAELI to address him on a note of "first-class paper," *i. e.* nettle-paper?

## Cambridge at Vienna.

THE gifted Duke has received telegraphic orders to turn somewhat out of his way, to be present at the marriage of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA on the 25th. What a pity! Here is a young warrior, panting, perspiring to gather laurels, and our Premier sends him to sniff at orange-blossoms.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.



OUR contemporary the *Times* has, rather unceremoniously, but to all appearances quite logically smashed the Mariner's Compass; and pronounced it an unsafe guide for even the best ships, with the most experienced crews and the most able captains. The following opinion has been given by an experienced aquatic authority, CAPTAIN DIGGLES, of the *Duffydown-dilly*, who has been nicknamed the Admiral of the White-brown, from the colour of his countenance:—

"As to the Compass," says CAPTAIN DIGGLES, "why, hitch up my old trowsers and splice my main braces, if I ever could see, with my dear eyes, the use of a compass or a pair of compasses in the Navigation of the River. Odds tars and tarpaulins! who would stand to look at a compass with a coal barge bumping down on your weather side, and a wherry under your lee, with a capful of wind blowing the hat off your head, and no more sea-room than enough to get your boat's head in between the shore and the shingles. The only compass I ever trust to, is the compass

of my voice, and if I don't make other craft steer according as I calls out to 'em, it's no use. And there's an end on it."

THE LIVERPOOL CHURCH IN DANGER.

THE following paragraph shows the frightful effect produced on the Church in Liverpool by the refusal of the parishioners to contribute three farthings to the wants of the Establishment:—

"CHURCH-RATE REFUSED IN LIVERPOOL.—After a contest of unexampled duration, the parishioners of Liverpool have refused to vote a church-rate of three farthings in the pound. The poll closed yesterday (Tuesday) with the following results—the majority against the rate being 537 persons, and 412 votes. The churchwardens state that in consequence of this decision, 2 clerks, 7 sextons, 2 organists, 10 singers, and 21 bellringers must at once be discharged from their connection with the parish churches, and that no sacramental bread and wine, and other expenses—such as insurance, washing, cleaning, &c., can be allowed to four other churches. The result of the polling was received with loud cheers."

We used to regard as rather an unmeaning song the old distich commencing

"I owe you five farthings,  
Say the Bells of St. Martin's

but we now see a closer connection between farthings and church bells than we ever dreamed of. When we find that the refusal of three farthings can knock off at one blow twenty-one bellringers from a provincial town, we can easily understand the influence that a debt of five farthings may have had on the bells of St. Martin's.

We presume the unfortunate bellringers will be without a-peal from the decision of the parishioners, who seemed so satisfied with their own work, that they cheered the announcement which intimated the necessary discharge of a batch of clerks, organists, singers, and sextons, in addition to the twenty-one individuals who have hitherto been hangers-on to the parochial bell-ropes. We may, at all events, congratulate Liverpool on the comparative quiet it will henceforth enjoy, for the officials who are to be discharged are all, in some way or other, connected with the production of noise, and are *pro tanto* disturbers of the public tranquillity.

Some of our readers will be a little shocked at the rather unseemly juxtaposition of certain items in the latter part of the paragraph quoted above, which furnishes a by no means uncommon instance of a tendency on the part of the Church authorities to mix up washing-bills and cleaning expenses with matters of a more sacred character. There is something rather disagreeable in the idea of being called upon to subscribe for a clean surplice for the clergyman, as a portion of our contributions to religious purposes; and we would rather that a reverend pastor should follow the advice of NAPOLEON, and wash his dirty linen at home, if he cannot make himself fit to be seen in the pulpit without sending round to beg for the means of paying his laundress.

The mendicant habits of the poorer clergy are indeed becoming so troublesome, that a day scarcely passes without our receiving an envelope containing a card with a slit cut in it, for the convenient transfer of any coin from a sixpence to a sovereign, as a

contribution to some hard-up Reverend. As the Friend of the Clergy are going to have their usual dinner in a few days, we trust the subject of clerical washing bills will be taken into consideration, and arrangements made to secure to every poor parson a surplice, sufficiently clean to prevent the necessity for such dirty and shabby appeals as we have alluded to.

SHAVING FOR LADIES.

CERTAIN quacks are advertising "Roseate Powder," described as "the most certain and elegant preparation for the removal of superfluous hair on the arms, neck, and face, so inimical to beauty," and "Poudre Subtile," which "removes that great disfigurement to beauty, superfluous hair on the face, neck, and arms, in less than ten minutes, without pain or injury to the skin." There are just two methods of removing hair; cutting and burning; and as powders cannot cut, those abovementioned must operate by combustion or chemical corrosion, which amounts to the same thing. How it may be possible to corrode or burn hair, without producing the same effect on the skin whence it grows, it is not easy to conceive; but if the thing could be managed, the razor would soon be entirely superseded. We wonder whether the "Roseate Powder," or the "Poudre Subtile" could be employed, instead of boiling water, or blazing straw, for the purpose of scalding or "swealing" a pig.



A CAP THAT WOULD COMPLETELY SPOIL THE APPEARANCE OF OUR PICKED MEN, HUMBL Y SUGGESTED TO H.R.H. F.M.P.A., WHILE HE IS ABOUT IT.

Ambiguous Tapers.

THE *Morning Post* states that—

"HIS HOLINESS THE POPE has forwarded QUEEN ISABELLA the magnificent present of a box of candles."

The meaning of this present may appear to be an encouragement to her most Catholic Majesty to persevere in reading by the POPE'S light. We trust that is the case. We hope PIUS did not, by his gift of candles, intend to hint any necessity for their conjunction with white sheets.



MONSIEUR CLICQUOT THINKS IT SAFER TO TAKE SHELTER TILL THE SHOWER PASSES OVER.

### THE "GENTLEMEN" OF THE BAR.

THE Bar must be a very honourable profession, because we are always hearing from the Members of the Bar themselves that the profession is not only a most honourable profession, but the most honourable of professions. It is true that there is often a broad distinction between profession and practice, which distinction accounts perhaps for the fact, that while the Bar is the most honourable of professions it is not inconsistent with the most degrading practices. A barrister may ally himself with the lowest class of touters for the purpose of extracting a base fee from a pocket that is filled with the pickings of the pockets of other people; a barrister may fraternise with sham attorneys and their pseudo-clerks, and representing himself before a facile Judge as "regularly instructed," may be allowed to swindle somebody or other out of a fee; a barrister may do this, and more than this, and may yet remain a Member of the very "honourable profession."

We shall be told that the practices to which we allude are peculiar to the scum and the dregs of the Bar, but that we shall never find men, holding a recognised rank in the profession, descending to any practices unworthy of a "barrister or a gentleman."

As the Bar declares itself the arbiter of what is becoming to its own dignity, we must leave the Bar to decide on that part of the question; but we must take leave to determine according to our own view how far certain doings at the Bar may be conformable to the conduct of a gentleman. It may be professional, but it is scarcely gentlemanly to impute fraud to witnesses, though we are aware that there is plenty of precedent, among even the leaders of the Bar, for implied and direct accusations of a still graver character. It seems to be perfectly "professional," when defending a murderer, to suggest that the murder may have been committed by one of the witnesses—a course that was adopted a very short time ago by an eminent Old Bailey barrister on circuit—a worthy follower in the school of the advocate of COURVOISIER. It has been urged that it is unfair to judge of the Bar as a profession by that portion which selects Newgate as the field for its exertions, but we regret to find that Westminster Hall furnishes instances in which some of the most respectable names at the Bar may be found in connection with practices such as a Barrister may not be ashamed to avow, but which a gentleman would, we think, repudiate. The following extract from a law report in the *Times* affords a by no means singular specimen of forensic taste in the Superior Courts and among the higher grades of the profession:—

"In this cross-examination of the plaintiff by MR. SERJEANT BYLES, he was asked whether he had not suggested to the defendant that there should be a robbery at the

Great Globe, as many shillings would come in from persons coming to see the place where the robbery was.

"MR. WYLD most indignantly denied this, and added that no one who had not been the associate of thieves and convicts would have suggested that such a question should be put.

"The learned Judge told MR. WYLD he should only give the denial.

"The plaintiff said it was a most offensive question.

"The JUDGE. That may be.

"Upon the question being repeated,

"The foreman of the jury rose, and said he thought it a most improper question; it was one totally irrelevant to the inquiry. As he understood the case, it was whether the defendant had deceived the plaintiff and the public, or whether the plaintiff and defendant had combined together to deceive the public.

"MR. SERJEANT BYLES said he must do his duty.

"The JUROR. Yes; but draw it a little milder—a little milder."

Here we find MR. SERJEANT BYLES asking a witness whether he had not proposed to obtain money from the public upon a false and fraudulent pretence—a question which elicited an indignant denial. The learned Judge, feeling no doubt that the question was perfectly professional, put no check on the tongue of the barrister, but rebuked the witness for his indignation, and told him "he should only give the denial." The question was admitted by the Judge to be "offensive," but the "Rule of Court" seems to be, that barristers are privileged offenders, and that witnesses must be made the objects of such offences as barristers may choose to commit—there being no rebuke to the wrong-doer from the Judge, who is ready with a reprimand instead of protection for the wronged party.

### OH! PANTALOONS OF CHERRY.

*Dedicated without permission to the EARL OF CARDIGAN.*

Oh, pantaloons of cherry!  
Oh, redder than raspberry!  
For men to fight in things so tight  
It must be trying—very.

'Gainst wear, though fine the weather,  
They would not hold together;  
On saddle-back they'd fly and crack,  
Though seated with black leather.

Oh, welcome declaration!  
That timely reformation  
The soldiers brave from galls will save  
Without that decoration.

In overall's more spacious,  
If crimson, still capacious,  
The bold Hussar will rush to war.  
LORD CARDIGAN is gracious!

Eleventh!—gallant fellows—  
In cherries, blues, and yellows  
More amply made, with sharpened blades,  
Go where BELLONA bellows.

And though with colours glaring,  
Your uniform be flaring,  
You'll be no less than by your dress  
Conspicuous for your daring.

### MR. URQUHART'S MARE'S NEST.

In an address to the inhabitants of Manchester, according to the *Times*, MR. DAVID URQUHART said—

"The nation is plunging into a war. In ignorance it believes it to be made against Russia. I know that it is made in concurrence with Russia, and this knowledge it is which urges me to make you this proposal. It is with Turkey, and ultimately with France that you will fight, unless your hand be stayed."

There is or was a "Clergyman of Cambridge University," who having cured himself of a nervous or mental complaint, offered, "from benevolence rather than gain," to cure others. We will not say that MR. URQUHART would be a proper subject for the benevolence of this Cambridge Clergyman; but the reverend gentleman's charity might be usefully bestowed on the meeting which MR. URQUHART succeeded in convening at the Corn Exchange, to hear him expatiate on the above propositions. There may perhaps, be some little hope of them. In the mean time, how true it appears to be that one individual like MR. URQUHART makes many.

### Manners for the Million.

NEVER give anybody the lie, however gross may be the falsehood he utters. To him who says the thing which is not, it will be a sufficient rebuke to answer, "That's a NICHOLAS."

A WAR CATECHISM.

(To be answered by those whom it may concern.)

- “Who is it can't finally make up his mind,  
In sending our cavalry over the water,  
If it's safer to trust them to steam or to wind?”  
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- “Who can't fix, if for troopers to sail all the way,  
Or to march across France be the easier and shorter?  
Who to-morrow finds out he was all wrong to-day?”  
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- “Who keeps soldiers and generals dangling behind,  
While the Russians are marching, our allies to slaughter,  
To remonstrances deaf, and to reasoning blind?”  
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- “Who sends Commissariat officers out—  
Less active by half, than SIR JOHN BURGONYNE'S daughter—  
Knowing nothing of all they should know most about?”  
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- “Who leaves sick without physic, and well without grub?  
What's become of that much bepuffed shipload of porter?  
Who allows each and all, on hap-hazard, to rub?”  
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- “Who keeps transports waiting for freight, till on each  
The demurrage runs up to a sum would have bought her?  
Who shoots out, like raw lobsters, our troops on the beach?”  
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- “Who loads soldiers' backs till they're ready to faint;  
Sticks their necks in a stock that is positive tortur’?  
Makes 'em shave what is useful, and polish what ain't?”  
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- “Why must not common sense teach that old fool, Routine,  
And outst her, if still she won't practise what's taught her?  
Is the soldier a man, or a drilling-machine?”  
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).

MILITARY MESS-BEER.



THE “CANNON BREWERY” has for some time existed; but brewing is now practised in a corps not connected with the Ordnance. The following paragraph, from the *United Service Gazette*, records that advance in military economy:—

“CONCENTRATED BEER FOR THE ARMY.—The Infantry Brigade of Guards are to try the experiment of brewing their own beer in their barracks. The process is most simple and requires only a certain quantity of hot water to render the concentrated beer palatable drink. Ten non-commissioned officers are told off to try its effects. They are allowed to drink as much as they please, but restricted from taking any other beer, or spirits. The porter is approved of, but the ale is not a favourite. This introduction is most important to the troops now proceeding to the East.”

*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, says the proverb; which by the above account seems, with regard to the “Concentrated Beer,” to

have been translated, “Try the experiment on a Corporal:” unless the ten non-commissioned officers told off to test the “effects” of the liquor include sergeants. Certainly the Infantry Brigade of Guards cannot be regarded as a *corpus vile*, or vile corps, but on the contrary, must be acknowledged to be a “crack” regiment. We cannot help questioning the palatable character said to be imparted to the concentrated beer by hot water. Hot water at an early stage of brewing is requisite to constitute a mash; but if added to malt liquor after fermentation seems unlikely to make anything but a mull. The “effects” produced on the subjects of the experiment, would, we should fear, be of an antimonial nature; and what confirms us in this apprehension, is the statement that those individuals are allowed to drink as much of the beverage as they please. To be at the same time restricted from taking any other beer may be a necessary, but is a hard, condition; for we apprehend that any other beer would be preferable to the concentrated after dilution. It is not wonderful that the ale is not a favourite;

and most likely it requires a very liquorish tooth to approve of the porter. The introduction is no doubt most important to the troops going to the East: and its consequences indeed may prove extremely serious.

THE CIVIC FAST.

THERE is but one LORD MAYOR in the United Kingdom who could have been supposed capable of issuing such a summons as that whereof the subjoined is a true copy:—



“SIR, YOUR Worship is desired to be at the Mansion-House on Wednesday next, the 26th day of April, 1854, at Two of the clock in the Afternoon precisely, to BREAKFAST, in a Black Suit and your Scarlet Gown,—afterwards to proceed from thence to St. Paul's Cathedral, on foot; being the day appointed by Her Majesty for a General Fast and Humiliation.

“C. W. HICK, Swordbearer.

“N.B. The Lord Mayor will leave the Mansion-House at a Quarter before Three o'clock, and Divine Service will commence at a Quarter-past Three o'clock precisely.

“Swordbearer's Office, Mansion-House,  
“Friday, 21st April, 1854.”

The foregoing composition, but for the Cathedral therein specified being St. Paul's instead of St. Patrick's, would of course be ascribed by everybody to the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN. His worship is requested to come to the Mansion House on the Fast Day to break his fast, and then to walk to church. Moreover, it being also the day of Humiliation, he is directed to put on a Scarlet Gown.

Scarlet Gown and Lobster Salad are perhaps the Mansion House equivalents to Sackcloth and Ashes.

How jolly it would be to fast, that is, to break-fast at the Mansion House every day! How fat a man would get in a Lent of fasting there! Only it is to be feared that gout would be the result of such abstinence; or that the loss of blood and the use of cooling medicine would be necessary thereafter.

His Worship may be supposed to have really fasted all the morning of the 26th, and not to have broken his fast until 2 P.M. But that is a charitable supposition. The probability we would bet upon is, that he ate a hearty breakfast of eggs and ham, or bloater and buttered toast, with tea or coffee at ten or eleven, and broke his fast, of three or four hours' duration, a second time at the Mansion House. For the municipal refectory it will be seen that three quarters of an hour were allowed; a time sufficient to enable an Alderman to put a great deal of pigeon-pie, and various other things, out of sight.

However, there seems much sense in the view propounded by one of the clergymen who preached on the day in question—to the effect that fasting, in the present era, should be a spiritual instead of a bodily mortification; and therefore we do not blame the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen for satisfying their appetites, even if they appeased their hunger with cold capon, and their thirst with champagne. It must be recollected that they had to walk all the way from the Mansion House to St. Paul's, having less than half an hour to do the distance in; so that if they had not broken their fast at the former edifice exhaustion must have occasioned them to break down on their journey to the latter. Indeed they may reply to the charge of fast breaking, that a walk of that length, within that time, is quite fast enough for any alderman.

Important to Wounded Seamen.

THOUGH success may attend some of our naval operations, the results of others will certainly be unfortunate, unless our fleets are well supplied with surgeons, which they are not likely to be until medical officers in the navy are placed on something like the footing of other officers and gentlemen.

ADVICE FOR MARTINETTS.

MILITARY authorities should consider whether it would not be advisable to abate a little of their solicitude for the tidiness of a regiment, and pay somewhat more attention to its mess.

THE FRUIT OF CLOTHING COLONELS.

A SLANG name for certain cavalry regiments is, we believe, “The Light Bobs.” Perhaps LORD CARDIGAN'S Hussars may be termed “The Bob Cherrics.”



FOR THE SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

## LAWYERS IN AUSTRALIA.

We have read some sad accounts of the glut of lawyers in Australia, and we are told of a barrister who has been obliged to turn porter, in which capacity he has had several heavy cases entrusted to him. We suppose the bar still stick up for professional etiquette, and when a load is too heavy for one, the leader no doubt insists on its being endorsed regularly by being hoisted on to his back with the professional intimation, "With you MR. SO AND SO," who is "instructed" to lend a hand with the burden. Many learned gentlemen, who have been accustomed only to consider the weight of evidence, are obliged to make themselves acquainted with the weight of furniture, or anything else they may be employed to conduct through the courts and alleys of Australia.

The only really satisfactory part of the business must be the "refresher," which in the shape of porter is no doubt very acceptable to those who are compelled to make PORTER'S works—in preference to COKE'S—their constant study. The wig must be rather an indifferent substitute for the knot, but it is certainly a more profitable employment of the forensic horsehair than devoting it to knotty points of law, which do not appear to be much in favour with the Australian community.

## A CONJUROR'S DIAMONDS.

THE Wizard of the North pays a very flattering compliment to the intellectual perceptions of the citizens of Glasgow. He invites them to see his conjuring, for this convincing reason: he has "appeared before every monarch of Europe," and been duly jewelled by the same. But what of that?—

"The Citizens go out of respect, which is more valuable to the WIZARD than the MONARCHS' DIAMONDS WHICH HE WEARS."

Such being the case there can be no doubt that if the Citizens of Glasgow will pay the conjuror their personal respects, the conjuror will return for the same all his diamonds; and thus, respect being "more valuable," he will still be a considerable gainer by the exchange!

## ENGLAND'S WAR VIGIL.

By solemn custom in the olden time,  
The squire deemed worthy to be dubbed a knight  
Kent vigil lone, from evensong to prime,  
Within the church—all in his armour dight.  
And standing reverent, or kneeling low,  
For past misdeeds did Heaven's forgiveness pray,  
And guidance ask that he might bear him so  
As true knight ought—in deed and word alway.  
And, when the shadows of the night had waned,  
And while the matin mass the priests intone,  
He on the altar laid his sword unstained,  
As dedicate thenceforth to God alone.  
So kneels our England e'er she goeth out  
A knight—to battle in a godly cause,  
Humbling herself—but not as one in doubt,  
If God will bless the weapon that she draws.  
She layeth down the burden of her sin,  
Knowing it great, and hard to be forgiven;  
And, for the strife that she must now begin,  
Looks up for strength where true strength is—to Heaven.  
And Heaven will hear her prayer and aid her hand,  
For it is lifted to defend the weak;  
To put down force and falsehood from command,  
And Heaven's own vengeance for ill deeds to wreak.  
Then stand by, selfish scoffer, with thy sneer  
Of "Cross and Crescent"—creeds to deeds belong.  
The Holy Symbol we then most revere  
When we deny its power to sanction wrong!

JOINT NAME FOR SMOKERS AND DRINKERS.—To-Bacchanalians.  
(Pronounce it, TOBACCO-NALIANS).

## MOUSTACHES IN THE BANK.

SOMEHOW or other, there is in the Gentile world an antagonism between moustaches and money; oddly enough £ s. d. will have nothing to do with the least assertion of "tip." The young men of our generation have been exhorted to lay down their razors and to take up with moustaches: many unsophisticated enthusiasts have answered to the appeal with somewhat of the vigour of a SAMSON, putting, as it may be, the hairiest or downiest countenance upon the movement. On this, the tyranny of bare-faced MAMMON asserts itself in MAMMON'S very highest place—yea, in its golden pulpit. Gallant young clerks of the Bank of England were beginning to grow good promissory notes of moustaches, when MAMMON, looking upon these hirsute shootings, cried—"Shave, young men: shave, or resign." This is a hard, tyrannous fact. The youths of England, entrusted with the treasures of the Bank, were ordered by a certain day to present clean faces or each a fairly-written resignation. They did both: that is, they one and all exhibited their resignation, by sacrificing the objectionable hair. And this is called a free country; in which a man is not allowed to keep his moustaches and his place! It is whispered that the shorn young gentlemen have drawn up a petition to Parliament in the matter; a petition to be presented by MR. MUNTZ and supported by COLONEL SIBTHORP.

## Give a Czar a Bad Name.

"The EMPEROR NICHOLAS is the possessor of house property in this city."—*Limerick Chronicle*.

What? In addition to all else that can be charged against him, NICHOLAS is proved to be an absentee Irish Landlord! Then somebody is as black as he is painted.

## Te(a) Benedico.

It appears that we have, during the last quarter, derived an enormous and unexpected revenue from tea. It is hoped that the money thus obtained will go some way towards the expense of the war, and that by the aid of our Hyson we may defray some of the cost of our Gunpowder.



ENGLAND'S WAR VIGIL.





ERUDITION UNDER BONNETS.



**AFTER PUNCH.**—My attention has been attracted by some advertisements, in the *Times*, of certain Colleges for Ladies—admirable institutions, no doubt, if properly conducted. The list of studies put forth as the *curriculum* pursued at one of these seats of learning comprises so many branches of knowledge, that the Spinners and Mistresses of Arts who may graduate therein will be considerably more than matches for the Bachelors & Masters who have obtained corresponding honours at the universities. Hence some difficulty may be experienced by them in finding gentlemen sufficiently learned to be suitable husbands for them. That, however, will perhaps be got over if their erudition include a knowledge of common things. They are instructed, I perceive, in Algebra, Geometry, and Arithmetic; in Biblical Literature; in Botany, in Dancing and Exercises; in Drawing, both of the figure and landscape, with Perspective; in Elocution; in English Grammar, Composition, Language, and Literature; in French; Geography; German; in Harmony and Composition; History, ancient and modern; Italian; Latin, and Natural Philosophy; Pianoforte; Singing; and Spanish.

All this is very well. Nay, Greek might have been included in the course, and there is no objection that I see to the addition of Hebrew. But are the Mathematics which the young ladies—very properly—learn, simple or mixed? The latter, I hope. I trust that the Algebra will be taught with a view to practical application in calculating the results of shopping; and that the Geometry will be subservient in some way to the cutting out of frocks. I also trust that the Botany will have a certain reference to dealing with the greengrocers; the Drawing to the preparation of Poultry for the table; the Elocution to speaking out instead of coquetting; the Composition to the admixture of ingredients component of pudding; and the Natural Philosophy to domestic economy at large. Lastly, may the acquisition of Spanish be attended by the formation of just notions of the value of something which was synonymous with that language until the experience of Spanish bondholders had shown that Spanish does not signify money. Otherwise, I should not wish my nieces to go to College.

“I am, &c.

“*Fogey Place, April, 1854.*

“AVUNCULUS.”

“P.S. I alluded to puddings. Ladies' Colleges have Donnas, I suppose, as those of Oxford and Cambridge have Dons. Could not the Donnas of Northumberland College invent a Ladies' College Pudding?”

**WANTED, A FEW SMART, HANDSOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN** to dance at Evening Parties, on account of the great drain of Officers that the War has carried off to the East. They must converse freely about the Weather, the Opera, and all fashionable topics, and be accustomed to good society. They must be well practised in the Polka Waltz, (simple, as well as à *Deux Temps*), Schottische, and not be above dancing in a Quadrille, if needed. They must be single, and not exceed the age of Forty. They must not refuse to dance with an elderly lady occasionally, if the size of her property is such as to warrant the presumption. The terms offered, including a Champagne supper, are of the most liberal description, and may be ascertained at GUNTER'S, St. James's Square, or of the Secretary of the “DISTRESSED YOUNG LADIES' ELEGANT PARTNERS' ASSOCIATION,” at Hanover Square Rooms. Young Gentlemen presenting themselves must bring with them a white neckcloth, as a specimen. Not the slightest objection, at present, to Officers in the Militia, but no tradesman, unless extremely rich, and highly respectable in the wholesale line, need trouble himself by applying.

**WANTED, ALSO, A FEW AGREEABLE, RATTLING, CLEVER YOUNG FELLOWS,** who can sing, conjure, and play tricks. A Vacancy for a young Nobleman who can fry Omelettes in his hat, in a genteel Establishment, where hot suppers are given, and a servant in livery is kept. Terms, including kid gloves (new, not cleaned), well worth the attention of younger sons, who have very little, or nothing, on their hands. Enquire as above.—N.B. A Good Light Dinner Irishman is in large request.

THE RUSSIAN GUY FAWKES.

AIR—“Popular.”

I SING a Northern Autocrat, old NICK the prince of Sinisters,  
Who made away with Turkey once, the Sultan and his Ministers:  
That is, he would have made away with them, but was prevented,  
For France and England stopped the way, and NICK was circumvented.

Chorus—Bow, wow, wow!

The Russian Bear is going to the dogs I trow.

A flimsy quarrel to hash up he soon was at no loss you see,  
And being out of temper said, “I'm fighting for the Cross you see.”  
Most piously upon his sword he then invoked a blessing,  
And vowed that with its naked edge he'd give the Turks a dressing.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

With coolness quite cucumbrian, despising all formalities,  
He sent his army to invade the neutral Principalities:  
Then passing o'er the Danube he besieged Constantinople,  
At least he has not done so yet, and never, we may hope, will.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

By sea his arms with victory not long were unrewarded:  
Sinope's famous triumph stands in history recorded;  
And yet opinions differ—no two men think the same now,  
For what he calls a victory we've quite another name now.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Another drubbing soon he gave the Turks at Oltenitza,  
And made them run with holy gun, and holier howitzer:  
'Twas so at last his version ran—to horse-marines and Prussians,  
But according to the Turkish tale the rush was by the Russians.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

At Cronstadt too great stones he sank, with powder each well loaded,  
And thus blew up the British fleet, and all our hopes exploded:  
That is, he means to blow them up—the papers clearly show it,  
But now the trick itself is blown we think he'll hardly do it.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

His pledged “parole de gentleman” he never once has broken,  
Nor crooked policy has shown, but upright and plainspoken:  
Upright, at least, he might have proved, but in truth there's no  
denying  
The attitude he has preserved towards us has been lying.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

They say his fleet outnumbered ours, but it must not be forgotten  
That recent travellers have found out one half his ships are rotten:  
If his forces are his weaknesses he can't be very strong now,  
So we hope to make short work of him; it will not take us long now.  
Bow, wow, wow!  
The Russian Bear is going to the dogs I trow.

MAGNA EST NUDITAS.

THE Foreign Correspondence of the *Morning Chronicle* enjoys deserved celebrity; but the last instance of devotion on the part of one of the gentlemen at the seat of war, surpasses, we think, any of its predecessors. The special correspondent at Volo (which it may be convenient to country subscribers to say is in Thessaly) concludes a long and graphic description of the storming of that place by brigands, thus—

“The whole of my apparel is in the flames, or in the hands of the robbers.”

The zeal of a writer who could only find time at the conclusion of a lengthened despatch to discover that he was in a state of nature, and who then merely alludes to it in this off-hand style, as a trifle, interesting to his friends, but hardly worth dwelling on, is worthy of all honour.

A Word to the Economists.

OUR ultra economists, with a profuseness of words which hardly seems to tally with their character for sparing, are continually complaining of the Government expenditure, and alleging that there's scarcely branch of the service but what wants lopping. Now, to adapt a favourite politicium, this may be the fact, or it may not. But in either case we must be permitted to observe that, for the honour of the Nation, we never wish to see the Vessel of the State a Screw.

**SATISFACTION FOR A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.**—All that NICHOLAS wanted of Turkey was a trifling Note. Instead of that he has got a serious Check.

## TREMENDOUS SACRIFICES AT ST. PETERSBURG.



THERE is no reason for doubting the facts alluded to in the following paragraph from the *Times'* foreign correspondence:—

"If our accounts from St. Petersburg are correct, some of the Russians have made great pecuniary sacrifices. The well known COUNT ANATOLE DEMIDOFF, whose revenues are enormous, is said to have placed them at the disposal of the state for the duration of the war, while BARON STIEGLITZ, the Court banker, has voluntarily contributed 300,000 silver roubles. A Russian financier may be an exception to the general rule, but moneyed men seldom or never have the patriotic feeling so strongly developed as to part with a sum equivalent to £55,000 or £60,000 sterling."

Of course a Russian financier is an exception to the general rule. Financiers of most other countries engaged in warfare, limit their patriotic contributions to paying

their war-taxes—with or without grumbling, as the case may be. For the Sovereigns of other nations, for the most part, carry on their wars by means of national taxation; and if our double income-tax is a partial impost, still the confiscation is Parliamentary and Constitutional. But NICHOLAS is a "gentleman" who seizes upon material guarantees. That gentleman would assuredly have overdrawn his account with BARON STIEGLITZ by a sum considerably exceeding 300,000 roubles, if the Court Banker had not volunteered that amount as a material guarantee for honouring a larger cheque on demand. If *Mr. Punch* were a Russian subject—supposing the possibility of *Punch's* existence in Russia—His Majesty, doubtless, would exact a material guarantee from *Mr. Punch*, unless *Mr. Punch* prevented him. He would lay hands on, and appropriate the till of *Mr. Punch* and his strong box, and the whole of his extensive stock forming the present publication, together with his few back numbers; and all his other stocks and shares, and estate—real and personal—and his stick, and all his sticks; and his cattle, and his dog *Toby*, as material guarantees of *Mr. Punch's* good behaviour. The only method by which *Mr. Punch* could prevent the Imperial Gentleman from thus making a material guarantee of his whole property, would be that of surrendering the greater portion of it. He would willingly resign £60,000 to his Emperor, if he possessed £60,001, and think himself lucky that his sovereign master permitted him to have one other sovereign in the world.

In reference to the tremendous sacrifice above mentioned, it may be observed that the "God of the Russians" begins to require offerings, as his worshippers are discovering to their cost. It must be so, if they will worship such a god: the Russians will be obliged to sacrifice money as well as children, to Moloch.

## THE COINAGE OF THE BRAIN.

DURING the Easter recess there has been some difficulty in filling the newspapers; but happily the paragraph-mongers came to the rescue with their usual alacrity. The most original idea which we have met with, and which stands out in grand contrast to the early gooseberries, and other common places of the kitchen garden, is the discovery in a ditch of some hundreds of coins, with 341 ounces of silver, and several hundred battleaxes, all marked with Roman characters. This has been a most fortunate find for the penny-a-liners, though we have not heard of anyone else having derived any profit from the digging up of so much wealth, which will no doubt disappear as soon as the necessity for furnishing "copy" is terminated by the recommencement of the debates in Parliament.

The whole of the articles enumerated are said to have been found in an urn, which was, it is to be presumed, the depository of some Roman miser's earnings. How they came to be so long overlooked, and how it is that those who made the ditch never noticed its contents, nobody attempts to explain, nor is it worth while to inquire. It is enough for us to feel that we are always protected against the possible barrenness of our newspapers by those timely treasures which are lying conveniently ready to be brought to light, whenever a supply of paragraphs may be required.

## Peace Deputation Extraordinary.

We understand from most "exclusive sources" (which we believe, nevertheless, are open to everybody) that a special deputation from the Peace Society has been lately waiting on the keepers of the Zoological Gardens, for the purpose of requesting an immediate discontinuance of the zoo-phytes.

## GOG AND MAGOG TO LORD RUSSELL.

"MY LORD,

"As we, GOG and MAGOG, the guardian spirits (in wood) of the City of London, have ever lived together in the most perfect harmony, we are somewhat agitated in our ligneous breasts by an accident that threatens to become, in fact, a civic institution.

"For many generations we have been accustomed to have four Members to represent us in Parliament; namely, as we have always considered, two for GOG and two for MAGOG. But what has been our condition for some time past? We have but three between us; BARON ROTHSCHILD taking his seat outside upon the steps, with little chance, as it appears to us, of being permitted to rest himself inside.

"In this dilemma, and as we cannot divide three members—having one-and-a-half apiece—we wish to know how we are to decide the matter? We have more than once thought of tossing for the odd man, but hardly like to make an M.P. a matter of heads-and-tails.

"Will you, dear LORD JOHN, give us your advice upon the matter. We do not wish to be hard upon our shut-out member, the Baron; therefore if, so long as he is excluded from the House of Commons, he will come and sit of nights with us, he shall be duly welcomed by his bewildered constituents,

"GOG AND MAGOG."

## VALOUR UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

MARCH, march, pipeplayed and belted in,  
That is to say you must march in good order;  
March, march, broiling sun melted in,  
Stocks all so tight that on choking you border:  
Martinet's anger dread,  
If you can turn your head,  
Martinet, stubborn as any old Tory;  
Shave, and make ready, then,  
Half-strangled Englishmen,  
March on, as well as you're able, to glory!



A STRANGE ANIMAL SEEN IN OXFORD STREET LAST WEDNESDAY.

Query. Was it a Militiaman? and is H.R.H. F.M.P. A. experimentalising upon the gallant "fellow?"

## Indecision.

A CAPITAL portrait has been published abroad of the King of Prussia. He is represented standing between a bottle of Champagne and a big sword, uncertain as to which of the two he should draw. It is called "MEDITATION ON THE EASTERN QUESTION."

POODLE MEPHISTOPHELES AT THE PRINCESS'S.

No man, like a Frenchman, can trim a poodle. This, we believe, may be conceded as a national merit. No man, like a Frenchman, can so quickly teach a poodle so many tricks; to fetch and carry; stand on three legs; pick letters from a biscuit alphabet; and, in a word, do all the things that make the cleverest of dogs. The skill of perfect teaching cannot be denied to the patience and intelligence of French genius; and, assuredly, MONS. CARRÉ has marvelously vindicated the Gallic ability by so trimming and teaching GOETHE'S Poodle, *alias Mephistopheles*, that his originator would never know him again.

"Seest thou the black dog"—says *Faust* to *Wagner*—"ranging through the corn and stubble?"

*Faust*. Mark him well! For what do you take the brute?

*Wagner*. For a poodle who, in his way, is puzzling out the track of his master.

*Faust*. Dost thou mark how, in wide spiral curves, he quests round and ever near us? and, if I err not, a line of fire follows upon his track.

*Wagner*. I see nothing but a black poodle.

Such was the conviction of MONS. MICHEL CARRÉ; and so, in 1851, he goes to work, and trims and shapes GOETHE'S poem of *Faust* into a thing for the French stage; and the thing—poodle-like—having had its run upon all-fours in Paris, may now be seen under the very moral management of MR. CHARLES KEAN, in Oxford Street. A mere poodle; and—for a poodle—one of the dullest dogs that ever defeated a teacher. But that the poodle should have been trimmed by a Frenchman was, doubtless, its excellent recommendation to a manager who prefers his plays, even as his gloves, to be of Paris make. They can be so stitched to fit, and be held so easily in hand!

For what could the startled, confounded manager have done with the *Mephistopheles* of GOETHE? He would have shaken at its power; and haply, have transgressed under it, like a poodle itself, scared and frightened by JOVE'S thunder and lightning. Now, poodle *Mephistopheles*, as trained and taught by MONS. CARRÉ, was an animal not beyond the powers of the master of the Princess's revels—a puppy-dog to be led in a string, or carried under the arm, even as puppy-dogs are tethered or borne by flunkies.

"Driven behind the stove"—(raves *Faust* of the real poodle, GOETHE'S poodle)—"it is swelling like an elephant; it fills the whole space; it is about to vanish into mist. Rise not to the ceiling! Down at thy master's feet! Thou seest I do not threaten in vain; I will scorch thee with holy fire. Wait not for the thrice-glowing light. Wait not for the strongest of my spells."

Now here are thunderbolt words, and scathing conjurations, that a common manager, a merely simple provider for a simple public, can hardly be expected to confront and live through. And these things are of GOETHE'S poodle; but the Frenchman teaches the dog to answer to a very different sort of order: hence, when the poodle or *Mephistopheles* of the Princess's, enters upon his two legs, he runs in, with no more of the devil in him than may be expected of the dullest of footmen, with just enough of speech to be stupid upon any subject, and on the very shortest notice. Never was poodle cut so bare—shorn so close that the very skin has been nipped by the scissors, and still shows the unsightly wounds—never was poor poodle so maltreated as GOETHE'S tremendous black dog by the irreverent Frenchman. Nevertheless, an easy critic has declared in favour of M. CARRÉ'S dog, as it appears in the hands, or upon the arms of MR. CHARLES KEAN,—saying in justification of the clipping and exposure of the poodle, as shown at the Princess's—

"One person, if he had now been living, would have decided on the wisdom of the manager, who having an effective Easter piece in view, selected the low-art fabrication of M. MICHEL CARRÉ in preference to the high-art creation of the German poet. The person we mean is—GOETHE himself."

Just as it might be said, "one person, when MR. CHARLES KEAN shall enter into Elysium, will at least step forward and embrace him for his acting of SHAKSPEARE, with every conceivable and inconceivable scenic effect, and the person we mean is—SHAKSPEARE himself!" Even as GOETHE might hug and thank MICHEL CARRÉ for his "low-art fabrication" (his low cutting of the jacket of the poodle), so will SHAKSPEARE embrace MR. CHARLES KEAN for his fabrication with very low cuttings of GIBBER'S *Richard the Third*. Wonderful must be the sources of gratitude in the Fields of the Blest!

The *Faust and Marguerite*—at the Princess's—shows MR. CHARLES KEAN to be a born spectacle-maker. As WILLIAM PITT was said to be a "heaven-descended minister," so by a liberal stretch of compliment, CHARLES KEAN—as developed in his last wonder—may be considered a heaven-descended showman. Or if any of our readers should think the terms too strong, they have only to reverse them, choosing upward epithets from the opposite.

Wonderful is the process by which all the poetry, all the grandeur, is discharged from GOETHE, the imagination and subtleties of the Master being supplied by the pulleys of the machinist and the colours of the scene-painter! Everything of life and beauty has been extracted, and a *caput mortuum*—that is, CHARLES KEAN'S *Mephistopheles*—remains.

And yet MR. KEAN never acted so naturally in all his life. He was

quite down to the part; his perceptions of the poetic trotting upon four legs. He, no doubt, felt the triumph of common-place, and rejoiced in his element. We have been accustomed to associate with *Mephistopheles* a devilish subtlety; a laughing spirit in the eye, burning like burning-glass. MR. KEAN was more consonant with his poodle-trimmer; he had no more subtlety in his speech than the waiter at the Dog Tavern; nothing more scorching in his looks than might flash from brass buttons. There was boldness, but no burning.

Some of the scenic effects are very beautiful, and worthy of the Princess's as a gallery of illustration. The vision of *Marguerite*—(thanks to *Marguerite* herself!)—was very lovely; and the procession to the Cathedral showed that the Manager had been a profound observer of the condition and demeanour of people going to prayers. The sprinkling of babies was very judicious and a little touching.

The musical contest for the soul of *Marguerite* between the demons under the stage and the angels over it was somewhat bold upon a moral English public; but when the soul of *Marguerite* in white muslin, borne by angels in satin petticoats was carried to heaven ("without wires," cries a critic, hysterical with admiration)—the delight of the gods was perfect.

The morality of *Marguerite*—as painted (in rouge) by M. CARRÉ—gives us rather *Marguerite* from the Palais Royal than *Marguerite* from the well. We would advise MR. KEAN to take a view of the latter, so exquisitely painted by MISS HOWITT. It may do him good, as a royal and moral manager.

As a piece of show and mechanism (wires unseen) *Faust and Marguerite* will draw the eyes of the town; especially the eyes that have least brains behind them. It is the very triumph of vulgar showiness, uninformed by a spark of genius. MR. KEAN'S poodle is all over a very dull dog; a dog without a bit of the wag in him, even in his tail.

Nevertheless there is one triumph due to the actor. His new nose is perfect: it has the true demoniacal curve. We never saw a better view of the Devil's Bridge.



CONSCIENCE MONEY.

"The HOUSE OF BEDFORD is of Norman origin, the family having been, before the Conquest, seigneurs of Rosel, near Caen. The parish priest of the district lately wrote to the DUKE OF BEDFORD for a subscription towards the purchase of a bell for the parish church. His Grace did more. He generously bought the bell out of his own pocket, and presented it to the grateful curé. It is to weigh 1,200 lb.!"—*News-paper Paragraph on its Round.*

"For the thousands of pounds of Church gold it did sack,  
Through bluff HARRY, the great HOUSE OF BEDFORD, to settle,  
To the Church, in atonement, gives generously back  
Twelve hundred good pounds—of bell-metal."

THE RUSSIAN SMITHY.

To call the Russian Government a Cabinet is a misnomer. The lies which it has asserted require that it should be denominated a Forge.

PROOF OF THE PROSPERITY OF IRELAND.—The difficulty of procuring rags for the manufacture of paper, and the very high price that is demanded for them.



THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT (?) IN GUARDS' CAPS. WHAT NEXT!

## HORRORS ON HORRORS' HEAD.

THERE is a wretch in human form  
(Would that his mortal course were run),  
Who brooking indignation's storm,  
Has uttered this atrocious pun.

The caitiff who by chance had heard  
The Census had been lately taken,  
Seemed teeming with some thought absurd,  
By which his sides were rudely shaken.

Then on a sudden out he burst  
In utterance by laughter choked,  
And made of puns the very worst  
That ever common sense provoked.

'Twas this, "Ha, ha, I understand,  
The recent Census doth include  
The population of the land,  
The gentle, simple, mild, and rude.

But who the reason can explain  
Under what singular pretences,  
They have included the insane,  
Who clearly are not in their Census."

## WHAT IS THE SEAT OF WAR?

WE hear a great deal of the Seat of War, but we think the expression is scarcely appropriate to the subject. The nearest approach that we can conceive to a Seat of War in the literal sense would be a Camp Stool. We sincerely hope that when our troops arrive at the Seat of War, they will think less of the Seat of War than of making a gallant stand. Judging from a recent correspondence in the *Times*, we should be inclined to believe that as far as the 11th Hussars are concerned, the Seat of War must be the black leather used in seating their cherry-coloured pantaloons.

## TOUCHING MEMORIALS OF A PUBLIC FUNCTIONARY.

WHEN it was made known to *Mr. Punch* that COLONEL MABERLY had ceased to preside over that vast establishment, "from whose bourne no money-letter e'er returns," a gentle sorrow overcame the great dispenser of mirth to nations. After musing for a while upon the mutability of mundane things, and the accidents to which human greatness is exposed, *Mr. Punch* took from his escritoire a quantity of highly interesting documents, some of which had been forwarded to him by COLONEL MABERLY in reply to private inquiries, whilst others had been collected by him during his rambles through the country. A few excerpts from these choice papers will show the public how valuable the whole must be, and will perhaps induce some antiquary or virtuoso to offer more for them than the miserable twopence per pound which *Mr. Punch's* buttermilk has had the audacity to propose as the true equivalent for them.

*Paper 59.*—A letter, written by COLONEL MABERLY, in reply to a question from *Mr. Punch* as to the reason for the nondelivery of a letter addressed to him at 85, Fleet Street, and containing £500, the gift of a constant and enthusiastic reader. In concise terms the Colonel informs *Mr. Punch* that the "proper officer" has been directed to make the necessary inquiries. Letter dated 5th April, 1849.

*Paper 82* is connected with the first-mentioned document, by a piece of red tape, and by its subject matter, as it refers to the former correspondence, facetiously calls *Mr. Punch's* case, No. 89,579,685, and informs him that the "proper officer" has failed to obtain any reply whatever to the necessary inquiries. This paper, which is dated 19th December, 1852, further recommends *Mr. Punch* never to send money through the Post Office, except in registered letters, or by Money Orders. It is thus endorsed by *Mr. Punch*:—"Mem. To take COLONEL MABERLY'S advice."

*Papers 89 and 163.*—Two envelopes, in which COLONEL MABERLY had kindly enclosed letters, which he had been unable to deliver for *Mr. Punch*. A condensed intimation of the urgent necessity which had compelled COLONEL MABERLY to deprive himself of the pleasure of forwarding *Mr. Punch's* letters is printed on the flap of each envelope, thereby affording a striking proof of the immense quantity of work performed in the Post Office, and of the scarcity of letter-paper in that establishment.

*Paper 101.*—A Broad Sheet, addressed to the Postmaster of Rogis-super-Marc, and informing him, that on and after the 1st April, 1854,

the Major Money Order Offices of Clough-cum-Crow, Parva, Smithy-Ber-in-the-Marsh, and Upton Brownjones, must be treated as Minor Money Order Offices, and that the Minor Money Order Office of Hurstrobinsion must, from the same date, be regarded as a Major Money Order Office. No reason is assigned either for the punishment or the reward, but as the Postmaster of Rogis-super-Marc is ordered to place the Broad Sheet in his office window, *Mr. Punch* is inclined to hope that the disgraced towns have been reduced for their guilty participation in case No. 89,579,685, and that the happy Hurstrobinsion has been rewarded for occasionally delivering money letters.

*Paper 144.*—In this document COLONEL MABERLY informs *Mr. Punch* that LORD MAIDSTONE has attempted to forward to Fleet Street a copy of his poem, *The Deluge*, but that as his Lordship has transgressed the regulations by making annotations in pencil on the leaves, to direct *Mr. Punch's* attention to the fine passages, the Post Office has been compelled to detain the book, which, however, *Mr. Punch* can receive on the payment of seven shillings and sixpence for postage. To this letter *Mr. Punch* has addressed a suitable reply, begging COLONEL MABERLY not to trouble himself further about the book, but to retain it as a mark of his, *Mr. Punch's* esteem.

Before *Mr. Punch* consigns these beautiful Memorials once more to the gloom of his escritoire, he would remark, that COLONEL MABERLY carries with him to his new office the hearty good will of many who have found him a just and a kind master. May MR. ROWLAND HILL, who succeeds to his honours, inherit his popularity also, and come to be as much regretted at a future time by those over whom he is appointed to preside.

## A Spirited Manager.

MR. EDWIN FORREST is stated by the American papers to have become a convert to the spirit-rapping swindle, and to be indulged with special manifestations. The bulky tragedian is rising in the world; when he was last in England nobody thought him worth a rap.

## NEEDLESS BARBARITY.

THE punishment of the pillory has long been abolished in the case of civil offences; and it does seem inconsistent not only with our present civilisation, but with justice itself, that the offending soldier should continue to be subjected to that of the stocks.

LETTER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CIVIL CORRESPONDENT.

Constantinople, April 29th.



THE discretion you kindly allowed me of selecting my own head-quarters for the purpose of observing the war now raging in Turkey, has decided me on remaining here, for several reasons. I need hardly say that any consideration of my own personal safety and comfort had nothing to do with the selection, but I have felt most deeply that it would be eminently unjust to you if I permitted any accident to prevent the regular transmission of my letters; and as, in the neighbourhood of conflict one never knows what may happen, I

have taken up my abode between two and three hundred miles from the scene of action. Of course, I consider that my right to exercise the same discretion still exists, and should the Russians approach nearer to the capital, I shall hold myself at liberty to retire upon Trieste, or even to make Paris the basis of my operations. I hasten to give you this assurance, so that you may have no apprehensions on your own account.

You desire me to transmit to you accounts of the progress of the war, and descriptions of its incidents. I have great pleasure in doing so. This war, then, begun in consequence of the aggression of Russia upon the Danubian Principalities, and of course the Sultan sent out his armies to meet the invader. England and France have promised to help Turkey, and are landing soldiers for that purpose. So much for the state of the war. As regards its incidents, great bravery is shown on both sides, and from what I have read, in history, of the character of the belligerents, I have no doubt they will sustain the respective honours of their countries. May a glorious war be speedily followed by a lasting peace.

But it is right that you should understand that information of this precise and graphic character is not to be obtained without much self-devotion and personal sacrifice. I do not complain of this necessity; but it is only just to mention it. I have taken apartments at one of the two decent hotels in this city; and it may be interesting to your readers to know that I pay twelve francs per diem for my accommodation. This includes a rusk and coffee before rising; a French breakfast with various dishes, and wine, at eleven; any refreshment in the way of lunch; and a table-d'hôte at six. It also includes my bed. But alas! for human happiness. This very day a series of misfortunes has rendered me wretched, and made me incapable of writing to you with my usual serenity. There is a mosque near my hotel, and the man who stands in the minaret, and calls the people to prayers, has a very bad cold, and, in consequence, I was awakened in the morning by a most dissonant croaking, which is still in my ears. Next, one of the mosquito curtains of my bed was torn at the top; and though I do not know that any of the animals got in and bit me, still the thought of having been exposed to such a chance does not conduce to equanimity. The rusk of to-day was burned in the baking, and the coffee was spilt over it, so that I had to send it away untasted.

At breakfast the omelette was cold, and although the *cotelettes à la minute* were very well cooked, they were by no means so tender as they should have been, and it was some time before I could procure iced water for my wine, the freezing powders being exhausted. I may also add, that the grapes were not so fine as I could have wished. When I desired lunch, the corkscrew was mislaid, and I had to go all the way up stairs to the second floor to get my private *Eau de Cologne* screw from my dressing case before I could have any pale ale. Dinner was at least a quarter of an hour late, and although I cannot, as a faithful reporter, find fault with the *cuisine*, the soup, fish, and *entrées* being all unexceptionable, the confectionary was very meagre, and a jelly, which was near me, was literally opaque, instead of being transparent. Let me add, that there is no bolt to my bed-room door, and I am compelled to take the trouble, when I would fasten it from within, of shifting the key from the outside to the inside, and that my windows rattle violently in the breezes of the Bosphorus.

I have drawn a melancholy picture, but it would be false philanthropy to give a *couleur de rose* description of the position and resources of

Turkey. Civilisation has much, very much, to do before this country can emerge from the debasement of Mahometanism. I shall write to you again by the next post; in the mean time, I am going to the Opera. *Sabab hier olsun.*

THE CIRCULATION OF PUNCH.

SOME of our contemporaries are very busy in making comparative tables of the relative circulation of certain periodicals from data supplied by the publication of the returns of the Stamp Office. In some cases there have been quarrels between obscure papers, about which the public care nothing; but if one journal of small circulation can only establish the fact that there are other journals with a circulation still smaller, the result seems to be regarded as a triumph. The following is the style of announcement that has been very prevalent of late in some of the London and provincial newspapers:—

“IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS!

“We feel a proud satisfaction in calling the attention of the Advertising Public to the exalted position occupied by the *Independent*, when compared with rival journals.

“Number of Stamps issued within the last Six Months to the following Newspapers and Periodicals:—

The Pocklington County Independent . . . 1,046

N.B. This is exclusive of Six Stamps spoiled in Printing.

The Manx Kitten . . . . .	1,025
The Old Pocklington Watchman . . . . .	925
The Liberal Pocklingtonian Frog Press . . . . .	496
The Suburban Post and Hyde Park Herald . . . . .	114

“It will be seen from this official statement, that the *Independent* circulates considerably more than the average of the *Kitten*, and upwards of ten per cent. above the *Old Watchman*, leaving the *Free Press* and the *Post and Herald* in a decided minority. When it is remembered that the *Independent* circulates among all the old county families, while the *Kitten* is only admitted to the humblest hearth, and the *Watchman* can scarcely be said to be received within the portal of any fashionable abode, we need scarcely say that the *Independent* is the best—indeed the only desirable medium—for Advertisements.”

We have not taken the trouble to go into any calculations as to the relative circulation of *Punch* and other periodicals, for we hate arithmetic, and indeed, we have no slate if we were even disposed to do a sum. We therefore leave it to the curious in these matters to ascertain how many times greater our circulation is than that of the *Manx*, or any other literary Cat or Kitten that is desirous of coming up to the scratch in the struggle for notoriety.

WHAT A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN MAY DO,

BUT WHICH AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN WOULD BE ASHAMED TO DO.

- He may forfeit his word at all times, and with impunity.
- He may pledge himself to do a certain thing one minute, and do the very opposite the next.
- He may hold out hopes and promises with a view of tempting a person to cheat his friend and ally, and, finding himself fail in those propositions, he may hold similar hopes and promises to that friend and ally with the view of tempting him in a similar honourable manner.
- He may gainsay all he has previously said, and, when convicted with his own words, he may deny them, or at best declare vehemently that such things were only said lightly in conversation, and never intended for a moment to be taken seriously.
- He may propose to take away the property of a poor unoffending neighbour upon the benevolent plea that he is “*un homme malade*,” and that it is impossible he can last long.
- He may do his utmost to set friends at variance, in order that he may derive a profit from their dissensions.
- He may detain a gentleman’s carpet-bag, keep back his property, and break into his boxes, with the view of prying into his letters and secret correspondence.
- And, lastly, when detected, when exposed, when regularly convicted and obliged, in the presence of united Europe, to go down upon his knees and sing small, he may take advantage of that degraded position, and, with the voice of injured innocence, or exulting triumph, begin singing a *Te Deum*!

Mr. Brotherton’s Little Evening Song.

(To be Sung during Parliament at 12 P.M.)

EARLY to Work, and Early to Rise,  
Will make the House Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise.

THE GREAT NAVAL SCHOOL.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER and his brave seamen, who are kept within bounds at present, by the ice in the Baltic, are like a lot of schoolboys who are looking forward impatiently to the “*breaking-up day*.”



EASE BEFORE ELEGANCE.

## PUNCH AMONG THE PAINTERS. No. 1.

To me, "in populous city pent," May comes not more pleasantly in the early green of the squares and parks, and the lilac blossom of the suburban gardens, than in water-colours in Pall Mall, or in oil at Trafalgar Square. And, next to Nature, what can *Mr. Punch* have better than DAVID COX, or MARK ANTHONY?

Dear old DAVID! I feel as if you and I were shaking hands for a long, long parting. Is it the heavy mist of tears in my eyes, or the dimness of years in yours, that blurs those Welsh mountains and wild Western moorlands, the last, I fear, that your glorious old hand—true to the heart as ever, but now trembling—will create for the pleasure of all that have ever looked Nature lovingly in the face? Alas! and is Time drawing the veil between you and the looming hills, and gusty skies? In brain and heart you see them still—bright and fresh as ever—perhaps brighter and fresher! But the eye will grow glazed, and the stiffening finger will flag, for all the mind's bidding; and the inward beauty and glory will pass faintly and more faintly into shape and colour, till what used to be noble, free, and generous transcripts of earth, and sea, and sky, are now hazy and indistinct—landscapes of Dream-land!

All who have ever loved Nature, must love DAVID COX. How not love the man who for fifty years has done liege suit and service to the solemn purple of far-off hills, the sudden gleam of golden corn-fields, the stately march or wild glee of summer clouds, the tossing of meadow-grass on the uplands, or the flash of heather-bells along the moor!

Well, let those who love him take their leave of him; for there hang his last works in the room of the Old Water-Colour Society, touching, in their mellow indistinctness, but honestly beautiful to the end. He leaves many good men behind, but no equal. There was in him that intense sense of the solemnity, beauty, and variety of Nature, which made every drawing of his fresh and gladdening, familiar as his hand was to all of us, and much as he affected the same spots and subjects year after year. North Wales had his heart. He had absorbed its colouring and contours into himself.

In one of *Mr. Punch's* country excursions—and where may not *Mr. Punch* set up—that is, set down—his pavilion, and sound his *roo-too-it!*—he came, after a successful *pitch* at Llanrwst, to the bridge at Bettws-y-Coed (you will please to supply the vowels), and looking round him, exclaimed to himself, "I know this country!" He *did* know it—in DAVID COX's drawings. For it was to this very spot—as *Mr. Punch* found out in a confidential chat among the artists at "The Oak" that night—the faithful old fellow had resorted year after year, loving the place like a mistress, wooing hill and field and river, till they laid their hearts bare to him, and told all they had to tell—every year something new and always worth the telling, and whispered to none but old DAVID.

So go, my dear young friends, reverently and tenderly, and give your farewell and God-speed to DAVID COX, for he will draw no more. He will divide the skirts of his weather-stained, wind-rent old mantle

among many, for whom the rags and tatters will make whole suits, wherein they will array themselves very proudly, and make no small figure in May Exhibition-rooms.

MR. NAFFEL will have a large cante, if he give us many such bits of grey river-bed, and dank foss-side, as he shows this year.

Let MR. LEE, R.A., look at MR. NAFFEL's water-rounded, moss-greened stones, and learn what river-boulders are like, before he next indulges in his short-hand way of symbolizing slate and limestone, gneiss and granite—at per square yard.

MR. BENNETT, too, deserves a respectable fragment, which, I am sure, dear old DAVID would not begrudge him, could he see those bits of furzy down and fern woodland, reflections of out-of-door nature in the compass of a twenty-two inch frame, so true, that to look at one is like looking out of window on to a gravelly Kentish heath, or a lush Surrey forest glade. And MR. MCKEWEN has earned a portion of the honoured garment by that noble study of Windsor Oaks, though, in the rest, he yet lacks perfect reverence for that mistress who taught old DAVID so much—Nature.

Nor will I deny a lappet to GEORGE FRIPP, in consideration of his true service to river-bank and sea-side; and I will give a roll of the wadding to COPLEY FIELDING, albeit he takes Nature's hand with his gloves on, for the greeting, though a dainty and a gingerly one, is honest and respectful.

But you, bright trickiness of T. M. RICHARDSON—deplorable dexterity of ROWBOTHAM—stand afar off! not a rag of DAVID's cloak for you, until you cast off the pride of the hand, and mortify the lust of the pencil, and become like little children at the feet of Nature.

I wonder why bishops patronise the Water Colour Societies so strenuously. I never go to either gallery but I am awestricken by the apparition of a shovel hat and apron. Vagabond as I am, it makes me uncomfortable; but I am pleased to see these high spiritual dignitaries enjoying what I can enjoy. I fancy we must both be the better for it. I don't remember ever to have met a bishop at the Academy Exhibition. I mention the Episcopate, because there is one thing I must protest against, and I wish the bishops would back me up in my remonstrance. I presume they belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I know they do not now, as a rule, encourage field sports (though I have heard of a prelate who is a good judge of a horse, and can back, buy, or sell one, with MR. ANDERSON's elegant young man, or MR. ANDERSON himself). I refer to the representation of the sporting butchery perpetrated in a certain high quarter, now so painfully prevalent. I cannot pass a print-shop, or look into an exhibition room, but there I see F.M. THE PR-E ALB-T, very often in company with her GR-S M-J-TY, surrounded by heaps of slain beasts, birds, and fishes. His R-L H-GH-SS seems to proceed on the continental principle of knocking down everything that gets up, for his "bag" is always of the most miscellaneous description, including specimens of the whole game range, from red deer to snipe. It would appear to be quite a toss-up, when he goes out to "stalk," if he may not bring home a dozen brace of grouse, half-a-score of black game, a caper-caulzie, a pair of widgeon, and a mountain hare or so. I am glad there are no wolves or wild boars in this country, as I am certain we should have them too added to the slain, and I tremble at every new outbreak in this sort lest I should find his R-L H-GH-SS has bagged a badger, or—*puddet dictu*—a fox!

Altogether, when I consider what game-preserving leads to—when I reckon up crops destroyed, leases unperfected, hedge-rows kept standing, farmers injured and irritated, poaching, with its attendant drunkenness and pauperism, promoted, jails filled, limbs broken in midnight scuffles, lives lost in hot fight on the greensward, or in miserable ignominy on the scaffold, I cannot but regret that one who has striven so well and worthily for the improvement and culture of the poor and neglected, should set such a very sporting example.

HER M-J-TY (God bless her!), knows *Mr. Punch's* loyalty at all times, and just now that loyalty burns with a hotter fire (if possible), than usual. I am sure both She and HIS R-V H-GH-SS will take my hint in good part, and in future turn MR. HAAG's pencil, and SIR EDWIN's brush to better account.

And now shall we turn into the Royal Academy, or have you had enough for the present?

Next week?

Very well then—Next week—*Messieurs de l'Académie, à votre tour.*

## Something Queer in Hats.

AMONG other advertised novelties, we observe that some inventive genius in Paris has recently been patenting a *chapeau de cuir*. We cannot help fearing that the patentee must look for more than common strength of mind in his customers, seeing they will obviously have to bear the imputation of being leather-headed.

CONUNDRUM FOR CLASSICAL SCHOOLBOYS.—If anybody asks you why MARC ANTONY, when he fled at Actium, was like NICHOLAS? answer, Because he was a Roman-off.

**DRAW THE RAZOR.**

A War Song.



HE foe is at hand, comrades brave,  
So prepare to gain the day.  
Do you want to know the way?  
First of all, you must shave my boys, shave!

Let your blades be all polished and keen,  
And your enemies you'll whop,  
By the help of MENCHI'S strop.  
To your arms, then, and shave for the QUEEN!

Your swords, in their steel scabbards shut,

May as oyster-knives grow blunt;  
But you boldly may confront  
Any force, if your razors will cut.

So draw, lads, your razors, before  
Drawing swords, and never heed  
For your country how you bleed  
Chin and lips whilst you mangle and score.

Close shorn we will ne'er be afeard;  
And let every Russian bear  
Come upon us, if he dare;  
They shall see how we mow down a beard!

And where in the world is the match  
Of the British troops who shave,  
Whence they learn how to behave  
As they ought, when they come to the scratch?

**A SHOCKING KIND OF PUFF.**

"MR. PUNCH,

"A POSTMAN'S double rap was given at my street door, and immediately my servant brought me a letter, on the back of which was written the word "Electric Telegraph." My nearest relations live on a line of railway, whereby I once received a telegraphic communication, apprising me of the death-seizure of one of the most near of them. On taking up the letter endorsed as above, my first impression was, that some other one of them had been taken dangerously ill, or had died suddenly. The consequence was a palpitation in the heart and a swimming in the head, and if the palpitation had been a little more violent, there would have been a death to be telegraphed down that same railway instead of up, and an undertaker would now be making final arrangements respecting the writer of this. And as the envelope, so alarmingly marked, turned out to contain merely a handbill, advertising the sale of a lot of haberdashery, the coroner's inquest, which would have been held on the body of that victim of puffing, might, in justice, if not in law, have returned a verdict of manslaughter against MESSRS. TOWZERY, GANG, and Co., for causing the death of your humble servant,

"A NERVOUS MAN.

"Suburbs Place, May, 1854."

"P.S. Since the reception of the above startling notice, another has been left here of the same sort. The practice of sending about these dangerous puffs is becoming general. It will be nothing to me now that I am used to it; but will very likely kill somebody else."

**An Imperial Settler.**

WHEN NICHOLAS alluded to Turkey as "*un homme malade*," he meant to say, in wine-merchant's phrase, that "the Porte was a little sick," in consequence of its having been so terribly shaken lately; and that all it wanted was "settling"—kindly inferring that if he was only allowed, he would very soon go in and settle it.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR STOUT PEOPLE.—Get a situation as a letter-carrier, and live on your salary!

**PITY THE POOR COPYING CLERKS.**

THOUGH we have not much respect for a certain class of writers who are merely copyists, our contempt extends to those only who put forth their copied writings under the false pretence of originality. The poor Copying Clerks are guilty of no such fraud, and we deeply sympathise, therefore, with a gross piece of injustice, of which they have lately been made the victims. There is, as we all know, a zeal for Law Reform, but there is a tendency in this as in many other matters, to begin the reform at the wrong end, by cutting down the small pittance of those who are ill paid, and leaving untouched, or even augmenting the incomes of those who are already paid more than sufficiently.

There existed formerly a body of men called Taxing Masters, who had long been taxing public patience to a fearful extent, and who had also been taxing the pockets of the Suitors in Chancery to the amount of several thousands per annum. In obedience to public opinion, the intolerable nuisance was abolished in name, though permitted to continue in fact; for though the officers were released from their duty, the public pocket was not relieved from the necessity of paying their salaries. A measure of compensation was arranged, by which four individuals have received considerably more than a quarter of a million of money within the last eight or nine years; and as if the living incubus on the public had not been sufficiently burdensome, the Chancery Suitors are to be haunted for seven years after the death of the four placemen by their respective representatives. These official ghosts are, however, bent on no merely spiritual business, but they are to come with open hands, demanding and carrying away more than ten thousand a year in their deadly clutches.

It is bad enough to be taxed by living office-holders, but it is almost unbearable to be called upon by salaried functionaries clamouring from the grave for posthumous pay, and sweeping off their annual thousands after all their own liabilities are discharged, and even the debt of nature is satisfied. This mode of effecting a piece of Law Reform contrasts rather violently with the mode in which the poor Copying Clerks are treated, who are made to count any number of figures representing pounds as one word, and a sum of £774,022,638 5s. 3d. as three words, though to write them down would require probably the ruling of three lines, and certainly very considerable care and reference to the figures to prevent any mistake in transcribing them.

This piece of economy at the expense of a class already so ill-paid, that a "Copying Clerk" is almost synonymous with "half-starved drudge," has been introduced by LORD ST. LEONARDS, who seems to have forgotten that a copying machine—if human—requires food, shelter, and clothing, to keep it in motion. The case of the unfortunate Copyists has been properly taken up by the *Legal Observer* and the *Law Times*, but these being class papers, they can produce only a partial effect; and it has struck forcibly on the bump of benevolence of *Punch* that he ought to make known to the world at large, the wrongs of the Copying Clerks, and thus invite towards them universal sympathy. It is but sorry Law Reform which pampers with a very plethora of compensation, both present and posthumous, the holder of an overpaid office, continuing his profits to him as it were in the grave, by the hands of his representatives; and at the same time sends, perhaps prematurely, to join him, through starvation, the overworked Copying Clerk, with or without his ill-fed wife or one or more of his attenuated children.

As LORD ST. LEONARDS shows a kind interest in soldiers' wives and families, we are sure we have only to bring under his notice the effects of his order—which was no doubt well-intentioned, but ill-considered on his part—to cause him to set to work to obtain the rescinding of a regulation which it is feared will reduce to starvation point a body of men who have always been rather too near that very unenviable position on the social foodometer.

**IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS.**

IN Friday's Debate on the Navy Estimates CAPTAIN SCORELL (who usually talks sensibly enough) brought up two matters of complaint. One was that in an official despatch, a steamboat had been twice referred to as "he," and the other was, that MR. STAFFORD, late Secretary to the Admiralty, had used the word "it," when speaking of a vessel.

Mr. *Punch* is requested by SIR JAMES GRAHAM to explain that the male pronoun was properly applied to the steamboat in question, that boat having been a screw, which a female, of course, never is, and MR. STAFFORD begs it may be added that, when he used the word "it," he was speaking of a neutral vessel.

HEALTH.—An indispensable requisite, for business as well as amusement, which young men spend the greater part of their money in damaging, and old men the greater part of their wealth in repairing.



TASTE IN 1854.—VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Young Lady (who ought to know better). "NOW, WILLIAM, YOU ARE NOT LOW ENOUGH YET. BEGIN AGAIN AT 'HE TOOK THE COLD PIZEN.'"

RUSSIAN PRIZE POEM.

Why should we deprive our neighbours  
Of their trade against our will?  
That's to profit by their labours,  
Not to ruin and to kill.

Almost daily Russian prizes  
Are into our harbours towed,  
Merchant ships of different sizes,  
Freighted with a various load.

Why are we our Northern brothers  
Forced to spoil and plunder thus?  
Why obliged to cut each others'  
Throats?—the fault is not with us.

They unto their Czar's ambition  
Yield themselves the wretched tools,  
To his wicked will, submission  
Rendering like abject fools.

He in his design succeeding,  
What will be his people's gain?  
To behold their Tyrant leading  
Fellow captives in his chain.

Other men the vile yoke wearing,  
Which beneath their necks are bowed,  
In their degradation sharing,  
By the knout together cowed.

Russians! is not this the battle  
Which the FIEND'S own vassals fight?  
Driven to slaughter like the cattle,  
Are ye all imbruted quite?

Why compel us to annoy you,  
When so gladly we'd have done?  
Why let NICHOLAS destroy you?  
Ye are millions—he is one.

THE ABOLITION MANIA.

It is one of the minor evils of a gross abuse, that all sorts of ludicrous attempts are constantly being made to abolish it. Everybody admits that the abuse ought to be got rid of, but nobody can help laughing at the lame and impotent measures that are taken to bring about the desired conclusion. It has long been a settled thing that the Ecclesiastical Courts are a nuisance that must be swept away; but we never can suppress a smile when we pass a certain zinc plate on a certain door-post, not very far from our own abode, inscribed with the magnificent words, Society for the Abolition of the Ecclesiastical Courts. The "Society" seems to occupy a floor, or the portion of a floor, and we cannot help contrasting the insignificance of the premises with the grandeur of the conclusion which the Society aims at.

As there are several other equally ambitious Associations that are just as ill-lodged as the one we have named, we would propose that they all unite their means for the purpose of taking one good house, in which the various Abolition Societies should have separate apartments—or, at all events, separate brass plates—assigned to them. There are Societies for the Abolition of a State Church, for Reform of the Law, for getting rid of the Court of Chancery, and a variety of other more or less useful purposes. Should the house become inconveniently crowded, it would be easy, by a proper arrangement as to the knocker and the bells, to keep the Societies distinct from each other.

For example, we would have on the door-post such notices as the following:—

- For the Abolition of the Ecclesiastical Courts, ring the top bell.
- For the Anti-State Church Association, and for getting rid of the Bishops, give a single knock.
- For the Reform of the Peerage, pull the lower bell twice, and walk down the steps of the area.
- For the United Brotherhood and Social Community for the Division of Everything, knock and ring, and walk right up stairs to the top of the house, when the door is opened by a check string.

GROSS LEVITY OF THE CZAR.—When NICHOLAS compelled the Jews to serve in his army, he took a very unwarrantable method to increase his Levies.

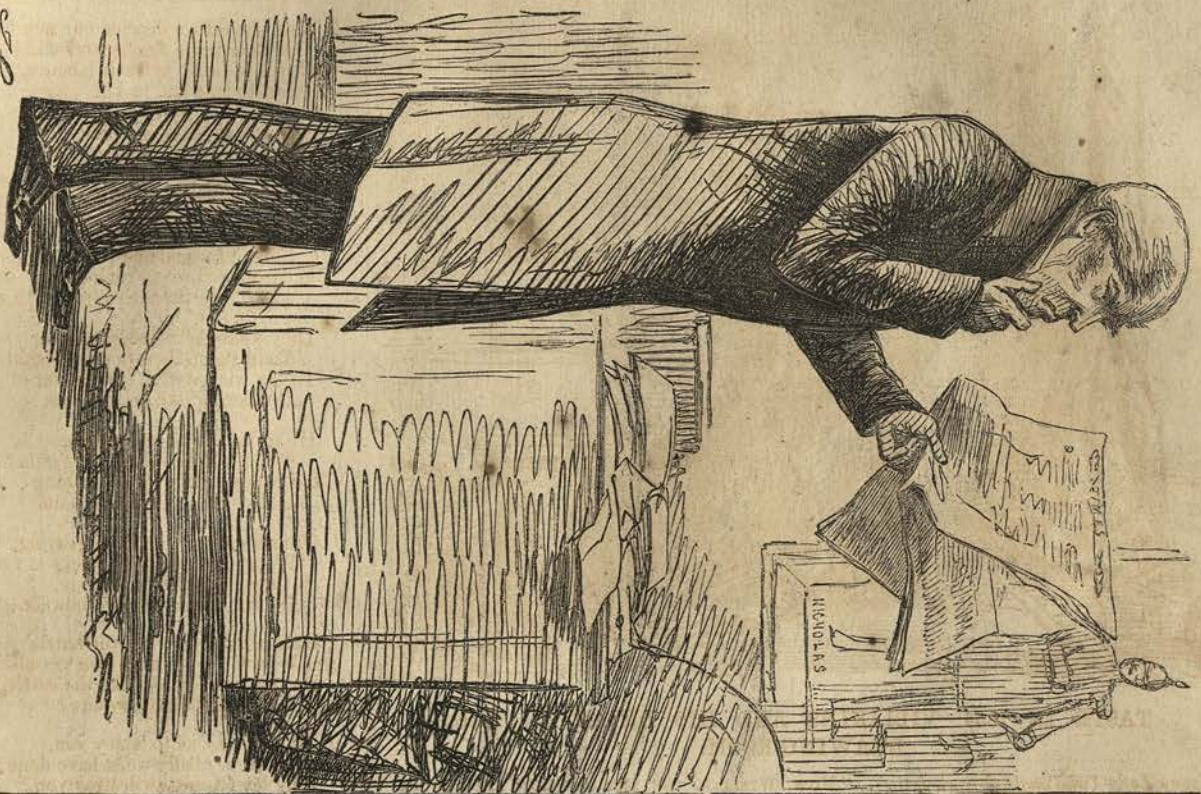


CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—BEGGAR-GIRL WITH BONNET AS WORN.

"DO, KIND GENTLEMAN, GIVE ME A PENNY; I'VE 'ARDLY 'AD A BIT O' BONNET ON MY 'ED THIS SIX MUNCES."

A FACT FOR MR. CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.—A young lady, of weak mind, but strong affection for conventual establishments, has gone over to Ireland with the intention of seeing if she cannot take the "Vale of Avoca."





88.



FELLOW-FEELING—THE BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.

*Aberdeen.* "BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA! DEAR ME, THIS WILL BE VERY DISAGREABLE TO MY IMPERIAL FRIEND."

*Nicholas.* "BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA! CONFOUND IT! THIS WILL BE VERY ANNOYING TO DEAR OLD ABERDEEN."



## PUSEYISM HAVING ITS FLING.



First, we could not altogether understand the meaning of the subjoined paragraph, which appeared one day last week in the *Morning Chronicle* :—

"ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTS-BRIDGE.—We understand that the scrutiny of the votes for the election of a churchwarden, has resulted in a majority for MR. DAVIDSON, and legal steps will be taken to prevent Mr. WESTERTON from exercising the office. At an influential meeting of the parishioners, held on Saturday, it was unanimously resolved to spare no expense in defending the services as at present conducted at St. Paul's, from whatever quarter they may be assailed, and a defence committee of noblemen and gentlemen was formed for that purpose."

What was intended by the resolution "to spare no expense in defending the services," &c., "from whatever quarter they may be assailed," puzzled us entirely, until some light was thrown upon the subject by a police case which subsequently appeared in the *Times*, stating that at

"WESTMINSTER.—The REV. CHARLES F. LOWDEN, one of the curates at St. Barnabas Church, Pimlico, described as of St. Barnabas College, appeared to a summons, charging him with assaulting JOHN LEDWICH."

The case against this reverend gent. was thus stated by the attorney for the plaintiff :—

"There was in the district of St. Paul and St. Barnabas an election on Easter Tuesday for the office of Churchwarden. It was not necessary to mention, as important to the charge with which the magistrate had to deal, the particular character of that contest, but there were two candidates for the office, the cause of one of whom was espoused by the defendant, while the complainant was a man employed to carry a board by a committee seeking to procure the return of the other candidate. The complainant was carrying his board in Ebury Street on the day in question when he was astounded at finding himself suddenly attacked by a number of lads throwing eggs and stones at him. The circumstance became the subject of inquiry by the committee, when, to their surprise, it was ascertained that the eggs were furnished to the persons throwing them by the defendant, and that they were incited by him to commit the assault which was the subject of the present charge."

Thus one of the expenses not spared in defending the services in question was the expense of providing eggs, probably rotten, wherewith to pelt the placard-bearer of the un-Romanesque churchwarden. In this manner are those services defended when assailed from the quarter of a man employed by the opposite party to carry a board. Puseyism carries on its own little war in the district of SS. PAUL and BARNABAS by egg-shelling its adversaries, who ought to be thankful that it has no other means of shelling to bombard them with. But as straws thrown up show which way the wind blows, so eggs and stones flung at a man's head from the instigation of a Puseyite curate, indicate the animus of Tractarianism.

Let that clergyman should be imagined to have been the victim of exaggeration, a few more lines must be extracted from the police report :—

"After the information received by the committee, the churchwardens waited upon the defendant, as they could not possibly believe that he had so far forgotten himself, when he made a direct admission of the act imputed to him, stating that it had been done in a moment of indiscretion and want of reflection. This admission was followed by a letter from defendant repeating it, and acknowledging that he had incited the boys (the choristers of St. Barnabas) to bedaub the boards, and offering to make any reparation to the person who had carried them."

So the battle of Puseyism is fought by the choristers or acolytes of ST. BARNABAS under the leadership of their priest. That ecclesiastic, we are glad to see, apologised and offered to make reparation for the egg-throwing : so did some lay gentlemen some time ago concerned in a similar outrage at Epsom. The apology was accepted; evidence withheld, and reparation was made by the reverend defendant to the amount of two pounds. The magistrate was thus happily enabled, with a good grace, to avoid the scandal of sending him to the House of Correction : an institution in which Tractarianism will one day involve itself, if, not content with aping the mass, it betakes itself to hurling missiles.

#### The Royal Academy Cupboard.

We are told (and the conduct of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS has since confirmed it) that the "Prince of Darkness was a gentleman." We are indifferent about the Prince, but we should say that "the Picture of Darkness," was the Octagon Room in the Royal Academy.

## A HINT TO MR. MITCHEL.

We see that the vitriolic MR. MITCHEL has been writing one of his nice letters to "the survivors of the Irish in Ireland under forty years of age;" whom he insults by addressing to them the following nonsense :—

"I believe it is safe enough to assume that in the war now imminent, England being at one side and Russia at another, all your sympathies, my countrymen, are with Russia."

The assumption may be safe enough. It may not—MR. MITCHEL, being where he is—jeopardise MR. MITCHEL'S neck—or nose. But MR. MITCHEL has a reason for his assumption, so that what he professes to assume, he really infers. According to the MITCHELIAN logic—

"The sole reason and ground of this is, of course, that Russia is the enemy of England."

Therefore are the sympathies of MR. MITCHEL'S countrymen—thinks MR. MITCHEL—with Russia—Siberia, of course, notwithstanding.

It is likely that the sympathies of MR. MITCHEL himself are really with Russia. As he approves of the flagellation of slaves, so he may perhaps admire government by the knout. Did he live under such a régime he would probably accommodate himself to it in respect of his speech and writing. The laceration of human flesh by the stripes of the hangman would probably form in itself a pleasing object of contemplation to MR. MITCHEL—he being personally unwhipt. There is something in the gratuitous malignity which he has always evinced, that renders it possible that MITCHEL of the Vitriol-Squirt delights in gloating over the idea, and would still more keenly enjoy the reality, of human agony.

Perhaps MR. MITCHEL had better take care what he writes. He is now in a land of liberty; yes: but a land of liberty for public indignation as well as for private malice. He may express rather too much sympathy for despots; he may give the American people a little more atrocious nonsense than they will stand. Peradventure he will carry his fanatical hatred to England rather too far in attempting to instigate Irish rows in aid of Russian barbarism. We know what end the fanaticism of MR. JOSEPH SMITH led to: and MR. JOHN MITCHEL should consider that he has an office which may be burnt about his ears, a back that may be scored with a cow-hide, and a skin which may be tarred and feathered.

## PARLIAMENT AND THE PRESS.

A FEW members of Parliament who seem to have an instinctive horror of all "intelligence," have been attempting a crusade against the press, which in their legislative wisdom, they think, knows a great deal more than it ought to know, and learns with a quickness which appears quite awful to those with whom slowness of apprehension would find sympathy. The other day a notice stood on the paper of the Lower House for a question to be put to the Government "as to the circumstances under which the *Times* reporter obtained his passage to Gallipoli." It would be scarcely more absurd and impertinent to ask in the House of Commons, for an explanation of "the circumstances under which the Bow Street police reporter obtained the means of riding outside an omnibus from the corner of Catherine Street to the corner of Bridge Street, Blackfriars." Some honourable members appear to be very indignant at the early and accurate intelligence of the press, and are disposed to argue with great indignation "what right a newspaper reporter has to go anywhere as early as anybody else, or to know anything that has not already reached official ears," the apprehensive qualities of which are not always equal to their longitude.

A recent notion seems to be, that nothing less than a Lord ought to be permitted the facilities of rapid locomotion on board ships taken up for Government purposes. We recommend the Lords, for their own dignity, not to press this point too far, lest the aristocratic body should suffer by the necessity that would arise for selecting from among "their Lordships" the regular reporters of the newspapers. When a nobleman is wanted there is no doubt he can be had, for it is only recently that an Earl was quite accessible as a writer of testimonials in favour of a quack medicine. We should be sorry to hear in the House of Lords any allusion to "the noble penny-a-liner on my right," but if the newspapers should be driven to dispense with their unprivileged reporters, we have no doubt that titled correspondents would soon be in the pay of the newspapers.

#### Hint for Head Quarters.

THE Army has its Greys, and Blues, and Buffs,  
May pig-tailed Pedantry not add, the Muffs?

SENTIMENT FOR THE SERVANTS' HALL.—May we never smell any powder but what is white!



Beautiful Being. "WELL, I MUST SAY, PARKER, THAT I LIKE THE HAIR DRESSED A L'IMPÉRATRICE. IT SHOWS SO MUCH OF THE FACE."

## DEBATE ON THE EMPEROR'S CUP.

(Specially reported.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS. Tuesday, May 2.

THE House was about to adjourn, when

LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON begged leave to call attention to a subject which had occasioned much pain to himself and other honourable members. ("Hear!" from MR. COBDEN.) He had read in some of the newspapers a statement, that it had been determined that the Cup so munificently presented, as one of the Ascot Race prizes, by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, should not be accepted this year. He wished to ask the Government whether they had any official information on the subject.

LORD PALMERSTON said that he believed the statement alluded to by the noble lord to be correct; and would add, that he quite approved of the decision of those who had the direction of the matter. But he did not think that the noble lord ought to feel uncomfortable. (Laughter.) He only inferred the noble lord's discomfort from the curious wriggling gestures with which he addressed the House. (Renewed laughter.) No slight could be intended to the noble lord's friend, the Czar; for instead of our having a race for one of his cups only, a British fleet was just then running for his whole service of plate, and anything else they might find at St. Petersburg. (Loud cheers and laughter.)

MR. BRIGHT said that the noble lord had, as usual, made an effective use of claptrap, but he (MR. BRIGHT) saw nothing to laugh at. He was one of those who did not take a violent interest in horse-racing; but he liked consistency. A foreign potentate, with whom we were engaged in an unnecessary war—(Hear, hear!)—yes, he understood that cheer. Well then, a necessary war, a war rendered necessary by reckless politicians and an incendiary press. Would that suit them? Well, this potentate was charged with faithlessness. At any rate he had shown faith in this matter; for, having promised a cup, he had not withdrawn his promise, in spite of the declaration of war, and the Russian Consul had instructed a celebrated artist to prepare the article as usual. But they, forsooth, were to sulk like schoolboys, and refuse a piece of silver worth several hundred pounds, just because we had

foolishly quarrelled with the man who offered it. But it was all of a piece.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM suggested that on the contrary it was all of a war. (Laughter.) But he would venture to remind the hon. member for Manchester that in the words of SHAKESPEARE—

"To the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY said that this was another scandalous insult to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who was treated most cruelly. Why, let them argue the matter logically, in the way he (LORD GRANBY) always tried to do. What was the object of horse-racing? Why, to improve our breed of horses; and horses they all knew were used in war. Well, nevertheless, the Emperor continued to patronise our races, though they were to improve horses that might be used against him. Was that the act of an enemy? (Hear, hear!)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL admitted that the question was one upon which the House might fairly be called to give an opinion. He did not find any reference to horse-racing in Magna Charta; but races used to be run at York in 1607; and CHARLES THE SECOND, usually known as the Merry Monarch, gave a cup of the value of one hundred guineas. The act for suppressing races with ponies and weak horses was passed in 1739, after which, plates were given in several places, and the breed of horses improved, until brought to perfection in the case of FLYING CHILDERS, who at Newmarket ran three miles six furlongs and ninety three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds. The great LORD SOMERS had not turned his attention to the subject, and perhaps as regarded MR. FOX, in connection with horse-racing, the less said the better. (Hear, hear!) He owned that he thought the House ought to have more information on the question, and he should not object to the appointment of a Select Committee.

MR. COBDEN said that his only claim to be heard on Racing was that he was member for the west Riding. (Laughter.) A man had once been hanged for refusing his liquor, and perhaps we might come to no good by refusing this cup. (Hear, hear.) As to pretending to feeling in the matter, that was trash. It was, according to the advocates of war, lawful to plunder the enemy. Mind, he (MR. COBDEN) did not say so, believing that all plunder, except the legitimate gains of trade, was unlawful, nor was Russia our enemy. But if it were right, surely

## THE PUFF PATRIOTIC.

"Up, up with the Standard of England!"  
(The song is two shillings—no more!)  
"The War is declared boys," says NAPIER.  
(This ballad's a certain encore.)  
"Now Britain and France are United."  
(The song of the day." See Review.)  
"Yes Britain shall see the Turk Righted."  
(Arranged for a captain and crew.)

"Stand up to your Guns, my brave Britons!"  
(For two dozen stamps postage free.)  
"Hark, hark 'tis the roar of the Lion."  
(Arranged as a solo or glee.)  
"Down, down with the Flag of the Despot!"  
(The words are from TWEEDLEDEUM's pen.)  
"We fight by the side of the Frenchman."  
(Lately sung by DUNDAS to his men.)

## THE AMERICAN CENSUS.

THE Americans, who always go a-head in everything, have gone a-head of us in their census; for, instead of limiting it as we do to human beings, the United States have prepared a statistical account of all their cattle. We are rather surprised that the Great Republic should have officially recognised the animal kingdom, and admitted it to the same tables with its own citizens. We should have hardly thought it worth while to ascertain the number of asses in America, and indeed, if it were proposed to do the same in Great Britain, we should set the thing down as absurd, if not impossible. One meets so many donkeys every day of one's life, that to calculate the number would be an endless task, and indeed the animal is not always to be recognised.

## "Le Malade Imaginaire."

WHEN NICHOLAS talked of Turkey being "*un homme malade*," he knew well enough that the Sultan was secretly pledged to SCHAMYL (*sham ill*).\*

\* SIR PETER LAURIE (with his compliments).

and logically to rob the Czar of the price of this cup, say three hundred guineas or whatever it might be, was clearly a sensible act. Why, if a soldier cost fifty pounds (as had been stated by the Secretary at War), by taking this silver you impoverished the Czar by six soldiers, and some shillings over. (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. DISRAELI had not intended to speak on this subject, indeed he was in the habit of never intending to speak on any subject on which he found himself addressing the House; but he felt that it would be disrespectful to HER MAJESTY, who was accustomed, in the enjoyment of her usual gracious and graceful recreation, to visit Ascot, were one who had been honoured with office under the Crown not to offer a few remarks on this occasion. The conduct of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers was as mean, shuffling, and disgraceful as usual. The noble Lord, the Home Secretary, had, in turf language, cut out the running, but with something less than his usual happiness, while the Right Honourable Baronet had been a bad second, and the Noble Lord the Member for London had been literally nowhere. (*Laughter.*) The cup was to be referred to a committee. He thought the committee had better consider it in their cups. (*Murmurs.*) Oh, you don't like that? Very well. Then I am compelled to read—I had not intended to do it—thirteen or fourteen speeches of the Noble Lord's, delivered in 1819, 1820, and subsequent years. The Right Honourable Gentleman began to pile volumes of HANSARD on the table, when, in answer to a piteous look from the Speaker,

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE rose to order. There was no question formally before the House.

The SPEAKER said, he knew that, but had feared that if he stopped the debate, Hon. Members might think he wanted to get away to some party. That thought often prevented his cutting short most unprofitable discussions.

MR. BROTHERTON hoped that the Right Hon. Gentleman would have no such delicacy in future. He begged to move the adjournment of the House.

LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON protested against the subject being thus burked. The Emperor was a very kind man, and gave a very nice cup, and Ascot was a very pleasant place, and on the evening of the cup day he (LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON), always went to a delightful dance.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE. In fact you have a regular game—cup and ball.

LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON. I despise anything that comes from Osborne. (*Order, order!*)

SIR JAMES GRAHAM would certainly tell HER MAJESTY of that disloyal speech, the next time he visited the QUEEN at the Isle of Wight. (*Great confusion, LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON gesticulating violent protestations, in the midst of which the House adjourned.*)

[The above report bears *prima facie* evidence of accuracy, and therefore Mr. Punch inserts it, but he cannot help remarking that the daily papers allege that there was "no House" on the date above given. The Reporter will be good enough to explain the discrepancy before taking his salary.]

"TO GUILTY MINDS A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE."

If these lines should meet the eye of any habitual punster, let him pause, ere it is too late, in his melancholy career. The following frightful specimens of the fatal effects of punning proceed from what must be called by courtesy the brain of a once innocent member of a respectable family. He had been for some time giving rather alarming symptoms; but the fearful climax which has thrown all his friends into the deepest affliction, was reached at a dinner-party last week, when the unhappy individual asked the following questions, and getting of course no reply, made the heartrending answers annexed to them:—

1. Why is the four-poster on which the man who sells my stockings sleeps, like a plantation?—Because it's a hosier-bed.
2. When is any other place in the world very like Simla?—When it's Sim'larly situated!!!

The unhappy object was removed amid the groans of all who were present.

New Palace for the Czar.

We cannot but lament the fate of the unhappy serfs, so many myriads of whom are driven by the EMPEROR NICHOLAS to perish miserably for the gratification of his pride and ambition. It is a pity that no memorial of the poor fellows should be preserved. We could suggest one. At present, their bones are either devoured by wild beasts, or left to crumble on the field of battle. Could no pious hands collect them, to serve as building materials for the construction of a Temple to be the habitation of the "God of the Russians?" No doubt the Czar would feel more at home in such an edifice than in any palace, and instead of residing within stone walls, would be glad to live amid walls consisting of his subjects' skeletons.

TEMPERANCE OUT OF TEMPER.



OUR own Correspondent" informs us that a Temperance Meeting has been held at Birmingham, where a large number of Reverends had collected to denounce nearly every kind of drink, and to endeavour to put out everybody's pipe by a crusade against tobacco. We are as hostile to intoxication as any clerical teetotaler can possibly be, but we cannot help thinking that everything has its use, as well as its abuse, and there may be some good in a pot of beer, though the reverend teetotalers will tolerate no half-and-half measures in their hostility to BARCLAY, PERKINS, COMBE, DELAFIELD, MEUX, and ELLIOTS' entire.

While giving credit to the Reverend water drinkers for their hatred of a gross abuse, we cannot admire the very gross abuse which some of them shower on those who indulge in the use of alcohol. We hardly know which spirit we ought to visit with sterner condemnation, the intoxicating spirit of the gin shop, or the very unchristian spirit in which some of the teetotal orators pour forth their denunciations of intemperance. According to the REV. W. LANDELS, every dealer in any intoxicating drink "is a promoter, supporter, and distributor of curses and damnation." In the reverend gentleman's charitable view of the case every publican is a fearful sinner, who, to quote the words of the Christian minister, "grows fat on the blood of the souls of men, are the locusts of society, licensed banditti;" and, indeed, such scourges to humanity that the REV. W. LANDELS is described in the report as expressing the amiable and ultra pious wish "that God in his mercy may suddenly cut them off, to prevent others from following in their footsteps."

We should like to hear a definition of temperance by a clergyman, who, while preaching up the virtue of temperance, prophesies speedy "damnation" to the whole of the beer and spirit dealers, and suggests that they will all "go down to hell" in a rather expeditious manner.

The Reverend Gentleman appears to forget that there are many kinds of intemperance, and not the least disgusting sort is that which blurts forth upon others a stream of fierce and fiery trash, which is poisonous to the reputation over which it is poured, and is, in fact, a species of moral alcohol or vituperative vitriol, thrown recklessly about to the damage and destruction of the character of a whole class of the community. Ardent Spirits are objectionable enough, and neat brandy, rum, or gin, may be called, literally, an unmixed evil; but we doubt if any spirit can be much worse than the spirit in which the REVEREND W. LANDELS has attacked those who are engaged in the sale or consumption of intoxicating liquors.

CAPITAL EXAMPLE FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

We understand that Vauxhall Gardens, if ever they open again, are to be closed every night at twelve o'clock. Now we think this example might be followed with great advantage by the House of Commons. Surely the hour that is considered quite late enough for pleasure, ought to be considered equally late for business. The law that applies to ham-sandwiches ought to cut with equal keenness against the arguments that rival them in thinness. We make MR. BROTHERTON a present of our argument, and we hope he will use it with effect in getting a law passed, that no parliamentary fireworks be let off after eleven o'clock, and that as the clock strikes twelve, all the ten thousand additional lamps of oratory be, every one of them, blown out. Any Member found loitering about the House after midnight, to be locked up until the housemaid comes in for the Petitions and the other waste-paper the next morning; and furthermore, that he be not allowed, under the penalty of MR. DISRAELI answering him, to speak for a month.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—This March has not yet taken any Steppes in Russia.



THE NEW ALBERT BONNET FOR THE GUARDS.

## SPLENDOUR AND ECONOMY.

It is possible to live on any scale of grandeur by the expedient of never paying anybody, but this system cannot be pursued for a long time. In order to unite magnificence of living with moderation of expenditure, the best plan is to pay your tradesmen, when you are obliged, but never till then, with the exception of settling a bill voluntarily now and then for the purpose of maintaining your credit. Otherwise, make your tradespeople wait as long as you possibly can; and when a tradesman will wait no longer, pay him. Pay him at once. Don't let him sue you, in the County Court or elsewhere, because that will increase your expenses. Pay him, and immediately employ somebody else, with whom commence the same method of dealing over again. In this way it will be possible for you to live many years at a rate very much exceeding your income, and to keep up a highly genteel appearance with a little money, if you are rogue enough to practise such a species of swindling.

## Gas-trick Symptoms.

ALL the gas-lights in the House of Lords went suddenly out during a debate last week, but LORD REDESDALE, who was speaking, "proceeded with his address as if nothing had occurred." Mr. Punch, on reading the debate of that night (it consisted of noble notions as to the income-tax) is rude enough to think that several other speakers besides LORD REDESDALE talked in the dark.

## USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AT OXFORD.

THE Oxford "University Intelligence," the other day, exhibited a wonderful advance of intelligence on the part of the University. It announced that

"The Reader in Experimental Philosophy (MR. WALKER) will commence a course of lectures on Franklinic and Voltaic Electricity, at the Clarendon, on Monday, May 5th, at 10 o'clock."

The parenthesis in the foregoing statement is not meant to indicate that it is a hoax. Under the same head we find this further announcement:—

"The Professor of Botany (DR. DAUBENEY) will lecture during this and the succeeding term on Vegetable Physiology, and on some of the principal natural families of plants."

In these plants clearly no deception is intended; they may be understood to mean *bona fide* productions of the vegetable kingdom. The following concludes the list of notices:—

"The Laboratory at the Ashmolean Museum will be open, on Monday, May 5th, for instruction in Chemical Analysis and Experimental Chemistry. The Laboratory hours will be from 10 A.M. till 5 P.M. daily, Saturdays excepted. Should a sufficient class be formed for the purpose, MR. MASKELYNE purposes to give a course of lectures on Chemical Analysis, at 2 o'clock on three days of the week."

Experiments are actually to be tried at Oxford. The University will not stand upon the old ways any more. At least it will try if the new are not better in Chemistry. Perhaps MR. MASKELYNE will succeed in convincing the "Heads of Houses" that there are more than four elementary substances, and DR. DAUBENEY will manage to persuade the Hebdomadal Board that there are roots in the earth, and out of it, of nearly as much consequence as those of the Greek and Hebrew languages. MR. WALKER may make them understand that FRANKLIN was almost as clever a fellow as PROMETHEUS; and let us hope that the University, under the influence of his Voltaic Electricity, will prove itself to be something better than a galvanised corpse.

## She-Doctoring.

We learn from an American paper that DR. HARRIET HUNT has been lecturing at New York on "Woman as a Physician." DR. HARRIET would doubtless give a new reading to SCOTT'S hackneyed lines—

Oh woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering M.D. thou."

We must say we prefer the original "angel."

EVERYONE'S ENEMY AS WELL AS HIS OWN.—THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

## CONTRABAND OF WAR WITH ENGLAND.



the abatement of apoplexy in the army.

OUR friends in the army will be glad to hear that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA by an Ukase, dated yesterday, has declared the following articles, shipped for the British market, liable to seizure, as contraband of war:—Pipeclay, soap of all kinds, razors, and neat's leather; materials, all of which our system of military discipline has induced him to consider essential to the efficiency of our army.

This stroke of policy on the part of the tyrant will defeat its own purpose; because, in as far as it deprives the British soldier of the means of shaving, and whitening his belt, it will prevent him from wasting a very considerable portion of his time; and by how much it tends to diminish the supply of that substance of which his stock is made, by so much will it conduce to

## Wise Men at Blows.

THE Proverb expressly says, "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*" However, the ventilation of the House of Commons gives a decided blow to the truth of this proverb, for ever since the House was built, our architects and chemists and scientific men have been disputing about nothing else than "*de gustibus*;" and they are even squabbling now, with the gusts still blowing about each other's ears. Their own breezes would matter but little, but the poor unfortunate members come in for all the side-blows.

## LA COSAQUAISE.

THE French army has a new song, very popular, at present, amongst the *titis* and the *toulourous*, called "*Czar ira! Czar ira!*" Politeness, due even to an enemy, forbids us mentioning where, it is said, the Czar will go to.

REMARKS ON RUSSIAN CREDIT.



HE manufactures of Russia are few, but her fabrications are innumerable.

We shall stand no chance with the Russians if they shoot as well with the Mimié rifle as they do with the long bow.

OSTEN-SACKEN's guns would be all Paixhans if his ball were commensurate with his bounce.

The report of a Russian cannonade is something incredible.

It is a curious paradox that even when NICHOLAS and his Officers are advancing, they are lying still.

Although pugilism is not a mode of warfare practised by the Russians they fight in a great measure by fibbing.

Even if we reduce the Czar to terms, it will be necessary to understand all his terms in the opposite sense.

Noun-Substantive, in the Russian language, is a word which stands for a thing that is not.

THEATRICAL RELIGION.

A Billet-Doux from a Young Lady in Belgravia to the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON, touching the Puseyite Performances at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

“MY DEAR DUCK OF A BISHOP,

“I HOPE you won't be so cruel as to alter the performances at St. Paul's. I will never forgive you if you do. They are so delightful, you can't tell. I can assure you it is as good as going to the play: in fact better, for all the plays are closed on the Sunday—but here the Church is open all day, and one can go in without paying anything at the doors. It's so delightful, you have no idea!

“If you close St. Paul's, there isn't a place in London half so amusing where we can go to. If you do, I declare I will call you a monster, that I will.

“The singing is so delightful. The intoning is so much better than the drawling, sleepy, good-for-nothing, abominable, hum-drum way in which most clergymen read the prayers. It's quite charming. MR. LIDDELL's voice, too, is the best I ever heard for a clergyman. The upper notes are as sweet as MARIO's—whilst his lower ones remind one not unfavourably of FORMES in *Der Freischütz*. He charms you one minute, and frightens you the next. I will tell you, my dear Bishop, what is the only thing I can compare his singing to. You have been in a *Montagne Russe*, of course?—I mean the *Montagnes Russes* that used to be exhibited at Tivoli years ago at Paris, and were so fashionable. Well, MR. LIDDELL's intonation is exactly like a celestial *Montagne Russe*—you keep rising and falling all the while—at one moment being lifted up to the skies, and the next brought into rude contact with the world. It's like being in a swing, merely to think of it.

“As for the flowers, if they could be spread all over the church, until it looked like a Floricultural Show, I should like it all the better. Indeed, if a bouquet could be given to each lady as at a wedding party, I should not object. Flowers cannot hurt anybody, and for my mind I think if MR. LIDDELL was in the habit of preaching with a white camellia, or with a rose japonica, in his button-hole, that his discourse would probably be all the sweeter for it, and in the absence of real flowers, surely artificial flowers are better than none?

“Then persons complain of the processions: I have no patience with such stupid people. To my way of thinking, there are not processions half enough. They make certain ceremonies pretty and effective, which without them would pass unnoticed. I do not mind telling you in confidence that if a little dancing was also introduced, the effect would be all the greater. For instance, if a number of young ladies in white muslin were to run before the curate, and sprinkle flowers on his path before ascending into the pulpit, how very charming it would be!—wouldn't it?

“As for the bowing and the like, I do not see why because persons are inside a Church it should prevent them being polite. Is it any excuse for being rude because you are in a pew?—and if I meet my dearest and best beloved friend LADY ANNA LOUISA in the chancel, or one of the aisles, is that a reason why I should cut her? I am sure, my dear Bishop, from what I have always heard of your great kindness of heart and sweet urbanity of manner, that you are too much of a gentleman ever to propose such a monstrous state of things. You would scorn such vulgarity, I am sure you would.

“Therefore, *mon cher* Bishop, do not take from us our bowings and our processions; do not attempt to pluck away from our pretty altars one of the handsome vases that at present decorate it; pray leave us in the undisturbed enjoyment of our flowers, and allow us to sing

in any way we please. Believe me, such habits are not in the tiniest bit theatrical—on the contrary, they are not half theatrical enough. Only let us perform the service according to our manner of thinking, and I will engage that there shall be as great a rush of carriages outside as on any night when SOPHIE CRUVELLI is singing. If I had my way, not a seat should be let for less money than the price of a stall at Drury Lane. Why not have ivory crosses for St. Paul's in the same way that you have bones for Covent Garden?

“I beseech you, my dear good-natured angel of a Bishop, to attend to my little trifling wishes. They are, at best, but mere *bagatelles*. Now, if you only will, I promise you I will work you a pair of beautiful embroidered braces. But I know you will, that's a dear.”

[For obvious reasons, we suppress the signature, but the original, written on scented paper, lace-edged, may be seen at any time at our Office.]



THE NEXT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE THAT WILL PROBABLY BE INVENTED IN THE WAY OF SHIRT COLLARS.

A Joke for Exeter Hall.

It is not often that we take a liberty with the name of a private individual, but really the REVEREND JABEZ INWARDS must excuse us, if the temptation has, in his case, been too much for us. When we look at the Reverend Gentleman's name in its constant association with pious objects, we cannot help feeling that there is something rather appropriate in the little regard that may be supposed to be felt by the REVEREND JABEZ INWARDS for all *Externals*.

We pause for a Reply.

“DEAR PUNCH,—In your number of the 6th inst. you remark on the scarcity of rags in Ireland, and the consequent advance in price of that commodity. Please say in your next if ragamuffins are available for any purpose; and if so, what is the present value of JOHN MITCHEL.

“Yours truly,

“ONE WHO WISHES TO KNOW HIS OWN VALUE.”

THE CZAR OF PAUPERS.—Who is the poorest man in the world but NICHOLAS ROMANOFF? For surely he is the worst OFF by far.

### WHOLESOME TRUTHS ABOUT UNWHOLESOME SHAMS.



PHILOSOPHERS tell us that the term "Barley Sugar" is a corruption of "sucre brulé," burnt sugar, and, if we may trust the statements of the Analytical Commission in the *Lancet* of the 18th March and the 15th April, this opinion is fully borne out by modern barley sugar, the greater portion of which ought to be burnt with the least possible delay. *Punch* having learnt, with alarm and horror, the character of the messes which, under the name of comfits, he has so often presented to his beloved offspring, now solemnly devotes himself to the discomfiture of all those unprincipled sugar-bakers, who seem really to out-Herod HEROD in their hostility to infants. And first he would warn his young friends against

some "thick pieces of sugar confectionery, about two inches long and three inches thick, and about half an ounce in weight." They are termed "Ginger Palates," but, as they are coloured throughout of an intense yellow, with a mineral pigment (chromate of lead) in an absolutely poisonous quantity, it is clear that Palates is a misprint for "Palettes," and that the "ingenuous youth of nations" might with as much propriety devour the contents of a paint-box.

Here also it must be stated, that the lively hue of the ginger lozenge, which so many of *Mr. Punch's* friends ascribe to the presence of an unusual quantity of ginger, is due solely to the before-mentioned pigment. The ginger lozenges of only one vendor, MR. HEARN, of 56, Tottenham Court Road, have been found genuine, and *Mr. Punch*, penetrated with the profoundest respect for this eminent man, graciously appoints him his Sugar Baker, and informs him that *Judy* also will look upon him as HEARN.

If those who are warned by *Mr. Punch* against the lozenges should turn to the various rocks as they are called, they will only be flying from Scylla to Charybdis; for the Albert rock, Yellow rock, and others (which, as they are made of burnt sugar, may be called igneous rocks), are as dangerous as the Symplegades or the Acroceraunæ, as indigestible as hornblende, and more nasty than gneiss. The mothers of England may be certain that they will infallibly injure their children, if they allow them to be thus "rocked in their cradles by the deep" and designing vendors of poisoned sweets. The various abominations sold under the names of "Scotch mixture," "Kiss me now," "Sugar buttons," and "coloured shapes," (which last are more questionable shapes than any the poet ever dreamed of) differ only in appearance, but are wonderfully alike in their powers of doing mischief.

And here *Mr. Punch* must remark that the Analytical Commissioners, in speaking of the various pigments employed to colour these wretched preparations, have omitted to point out an analogy between the articles and the purchasers. They say, "the simple greens are verdigris, which contains copper, and SCHEEL'S green, which contains both arsenic and copper." Who does not see that these simple greens are well suited to the other not less simple greens who possess copper and spend it on such trash?

Nor must it be supposed that the colour alone is at fault, or that the mischief is only skin deep. Much of that which appears to be sugar is flour, or at least something which the millers have called flour, but into the composition of which alum and bone-dust enter largely. *Punch* could, however, forgive the introduction of that which the children must eat in the form of bread if they do not get it in their comfits, but he does not think that gypsum, chalk, plaster of Paris, pipe-clay, potters' clay, and Cornish clay were intended to form part of our diet. He has heard that lichens can exist and support life comfortably on such substances, but he must say that his likings are quite opposed to the introduction of such articles of food, and he gives the makers and vendors of this poisonous rubbish notice, that if they offer to cram the three above named clays down the throats of his little friends, he will speedily exterminate them without mercy.

### PUFFING AND PIETY.

The following advertisement, cut out of a country paper, has filled us with a compound mixture, in which disgust and contempt are the chief ingredients:—

#### TO WESLEYANS AND OTHERS.

THOSE Persons who wish to BENEFIT the FUNDS of the BRISTOL ROAD CHAPEL and SCHOOLS, and who may need the aid of a Dentist, may do so by calling upon Mr. SELVEY, Surgeon Dentist, 109, Great Charles Street, Birmingham, as he would suggest to his friends, that it is his intention, during the month of May, to give one-half the amount arising from any one case that may come under his notice, or several cases, to the amount of Twenty Pounds. Mr. S. strictly confining himself in all such cases to the last day of the present month. The parties so applying to state the fact on their first visit.

JOSEPH SELVEY.

This is certainly a novelty in the puffing business, and appeals through the hollow tooth, as well as the empty head, to the pocket of real or affected piety. The advertiser undertakes to give to a religious and educational object one half of all he can get to the amount of twenty pounds by pulling out, plugging up, or otherwise dealing with the decayed teeth of all those who like to mix up a little good or imaginary good with their own evils. We cannot say how far the arrangement will benefit the Chapel and Schools, but it will certainly pay the Wesleyan Dentist very well if it gets him all the cases which he evidently has set his heart upon.

We can but hope that the religious dodge will not be encouraged among advertisers, for if it succeeds in one instance, we shall have all the quacks in England giving a pious flavour to their nostrums and their testimonials. It is bad enough to see a large number of the Peerage, and a good per-centage of the Bench of Bishops quoted daily as high authorities for the painless extraction of corns; but if the pious element is to become a permanent portion of the daily puff, we fear that we may be often exposed to much additional nausea.



"OH! MY!! BETSY!!! WHATEVER HIS THE MATTER WITH YOUR DOLL?"

"OH, HE'S ALWAYS A AILIN'; HE'S JUST HAD HIS MEASLES, AND NOW HIS FACE IS TOOK AND BROKE OUT WITH THE MUSTARSHERS."

### The Vehicle of Government.

THIS vehicle is a large omnibus, and the conductor of it is LORD JOHN RUSSELL. It is licensed to carry 654 persons—653 persons inside, and one out. The person who is at present out, is BARON ROTHSCHILD. The other passengers will not allow him to come inside, but always bang the door in his face. LORD JOHN, however, allows him to cling to his skirts, as the Baron has always followed in his steps, and you may depend upon it that, at the very first opening LORD JOHN sees, he will manage to push him in.

THE MANCHESTER CREED.—Cotton for, and to, everybody!



THE WAR BUDGET MADE EASY.

MR. JOHN BULL. MR. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone. JOHN, I wish to state to you  
What new taxes I've in view.

Mr. Bull. Really, WILLIAM, I don't care,  
So we thrash that Russian Bear.

Mr. G. Still 'tis right that I should show  
How your balance stands, you know.  
Fools alone frant' speech offend,  
While short reckonings make long friends.

Mr. B. In our neighbours' phrase, *C'est vrai*,  
Ergo, WILLIAM, fire away.

Mr. G. First, I want to say a word  
On some charges which you've heard.  
Certain folks think fit to blame  
My financial conduct.

Mr. B. Name!

Mr. G. There's that bright and shining lamp  
FITZROY KELLY—MISTRESS GAMP—  
MISTRESS HARRIS—THOMAS BARING,  
BUCK the dreary—BEN the daring—  
HENLEY—

Mr. B. Whose whole life's a grumble.

Mr. G. CHRISTOPHER—

Mr. B. Bucolic BUMBLE.

Mr. G. Groaning BALL—perpetual MALINS—

Mr. B. Colonel's among his failings!

Mr. G. COLONEL SEBTHORP.

Mr. B. Well, you've got

To the best of all the lot!  
With his name, I must insist  
You'll be pleased to end the list.  
Who the deuce, my GLADSTONE, cares  
For such factious prate as theirs?

Mr. G. If you see it in that light,  
I'm relieved from trouble!

Mr. B. Quite.

This BULL holds those Bulls of Bashan  
In the lowest estimation.

Mr. G. Then, Sir, I will but rejoice,

That I've saved the public coin,

That the single debt I made

Was a trifle, and is paid;

That the nation's ledger, yearly,

Will be kept a deal more clearly,

And I will at once proceed

To explain our present need.

Mr. B. GRAHAM asked, the other night,

For six millions.

Mr. G. Very right.

Ships and soldiers, shells and guns,

That's the way the money runs!

Mr. B. Take just what you want for war,

All I say is—whack that Czar.

Mr. G. So encouraged, my demands

Shall be ample. Thus it stands.

Those six millions we'll provide,

And a "margin," Sir, beside,

Since it's well to overhaul  
Funds to meet a sudden call.

Mr. B. Margin, not of Zurich's waters,  
But a million—

Mr. G. No—three-quarters.

Mr. B. What you ask is not excessive;

Try what tax is least oppressive.

Mr. G. First, the Income Tax (I'm troubled  
But I'm helpless,) must be doubled.

Mr. B. (moved). May that Russian rascal,  
burn him!

Be confounded in *eternum*.

But you're right.

Mr. G. I knew you'd say so.

May the war be short!

Mr. B. I pray so.

Mr. G. Well, three millions thus arise.

Now to find some new supplies.

JOHN, the taxes called Assessed

People thought were set at rest,

And arranged their small Penates

On our promise—'twere a *bêtise*

If we trapped them.

Mr. B. *Bêtise*—worse,

Sooner empty out my purse.

Mr. G. There's the postage. Shall we  
raise it?

Cheerfully the public pays it.

Mr. B. Don't let's balk their cheer, for  
fighting.

I should feel each poor man's writing

Blushed to bear taxation's fetter,

And became a Scarlet Letter.

Mr. G. Nor can we replace, it's clear,

Taxes we removed last year,

Nor disturb our boon to tea—

Mr. B. Oh how wrath my wife would be!

Mr. G. On tobacco though, we—

Mr. B. Steady!

Bacco's much too dear already;

From the Duke to Temple Bar

You'll not smell one good cigar;

And besides, my gentle juggler,

Raising duty tempts the smuggler,

Not to name the frightful grabbage

Which the Jews would make of cabbage.

Let your crows find other carcase—

Spare the teapot and cigar-case.

Mr. G. Then look here. Your brother

PAT

Drinks much Spirit.

Mr. B. Swear to that.]

Mr. G. So does ANDREW.

Mr. B. In a way

Still more sad.

Mr. G. We'll make them pay.

Scratching, with exciseman's talon,  
On their casks new rates per gallon.

Mr. B. Yes, that's right—the operation  
May promote a reformation.

Mr. G. Then the Sugar. We intended

Certain duties should be ended.

Folks must wait till by and by,

Nor expect this in July.

Next, by sorting every kind,  
Brown clay, white clay, and refined,

And on each its duty sticking,

We shall have some pretty picking.

Lastly, for my greatest *coup*,

This is what I mean to do:

Every class of course engages

In a war the nation wages.

Therefore war to burden dooms

Something every class consumes,

And the tax must fall, I fear,

On the nation's darling—Beer.

Mr. B. You forget his curse, I'm sure, man,  
Who "of beer" would "rob a poor man."

Mr. G. I'd not rob him. Who before

Drank, I trust will now drink more,

Glad that each fresh pint bestows

One fresh blow on England's foes.

Next in case to standing neuter

Is the task of standing pewter.

Double X shall make addition

To our double Expedition

And the Brew shall turn out ruin

To the base and wicked Bruin.

Mr. B. Urged with all your usual tact,

You shall find yourself well backed.

How d'ye lay it?

Mr. G. On the Malt.

Mr. B. Hey! the farmer will find fault.

Mr. G. Not the farmer, but his "Friends,"

With a view to private ends.

We shall have a fight, no doubt,

But I mean to fight it out.

Two and nine each bushel bore,

Which we'll raise to shillings four,

And from what the people quaff

Raise two millions and a half.

Mr. B. That makes up the sum you spoke of.

Mr. G. Yes, no sum to make a joke of;

But not more than Britain's willing

To advance.

Mr. B. No, not a shilling.

Better plan than you've presented

Could not, WILLIAM, be invented,

And your part in England's quarrel

Gives you, Sir, another laurel.

May your Budget, as the phrase is,

Help to blow friend NICK to blazes.

A CLERICAL LUBBER'S HOLE.

ANOTHER Irish grievance—a truly Irish one—has been ventilated. Several of the Pope's Brigade have been pertinaciously repeating a question to the First Lord of the Admiralty, as to whether the Papist sailors in the fleet are compelled to attend Protestant worship on Sundays. SIR JAMES has, ever so many times, assured the querists that no such hideous and torturing tyranny is practised, but MR. LUCAS, on Friday, with the double ingenuity of his Quakeropapistical training, discovered a new way of putting the matter. He abused SIR JAMES GRAHAM for having said that the Roman Catholic sailors had made no complaint on the subject; and proved that they had complained by alleging that an Irish priest at Portsmouth had been so frightfully afflicted at this soul-destroying persecution, that he had threatened to walk all over Ireland persuading the people not to enlist.

SIR JAMES once more explained that the rule in the navy is that service shall be performed, and that every seaman shall be "permitted" to attend—that there is no compulsion, and that if Popish JACK likes to chew his tobacco below, while Protestant BILL is staring at the Chaplain on deck, he has a perfect right to do so, and the two theologians can compare notes afterwards. And the First Lord repeated that no complaint had been made by officers or men, seeing that there was nothing to complain of, but that he had received

remonstrances from a couple of priests, who had not, however, the impudence, *mirabile dictu*, to say that they were employed by the aggrieved parties. So eager are these mischievous priests to manufacture a grievance, that they do not fear to risk such a ridiculous blunder as this, though it must be exposed as soon as committed. As for Priest KELLY, who threatened to commit treason, MR. LUCAS explained that he had not carried his threat into execution. If he had, averse as everybody is to inflicting severe punishment on a fool, however dangerous—it would have been a case in which *Mr. Punch* would have liked to see the extreme penalty commuted for as sound a flogging as the brawniest boatswain in the maligned service could lay on. Persecute JACK for his religion! *Punch's* dear eyes! his lee-scuppers are running over at the thought, and he really insists upon that being stowed, and upon splicing the mainbrace, to the confusion of the Brigade.

Unexpected Fairness.

In the debate on the Oxford Reform Bill, MR. HEYWOOD moved that the statutes of the new legislature at Oxford should be framed in the English language. But the House rejected the proposal, feeling that it was manifestly unjust to ask of Oxford what Westminster is utterly unable to achieve.



THE LION, THE EAGLE, AND THE BAT.

Vide ÆSOP'S FABLES.

## THE QUEEN OF THE MAY-MEETING.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
To-morrow is a field day in the Hall of Exetère;  
Of all the blessed times, mother, the blessedest far away,  
For I'm to be Queen of the May-Meeting, I'm to be Queen of the day!

I sleep so sound all night, mother, I fear I scarce shall wake  
In time to get breakfast ready for the REVEREND JABEZ CAKE;  
Then I've my plain capote to trim—the sweetest pale French grey—  
For I'm to be Queen of the May-Meeting, I'm to be Queen of the day!

'Tis a meeting for the mission to benighted Owlyhee,  
And if we should be late, mother, the best places full will be,  
And one likes to be where one can be seen, and hear all they say—  
Or I shan't be Queen of the May-Meeting, I shan't be Queen of the day!

They say they've got a native, mother, all tattooed with red and blue,  
They say he's eaten loads of men, ere to Christian grace he grew;  
We'll invite him home to tea, mother, he never will say nay,  
If asked by the Queen of the May-Meeting, if asked by the Queen of the day!

From the world, its pomps and vanities, I've learnt my heart to wean!  
Shall I put on my white crêpe shawl, mother, or my Pomona green?  
And I think my dove-coloured poplin would not be out of the way,  
As I'm to be Queen of the May-Meeting, as I'm to be Queen of the day!

I shall wear a plain blonde *ruche*, mother, it becomes me more than flowers.

The REVEREND JABEZ INWARDS will display his prayerful powers;  
And that child of grace LORD HUMBLEBY will be in the chair, they say—  
He shall own me Queen of the May-Meeting, he shall own me Queen of the day!

Let the worldly-minded scoff, mother, and object to us that we  
Abandon our own heathen for the blacks in Owlyhee.  
Let the benighted trust in works; let us still preach and pray,  
And let me be Queen of the May-Meeting, let me be Queen of the day!

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
For to-morrow'll be a field day in the Hall of Exetère;  
To-morrow'll be of all glad times the gladdest far away,  
And I shall be Queen of the May-Meeting, I shall be Queen of the day!

## A Trifle for Otho.

FOR having abetted the villany of the CZAR, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON has given KING OTHO a scolding. Should this not have the desired effect it is to be hoped that the Allied Powers will give his Grecian Majesty a regular blowing-up.

## SOME FOOL'S CAP FOR THE GUARDS. 1

WE cannot think that the new Cap for the Guards, called the "Albert Bonnet" can have been really designed by PRINCE ALBERT. It looks rather as if it had been invented by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; for it has the appearance of "a thing devised by the enemy" for the purpose of making the men ridiculous. The Prince Consort has long since arrived at years of discretion, and put away childish things; his irons and the other toys with which it is said that he used to play at hatter's shop. Besides, the Prince is a man of singular taste and delicacy, and, precluded as he is by his position from sharing in the dangers of active service, must of course be content with gracefully wearing his own uniform as Field-Marshal, and could never think of interfering with that of the army, of which he is not permitted to be more than an ornament.

The name of ALBERT has been assigned to the bonnet for no better reason than that for which it has been given to half-boots. Some mere civilian is responsible for the infliction of this ludicrous head-gear on the Guards; somebody who knows nothing about military matters at all, who has heard that there is a regiment called the Coldstream, has confounded that word with Coldbath, and, making an additional blunder, invented the cap for the Fusiliers; for this cap is the precise pattern of a convict's cap, and fear alone restrains the street boys from shouting "That's your ticket of leave!" as the wearers march by. In fact, it is not fit to be worn on any march but the Rogues' March; it is not a proper cap for any guard but a blackguard.



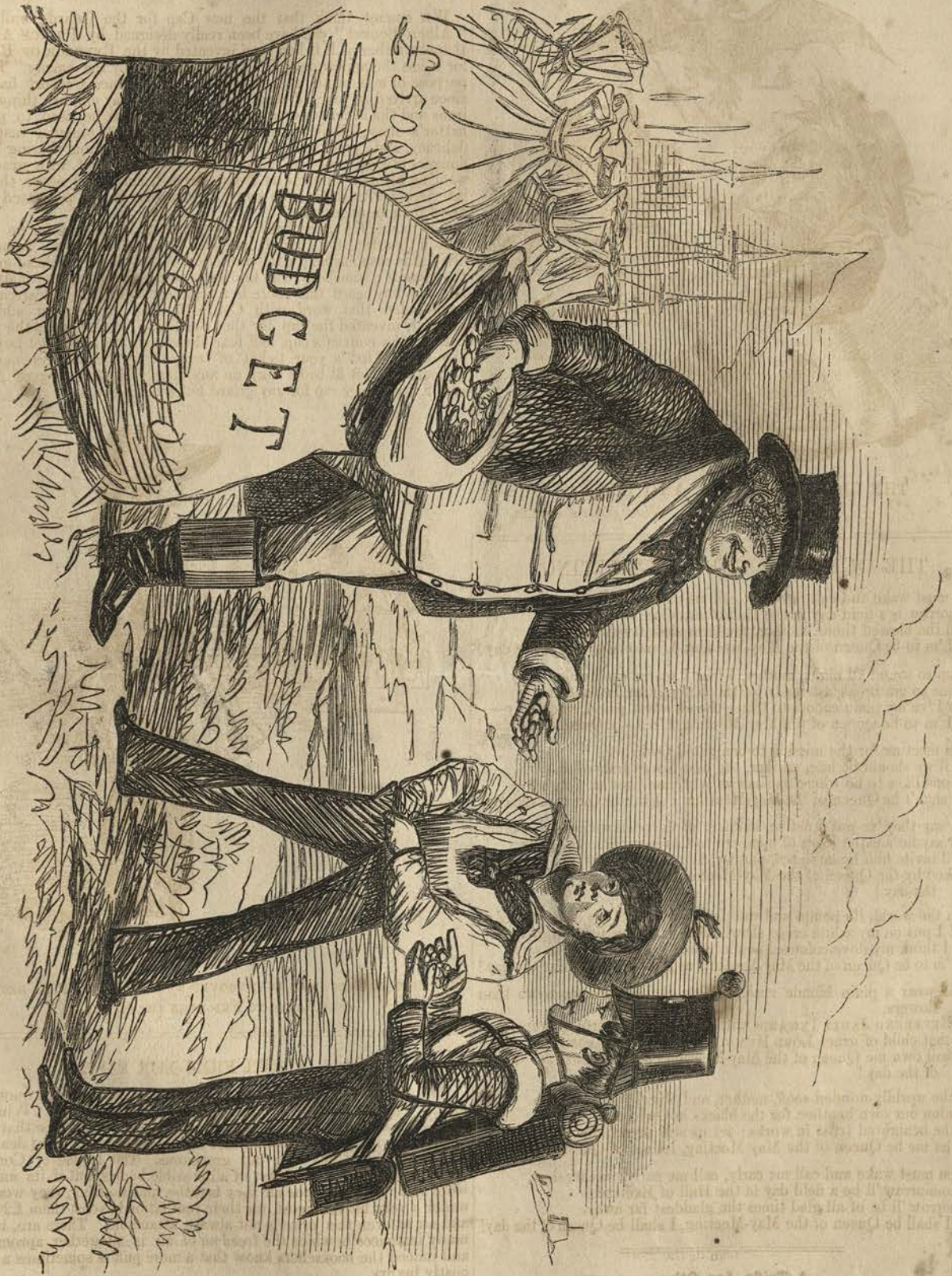
THE BRITISH GRENADEER AS IMPROVED BY H.R.H. F.M. P. A., DECIDEDLY CALCULATED TO FRIGHTEN THE RUSSIANS.

## NEITHER FREE NOR EASY.

"As free as the air we breathe," has long been a familiar quotation; but it has only recently become in some degree a fact. While the window-tax existed the air we breathed was so far from free that it was burdened with a heavy impost, and even now there is a great deal of air breathed that is anything but gratuitous. The House of Commons ought to be, and is the freest of all possible bodies, but if its members were to be as free as the air they breathe, and no freer, they would be under a very heavy impost, for their ventilation has cost them £200,000, and air at even this price is not always attainable. There are, in fact, many instances in which the freedom of air is altogether apocryphal, and indeed the booksellers know that a mere puff is sometimes a rather costly luxury.

## SWIPES FOR NICHOLAS.

WE've raised the malt-tax; let us persevere,  
And through that Tax the Czar may sing small beer.



**PAYING THE SHOT.**

Mr. Bull. "THERE, MY LADS! YOU'LL WANT SOME OF THIS, AND I'M VERY GLAD I'VE GOT IT TO GIVE YOU."



## PUNCH AMONG THE PAINTERS. No. 2.



THE late MR. WILKINS'S punch-bowl and pepper-boxes cover two gathering places for pictures, in one of which the old masters are met together, separated only by the breadth of a corridor from the young masters of the day. The flood just now sets so strong in the direction of the younger gentlemen, that it is not easy to work out of it into the slack water that lies, for the moment, all but unstirred round the resting-place of the giants of old. But, strong as is the temptation of fresh colour, fire-new canvasses, and contemporary criticism eastwards, it is a very wholesome discipline to resist it and give an hour's reverent meditation to RAPHAEL and FRANCIA, to DEL PIOMBO and TITIAN, before your pleasant, easy-going chat with LANDSEER, FRITH, WARD, and the rest of the lads over the way.

Such a visit will be found wholesome in many ways, but most of all as it may in some measure prepare you for appreciating your contemporaries. There is my excellent and wealthy, but slightly atrabilious friend, BISTRE. You may hear him any day in his own gallery (furnished at much

cost of money and experience during BISTRE'S lengthened residence in Italy), crying up the old, and pooh-poohing the new. But to see BISTRE in his bitterest glory you must meet him at the Academy Exhibition, and hear his withering comments on all the crowd admire. "Crude—raw—no daylight—no transparency—no juiciness. Modern Art! Pooh, Sir, there's no such thing!" There he stands, venting contempt about the doorway of the West Room, poisoning minds as people pass it, or, as he conceives, implanting true art doctrine.

He has a valuable coadjutor in SOUR, a gentleman much hated by the Academy, upon which he is in the habit of making fierce onslaughts in all manner of periodicals, ever since they hung his first picture at the top of the Octagon Room. From that day forth SOUR vowed vengeance against them, and renounced the active practice of the brush, for the more lucrative traffic in Old Masters, combining with this, in his leisure hours, the function of Academy-crusher. SOUR imparts to BISTRE much familiarity with technical terms, and at the same time sells him not a few pictures—of course, immense bargains. And now the two are planted arm-in-arm in the doorway of the West Room, dealing deadly stabs at wretched R.As.; perfectly in earnest all the while, for by long feeding of the eye on embrowned canvasses, they have lost all natural appetite for fresh colour—not to speak of the effects of a little jaundicing of disappointment.

I need not say this is not the temper of eye or mind I wish to engender by your preliminary visit to the Old Masters. It is rather that you may meet the BISTRES and SOURS on something like equal terms, being neither strange to the old when you contemplate the new, nor steeled against the new when you look on the old. I wish you to feel that Art is a living thing, and that its changes are matters rather to be taken to heart and studied, than vituperated. In the old time its themes were the grandest that could occupy human minds—family distinctions, national glories, religious beliefs. Its show-places were palaces, council-halls, churches. Its patrons were princes, magistrates, prelates, and popes. If it existed for the middle class, it was in their collective character of a people, or in their individual greatness as royal merchants. The populace partook of it as passengers through the streets, or as worshippers in chapels and churches. So whenever Art stepped down from her fellowship with emperors and kings, doges and princes, it was for such grand function as recording the life of a nation, or the faith of a world. How, with such work to do, could Art be other than vast in dimensions, elevated in aims, dignified in subjects, and powerful in execution? All these effects flowed, perforce, from the facts which surrounded and shaped the painter.

The Bistres, if they admit this much, will tell you that, wanting such patrons, aims, and purposes, Art is now dead. Not so. Art cannot die while men live. Art is the most omnivorous of mental growths.

She has been the cherished minister to the needs of the most civilised, but she is found at work in the gross life of the lowest savage. She has drawn light and colour from the sun and sky of Italy, but can catch a new and shadowy beauty from the grey mists of Holland. She can make herself as much at home beside the homely board of a Dutch or Flemish burgher, as in the marble courts of Venice, or the frescoed halls of the Vatican. But she suits her dress and conversation to her guests; can be hail-fellow-well-met with JAN STEEN or BRAUWER, amouously-courtly with WATTEAU or BOUCHER; proudly patrician with TITIAN or VERONESE; picaresquely-picturesque with MURILLO; ecstatically-beautiful with RAPHAEL, or sternly-strong with MICHAEL ANGELO. It is the same living spirit that stirs under all these forms. And this same Art it is that, amid great discouragements, and by dint of hard struggles, still lives and works with us and for us, in this our convenient, expediency-loving, cotton-spinning, railway-laying, material generation.

There is no wisdom in telling the poor Muse—when, with infinite pains, she has transformed herself into a seeming that secures for her employment and subsistence even among us—that she is no Muse, but a pitiful tawdry jade, unworthy of a home beneath the roof which shelters the works she wrought in other times, when her standing in society was different. No. Let us rather take her tenderly and encouragingly by the hand, cherishing her and comforting her, and bidding her be of good cheer—praising what she has done well, hoping the days may come when she will be allowed to do yet better. Poor lady, she has had a hard fight for life. Loath to relinquish what once won her a glory that she still remembers, she has made desperate attempts from time to time to reanimate the dead forms of the past, to smuggle herself into our town-halls and churches, and, to her dismay and almost despair, has found herself pointed at with the finger of scorn for an impostor and a counterfeit. Driven thence, still clinging to all things splendid and brilliant, she has been fain to try the stage-wardrobe and the masquerade-warehouse, arraying herself bravely in satins and in velvets, and strutting as a courtier and cavalier, through our sad and sober streets or our papier-mâché drawing-rooms. There, too, thoughtful men have cried out upon her. Only in one labour has she found never-failing solace, and ample recognition—out of doors, under the everlasting sky, among the eternal mountains, amidst the ever-springing life of the forest and the moor-land—driven from men—has she found beauty to comfort her—beauty that alters not with usages and fashions, that stops with no zone of earth, and is confined to no period of the year. When Art is driven from all besides, she will still be found painting landscapes.

And now, my sermon ended, you may pass, prepared for appreciation, into the Academy Exhibition Rooms.

## CONSEQUENCES.

THERE is a pleasant little fireside game in France, called the Game of Consequences, which we believe has lately, in defiance of the Game Laws, been imported free of duty into this country. As soon as it becomes popular (which every French play is pretty sure to do in England), we suppose we shall be looked to as usual for a supply of jocularities, which the constant reader will, as usual, palm off as his own. We are therefore tempted to anticipate the national demand by furnishing the following:

The consequence of getting into an empty omnibus is the having to wait until it's filled before you start.

The consequence of betting with a leg is that you are pretty sure to put your foot in it.

The consequence of having a haunch of venison sent you is the having to invite a dozen friends to eat it.

The consequence of your daughter's wearing thin shoes is the having a perpetual influenza in the house.

The consequence of celibacy is the finding no one who cares a button about you, as is sufficiently shown by the state of your shirts.

The consequence of arbitrating between man and wife is, that you will satisfy neither, and be disliked by both.

The consequence of tight lacing is a lengthened doctor's bill and shortened breathing.

The consequence of quarrelling with your wife is, that you will have to go with her to SWAN and EDGAR'S the next morning for a peace offering.

The consequence of lending either a book, or an umbrella, or your name to a bill, is the comfortable certainty that the latter one will be returned, and the former two won't.

## Hard Lines.

TAXATION, COBDEN, is by war increased;  
The side that wins at best but loses least.  
But if to greedy tyrants you succumb,  
You then lose all, my buck, instead of some.

THE RIVER PLATE.—The Royal Thames Challenge Cup.

## NATIONAL DEFENCES OF RUSSIA.

(From our own Correspondent.)



BESIDES the infernal machines which have been sunk in the Gulf of Finland for the annihilation of the British Fleet, an enormous galvanic battery has been constructed by order of the Emperor, for the same purpose. It consists of several thousand pairs of plates, each forty feet square, contained in a porcelain trough divided into as many compartments of corresponding magnitude. This formidable voltaic arrangement is laid down on the north bank of the Neva, along which it extends many miles. For its construction the whole resources of the empire have been taxed, every copeck that could be obtained having been used to form the copper plates in combination with those of zinc. The cells, where the battery is required to act, are filled with nitric acid from an immense reservoir containing hundreds of hogsheds of that corrosive fluid. With one end of the battery a wire, of about the thickness of a man's leg, is connected, and on the end of this wire is fixed a mass of charcoal weighing

several tons, and attenuated to a fine point. A similar wire, but longer, insulated with gutta serena, is carried across the river under water, and emerges at the opposite bank, where its extremity is, in like manner, pointed with charcoal. The charcoal points are so arranged as to be exactly in a line one with the other.

The moment the wire last mentioned is brought into connection with the battery, when the latter is in action, a circuit is formed, and an arc of light, of surprising brilliancy, and glowing with an almost inconceivable intensity of heat, plays between the two points of charcoal across the river. When it is considered that in the electric fire thus produced by means of an ordinary battery, platinum melts like wax in the flame of a candle, it is easy to conceive what would be the fate of any vessel on getting between the charcoal points the instant the galvanic fluid was turned on. A man-of-war, having a powder-magazine, would of course instantly detonate and disappear. If SIR CHARLES NAPIER ventures between the points of these "mighty opposites" he will be a bold man.

PROFESSOR HOCUS has also submitted to the Emperor a plan for destroying the British Public by poisoning the East wind, and is to receive a liberal reward if it answers. I am not in a position to give you the details of this scheme with minute accuracy; but the agent by which the wind is to be impregnated with deleterious matter consists, I believe, chiefly of prussic acid, which, as you are aware, is highly volatile. The principal objection to this project is the difficulty of limiting the operation of the poisoned wind so that it shall not, in its course, injure Denmark and Sweden: but this, of course, would vanish should those States think proper to side with the Western Powers. It has also been urged that if the wind should change, the mischief would fall on the Autocrat's own subjects: but his Imperial Majesty would sufficiently obviate this danger by keeping himself far enough out of harm's way.

## CLERICAL EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

"ANYTHING for a change," seems to have its attractions for some of the clergy, as well as the laity. Attention was called the other night in the House of Commons to a case of mutability in clerical affairs, which seems to have been less satisfactory to the parishioners than to the parsons engaged in the little "transaction." There is a certain place called Fyfield, in Hants, where the resident souls are handed over to be "cured" in a rather unceremonious manner. Whenever the incumbent is sick of his duty, or, as in one instance, when the tradesmen are tired of trusting him, he effects an "exchange" with some other minister who has a fancy for looking after the eternal interests of the Fyfield parishioners.

We are sorry to find that one of the pastors of the Fyfield flock has, after seriously fleecing it, handed it over to somebody else, and gone as Civil Chaplain to Hong Kong, where he will be at liberty to pursue his sacred duties without having his tranquillity disturbed by the clamours of distant creditors. He appears to have given a practical lesson of the fleeting character of worldly wealth, by walking away with some of the parish funds and money entrusted to him for charitable purposes. Of course, one story only is good till another is told, and the reverend runaway may have a very good answer to the charge publicly made against him in the House of Commons. As the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER has described him as "highly respectable, and, as far as I am aware, well qualified to perform the duties of a Colonial Chaplaincy," there may possibly be some mistake; and we shall be very happy to hear, on competent authority, that amid the numerous "exchanges" of incumbents in the parish of Fyfield, there has, after all, been "no robbery."

## THE LAND OF GREECE.

(A Lyric of the Manchester School—after the favourite BYRON Pattern.)

THE Land of Greece! the Land of Greece!  
By BRIGHT and COBDEN loved and sung,  
Wherein, till England broke the peace,  
With Manchester wide dealings sprung;  
They'd take our yarns and cottons yet,  
If but the Czar alone we'd let.

The merchants look to Manchester,  
And Manchester to *L. s. d.*;  
And musing there on profits gone,  
I felt our trade with Greece U-P.  
Yet though in bargains close they shave,  
I cannot deem the Greek a knave.

A cotton-spinner sat but now  
Where engines clank and steam-pipes fizz;  
And mules by thousands lay below,  
And yarn in mountains—all were his.  
He counted them at break of day—  
And, a week after, there they lay!

Yes—there they lay! And where art thou,  
My country? On the warehouse floor  
The spinner's foot is silent now,  
The piecer's tramp resounds no more!  
And must thy yarns, both coarse and fine,  
No more find sale across the brine?

'Tis something, spite of sneer and blame,  
To stand up boldly in one's place,  
And rouse the House to rage and shame,  
Looking facts fairly in the face.  
For what is left the patriot here?  
For Turks a curse—for Greeks a tear!

The Tyrant of St. Petersburg  
Is Freedom's best and bravest friend:  
There once was talk of "crumpling up"  
The Russias all; that's at an end.  
No, NICHOLAS is good and kind,  
The Turks, effete, and base and blind.

Trust not for strength to soldiers' ranks;  
Paying for them expenses swells:  
In English *lobs* and foreign *frances*,  
The only hope of safety dwells.  
Extend your trade, at home, abroad;  
Why take to force, when you have fraud?

Set me on land, or on the deep,  
I don't care which it is, not I—  
So I can buy where goods are cheap,  
So I can sell where goods are high.  
A land of war shall ne'er be mine—  
Give me your roll of cotton-twine.



COBDEN AS A GREEK.

HARD AS A BOARD.



FIERCE conflict is now raging between the Guardians of the Poor, in the various parishes of England, and the medical men whom the said Guardians employ.

The tactics of the Guardians are simple but effective. They take advantage of the overcrowded state of the medical profession, and of the desire of its rising members to obtain some public appointments which may give them standing, to offer the very smallest possible remuneration for the services rendered by them. The medical men, on the other hand, have no resource but to do their duty to those under their care, and to appeal, on every fitting occasion, to the Guar-

dians' sense of shame, though, of course, such appeals are about as futile as an attempt to coerce a rhinoceros by whipping him with a play-bill. MR. ARTHUR, the Medical Officer to the Poor at Deptford, recently tendered the following receipt to the Guardians of the Greenwich Union:—

"Received from the Guardians of the Greenwich Union the paltry sum of £20, for thirteen weeks extra service as house-to-house visitor, sanitary inspector, and for medicines supplied to the sick poor of Deptford, by which I find, my services as a Professional Man, are valued at the same rate as those of a journeyman mechanic."

The Greenwich Guardians have been so delighted with MR. ARTHUR'S testimony to their economy, that they have forwarded the document to the Poor Law Commissioners, in the belief that it will obtain for them a certificate of good conduct, or perhaps even a medal, formed of congenial brass. We fear, however, that they will be disappointed, as the competition is very great.

Punch does not himself know whether to accord the palm to them, or to the Guardians of those two unions who pay their medical man a salary of £2 per annum for attendance and medicines; or to the Guardians of Todmorden, where the medical officer earned £7 12s. in one year, for attendance upon, and medicines supplied to a population of 11,000 persons; or to the Guardians of the Rochdale Union, who appointed a Surgeon to vaccinate under the New Act, but paid him under the Old Act, whereby they saved a shilling per case; or to the Risbridge Board, who, when they were required to name some public places to which the poor might bring their children for vaccination, selected the belfries of the different churches in the district, as being nice cold, damp, and windy apartments, in which the congregated infants might catch catarrhs and rheums.

Punch trusts that MR. BAINES has his eye upon these things, and means to reward the Guardians according to their deserts, and he hopes to see the day when these Guardians, like ADDISON'S *Cato*, shall have, not only their BAINES, but their Antidotes.

APOPLEXY MADE EASY.

SOME days since Mr. Punch was startled from the propriety which usually characterises his actions, by the sight of the following terrific advertisement:—

TO ALL WHO ARE IN WANT OF A FIT.—The importance of which requires no elucidation to convince the most sceptical, how indispensably necessary it is to health, comfort, and appearance."

As Mr. Punch met with this startling proposition in the advertising columns of the *Lancet*, he could but look on its author as a homœopathist, who, thinking that *similia similibus curantur*, had got it into his head that a slight attack of apoplexy or paralysis might be indispensably necessary to the health, comfort, and appearance of those who had reason to dread either malady. Perhaps (thought Mr. Punch) the man has found means to avert apoplexy by inoculating people with indigestion; but the more remarkable feature of his theory is, that a fit is indispensably necessary to the appearance, a notion quite at variance with that generally entertained.

The advertisement then continued thus:—

"R. T. PIGRAM, while willing to avoid the present system of puffing, adopts this means of making known his Self-Acting Indicator of the Human Figure."

Taking this paragraph in connection with that which preceded it, it was clear that "the present system of puffing," which R. PIGRAM

wished to avoid, must be the short-windedness, and wheezy, stertorous breathing of persons disposed to apoplexy; and thence it followed that the "Self-Acting Indicator of the Human Figure" must be, in all probability, a machine for testing the increased bulk of the patient, or, perhaps, an elastic collar, so graduated as to show, day by day, the growing thickness of the neck. Having stated his case, R. T. PIGRAM became taciturn, and abruptly wound up his prelection with the following axiom and corollary—

"An invention can only be known by its results. A trial will not only give satisfaction, but will justify in favouring R. T. PIGRAM with their recommendations."

Mr. Punch tried for awhile to discover from whom these recommendations were to be extorted; but, failing in the attempt, began seriously to meditate the purchase of the "Self-Acting Indicator;" for since his abandonment of his former migratory life, he has grown somewhat fat and plethoric. And lo! at this crisis came some one, who told him that R. T. PIGRAM was a Tailor. But Punch cannot believe this.

ANOTHER SCENE FROM  
"THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN."

An Unfinished Drama.

SCENE.—St. Petersburg. A Room in the Palace.

The EMPEROR and NESSELRODE.

Emp. Of hostile England, whose detested isle  
May NEPTUNE'S flood o'erwhelm! KING  
CHARLES THE FIRST  
Did come to lose his head. Ha!—lose his  
head?—

To think a crowned head may be lost!

Ness. My liege,  
That English monarch was too liberal; made  
Too large concessions; did not entertain  
The high opinion that he should have held  
Of his prerogative and kingly right.

That lowness 'twas which brought him to the  
block.

Emp. More blockhead he. Well; him—this  
foolish king—

Did OLIVER CROMWELL conquer and dethrone.  
Ness. Your Majesty doth draw full buckets up  
From the profound well of true history.

Emp. That OLIVER CROMWELL was a clever  
dog.

Ness. He was a dog, an't like your Majesty,  
Of sharper nose than common.

Emp. I remember  
That CROMWELL had a saying, relative  
Unto the troops he raised against the King,  
His Ironsides. "I'll choose," said OLIVER,  
"Men who some conscience have of what they  
do."



He chose his men of conscience—and he won.

What's Conscience?

Ness. Sire, I cannot tell: the term  
Is too abstruse and metaphysical.

Emp. This CROMWELL'S soldiers were called Puritans.  
They quoted texts; they preached long homilies;  
Sang psalms i' the nose; and turned their eyeballs up.  
Then surely Conscience means fanatic zeal.

Ness. Your Majesty hath hit the nail o' the head.

Emp. And I will drive it home. Come, NESSELRODE,  
And follow me into an inner room.

Here are the Christian symbol and the name  
That Christians worship; texts, and scraps of psalms;  
For instance, *Non confundar in aeternum*,

*Deus nobiscum*, and what not. So come,  
And we these scattered items will digest  
Into a proclamation, which shall fire

My subjects' conscience; of whose pious rage

The conflagration Europe shall inflame:

And holy Russia shall one half the globe

Confound in ruin, blood and massacre.

[Exit EMPEROR, NESSELRODE following.]

A Lean Excuse.

THE Postmaster-General refuses to increase the salaries of the poor Letter-Carriers for fear they should get too fat, and not be able to accomplish the large amount of walking which they are at present called upon to do!



THE GOVERNMENT COURIER WITH IMPORTANT DESPACHES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

PORTRAIT OF A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

BEHOLD that aspect of inflated pride!  
Reality, no doubt, is there portrayed.  
By hand of man was that resemblance made  
Of Europe's greatest living Homicide.  
Fine Art is to foul object oft applied:  
And natural effect of light and shade  
May form the picture of a thing as vile.  
Heaven bids the Sun on good and evil shine;  
Makes it on NICHOLAS himself to smile.  
Of him at whose fell deeds the demons laugh  
A yet more speaking likeness there may be.  
Faintly, perchance, yon countenance malign  
Denotes the scoundrel's inner villany,  
Whose full expression needs a photograph.

Notice of Motion.

By MR. BRIGHT. That as the English Government seems to have declared War with Russia expressly for the benefit of the *Illustrated News*, and nobody else, and inasmuch as that paper is evidently deriving the greatest advantage from its prosecution, which is more than Manchester is doing, that the proprietor of the said *Illustrated News* be called upon at his residence, and politely requested to pay, out of his enormous profits, the expenses of the War so long as it continues.

CONSOLATION UNDER THE WAR BUDGET.

LET us hope our shelling out may have the effect of shelling Cronstadt.

THE FIRST BORES UPON RECORD.—The Roman Augurs.

THE AUTOCRAT'S WAR SONG.

Ho! fetch my helmet hither, and bring me my cuirass,  
Though I need no steel breastplate; no morion of brass:  
Armed with the panoply of faith, shall I fear mortal man?  
Go forth, my hosts, to victory, and I will lead the van!

For wherefore should the scoffer, without rebuke, declare  
That I have stirred the contest, which to brave I do not dare,  
And send my slaves to die for me, but from the conflict skulk,  
Content, within my guarded walls, to hide my coward bulk?

Give me my sword, which the profane affirm I dread to wield,  
My jackboots, also, and my steed; myself shall take the field.  
Against the bands of MAHOMET in person I'll advance,  
And charge the English heathen and the infidels of France.

Talk not to me of danger! What, at my army's head,  
Shall I be less secure than on my throne, or in my bed?  
Can any failure or defeat, can life or honour's loss,  
Betide the champion orthodox—the warrior of the Cross?

Never to be confounded I have proclaimed my trust,  
A hypocrite all Europe will account me, as it must,  
At bullets or at bayonets if I betray alarm,  
As if I thought such things could do my carcase any harm.

I therefore of my forces the foremost man will ride,  
And all the shots shall miss me, the swords shall glance aside;  
So shall I silence all the tongues that now against me wag,  
And say that I can do no more than bluster, cant, and brag.

Millions of lives in spending, my courage shall be shown,  
No more of others only, for I'll expose my own.  
I'll fight like ALEXANDER and other conquerors old;  
Shall NICHOLAS a warrior prove of less heroic mould?

And when my foes are vanquished, as they are sure to be,  
The knout I'll wave in triumph o'er all that now are free.  
With absolute dominion the world at large I'll bless,  
All Parliaments abolish, and annihilate the Press.

My helmet therefore bring me, and all my warlike gear;  
Hold! wait a bit—what ails me? I'm taken very queer.  
Those tidings from Odessa have troubled me with qualms,  
Here ends my war-song for to-day—we'll now go back to psalms.

WANTED A HERO.

A FRENCH piece is now being performed at the St. James's Theatre, in which the hero is an English actor, who has become the object of the attachment of a young lady, whom he disgusts by pretending to get drunk, because her father's pride will not allow him to consent to the alliance. We have been rather amused by the critics in the daily papers, who differ as to the actor whose life has furnished the anecdote on which the drama is founded. One critic says it is GARRICK, another alleges that it is KEMBLE; but whether STEPHEN, JOHN, CHARLES, or the late loud-tongued HARRY, of the Cobourg in its most Cobourgy days, no one can enlighten us. For our own parts, we see no need to go back so far as GARRICK, or even KEMBLE, for the hero who won the heart of a young lady in the boxes. We have seen young ladies at the Victoria sensibly smitten by HICKS, and we have been told that GOMERSAL in the height of his imperial career, had at his feet half the milliners of Stangate.

The GARRICKS and the KEMBLEs are not the only actors who have won the hearts of the female part of an audience, nor do we think the tragedians should be allowed the merit of fascination exclusively to themselves, as if the tender passion could only be inspired by the passion—anything but tender sometimes—of the serious actor: the dress goes much further than the acting in these theatrical affairs of the heart, and we have seen the walking gentleman, while decorated with spangles and bedizened with property stars, greeted with suppressed mutterings of "what a duck!" from a female spectator, who had evidently fallen deeply in love with him from the moment when he threw back his cloak and announced his nobility by showing his glass breast-buckle. We hope the friends of some of our living actors will claim for them the interest which belongs to the "professional," whose life may have furnished the incident that has given rise to the French play of "Sullivan."

The Old Girls they've left Behind them.

THOSE who wish to do a good turn to the wife of a soldier on foreign service, cannot do better than give her a mangle. If any of our readers should have a mother who is about to sell her mangle, we earnestly entreat him to look out for the respectable wife of some soldier abroad, and let her have it a bargain. Many a poor woman will be able to turn an honest penny if she has the opportunity of turning a mangle.

CAUSE FOR REJOICING.—Paris may be France, but let us be thankful that Manchester is not England!



JENKINS AT THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S BALL.

THE king never dies, and the sovereign of penny-a-liners belongs to a line that will never become extinct. The recent Fancy Ball at the French Embassy has brought out JENKINS, in all the colours of his rainbow livery. He is confessedly

"The Monarch of flunkies  
We crowned him long ago,  
With a loud loud laugh,  
And a bushel of chaff,  
And the cap and bells—ho! ho!"

If ever there were a pretender to a throne—based on the solid foundation of rubbish continually being shot forth—those pretensions are at once rendered absurd, by the undoubted sovereignty of JENKINS in the realms and reams he occupies. Over his own peculiar kind of subjects he is indeed supreme; and over such a subject he had an opportunity of showing his absolute sway on the day after the Fancy Ball given by the French Ambassador.

He begins by intimating the impossibility of mentioning the matter "in terms of common-place narrative and detail"—for "common-place" is not the sort of place that would suit JENKINS. He tells us that "throughout the whole of yesterday afternoon there was much excitement in the neighbourhood of Albert Gate," a passage which proves that the writer had begun to lurk, early in the day, about the area railings of the Embassy. While thus occupied he discovered that "the approaching visit of HER MAJESTY formed a fertile theme of discussion to the quidnuncs of the neighbourhood." Who may be the quidnuncs alluded to we cannot tell; but we know there is a pawnbroker's next door, and a publichouse next door but one, so that JENKINS by popping in at the former, and chewing a quid at the latter, may have been allowed to join in the discussions he speaks about. His observations were for some time confined to the "outside of the mansion," which he seems to have been hanging about from an early hour; and from the graphic manner in which he alludes to "the groups watching anxiously each opening of the great doors," there is little doubt that the nose of JENKINS was a prominent feature of the group, as viewed by the hall-porter from the inside of the premises. In this position JENKINS caught a glimpse of "the huge bales of cocoa nut matting and crimson cloth" which were being "borne in by van loads to decorate the staircase."

Another external object that seems to have attracted the attention of JENKINS was a sort of gymnastic proceeding on the part of "two patriotic neighbours in Knightsbridge Road," who "drew a line across it early in the afternoon from the tops of their houses, where the united flags of England, France, Turkey and America, floated triumphantly in the breeze." One of "the two patriotic neighbours" was an adjacent publican, who is probably not very particular where

he "draws the line" between patriotism and puffery, or what flags float triumphantly so that he is enabled to draw a few extra gallons of beer. JENKINS was evidently an outsider, for he says, "the decorations of the exterior were indeed such as to invite attention"—the only invitation he appears to have received. But he was not to be defeated, and he accordingly contrives to smuggle his way in under circumstances which the following passage unmistakably indicates:—

"The preparations in the interior were so admirably managed as to be brought to a close early in the afternoon, after which all was repose and order throughout the mansion."

It is clear that JENKINS had been watching his opportunity to gain an entrance. "Early in the afternoon all was repose throughout the mansion." JENKINS evidently got in while the hall porter was asleep. Having gained the hall, where he ought to have begun to feel himself at home, JENKINS takes a peep at the "appearance of the staircase," and finding that "all is repose" he ventures "opposite the entrance to the hall," where he finds the "chancellerie of the embassy now devoted to the uses of a cloak-room." This is not a very considerable deviation from the ordinary use of the apartment, for a collection of cloaks would not be ill-adapted to a chamber devoted to acts of diplomacy.



Creeping carefully to the right, JENKINS discovers "the supper-room, where tables set out with exceeding taste sparkled with rare fruits and costly viands." We can imagine the extent to which JENKINS's mouth must have watered as he crept about among



"cherries, at a guinea a pound, and peaches at forty-eight shillings per dozen." It is fortunate that the couplet of DEAN SWIFT

"Always pick a peach  
When it's within your reach,"

did not occur to him.

JENKINS seems to have maintained his position inside the house until after the *fete* commenced, for we find him peeping

"through a plate-glass door," and witnessing a sight that must have filled him with envy. He in fact gazed upon "a band of musicians all arrayed in blue surcoats with the arms of the embassy emblazoned on the front in rich gold embroidery—the COUNT WALEWSKI having inherited from Poland this fashion of clothing musicians in livery." The sight of the embroidery on the coats, and indeed the livery altogether, came home to JENKINS's "business and bosom" in a very forcible manner. "It certainly," says JENKINS, who is, of course, familiar with his own figure in a looking-glass, "It—



(the livery)—certainly very greatly enhances the effect." While gazing with admiration on the liveried musicians "a refreshing breeze first reminded the guest that a window had been taken out," and the probability is that the absence of the window may have reminded the intruder of an aperture through which he might expect to have been pitched had he been discovered. At all events, he hurries away from the spot, for he says, "We therefore will visit the drawing-room, where most of the guests first assembled." Having once got among

the guests in their fancy dresses, JENKINS, in his very fanciful livery, must have felt himself comparatively safe; and his narrative assumes from this point a tone of greater confidence.

"Ascending the staircase," says JENKINS, "to the next flight we enter the tea-rooms. Here the fresh air and moonlight scenery of the Park will tempt many a visitor to stay in lively enjoyment of his escape from grandeur and heated luxury to the refreshing quiet and coolness of the charms of nature." Fancy JENKINS "escaping from grandeur,"—or, in other words, taking a place out of livery.

We are after all in doubt whether he was not discovered, and put outside the door; for if he were still within the mansion, how could he have seen "the stately and majestic figure of the COUNTESS OF KINNOUL as she stepped from her carriage, looking the conscious and worthy kinswoman of the renowned family of admirals?" Unless the Countess descended from her carriage in a naval hornpipe step, humming "The Sea! The Sea!" or adopting the phraseology of the stage tar in conjunction with a "nautical fancy dress, we cannot see how she could have put any one in mind of a whole "family of admirals."

We will not follow JENKINS in his very small personal remarks on the ladies present, nor insult them by allusions to the "brilliant beauty" of one, and the "peculiar figure" of another, but we cannot help pausing to inquire what could have been the costume of the Speaker's lady, who, JENKINS says, "represented a lady of the Court of France between the 16th and 17th centuries." We cannot be surprised that a matron at a fancy ball should disguise her age as well as her person; but that any lady could have so effectually disguised her age as to have placed herself between two centuries, and thus brought herself to no age at all, is rather too great a mystery for us to unravel. A lady between the 16th and 17th centuries must have been, in fact, nowhere—a position in which we think JENKINS will find himself after a perusal of this article.



## THE WAR POSTMAN.



CONTENT that our soldiers and sailors are at their post, the authorities seem to think it needless to dispatch any post to our sailors and soldiers. The neglect in transmitting or delivering letters and newspapers from England to the gallant fellows who are with SIR CHARLES NAPIER and LORD RAGLAN is calling out the most indignant remonstrances from their friends at home. One gentleman has adopted the ingenious plan of at once inviting attention to the circumstances, and of communicating with his son, by publishing in the *Times* the information he desires the young officer to receive. *Mr. Punch* has been besieged with applications to open a portion of his columns for the same purpose. He is eager to do

what he can for the comfort of the services, and under certain restrictions (the chief of which is that he must be allowed to condense the epistles as if they were for telegraphic dispatch) he is willing to ensure communication between the service and its friends, by inserting in his journal, every word of which is read in every part of the world, the material contents of letters which may be sent to his office. He forwards the first batch; but in the mean time he begs to express a hope that MR. ROWLAND HILL, so worthily promoted to high authority in the Post Office, will celebrate his accession to office by looking into the matter. If Government despatches are so wretchedly slow that the Press is compelled to furnish the information, there is no reason for applying the same rule to private despatches.

"ISABELLA ATKINSON to HENRY MACFARLAN (*H.M.S. Smasher, Baltic*). Has cried ever since he went away. Has been to three balls, but would not dance at any of them. All her partners assured her that she was looking ill. Hopes he will be true to her as she is to him. Should break her heart if anything happened to him, and begs him to keep down stairs out of the way of the guns. Has had a lovely bracelet from CAPTAIN V., but takes no pleasure in wearing it, and only puts it on because, being a cable in gold, it reminds her of HENRY'S ship. CAPTAIN V. has promised to take her to the Opening of the Crystal Palace; but what does she care for palaces? If she goes, it will only be that she may have something to tell HENRY in her next. Was at the Opera on Tuesday (CAPTAIN V. got them a box), but could think of nothing but the last time she was there with HENRY. States that she encloses a violet, but if so, it must have dropped out, and was more probably forgotten."

"JOHN EDWARD RATTLETON to CHARLES RATTLETON (*Gallipoli*). Urges him to go it, and thrust himself bravely forward, regardless of danger, and keep up the honour of England. Wishes to know, as CHARLES'S cousin and heir, whether he can execute any family business for him."

"LAURA PENDELDROP to HORACE PENDELDROP (*Scutari Barracks, Asia*). This letter is from a young wife to her husband, and is chiefly occupied with information regarding their child, who is coming on delightfully, and fell out of bed five times on Monday, but never cried, and takes the greatest notice of everything. It states that a *jee-jee* (so in original) went past the window on Tuesday or Wednesday, and the infant immediately clapped his hands. A very favourable opinion of the infant's fineness, from the family medical adviser, is given. There are also details of the impertinence of one JANE, who has been sent away, and of the characteristics of a new comer, SARAH, to whom the infant did not take at first, but now does. Kisses are sent in P.S."

"MOSES TOBIT to FREDERICK ST. PELAGIE MONTAGUE (*Scutari Barracks*). Expresses great surprise that MR. MONTAGUE should have left England without taking up some of his expectancies (so in orig.) and I.O.U's. Especially complains that he did not complete paying for the silver watch, for which he has as yet paid only £47 and some discounts. Threatens to outlaw him, 'without' he will tell the address of a CAPTAIN HARLEYBUFFER, against whom MR. TOBIT breathes great wrath. Mentions in P.S. that he has got some studs, skeleton pattern, which would be just the thing for MR. MONTAGUE, and intends to keep them for him. Thinks he has been treated very shabbily; and swears he never got a farthing back of the original £50 lent last September, except the principal and a miserable £20 note, and some costs for his brother the attorney."

"MARY BROWN to JAMES PETERS (*Seaman aboard H.M.S. Spankerboom, Black Sea*). Says she reads the papers in the hopes of seeing that her PETERS has performed some gallant action; but Pleeseman Z, 9789, who is kind enough to come down most evenings and comfort her and Cook, laughs, and says she may wait long enough, and

that LORD ABERDEEN will not allow the Admiral to do much. Thinks if she were JAMES she would up and tell the Admiral out, there and then, that he had better not mind no sneaks. Says the half-sixpence is safe, and Missis is more cantankerous than ever: but she has a party next week, and MARY means to be ill in the middle of the preparations, to spite her."

"SAMUEL FLIMSY to JACOB MANIFOLD (*Reporter, OMER PACHA'S Army*). Advises him to cook up something more spicy for his next, or he may get recalled; for the Editor has hinted that it would be cheaper to fudge up accounts of some startling and bloody battles, from the correspondence of the *Times*, *Chronicle*, &c., than to pay MR. MANIFOLD for his stupid descriptions. Asks him who is to contradict him, let him say what he likes, and recommends him to 'come out a little.'"

"LORD ABERDEEN to ADMIRAL DUNDAS (*Varna*). Begs that he will strike as early and heavy a blow at Russia as he can, LORD ABERDEEN'S only object in life being to humble the haughty and deceitful tyrant, NICHOLAS. The postscript is underlined seven times. 'You understand!'"



## OBSEQUIES MADE EASY.

THE London Necropolis Company advertises First and Second Class Graves, and First, Second, and Third Class Funerals. This sort of nomenclature suggests the remark that Life is a railway, of which the terminus is at the Cemetery. However, we are glad to find that the fares—to follow out the style of phraseology—of the Company are very moderate, being £2-10s. for the first class, and £1 for the second; the third not specified. We wish success to this undertaking, which is the most reasonable that we ever yet heard of, and will, we hope, prove the means of saving many a poor family, bereaved of its bread-winner, the waste of much money, in addition to that loss, on a foolish and useless exhibition of manners and customs, rendered compulsory by the usage of a society which calls itself civilised, but is, in this respect, no better than the most barbarous description of natives.

## CURIOUS CHINESE PROVERBS.

## ON CONTENTMENT.

THE ripest fruit often grows on the roughest wall.  
It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first.  
The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it.  
Contentment is to the mind what a frame is to a cucumber—sunning it, and lifting it, even, from a dunghill.  
The turtle, though brought in at the area-gate, takes the head of the table.  
Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton pie at a king's banquet.  
The Learned Pig didn't learn its letters in a day.  
True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.  
The top strawberries are eaten the first.  
He who leaves early gets the best hat.  
Pride sleeps in a gilded crown—Contentment in a cotton nightcap.

NOT TO BE FATHOMED.—There are secrets, like springs, that lie too deep for boring—and a woman's age is one of them.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

Our Artist. "OH! MY DEAR OLD BOY! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! MY MODEL HAS'NT COME, AND I'M IN A REGULAR FIX; SO, P'RAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND BEING MY DEAD ARTILLERYMAN FOR AN HOUR OR SO."

THE ROW AT THE ROTUNDA.

In the Town of Dublin, where there's always bubblin'  
The germs of piety and discontent,  
All the religious met in force prodigious;  
Though some litigious, all with one consent.

A stern objection to the base inspection  
Of holy nuns did every heart possess:  
A detestation of that legislation  
Which no imagination can express.

ARCHBISHOP CULLEN, who perceived that sullen  
Hot animosity stamped certain brows,  
Gave us a warning, full of sacred larning,  
Politics consarning to beware of rows.

But FATHER MARSHALL, with a tongue impartial,  
PRINCE ALBERT'S ROYAL HIGHNESS did attack,  
Remarks for making, Mother Church that shaking,  
In coorse was evil spaking behind her back.

On treason's border, he was called to order,  
Which civil intimation he obeyed,  
And without staying still went on inveighing,  
We all hooraying at the spache he made.

When he had ended the uproar extended,  
REYNOLDS blackguarded LUCAS like a thief,  
And back to render the abuse, not tender  
Was that defender of our thrue belief.

And then a rumpus quite beyond all compass  
Arose us boys for unity between;  
Sure such a shindy, 'mong the Sikhs in Indu,  
Or when the says were windy, ne'er was seen.

How them deceivers, and them unbelievers,  
The heretic Commons, and the haythen Peers,  
Must take delight in all our scratchin', bitin',  
And scandalously fightin' by the ears!

Scene of contention too absurd to mention!—  
And that is why my narrative I prune—  
Of Brass Band braying the idea conveying,  
The instruments all playing out of tune.

THE DEAD LETTERS FOR THE BALTIC.

"A LETTER from home" is a luxury that must, it seems, be paid for as a luxury by our sailors in the Baltic. Official theory says that the men shall receive their letters for the postage of one penny; but hard fact announces that twenty-four times that sum shall be exacted.

We have been made acquainted with the contents of a letter from a seaman on board the fleet to his mother at home, to which, as it may be applicable to a thousand other cases, we give publicity. It will serve as a "warning" to the mothers and sisters of many of the men on whose courage and fidelity all England, and indeed nearly all the civilised world, has staked its best interests. A sailor writing from the Baltic to his mother, at the beginning of the month, tells her that it is expected they will begin work in good earnest on the 10th of May, and informs her where, if anything happens to him, she may get the pay that is due to him. But the addition to the letter is the most touching part of it, and we give it in his own words as nearly as our memory can carry them:—

"Please don't write any more letters; and tell SARAH (his sister) not to write any more, as we have to pay two shillings a-piece for them when we get them."

The reflections suggested by these words we forbear from putting into type, as every reader will find them in his own heart, if he happens to have one.

NEW DRAMATIC LICENSE.

We hear that a new Proscenium is in course of preparation at the Princess's Theatre. The playhouse was wont to bear the old significant motto—*Vetuli in Speculum*. That is vulgar: now MR. KEAN has obtained such notoriety for his production of French Hobgoblin pieces, that his new Proscenium will bear the following appropriate inscription, approved by the Lord Chamberlain:—

CHARLES KEAN,

"LICENSED TO DEAL IN FOREIGN SPIRITS."

GIVING JOSEPH THE GO-BY.

MR. HUME wishes the wills, which are at present admirably kept at Doctors' Commons, to be deposited in a safer and more convenient place. Quite proper. But the veteran reformer should not stoop to exaggeration. In the debate on the subject, he said—

"With regard to Doctors' Commons, he had himself examined it yesterday, and the room was so narrow and inconvenient, that it was scarcely possible to pass the fifteen or sixteen persons who were there engaged in making references."

This is obviously an inaccurate statement; for what says the proverb? "Where there's a will there's a way." And therefore there must have been a Way for MR. HUME to pass the fifteen or sixteen examiners of Wills. We trust that he will qualify this statement, the rather that it will give him another opportunity of exposing a locality which deserves all that can be said against it.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPH ON THE CZAR.

To the Memory of  
NICHOLAS,  
EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.  
AND EVEN **HERE** HE LIES.

The Consumer's Question.

THERE was a great talk in the debate on the Malt Tax about its being a "Consumer's Question." We don't know what this may be, but we should think that the most general question, and not always the pleasantest one, which every consumer must go through the form of putting, was "WHAT HAVE I GOT TO PAY?"

GOOD NEWS FOR TEETOTALLERS.—Government has raised the Malt Tax to put a stop to Bruin.

## THE CZAR'S DIABOLICAL SUGGESTION.



HE last accounts of NICHOLAS represent him as lying still—in both senses of the phrase. He does not risk his imperial skin, and he immolates his imperial word. The subjoined epistle to OSTEN-SACKEN is a fresh specimen of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S veracity; but to describe it as simply false would be doing an injustice either to the profound subtlety, or astonishing folly, whereby it must on the one hand or on the other have been dictated. Observe that it is quoted *minus* blasphemy.

"On the day when the inhabitants of Odessa, united in their orthodox temples, were celebrating the death of . . . the allies of the enemies of his . . . name attempted a crime against that city of peace and commerce, against that city where all Europe in her years of death has always found open granaries. The fleets of France and England bombarded for twelve hours our batteries and the habitations of our peaceful citizens, as well as the merchant ships in the harbour. But our brave troops, led by you in person, and penetrated by a profound faith in the supreme Protector of justice, gloriously repelled the attack of the enemy against the soil which in Apostolic times received the saintly precursor of the Christian religion in our holy country.

"The heroic firmness and devotion of our troops, inspired by your example, have been crowned with complete success, the city has been saved from destruction, and the enemies' fleets have disappeared. As a worthy recompense for so brilliant an action we grant you the Order of St. Andrew.

"St. Petersburg, April 21 (May 3)."

"NICHOLAS."

In this style after his first lesson—not from MR. LEWIS, but—from ADMIRALS DUNDAS and HAMELIN does the Czar write. He says that the allied fleets bombarded the habitations of the peaceful citizens, and the merchant ships in the harbour, when it is notorious that they spared both. He asserts that the enemy was gloriously repelled, whereas the French and English retired after having silenced the batteries with a loss of some two or three men killed, and considerably under thirty wounded between them. And thus, he adds, the city was saved from destruction, although he had just before said that it had been bombarded for twelve hours. A lie so inconsistent we English never hear told, except in a felon's dock; but Nature asserts herself wonderfully; and the same incongruity of falsehood appears in the burglar who stands in ankle-jacks, and the greater villain who stalks in jacks of larger dimensions; in BILL SIKES and in NICK ROMANOFF.

Probably if ROMANOFF were to come to be hanged, as, if caught, the objection to capital punishment in the abstract is the only reason why he should not be, he would, precisely as some of our desperate ruffians do, persist in an impudent denial of his crimes to the very last.

However, the object of these remarks is not to moralize on the Czar's immorality, but to expose his craft—assuming the foregoing letter to betray the knave and not the fool. To affirm that our ships were beaten, to declare that they bombarded the city and the merchantmen, whereas the facts were just the reverse, what object can these falsehoods have had, but to tempt the two Admirals to put instantly back to Odessa, and show NICHOLAS that he is not to brag and lie with impunity at their expense, by razing the city, whence he says they were repelled, to the ground, and blowing every Russian vessel to atoms? And then the Emperor might have arraigned us at the bar of European opinion for the barbarity which he would have provoked us to commit, and which, doubtless, we might commit to any extent, on his subjects, for aught he would care, so long as it answered his purpose.

But let not our brave sailors be tempted by the adversary to give them this handle. The next Russian city they attack, they must feel themselves strongly instigated to leave not one stone upon another. But never may Britons suffer the Imperial brute to drag them down to the level of his own ruffianism. At least, let them direct their fire on no dwelling-house, unless they have good reason to suspect that it contains the Czar.

One more word as to the Imperial style. Its florid character gives it a strong resemblance to the Papal—not that we mean to compare the flourishes of his HOLINESS with the lies of his WICKEDNESS. This

similarity is particularly observable in the allusion to "the soil which in Apostolic times," &c. Can it be that NICHOLAS believes himself to be the POPE. Does a dash of madness really mingle with the rascality of the blasphemous old reprobate?

## IMPROVEMENTS IN ARMY CLOTHING.

IN consequence of the immense success of the cap invented for the Guards to pull down over the eyes, we understand it is intended—sacrificing appearance altogether to comfort—to substitute for the head-dress at present worn by the Line and the Militia, a plain cotton nightcap. In this regulation, one object which has been had in view is to conciliate Manchester, and reconcile it in some measure to the increase of the Army. Many other ridiculous alterations in military costume are also in contemplation; it being considered that to go about absurdly clothed practises a soldier's courage, so that the officer or man who has been accustomed to expose himself in the shell-jacket, or the Albert bonnet, may be expected to face anything.

## RUSSIAN PASS WORD.

A MOST unhappy indiscretion,  
To use a moderate expression,  
Has Russia's Emperor committed,  
His subjects—people to be pitied—  
In war, through mere ambition raging,  
Unmercifully by engaging.  
Goaded like cattle to the slaughter,  
They daily shed their blood like water.  
The simple creatures make this gory  
Libation to their Monarch's glory.  
Oh! could one ray of reason brighten  
Their intellects, their darkness lighten,  
To perish thus, they'd see, is folly  
Deplorable, and melancholy:  
And quickly would an observation  
From mouth to mouth pass through the nation,  
Suggestive, though expressed with lenience,  
"NICHOLAS is an inconvenience."

## "A Money-Making Parson."

PRINCE ALBERT'S denunciation of this animal—the nominal Christian dove become the acquisitive magpie—has made a great sensation throughout the Church. The BISHOP OF LONDON has expressed a deep sense of gratefulness for the condition to which it has pleased Providence to call him. Had he remained a parson, what money he might have made! Rising to the purer height of a Bishopric, what money he has refused to make! The amount is said to be quite unknown.

## Gladstone's Presentation Plate.

WE have lost the "Emperor's Cup" at Ascot, but we have got instead an "Emperor's Beer Jug,"—for, thanks to NICHOLAS, every Englishman's Beer-Jug will cost more to have it filled now than it did formerly. By the by, it would be only a generous thing for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in reward for the proper spirit that was displayed in throwing up the Cup, to present Ascot with an "EMPEROR'S MUG"—the Mug to be made as handsome as national indignation would allow, and to be paid out of the proceeds of the additional duty on Malt.

## Prejudice in Sport made Friendship in Earnest.

WE recollect there was a game at school called "French and English," and this game consisted in two persons taking hold of a rope, and pulling against one another as hard as ever they could. However, this game must be altered now, and a fresh name found for it, considering that the French and English at present are holding on the same line of policy, and pulling the same way in the most friendly manner.

## "Whose Pocket is to be Picked?"

THIS was the question drummed into Ministers' ears by MR. DRUMMOND, loud in his condemnation of the malt tax. "Whose Pocket?" Whereupon COLONEL SIBTHORP observed to his neighbour—"Why the pockets of hops of course." The wag!

QUOTATION OF THE MONEY MARKET.—We can't help Tallow rising in consequence of the Russian war, but anyhow we can keep down Greece.





READY WHEN WANTED; OR, MILITIA VOLUNTEERS.





"LOR, ADOLPHUS, YOU'RE NEVER A-GOIN TO!—WHY YOU'LL BE GETTIN YERSELF MISTOOK FOR A HORSERIDER AT HASHLEY'S, OR THE MUSICIAN AS GOES TO HEVENIN PARTIES."

THINGS IN THE WATER.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM a loyal subject, and shall this very day—the birth-day of HER MAJESTY—drink her gracious health upstanding, uncovered, in a bumper of pump-water. Therefore, in the few lines I feel compelled to put upon paper, you must not believe that I am a low Radical; quite the reverse, whatever that may be.

"I am, Sir, a teetotaler; and consequently the overseer of the morals of my neighbours. If I drink toast-and-water, what right has anybody else to tittle thick, treacly stout? If, in a state of hilarity—for such moments will arrive—I quaff a bottle of ginger-beer, that very jocund circumstance should touch the rest of the world with a wide and deep disgust for BASS'S bitter. If I wear a water-lily in my holiday button-hole, let no man flaunt before the world that bacchanalian flower denominated sops-in-wine.

"And this, Sir, logically—for if anything makes a man logical, it is water—logically brings me to my argument. Last Saturday, Sir, the *Royal Albert* was launched at Woolwich; to which I have no objection—altogether the contrary. But, Sir, as a patriot and a teetotaler, I must protest against the heathen custom of christening a ship with wine—intoxicating wine. Our wooden walls, Sir, are made of oak; oaks, I need hardly perhaps inform you, grow from acorns. You might as well water the acorns with gin, as baptize the full-grown oaks with sherry. The logic of this, Sir, must strike you; or I have taken the pledge to very little purpose. Well, Sir, the QUEEN baptized the ship; but I give you the shuddering account from the newspapers:—

"SIR JAMES GRAHAM explained to HER MAJESTY the mode of performing the baptismal rite, and the suspended bottle was pointed out to her, with due directions as to the mode of breaking the same, and of christening the good ship. The bottle was a small one, of clear crystal, filled with sherry, covered with fine thick Honiton lace, and having two wreaths of roses, thistles, and shamrocks entwined round it, and attached near the top and bottom by silver cord, was suspended in its proper position. To the great delight of the assembled spectators the QUEEN herself advanced to the bows of the ship, and MR. WILLIAM M'PHERSON RICE, master-shipwright, placed the bottle into HER MAJESTY'S hands, and after two ineffectual attempts, owing to the bottle falling obliquely on the metal plate against which it was to be dashed, the bottle was broken by HER MAJESTY, who at the same moment emphatically exclaimed, "God bless the *Royal Albert*!"

"Now, Sir, I am not a superstitious man; on the contrary, whatever cobwebs of that sort I may have had within me have long ago been rinsed out, so that pure reason shines through me—wherever I find it—like the sun through a cucumber frame. I am not superstitious; but I do ask you,—if we are not to tremble for the destiny of the *Royal Albert* sent into the wide waters with a bottle of sherry—(as for the size, that's nothing; it might be a phisic pbial or a magnum, I think the intemperate call it)—with a bottle of sherry in his figure head? With such an amount of intoxicating fluid there, is it to be expected that the *Royal Albert* will—as sailors say—answer his helm? Is it

even to be hoped that he won't roll in the trough of the sea? Is it to be imagined for a moment that (saving his Royal Highness) he will behave well? By no means. With that quantity of liquor continually about him, he'll be always missing stays, and continually falling foul of everything. That figure-head drugged with sherry must continually sleep upon the middle watch, and—I believe I am right, Sir, in the phrase—will never have a sharp look-out for anything. As for sailing in the wind's eye, it's impossible: for sherry, Sir, sherry is only another word for blind intoxication.

"What a moral may be found in that immoral ceremony! Consider, Sir, the bottle filled with sherry is 'covered with fine thick Honiton lace.' Now, Sir, isn't that a picture of wanton temptation arrayed in all the filmy beauties of the loom (I believe I'm right) to betray the manly reason? Is not sherry only another name for DALILAH, and the thick Honiton lace the bedizenment of the frail one? As for the 'two wreaths of roses,' what are they but the blushes that burn in the nose of a tippler, while the thorns, like pins into a pincushion, go unfelt into his heart? As for the 'silver cord,' it's nothing to my mind but a piece of hemp—of halter-hemp—electrotyped. And then, think of the moral of the whole ceremony! A loving and a faithful wife dashing a bottle at her beloved husband's figure-head with all the royal children beholding it. After this, can it ever be expected that the *Royal Albert* will take a Russian? No; for he has already taken too much sherry. My only fear is, that with the wine still in his head he doesn't—and who's to wonder at it?—run ashore for more liquor.

"But I have done, Sir. MR. BEHEMOTH POP has the subject for his next lecture, and will—with all his fire-engine force—improve upon it. I am delighted to say that the cause of teetotalism is striking root. We are earnest men, Sir; and some of us in our earnestness, are, we hope, not to be restrained by a weak consideration for mere truth. If we can get hold of any story about anybody in particular, we have a pretty way of turning the tale inside out; but then, it is all in the way of temperance, and for the crystal loveliness of water. For instance. There was a well-known person named CHARLES LAMB. He wrote a paper called 'The Confessions of a Drunkard.' Pat, Sir, we put the whole matter upon the man himself, and called it 'The Confessions of CHARLES LAMB.' Not but what this might have been improved into 'The Confessions of the Drunkard, CHARLES LAMB.' This may not be mere truth; but intemperance is not to be met by simple truth: at times, drunkenness must be coaxed.

"The illustrious author of *Truth in a Well, in six Buckets*; at 2s. 6d. per bucket (the water is so astringent, so binding upon veracity), the author of that deep, pure serial, is carrying confusion into the ranks of the tipplers. He reminds me of that beautiful picture of the gallant fireman, young HIGGINBOTTOM:

"Still o'er his head, while fate he braves,  
His whizzing water-pipe he waves."

Not only does he drown a living poet as never rat was drowned, but he empties his bucket—and all for our glorious cause—upon a new-made grave. He swamps that bit of earth with the greatest respect for the dead, and with the lively hope, I'm sure of it, that lilies and violets will grow the thicker for the watering.

"Thus, Sir, continually recruiting from amongst the most chosen spirits of the day (I should rather say diamonds of the first water), the cause of teetotalism at all and any cost of what is called by its enemies decency, charity, and truth—the cause strikes root, and lifts its head up sweet and fresh as a morning daisy.

"Hoping, Mr. Punch you will—for the benefit of the Navy in future—always set yourself against the bottle of sherry at every launch dinner, I remain

"May 20, 1854."

"JOHN-IN-THE-WATER."

Mr. Punch cheerfully gives insertion to the somewhat incoherent communication of JOHN; but, at the same time, must express his belief that JOHN is one of the self-deceived many, who believe that if they drink only at the pumps of life, they are therefore guiltless of its vanities. As for the distinguished author of *Truth in a Well*, a man—it is Mr. Punch's opinion—may be as fond of water, and water only, as a duck: and nevertheless, like the duck, do nothing but deal in "Quack, Quack!"

A Popular War.

Who can say that the present war is not a popular one? Will even MESSRS. BRIGHT and COBDEN take upon themselves to contradict so general, so cheering a fact, when it is publicly known that the British troops on starting for the East were, to a man, thrown into transports, and that, when they landed there they were also found in the same state!

BOW AND WOW!

WHEN the Puseyites do nothing but bow, and bow, and bow, Mr. Punch's dog Toby can do no other than bow, and wow, and wow.



## JOHNNIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.



O JOHNNIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And PAT and SAWNEY cam' to see;  
Three valiant hearts, the lee-lang night,  
They fought the Czar o' Muscovie.  
We are na' fou, we're na war-fou,  
But just hae Cossacks in our e'e;  
Auld NICK to thraw the stoup we'll draw,  
The noo we've taxed the barley-bree.

Here are we met, three freeborn boys,  
Three freeborn boys, I trow, are we,  
And mony a day we free hae been,  
And mony mair we hope to be!  
We are na' fou, &c.

There's Turkey's moon, I ken her horn,  
The Crescent in the lift sae hie,  
To cloud her is the Tyrant's aim,  
But, by my sooth, he'll wait a wee!  
We are na' fou, &c.

Wha spares for whosky's rise, awa'!  
A carefu' coward loon is he;  
Wha fears beside his chair to fa'?  
We'll dang the Czar, amang us three.  
We are na' fou, we're nae war-fou,  
But just hae Cossacks in our e'e;  
Auld NICK to thraw the stoup we'll draw,  
The noo we've taxed the barley-bree.

## OCEAN TWO-SHILLING POST!

WILL it be believed that the postage of a letter to the Baltic is 2s.; that this is the sum charged for a few lines from home to a common sailor: that so much has JACK to pay for a line from his old woman, or his young woman, or youngsters neither women nor men as yet? You expect JACK to be always at his Post; to stick to it, to die at it if necessary; you require JACK to maintain all these relations to his Post, and yet you fix your Post in a ratio of 2s. to him. "Come two to one" is a defiance hurled at the enemy in one of DIBDIN's sea-songs; and it will doubtless be repeated by every one of NAPIER's naval heroes; but that is no reason why you should charge two BOB to one JACK. Moreover, grievous complaints are made that the Baltic Postman is disgracefully slow, besides inflicting this tremendous double rap on the sailor's pocket. Is it for this that our income-tax is multiplied by two, and an additional copper put on our pewter? A two shilling Post is too much for a Post Captain, to say nothing of a JACK-Tar: and an Admiralty that allows such extortion to be practised on British Tars, deserves to be tarred and feathered.

## Shakspeare to the Ladies.

THE Shade of MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, late of Stratford-on-Avon, presents his compliments to the ladies, and begs to refer them to a short speech written by him for a certain *Hamlet*, and addressed to one *Osric*. The speech is this:—

"Your bonnet to its right use."

## Hold Hard.

In a Biographical Sketch of a lately deceased Professor we are told that "he held his chair for nearly fifty years." This is evidently a mistake, for it must be obvious, that instead of the Professor having held his chair for half a century, his chair must have held him.

## WHOLESOME GLASS.

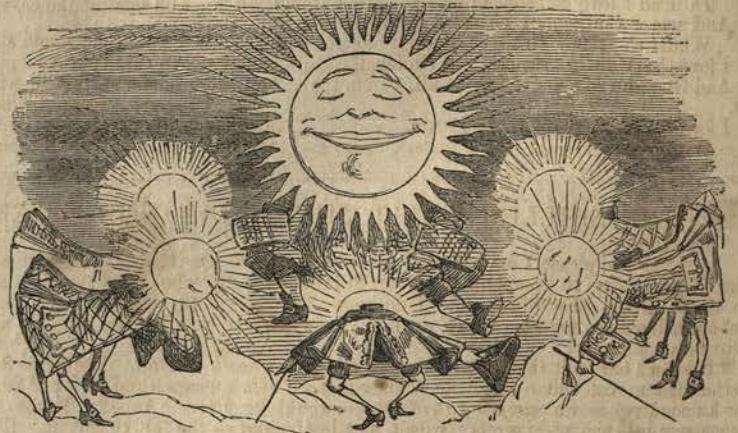
THE cup that cheers but not inebriates may be the tea-cup; but the glass to which that description is applicable is the Crystal Palace.

## THE SUN AND HIS IMITATORS.

MR. LOWE, of the Highfield Observatory, whose letters to the *Times* seem to prove that he possesses the faculty ascribed to some animals of seeing the wind, assures us that the Sun has lately held a levee, at which five mock suns, his courtiers, were present. These reflected lights showed their subserviency, in that they kept their long tails, (which we must take to have been their trains) carefully turned away from their Lord and Master—a mark of respect which was the more remarkable as it was shown to the setting Sun. Doubtless, if the Sun had any spots on his face, the mock Suns wore patches to be like him, or induced the rosy-fingered AURORA to rouge their visages until they equalled his in rubicundity. The Sun is also said to have sported three rings on this occasion, but as they very soon vanished, it is clear they were only runaway rings, and we have very little doubt that the runaway rings of that evening were matched by the runaway Nox next morning.

"Cumuli clouds," says MR. LOWE, in his curt truncated phraseology—"Cumuli clouds near the phenomenon. After the sunset cloudless." Of course it was! When the clouds had seen all they wanted to see, they went home to bed. However, it must have been a very pretty spectacle, and *Punch* hopes that, when anything of the kind is next to be seen, MR. LOWE will give him

notice. In return, *Mr. Punch* promises that if he should see anything like it in Fleet Street, he will immediately say, "Lo! here it is."



DEGRADATION IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—GENERAL PULLTHELONGBOWOFFSKY has been degraded to the rank of private, for having treasonously boasted that he could throw a hatchet further than the Emperor.

I LOVE THE LORD MAYOR!

(Song, supposed to have been Improvised after Dinner at the Mansion House on a recent occasion),

BY THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.



I LOVE the LORD MAYOR with his chain of gold,  
And his Ninth of November Show,  
It has all come down from the days of old,  
And down may it ever go.  
I love the City, the jolly old place!  
The Cap of Maintenance, and the Mace.

I love the old Aldermen, brave old boys,  
May their shadows be never less!  
And their good old fashioned convivial joys,  
I love them, I must confess,  
Traditional turtle, and venison haunch,  
And capon to line his Worship's paunch.

I love the Recorder, the Sheriffs too,  
The Remembrancer likewise,  
The Swordbearer is a hero who  
Is glorious in my eyes;  
And my esteem and my reverence  
For the City Marshal are immense.

The Toastmaster, and the Loving Cup,  
Do I also love right well;  
And may Swanhopping be still kept up  
Whilst the River's tide shall swell!  
I love the Mansion House, and Guildhall,  
And Gog and Magog, I love it all.

I love the magnificent Civic Barge,  
With paint and gold that flames,

And floats the old citizens, and their large  
Proportioned, blooming dames.  
My love for the Civic Coach of State,  
And liveries blazing, is no less great.

I love the old notion of grand display,  
And feeding rich and gross,  
And I love the City Arms, I say,  
And *Domine, dirige Nos!*  
A dagger gules on an argent field,  
Good luck to the good old gallant shield!

The Metage I love, and I love the tolls,  
And I love all the City dues,  
I rejoice in paying the tax on coals,  
Which the journalists abuse;  
I am willing and happy to help maintain  
The pomp of the Civic Monarch's reign.

I love St. Stephen's, I love St. Paul's;  
May never Improvement mar  
The little that's left of the City walls,  
I love dear old Temple Bar;  
And declare the proposal to pull it down  
High Treason against the Civic Crown.

I love all those banners, and all that plate,  
And I love that enormous pine,  
And those heaps of fruit; I will also state  
That I love this glass of wine.  
May such good things here ever abound,  
And here is my love to all around!

THE SHILLING THAT SIDNEY DID NOT "BLEED."

"MR. PUNCH,

"If you please I am a little 'Blue,'—that is I am a little Blue-coat schoolboy, and have if you please to complain of LORD MAYOR SIDNEY, who owes me a bun and a shilling, as also to all the other Blues; and I do hope that you will try and get it for me, as six of us put our halfpennies together every week, and always take you in. So, there's a good fellow, give a chap a leg.

"It wasn't our fault that LORD MAYOR SIDNEY wasn't elected. I suppose it was thought better that a real Duke—(isn't he a big one, too?) that wears a red coat and is gone to bleed for his country, as we say *pro patria mori*,—would be fitter. As JEM TOGGS said—'It was helmet against tea-pot—laurels against sloe-leaf'—and so the Duke got it. But that is no reason, as I say, that LORD MAYOR SIDNEY should spit his spite upon us Blues, and not give us the shilling and the bun, which have always been given, as I heard MONITOR CAMDEN say, from the time up when WHITTINGTON and his Cat was Lord Mayor. Well, I wouldn't be shabby, I wouldn't, if I was a Lord Mayor! Only a shilling, too, and by rights—(as ISAAC

GRESHAM says—he's a monitor, and such a head for arithmetic)—according to the rise of money from that time, the shilling ought to be at least ten pounds—about which there is some talk among us of going to Parliament—at least ten pounds, not but what the shilling and the bun are all we ask for.

"Please, *Mr. Punch*, give us a help. And could you put in a picture of the LORD MAYOR—a regular cut you know—LORD SIDNEY buttoning up his pocket with the shilling inside of it, and the baker outside not allowed to bring in the buns, and all the 'Blues' about the Mayor—and the Mayor looking mean, and some of the Blues savage?"

"I'm sure you could do this, with more out of your own head. *Do*, there's a good fellow. Work upon his feelings like fleas, and get the Shilling and the Bun, for

"Your Constant Readers,

"THE BLUES."

"P.S. If you put this in, we'll buy two more copies. I'd almost forgot to say that some of us are awfully in debt, having—according to the ancient custom of the school—spent the shilling before getting it, which makes it difficult. I owe every copper of my money, and BILL RUMMINS has licked me twice already, and threatens to take out the whole sum in black eyes. So, dear old *Punch*, do pitch into the Mayor."

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

WITH very pleasurable emotion *Punch* has seen a subscription set on foot for our soldiers' wives and children. Such a cause needed no eloquence to plead it, and a whole page of the *Times* filled with names of subscribers is a sufficient proof that the appeal has met with a liberal response. Charitable England has nobly done her duty, and has become trustee for the fatherless and widows—as far at least as her army is concerned.

Nevertheless *Punch* has still a couple of questions to ask his readers—he means, of course, the British nation generally. The first of these is, Have we no Sailors? And the second, Have our Sailors no children?

We are lyrically told, we know, that

"There's a sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor JACK."

Nevertheless poor JACK does sometimes lose his life, even in fighting against Russians. And in such case we are not informed by what cherubic influence his widow and orphans will be kept from the workhouse. Surely then, with respect to the subscriptions aforesaid, we ought to speak with emphasis of the *United Service*.

Osten-Sacken Decorated.

THE Czar has decorated the General for his glorious victory at Odessa; a victory crowned by the destruction of the French and English fleets, and the capture of their respective crews, now on their way, marching to the music of their fetters, to Siberia. The order sent by NICHOLAS to the conqueror was the "Order of St. Andrew." As NICHOLAS is said to be fond of a grim joke, why not make it the "Order of St. Merry Andrew?"

TRUE TO THE LETTER.

CONSIDERING the delays that occur in sending out letters to our sailors now on active service, we cannot help suggesting, as a free translation of the familiar quotation, *Litera Scripta Manet*—a letter written (for the Baltic) remains (at the Post Office.)

## PUNCH AMONG THE PAINTERS. No. 3.

In the rooms at last—and recovering from the glare of gilt frames, and the blaze of scarlet coats and red robes, and the supernatural lights on ladies' hair, and the dead white and carmine of naked bodies!

Oh for a dewy sward under my feet, green shade and silence about me, and sweet air to breathe, instead of this blaze of canvasses, this flush of spring bonnets—this buzz of low voices, and shuffle of many feet—this villainous atmosphere of carbonic acid gas. What wonder that my eye turns gratefully to that full-fed stream-bank, where the water-grasses, and bushy willows, and graceful birches come crowding down to look at themselves in the still water, leaden with reflection of the thunder-clouds, from under which the sun gleams out with a watery eye upon the summer fallows?

Here is the very landscape I was praying for; I need not look into my catalogue to see that it is marked with the name of ANTHONY. True, down to the leathern gutters of that lazy old bailiff or keeper, reclining, careless of rheumatism, by the young man in corduroy, to whom he has entrusted his gun, and who, I regret to see, is basely slouching for a shot at the innocent water-hens. May the dank grass punish them both with aches and cramps, as it assuredly will, if they lie there long. The painter has painted nobler landscapes, but never a truer one, and the aspect of the sky, the character of the vegetation, and the whole "lay" of the place are faithful transcripts of English nature.

It is true that they lack the slippery conventional dash of MR. LEE, who writes R.A. after his name, which MR. ANTHONY does not; true also, that to chasten any pleasure with which the recognition of honest eyes and minds might reward the painter, the Hanging Committee have rejected the other pictures he sent—"pour encourager les autres."

On the same paternal principle, too, it may be that MR. GLASSE'S *Desert March* has been hung well out of sight over the entrance-door. But it serves him right. Has MR. ABRAHAM COOPER painted Arabs, and their tents, and their mares, and their "maidens,"—as I am sure he calls them—for every exhibition these twenty years, and is he to be faced out of countenance by a young whipper-snapper, who dares to put desert ground under his horse's feet, and a desert sun in the sky, and to fling blue desert shadows over the hot ground—whose Arabs are

"Long, and lean, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand,"

instead of the sleek gentlemen at eighteenpence per hour, with whom MR. ABRAHAM COOPER delights to people the Sahara? At their peril who dare to attempt, and—still worse—to succeed, in Arab subjects when MR. ABRAHAM COOPER is of the Hanging Committee?

But one word to MR. GLASSE. Why paint *Cœur de Lions* and *Saladins*, when you might paint *Abu Youssouf's* and *Sidi El Hamets*? Wherein is a *March of Crusaders* a more kindly subject for the brush, than a *Caravan* on its way to El Caaba; or a *Toorkman horde on chappow*—pardon my parade of Orientalism; but I have been bitten by "Eöthen" and MR. LAYARD—or a *Desert tribe shifting its quarters on the Metidjali*? Why go back to the imagined thing, when the reality subsists in forms as full of colour, and with the actualities of visible existence about it, to boot? I am the more urged to ask this question, because I fancy that I can see, in the Exhibition of this year, that our painters are beginning to show an apprehension of this truth—that for Art to be a living thing amongst us, she must deal with subjects and themes from life, or at least subjects in which the universal life of humanity is reflected, though the garb and period be not our own. I hasten with pleasure to note every symptom of this happy change, and as the pleasantest and most masterly example, I do not need that dense ring of appreciating lookers-on—every one a critic—to guide me to MR. FRITH'S picture of *Ramsgate Sands*.

Shake hands, MR. FRITH. Allow me to introduce you to MR. JOHN LEECH, a gentleman who has been painting in black and white, year after year, month after month, week after week, graceful, true, and homely pictures of English life, but not more graceful, true, or homely, than this beautiful work of yours. Can I give you higher praise than to say that this is a picture after his own heart, (with the addition of unmatched dexterity in the use of the painter's tools,) alike exquisite in colour, drawing, and arrangement. Mr. Punch hails in you a brother illustrator of the life round about us; not by any means a heroic life; unromantic enough in its employments, tame and vulgar enough in its amusements, poor and colourless in the cut and hue of its clothes, but still human, after your fashion and mine—something every one who comes here can understand and feel a living sympathy with, such as was never yet felt for all the gallants of the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, and LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, and GEORGE THE FIRST, on whom you have been so long wasting your great skill and fine sense of humour. Why not, having thus begun, go on and be the HOGARTH of our day and generation?

Here, it is true, you have chosen a subject which confines you, mainly, to the trivial and common-place; a cockney *dolce far niente* is all you can make of it, with such touches of humour and satire as that admits, but with very small room for emotion or affection. Yet even in this way something might have been done without jarring against an

untruth. Suppose that in the midst of all this lazy enjoyment of sunshine and sea air, these lounging ladies and flirting widows, and vacant old gentlemen, and fussy old ladies, and happy sand-pie-making children, and their suite of Savoyards, and mountebanks, and donkey drivers, you had introduced, say some pallid, sickly darling of a young mother, brought from the reeking city to the sea-side in the faint hope of bringing back the blood to the pale cheek, and the fullness to the thin pulse, with the mother hovering about it, absorbed in her feeble charge, forgetting all the gaiety and movement round her, or only remembering it in the effort to kindle interest and amusement in her ailing little one. By this or some such incident, you might have supplied the note of human affection which is wanting to make up every complete harmony of common life, and by help of this the gaiety and enjoyment of your full-grown folks and the lusty gladness of your children would have acquired a double value.

Having done so much, however, I have no right to quarrel with you for not having done more, nor do I mean what I have said in the way of disparagement or dissatisfaction. On the contrary, I am thankful to you, and so is the public. May their delight cheer you on to better things of the same kind. More skilfully rendered common life cannot be, but you may find deeper themes in it, and chapters that shall awaken a profounder and more wholesome mood in those who come to look and to admire.

## THE MUSICAL OPERATIVES.



I have now two operas in full swing—or, rather, in full play; one an opera for the millionaire, and the other an opera for the million. Both are successful, and yet both are distinct from each other, the Royal Italian Opera being distinguished by its *distingué* air, while Drury Lane appeals to a public of a less exclusive character. We are quite sure there is room for both, and we are disposed to welcome the establishment of a cheap opera such as that

at Drury Lane, where, if everything is not quite first-rate, it is excellent for the money.

We must warn the directors, however, against creeping away by degrees from their original plan of a "cheap opera." Already an extra shilling has been rather suddenly added to the price of one tier of boxes, and there are symptoms of a small disposition to ape the "fashionable arrangements" of the other house which, though all very well at the Opera, *par excellence*, are not likely to improve the prospects of the cheap establishment. An announcement has been put forth about enforcing the rules as to evening costume in certain parts of the house according to the plan adopted at Her Majesty's and the Royal Italian Opera. If people are to be victimised by having to resort to all the inconveniences which make up what is called "evening dress," entailing "low necks" on the ladies and "light kids" on the gentlemen rendering it necessary to make an expensive and uncomfortable thing of what ought to be a cheap and pleasant amusement, the affair will sink into a hollow sham, and a very empty one too, instead of growing into a successful reality.

People who have plenty of occupation in the day, don't want an hour's work in getting themselves up, regardless of outlay, in order to hear a little good music in the evening. We are not the advocates of muddy highlows and bearskin coats as an appropriate costume for the theatre, but we have also an aversion to tawdry finery on the women, and mosaic jewellery on the men, with gloves on the hands of both which reveal, by a terrific odour of turpentine, the cleaning process which has been resorted to.

By the way, while we are on the subject of operatic costume, we must protest against the admission at either house, of individuals wearing round their chests leather straps, such as the Police regulations require to be worn by busmen and cab-drivers. The pretence with which these leathern straps are worn at the Opera, is to carry a case for an opera-glass; but the arrangement savours so thoroughly of the cab-rank, that we trust some regulation will be adopted at both houses to put an end to the practice.

## THE BOYS AND THE LAMPS.



The street into which the windows of our club look is more favoured by the boys than any other thoroughfare in London: for it provides them with the greatest number of never ending gratuitous amusements. There is not anything which those who have money pay to see, that the boys do not in their own simpler style, see here for nothing. The Polytechnic with its new inventions in science and mechanics is paralleled by the tin locomotives with the cotton-wool smoke that run up and down the board; the properties of condensed air are shown in the Pop-goes-the-Weasel pistols—the elasticity of metals by the penny Bogies with the hideous red-heads and white rabbits' fur wigs who spring out of the boxes; and the power of the lever by the company of frogs who are for ever jerking themselves up by their cobbler's wax'd tails, from the tea-tray. The *Kolner Manner Gesang Verein* does not amuse its refined audiences so much as the Ethiopian Musical Union, with its quartette party of banjo, fiddle, tambourine, and bones, does the boys: they fraternise as freely with the sable *ELLA*, in the high shirt collar and druggel trowsers, who conducts from the opposite kerb, as the patricians do with the real director on the sofas at *WILLIS'S*.

The boys also find their Zoological Gardens (when somebody else gives a penny) in the *Happy Family*. There is nothing so amusing in the *Regent's Park* as the raven who cannot balance himself on his perch because the monkey has tugged all the feathers from his tail. When the snow and frost came, whilst the street was yawning for its new sewers and gas-pipes, they had all the excitement of crossing the *Glacier des Bossus* brought to their own doors for nothing. *MARIO* is not so great to the subscribers in *A to O cara*, as *CHANTING JOE* in *Ben Bolt*; and the *Philharmonic Orchestra* is as nothing by the side of the brass-band at the gin-shop.

People pay to see *Zulu Kaffirs*—the boys hear the *Lascar* perform on the oyster-barrel drum for nothing. There is a huge organ comes occasionally with a moving series of views in front that forms at once the boys' *Gallery of Illustration and Cyclorama and Promenade Concert*. Their *Chiswick Fête* is the long barrow of musk, mignonette, and geraniums that passes slowly along the street; their *Holland Park Gathering* the feats of the acrobats (whom folks saw for money at Christmas in brighter dresses in the *Pantomime*), accompanied by the two Scotch boys with the bagpipes; and there is not a "screaming farce" at any theatre that provokes such roars as *Mr. Punch*, when after a severe chastisement on the back of his head he says, "How hard the wind blows!"

And, lastly, no pyrotechnical display at the *Surrey Gardens*, or *Vauxhall* ever came up to what the boys in our street saw for nothing when the oil-and-colourman's was burnt down. Talk of the *Panopticon Fountain*, with its 97 feet column of water—the great brewery engine that night sent its jet above 120! The boys again had the best of it.

But they were never so much in their glory as they were in this street, on the evening of the *QUEEN'S* birthday. (May they grow up to men, and still find pleasure in the same anniversary.) We had a crown, and a *V* and an *R*—all in good old-fashioned variegated lamps; not that flaunting, flaring, flashing, flickering, flitting, flaming, fluctuating, fluttering gas affair, that somebody said, on the dingy fronts of the houses, always looked like a diamond brooch on a dirty man in corduroys—but the device of infancy and *Vauxhall*, and the *Crown* and *Anchor* ball-room of the days when we went to fairs. The boys lingered about the street all day long, and we could observe from time to time they criticised the arrangement from the pavement opposite. But the excitement began when the oily man arrived with the ladder to light up. By that mysterious communication, which acts with some subtle and unknown influence amongst street children, they began at once to assemble. Our attention was first called to the fact, by a troop of six or seven, who came out of a court in marching order, singing a measured chorus of "*Ba-bal-loon! Ba-bal-loon! Ba-bal-loon!*" There was no balloon in the air to evoke the cry, as we had sometimes seen on summer Mondays. But there was, we imagine, a link with a "gala"—(what *is* a "gala" practically,

beyond an additional gallon of oil in some old lamps on an older device?)—and this was enough to excite enthusiasm.

The first boy who came was a sturdy chap of six. He had no jacket; and his trowsers, the feet of which began where their normal knees had originally been, were kept up, in a wonderful manner, by half a brace. He took possession of the high kerb-stone against the foot of the lamp-post, and there he sat. It was his private box. The "omnibus" party next arrived. They also occupied the edge of the pavement, with their feet in the gutter; but they were not comfortable. There was a troublesome spirit amongst them in a comforter, crossed over an old feather tippet, and a *Glengarry* cap, that had been worn till it was demi-globular in shape, more like a grey fez without a tassel. He was, by dint of superior strength and the fulcrum of the lamp-post, constantly pushing the whole party along the kerb, as the clown does the bodies of the parochial, foreign, and constabulary victims in front of *Punch's* show. He had learned it from them. At last, a bigger boy carrying a bird-cage—who had evidently been expected back, wherever it was, for the last half-hour—pitched the *Glengarry* into the road. The owner rose to get it; the rank closed up, and he was deposed. He immediately tried to take possession of the private box at the lamp-post, and a combat was the result, which ended in both being nearly run over by a *Hansom*, and so dispersed.

An encampment of light infantry was now set up, consisting of four street babies and their nurses, whose united ages might have amounted to 25. The tenacity of life in these babies was remarkable. They were pitched about like school-bolsters prepared for a match; and thrown over the shoulders like Scotch plaids; and let fall on the paving-stones; and dragged up by their one arm, and generally ill-treated; but kept up a wonderful hilarity through it all, trying to clutch their nurses' noses, and dig out their eyes, and crowing and laughing, and suffering from indigestion, and wanting their noses blown perpetually.

All this time the lighting up went on to the admiration of the audience: and at last there was a very good "House." But the want of incident in the spectacle soon began to be apparent. The boys got restless and quarrelsome: we saw the wisdom of the French Government in constantly keeping the people amused. They bothered the babies, and commenced such wanton and unprovoked attacks upon the weaker powers as the *EMPEROR OF RUSSIA* might have been proud of. At last when a star at the corner flared up all at once, in gas, they gave a cheer and ran off in a body, to it: leaving us to reflect upon the instability of public favour, which is all very well till a brighter star rises, and the old favourite goes down at once without even a recollection. For if men are but children of a larger growth, then is the conduct of the boys greatly to be regarded.

## Perfect Abandonment.

*NICHOLAS* complains, in his *St. Petersburg Journal*, of certain expressions being brought up in judgment against him, which were never intended seriously at the time, but were simply thrown off in the freedom of conversation, and the unguarded familiarity of gentlemanly "abandon." In our opinion, "abandon" is the very expression best suited to the case, for, as construed by the words and acts of *NICHOLAS*, it means the entire abandonment of "a Gentleman," which is precisely the fault he—poor injured Saint—is accused of.

*GALLANT SOULS*.—The Militia regiments have evinced so much spirit that to give it employment they are going to be embodied.

## RUSSIAN COOKERY.



UNDER this head may be included three dishes; one provided expressly for the Czar; another prepared for discussion amongst Foreign Ministers and Consuls, and a third done up for the swallow of the Russian people. The dishes alluded to are so many versions of a story: as for example, that of the bombardment of Odessa. We subjoin samples of these concoctions. They are all addressed to NICHOLAS; but—

*The First is Private and Confidential.*

"SIRE.—With the greatest regret I have the honour to inform your Majesty that, in revenge for a shot or two fired on a flag of truce, all the works of this town have been bombarded and utterly destroyed by the enemy's steamers, with the exception of the commercial mole. The shipping protected by the mole, and the town itself, were unaccountably spared; but all the vessels of the Imperial mole were burnt. The powder-magazine has been blown up; seven hundred men have been killed, and three times that number wounded. I have the melancholy satisfaction of assuring your Majesty that I did all in my power to avert the calamity; but the men were shot down at their guns; and, I am sorry to add, had to be pricked up to them by the swords of their officers. I may, however, congratulate your Majesty on the blunder committed by the enemy in sparing the commercial mole and the city; which latter was occupied by soldiers, the inhabitants having all fled.

"OSTEN-SACKEN."

*The Second is Diplomatic.*

SIRE.—The allied fleets of France and England have bombarded this city and its defences, on the groundless pretence of our having fired on one of their boats carrying a flag of truce. Thanks to the valour of Your Majesty's gallant troops, whose loss has been small, the invaders were repelled after inflicting some trifling injury on the Imperial works, and a fortunately inconsiderable amount of wanton damage on our peaceful city. Nothing could equal the courage of the brave soldiers, except the fortitude of the faithful citizens. These, during the bombardment, thronged the churches, imploring protection for themselves and pardon for their enemies, who, schooled by the chastisement which they have received, will, it may be hoped, hesitate in future to attempt the crime of spreading devastation and slaughter amid the pacific dwellings of commerce.

"OSTEN-SACKEN."

*The Third is Intended for Home Circulation.*

"SIRE.—Again, by the favour of St. NICHOLAS and the blessing of St. ALEXANDER NEWSKI, a glorious victory has crowned your Majesty's arms.

"The combined French and English fleets, men of war and steamers, numbering a thousand sail, have bombarded Odessa for forty-eight hours, providentially with no effect but the displacement of a few stones of the fortifications, and the demolition of a house which belonged to a Jew, and of a Latin Church.

"Our loss amounts to two men killed and five wounded. Seven hundred of the enemy's ships have been sunk, and two hundred set on fire and blown up.

"This glorious result is to be attributed to the heroism of your gallant soldiers, inspired and aided by SS. NICHOLAS and ALEXANDER. Whilst the priests of the Orthodox Church, in her sacred temples, surrounded by adoring multitudes, amid showers of shot, shells, and rockets, were chanting the praises and invoking the help of the patrons of holy Russia, behold a miracle! Those two celestial champions descended from the clouds; and whilst one of them stopped the balls of the enemy, the other helped the men to point their guns.

"Under these circumstances, I have directed a *Te Deum* to be sung in all our churches.

"OSTEN-SACKEN."

Thus, in Russian cookery, the dishes served to the Emperor are plain; those dressed for ambassadors and diplomatic agents are more spicy; and the richest and most highly seasoned are composed for the common people. Simple viands are esteemed a luxury, and nobody but the Czar tastes truth *en naturel*.

## HALF-AND-HALF JUSTICE.

A POLICE case reported in the papers of the 18th instant seems to us to contain far too good a joke to be lost. We therefore willingly secure it immortality by insertion in our columns.

One TIMOTHY REECE, a tailor, but described nevertheless as "a tall powerful fellow," was charged with having brutally assaulted his wife, "an elderly woman with grey hair." The outrage is thus described by the policeman:—

"The woman was stretched upon the ground, and the man, who was holding her by the legs, was in the act of throwing her out of the room. The moment he caught sight of me he ran back into the room and slammed the door to. I turned the woman over, and found she was perfectly senseless, her mouth full of blood, and her tongue, which was quite black, was protruding two inches from her mouth. I held her head in my lap for about a quarter of an hour, during which time I bathed her temples continually with cold water, by which means she at last came round, and the landlord of the house then carried her to his own room. I then saw that her face was fearfully bruised, her eyes both confused and swollen, and in the passage I found as much grey hair as I could hold in my hand. She complained of great pain also in her side, saying that her husband had severely kicked her, and she expressed her intention to give him into custody."

On the trial, however, the wife showed (as usual) "an obvious anxiety to screen the prisoner," and alleged that "she could not recollect anything that happened to her, except that she fell down, and struck her head." The prisoner had likewise a convenient forgetfulness, and "remembered nothing that occurred, except that his wife came home, and fell down." He could not, however, deny the recollection of having had "a month's imprisonment before for assaulting his wife."

Upon this the decision—judgment, in any sense, we cannot call it—was as follows:—

"MR. D'EXNCOURT.—I have no doubt whatever that these injuries upon your wife have been inflicted by you, but the evidence is not sufficient to justify me in putting the law into full force against you, and I therefore sentence you to be committed to the House of Correction for three months and kept to hard labour."

The "full force" of the law in such offences as this is six months' imprisonment, with hard labour: not too strong a dose in any case, and especially not in one like the present, where there had been a previous conviction. But as the outrage was not, in his opinion, fully proved, Mr. D'EXNCOURT was unwilling fully to sentence. He therefore split the difference, and let the prisoner half off.

This idea of giving half punishments for half-proved offences certainly appears to us both novel and ingenious. If the precedent be followed, we suppose a plea of "half guilty" will be shortly introduced; and in cases of murder, where the crime is only half proved, the criminal will be sentenced to be only half hung for it. "Never do things by halves" is obviously not one of Mr. D'EXNCOURT's legal maxims. Still we should advise him for the future to try and give rather more decided decisions. For ourselves we have certainly but little taste for that judicial half-and-half which it seems is now served at the bar of the Worship Street Police Court.

## STEADY, CABMAN, STEADY.

It appears that the cabowners and cabdrivers of the Metropolis, irritated at their cruel persecution by the public, who insist on cabs being clean, cabmen civil, and fares *à la carte*, have been zealously organising a subscription avowedly designed to pay the fines and other expenses to which owners or drivers of cabs may be subjected by conviction of breach of the law.

Very good. But when cabmen conspire, Parliament men must combine, and Mr. FITZROY will probably be requested to introduce the following brief Act into the House, and get it passed before the recess:

## TITLE.

An Act to amend an Act made and passed, &c., and commonly known as the New Cab Act.

## PREAMBLE.

Whereas by the above Act, Magistrates are empowered to inflict pecuniary penalties on those who break it: And whereas this won't do: Be it enacted as follows:

- I. Such power shall be abolished.
- II. In all cases of convictions under the said Act, the sentence shall be Incarceration, with or without hard labour.
- III. (Interpretation Clause). This Act shall be interpreted without any nonsense; and if there be a doubt, the prosecutor is to have the benefit of such doubt.

Possibly this hint may have the effect of stopping an ill-advised subscription, against which *Mr. Punch* strongly cautions gentlemen who have the temporary honour of being his coachmen.

## PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

## "THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE,"

At the Haymarket Theatre, is a positive success. The piece will not limp a few nights, but run very many. Very deceptive to the unsophisticated in the ways of playhouses are the glories of first nights. The curtain descends to a thunder of applause: sometimes, it is true, like the thunder of *Festus*, it is "battered thunder." Cries for the author, cries deep as human sympathies, and loud as lion's lungs, demand the appearance of the magician. The wizard who has waved his wand for the last two or three hours, stirring men as housewives stir gruel, is called for to be worshipped and stared at. He is demanded, as men would shout to behold a new-fledged phoenix. That gifted creature—after a decent interval—comes forward! He is only a man after all. The audience subside somewhat from their adoration upon credit; almost convinced that the author is human, even like themselves. The author bows—once, twice, thrice; according to his capacity for gratitude, and retires into *chiaroscuro*, whither in two or three nights he is faithfully followed by his piece. This, nine times and three-quarters out of ten, is the supplement to a first night's triumph. Of all the primal thunders of applause, there lingers not an echo loud enough to wake a weazel. A few, few nights and the whilom rapturous author has only memory of the one night to console and strengthen him. "The author bowed from his box!" This, at least, is something. It may, haply, make a line in his epitaph, winding up, with "full-mouth'd diapason," the strain of posthumous praise—"He bowed from his box!"

The *Knights of the Round Table* is from the French; how much, or how little, we know not. But a piece—that piece, we hear, but make no affidavit to the fact—disembowelled from a French novel and called *Les Chevaliers du Lansquenot*, was in the May of 1850 fashionable at the Ambigu-Comique. That piece has been naturalised by MR. PLANCHÉ, the hero of a thousand like graceful conquests. We had rather that the *Knights* had been lawful issue of English pen-and-ink; nevertheless, they take to the climate very kindly. We know there is a sort of critic who thinks every play on London boards all the better if originally raised in Paris; to him comedy, like claret, can only be grown in French soil. Now we should have thought none the worse—haply, a little better—of the *Knights* (sharpers and swindlers all), had they been downright English BARRINGTONS, and not CLAUDE DUVALS. Nevertheless, MR. PLANCHÉ has made out for them very excellent letters of naturalisation with befitting emblazonments, as becomes united Pendragon and Rougedragon.

The plot is capitally tangled and capitally unwound. It is now all full of knots, and now one clear thread. The characters are many. There are the "knights"—sharpers and swindlers. A broken-down gentleman becomes teacher of the horn and the small sword. A young country gentleman, hearty and generous. A heroine—stolen by gipsies—who is slowly developed through many difficulties into a countess—and a mantua-maker, simple, though not as starched, as quaker muslin. Now all these are shaken together; again shaken; again and again, and at length take their proper places and meet with their exceeding great but due reward. At the end *Captain Cozens* staggers with *Tom Tittler's* sword through his body, and *Perdita* and *Sir Ralph*, and *Poplin* and *Tom Tittler* are in a way to become man and wife and to live happy ever after.

The Haymarket company is not a strong one. Let flattery do its best or worst, and even flattery could not coolly say as much. Nevertheless, MR. PLANCHÉ has been fortunate; inasmuch as all the parts have so fallen as to be well fitted. The hero of the drama is, truly, *Tom Tittler*—the ubiquitous and potent *Tom*. He drops down a chimney with the *à plomb* (we may twitter French on such an occasion) of a practical sweeper, and by means of rudest poker, disarms the hang-dog *Smith*, cunning as he deems himself at fence. BUCKSTONE was ripe as a ripe peach in *Tom*; turning just as sunny a face upon all things. His words, too, came with a flavour of richness that, at times, had withal a rare delicacy. Take, as a bite of the peach, the scene in which he declares his love for *Perdita*, and the manner in which he digests her refusal. MR. VANDENHOFF'S *Captain Cozens* is all to nothing his best effort in the modern drama. Cold, subtle, venomous, he seems as though he lived on snakes; a swindler whose syllables are drops of poison. Another phase of scoundrel is the *Smith* of COMPTON. Our contempt of the knave is, a great deal of it, merged in forced admiration of the constitutional coldness of stomach with which he swallows his wine, prepared aforethought, "with heroic magnitude of mind," not to pay for it. He is penniless; but he is great in his poverty: he has consumed a most luxurious dinner, and he dimly smiles with the sense of a successful thief. His stomach is no other than a place for marine-stores, and he is proud of his last acquisition. He is a swindler with a great serenity. MR. W. FARRER very nicely discriminated the character of *Sir Ralph Bootle*. There was the true country air in the young man just of age, who had not been in London "since he was in short coats." He wants what

practice will give him, self-control in scenes of pathos and deep feeling; but he promises to be a good actor: and we hope, for his own sake and for the name he bears, in the fulfilment of the promise. Little CLARK—the cherry-stone comedian, for upon the smallest cherry-stone he will always cut you something comic, defined, and sharp—had to do very little as *Dick*; but, as usual, made his deep, incisive little mark. Miss REYNOLDS was pathetic and natural as *Perdita*; and MRS. FITZWILLIAM by turns blithe, cordial, and tender-hearted, with her varying fortunes.

The drama has been carefully produced. The scenery very good; the more especially a view of Hampstead (which SIR THOMAS WILSON never shall build upon). In a word, *The Knights of the Round Table* have come very seasonably to the Haymarket, and we have little doubt will play the town out of a large amount of money; though with this paradox—the town will be the gainer, whether it stake for gallery, pit, stalls, or boxes.

## TEETOTAL TENDERNESS.



UTTERBOSH is a gentle teetotaler. He is all for sweetness and softness; a man whose heart is melted honey continually running out upon the platform. Thrice happy, thrice prosperous cause, that secures his Platonic eloquence—for had not baby PLATO his bees in the cradle, even as BUTTERBOSH has his bees and buzz at the meetings of the Universal Brotherhood of the World's Teapot? But BUTTERBOSH is—he mildly confesses to the fact—a man of letters. He has mixed with men of letters. They are a sad set, all of them. When they shine, they only shine as raisins flame blue, from burnt brandy. BUTTERBOSH could weep, because he does weep, when he reflects upon the intemperance of his fallen brethren,

the literary men! It is very good of BUTTERBOSH. A few days ago—why does he not speak oftener?—he "enlarged on the Moral and Religious Advantages of Abstinence?" Very good. Abstinence from what? From evil speaking, lying, and slandering? Oh no! he never dwelt upon such weakness. No.

"His observations among literary men had furnished proof, that not only the humbler but the superior classes suffered fearfully from the curse of intoxicating potations. As but one of many cases, that of THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' was tenderly alluded to."

This is so like BUTTERBOSH. Tenderly alluded to! Poor TOM's grave was scratched, not by jackal, but by a meek water-rat. But TOM CAMPBELL—who has left a legacy, a national legacy, in that grand song that now rises above the Baltic winds, that now shouts above the surges of the Black Sea, that song—"Ye Mariners of England,"—he can be affectionately mauled in his coffin; for "poor TOM's a-cold," and may therefore be exhumed as a dreadful example to the philanthropic Universal Brotherhood of the World's Teapot. The strong singer is dead—the Minstrel of the Main is silent,

"And his tongue lies a tuneless instrument;"

therefore may BUTTERBOSH softly bray above him. Poor TOM! He was "tenderly alluded to!" SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE talks of crocodiles—crocodiles of pathos—that "do eat men weepingly." BUTTERBOSH might have been one of these crocodiles; for he mumbles dead men's reputations tenderly, that is "weepingly."

## The Administration of the Army.

TELL the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to tell the SECRETARY AT WAR to tell the SECRETARY OF STATE for the HOME DEPARTMENT to tell the SECRETARY of the COMMISSARIAT DEPARTMENT, that the troops are required to march immediately, and are waiting for shoes.



**GOOD NEWS! REAL SENTIMENT!**

*The Lady Emmeline.* "NO, DEAREST CONSTANCE, I AM NOT UNHAPPY, THESE ARE TEARS OF JOY! FOR SEE HOW THE DEAR LORD AUBREY WRITES—(Reads an advertisement)—'I have much pleasure in giving my testimony to the skill of Professor Puffenburg, who has extracted two very troublesome corns without causing me any pain.—De Belgrave.' DEAR, DEAR AUBREY, THEN YOU ARE HAPPY!"

**TYPOGRAPHY HALF-SEAS OVER.**

It is stated, by those who have happened to hear a tipsy person speak, that intoxication produces a peculiar effect on the voice. Judging from the imitations of this with which we have been favoured, we should say that the subjoined orthographical curiosity conveys a very accurate idea of the pronunciation of inebriety.

"The comparison is so obvious that it disposes of the whole question, and rebukes the disvute ad absurdum. The only proper way of dealing with the difficulty was to insist, not on privileges and exemptions in favour of a particular religious sect, but on the immediate revocation of the whole order of proscription. These dissensions of race and of creed are precisely the cause of anarchy and weakness so Turkey which a just and tolerant Government would seek to efface, by placing every class of the population under the protection of the law, common alike to all; and, if it be really the insensibility of the French as well as the English Governments so convince the world of the power of the Ottoman Empire can be maintained and regenerated, is inconsistent and unwise so humble the Ministers of the Sultan by demands and threats which they cannot either resist or obey with safety."

We were aware that intemperance occasions unsteadiness of the hand. But we did not know that it produces aberrations of that member precisely corresponding to the slips into which it betrays the tongue. Such, however, appears to be the case from the above extract, which we are sorry we cannot regard as an assemblage of mere typographical errors, fortuitously expressing speech influenced by liquor. We are afraid we must regard it as the actual result of excess. It is faithfully copied from the *Rothsay Mail*, wherein it occurs in the course of an article copied from the *Times*. It does not appear as an isolated passage, presenting itself with that abruptness which would indicate a sudden attack of insanity, but is led up to by a gentle gradation of words mis-spelt; thus suggesting that the compositor, like most people who intoxicate themselves, exemplified the proverb, *Nemo repente, &c.*; and did not get so very bad all at once. Spirituous liquor was probably at his elbow, and it would seem that the character of composition thence resulting developed itself in proportion as he got on with his toddy; the term whereby the Scotch, we believe, denominate whisky-and-water; a mixture that, in all probability, constituted our friend's beverage.

**The Autocrat Laid Up.**

THEY say the Czar's unwell; if so, he can  
Now sympathise at least with one Sick Man.

**TIGHT LACING IN THE ARMY.**



HE press occasionally favours us with an estimate of the number of female lives that are sacrificed to tight lacing; but we wish that somebody would furnish particulars of the mortality arising from tight lacing in the army. Effeminacy is not now a failing with which our officers can be charged, but the military practice of tightening the waistband to a most uncomfortable degree, is less adapted to the stalwart wearer of the coat of mail than to the slim occupant of the petticoats of female.

We hear sad accounts from the seat of war of gaunt guardsmen fainting under the effects of tight lacing; and though there may be something interesting in a delicate young creature "going off" into a sufficient amount of swoon to justify the tender application of smelling-bottles and *Eau de Cologne*, there is a melancholy absurdity in the idea of a brawny Coldstream requiring a sprinkling of iced water on his mahogany brow, and having his lungs relieved from oppression by

the application of a stout pair of shears to rip up the seams of his jacket.

Another grievance under which our army is groaning, or rather gasping, is the Regulation leather stock or black choker, which takes our gallant fellows by the throat in the most violent manner. It may remind the soldier of the ties of home, to have his neck encircled by one of those ties, the wearing of which is the stiffest job he has to perform on parade; but though it is desirable that the soldier should never bend the neck or bow the head to the enemy, it is a pity that apoplexy or suffocation should be the occasional price of his erect attitude. If our troops are left to faint under the tightness of their cravats and jackets, a whole regiment, instead of being able to "support," "carry," or "recover arms," will be obliged to use their best exertions in "supporting," "carrying," and "recovering" one another.

**The Doctor's Pen-Wiper.**

DOCTOR RAFFLES—the papers tell us—was recently arrested in Italy for having "in his writing-desk a pen-wiper which assumed the shape and colour of a cockade." We hardly think this the true cause of the Doctor's arrest: it no doubt arose from a philological blunder. The authorities may have considered the pen-wiper as a venomous, mortal article; and for this reason: in Italian there is no W; hence, for Pen-wiper, the sagacious authorities read Pen-Viper.

**ANTIMONY FOR THE RUSSIANS.**

THE Correspondent of the *Vienna Medical Journal* on the left bank of the Danube states the number of sick in the Russian camp to be very great. We hope that the Russian forces before long will all have had a sickening.



# THE BLACK CHOKER.

Dedicated to the Powers that Be.

*Private Jones.* "HERE! HI! BILL!! C-C-C-CATCH HOLD O' MY MUSKET! MY HEAD'S C-C-C-COMING OFF!";





## OUR CRITIC AMONG THE PAINTERS. No. 4.

"AND so" (exclaims M'GILL, grasping his maul-stick with an energy of protest that makes it shiver in his hand), "you would restrict art to subjects of common and contemporary life! By what right—in virtue of what principle—do you presume to shut me out from the Past, with its picturesqueness, its brighter colours, its freer and more stirring life, untrammelled by our multifarious laws and conventionalities, its wars and processions and pageants, its passions and its faith? Why am I to turn from achieved history to history in progress?"

Softly, my dear M'GILL—I lay down the same law for both the past and the present. I but insist upon it that your pictures shall reflect life, and record some action, passion, emotion, or affection of men and women of a kind to awaken some answering thought or wholesome emotion in my mind. Do this, and I do not care if your subject be taken from Regent Street or Smithfield, A.D. 1854, or the Palace of ESAR-HADDON, at Nineveh, B.C. 780, or the Colosseum of NERO, A.D. 84, or Fontainebleau in the days of FRANCIS THE FIRST, or the Battle-field of Hastings, at the downfall of our worthy old friend HAROLD. But inasmuch as minds which can apprehend the actual and the familiar are more common than imaginations which can call up the departed and give life to the past, so I believe that for one painter who can perform the latter achievement, there are five-score that could attain, at least respectably, to the former. But now I find the five-score vainly essaying the work that only the one has thews and sinews for, and, in all probability, that one employed on the work that the five-score could not utterly fail in.

Moreover I prefer the present to the past, for the very reason that, as its forms and outward garnishings are less tempting and splendid, so the painter, in treating it, is likely to be urged more to inward significance and expression—to be led from the coat to the man, from the tailors' work to the Creator's. And thus his picture must, I conceive, become nobler and loftier, more worthy of a man to do, and of men to contemplate. Remember, too, that subjects from contemporary life are not necessarily unmeaning or trivial subjects. These, whether of past or present, are always unfitted for art, though they be presented with the texture of a TENIERS, or the finish of a BREUGHEL. Neither are subjects of even the commonest life necessarily vulgar. Take HOGARTH, for example, and see how, by infusing intention into his action, and expression into his faces and figures, he dignifies the lowest theme, and gives us pictures which are books.

What I say is this; that, while you painters seek only, or chiefly, after the pleasing and the picturesque, you are degrading yourselves wilfully into mere sense-ticklers, and that the likeliest way of lifting you out of this spreading slough is to bid you look at the world round about you, and to find what in it affords scope for presentation in forms that will speak to men's thoughts through their eyes. You will quote to me the case of the old painters, how they treated themes that were not contemporary, but chiefly events from the legends of the saints and martyrs of old, or the life of him whom the saints worshipped and the martyrs died confessing. But look how they dealt with their subjects. Not with an antiquarian parade of the outward semblance of the time and place where the events befell. No—they worked with the materials round about them. The Sea of Tiberias was the nearest lake; the street of Jerusalem a scene in Florence or Ferrara; the men and women—apostles, or saints, or spectators—the painter's friends and contemporaries. And so they got true life into their works, while we, travelling to Palestine for models, skies, architecture and costume, bring back something utterly bare and barren of all life whatever. They painted the heart of a subject; we paint its shows and seemings. And because of this, I say again, that I rejoice to see one painter here and there venturing away from the past into the present.

I do not for all that wish for more of such pictures of the time as that ancient Associate MR. HOLLINS, for example, gives me. All I can say is, that his present is better than his past. But as he puts no more mind into one than the other, I can derive from him only this negative satisfaction that at least he is not now aping imagination, but honestly parading his want of it. He is painting what he sees, though what he sees is not worth painting at all.

But when MR. HUNT gives me such a picture as *The Awakened Conscience*, I feel that here is a man who comprehends some purpose of art in the world beyond pleasing my eye. I see a courageous determination to face one of the ripest evils of our time, and to read all of us youth a terrible lesson. Some tell me he has not succeeded—that his moral is obscure and his story unintelligible. I can only answer, that for my part I wish both were more of a riddle to me. I believe the main reason why this noble work and MR. HUNT's other picture of *The Light of the World* have met with comparatively little sympathy is, that most of us have ceased altogether to look to pictures for any deeper or stronger meaning than the mind can catch at a look. We have no notion now-a-days of the painter preaching us a sermon. What business has he, whose best purpose, in the ordinary conception, is to cover a given wall-space agreeably, to be knocking at our hearts or awakening our consciences?

Knock on, HENRY HOLMAN HUNT, for all that. Tell us more home-

truths. Set us face to face with our great sins again and again. Still paint our MAGDALENES, scared by the still small voice amid their bitter splendours, mocked in their misery by the careless smiles and gay voices of their undoers.

Which of us is not the better for that presentation of the woman waking from the dream of sin, meant not for the tempters only, but for the sisters of the tempted and the fallen? Why should our Exhibition lift up no voice to brand abominations against which the hard stones of our streets cry aloud, night after night?

Not that Art need dwell with pain, either. She may enshrine the common affections, as in those loving child-pictures of COPE's, where a father's fondness has guided the painter's hand. She may pleasantly whip our social follies and shams, as O'NEIL has done in that picture of *The Jury*, where the deaf and stolid twelfth man sits, like a rock, amid the clamour of his indignant brethren, locked up without meat, drink, or firing—candlelight excepted—to agree upon their verdict. Or she may sweeten the simplest little passages of life, as WEBSTER does in that village child, who shares her breakfast with the expectant dogs; or in those two works of MR. HOOK's (worth acres of his Venetian Doges, and Brides, and Banquetings) the *Rest by the Wayside*, and *A Few Minutes to wait before Twelve o'Clock*. In these a painter I always thought among the most conventional of a conventional school, has risen to truth and tenderness by contact with nature as he knows it, everyday life, and homely affections. None of these subjects are unworthy of a painter: for all read some lesson, or awaken some thought, affection, or emotion, in the spectator. I would mention, also, a roughly painted and homely canvas, of *Presbyters visiting a Village School in Scotland*. The name of the painter, STIRLING, is unfamiliar to me. The picture is hung in the Architectural Room, and excites, probably, little attention. But there is the heart of a man in it, and the hand of a painter, not masterly yet, but that will do better things.

Nor need our artists stay at home, either. But if they travel, let them return with realities, and give us not such foreign subjects as MR. UIVINS paints, or MR. ABRAHAM COOPER, but such as MR. PHILLIP brings back from the streets of Seville, where existence is still picturesque. His bright and true *Letter-Writer of Seville* has found a buyer in the QUEEN, who, I am glad to learn, has become mistress also of FRITH's *Ramsgate Sands*. I congratulate HER MAJESTY on both her investments.

An example of what thought in the painter can do for a simple and poor subject is to be found in an unpretending little performance (with a new name—E. DAVIS,) which hangs near the door on the left as you enter the West Room. It is called *Meditation*, and represents an old villager, with a six days' beard, sitting by a lonely fireside, the light falling warm on a face gently saddened with old memories. You may build many a simple life-story out of that face, but I defy you to look at it and not see that the painter had some such story in his mind. The painting too, has all befitting technical merits to set off the homely pathos of the old man's gaze; and if any kind friend were to offer me my choice between this two-foot canvas and some more ambitious work not very far off, I know which I should choose.

MR. LESLIE, who rarely turns out anything that has not mind and meaning in it, has produced a *Rape of the Lock*, very graceful and courtly; but I would rather have that charming face which he has painted (under the title of *The Present*) looking in quiet satisfaction at a locket. I would have said a miniature, but that I think if it had been a miniature, there would have been more of a flush on the cheek, and more sparkle in the eyes. It is very lovely; and, when I recall a head about the same size, which he exhibited last year, and was imprudent enough to call *Juliet*, I am thankful he has not given any more distinctive name to this most winsome young lady.

## DOUBTS ABOUT DRESS. BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

I HAVE KNOWN a good many military messes, but I doubt if in their clothing regulations some of our colonels have not made the greatest mess of all.

I doubt if trussing their men in such torturingly tight coats at all increases their activity in active service.

I doubt if it be possible for men to use their arms, when—thanks to stocks and cross-belts—they barely find it possible to use their lungs.

As to the stocks, I doubt if many would not quite as soon be put in the pillory. And I much doubt the truth of COLONEL MARTINET's assertion, that to make a good soldier you must begin by throttling him.

I doubt if giving our Light Cavalry such heavy accoutrements will be found to make their charges at all more formidable—except perhaps in a pecuniary sense.

Our soldiers are generally obedient to orders. Yet when a man is encased in his "regulation" clothes, I doubt if it isn't cruel mockery to bid him "stand at ease" in them.

Granted it be true that pipeclay makes the man, I doubt if the want of it would not make the happier fellow. In fine, I doubt if it be not possible to dress a raw recruit without trussing him.



### ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS

First. "WU'T TAK THY QUOAT OFF, THEN? OI TELL THEE OI'M AS GOOD A MON AS THEE!"

Second. "THEE A MON! WHOY THEE BE 'ST ONLY WALKIN' ABOUT TO SAVE THY FUNERAL EXPENSIS!"

### DE CZAR OB RUSSIA.

#### A Negra Melody.

OLE NICHOLAS, de Russian CZAR,  
He set him people wid de Turks,  
De English, and de French at war;  
Dere nebber was sitch debble's works!  
Sitch a cuttin' off heads and runnin' troo de middle,  
Sitch a cuttin' off heads I nebber did see.

'Spose any Niggar 'fend his pride,  
Him hab de fella's life flogged out  
Wid a thousand cuts ob hard cowhide;  
That there am what you call de Knout.  
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

De lubly ladies, too, him whip,  
Again his passions if dey runs,  
He make de Knout, you knows, to strip  
De tender skin ob holy Nuns.  
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

De Czar him always hab his way,  
He nebber care for groans and cries,  
Nor what de people got to pay,  
And, golly, him tell sitch whoppin lies!  
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

Him take for sogers all he choose;  
De Czar he play wid men at bowls:  
And now him go and press de Jews,  
Again deir conscience and deir souls.  
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

At Petersburg de weather cold,  
Most part ob de year de ribbers froze,  
De spade him break again de mould,  
And de North-East wind bite off de nose.  
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

De Czar no like de frost and snow,  
And wind dat nip him ugly face;  
And so to war wid de Turks him go,  
'Cause ole Nick want a hotter place.  
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

More hotter, praps, than him desire,  
Him find himself before him done,  
When dere's de French and English fire  
A blazin' on de son ob a gun!  
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

### A LETTER FROM ANNA MARIA TO JANE HENRY,

ALL ABOUT THE LAUNCH OF THE *PRINCE ALBERT* AT WOOLWICH.

"MY DEAREST JANE HENRY,

"The weather on Saturday last\* was lovely. It wasn't too warm, nor too cold. The sun shone with its usual good nature—as if it was only too happy, like the best of us, to come out in its very best to see our dear little QUEEN—and as for parasols, you might have looked up to heaven all day without the slightest fear of a freckle.

"We started so early, and Papa was very angry because I wouldn't eat any breakfast. How is it, dearest, that when you are very happy, you cannot eat? I only know, if it had been my wedding-morning, I couldn't have taken less. We went along very slowly. The carriages were treading upon each other's heels all the way down. It was from London to Woolwich a perfect crush-room of vehicles.

"Every one was so polite, so kind, that we had not much difficulty in picking our way through the Dockyard. There were so many people, dear, it would have taken you all your lifetime to have counted them. Every one, too, looked so smart, that though I had on the beautiful dress, you know, that made the PARKINSONS so mad at our last picnic, still I felt half shabby, and should like to have gone back again to have put on something better;—but *n'importe!*

"You couldn't look anywhere without seeing a flag. They fluttered about in the air like so many pocket-handkerchiefs that were being waved out of window on some grand procession day when KOSSUTH, or PRINCE ALBERT, or some dear handsome fellow is going by. Each ship was decorated with them, and some of the steamers had so many colours all over them, that they reminded me of that vulgar Mrs. ELMORE when she wishes to be very fine on a Sunday, and puts on all her wardrobe.

\* This Letter was written a full fortnight ago—marked "Immediate"—entrusted to a private hand (Miss ALICE JONES)—and the natural consequence was that it was never delivered until yesterday.—Ed.

"You have no idea what a monster of a ship the *Prince Albert* is! It is ever so tall, that in looking up to see the top of it, the bonnet nearly fell off the top of my head. You know the grand stand at Ascot. Well, I should say that it was full three times as high as that. Round it were constructed a number of seats, like the firework-gallery at Vauxhall, and these seats were crowded as on a grand opera night, with the exception that every one was in morning costume, and I cannot give you a notion of the beautiful effect it had!

"Papa wouldn't allow me to stop to admire any of the dresses, so I am sorry I cannot send you a description of those that struck me the most. We went up more staircases than there are in St. Paul's, and at last, panting and out of breath, I found myself on board the deck. Oh dear! the height was something terrible; and when I attempted to look down I am sure I shouldn't have recognised my own husband. You may have some small notion of what it was like when I tell you the bonnets looked no bigger than bouquets, and as they were all huddled close together, they presented the appearance of a handsome Brussels carpet, with a very gay pattern upon it.

"I was rather disappointed with the ship. It was very different to what I had expected. It is certainly very large; so large that, if Papa had not had on a white hat, I must have lost him over and over again. It would be a beautiful place for a ball, and I wonder it did not strike some of the officers to turn the deck to that purpose, more especially as all the things were cleared out of it. I don't know whatever the men will do when they want to sit down, because there wasn't a chair or sofa in the place. Altogether, I must say the ship looked wretchedly uncomfortable. I didn't notice a single carpet, and there was such a terrible lack of furniture that it looked as if the previous tenants had been moving, and had carried away all their goods. If the ship is to go to sea in its present state, I can only say that I am

extremely glad I am not one of the passengers. I must say, also, I do not admire much the plan upon which it is built. The staircases are extremely narrow, and very difficult to descend without knocking your head. The windows, too, are such little bits of poky things that I defy any one to look out of them, and besides they look dreadfully shabby without blinds or curtains. One curious thing which surprised me exceedingly, was that they had only a balcony at one end. Why not have a balcony all round? or you would imagine, if they had a balcony at all, they would have it in front of the ship, whereas theirs—dear JANE, don't laugh, darling—is right at the back. But it was evident all through that they sadly stood in need of a woman's superior taste to put their place to rights. The men are sad stupid at these things. And this is most incredible, if I had not particularly noticed it, they have not a fireplace in the whole ship. Whatever will the poor creatures do in the winter? It's terrible to think of it; but, however, it is just as well perhaps that they have no fireplaces because, they haven't a single chimney. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?

"The *Prince Albert*, I am told, has been built with all the newest nautical improvements introduced on board, and I suppose the absence of any ropes and masts is one of them. However, I will not allude further to this, as I confess I do not understand much about such matters. A large covering was over the deck when first I went in; but, as I noticed this glass lid was taken off afterwards when we were in the middle of the river, I suppose it was only put up as a kind of awning in the event of its raining, and so far it was very kind of the dockyard people, very kind.

"We heard the people shouting down below, and the sounds of the different bands playing *God Save the Queen* came to us every now and then in soft gushes of loyal melody; but as for seeing anything, one might as well have been locked up in the nursery at home! The bulwarks—for that is the stupid name they give the walls on either side—are so high that one ought to have been on horseback to have looked over them. We were told the QUEEN had arrived; but bless you! as for being able to convince ourselves of that interesting fact, it would have been as easy for you to have seen the whitebait swimming in the water. I cried out, that it was a shame, and vowed I would leave the boat, but they stopt me, and said that not a soul was allowed to go on shore, until she was fairly off. Off, indeed! I had a good mind to leap off then and there, at once, only I was afraid of hurting myself.

"All of a sudden I heard a fearful hammering, as if a hundred thieves were trying to break into the ship. I thought of you, darling JANE, and regretted that I had not made a will before starting, leaving you all my jewellery, and letters, (with a request that you would burn them), as well as my beautiful new *glacé* silk dress that has not yet been sent home from MADAME JUPON'S. I clung to papa, but instead of comforting me, he only told me 'not to be a little silly.' The knocking was repeated, and seemed to come from right underneath the cellars. It continued for full five minutes, and then there was a dead calm, more terrible than the noise, and I expected the ship would explode, and that I should be shot like a rocket right over to the other side of the Thames. I pulled off my bracelets, and put them into my pockets to save them, when my attention was distracted by a man with a big voice calling out to 'every one on board to run about the deck.' This was done, I heard some one say, to shake the vessel—just as if we had not had shaking enough already! I implored the people to remain quiet—not to make a noise, or else we should all go to the bottom—but they wouldn't, dear,—they would go on, tramping round and round the vessel, singing and laughing all the while, as if it was the finest fun in the world. How I hated them—and what names I called them quietly to myself!

"*Tout d'un coup*—in less time than it takes to fill a glass of champagne—cries were raised of 'She's off!' I didn't know where she was off to—or where we were likely to go to—but at that moment, dear, I felt as if I would have given all I was worth—even down to dear JULIUS' portrait—to have been outside an omnibus—a market-cart—an alligator's back—anywhere but where I was! However, the people shouted—and cheered—and the band played *Rule Britannia*—and everything round me seemed so safe and happy, that, instead of going down upon my knees, I conquered my fears, and, with the quickness of the *Post Horn Galop*, became as collected as if I were before my looking-glass. The sensation, dear JANE, was very delightful—though necessarily very brief. I felt something like the same tingle on that occasion in the conservatory when I thought the Captain was going to propose to me, and he didn't. It was a feeling of great, ecstatic, thrilling, soul-lifting happiness, such as I have experienced sometimes when winning at cards. I recollect the last time, when we played at *vingt-et-un*, and I won *four-and-sixpence at one sweep*, that the same warm, exhilarating glow shot through me, and I regretted that life was not made up entirely of such pure, unadulterated moments of divine joy. It was heavenly. This sensation—and I never shall forget it, dear, any more than my first valentine—compensated me for all the previous fright; and when I looked round, I discovered we were, strangely enough, in the middle of the Thames. Here another fear alarmed me, for I didn't know where they might be taking us to, and I trembled lest I might be

carried off to the Baltic to fight the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; and I hadn't, dear, as much as a pair of scissors with me.

"The scene was very enlivening; at least, what I saw of it, for I do not mind telling you in confidence, my dear JANE HENRY, that it is the greatest mistake, if you wish to see a launch, to go aboard of the vessel that is launched. As for seeing, you see nothing. You are locked up in a great big vessel for four or five hours; they will not let you go, whether you don't like it or not, and you remain all that time without anything to eat or drink, unless you are wise enough to take a basket of provisions with you. Next time, I will take good care to secure a seat in one of the firework galleries, and I shall be quite content in being a spectator, instead of a stupid actor in the scene.

"There were not many ladies on board, and it was lucky for them, as we were not liberated until half-past three o'clock, and then we were carried ashore in brown-paper boats that I should have been ashamed to put a kitten in. Only think, dear! I had been on board ever since eleven o'clock, I had come away without any breakfast—and as there was no lunch, no refreshment, not even a Captain's biscuit, (I don't think they had as much as a Captain on board) to be had, you may imagine how hungry I must have been, and with what an appetite I enjoyed my dinner at the *Trafalgar*.

"The above is all I saw of the Launch, for in plain-spoken melancholy *vérité*, I saw nothing.

"Oh! the *Prince Albert* is called 'a screw.' I looked for it on the deck, and everywhere, but the only evidence of the screw I could find was in the absence of the luncheon. Wasn't it mean?"

(Here follows the signature, and after that the usual postscripts, extending to a couple of pages.)

## SEASONABLE INVENTION.



All young Gentlemen going to the Derby are recommended to provide themselves with the Improved Pocket Chaff-Machine, which has been invented expressly for this annual occasion. The machine is worked by 40-wag power, and is warranted to supply chaff of the very best description, to any amount, and suitable to every possible emergency. The Patentee has deeply studied the noble Art of Chaffing, and is thoroughly acquainted with its gradual development; having specimens of its progress from the earliest vulgarity, down to the

present March—or, more correctly, May—of Refinement. His Machine has therefore been constructed to supply Chaff of the newest, as well as the most ancient description: and is adapted equally to every rank and station, not forgetting the Cab Rank, nor the Police Station. To the race-goer, however, it should perhaps be especially recommended, as it will furnish him with endless drogeries for the drag, raileries for the rail, and downy sayings for the Downs: together with the choicest collection of "sells" ever offered to the public.

The Chaff Machine is likewise constructed to produce, in great variety, those amusing questions of domestic economy, which originated, it is thought, with the now obsolete inquiry—"How are you off for Soap?" In fact, for senseless interrogatives, it may be almost said to rival the Court of Chancery: while, in cases where a reply is needed, it will invariably be found to answer expectation. Some little estimate may be formed of its powers, when it is stated that a purchaser was lately enabled to silence a dissatisfied Hansom Cabman—an achievement which is judged, by competent authorities, to be the most astounding feat of chaff-manship on record.

The Patentee has received the most flattering testimonials from several millions of his patrons, which are mostly too personal for publication.

ORIENTAL ANATOMY.—Everybody knew that a Turk was a Mussulman, but few appear to have been aware of his nerve.

MILITARY MEM.—The effect of strapping does not appear to be to render the English soldier a sharper blade than the French.

## THE MENDICITY SOCIETY'S FESTIVAL.



THE Mendicity Society is doing a great deal of good. For the statistical proof of this remark, in facts and figures, see the *Daily News* of Monday, last week, which reports the annual meeting of the Society, held on the Saturday previous, whereat it was shown, that this excellent institution had relieved a large amount of distress, and had effected the punishment of a great mass of roguery.

It is very uncertain that you are doing any good by giving alms in the street. It is very likely you are doing a great deal of harm. Bestow your charity by subscribing to the Mendicity Society, and you may be sure not a farthing will be thrown away. Moreover, when pestered by the usual importunities,—"Gentleman, will you be so kind," &c. "Give a poor boy a penny—do Sir, please Sir," &c. &c.; "Kind gentleman,

pity a poor distressed creature," &c. &c. &c., you will enjoy, in giving a ticket instead of a coin, not only the sweet satisfaction of knowing that if the applicant is really necessitous, you are helping him; but likewise the satisfaction, almost equally sweet, of reflecting that you are dishing him if he is an impostor.

As the detection and punishment of dishonest mendicants constitute not the least important of the Mendicity Society's uses, it may be suggested that the success of its efforts in this direction should be exhibited in some striking manner to public notice. Thus it would appeal more particularly to that class of persons whose philanthropy is chiefly interested in the protection of society from fraud. For this purpose a *fete* of a novel and interesting nature might be held annually.

At the anniversary of the Association, which, with the co-operation of Government, should be celebrated in a conveniently spacious locality, all the rascals, rogues, and vagabonds, which it has been the means of bringing to justice throughout the year, should be publicly paraded, with their heads shaved, wearing brilliant prison uniforms, and having the description of their several forms of imposture pinned on their backs. After which, under a temporary shed erected for the occasion, they should all be set at work on so many treadmills arranged in a row; thus forming a spectacle somewhat of a nature of a fancy-bazaar, to which the public might be admitted at so much a head.

The objection may be raised to this scheme that it would destroy any vestige of self-respect that might be remaining in the minds of the prisoners. But in wretches who are capable of living in laziness by practising on the hearts of the charitable, and thereby doing all they can to harden them against real misery, every spark of that virtue is extinct. Especially is this the case with the base and disgusting begging-letter-writer, interspersing his abject affectation of pathos with methodistical cant. The sound whipping of a number of these dirty knaves might almost form a pleasing feature of the entertainments at the Mendicity Society's Exhibition.

Refreshments should be provided for all parties, including prison-gruel for the rogues. A good band should also attend to perform a selection of music, including, of course, that celebrated March by whose steps the crank and the whipping-post are arrived at.

## VICTORIOUS ROME!

THE Inquiry into the Conventual Institutions Bill has been abandoned—thanks to the gallant opposition of the Irish Brigade, in combination with Ministers—to the majority of the House of Commons. No doubt the Bill for regulating the Disposal of Property by Nuns will either share its fate or be thrown out. This is as it should be. The Holy Priesthood of Rome is letting the British Public know that it means to keep the government of its institutions to itself, and that it will not allow them to be subject to the law of the land. But the Roman Catholic Clergy must not stop here. At present every one of them is amenable to the jurisdiction of the secular courts. Though an Archbishop, or even a Cardinal, he might, if charged with a criminal offence, be tried, as if he were a layman and a heretic, at the Old Bailey. This disgraceful servitude can no longer be endured. The alleged misdeeds of ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome must be left to be dealt with entirely by their own tribunals. In short, the Roman Catholic Church must be placed above the law, as it very soon will be with MR. GLADSTONE to promote its views on the part of the Cabinet, and with such a friend in the Liberal Party as MR. BRIGHT.

## Hospital for Bad Jokes.

WE have opened a Hospital for Bad Jokes, and here are two of the patients:—

*Seasonable Intelligence.*—During the War it is intended to limit the British commerce with the Russians to taking their salt in exchange for our pepper.

*Jones's last and perhaps his worst.*—Why is the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA like the Panopticon?—Because he is a Base Czar (bazaar).

## SERENADE FOR HEAD QUARTERS.

WHY alter the Soldier's Hat?  
Pray, what is the use of that?  
If you were wise,  
Heaven mend your eyes!  
You'd attend to the man's Cravat.

In face he is almost black;  
His eyeballs are like to crack:  
To keep him upright,  
As well you might  
Drive a ramrod down his back.

He won't strike a heavier stroke,  
He won't give a harder poke,  
Because the chap,  
With a leather strap,  
You are fool enough to choke.

You tell him to stand at ease;  
You may tell him what you please:  
Of course the word  
Of command's absurd,  
While his neck you gripe and squeeze.

The fellow upon parade  
That faints like a lady's maid,  
Will have hard work  
To defend the Turk;  
Too warm for him, I'm afraid!

He drops in the sun's hot blaze,  
Exposed to its broiling rays;  
They're forced to unlock  
His belt and stock,  
As you'd cut a pair of stays.

No odds British soldiers dread:  
They have seldom, or never, fled:  
Dy'e think they'd learn  
Their backs to turn,  
If you let 'em turn the head?

I request you to devote,  
To the cut of the hat and coat,  
Less thought and pains,  
And exert your brains  
To relieve the Soldier's throat!



IMPERIAL RIDDLE.—Why is the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA like the Sphinx?—Because he is a fabulous being.

MR. GRIEVE'S NEW SYSTEM OF WARFARE.



PERSONS who like seeing a war without being stunned by the noise, or blinded by the smoke, can see it to their great peculiar satisfaction at the *Gallery of Illustration* in Regent Street. There they will find themselves on the field of battle, winning victories by the half-dozen: it is quite a new system of warfare, that the most timid need not object to. A child may go into the thick of it without crying—a lady can look on smilingly, and not have recourse once to her smelling bottle—and we fancy a member of the Peace Society, even, could brave the horrors of a war like this, without fainting. It is in truth, war, rendered not only perfectly safe, but deliciously agreeable. Quakers might join in it without doing any violence to their feelings—and Bishops, having seen it, would be sure to recommend other Bishops to take their daughters to the beautiful scene of innocent slaughter.

There is no occasion to get out of the way of the cannon-balls, for there is no shot that passes beyond the small one you pay at the

doors for admission. By this new system you are enabled to go through an entire campaign in half an hour, and when you leave you are no more tired than UNCLE TOBY was after he had been going through one of his wonderful sieges in the garden. In this way you assist in bombarding Odessa, and are present at all the grand engagements of the Turks, whom you cheer on with your sympathies, and hope they will not leave a single Russian alive to chant a *Te Deum* over all the rest. In this same easy, comfortable manner you sail with the Allied Fleet, the French and English ships, big and small, mixing joyously together, like boys in a playground. Who wouldn't go to war, when it is made so attractive? who wouldn't be a General for half an hour when he runs no risk of being bayoneted or shot? It is MESSRS. GRIEVE and TELBIX, who, by their new pictorial system, have achieved this pleasant harmless wonder.

To conclude seriously: Few persons have fought so many battles to please the public as MR. GRIEVE, and we must say that no one is more deserving than he is of the great victory he has just achieved with his martial brush at No. 14, Regent Street. It is now the duty of the public to see that this victory is not altogether a barren one—plenty of honour but no spoil.

WHICH WAY HAS THE MONEY GONE?

DRURY LANE THEATRE has been more than once connected with the interests of the wives, widows and children of the British soldiery. Many years ago, when a late magnificent lessee was rolling about the stage as *Richmond* in a death-struggle with *Richard the Third*—the gallant *Harry* and the crook-backed tyrant being both of them excessively drunk—the manager suddenly staggered forward and appeased the rising anger of the audience by announcing that the "proceeds of the next night's performance would be devoted to the relief of the widows and children of the gallant fellows who died at Waterloo." Whether the widows and children profited by the result nobody ever knew, because nobody took the trouble to inquire. In these days people are rather more inquisitive, and some persons are beginning to ask what has become of the proceeds of the Fancy Fair which was held not long ago "under distinguished patronage" at Drury Lane Theatre, for the benefit of the wives and families of our soldiers in the East.

The stalls were numerous and well supplied with those precious gimcracks which fetch almost fabulous prices, from being dealt out by fair and delicate fingers, which are not too delicate to clutch any amount of money that is offered, or too fair to accept the most extravagant prices for the most trivial articles. Nothing happened to mar the *éclat* of the whole proceeding until impertinent curiosity has commenced asking rather pertinaciously, "Which way did the money go?" The LORD MAYOR knows nothing, except that the LADY MAYORESS took at her stall the sum of £52 13s. 4d., which has, no doubt, been handed over with proper punctuality; but, as the LADY MAYORESS did not keep "the only booth in the Fair," it follows that, if there was anything really "fair" in the business, there must be a large sum to be collected from the other stall-keepers.

Curiosity seems to grow stronger for want of information, and the appetite of the public for a promised statement of results has been rather whetted than allayed by an intimation that "as soon as the accounts are made up they will be handed to the committee for publication." We do not see why there should be any difficulty in making up any account

of simple addition, though the delay may be explained if any subtraction or long division has been resorted to. We recommend all the parties concerned, if they value their own credit, to furnish without delay the information which has been called for, and the absence of which might warrant the insinuation that the fairness of the fancy fair has been of an entirely fanciful or imaginary character.

THE NAPIER COLUMN.

(From the Times, Tuesday, January 11, 1905.)

WE are happy to say, that at last the NAPIER Column is in course of completion. Yesterday the fourth bronze, representing the gallant and, we rejoice to say, still hale old Admiral, directing the storming of St. Petersburg in 1854, was fixed in its place on the pedestal. There is still much to do before the work can be finished, and those who are old enough to remember the burst of enthusiasm which the news of the storming produced in London, the illuminations, the rejoicings, and the thanksgivings in St. Paul's, sometimes wonder that upwards of fifty years have been allowed to elapse, and yet the memorial is incomplete. But such is the way in England, and the venerable BARON NAPIER (some day, it is whispered, to be raised even to the dignity of a Viscount) must not murmur. VISCOUNT NELSON, the nation's idol, died in gaining the most magnificent of sea triumphs, in October, 1805, and by reference to our files of the middle of last century, we find, that in May, 1854, the year of the St. Petersburg victory, the Trafalgar Column was incomplete. But BRITANNIA is solvent, and may be allowed long credit for her debts of gratitude.

OSTEN-SACKEN TO DUNDAS.

WHAT a regular ass  
You must think me, DUNDAS,  
In expecting such terms to arrange!  
How can you suppose  
With your bargain I'd close,  
Our prisoners of war to exchange?

I'm not so to be sold;  
I'm a soldier too old;  
I have served much too long in the wars.  
I say, do you spy  
Any green in my eye?  
For Russians who'd swap British Tars?

THE PUNCH SHELL.

MR. PUNCH has the honour of submitting to the Ordnance Department the idea of a new Shell—he means a bomb and not a jacket. This Shell, instead of being charged with gunpowder, is to be filled with literary combustibles, consisting of the daily and weekly newspapers; and also with numbers of *Mr. Punch's* own periodical, which those whom *Mr. Punch* has aggrieved or exasperated are welcome to say would render the missile a heavy infliction: to whom *Mr. Punch* may reply, that at least it would not be heavy enough to break certain persons' heads. Replete with authentic intelligence and just remarks, our shell is to be projected from an enormous mortar, and pitched into the middle of a Russian city, if possible without hurting the inhabitants. Bursting with its fall it would scatter its contents in all directions, and by real facts and truthful comments demolish the edifices of lies reared by the EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

SEASONABLE GARDENING.

VAUXHALL opens.—Plant out your cabbages.

## TWO MINISTERS IN ONE.



WE hear that the Ministers have at last come to the conclusion that even a Secretary of State cannot fill two places at once; cannot, in fact, be at the same time the Minister of War and the Minister of the Colonies. A cleverer man than even the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE might fail in the attempt to have one foot in the old world, and the other in the new, for no man can be his own antipodes. It is, however, rather amusing to notice the way in which the *Globe* endeavours to show that although it is expedient to

separate the offices of War and Colonial Minister, there is no one but the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE who is fit for either. We are told that if we take from his Grace's hands the management of the war, we shall find out the difference at once (though by the way we should not object to a change), while if we were to remove the Duke from the Colonial office, everything would be in such a mess that we should greatly miss the discretion and tact, which brought about the great STONOR case.

According to the *Globe*, it appears that the Minister entrusted with the conduct of the War and the Colonies has shown such consummate statesmanship with regard to both, that it is utterly impossible to spare the Duke from either of the posts he has occupied. We can only say that if NEWCASTLE were to be rather powerfully hauled over the coals, the bestowal of the sack might not be altogether a matter of so much difficulty as the bland and benevolent *Globe* seems to anticipate.

## OUR PRIZES TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.

ALTHOUGH *Partant pour la Syrie* and *Rule Britannia* are alternately played by English and French bands; although the tricolor and the meteor flag still fly and flap lovingly together, Mr. Punch is happy to say that the bellicose spirit of Englishmen has not entirely evaporated; but that certain bold Britons, in defiance of the namby-pamby ethics of peace-mongers, continue to regard a portion of the French as their natural enemies, and therefore take everything as soon as it ventures to appear. The English playbills that lie before us ought to be encircled with woodcuts of laurels; with the British Lion gripping the Gallie Eagle, and compelling the bird about to be translated into another sphere, to drop its every quill. We shall, for the pardonable purpose of gratifying the patriotism of play-goers in general, allude to a few of our recent victories.

*Knights of the Round Table* (late *Les Chevaliers de Lansquenel*), gallantly taken by ADMIRAL PLANCHÉ of the *White*. A well-built ship, with a clean run from fore to aft. She answers her helm admirably, and has never yet been known to miss stays.

*The Married Un-Married; Faust and Marguerite*; captured under the command of VICE-ADMIRAL CHARLES KEAN of the *Blue*. The first is a very cranky craft; but by careful trimming of canvas, so as to catch the lightest puffs, has held her way.—The second prize can scarcely be called sea-worthy; but the rottenness of her timbers has been hidden by paint, and the whole craft pitched so very strong, and her hold so fumigated with brimstone, that condemnation has been stayed awhile. The sooner however she is broken up, the better for all aboard of her.

*The Marble Heart*, captured by the gallant CAPTAIN CHARLES SELBY, K.C.B. (Knight Commander of Bumboats). She is rather a heavy sailer; but on the whole a good sea-boat; and answers her helm very well.

*The First Night*, taken by COMMANDER WIGAN; a French egg-boat that, by means of good seamanship and proper ballasting, now sits as light as a sea-gull, and now rises like a flying fish.

These are only a few of our prizes from the French; but they still attest the courage of the hardy tar-translator, who will never lay down his British goose-quill whilst the enemy has a single craft, even though upon paper.

## DRINK AND DULL SUNDAY.

WE understand that great alarm is felt by certain brewers and publicans lest the moral and intellectual recommendations of the Crystal Palace should generate a conviction that it would conduce to the welfare of the population, if that place of rational and innocent recreation were allowed to be open on Sundays.

At Glasgow and other places in Scotland, where there are no excursion trains or steamers, to take the labouring classes out of the smoke into the pure air on a Sunday, it is well known that a vast consumption of beer and grog takes place on that day, which the majority of the inhabitants celebrate by getting drunk, insomuch that those who are excluded from the rail and the river, commonly enjoy themselves in the kennel. Thus the Scotch observance of the Sabbath conduces greatly to the advantage of the liquor trade.

This consideration renders the parties above alluded to earnestly anxious that any movement tending to unclothe the gates of the Crystal Palace on Sundays should be suppressed, and they will feel greatly obliged to any pious persons who will join them in resisting all suggestions to that end, in a quiet way. They do not want to get up a noisy agitation on the subject, lest that should have the effect of occasioning the pot-houses to be shut up on Sunday as well as the Crystal Palace, which would be worse than merely having their bars and their parlours thinned by the sober attractions of that edifice.



## HORRORS OF WAR.

HOW OUR ARTIST WAS SCARED WHEN HE WENT TO A SEAPORT TOWN TO MAKE A SKETCH.

## Petty Spite.

GOVERNMENT will not allow any more newspaper correspondents to follow the army, because those newspaper correspondents have hitherto been in the habit of anticipating by several days the contents of the Government despatches. What a woman's spite is this! They will be wishing next to keep the despatches secret altogether, and if the news of a second Trafalgar should arrive, it will only be made transparent to the public by the fact of ABERDEEN illuminating with a rushlight in his back bed-room.

## The "Invalide Russe."

Is this great *Invalide*, of whom we are always reading so much, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA? for the accounts lately have represented him as being very ill, and the nature of his supposed malady would account most naturally for the exceedingly mad statements that this very veracious *Invalide* has recently been indulging in.



WHAT MUST BE THE NEXT FASHION IN BONNETS.

FINAL PREPARATORY VISIT OF MR. PUNCH TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From the Court Circular.)

MR. PUNCH, accompanied by Mrs. Punch, and attended by Toby, paid a visit to the Crystal Palace on Monday last, in order to make a final inspection of the building, and, by special command of HER MAJESTY, to report as to its probable readiness for the reception of the QUEEN and the nation on Saturday the 10th of June.

Mr. Punch was conducted through the building by SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, to whom with his Highness's usual affability, he was pleased to express himself in terms of condescending encouragement, so gracefully balanced between cordial recognition and unalloyed approbation as to produce the happiest effect upon the mind of the auditor.

Mr. Punch then selected the site which it was his intention to occupy during the inauguration, stating to SIR JOSEPH that he had not deemed it necessary, although solicited, to take part in the ceremony. He was the godfather to the edifice, having originally invented and conferred upon it the title of the CRYSTAL PALACE; but he should leave to his friend the Archbishop the entire solemnities of the day, including an announcement which DR. SUMNER had most kindly undertaken to make, namely, that at the special instance of the QUEEN, arrangements would be at once effected for opening the Palace on Sundays. This announcement Mr. Punch said would immediately precede the anthem, "When the Poor saw Her, then they blessed Her."

Mr. Punch then accepted from the gentleman in charge of each department a small memorial of the visit—a cube of mosaic from Pompeii, a spangle from the Alhambra, and a feather from one of MR. LAYARD's bulls, being among the articles. The curator of the antediluvian reproductions also insisted on Mrs. Punch's taking away an Ichthyosaurus giganticus, as a trifle for her nursery.

The same evening Mr. Punch made his report to HER MAJESTY. It was marked by the lucid brevity which characterises all the compositions of his Highness. We have been favoured with a copy.

"MADAM,  
"It will do."

"PUNCH."

THE SCHOOL OF SOLDIERSHIP.

WHAT makes British soldiers so valiant in fight?  
Oh! their lips being shaved and their belts being white,  
And their heads being cropped and their stocks being tight,  
On these things their courage depends.

The reason for which they in battle prevail,  
Is having coatees cut so short at the tail,  
And so narrow as by a large measure to fail  
Of coverings to answer the ends.

Their charge is resistless; and wherefore 'tis plain,  
By taking their epaulettes off in the rain,  
And preserving them free from a speck or a stain,  
Their courage is kept spotless too.

'Tis quite beyond question undoubted and clear  
That men who with pipeclay are forced to besmear  
Their trappings and straps get divested of fear,  
By being compelled so to do.

TEETOTALISM AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A deputation of teetotalers last week took their melancholy way to the Crystal Palace, to remonstrate with the Directors against the resolution to vend to visitors the abomination of wine and beer. The deputation moreover expressed a very strong opinion against the statue of BACCHUS; which, at the suggestion of MR. STURGE, was decently covered with a suit of drab, and the god's vine-bound head surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat. This slight improvement of the antique was merely adopted to show the purifying and reforming spirit with which teetotalism would invest the mischievous incitements of Greek art. A muslin cap (the authenticated property of the late HANNAH MORE) has been sent for the acceptance of the VENUS DE MEDICIS.

A PRETTY SAFE PROPHECY.—There is but little doubt, before the War is over, that the EMPEROR NICHOLAS will find all his roubles turned into troubles.



## WHAT NICHOLAS HEARD IN THE SHELL.

"So have I seen a boy  
Applying to his ear,  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell."—Walter Savage Landor.

Aye—press it to thine ear, till confusion growing clear,  
Thou canst read the mingled voices that fill its womb of war;  
Hoarse sounds of fierce commotion, like the distant roar of ocean,  
Drowning sobs mixed with hymns as of devilish devotion,  
Sabres clashing—houses crashing—  
Horses' hoofs at gallop dashing—  
And the thunder of great guns from afar.

And thy pale cheek warms with life at the melody of strife;  
And thy firm lip is clenched firmer, and thy knit brow sterner grows—  
But hark!—what hush is creeping o'er that mad sound onward  
sweeping?

And then upon the silence that burst of bitter weeping!  
How it swelleth! how it knelleth!  
How of broken hearts it telleth!  
Cursing thee up to Heaven, as it goes!

Hark again to those faint groans!—the fever-stricken moans  
Of victims that are fattening the dank Dobrudscha plains;  
And mixed with that low moaning chaunt of full-fed priests intoning,  
By the side of the Almighty their Antocrat enthroning,  
And now, nearing, English cheering,  
Blent with French—unwelcome hearing,  
And a clank—as it were falling chains.

Hark, still, unwilling ear, as nearer and more near  
War's music from the North blends with roaring of the sea.  
Ha! knowest thou that thunder? 'tis thy forts that topple under;  
Broadsides that shake the piles of St. Petersburg asunder,—  
And strange noises, like the voices  
Of a people that rejoices  
To be conquered into freedom by the free!

Clash of prison doors wide flung; bursts of joy in Polish tongue;  
Frantic greetings, as of those who ne'er thought to meet again;  
Hearken yet, with chafing patience, to those hymns of up-ris'n nations,  
On whose throat thy hand hath pressed like a vice for generations,  
And the clamours of the hammers,  
And the levers and the rammers,  
That are hurling great Dagon to the plain!

## MAJESTY OF THE CIVIC SENATE.

How delighted LORD CAMPBELL, who loves the LORD MAYOR and the City, will be to find that the civic dignitaries are behaving as such, by taking a dignified line! Witness what occurred at a recent Court of Aldermen; whereat, according to the newspapers,

"The LORD MAYOR informed the Court that he had received the report of the Commissioners of Corporation Inquiry from LORD PALMERSTON, in which report it was suggested that the Court of Aldermen should be totally abolished.

"ALDERMAN WIRE moved, without making a single comment upon the contents, that the document be referred to the Committee of Privileges.

"The motion was carried unanimously."

In this abstinence of the Aldermen from all remark on their enemies' proposal, what a sublime expression was there of silent contempt! It is really quite Roman, and may be considered to evince the spirit of the Capitol rather than that of Cheapside. There is every reason to believe that the Committee of Privileges will recommend the Fathers of the City of London to follow the example which they seem to be taking from a memorable act of the Corporation of the Eternal City, and that the Civic fathers will adopt the recommendation. Should the abolition of their Worshipful Court be determined upon, the Aldermen will make a grand effort of passive resistance against the execution of the decree. Clad in their scarlet robes, and wearing the insignia of their office, their Worships will assemble in their Hall of Legislation, and taking each their respective seats, await the approach of the envoys, appointed to command their dissolution, in solemn silence. The RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD MAYOR, also attired in full costume, and sitting in his chair of state, will preside over these venerable men. To heighten the solemnity of the scene the images of the immortal GOG and MAGOG will be placed upon pedestals at the back of his Lordship's throne, from above which they will frown down upon the intruders with indignation and astonishment. Awed by the

impassive countenances and profound gravity, as well as by the tremendous bulk of the civic magistrates, and overcome by the fumes of sacrifice ascending from the altars of their turtle-ary deities, it may be expected that the messengers will decamp with consternation, and report the utter impossibility of carrying into effect the mandate for the extinction of a senate consisting of such reverend persons.

## LADIES IN RICH ATTIRE.



UNDER the head of "Fashions for June," *Le Follet* mentions

"A third robe of white taffetas, with large cheques in various shades of blue."

We have heard of ladies having thousands of pounds on in the shape of jewels, but now it seems they have carried the rage for valuable ornaments to the pitch of wearing large cheques. Who draws these cheques we should like to know; if the

papa of the wearer he must be very kind: if the husband, a miracle of generosity. A dress decorated with cheques would be a catching dress in a ball-room; but an heiress must have few natural charms indeed to stand in need of such embellishments. By a rich but ordinary widow they might be worn with propriety and wisdom, if it is wise on the part of such a party to marry; and indeed she might wear notes as well as cheques, together with gold and silver coin. But, although a lady cannot have her pocket picked of the money which is outside of her dress, we think that, for safety, she had better put it in her pocket than stick it on her skirts. Otherwise, a dress of which the ornaments were cheques would have this advantage, that no capital would be sunk in these ornaments; so that although they would render a costume rich, they would not make it equally extravagant.

## A BIT OF A SEE.

An account of the ceremony of inducting the new BISHOP OF SALISBURY on Wednesday last week, mentions that among other formalities of that proceeding,

"Here Mr. ALFORD dug a turf from the field, and delivered it to his Lordship as seisin of the temporalities of his see."

Last Wednesday week was the Derby day, when the turf would naturally be uppermost in the minds of the generality of people, but if this was the reason why Mr. ALFORD presented the Bishop with a piece of the substance so called, it was certainly an extravagant act of horse-worship. To present a man with a clod of earth before a number of people must greatly embarrass the recipient of the gift, as he could not eat it, might be considered ungracious if he threw it away, and would hardly be able to put it in his pocket. What is this for? is the question that might naturally have been asked by the Right Reverend Prelate; and his Lordship, who perhaps knows something about singing-birds, may have conjectured that the gentleman who gave him a turf intended it for a lark.

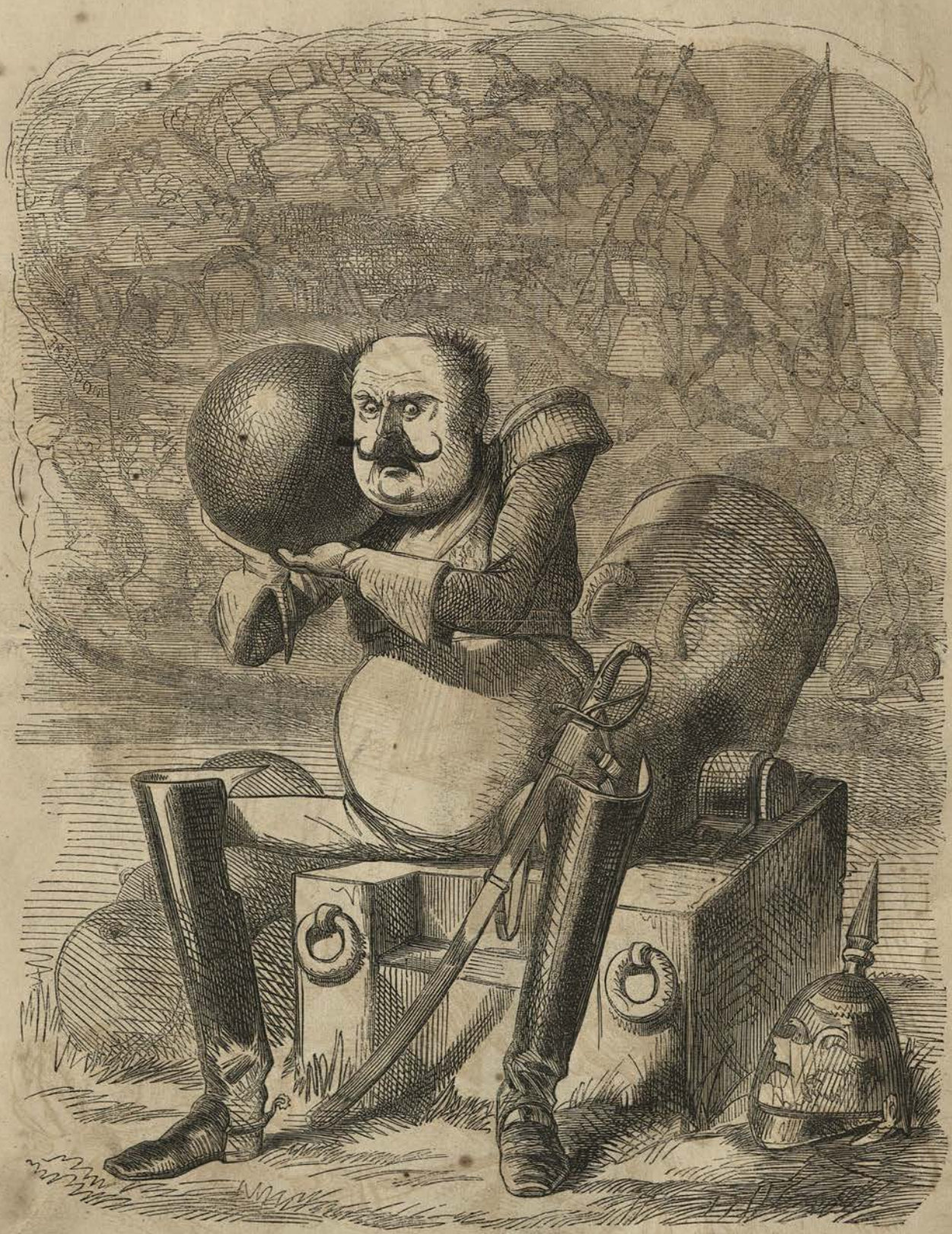
## ORTHOGRAPHY AT WAR.

Is it Kronstat with a K?  
Is it Cronstat with a C?  
Is it Cron with s, t, a, d, t?  
Or do you leave out the d?  
Is Sebastopol the word?  
Or Sevastopol do you say?  
It really does seem most absurd  
Not to spell one name one way.

## THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

It is sometimes asked, What would be the consequence if ladies were eligible to sit in Parliament? One result of admitting individuals of the fair sex to vote in the House of Commons, might be to increase the practice of pairing.





WHAT NICHOLAS HEARD IN THE SHELL.

*See P. 236.*

JUNE 10, 1854.]

[PUNCH, No. 674.]



WHAT NICHOLAS BEARD IN THE SHEET.

STRIKING EFFECT OF CHOKING AND OVERLOADING OUR GUARDS AT A LATE REVIEW.



RE-DRESS FOR THE ARMY.

WE are happy to announce a sudden and decisive fall in the Stocks of the British Soldier. Our army may now be quoted at its full value, without those dreadful coupons which threatened to cut their heads off, and in an affair of desperate valour, in which all would be "neck or nothing," they will no longer be likely to be reduced to nothing by the stiffness of their necks.

We appreciate the desire of the authorities to give the soldiers redress for their grievances, though we suspect that, but for the dressing that has been administered to themselves, the authorities would have delayed still longer the step they have at last taken. We do not quite approve of the mode suggested for covering the deformities and discomforts of the military head-dress, by turning the bear-skin cap into a sort of bolster, and putting it into a pillow-case. Such, however, is to be the plan adopted, for MR. SIDNEY HERBERT informs us, the soldiers

"Are to be decorated with covers for their helmets and shakos, composed of white linen, for the protection from the heat."

We do not see why because we are fighting on the side of Turkey, our soldiers are to be made to resemble "the turbaned Turk;" and we suspect that it would be better to adopt a new hat of lighter material, than attempt to get rid of the inconveniences of the old, by adding to its bulk as well as its unsightliness. We shall have almost as great an objection to our soldiers displaying on their heads the white dishelout, as we should to their showing the white feather.

A "ROW IN THE BUILDINGS."

WE can scarcely regret there having been "no house" on Tuesday in the Commons if, when a house is made, there is nothing better to be done than that which took place on Thursday night, when there was a regular "row in the buildings" devoted to the sittings of Parliament. LORD JOHN RUSSELL and MR. DISRAELI went at it "hammer and tongs"—an expression which we should think must own "nunny-hammer and tongues" as its most appropriate origin. The scene was almost as discreditable as an affair between "the Slasher" and "the Nobby one" for the benefit of "the Spider," or some other hero of the belt and boxing gloves. LORD JOHN'S hitting was bold and straightforward, while DISRAELI proved himself the artful dodger of the ring, and put in a few of his celebrated "nasty ones" with an effect that was truly disagreeable, if not very damaging. It is to be regretted that, while blackguardism has nearly lost its patrons in the prize ring, it should still amuse an audience in the House of Commons, and while the "noble art of self-defence" is at a discount out of doors the "ignoble arts of personal attack" are at a premium in Parliament.

LINES TO THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

MY old friend, SIR JAMES GRAHAM,  
 Eh?—what, always the same?  
 At your old tricks again—oh, for shame, Sir, for shame!  
 Will you make me re-roast  
 You to cinders almost  
 For your name being once more mixed up with the Post?  
 'Tis your work and affair  
 For the Navy to care;  
 For the Navy; whereon no expenses we spare.  
 And yet NAPIER'S brave crew  
 Get their letters when due  
 Some six weeks; if at all: and of course they blame you?  
 An epistle, if we  
 Should direct it "Black Sea,"  
 In the Baltic, most likely, deliver'd would be.  
 Now, is this not the case?  
 And can you have the face  
 To deny that you've grossly neglected your place?

IN THE PRESS.

WANDERINGS OF AN ENGLISH LADY'S MAID IN RUSSIA.  
 —Edited by RICHARD COBDEN, Esq., M.P. This Tale of Our Times—in which the sufferings and persecutions of this estimable female, who, on the Declaration of War between Great Britain and Russia, was magnanimously turned out of St. Peter-burg, to find, with one box only, her way to Berlin, where she arrived in poor health and questionable spirits—this Moving Story will be Edited for the benefit of the Victim, by RICHARD COBDEN, Esq., M.P., who in a recent speech so eloquently dwelt upon the General Felicity of English Servants in Russia, and of English Governesses, and English Ladies'-Maids in Particular.

A SENATE OF PUBLICANS.

THE Colony of Victoria has just agreed to a Constitution, according to which a seat in the Upper Chamber is accessible to those only who possess property to the amount of £10,000. It is estimated that the majority of ten thousand pound men in Victoria are Publicans, and it is possible, therefore, that the public interest may be safe in their hands. There may be wisdom in constituting a Senate of Publicans, who will probably be in favour of very moderate measures, and will be disposed to look rather to the spirit than to the letter of the laws they enact.

Some awkwardness may be anticipated in a Senate of Publicans, many of whom may have odd associations suggested to them by allusions to the Bar of the House. We can only hope, that when an Act of Parliament is on draft in the Upper Chamber, or Up Stairs Room, care will be taken to draw it mild. We may expect that a Senate of Publicans will occasionally be turned into butts by those who will be disposed to think very small beer of an aristocracy of malt and hops.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S STANDING ARMY.



WHATEVER doubt there may have been as to the sufficiency of our military and naval arrangements, there can be no question as to the highly effective state of the officers and men forming the standing army under the command of the LORD CHANCELLOR. This powerful and indeed almost murderous force, seems to be kept up evidently on a war footing. It is to be regretted that there is no longer a Court of Review, for such a Court would find

plenty of employment in reviewing the troops placed under the command of the Chancellor. His staff numbers no less than three secretaries, three messengers, three bag-bearers, three court-keepers, three ushers, two mace-bearers, a tipstaff, a gentleman of the chamber, and a train-bearer, making an effective body of no less than twenty officers.

When we reflect upon the immense power represented by this body of well-disciplined men, we may judge of the effect of an attack made by them all at once on the pocket of a suitor in equity. However formidable may be an ordinary corps of rank and file, we all know that there is nothing so damaging, and indeed destructive, as coming into contact with the well-known file of the Court of Chancery.

We trust that some arrangement will be made to place this formidable force at the disposal of LORD RAGLAN; for if any power can make the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA pay for his temerity, it would be such an engine as that to which we have alluded. Should the Chancery corps be ordered on foreign service, there are thousands who would witness its departure with delight, and would feel that if sent to the right-about, the power which has been regarded with so much dread at home must strike terror into the breast of the foreign enemy.

Another Postponement.

THE Government despatches, and the delivery of the Baltic letters, have been postponed so long in consequence of the war. It has been felt that they would only tend to agitate and confuse person's minds, if made public at the present critical moment. Consequently it has been thought expedient to defer the publication of the despatches and the delivery of the letters until the war is completely over.

MUNCHAUENOFF.

FRANKLIN, according to *Household Words*, thought that bows and arrows were good weapons, and ought not to have been abandoned. Certainly if we would fight the CZAR on equal terms, we should have recourse to the Long Bow.

Great News for Russia.

PORTUGAL has declared a perfect neutrality in the Turkish quarrel! Are we to be surprised at this? By no means. For how often, even at the best regulated tables, have we found that Portugal has had nothing whatever to do with the Port in question.

COMFORT FOR MANCHESTER.—The Russians cannot take our cottons in general, but they are at least receiving a great many checks.

## THE NEWSPAPER AT BREAKFAST.

To MR. PUNCH.



SIR,—I am a resident in Pimlico. We have various grievances here, such as Puseyism (which involves bell-ringing at unheard-of hours in the morning,) bad drainage (especially close to the Palace of our very Gracious Sovereign,) abominably slow omnibuses (the Royal Blues), and other afflictions. But one can endure all these things if one can get one's newspaper at breakfast time. Sir, that is what we cannot get in Pimlico.

"My breakfast hour, Sir, is ten o'clock. When I pay a visit to Brighton (a very pleasing watering place), I breakfast at nine, and have the *Times* upon my table at that hour. In Pimlico, which is somewhat nearer the pub-

lishing office of that journal, it is impossible to obtain it until eleven, twelve, or any other fancy hour which may suit our news-agents, and their masters, the Boys.

"When you order a paper to be regularly supplied to you, the newspaper man smiles, and unblushingly assures you that it shall be at your door as the clock strikes the hour you mention.

"I have made, Sir, a list of the excuses and allegations which, for the last fortnight (that is to say, twelve days, excluding Sundays), have been tendered to me as explanations why my *Times* was not delivered within an hour—two hours—three hours of its being due.

"*Monday.* The Boy was not sure about the number of my house; very stupid—all would be right in future.

"*Tuesday.* The Boy had got fighting with rival news-boys, and they had taken away one of his papers, unluckily the one intended for me.

"*Wednesday.* The Boy had left my paper at No. 10, where the gentleman refused to give it up, and is supposed to be a mad party, leastways he swears awful, his servants say. (What do I care?)

"*Thursday.* The Boy reports that both Houses of Parliament sat so dreadfully late last night that all the papers are late. (This is an unlucky story, as the Lords do not sit on Wednesday, and the Commons invariably rise at six on that evening.)

"*Friday.* The Boy forgot his money, and when he got to the place in the Strand where the papers are obtained, found he had to come back, as they give no credit.

"*Saturday.* The Boy had run away.

"*Monday.* The Boy, being a new one, engaged in place of the runaway, did not know the streets about our neighbourhood.

"*Tuesday.* The Boy had knocked, he was prepared to make affidavit, eleven times, but could not make my servants hear, so went away in despair.

"*Wednesday.* The Boy had obtained his copies of the *Times*, but, putting them down in the shop where they were sold, while he paid, took up, on leaving, a bundle containing nothing but Supplements so had to go back.

"*Thursday.* The Boy thought he had understood from my servant (who went round in wrath for the journal), that I was going out of town, and therefore supposed it did not matter about bringing the paper.

"*Friday.* The Boy reports that the *Times* machine, which prints the papers, had broken down, and no papers would be out till the middle of the day. (I should say that my neighbours tell me this is a very frequent occurrence, and nowise creditable to a great newspaper office. Hardly a day passes but somebody in our street receives this intelligence, as a reason why he has not got the *Times*, while other people have.)

"*Saturday.* The Boy came home with a statement that in consequence of the Rooshian war and the rise in beer, the *Times* would not be published any more. He demanded his week's money, but, I am

informed, received more kicks than halfpence, and indeed had his salary confiscated.

"But, Sir, how do these twelve excuses, the regular ones in Pimlico, atone to me for the discomfort of breakfasting without my newspaper?"

"Permit me respectfully to pour my sorrows into your friendly bosom, and to sign myself,

"Your attached Subscriber,

"EBURY BARNABAS RANELAGH."

## HOW TO BRING THE WAR TO A TERMINUS.

THE papers are continually describing some new wonderful engine of destruction, which is not only to annihilate a whole army at one coup, but in due time to annihilate war itself. The greatest engine of destruction that we are acquainted with is a railway-engine, and we are astonished that the English Government has not laid before the EMPEROR a most elaborate railway plan, stating that they would only be too happy, if he would but allow them, to cover the whole of his mighty Empire with railways, free of expense. The outlay would, necessarily, be tremendous, but the gain would be this:—The Armies, of course, would be conveyed by these railways, and if care was taken to appoint well tried, drunken stokers on each line it is very clear that no country, whatever its resources might be, could possibly stand up long against such a terrific system of wholesale slaughter. The war would probably be brought to an end without a single engagement having been fought, and we should almost feel inclined to forgive the great loss of life these railway-engines of destruction had been to ourselves in the consoling thought that they had been the happy means of exterminating an enemy so formidable in point of numbers, as Russia.



FANCY PORTRAIT—"PEGASUS."

## A Strange Sympathy.

A CORRESPONDENT accounts for the strange sympathy that at present exists between Russia and Prussia, in the following manner:—At the head of the former is NICHOLAS—the great man of the latter is MANTEUFFEL. Now the popular nickname of NICHOLAS is Old NICK, and the literal meaning of MANTEUFFEL is Man-Devil. There is nothing so very wonderful, therefore, (he says) in the fact of Old NICK and a MAN-DEVIL walking hand-in-hand, and taking their political steps together!

JONATHAN AT JAPAN.

THE Americans appear to have found Japan a country of polish, so considerable as to render it quite worthy of its name. What is still better, they have been under no necessity of taking the shine out of it.

## THE PROBABLE END OF NICHOLAS.

AFTER having, through mere obstinate pride, caused the death, in most cases agonizing, of many thousands of human beings, and brought wounds, mutilation, and revolting outrage upon perhaps as many more, including women and children, it is very likely that NICHOLAS may not be torn in pieces by subjects, or executed by captors. Indeed, if he fell into the hands of the Allies, dethronement, probably, would be the extremity of retribution which it would be thought possible to inflict on the great Thief and Murderer, who would then be styled the "unfortunate Monarch," &c. We expect that he would be allowed to retire to this country; where a palace would be provided for his accommodation, which he would occupy alternately with a suite of apartments at the Clarendon, and at the Star and Garter.

Mollified by misfortune, we should then have our friend NICHOLAS doing the amiable. He would visit national schools and infirmaries, express interest in the scholars, and sympathy with the sufferers, and put his name down for donations to the institution. He would go over Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals, and chat with the veterans. He would subscribe to soup-kitchens and Bible Societies, and now and then attend missionary meetings. He would take drives about

Windsor and Richmond; and occasionally pull up to relieve a beggar. All of which doings would be chronicled in the newspapers under the headings of "MUNIFICENCE OF NICHOLAS," or "BENEVOLENCE OF THE EX-EMPEROR OF RUSSIA," &c. &c. Nay we may live to read such a paragraph as the following:—

**NICHOLAS AND THE PEACE SOCIETY.**—The meeting of the Peace Society, which took place yesterday, was honoured by the presence of the EX-EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who occupied a seat on the platform between Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT. His Majesty addressed the meeting in very good English, and described in forcible language the horrors and folly of war; expressing the pleasure he felt at having become a convert to peace principles.

Lastly, this worthy would die, not in a perpendicular line, but in a horizontal position: quietly between the sheets of a bed, of which we should be requested to draw the curtains around "fallen greatness," and forget all about the burnings, the manglings, the murders and unspeakable atrocities. The yells of the tortured myriads would have been long ago hushed; the *Te Deum* that mingled with them would have died away, and we should be invited to join in the destroyer and tormentor's *Requiem!*



NICHOLAS IN THE POUND.

**A War Minister Wanted.**

It is at length decided that we are to have a War Minister; a distinct functionary, whose whole mind shall be rolled up in the contemplation of cannon-balls; whose every silent thought shall be mute gunpowder, ready to explode with destructive power at a touch: a Minister, whose big, belligerent manner shall at once announce him to the beholder, as—BRITANNIA'S Minister at War. Two or three different persons have been named for the post: they have, more or less, their merits; but one name has hitherto been most shamefully passed over, and that name is—JOHN BRIGHT.

**Spanish Honours.**

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has showered a lot of Spanish orders upon Turkish officers. "Madam" (says the ghost of DOCTOR JOHNSON through *Punch*), "before you so distribute your favours had you not better consider what they are worth?"

**Dead Levellers.**

"AN average physician is enough for St. Bartholomew's Hospital," is—according to a Governor of that Institution, writing to the *Times*—the opinion of some of his brethren. More than enough, we should think. An average physician would diminish the number of patients with a rapidity which would satisfy the most sanguinary individual.

**Nero and Nicholas.**

AFTER the burning of Rome it is said that EMPEROR NERO was found playing the fiddle. EMPEROR NICHOLAS, it seems, has been taking a leaf out of his music-book; for after the burning of Odessa, it most certainly has been found he played the liar.

**CITY INTELLIGENCE.**—"I would not be a turtle," prettily once remarked an alderman in our hearing, "I would not be a turtle because then I could not eat it!"



## JENKINS AT A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.



HERE is a season for whitebait, a season for oysters, a season for "baked-taters," and there is a season for JENKINS, who is coming out with a richness of flavour that will justify our serving him up from time to time to our readers as an occasional dish or entrée. We propose to dress him in his own sauce, and garnish him in his own artificial flowers. We shall not give the public too much of him, for JENKINS relieved by JENKINS, would be as bad as calf's head replaced by calf's head.

The marriage of the EARL OF DURHAM and the LADY BEATRICE HAMILTON, furnished a theme recently for the genius of JENKINS, who sets out by announcing that

"The event which unites the noble houses of LAMBTON and HAMILTON creates ties of relationship between a number of our most ancient and distinguished families."

We like the majestic mode in which father JENKINS, taking at once the plural and parental characters of royalty, adopts as "ours" a number of the most ancient and distinguished families. These families appear to be raised to an elevation even more than Royal, by the recognition bestowed on them by JENKINS, who says—

"It has been our lot to be present at the performance of the hymeneal ceremony, when the bride and bridegroom represented the very highest families next to Royalty, and when even Royalty itself attended to do honour to the occasion; but in no instance whatever, within our recollection, has the general body of visitors included so large a portion of the *élite* of society."

There was, in fact, such a crush of aristocracy,

"That many noble individuals who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been accommodated near the altar, had to take their chance in those parts of the sacred building appropriated to free seats, &c."

We were not aware that, "under ordinary circumstances," the aristocracy were drawn up into a position near the altar, which we thought was usually appropriated to the charity children, though we can understand the sympathy JENKINS must feel with those who "had to take their chance in the free-seats," a chance to which—after carrying the Prayer Books to the door of a pew—he must have been often subjected.

It is clear that JENKINS did not immediately force his way into the church, for we find him, as usual, hanging about the railings, or occupying, perhaps, one of his ordinary posts—a lamp-post in the vicinity. "At eleven o'clock," he says, "the company began to arrive," and for three-quarters of an hour a long succession of carriages were "setting down." It is extremely probable that, during these three-quarters of an hour JENKINS himself experienced "a setting down" more than once from the police, whose duty it was to keep off the pressure of impertinent curiosity from the guests at the wedding. "Some little difficulty," adds JENKINS, "occurred in marshalling and disposing of the equipages," a difficulty which must have made JENKINS burn to display his abilities in calling up and ordering off the various vehicles. The narrative proceeds to inform us that

"The bridegroom, accompanied by his 'best man,' arrived in an ordinary brougham. His lordship was not recognised by the public outside, and entered the church unnoticed."

How is this, JENKINS? There has been an unpardonable omission on your part, for if you recognised "his lordship," a timely shout from yourself of "Hollo, boys, hollo!" would have at once been responded to, and your remark on the bridegroom having "entered the church unnoticed" would not have been justified.

JENKINS and the crowd soon found something with which they were familiar, for

"The well-known HAMILTON crimson liveries were immediately recognised, and the occupants of the carriages were respectfully greeted by the crowd."

These carriages we are told "consisted of three coaches belonging to the MARQUIS OF ABERCORN'S private establishment." We were not aware that the Marquis had any public establishment of coaches, and though we have heard of some peers being job-masters on a very large scale, we do not believe that in this instance the imputation which the awkwardness of JENKINS clumsily suggests, is at all justified.

After describing the contents of the first two carriages, and giving rather impertinently the age of one of the bridesmaids, JENKINS tells us that

"The last carriage of all contained the infant LADY MAUDE HAMILTON, completing this interesting, and perhaps unexampled group of six sister bridesmaids."

Does JENKINS mean to tell us that "the infant" was alone in the coach? for if such was the case, it is to be regretted that the Chancellor, who has *ex officio* the care of infants, did not appoint somebody to represent "the infant" on this interesting occasion.

Next follows a burst of admiration in which all the footman declares itself. The passage ought to be written on plush, in gold lace letters, with a margin of livery lace, punctuated with aiguillettes for commas, a couple of livery buttons for a colon, and a cockade for a period. It runs thus:

"As the coaches decked in the gorgeous paraphernalia—heraldic and emblematic—which symbolise the honours of 'our old nobility,' dashed up to the vestibule, the effect was really grand, and forcibly illustrated the difference between substantial magnificence, and the gingerbread glitter sometimes got up for purposes of mere display."

We should like to know what other "purpose" than "mere display" was to be served on this occasion, and how the "gorgeous paraphernalia, heraldic and emblematic," emblazoned on the panels of the coaches, the harness of the horses, and the liveries of the footmen, differed from the ordinary quality of "gingerbread glitter" which JENKINS, for a moment forgetting his shoulder-knot, seems to look down upon.

JENKINS is much struck by the *tableau* that now presents itself.

"Immediately behind the parents of the bride were the bridesmaids standing in order according to their ages and stations, and forming a charmingly picturesque group."

We have heard of a set of "jugs in sizes;" but a set of bridesmaids "in sizes," is a novelty that is more appropriate to ordinary earthenware, than to the very aristocratic clay here alluded to. The occasion appears to have given rise to an effect not unlike a *tableau vivant*, or a group at MADAME TUSSAUD'S. We are told by JENKINS that—

"The friends who stood around had, by some involuntary and fortuitous arrangement of their places, so disposed and grouped themselves, as unconsciously to form a highly artistic *tableau*."

How are we to know that the grouping was the effect of chance; and may we not presume that a wedding of so much distinction had had the benefit of a dress rehearsal, with a view to that perfection of the *mise en scène* which seems to have been accomplished? We decline to follow JENKINS in his personalities, but we must ask—though we know we shall ask in vain—for an explanation of the following paragraph:

"The features of the venerable COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON, crowned with the reverend honours of age, contrasted touchingly with those of the brilliant beauty of the younger ladies present."

We cannot exactly see how age can be said to crown features with "honours," though age, we know, plays sad "tricks" with the features of all of us. It is bad enough of JENKINS to force himself into the halls and staircases of the fashionable world, but it is really unpardonable of him to ransack the bridal *trousseau* for the purpose of publishing a list of the presents given to the bride on her marriage. How the porters allowed him to rummage among the luggage of the newly wedded pair, is quite unaccountable, and the extent of his curiosity may be inferred from his announcement that "a bracelet inlaid with hair was the present of the younger members of the bride's family." The lady's maid certainly deserved to lose her place for having given JENKINS access to her lady's jewel-box. The present, however, that seems to have possessed the highest interest for JENKINS, was one to which he himself had probably been a contributor. It consisted of "an envelope case and blotting book," which had been purchased by a subscription from the wages of all the domestics in LORD ABERCORN'S establishment; and their young "Missus" cannot make a better use of it than to blot out the recollection of the account given by her too obsequious domestic of her recent marriage.

## CLASSICAL DEBATERS.

CALIGULA OF NERO?

Who's right, and who's amiss?  
That, THESIGER, 's your hero,  
And GLADSTONE, yours is this.

But to talk of ancient Romans,  
Your notes you should compare,  
With your BACCHUS, MARS, APOL-de-rol,  
And your DOCTOR LEMPRIERE.

## Unity is (not always) Strength.

WHEN SHAKESPEARE spoke of—

—A voice potential,  
As double as the Duke's,"

he would seem to have made prophetic allusion to the double voice which the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE may be supposed to have in the Government, in pursuance of his double office of War and Colonial Minister.

THE RUSSIAN FLEETS.—THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is such a rogue, that, if his sailors are worthy of their sovereign, his navy ought to be spelt with a K.

THE OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE 10th of June, 1854, is destined to become a red-letter day in forthcoming almanacs, and to supersede such important and mysterious announcements as *Blaise, St. Cyp. Leonard, or Enurchus* in all future calendars. The Opening of the Crystal Palace will be better worth chronicling than *Rich. Bishop Chick*, of whom mention is made in our diaries, where the word *Rich* prefixed to *Bishop* reads remarkably like surplusage.

Everything smiled on the morning of the 10th of June, in honour of the opening of the Crystal Palace. The sun smiled on the chimney-pots; the policeman smiled on his beat; even the cabman smiled on his fare, and the vendors of spurious "Guide Books" on the road to the Palace smiled in their (shirt) sleeves at their customers.

The visit of *Mr. Punch* had evidently been the subject of much anxious consideration by the authorities on the line of road, and Policeman A. I. had drawn himself up—to his utmost height, to look in at the window of the cab which formed part of our escort.

On arriving at the Central Transept, we at once played our cards (of admission) into the hands appointed to deal with them, and we immediately "cut in" with our partners. On gaining the interior, we were shown, with great politeness, the seat reserved for us; but nobody knew the way to get to it. As it seemed to be fortified by impassable barriers, guarded by crowds of officials, each of whom was, no doubt, in his way a "great gun," we looked at the taking of our seat as a piece of business almost as difficult as the taking of Cronstadt, and accordingly after a little reconnoitring we sat down, as nearly opposite the royal dais as possible. There we had an opportunity of inspecting the Farnese HERCULES, who seemed to be contemplating with calm superiority, the failure of the police in the truly Herculean task of keeping back the crowds, every individual of which seemed to have some special reason for going into some special place, which had been specially reserved for some other person. In vain was MR. SNOOKS assured that he was occupying the spot intended for the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, for MR. SNOOKS had come resolved to "have his see," while SMITH was, with difficulty, persuaded to resign the place of the Prime Minister, into which the physical force of the masses had, for a moment, carried him. JONES found himself suddenly occupying the position of the Prussian Minister, and though he was recalled most emphatically by several voices, it was not till the police escorted him back to the barrier, that he consented to fill a less obtrusive station.

The orchestra presented a magnificent blaze of white waistcoats, producing such a brilliant effect that the dazzled eye sought relief in the fur collars of the aldermen's gowns, or in the hair of their heads, or any other object of a soft and sombre nature. Wonderful as was the effect of the harmony of a thousand voices, there was something so novel in the harmony of a thousand waistcoats that, for some time, the spectators seemed wrapped in the bosoms of the orchestra. With the arrival of HER MAJESTY, whose punctuality is enough to shame half the clocks in London, and put even the bell of St. Paul's on its metal, the business of the day commenced.

The presentation of the various Handbooks to the QUEEN, was chiefly interesting to the assembled multitude for the opportunity it gave of criticising the various degrees of dexterity with which learned and scientific gentlemen can go backwards down a flight of steps—a feat which requires a PROFESSOR RISLEY, who perhaps from this circumstance calls his gymnastic tricks a "drawing-room" entertainment, rather than a PROFESSOR FORBES or a PROFESSOR OWEN. Men whose lives have been devoted to forward movements, are not well calculated to take backward steps; and it is no discredit to them that they failed in a movement of a retrogressive character.

The books and addresses having been transferred to LORD PALMERSTON, who never seems to feel that his hands can be too full, the royal

party paraded the building, and we were glad to see that the QUEEN took the opportunity of aiming a tremendous blow at the infinitesimal bonnet mania, for HER MAJESTY wears a real and a sensible bonnet, while many of her subjects wear a crown—and nothing but a crown—as a substitute. Of all the shapes folly and fashion have taken, none in our recollection has equalled the modern bonnet-shape.

After the departure of the royal party, the barriers were removed, but such was the crowd, that even *Punch* found it difficult to circulate. The Refreshment Rooms soon became a counter-attraction to the numerous Courts; but as we sipped some very bitter bad table-beer, price sixpence per glass, we wondered where were the "cheap and substantial viands" the directors had advertised. No doubt every defect will be remedied, and the thousand attractions already on the spot, will be multiplied a thousand times; but even at present there is enough to see to repay the cost of a hundred visits. We advise the whole world to get presented at all the Courts in the Crystal Palace, where every Court that is worthy of the honour, is ably and faithfully represented.

COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS AND EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

It is all right, at last, with LOUIS NAPOLEON. The English alliance has, no doubt, done much for him: nevertheless something was wanting to fix his destiny. That something the Emperor has just conquered, in the admiration of MR. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS, who in a review of "Napoleon the Third," speaks of his proclamations as "redolent of the spirit [of what spirit did they smell?] of the first NAPOLEON, replete with all his fire, and breathing all his eloquence!"

It is said that LOUIS NAPOLEON is so much touched by the disinterested tribute, that he has sent to MR. PHILLIPS a wig-box, with the royal portrait painted at the bottom. Moreover, every day the Bar of the Insolvent Court expect to see their Commissioner enter decorated with the geranium riband of the Legion of Honour.

A Swim in a Sump.

"A POOR DRESSMAKER," in a letter to the *Times*, complains that people bathe close to the Serpentine Bridge, over which she has to walk of a morning. Her annoyance might be remedied by looking hard into the sky, or bringing her bonnet forwards in defiance of the reigning fashion, so that its sides might serve the purpose of "blinkers." But this would not lessen the indelicacy of bathing in the Serpentine near the Bridge, or anywhere else in that piece of fluid that passes for water. Do the bathers know what it is into which they plunge? If they did, they would soon renounce all indulgence in a bath which, if dirt-cheap, is proportionately nasty, and which, though it may not be costly, is undeniably sump-tuous.

A Tip-topographical Definition.

AN incurable punster, at present confined in Bedlam, declares that Austria has so often been a bankrupt, and her exchequer at present is in such a dreadful state of exhaustion that her title ought henceforth to be changed to EXHAUSTRIA.

THE CZAR'S CELLAR.

BEING at war both with France and England, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has his supplies of champagne stopped by the French, and we take care to seal up all his ports.

Vegetables for the Army.

It has been proposed that the Commissariat should issue rations of cauliflower to clothing Colonels, to compensate those gallant officers for the loss of cabbage which they have sustained through a recent arrangement.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH HINT TO NICHOLAS.

"*Mon cher, le Jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle.*"

In other words, the game you are at present playing, my dear fellow, is not worth one of your own tallow-candles.

INDECISION.—The indecision of the KING OF PRUSSIA is known now by a different term—it is called "Berlin-Woolgathering."

LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE CZAR.—NICHOLAS has been the author of great misfortunes to Russia. He is an author whose subjects will soon be all threadbare.

GREECE (*newly defined*).—Since Greece has been backing up Russia it has been called "the RUSSIAN BEAR'S-GREECE."



*Managing Mama.* "MY GOODNESS, ELLEN, HOW WRETCHEDLY PALE YOU ARE; FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BITE YOUR LIPS AND RUB YOUR CHEEKS."

### THE PALMERSTONIAN SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP.

IN his justly celebrated character of judicious bottle-holder, LORD PALMERSTON comes forward with an ink-bottle, and advice touching the employment of its contents. He will have all the Press with him: for every Editor is too well acquainted with the misery inflicted by illegible MS. There is, as the noble Lord remarks, a great want of proper teaching in the art of writing, and without having lived so long in the world as to be obliged to wear spectacles or mount a double eyeglass, we cordially concur in his Lordship's opinion as to what is proper and improper in that art:—

"The great bulk of the middle and lower orders write hands too small and indistinct, and do not form their letters; or they sometimes form them by alternate broad and fine strokes, which make the word difficult to read. The handwriting which was generally practised in the early and middle part of the last century was far better than that now in common use, and LORD PALMERSTON would suggest that it would be very desirable that the attention of schoolmasters should be directed to this subject, and that their pupils should rather be taught to imitate broad printing than fine copper-plate engraving."

We may say that fine writing is as great a mistake in letters as it is in literature—the chief use, whether of language or characters, is to get understood. It is a duty to write intelligibly to both the intellect and the eye. There are some who, for the life of them, cannot perform this duty in either of its branches—unfortunate persons!—but he who willfully neglects it, or transgresses it, is a rogue, or at best little better than a rogue; that is, a humbug. There is a suspicious look about flourishes with the pen; and florid phraseology has a corresponding expression. By either is indicated a design to show off at least, and in all show-off there is something of the nature of imposition. Not to go so far as to argue that a man's moral character may be judged of by his handwriting, it may be affirmed that a letter well and plainly written is a letter of recommendation to the writer; raises a presumption at least in favour of his honesty.

It is to be hoped that LORD PALMERSTON will publish some copy-books with all the old texts: "Familiarity doth breed Contempt," and the other plagues of our boyhood: newly written, in defiance and contempt of that effete superstition of light upstrokes and heavy downstrokes. And we also wish he would open a school in Downing Street

wherein to furnish instruction in penmanship on the Palmerstonian system. This establishment should be provided with a shop window, wherein the noble lord should place the testimonials of persons whose handwriting has been bettered by his instructions. These would be precisely the converse of those which the public is now familiar with, which exhibit, as the effect of so many weeks' tuition under Mr. So and So, a uniform dead level of mechanical copy, differing from the "scrawl," which they are exhibited as improvements on, chiefly by having had the stamp of their individuality effaced. In general also they are much less legible at any distance than the original potbooks; and therefore altogether considerably worse than these. Accordingly the testimonials in LORD PALMERSTON'S window should consist of contrasts between handwriting deteriorated and handwriting developed. As thus:—

1. "This is a specimen of my handwriting after having been spoilt in six lessons by a common writing master!" and 2. "This is my natural handwriting restored and amended by one hour's practice in the system of the HOME SECRETARY."

LORD PALMERSTON has always enjoyed some reputation for ability in Government, and whatever some people may think of that, they cannot refuse him credit for judgment in ruling the public copy-book.

### Hospitality in High Quarters.

WE are afraid the rumour that DR. WAAGEN is to be fetched from Germany, and made director of the National Gallery, is too good to be true. At the British Museum, for example, we have so very few places filled by Germans, Italians, and other foreigners, that it would be quite a refreshing novelty to see some little patronage extended to alien ability, instead of being exclusively lavished on native talent.

BUFFON IMPROVED BY NICHOLAS.

JUDGING impartially from the quantity of *Te Deums* that have been heard at St. Petersburg, we should say that the Russian Eagle was, most decidedly, a Bird of PRAY.

### THE GOVERNMENT POSTAGE-DAMPER.

WE see advertised several "Postage-Dampers," each extolling loudly its own particular merit. However, we think the Government is fairly entitled to the credit of having invented the largest and most wonderful machine of this kind, and we appeal to the arrangements for conveying letters to the East and the Baltic as satisfactory proofs that we are not bestowing upon the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand any praise that has not been most honourably earned. Could, in fact, any process be more "damping" than the one they have adopted? They receive a letter, keep it for some six weeks, and then charge the poor soldier to whom it is addressed some two or three shillings for it! This "Postage-Damper" is only capable, it seems to us, of one improvement, and we have no doubt that the Government will very quickly avail itself of it. The improvement we allude to is to enforce the prepayment of all letters to the Seat of War, and to keep them until the brave soldiers return; that is to say, not to send their letters at all. Surely if news is worth three shillings when only six weeks old, it must be much more valuable when it has acquired the good old age of a twelvemonth or two. Therefore we would recommend that each letter, before it is redeemed, should be charged according to the longevity of the intelligence it contains. We imagine that this system, if vigorously pursued, would prove a most efficient "damper" to all letters and all letter-writing.

### A Case for the Bishop of Exeter.

AT Bovey Tracy, in Devonshire, the HON. and REV. MR. COURTENAY—according to the *Western Times*—"has been making a niche" in the church "for a holy water basin." The basin being duly prepared, we leave it to the BISHOP OF EXETER to administer to MR. COURTENAY a due towelling.

### Dreadful Condition of Scotland.

THE Scotch are in such dreadful want of another Scotchman, that an enthusiast in the *Scotsman* newspaper has proved NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA to be of Highland "extraction." If true, all the better for the Highlands, we should say, that NICHOLAS is well out of them.



"I'LL PUNCH YOUR 'EAD, DIRECTLY, IF YOU DON'T LEAVE ORFF. HOW DO YER THINK THE WHAT'S-A-NAMES 'LL BITE, IF YOU KEEF ON A SPLASHIN' LIKE THAT?"

RUDE AND CRUDE OBSERVATIONS.

BY A PLATITUDINARIAN.

NONE of us like the crying of another person's baby.

"I won't" is a woman's Ultimatum.

No man knows when he goes to law, or gets into a cab, what he will have to pay on getting out of it. Red tape is the legal chalk with which a lawyer ruddles his sheep.

If we all had windows to our breasts to-morrow, what a demand there would be for blinds!

When a man has been "drinking like a fish," it is "the salmon" always that is to blame for it.

The Truth, with "London Pure Milk," lives certainly at the bottom of a well.

Years are the milestones which tell us the distance we have travelled, but it's rarely women count them.

Conversation was hid for a long time, until it was discovered in a bag of filberts.

Some persons are fond of "opening their minds" to you, as if it were a dirty-linen bag—only to let you see the foul things that can drop out of it.

Women, when they talk of "a good figure," must mean the figure 8, for that is the figure which is the most pulled in at the middle.

The dissipations that persons resort to to drown care, are like the curtains that children in bed pull round them to keep out the dark.

The bread of repentance we eat, is often made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.

CAPITAL TITLE FOR A NEW COMPANY.—"The DISRAELI Assurance Company."

OUR CRITIC AMONG THE PAINTERS. No. 5.

It is a great pleasure to find one's own wits jumping with a brother critic's, sometimes; for there are followers of the craft, whom if I found of the same mind with myself upon a work of art, I should conclude I must be wrong. But it is a bore when the other gentleman's judgment happens to be the first printed, as was the case in the *Spectator* of Sunday week, where I found the same pictures which I had selected for special mention in my last notice, praised to a tune almost identical with my own. All I can say is, that my notice was in the printer's hands, though not the public's, before the *Spectator's*, and that it is a case of coincidence and not copying.

I am proud, I confess, to find my eye and mind taking the same track as the *Spectator's*, but I mention the fact less out of pride, or to deprecate the suspicion of plagiarism, than that my readers may assign what value they think proper to either of our opinions from its coincidence with the other. If RHADAMANTHUS in *Punch* is infallible, then MINOS in the *Spectator* must be right; or if MINOS be right, RHADAMANTHUS can't be wrong.

Thus, my lord and lady public, you are quite safe in pinning your faith on the two of us together. What you are to do when we differ, I am at a loss to advise; and I find we do differ on one picture—MR. SOLOMON'S *Second Class*. MINOS calls it "sentimental"—using the word by way of disparagement. I confess that neither from the picture nor the word can I gather what MINOS objects to. It seems to me, for my part, that the subject is a well-chosen one. A widowed mother, with her daughter, is accompanying her boy—on his way to embark for his first voyage. The train has nearly reached its destination; and from the window of the second-class carriage you see the masts of the shipping, among which is the craft on board of which our cabin-boy is entered. The suppressed agony of parting has begun to work in the widow's face; the full tide of grief is setting in the sister's eyes, and the boy tries hard to gulp down his tears, from shame of a jolly tar in the same carriage in company with his "old woman," to whom parting has grown so common, that she faces it like a stoic, though she can understand the mother's sorrow still.

This story is intelligibly told. The expression of the heads seems to me feelingly, faithfully, and not obtrusively rendered. I wish MINOS would tell me exactly what he means by "sentimental," when he uses it as a term of contempt, or at least, dispraise. I presume he employs the word as equivalent to "mawkish," and if so, I vow I can see nothing mawkish in either subject or treatment. The subject is one that concerns motherly, sisterly, and filial love; and the workings of these various affections are all shown without weakness or over-forcing. I find the public understand the picture and are touched by it; and I

must own that to my mind it excels everything the painter of it has hitherto produced. Its companion picture, the *First Class*, pleases me less. I admit that the old gentleman sleeping in the sunlight, is capital, but the young lady looks to me affected, and the "gent" I fearlessly assert and will maintain to be an arrant spooney. But, setting aside this difference in our verdicts—MINOS and myself are of one mind—as to the pictures chosen for chief praise. The truth is, I believe that we both seek for the same things in a picture, and that there are so few pictures in the Exhibition in which these things have been principally aimed at, that no two men looking for them can miss them. What these things are, I must leave you to gather from all I have written or may write upon the subject of the year's pictures.

Among the painters who this year have gathered new strength by touching their mother earth, I ought to have enumerated FRANK STONE, who in the *Old Old Story* (which he has been telling, in every variety of costume this many many a year), has got quite a revived and fresh character by using his brush to paint men and women in picturesque, real *chasses*, at Boulogne, instead of models in masquerade-suits out of Wardour Street.

There is one work left for notice which aims higher, both in the dignity of the subject and the scale of its presentation, than any I have yet alluded to—I mean MR. E. M. WARD'S Picture of *Argyle's Last Sleep*. Except his *Marie Antoinette in the Temple*, MR. WARD has done nothing so good as this. To be sure, there are still his unpleasant technical mannerisms, blackness in shadows, flickering lights, untrue in themselves, and cutting up his masses in a way very destructive of dignity, and even effect to my eye; the conscience-stricken Lord of Council is unnecessarily bilious, and too tremendously remorseful even for such agony as is indicated in the story quoted in the catalogue; the turnkey—characteristic and national as his face is—does not come out from the door in substantial flesh and blood. But, after all, ARGYLE sleeping his calm sleep, is the crowning piece of the work, and that personage is nobly and feelingly represented. The likeness is true, as it ought to be in a work meant for a page of the Painted History of England, that is to cover the walls of the New Houses of Parliament. The expression in head and limbs tells unmistakably of a mind at ease, anticipating restful death in deep and dreamless sleep. The accessories—watch, Bible, heather-sprig, and paper with last thoughts—are well chosen, and placed to help the sentiment and point the story. Had all the picture equalled the left hand part of it, very few English pictures of its class would have been so good—still fewer better. As it is, with the defects (for such they appear to me) which I have mentioned, I feel glad and proud that this work is destined to be hung in a place befitting historical pictures. What need to talk of STANFIELD or ROBERTS? to indicate names and works that people go to, in

the catalogue or on the walls, at once and, as it were, instinctively?—to point out merits that everyone recognises? For the same reason I will say nothing of Mr. GRANT'S simple and manly portrait of LORD JOHN, or of his massive head of T. B. MACAULAY.

I have intentionally forbore to speak of MR. MACLISE'S picture. I respect the thought and courage, visible all through it, the painter's mastery of hand in details of drawing, and his honest and conscientious elaboration. But the work leaves me unmoved, unaffected, unimpressed. I neither feel the horror of the slaughter, nor the grim irony of the bridal. Any raptures I might throw myself into over it would certainly be insincere; any disparagement I might give way to would deserve to be called impertinent. Who can fail to see that the strength of no common man has been put forth on that vast canvas? Before I venture to judge it I should wish to see it hung in some vast Gothic hall where, in rivalry with painted glass and bright tapestry, it would, I believe, have an effect and significance which here, amid the crowded and garish commonplace of the Academy walls, it is not to its discredit to be wanting in.

And now, when I have mentioned a dreamy and fanciful head, by ARMITAGE, called *The Lotus Eater*; CRESWICK'S Landscapes—in the old style of subject and effect—and some charming landscapes by less known hands, especially two still Welsh river bits of MR. DEARLE'S; a little glade in a Kentish wood, by a new man, ROSE, and an admirable *View of Toulon*, with a shelving beach and a ragged seaside track, by a Toulonnais, COURDONAN, in which the arid ashy-coloured hills in the distance are given with a terrible truth, and which, with the wonted courtesy of the Academy hangers, as the work of a foreigner, has been put down close to the floor,—I have really exhausted all in the Exhibition that has left such an impression on my mind as to render a catalogue unnecessary. No, I had forgotten a masterly portrait of *Dr. Blakiston*, by a painter unknown to me, bearing the same name—unpretending, small, but marvellously finished, rich in colour, appropriate in details, and unmistakable in characterization. Look for that portrait, my lord and lady public; it will repay the trouble, though the search may be a long one—and, when you have gone down on your knees to it (which you must do) tell me what you think of it.

Let me also applaud the cocks and hens of MR. HUGGINS; they are almost miniatures of the poultry yard. Neither HONDIUS nor HONDEKOTER ever planted King Chanticleer more royally on his legs nor gave him a more knowing wag of the wattles over treasure-trove of barl-corn or grub. And it is something to see even cocks and hens painted with such nice observation and genuine sympathy as MR. HUGGINS shows in his little pictures. I hereby dub him painter in ordinary—*de la basse cour*.

It is not pleasant to think that in so short a compass should be comprehended all that a critic by calling—suppose him the barrenest of his craft—can find to say, honestly and with meaning, of an exhibition containing some 1200 works, within his judgment. Perhaps this is his fault. Let him hope for the arts' sake it may be.

#### "E'EN IN THEIR ASHES LIVE THEIR WONTED FIRES."

GOVERNOR HUBBARD of the Bank of England has made a noble stand upon the churchyards of London. He gallantly sets his back against a tombstone, and defies the sacrilegious rabble who would interfere with the gold-mines (belonging to the Church) in every city churchyard. Nevertheless, we fear the church-yards are doomed; and, what is worse, the bishops and archdeacons and deans who have proposed to themselves the last long solace of reposing in city churchyard—their long, sweet sleep soothed by the wheels of omnibus—will haply be compelled to lie under grass-green velvet quilt gemmed with silver daisies.

In this dilemma, *Punch* has a proposal to make. What if the Bank cellars were so enlarged as to afford commodious lying for a select few of the Church; of dignitaries, like the BISHOP OF LONDON for instance and ARCHDEACON HALE, who all their lives have been lovely in their gold, and in their deaths would not be separated from it?

There would be a fine moral in such a cemetery. Here bars of gold; and here a dead Bishop! The Bank cellars are, of course, by the precious metal they contain, already consecrated.

#### A Figure Head Saint.

A CELEBRATED image of St. NICHOLAS—a great miracle-maker—has been placed at the prow of the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE'S ship. The Saint is warranted to stop every cannon-ball of an enemy; catching the ball in his teeth, and duly swallowing it; the miracle to be duly swallowed again by the people of Holy Russia.

GREAT REDUCTION OF STOCK.—Since the abolition of the military stock, we think we can congratulate England upon possessing, at all events, one laughing-stock the less.

#### TEETOTAL TRUTH!



ALLANTLY faithful to their tragic threat, half-a-dozen teetotalers met together last week at Exeter Hall, to denounce the contemplated iniquity of the Crystal Palace Company, who propose to vend wine and malt to the Sydenham pilgrims. The meeting was not very numerous, but particularly noisy.

Much dirty water was spouted; we say, especially dirty; inasmuch as these temperance apostles think it all sufficient to morals if they abstain from alcoholic potations. They may misrepresent, they may cant and

slander,—if they drink no wine. They may deal in hypocrisy, if they shun spirits: they may maul the dead, if they avoid the beer-cask. It matters not how dirty be their speech if their water-bottles contain only the pure lymph. They may wound like wasps, if they only eschew the bees-wing.

The EARL OF HARRINGTON (it is something to catch a live earl in water; a celebrity only second to the second coming hippopotamus) presided over the minnows; and made a very significant speech; quite characteristic of the veracity and temperance that ordinarily distinguish these hydrocephalous CICEROS. He said—the good, veracious Earl!—he said:—

"The Directors were not allowed to make a gin-shop of the Palace, but yet they had made it a large beer-shop. (Cheers.) In conclusion he stigmatised the act of the Directors as obtaining money under false pretences, because the people had subscribed under the belief that the charter would be carried out. (Cheers.)"

Is there not such a thing as evil speaking under assumed benevolence; is there not slandering under false pretences of Christian charity? We ask: is there not, O Exeter Hall! And Exeter Hall does not echo "Not!"

Another Speaker informed the meeting that they had had an interview with the President of the Board of Trade, from whom they gathered that the Home Office (sensible, astute PALMERSTON! Genuine hater of crawling humbug, or humbug rampant!) "saw no reason for opposing the introduction of wine and beer, but that they would exclude spirits!"

Another Orator much wondered that "the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY should consecrate a beer-shop." Possibly this innocent gentleman had never heard, or if so, had wholly forgotten the fact of ONE who "consecrated" a wedding-feast with wine miraculous!

However, the QUEEN is to be next assaulted by these water-spouts. Who knows that HER MAJESTY did not herself take a glass of wine to the success of the Crystal Palace, even as, a few days since, she cracked a bottle to the good fortune of the *Royal Albert*. We trust that HER MAJESTY will be duly protected from the impertinence of these Temperance Apostles. *Mr. Punch* always desires to respect the liberty of the subject; nevertheless, it would not throw him into a very violent passion if the Temperance deputation, in lieu of being conducted to the QUEEN, were one and all duly introduced to the Palace pump.

By all means, let DR. LATHAM make models of these water-men—these bipeds with fins—for the Ethnological Department. On second thoughts, we would prefer for the Crystal Palace a live teetotal Earl. A glass jar might be blown big enough to hold him; a jar to be covered with a copy of the Crystal Charter—as with parchment you cover a leech-bottle—that allows the sale of beer and wine. We are not so inhuman as to wish to cork our Earl; though assuredly there were at Exeter Hall a few water-bottle men who, for the peace of society, ought to be laid down for good and all, and never drawn.

#### A Dreadful Attack.

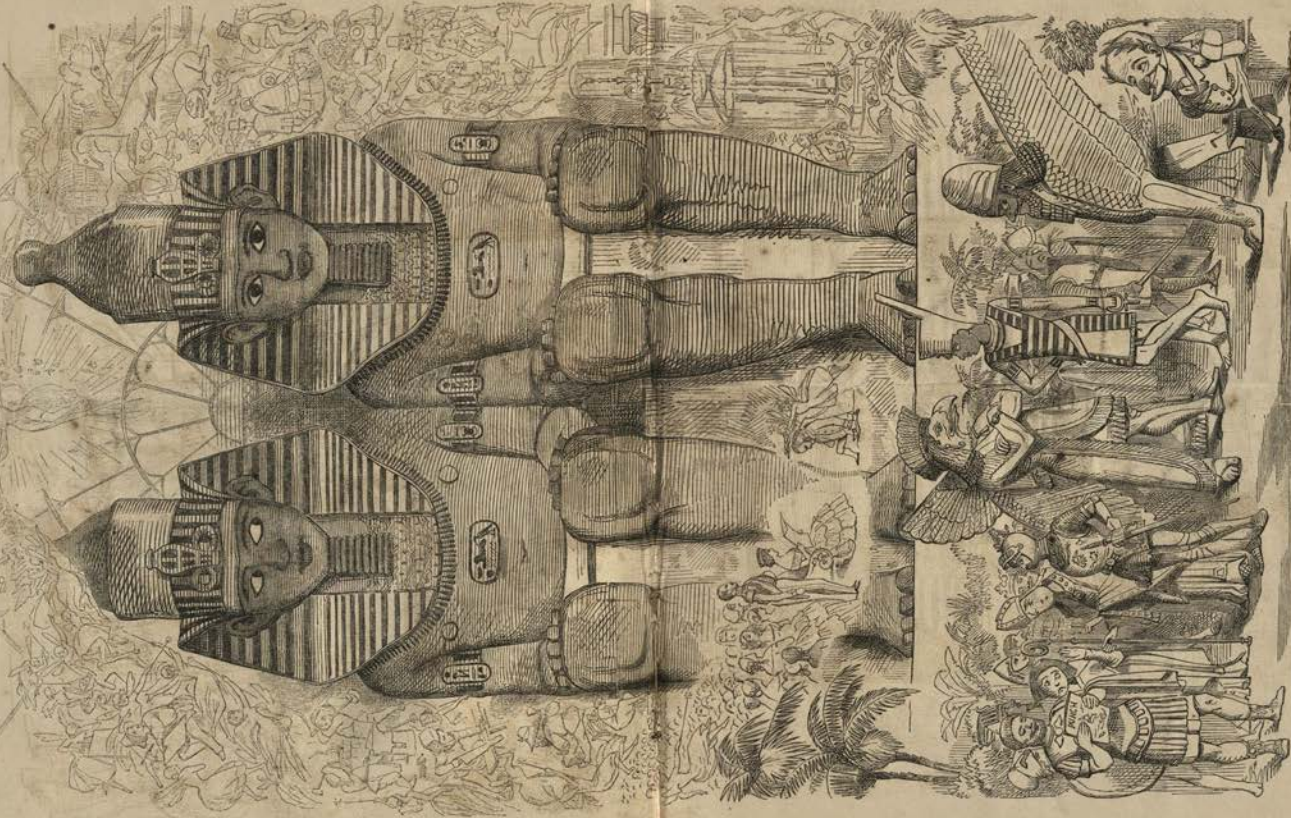
ACCORDING to the last accounts, NICHOLAS is very ill. It is a nervous disorder, we are told. Nothing more likely, and when NAPIER begins his work in good earnest, we shouldn't be in the least surprised if His Imperial Majesty was laid up with a very serious attack of BALTIC Douloureux.

#### GLIMMERINGS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

TAILORS were always famous for "doing a bit of stiff." It is a curious coincidence that military stocks and clothing colonels should have been simultaneously abolished.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."—The Repeal of the Income-Tax.





A REVERIE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.





KING CHARLES'S RESTORATION.



KING CHARLES MATHEWS (with his head) has been restored to his throne; and has issued the subjoined proclamation from his royal palace in the Strand. True majesty moves and shines in every line. *Duncan's* Dutch metal crown was not more truly regal. If KING OTHO had only a spice of the dignity that embalms the yet living KING CHARLES, he would have snapped his royal fingers in the face of France and England. We propose to enshrine the precious proclamation in our pages for all time.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, in announcing the RE-OPENING of his THEATRE, cannot resist the opportunity it affords him of expressing publicly the great pride and pleasure experienced by Mrs. MATHEWS and himself from the *unexampled loyalty* and friendship of every member of the company, who, together with the workmen and servants of the establishment, have shown

faith in the management as unequivocal as it is gratifying, having firmly held together for a period of five weeks, in spite of the temptations offered of immediate engagements elsewhere, and have patiently waited the chance of his being able to resume his position. MR. MATHEWS, while thus thanking them for their confidence and goodwill, ventures to hope that this steady adherence of those who have for years been associated with him, and who, while most intimately acquainted with his conduct and habits, have stood by him through sorrow and loss, will prove the best guarantee that the many reports which have found credence from time to time with the public have not been founded in truth, and that the unscrupulous disregard of every principle of honour and probity so frequently and so falsely attributed to him will appear wholly at variance with the continued cordiality and friendship of all those who have longest known him.

"Unexampled loyalty!" Let us begin with loyalty. Well, it is a gratifying, an ennobling truth that warms the heart like wine, to know that of all the follies, faults, and weaknesses that beset poor fallible human nature, the actor—in that one conservative virtue, *loyalty*—is an entire and perfect chrysolite. As well, with mere human teeth, try to bite a fracture in the Koh-i-Noor, as hope to flaw the loyalty of your true actor. Bray him in a mortar, and he would not crack. Assail him with money-bags, and he will never split. No: his hand has signed his faith to his monarch manager, and you might lay that hand upon a gridiron and grill it like unto a mutton chop, but that hand remains faithful to its first ink. There may be no treasury, but the heart is full; so perish lucre and long live loyalty!

How beautiful, too, to contemplate the loyal actor proudly smiling (with a little bit of contempt puckering the corners of the plastic lips)—smiling we say at the vain and worthless temptations of another monarch, desirous at any increase of fortune, to corrupt and carry away, it may be, the loyal Light Comedian—the loyal Heavy Old Man—the loyal Walking Gentleman—or even the loyal General Utility. In vain. The loyal actor laughs—laughs contemptuously—at the bribe of double salary, regularly paid, and—his stomach may be empty—but, as we say, his heart is full, and defying the tempter, he proudly strikes that heart, and like a flung-down shilling, it rings with precious loyalty.

Sweet then is adversity to a manager, for it teaches him the virtues of those who in their loyalty love and honour him! What human parcels of unknown spices may be in a playhouse, until the adversity of the monarch *impresario*, shall have pinched and pinched them, and so brought out their fragrance! NAPOLEON would never have known all the fidelity of MONTHOLON, had NAPOLEON never known St. Helena. How could Manager STRUTT even guess at the loyalty of a DAGGERWOOD, if STRUTT had never known the street of Basinghall!

What an example does the playhouse present to the real brick-and-mortar-hearted world without! Let all the ORLEANS family take private boxes, and therefrom contemplate the undying loyalty of Lyceum actors in comparison with the fleeting fidelity of French politicians. Could the shifting, twisting, facile TALLEYRAND even for a moment confront the loyal blaze in the eye of a FRANK MATHEWS? One moment, perhaps; and the next, the Frenchman would be a small heap of very white ashes.

But there is good reason for this abounding, this everlasting loyalty in the breasts of players towards their manager. A scoffing, careless world may not know the sort of affecting tenures by which certain actors hold their places and engage their loyalty. For instance, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON holds Strathfieldsaye by tenure of giving in a yearly flag at Windsor. In like manner, the low Comedian holds his

place by laying, every season, on the dressing-table of his manager, a new hare's foot. The Old Man pays his fealty in three burnt corks; and the Walking Gentleman in half-an-ounce of carmine.

A VISION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THERE are things more frail than visions, there are falser words than dreams

Bring, unchallenged, wildly mingling strangest with most common themes;

But I know not, as each Master laid his gift before the throne, If I thought the thought of myriads, or my fancy strayed alone.

Marching came a swarth procession, mustering from the banks of Nile,

Abject-eyed believers, marshalled by stern priests with eyes of guile. And with mystic types and symbols were their garments studded o'er, And the awful veil of Isis was the banner that they bore.

Following trod a prouder army, striding on with martial tread, From a City, lost for ages, that hath yielded up her dead. And a grim and giant Monster stalking fiercely in the van, 'Twas a winged Beast—more dreadful that it wore the face of man.

Next a graceful throng went by me, from a classic region fair, Chiselled features, flowing garments, laurel wreaths in golden hair; And a God and Goddess led them, glorious types of War and Peace, NEPTUNE and MINERVA ever watching o'er their well loved Greece.

From their seven-hilled home eternal, then the haughty Swordsmen came,

Lictor's fasces, gory axe-head, and the she-wolf's glance of flame, And four ever famous Letters borne on high in that array, Told a world that Rome was present—proudly bade the world obey.

Whose luxurious pomp succeeds them, who in smiling throng advance, Glistening in that flowery raiment, tripping as to feast and dance? So they glistened, so they revelled, so was struck the sparkling lyre, On the day Pompeii perished, shrieking in yon mountain's fire.

Some come mourning, come as those whose brightest day hath shone and fled.

Are they from Byzantium's rampart, where a hero-king lies dead— From the noblest fane that glows beneath an orientalsky— Raised to Christian Wisdom—bearing now the symbol of a Lie.

Came the Church in purple glory and a wealth of gems and gold, Steel clad knights in soldier-splendour, banners of emblazoned fold, Armourer, herald, jester, hawker, planet-reader, squire and page, Chivalry's thrice gorgeous chapter from her proudest Middle Age.

Art's procession followed, calmly, lofty as their port should be, Who had dashed down feudal shackles, and proclaimed that Art is free. Gazing on their deeds of beauty, who but scorns the bigot prate, That assails their noble mission with a Goth's fantastic hate?

What a glorious train came after, every lofty face a Fame, All whose Thought our age inherits, or our age itself shall claim. Those whose names, in self-made light, are burning still on honour's scrolls,

Those to whom the world is debtor—shall be debtor while it rolls.

But what thunder wave of music comes in grandeur surging out? Never yet ascended Homage in a nobler, mightier shout, Fancy's visions instant scatter—sense itself is growing dim, As all space seems tiding over with that rushing, whelming hymn.

There are things more frail than visions, there are falser words than dreams

Bring, unchallenged, wildly mingling strangest with most common themes;

And I know not, as each Master laid his gift before the Throne. If I thought the thought of myriads, or my fancy strayed alone.



#### WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*Old Sage loq.* "I SHOULD GIVE IT A GLAZE OF PURE BLUE, AND THEN FETCH IT UP WITH INDIAN RED AND LAMP-BLACK FOR THE HIGH LIGHTS. SEE WHAT I MEAN?—PERDOOSE TONE."

#### HOW TO MAKE TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

THE law report in the papers of Tuesday shows an easy way of making two hundred pounds which, it seems, may be achieved by any scoundrel who threatens anybody else with a prosecution for felony. Such at least would be the inference from a dictum of one of our ablest judges, MR. BARON PARKE, who, if he has been truly reported, observed from the bench, that "he considered there were a great many persons who would have given a far larger amount [than £200] rather than have had a prosecution against them." In another place the learned judge is reported to have said, "his own opinion was that there were few persons who would not have given a larger sum rather than run the risk of having their character ruined."

If this estimate of the moral courage of society is a correct one, if it be true that many men are such abject cowards that they would rather pay a larger sum than £200, than run the risk of having their character ruined, it is quite clear that there are many men who, if they happen to have £200 and a character, are worthy the attention of the numerous scoundrels, professional and mock professional, as well as lay, who infest society.

For our own parts we, with great respect, beg to dissent *in toto* from the judicial opinion, as imputed by the reports to MR. BARON PARKE, and, notwithstanding all the uncertainty of the results of law proceedings, both criminal and civil, we hope there are very few men indeed who would pay two hundred farthings, or indeed respond in any way, except through the police, should they be threatened in the manner which the learned Judge seems to think would have such a painful effect on their nerves as to act powerfully on their pockets.

If MR. BARON PARKE has been mis-reported—which we trust he may have been—he owes it to society to set himself right, for to a timid man, menaced by some of the pests with which the world abounds, it will be but poor consolation to remember that a Judge on the bench is said to have observed, "There are few persons who would not have given a larger sum [than £200] rather than run the risk of having their character ruined."

#### A SEVERE VISITATION.

Most people are aware that a bishop's triennial progress throughout his diocese is called the bishop's visitation: but few know how well it deserves that name. The readers of the *Daily News*, however, are awake to the fact that it is indeed a regular visitation, as it costs the unfortunate clergy, on whom it is inflicted, a fee. From the same journal it may be learned that the visitation fee is demanded, though the visitation may not be held. This our contemporary proves by the quotation of a circular lately addressed to the clergy of the diocese of Bath and Wells, demanding the usual fee of them for the bishop, and at the same time signifying that their attendance at the "ensuing visitation"—which was not to ensue—would be dispensed with. Thus the visitation, although not held, was *endured*. But this is not all: for the BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS died before his visitation fell due to his clergy, or their visitation fees to him; notwithstanding which the visitation fees are still demanded of them: the claimant being the ARCHBISHOP. Thus it may be said that the essential part of the visitation has been preserved; namely, the Charge: but there is gross impropriety in this argument, for it involves a joke, and indeed a practical joke, and a very heavy joke, at the expense of the poor parsons.

#### THE VICTORY OF ODESSA.

A MUSCOVITE ROMANCE.

Brave STCHEGOLOFF fired shell and rocket off,  
Assisted by three valiant boys from school,  
Young DEMINISTRE, SKOROBOGATOFF,  
And the indomitable MASTER PUHL.

Earth gaped—sky stared—it was a thing to wonder at,  
How on our foes his guns kept up a roar;  
They with four hundred cannons him did thunder at,  
And he replied to them with only four!

But his reply confounded their audacity  
With damage more than equal to its noise;  
Though that shook mountains—trust me for veracity—  
Yet louder still the people cheered the boys.

Imagine myriads that immense name hallowing  
Of SKOROBOGATOFF, with all their might!  
What followed was, of course, cock-sure of following,  
With shattered hulks the Anglo-French took flight.



BAD EGGS.—All the Russian shells, on bursting, are intended to distribute a yoke.

SONGS BY "OUR COLONELS."

THE LAMENT OF COLONEL MARTINET, K.C.B.

(Late Clothing Colonel of the gallant Onety-Oneth.)



Ah me! the tailor's goose is flown  
That laid the Colonel's golden eggs!  
The little perquisites are gone  
That kept poor Colonels on their legs!

No more shall gallant veterans wield  
The scissors nimbly as the sword:  
And charge not boldlier foes on field,  
Than friends upon the clothing-board.

To please vile *Punch* and viler *Times*,  
HERBERT my hard-won hopes has baffled!  
SIDNEYS have bled for smaller crimes,  
(See LORD JOHN RUSSELL) on the scaffold!

What good's to come of this great boon?  
If one may judge by every omen,  
The soldier's to be made a spoon,  
But one that ne'er will stir our foemen.

They've lowered the guardsman's bearskin shako;  
Clapped on his head, ere well the war 'gan,  
A forage-cap, like that which Jacko  
Wears, while congeing on an organ.

They've given the soldier leave to wear  
(As though his strength lay in his locks)  
Unlimited amounts of hair—  
And—worse than all—abolished Srocks!

How long will civil funds keep up,  
When military stocks are low?  
Can slovens smartly "shoulder hup!"  
Or guns, without stocks, floor the foe?

The neck it squeezed; it swelled the eyes;  
True—but "heads up" it kept the clown—  
The colonel's cholera needs must rise  
To see the private's collar down!

To guard your guards and line from sun,  
With pillow-case you swathe the head—  
Soldier fear sun! Son of a gun!  
Put the man bodily to bed!

Give him a night-shirt—do—at once—  
Expense of uniforms 'twill save;  
Let his beard grow like MR. MUNTZ,  
And only colonels closely shave.

Don't flog him when he misbehaves;  
Don't shoot him if on post found napping;  
Teach him that time was made for slaves;  
Unpipeclayed leave his low black strapping.

When thus the soldier you require—  
All day long but to stand at ease;  
Let me to private life retire,  
And fools be colonels, if they please



THE EX-CLOTHING COLONEL TO HIS SWORD.

My Sword! how bright and lovely thine unsullied blade appears,  
Now that I wave thee only, and have ceased to wield the Shears!  
Ay, now, faith, I can brandish thee with pride, my battle blade.  
Since, all resigned to Glory, I've no more to do with Trade.

How bounds my gallant charger, and neighs to join the fight  
Seeing thee flash and sparkle as thou glancest in the light!  
If I a Goose were flourishing, not thus my steed would neigh,  
Although I were a Tailor proud as ever pranced away.

Into the rolling Danube my Thimble will I pitch,  
And fling my Needle after it, no more to do a stitch.  
My only List, the Army List, from this time forth shall be  
Nor will I cut out anything, except, my Sword, with thee!

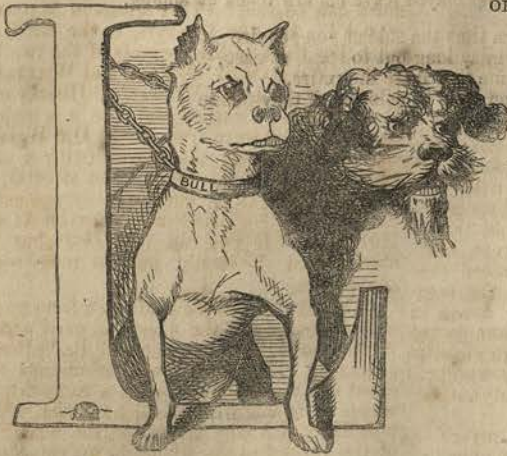
A Washy Composer.

THE musical critic in the *Times* compares the music of M. ADOLPHE ADAM to "the rinsings of M. AUBER's bottles." The illustration is much to our taste, and the idea may be variously applied. For example, it may be said that the singing of an imitation JENNY LIND is but the sediment of the Swedish nightingale's "Jug;" or that the musical compositions of one of the mock classical school, are but the ashes of our friend BACH's 'Bacco pipe. As a climax to this style of illustration, we would compare the polkas and other airs of an imitation JULIEN to the exhausted odours of the Great Maestro's pocket-handkerchief.

THE BATTLE THAT IS FOUGHT ON THE HEARTH.

THE poor fellow, whose wife has, for the last ten years, been continually giving him "a bit of her mind," has just declared himself anxious to have a "Peace-at-any-price."

## LORD PALMERSTON ON PENMANSHIP.



*Punch* has been favoured—(he will not say by whom)—with specimens from the hand of the EARL OF ABERDEEN, before and after tuition, by the accomplished HOME SECRETARY. We select two:—

*My Style before I took a Lesson.*

"I think the CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS is a perfect gentleman. I believe in NICHOLAS as the great legitimate beadle of Europe; a man who combines the biggest cocked hat with the noblest sense of order. A man of truth; indeed, a perfect gentleman is NICHOLAS.

*My Style after one Lesson.*

"I believe the CZAR to be a compound of hypocrite and bully: a swaggering mass of raw despotism. As was said of SYLLA, he is a mass of mud and blood. Very necessary is it for the future repose of the world that we make sharp and short work with the world's peacebreaker.

And this, it will be seen, after only one lesson. What a pity PALMERSTON was not called in many months ago!

LORD PALMERSTON, "touched to fine issues" in all things, has just put forth certain canons of penmanship. He complains that—

"The great bulk of the middle and lower orders write hands too small and indistinct and do not form their letters; or they sometimes form them by alternate broad and fine strokes, which make the words difficult to read."

His Lordship finally suggests that pupils should be taught rather to imitate broad printing than fine copper-plate engraving. In fact, rather to write broadsides than bank-notes.

LORD PALMERSTON, however, gives private lessons on style: and *Mr.*

"ABERDEEN."

"ABERDEEN."

## CHAMBER PRACTICE.

MADAME TUSSAUD has "a Chamber of Horrors," into which none are admitted but the greatest delinquents, on whose countenances there is set—in wax—the seal of iniquity. We doubt, however, whether MADAME TUSSAUD'S Chamber of Horrors can show anything much more horrible than may be found in the Judges' Chambers near Chancery Lane, when frequented by some of those sham attorneys and their pretended clerks, to whose doings the laxity of Chamber Practice too often fixes the seal of judicial authority.

Not long ago a suspected criminal, who had been refused bail at a Police Court, escaped the hands of justice through the mode of doing business at the Judges' Chambers, where a little perjury, a little personation, and the appearance of one or two sham attorneys or their pretended clerks, served to satisfy the "Judge at Chambers," who ordered the release of an alleged culprit, who has of course kept out of the way of trial.

Complaints have often been made of the want of dignity and decorum in the doings at the Judges' Chambers, where crowds of harpies are permitted to congregate, but we can scarcely wonder at the scandal having reached its present height, when the title of an attorney may be assumed without a challenge, and in some cases even costs may be awarded to the harpies, and "no questions asked" by the Judge or his underlings. "How are we to know," cries the judicial authority or his deputy, when a scamp is found to have defeated justice, and put honest persons to trouble and expense through the negligence practised at the Judges' Chambers. How are we to know indeed?—if we don't give ourselves the least trouble to inquire.

## The Force of Contrast.

WE have a shrewd suspicion that the poor meek-minded creatures who go in for "peace at any price," are afflicted with dreadfully unruly wives. We suspect that it is their having so much War at home that makes them anxious to see Peace at all events abroad.

AN UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.—The man who plants a birch tree little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

## MR. PUNCH AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

(Written for last week's insertion, at midnight.)

I AM fresh from that consummate piece of truth in action, *La Joie fait Peur*. Oh that our English actors could find such pieces! Oh that such pieces, if we had them, could find such actors! I have sat to-night and wept, amongst a weeping house, and it was all for the affection of a mother for her son, of a son for his mother, of a sister for her brother, of an old servant for the family he had grown grey in. The love passage of the story—as we narrow the word—is nothing. Nobody cares a fig for *Mathilde* and *Octave*. Better acting of both parts might do something even for them perhaps; but, as it is, and under any circumstances, the real moving interest of the act is concentrated entirely upon the domestic affections, in which there is intensity, but not what we call passion.

It seems, on our stage, as if we knew of no love but that of lovers. We ride that one wretched passion to death on the slightest provocation. The rich treasure of tenderness that lies under our hearthstones is all but unworked. See how much it yields in this one short act of deep pathos, varying emotion, breathless interest. And with all the call upon our cambric there is not a mawkish word or a single clap-trap from beginning to end. Perhaps none but a woman could have written the piece. That mother's hand, which comes in at the door to receive the breviary from the son so long mourned as dead, who, not daring to reveal himself, presses on the book the kiss he yearns to fasten on the wasted fingers, could only have been conceived by a woman. And what man could have imagined that sweet little *Blanche* in her sudden burst from constrained sorrow to natural joy, so beautifully impersonated by MADMOISELLE LUTHER?

I write warmly, because I feel warmly. In such pieces the stage is put to its best use, as a quickener and stirrer of the affections, without any aid from criminal intrigues, exceptional passions, startling alternations, or terrible incidents. But how infinitely more powerful than all these is that unyielding hold on the heart strings from first to last! And then the acting! Whom ought I to praise first, or loudest? REGNIER, with his bald head, bowed shoulders, and straggling old legs, loving, conceited, hasty, fond. How true in every movement

and intonation! How perfect in the filling up of his by-play, every bit of it belonging to the man and the scene, occupying him throughout, yet apparently unconscious, and only felt in its result of perfect and unforced truth.

Here was no drawing up for points, no driving of sentiments down the audience's throats with the sledge-hammers of accentuation, no exit speeches—all was graduated, mellow as an old picture, or as nature herself. The old man moved before us modest, gentlemanlike, yet every inch a servant; something you could not help at once loving and respecting, whether you laughed at him or cried with him. How terrible he was in that burst of emotion, when the lost one comes back, and he lunges forward, with the boast of self-possession stayed on his lips, into *Adrien's* arms, a helpless old bag of clothes! How pathetic in that anile storm of sudden sobbing, wrung from him by MADMOISELLE LUTHER'S pretty tender coaxing! How humorous in his conceit of his own force and foresight! how irresistible in his insuppressible outbursts of joy, while *Adrien's* safety is yet his sole secret!

Nor should MADAME ALLAN stand a step lower than REGNIER, for her perfect rendering of a still more difficult part, through two-thirds of which she has but to exhibit various shades of hopeless grief, and for the rest, the struggle of despair with a hope that is almost more terrible than despair. And LUTHER—what shall I say of dear, innocent, golden-haired, joyous little LUTHER? They tell terrible stories of the French stage; but I will stake my life that is a good girl. Why have we nothing in the remotest degree approaching MADMOISELLE LUTHER upon our stage? Why is that combination of innocence, archness, wilfulness, and lovingness, utterly unknown to our *répertoire*? Why is woman's joyousness with us almost always marred by coarseness? Why are our hoydens always Miss PRUES, more or less? Why is the combination of actors in this piece a thing to drive English stage-writers wild with despairing envy of their French brethren? Must this always be so? Are we for ever destined to see our few real artists, our CHARLES MATHEWSES, our WIGANS, our WEBSTERS, our KEELEYS, scattered few and far between like comets, instead of clustering—as ALLAN, REGNIER, LUTHER, cluster in this little act—into a constellation? Shall we never have an *ensemble* on a British stage? It behoves our authors and our actors to stir themselves for a reply.

## IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.

"Camp before Redout Kale, 28th May.  
 "(13th Shiboob. Turkish calendar.)"

Y DEAR SIR,

"THOUGH your periodical is jocular in its nature and title, and occasionally trifling in its details, I am told that a good deal of truth lurks in its satire; indeed that much more of the commodity is to be found in your columns than in the broadsides of your gigantic contemporaries, who profess to supply only authentic information.

"I am not myself a man of the least humour: I do not make jokes nor value them, nor understand them for the most part: so yours may be very good, though I for my part cannot comprehend what sets your readers a-laughing. The same is the case with tunes. The other day at the review at Scutari I mistook Abdul Medjeed's March for Rule Britannia: some of my brother poets I am told (I am considered



one of the first in the world) labour under a similar obtuseness

"But this is parenthetic; let us return to the subject in hand. I select you as the organ of my communications from the seat of War; 1st, because the Press though often misled is free in your country. And I desire the liberty of saying EVERYTHING, which I could not do in the *Journal des Débats* or the *Allgemeine Zeitung*: 2nd, because I know you exercise a great influence in Europe; and have seen personally the three Emperors, my friend the KING OF NAPLES, and HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, and CARDINAL ANTONELLI frantic at your satire: 3rd, because, strange to say, you appear to have engaged no correspondent: and 4th, because I am the best correspondent in the world.

"I took, but half an hour since, from the shako of a poor Russian friend, whom I have just killed in action, two or three copies of the *Times* newspaper, in which the editors seemed greatly to vaunt the skill of their correspondent in this quarter. Before I ever thought of putting pen to paper myself, I met this young man at Malta, and Gallipoli afterwards; gave him every information in my power, and supplied him with many of the facts, which I need not say he ludicrously distorted and exaggerated in his journal. He was put out of an English ship of war (he says, at his own desire) on board of a Greek schooner, the *Hagid Alethea*, off Gallipoli, and would have been murdered by the crew and the master (a pirate, and a very old friend of mine), for the sake of his portmanteau, which appeared to be pretty well plished, had I not happened to be drinking in the cabin with my friend the piratical skipper. At my entreaties, nay threats (for I had to produce my revolvers), the young man was saved; and I landed him at Gallipoli stairs, with his bag and baggage, without receiving from him even the present of a single cigar. Nor, as I see by his printed letters, has he made the least subsequent mention of his preserver: it will be well for him for the future not to come into the neighbourhood of the 14th *Bashi-Bozouks*, or their Colonel. I shall not give him any information any more. What I have I shall send to you, and through you to the world; and thus my indignation at the ingratitude of a newspaper writer, is possibly the cause of enlightening and instructing all Europe.

"Hitherto, all Europe has been wofully misled. Any one, for instance, who will take the trouble to tot up the number of dead Russians who are slaughtered in every newspaper bulletin that we get from the seat of war in the East, will find that they drop off at the rate of two or three thousand a day, and that a quarter of a million of them by this time must have gone to visit Hades. My good friend, *Mr. Punch*, these murderous histories are all bosh! Newspaper correspondents, I fully agree with my noble friends LORD SMOTHEREM and LORD BOTHEREM, in the House of Peers, are not to be relied upon, and ought to be put down. As for the Turks, they are notorious long-bow pullers. My poor friends the Russians, with and against whom I have served a good deal in the Caucasus, are greater liars than the unbelievers. What the nation wants is TRUTH. Truth pure, Truth unadulterated, Truth gushing from the original tap, such as perhaps no other man in Europe but myself is in a condition to supply.

"I choose to sign myself VERAX, though that of course is not my family name, which is the noblest in the three kingdoms; but have such a regard for truth in all things, that even of this little deviation from it I think fit to warn the reader. I never told a lie in my life (except, of course, a few to ladies, whom, I presume, no gentleman thinks of treating with the unadulterated article). I have lost fortunes—undergone imprisonment—braved and suffered the most frightful tortures for truth's sake. Every word of my letters may be relied

upon; and I should like to know of what hireling scribe and camp follower, of what ancient or modern writer—in a word, except myself—as much can be said? Take a page of MACAULAY—pooh! Ask the Quakers, or the old Tories, what they think of his accounts of the two WILLIAMS—WILLIAM OF ORANGE and WILLIAM OF DRAB? Read DEAN MILMAN's "History of the Latin Church;" learned and wise it is undoubtedly,—but if it were true, would DR. WISEMAN be wearing crimson silk gloves, (with a crowd of boys laughing at him in the streets), and FATHER NEWMAN be cutting jokes against the Establishment? Take SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON's History, and if you can read *that*—but it is absurd that I should put so monstrous a proposition.

"I speak about these gentlemen from memory of course (mine is the finest and most accurate in the world), but a colonel of *Bashi-Bozouks* sitting, as I am, with my wild scoundrels round about me, warming my toes at a camp-fire, over which my kabobjee is roasting a lamb; with the mountains of Anapa before me, the hoarse roar of the Black Sea discernible to my ear, the sun gilding the battered old minarets of Redout-Kaleh, from which we have just driven out the Russians, and where I have hanged a rascally Greek spy (after addressing him a most beautiful speech in his native language, with which and twenty-three other European dialects I am perfectly familiar); and where, in the affair of the morning, it was my painful duty to send a ball from my revolver through the eye of my poor old friend, MAJOR TIMKOWSKI, at the head of his regiment—a man with whom I have drunk many a bottle in happier times;—I say, were a man in my present position to pretend that he carried books about with him, and like FREDERIC or NAPOLEON had a campaign library, he would be humbugging the public. No, honest SELIM AGA, cooking the lamb yonder under my nose (By the laws, it smells very savoury, and a man who has not eaten for forty-nine hours, ridden two hundred and ten parasangs, had two horses and a mule shot under him, routed three regiments and fourteen squadrons of the enemy, taking nine of his guns, four of them with his own hand, shot a lamented old friend through the eye, and hung a Greek spy, has a right to feel a little hungry)—SELIM, the cook, I say, might as well expect to turn out a regular dinner of three courses, soup, fish, entrées, and confectionery, from the carcase of yonder lamb, as I to produce a regular, careful, philosophical, ornate history, such as some of my other works have been, and such as I should turn out if I were seated at ease in one of my splendid libraries, either in my town house or in my castles in the country.

"Though we have quarrelled, I cannot but always remember that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA was long my most particular friend. When I used to drive over to take tea with the family at Czwrkoe Selge (for at Petersburg we stood of course much more upon etiquette) he was affable, even playful in his conversation, and would often say to me, "Mick, my boy," (I bear the name of the Archangel. I am descended from kings, and my ancestors, whose lineal heir I am, ruled magnificently over a fair green island of the west long ere the Saxon came to enslave it), "Mick, my boy, we are all equals here. I am not the EMPEROR, but plain NICHOLAS ROMANOFF;" and he would carry familiarity so far as to insist on my calling the Empress by her name of FEODOROWNA. This I refused to do; but the young princes and princesses I give you my honour I have never addressed by other than their Christian names, and should have been godfather to the CESAREWITCH's last, (a sweet little archduchess), had I been of the orthodox persuasion.

I may say now that the war never would have happened had the EMPEROR listened to

the advice of an old friend, who knows men and the world as well as many a man who wears a star upon his breast, and writes Privy Councillor before his name. I never could get the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to believe in the possibility of an alliance between us and the French. "Look at these newspapers," he used to say to me, rapping with his knuckles on the table, a daily London journal of great circulation, the *T—*, and a weekly comic periodical called *P—*,\* under the satire of which he writes:—"The head of the French nation never can pardon these attacks upon him. He must declare war against England. England must enter into an alliance with me; and as the price of that alliance, I intend to have Turkey in Europe, and my second capital at Constantinople. *Voilà tout, mon cher, voilà tout.*"

"*Parbleu! C'est tout simple,*" said a great dignitary whom I need not name for fear of getting him into trouble, shrugging his shoulders, and pulling out his eternal snuff-box.

"I took a pinch myself, and tried to show them what the real state of our press and our country was. I told the EMPEROR NICHOLAS that I had long and intimately known his Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, as indeed I had in Switzerland, where I put his first musket into his hands; in the United States have I saved his life; at Ham, where I saw him and the poor dear DUCHESSE DE BERRI before him, and in King Street, St. James's, and about town, where I promise you we have had some rare doings together. I told the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA that his Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH knew England well, and narrated to him in confidence, but *in extenso*, a conversation which I had had with PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, when we were special constables together in Eaton Place, on the 10th of April, '48. As for our papers abusing him, I told the Russian Autocrat that was nothing; that was our way; that every man of mark was abused; that I myself had been satirised both in *P—* and in the *T—*.

"What I said seemed to strike the EMPEROR a good deal. Would that my advice had had more effect on him, but—

"I am interrupted by OMAR PACHA's Tatar, who has his foot in the stirrup ready to take my despatches, and also by SELIM's announcement that the roast lamb is cooked. I shall continue my narrative, (which I need not say is of thrilling interest,) and forward it presently along with a pair of ear-rings for Mrs. Punch, which my poor friend TIMKOWSKI wore, by one of my own men.

"So no more at present from your

"BASHI-BOZOUK."

#### SCENE FROM

### "THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN."

#### An Unfinished Drama.

SCENE.—St. Petersburg. A Corridor in the Palace.

Enter ARCHBISHOP and GENTLEMAN OF THE CHAMBER, meeting.

Archb. Good morrow, Sir. For what new victory  
Is it our Lord the EMPEROR's gracious will  
That Holy Church should praises sing to-day?

Gent. Most Reverend Archi-archi-vev,  
That rests between great NICHOLAS and Heaven.  
The fiat hath not yet gone forth.

Archb. Indeed.

Is He (*makes a bow*) yet stirring?

Gent. Stirring He (*bows also*) may be.

I cannot say His Majesty is up.

Archb. Thou speakest riddles.

Gent. Pardon me, your Grace;  
Our mighty EMPEROR still doth keep his bed,  
But on his pillow's pleased to turn and toss,  
And in his slumber talk from time to time.

Archb. After what manner?

Gent. Strange and awful words  
Drop from his holy mouth.

Archb. You should collect

That mama; words of sacred mystery  
Are those which Emperors mutter in their dreams,  
Dost thou remember any of them?

Gent. Some.

He said just now, "What?—Bring me to the bar!

Me, NICHOLAS, to judgment! Ha, ha, ha!"

But laugh I dare not like his Majesty.

\* His Majesty, between ourselves, is not so thin in the legs and so large in the waist, as the designers represent him. He is stouter, certainly, than when he came over in cog. to England in the year 1837, and I gave COLONEL ROFF a dinner at the Megatherium Club; but he is still a fine man. WILL! What of that? are there not other fine men? A blushing echo replies in the affirmative. VERAX is a fine man, and I think some of the other sex will not gainsay me.

Then he went on to cry, "What's that to you?  
I will not plead, I say! What? Guilty! What?  
Guilty of Murder! Come, now, that's too good.  
Murder! of whom? Millions of fellow-men?  
My fellow-men! I like that better still!  
Pshaw! cease this dismal folly!"

Archb. Wondrous trance!  
Wherein the fiends, all saints who persecute,  
Do lay vain siege unto our monarch's soul.

Gent. Anon he cried again, "Come let me go!  
Make way, I tell ye, villains! Ha! Hands off!  
Nay, now I'm sure you don't—you can't mean that!  
Where am I? This is nonsense!"

Archb. Verily,  
The caitiffs who, albeit in a dream,  
Did impious violence to the sacred person  
Of NICHOLAS, deserve to die the death!

Gent. After a pause again the EMPEROR spoke  
In smothered accents. "Doomed?" he said, "Doom me?  
Me to the scaffold! to a felon's end!  
What end? Aha! I see that puzzles you!  
The Wheel! nay, all the limbs I have are four,  
And many myriads have I crushed and broke."  
And then the EMPEROR grinned.

Archb. Smiled, rather say.  
Gent. But what a smile! Then he resumed, "The Knout!  
Yes—that's more like. They say the Knout will do.

A blow for every victim that hath been  
Through my ambition slain! No, no, no, no!  
That will not serve them either—every stripe  
After the first few hundred would descend  
Upon my senseless corpse—They can't contrive  
Fit punishment for me; and so, they say,  
I must be left to Heaven. Victory!

*Te Deum!*—ah! that's Latin—from the Psalms—

And this is Latin too, although not holy"—

(As thus he spoke, the imperial visage fell)

"*Iusto judicio Dei*"—for the rest

Hark in your Grace's ear.

Archb. Oh horrible!

What's that? Methought it was the EMPEROR's voice!

Gent. It is! for look, my lord—he comes this way—  
Burst from his chamber—in his night-gown—foam  
On his blue lips—his bristling hair on end—  
His eyes wide glaring: doctor at his heels,  
And terrified attendants after him!

Archb. Let us avoid.

[Whispers.  
A cry without.

[They stand back.

Enter the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, frantic.

Emp. Give me my razors!—bring them back, I say!

Gent. It is! for look, my lord—he comes this way—

My razors, villains! razors, razors—ho!

One half of all the Russias for my razors!

[Exit.

ACT-DROP FALLS.



#### Worthy a place in the Cabinets of the Curious.

PEOPLE complain of SIR GEORGE GREY's appointment to the Secretaryship of the Colonies, pointing to SIR W. MOLESWORTH, and asking what claim SIR GEORGE GREY has to the place. They forget SIR GEORGE GREY is a Whig. Specimens of this interesting paleontological genus are so rare now-a-days that we cannot wonder at LORD JOHN'S anxiety to have one in his cabinet.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAZER.—The British soldier does not mind any intrenchment, but what beats him altogether is the Stockade.

**ST. BARNABAS FUND DINNER.**

MR. PUNCH has rather an objection, like that of Mrs. Adams, to quoting Scripture. Nevertheless *Mr. Punch* will take the liberty of citing the following words:

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for religion's sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

They form, according to the *Morning Post*, an inscription, placed above a portrait which was suspended the other day in the school-room attached to the Church and College of St. Barnabas, Pimlico. That work of art represented the Rev. Mr. Bennett, the late vicar; and it was exhibited at the anniversary festival of the dedication of the church. Other embellishments harmonizing in an æsthetic point of view with Mr. Bennett's likeness, appear to have adorned what may not improperly be termed the scene. Our fashionable contemporary says that—

"The rooms were tastefully decorated with representations of the cross, wreaths of laurel, and other evergreens, vases of flowers, banners, and coloured scrolls, containing texts from Scripture and appropriate inscriptions."

Bare walls would have been suitable to a plain text, and if the latter was cooked it was right that the former should be dressed. Certainly the portrait was in good keeping with its accessories, and so were they with it, and with each other. Hung about, too, with so much laurel and other evergreens, the place must have been quite a green-room: and this was as it should be, if you consider the nature of the establishment.

There is said to exist an apocryphal epistle of St. Barnabas; perhaps the beatitude of those who are persecuted "for religion's sake," is declared in that. But if so, the St. Barnabas who composed the Epistle was probably St. Barnabas, Pimlico.

The *Post* goes on to state, that the health of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Liddell, having been proposed by Colonel Fulke Greville, M.P., Mr. Liddell made a speech to return thanks: in which he said,

"We are charged with doing a most dreadful thing. What do you think—we are all charged with Popery! (*Laughter*). Why, if there is one thing more than another which can stem the encroachments of Popery, it is the establishment of such churches as this—of St. Barnabas—where the spirit of the Church of England is brought out."

Brought out?—yes, so completely out as to leave none in: is that the Reverend Gentleman's meaning?—No doubt, if one thing more than another can stem the consumption of Cognac, it is the manufacture of British brandy so much like it that the common palate can hardly distinguish between the two. A taste for brandy is fostered, however, and people ultimately come to want the foreign article. Experience appears to have shown that the case of brandy is pretty much the same with that of Mr. Liddell's "spirit" of the Church of England.

The *Bulwark* gives a wood-cut, representing the interior of "St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, from a sketch taken May 1, 1854." In this engraving a Clergyman is represented as making a bow and a genuflection to the altar, which has a couple of lighted candlesticks upon it, and a cross between them peeping over the rim of a plate. Two other Clergymen are kneeling at the altar-side; each of these has another standing behind him; in the front, R., so to speak, there are two more ecclesiastics, with paten and chalice: whilst a man in a black gown with a long pole stands L. Now St. Paul's is under the same management as St. Barnabas's, and one is as much like the other as Drury Lane is like Covent Garden.

Whilst, however, the tapers of the Barnabites are alluded to, their candle, in another sense, should not be kept out of sight. *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in further transcribing the statement that, at this festival of theirs,

"Tables were spread for upwards of 200 of the poorer members of the Congregation."

This indicates a means of proselytism and a method of controversy that might be adopted by all denominations, one against the other, to the great edification of the world at large, and the considerable diminution of the poor's rates. It is suggested, therefore, that moderate Churchmen, Evangelicals, and Dissenters of every class, should set to at spreading tables for the conversion of the poorer members of society, and that the regular Papists should contend with the Puseyites in the same manner; all of them thus endeavouring to turn the tables upon each other.

**Larcenists and Felonists.**

In the debate on the prison estimates, Lord Palmerston is reported to have stated that

"Upon the admission of convicts, they declare the religion to which they belong."

About the religion of a convict we should think there must generally be some doubt, although it would be impossible to question his conviction.

ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT.—People are wondering at the absence of the Summer; but the fact is, it has been postponed in consequence of the War.

**TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS FOR RUSSIA-TAXED BEER.**



PUNCH thinks that as Beer has risen in price in consequence of the war with Russia, it may be as well to provide a few Toasts and Sentiments, by means of which the popular indignation may have an opportunity of venting itself. Accordingly, we beg to present every patriotic beer-drinker with his choice of the following Toasts to flavour his beer with:

Here's to the emptiest of all sacks, the Cossack—and as no empty sack can stand, may we soon witness the fall of the Cossack.

THE RUSSIAN EAGLE!—May we shortly see it "All alive oh!" at the Zoological Gardens!

Here's to the Sublime Porte; and also to its English and French butlers that prevented NICHOLAS making a MAGNUM BONUM of it.

RUSSIAN TALLOW—The first candle that was held to the Devil must have been made out of it.

THE WORST IMPERIAL MEASURE.—The halfpenny extra on every pot. However, may it be the means of very quickly sending old NICHOLAS there!

Here's to the Russian nobility, and may the crazy old vessel soon be dashed to pieces on its own Serf!

THE BEST DRAUGHT TO COOL THE EMPEROR'S WARLIKE FEVER.—A NAPIERIAN Draught.

Here's to that fine old game-cock Turkey, and may it never be in want of a Drumstick as long as England and France have it in their power to give it one!

Here's to Russia, the bullying giant, with a body of brass and feet of clay. May the former be knocked up into English and French door-knockers, and the latter be made into bricks to build the EMPEROR a tomb that he may be handsomely buried in, and we will not mind throwing in the Bier.

**PENANCE IN BELGRAVIA.**

MR. WESTERTON has been returned Churchwarden for St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to the confusion and agony of several distinguished countesses and other ladies of the fashionable church; all of whom intend to mark their sorrow by some sort of penance and mourning. The COUNTESS OF SMALLBEEBURY has taken a vow to go without eggs until next Paschal; and on Saturday last all the spaniels of Belgravia appeared in leading strings of black riband.

**THE CHURCHWARDEN AND THE CONSEQUENCES.**

*Knightsbridge, Thursday Morning.*

Churchwarden WESTERTON, in the best health and spirits, returned by a majority over the Puseyite of—323.

*Fulham, Thursday Afternoon.*

Men are employed laying down straw and saw-dust before the doors of Fulham Palace.

*Five o'Clock.*—The Butler has just muffled the principal knocker with the Bishop's apron.

*Half-past Six.*—The Bishop himself, under the circumstances, is even better than could be expected.

*Seven o'Clock.*—DOCTOR WISEMAN has just left his card.

**The Two Extremes of Fashion.**

FORMERLY, when ladies went out, they used to have their bonnets on; but that is no longer the case, for their bonnets are now not on, but half off. The reason generally assigned by our female acquaintance why bonnets are thus worn, is, because they are. There is, however, a somewhat more logical one to be given than this; namely the length of the dress. Condemned by the tyranny of Fashion to screen their feet and ankles from admiration, the ladies indemnify themselves by showing as much as possible of the head.



*Undergraduate.* "YOU DON'T OBJECT TO SMOKING, I HOPE!"  
*Old Party (probably a Director).* "YES, SIR! I OBJECT VERY MUCH INDEED!—  
 IN FACT, I HAVE THE STRONGEST OBJECTION TO SMOKING!!!"  
*Undergraduate.* "HM! HA! SOME PEOPLE HAVE." [Smokes for the next fifty miles.]

### A FLUNKY GOVERNMENT IN SPAIN.

IN England our Ministers wear what is called the Windsor Uniform, which although a quiet compromise between the dress of a penny postman and that of a parish beadle, is nevertheless more dashing than dignified. In Spain, however, the Queen has degraded the Cabinet into an establishment of Flunkies by a process which will be explained by the following paragraph:—

"The *Madrid Gazette* of the 20th ult. contains the following royal decree:—"Excellency: Considering the necessity for the Ministers of the Crown in active service, to carry always a distinctive sign of the superior authority they exercise, and the tall walking cane being, according to the laws and customs of Spain, the emblem of all authority, Her Majesty the Queen (whom may God preserve!) has, after hearing her Council of Ministers, deigned to order that the Ministers of the Crown in active service shall always carry, when in uniform or plain clothes, a tall cane with the head and tassel in gold. By order of the Queen, I communicate this to your Excellency for your guidance. May God keep you many years! COUNT DE SAN LUIS. Madrid, 24th May. To the Minister of —."

It seems, then, that the "tall walking cane," which in England is the emblem of all beadedness, and of all the loftier regions of footmanship, is, "according to the laws and customs of Spain, the emblem of ALL AUTHORITY." A Spanish minister of the Crown is therefore ordered, when on active service, either in uniform or in plain clothes—both in and out of livery—to walk about with an instrument similar to that which has long swayed the destinies of our arcades, and been the terror of London boyhood in the hands of the despot of Lowther or the autocrat of Burlington.

We may easily imagine the spirit of a ministry which is ready to assume the badge of footmanship at the bidding of the Queen, and we can have no doubt that the whole of the Spanish government would rush into plush, or put powder or any other trash into their heads, and even carry a napkin continually in the hand, at the bidding of their royal mistress. We find some difficulty in imagining the full extent of the absurdity of this decree, for we cannot fancy LORD JOHN strutting about with "a tall cane with the head and tassel in gold," as the emblem of his office. Our gold and silver sticks are ridiculous enough, as the wretched props of a worn-out system of a degrading school of ceremony which is nearly extinct, but a whole ministry walking about with long footman's canes, presents a picture of melancholy tomfoolery which in almost any other country but Spain would tumble over by the extent of its own inanity.

### NOT EASILY SEEN THROUGH.

SOMEBODY is advertising glasses of such power, that they would render objects visible at a distance of two miles. Considering that there are some objects which it is an object with many of us to avoid, we cannot regard as an unmixed good an instrument which enables us to see at a distance of two miles that which we would gladly overlook if it were near to us. As a medium for cutting an unpleasant acquaintance, or warning a debtor of a creditor's approach, a glass which can pick an individual out at a distance of two miles can hardly fail to be acceptable.

Our own experience of a glass of this kind is not very satisfactory, for after trying one the other day, we came to the conclusion, that though we might possibly discern with it an article two miles off, to see clearly by its aid an object at two hundred yards' distance was quite impossible.

### All-lies of the Czar.

I STAND alone, I've not a friend,  
 I've not a blessed pal;  
 I've no Allies, and must depend  
 On Lies without the Al.

### "Come, now! Move on!"

THERE is a loud talk about appointing a German as the new Director of the National Gallery. We do not place any reliance on the truth of this ridiculous rumour, but if a foreigner should be found obstructing our English thoroughfare, it will be time to raise the cry, which we shall be too happy to do, of "PRINCE ALBERT'S WAAGEN stops the way."

### THE ADVICE OF A PROSY TEETOTALER.

THERE are actors and authors who imagine that wisdom will come from drinking, for the simple reason, I suppose, that MINERVA was born of a splitting headache.



### A RIGHT DIRECTION.

*Tom.* "WHERE SHALL I TELL HER TO WRITE TO YOU, JACK?"  
*Jack.* "WHY, YOU'D BETTER SAY SEBASTERPOOL OR ST. PETERS-  
 BUG—WE SHALL BE AT ONE O' THE OTHER BY THAT TIME."

### A Slave Banner.

BURNS, an escaped slave at Boston, has been remanded back to his master. "The streets," we learn, "were lined with troops and commanded with cannon." And what was the flag? Surely not the star-spangled banner; but the Black Flag, with LEGREE'S skull and cross-bones.





LORD A—N.

LORD J. R—L.

# A HOME AND FOREIGN QUESTION.

*Johanna.* "WHEN'S THE FIGHTING GOIN' TO BEGIN, GEORGE-ENA?"



ANOTHER RUSSIAN SUCCESS!



We have been exclusively favoured with a copy of the following letter addressed by the Czarovitch to a captain of one of the frigates lying under the batteries of Cronstadt:—

“DEAR SLEEPITOFFSKY,  
“I congratulate you upon the resolution with which you continue to lie at anchor: This victory of patience, this conquest of resignation, has obtained for you the Order of St. Donothingtonobodyoffsky, which I am proud to send you.  
“Continue in your fortitude: contemptuously despise the infidel English—(the companions and comrades of Turks and unbelievers)—laugh at SIR CHARLES NAPIER, in the full security of our invincible fortresses; and the more the enemy shows himself, the less regard him.  
“Wear out the patience of the foe, and save powder and shot. I further send you a chess-board and men: the men made out of the bones of English admirals taken captive, and dying, prisoners of war, in Holy Russia. The noble game of chess will solace you in the magnanimity of your inaction. Continue to do nothing and prosper. I embrace you.  
“ALEXANDER.”

you a chess-board and men: the men made out of the bones of English admirals taken captive, and dying, prisoners of war, in Holy Russia. The noble game of chess will solace you in the magnanimity of your inaction. Continue to do nothing and prosper. I embrace you.

CATALOGUE

OF

A CURIOUS COLLECTION IN THE STONE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

MESSIEURS PUFF'EM AND QUIZ'EM present their respects To the Curious Public, and beg to annex An account of the specimens, brought from all parts Of the kingdom, of objects in science and arts, At the Palace at Westminster, open to view, By ticket, each night in the week, except two. They flatter themselves that the Public will find No Collection elsewhere of a similar kind.

P. and Q. must confess—and take leave to premise,— That the building is not yet of very great size. A HALL and two CHAMBERS are all that are ready, With A COURT, and a PORTAL, not massive, but steady: Not so with two VANES, for,—why they can't say,— Each obstinate VANE points a different way.

But now for the list:—P. and Q. have long kept on ] The science of Landscape a sharp eye, like REPTON. They acknowledge they cannot yet beat the Chinese, And, perhaps, they are somewhat deficient in trees. Suffolk OAKS they have got, and a WOOD, rather thin; But they hope very soon to put many more in. Though no “braes,” they have BANKES, and a BROOKE, though no fountain;

A HILL they've secured; they've no place for a mountain, Nor room for a sea; if they had, they've a BEACH; Then they've WELLS, and pure WA(L)TER within easy reach.

In higher Zoology and in the low, P. and Q. have some very rare species to show. To begin with the last:—the flesh-feeders, though many, Do not eat each other, like cats of Kilkenny. A few are ferocious, but most are quite tame, And will stand on two legs, when called by their name. There's a BUCK, never dangerous, though he's grain-fed, And a HOGG, but his tusk (if he had one) is shed. For the chase, there's a ROEBUCK, with two kinds of FOX. Of birds, they've a COOTE, and a MARTIN, and COCKS. Of fish, the collection at present is thin: There's a ROCHE; of another there is but a PHINN.

Of the great mammal, man, they've some whimsical samples; They mention a few, just by way of examples. There's FOLEY at full length—no JACQUES could doubt him,— Yet with none of the motley or zany about him. One is SWIFT, though his motions be ever so slow; Another ranks high, though he's known to be LOWE. One, constantly MOODY, is cheerful and hearty; And one, a good HAYTER, the man for a party. Although most have their tempers well under command, Yet the HASTIE are double the number of BLAND; And, strangest of all, there are two,—and they've wives,— Will continue quite YOUNG and a CHILD all their lives. That “the best are the fewest” old sages advise; So there's only one GOODMAN, and only one WISE: And a VYSE has crept in,—but not one that will hurt you; Yet it grieves P. and Q. that they have not a virtue.

Of mineral science they've little to say: There's fine Limerick GOULD under true London CLAY. In the artisan line, the collection's abundant; In SMITHS of all kinds it may perhaps be redundant. There's a GARDNER, a FULLER, a TYLER, a TAYLOR, (The last two could serve as Soldier and Sailor), A CARTER, a POTTER, a BUTLER tip-top, And two SADLEIRS,—one lately gave up a good shop. A HORSMAN there is, but he don't teach the horse. As they've COLES, why a COLLIER they must have, of course.

The fabrics of art which the Public may see, Include MANGLES and MILLS, a LOCKE (but no key), A COFFIN, one PATTEN, two BALLS and a BELL, With a BAGGE that protects all farm-produce quite well.

Of colours, the list into duplicates runs:— They've two BROWNS and two GREENES, two GREYS and two DUNNES, Which sometimes change hues, though they don't fade away: A GREY in the night may be RE(A)D the next day.

Should refreshments be needed, they can, in a trice. Serve up, ready dressed, a good CURRIE and RICE. Malt liquor is scarce:—it's a fact there's no blinking, Though they've (H)ALE, pretty old, it is not fit for drinking. But they've always in store, if you wish to be merry, Two BUTTS (neither empty), and excellent PERRY, With LEMON and PEEL, to give it a zest, And FELLOWES who would not look grave at a jest. No music by law is allowed in the place, But a chorus,—for that they've a very deep BASS.

S.P. No gratuities paid at the door: And observe that it opens precisely at four.

SPIRITS WANTED FOR THE NAVY.

EVERYBODY admits that much of the naval success of England in former days has been due to our naval songs, which used to ignite the spirit of our tars with the sacred flame of poetry. We have therefore to recommend to the Admiralty that, in addition to the advertisements now being issued for a supply of Baltic Pipe Staves, some announcements should be put forth for a supply of Patriotic Staves, which may be piped at the Baltic with the best effect on the spirits of our seamen. Lemon juice in bottles is an excellent thing, no doubt, for the bodily health of the fleet, but a quantity of poetic measures—brimming over with the flow of soul—would, we are sure, be found conducive to bringing our hearts of oak into healthy action.

As Government departments can seldom do anything without a precedent, or, in other words, are so destitute of bold originality, that they always want something to copy, we have much pleasure in furnishing the following specimen of an advertisement:—

CONTRACT FOR THE SUPPLY OF PATRIOTIC SPIRITS FOR THE NAVY.—The Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, do hereby give notice, that they are now ready to treat with such Poets and Song-Writers as may be willing to contract for supplying and delivering into HER MAJESTY'S Printing-Office, 500 Lines of Patriotic Staves fit for immediate use in the Black Sea and the Baltic. Samples of the sort of article required may be seen in any edition of the songs of DIBDIN. Every stave must be at least sixteen feet long, of approved poetic measure. Every stave must contain a fair amount of genuine spirit, which must be capable of extension, by amalgamation with the air, to which every stave must be expressly adapted.

Tenders need not be sealed; but they must show marks of something beyond the ordinary stamp. There should be no useless words, and if any figures are introduced, they must be of an intelligible character.

Tar and Tartar.

ADMIRAL PLUMRIDGE has destroyed 18,000 casks of Russian tar at Uleaborg. NICHOLAS says he doesn't mind the loss, as he has quite enough English tar on his hands.



1st Gallant (warmly). "Supple-ended little Creature, isn't she? Look!"  
 2nd Gallant (guardedly). "Um—well—yes—rather—what there is of her!"

### PLEBEIAN AND PATRICIAN PUFFING.

MR. PUNCH has recently been invited to direct his attention to the great advances which have been made in the Literature of mercantile Puffing.

He does not allude to the devices of aristocratic tradesmen at the West End, who insert paragraphs in the *Post* and *Herald*, in the form of editorial observations, beginning with reflections on the destinies of Europe, and concluding with the consoling assurance that though thrones may totter, and dynasties fade away, the emporium of MESSRS. TAG, RAG, AND SHODDY still displays its unrivalled assortment of, &c.

Nor does he refer to the swindling circulars which scamps, who allege that they have an enormous and splendid stock to dispose of at a great sacrifice, contrive to deliver at our houses, at hours when the heads of the families are sure to be absent, and the ladies (who were never intended by nature to resist "bargains") are likely to be deluded into the purchase of rubbish, and to be bullied or cheated, and probably both.

Nor does he advert to the fabrications of music publishers, who puff their songs with extracts from fabulous journals; nor to the "opinions of the provincial press" cited by booksellers in favour of intolerable novels; nor to the miraculous cures effected by the newly discovered Aromatic Oil of Tadpoles upon the persons of afflicted aristocrats; nor to the hundred and one quackeries of the kind which address themselves to the wealthier members of the genus *asinus*.

Mr. Punch has been requested to look at humbler expedients to obtain notice, and to remark now the example of the patrician puffer has wrought with his plebeian brother. A great mass of compositions of this kind has been handed in to Mr. Punch, and he has pleasure in submitting a few specimens, which, if they have not the insinuating tone of JENKINS (whose leisure hours, when Marchionesses can spare him, are devoted to the service of the tradesmen of Marchionesses) have a rough, careless dash and flavour of their own.

The first is poetical, and is embellished by a large and highly coloured engraving of two ladies, who follow the invaluable profession of a cook. But there are cooks and cooks. One of these ladies is magnificently attired in a brilliant yellow gown, red bonnet, and green shawl, and carries a gorgeous reticule and a variegated parasol. The other is in humbler garb—and is indeed shabby. The former is attended by a joyous little boy, who, with his lady friend, form the "merry throng" alluded to in the verses.

### A CONVERSATION.

*Shabby Lady.* Where are you going, you merry throng?

*Fine Lady.* To the Marine Store Shop, so come along.

*S. L.* But what to do if I may make bold?

*F. L.* To turn Rubbish into Silver and Gold.

*S. L.* Indeed, I should like to go as well;  
 But really I have nothing to sell.

*F. L.* Nonsense. I thought like you, ELIZA,  
 But now I've grown a good deal wiser.  
 Last Sunday I looked dreadful shabby,  
 My gown was torn, and my bonnet was flabby,  
 And as for my shoes, the sight was piteous,  
 They were a deal more holy than righteous.

*S. L.* And how did you get such a fine turn-out,  
 Why, you're fit to go to VICTORIA'S rout!

*F. L.* By taking all sorts of odds and ends,  
 To a man who deals with myself and friends.  
 Nothing comes wrong, spoons, candles, or keys,  
 Coals, penknives, scissors, just what you please.  
 Soap, brushes, handkerchiefs, please to bring,  
 Or once in a way, a brooch or a ring.  
 The hundred things that Missuses miss,  
 But nobody never knows where they is.  
 Bring any or all to JONATHAN SLUM,  
 He asks no questions, and pays like fun.

*S. L.* You're right, Ma'am, right as ever can be,  
 You're attir'd in splendour, and why not me?  
 To-night with a bundle of things I'll come,  
 And so hurrah for JONATHAN SLUM!

The above and similar invitations may perhaps account for a few phenomena of disappearances which occasionally puzzle our matrons. Mr. Punch proceeds to the next specimen, which is from the same school, but addressed to the weaknesses of the stronger sex. It is illustrated with a picture in two compartments. In one of them a very showily dressed young lady is looking greatly disgusted at the advances of a ragged, dirty suitor, and in the character of DINAH, addresses him.

### WILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

"Now really, MR. WILLIKINS, I can't grant permission,  
 For you to come courting in that horrid condition,  
 You look quite sneaking, and shabby, and shady,  
 And not at all fit to talk to a lady.  
 Why don't you go to SLOPWORK'S admired depot,  
 And get yourself dressed like a regular Beau?"

This uncompromising advice is, we are to understand, followed by MR. WILLIKINS, for in the companion engraving he is represented in magnificent costume, very loud trowsers, a gorgeous waistcoat, and a bright blue coat, and he has a swagger strongly contrasting with his previous hang-dog appearance. He addresses the lady:

"I took your advice, my dearest DINAH,  
 And I think you'll own I'm a good deal finer.  
 What a splendid assortment does SLOPWORK keep,  
 What spicy clothes, and how precious cheap!"

The charmed lady responds:

"Oh, really, dear WILLIKINS, how truly kind,  
 To keep my humble advice in mind,  
 Indeed you look remarkable smart,  
 And have quite enchanted your DINAH'S heart;  
 Therefore let all young bachelors go  
 To TIMOTHY SLOPWORK'S, Trumpery Row.

Here Mr. Punch will pause for the present, but he has still a large collection, proving to JENKINS and his aristocratic friends that one touch of puffing makes the whole set kin.

### A Safe Speculation.

SINCE that stupendous work, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham has been executed by a private company, the idea naturally presents itself that the same agency that has reared such a trophy of peace might be employed for the purpose of effecting, as speedily and as thoroughly, a triumph of war. An association might be got up which should contract with Government, for a certain sum, to put down the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; and if this project were adopted there can be little doubt that the thing would be done; the Russians driven back; peace firmly established; and NICHOLAS abolished, in a very much shorter time than any one of these objects is likely to be accomplished by the present, or any other, Cabinet.

### III—Treatment of Mr. Ursquirt.

At a recent meeting called by MR. DAVID URSQUIRT, the ungrateful folks gave three cheers for Turkey, and shut their ears to the Goose! The excuse for this omission is, that there was never so big a goose with so little of the Sage in him!

## THE SCHELMSMUSEUM.



HE project now on foot for the formation of a Trade Museum has found favour with Mr. Punch, who is anxious to commend it heartily to the notice of the "nation of shopkeepers."

To such a nation a Trade Museum would at any time be interesting, amusing, and instructive, but as the prevalence of fraud and imposition in every branch of trade, shows that we are fast returning to those good old times when the occupation of a trader was very properly termed his "mystery" or his "craft," Punch hastens to put forth the Prospectus

of another Museum or Exposition (as the French would call it) of all the "Mysteries of London." A suitable building will be erected at no expense whatever, on the plan which has answered so well in many of our newly built suburbs. The purchase money of the site will be borrowed, and when the title deeds have been obtained the site will be mortgaged. With the money thus procured the building materials will be purchased, and when the building is complete it also will be mortgaged. The newly acquired funds may be applied to the purpose of paying the builder, but as at the same time they may not, Punch leaves the public to conjecture what is most likely to become of them. The *Schelmsmuseum* (to borrow a word from those dear Germans) will illustrate all the frauds and adulterations of ancient and modern tradesmen, display the rapid strides which our generation has made, and serve at once as a stimulus to the ingenuity of our children, and as a starting point from which their progress may hereafter be measured.

Thus, on entering the vestibule of the building, the spectators will look with interest on the statue of the founder of the art; the first man who "sanded the sugar," or, as the inscription on the statue says, *Qui miscuit utile dulci*. And they will naturally be led to reflect upon the wonderful genius of his disciples, who have so far improved upon the practice of their master as to adulterate the sand also. The enthusiast in the cause on perceiving in the vestibule a beautiful series of preparations, such as coffee adulterated with chicory, wherein was mingled bread-crust, in the composition of which alum, partly made up of bone dust, had been used, will triumphantly infer that adulteration is carried on *ad infinitum*, and is therefore honest, as the purchaser of an article composed of an infinite series of articles must get all that he intends to buy. The directors of the *Schelmsmuseum* will take great pains to display the raw material in immediate connexion with the manufactured article, though, for obvious reasons, the process of manufacture must be left to the imagination of the beholders. Thus one case will contain fine specimens of the *felis communis* of LINNÆUS, and the *canis domesticus* of BUFFON, together with a mutton pie and a pound of pork sausages.

A jar of new Hybla honey will appropriately accompany a hive of bees, but it will be left to the last named industrious creatures to say (if they can be induced to unbuzzum) why they put so much sugar at fourpence per pound into their honey, and whether the alteration of the sugar duties will make any difference to them. Also if any one happens to understand the language of orange-flowers, he may learn from them how it is that carrots and turnips grow on the orange trees which the makers of marmalade cultivate.

Unable to specify the numberless attractive objects by which the triumphant progress of fraud and adulteration will be illustrated, Punch passes on to other arrangements. The directors had intended to engage several brass bands, but on reflecting, that to be in harmony with the rest of the exhibition, the musicians must only utter false notes, they thought it better to dispense with music altogether than to run a risk of wearying the public by too rigid an adherence to first principles.

Several interpreters will be required to explain to the visitors the Greek and Latin names of the articles exhibited. And as the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has abandoned his scheme for the improvement of the Civil Service, it is to be hoped that the authorities at King's College will devote to the training of such interpreters the department which they had intended for candidates for admission into Government Offices. Furthermore, following the line of some other speculators, who seek to gain public favour by occasionally patronising a public charity, the Directors intend to devote the profits of one day in every week—to wit, Sunday, when the Exhibition will be closed—to the use of the unfortunate. And Punch is authorised to state that the first beneficiaries will be two millers, one of whom has so injured

his health by inhaling the alum which he grinds up with the flour, that he has been compelled to relinquish his business; while the other has, in like manner, so impregnated his system with bone-dust, as to have brought on ossification of the heart—a circumstance which induces Punch to alter an old adage thus—"What is bone-in the bread will not out of the flesh."

## NEW CHAIRS AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

ONE clause is wanting to the University Reform Bill, which the Government should immediately supply. Provision should be made for the creation of a new Professorship at Oxford and Cambridge. The very numerous cases of young elergymen, and other inexperienced youths who are continually coming before the public in the Law Reports as victims of bill stealers in connexion with bill discounters, generally Semitic, have established a necessity for this. That branch of learning wherein a Professorship is needed, is the knowledge of the world; knowingness; or, in the vernacular, gumption. At present greater ignorance prevails at the Universities on this subject than on natural history and philosophy, or even the laws of health, and the structure and functions of the human frame. Prodigal after prodigal, parson after parson, figures in the Insolvent, Bankruptcy, or Nisi Prius Court; one as like the other as two peas of equal greenness.

The lay gull is almost always young; experience amongst jockeys, and gamblers, and money-lenders, and horsemongers, and worse people, soon makes the majority of secular fools worldly wise. But the clerical pigeon is not seldom a mature, if not an old bird. He has left College with a profound knowledge, perhaps, of the dead languages; but the Hebrew therein included does not in the least render him competent to negotiate with the posterity of JACOB. He was never conversant with the society of billiard-rooms, and stables, and betting stands. His acquaintance with men has been confined to his parishioners; and probably he never in his life met with a greater scoundrel than some clown who was convicted of sheep-stealing. And then he won't read his *Times*; or, perhaps, poor fellow, with a curacy of £50 a year, and nothing more to subsist on, he can't afford a newspaper. At last, picking one up by chance, his eye lights on an advertisement offering accommodation; and, old bird as aforesaid though he may be, he is caught by the chaff.

A Professorship of Knowledge of the World would afford the means of forearming by forewarning young men against the swindlers above alluded to, and others. This instruction the Professor could convey in a course of lectures of a familiar nature, illustrated by scenic, and perhaps dramatic accessories. For example, the stages of a transaction on the part of a spendthrift with a usurer pretending to be a wine-merchant, might be exhibited in the form of a modern "Mystery," or "Morality"—though "Immorality" would perhaps be the more appropriate term—the Professor explaining the business in the capacity of Chorus. This union of the mediæval with the classical, would be congenial to both Universities—but especially Oxford.

At either seat of learning how much information highly requisite, blended with amusement equally desirable, might be supplied in an adequate lecture on the subject of Hooking a Flat! an operation about which many scholars, as well as dunces, know so little as even to be ignorant of the great frequency with which the hooking is connected with a hook-nose.

Should gumption be thought too idiomatic an expression, the Professor might be styled the Professor of Vigilance, and in conformity with that title, his costume might be distinguished by the species of cap termed a wide-awake. His teaching would send University students into the world with their eyes open. It would be a cheap substitute for those lessons which have now generally to be bought at an exorbitant price. It would greatly diminish the number of ordained yokels and reverend greenhorns, to the great advantage of the Church, and to the detriment only of the disreputable portion of the Synagogue. It would prevent Bachelors and Masters of Arts from disgracing their degrees by allowing themselves to be outwitted by those who are proficient in the single art of roguery.

## Otho Extinguished.

THAT nasty little rushlight called OTHO has been very properly put out. It would splutter, it would splash its Greece about, it would make itself troublesome and offensive; and France and England have done a very sensible thing in clapping an extinguisher on the insignificant but vexatious luminary.

## Where is the Russian Flag?

THE flagless condition of the Russian fortresses—where no bit of bunting waves—may, we trust, be taken as the prophetic condition of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS; who, the war continuing, will in good time not have a rag to cover him.



### BULLS AND BEARS.

"WHO IS THAT POOR DEVIL OF A BEAR? DO YOU KNOW HIM?"

"WELL—A—I DID KNOW HIM. HE WAS ONCE CONNECTED WITH A RESPECTABLE RUSSIAN HOUSE, BUT OVERSPECULATED IN TURKEY, AND IS NOW CONSIDERABLY RUINED."

### WASHING DAY IN THE BALTIC.

SOME of the officers in the Baltic have been writing home to their mammas for the means of washing and ironing their own linen, as well as for ample instructions how to "get up" a shirt. One gallant youth entreats that full directions may be given him as to the whole details of the operation, with hints as to where to begin and where to leave off. He also urges his mamma to send him by an early packet a packet of starch, for though he is prepared to pay a stiff price for the article, he does not like to be without it, as its absence prevents him from showing a bold-shirt-front to the enemy.

It is to be regretted that the thoughts of our naval officers should be absorbed in the washing-tub at such a critical moment, and there is reason to fear that they will have too many irons in the fire, if they are found ironing their own collars when they ought to be mangling the breast-works of the enemy. A lieutenant with his hands in the suds can scarcely be prepared for a sudden emergency, and we would therefore recommend a naval hero to learn to "rough it" with his linen as well as with every thing else while on active service.

THE CZAR'S CRAFT.—The Russian fleet, like its proprietor, persists in lying perdue.

### THE SATURDAY EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

THOUGH we have done much to economise labour, we have done as yet little towards economising the labourer. We sometimes forget that though worn-out machinery may be re-placed, the wear and tear of the human machine may lead to mischief beyond the power of remedy. Men should not be "used up" as if flesh and blood were mere clay and water, or as if the human frame, like the knitting or any other mechanical frame, was to be regarded simply as the means of doing the largest possible amount of work in the shortest possible period. If a man is to be treated as so much mere material, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that his composition includes the immaterial, which by the way, some employers have been in the habit of looking at in its first and lowest sense, regarding it as so thoroughly immaterial, as to be not worth noticing. A clerk or an assistant has been considered merely as a medium for making money, and the person employed may have been intellectually a lump of lead, so that the employer could "turn all his lead to gold," by keeping him from morning till night at the desk or the counter.

Something has happily been done towards the shortening of the hours of business, and the copying lawyers' clerk, who formerly was kept so continually face to face with parchment that "to that complexion did he come at last," is now able to reach his suburban home soon enough to enjoy an hour in that medley of infantine screams, jingling tea-cups, and conjugal complaints, which constitute what is called "the bosom of his family." The "assistant" may now escape an hour or two earlier from the atmosphere of gas, and may seek some more wholesome enlightenment.

The Early Closing Movement has been followed by a rather general motion, which we have much pleasure in seconding, for a half-holiday on Saturday. Now that the Crystal Palace has opened, it is evident that places of mere business must be occasionally shut if the industrious classes are to benefit by an institution which will do more for popular education than anything that the world has yet been able to boast of. The People's Palace will become a misnomer if the people are so confined in workshops, warehouses, counting-houses, and offices, that none but the comparatively idle can visit what is expressly designed for the appreciation of the industrious. We cordially join in the demand for a half-holiday once at least in the week, and we hope to see the time when there may be a still greater curtailment of the hours devoted to mere money-making purposes. Almost every day introduces us to some new mode of transferring to mere matter the work requiring merely material force, and setting mind at liberty for the

pursuit of congenial objects. The popular mind is beginning to know its own capacity, and, with a natural abhorrence to a vacuum, it seeks that which can satisfy its yearnings.

An almost inexhaustible store of food for the mind is provided at the Crystal Palace. The banquet will have been proffered almost in vain if the industrious classes, who are the best adapted to profit by it, are to be continually kept away by "other engagements." Enterprise and genius have provided a palace and a park for the people, who will be doomed to the fate of TANTALUS if they are to be confined to places of business, within an easy, but to them impassable, distance from the Courts, Terraces, Fountains, and Gardens of Sydenham. A half-holiday on Saturday is a most reasonable claim, and if it is conceded, we shall have to call upon the Directors of the Crystal Palace to choose some other day in the week for those who like to enjoy the luxury of paying five shillings.



ONE OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS AT SYDENHAM, AND HOW HE MANAGED THE GUIDE BOOKS.

THE LAST OF THE GILLIFLOWERS.—It is the remark of a martinet who has taken to horticulture in his dotage, that the flower of the British Army will be destroyed by doing away with the stocks.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—BEAR AND FORBEAR: Russia, without a doubt, is the Bear, and Prussia, evidently, is For-Bear.

UNIMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.



ONE is often puzzled to conceive who it is that goes to the trouble and expense of inserting such advertisements as we occasionally meet with in the newspapers. For some time the public were being repeatedly informed, that "THERE IS NO DOOR MAT," an intimation that must have cost several pounds to the person who so pertinaciously put it forward during a rather protracted period. Our eye has just lighted on an announcement of a fact, which is of such frequent occurrence, that we should hardly have thought it could have been worth the while of any one to publish it,

much less to pay for its insertion in the advertising columns of a newspaper. The announcement to which we allude consists of the simple words—

STOPPED.—A GENTLEMAN'S GOLD WATCH.

If we knew the gentleman, we would advise him, if his watch is stopped, to try the effect of winding it up, a remedy which is often found effectual. If the gentleman has advertised the fact of his watch being stopped, in the hope that some kind friend may give him a hint how to proceed, his object will be gained by the recommendation we have just addressed to him. Nevertheless, should the winding up prove ineffectual, we would further advise the gentleman, whose watch is stopped, to take it to some respectable watchmaker's.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.

"Camp under Redoubt Kale,  
"13th Shibboob, 1271.

"MY DEAR SIR,

THE sudden departure of my Tatar yesterday, prevented me from making a statement which would have been as well at the commencement of my correspondence, and explaining at full my reasons for joining the Turkish army, and the peculiar means of information which I possess now I am here. O'LOONEY, my second in command, is also here (the honest fellow, late an officer in the Nizam's service, is snoring on his sheepskins within a couple of yards of me), but what means of information does he possess? He can judge the best taps in the various taverns of Scutari and Pera, is a connoisseur in horseflesh, and a great consumer of raki; but he knows no more about the war than my two black slaves which the SULTANA VALIDE gave me when I took leave of her three weeks since at Constantinople.

To resume my Petersburg narrative then, and the causes of my quitting that capital and taking arms against its sovereign, with whom I have always been on terms of the most friendly and affectionate intercourse. The Imperial treatment of me, and the scoundrelly behaviour of a certain lieutenant of police,—behaviour of which I have reason to think the highest personages in the Russian empire were not ignorant, are the causes why I transferred my services, my great strategical knowledge, and my exterminating projectiles (of which the War and the world will hear terrific news ere long) to HIS HIGHNESS ABDUL MEJJEED. I do not conceal that my sympathies are not with these Turks. They must ere long be swept out of Europe. Why should there not be an Emperor in Byzantium as well as in Petersburg? Say he were a Russian prince. Why not? The ROMANOFF of Turkey and the ROMANOFF of Russia would presently and infallibly quarrel, as the French and Spanish BOURBONS did. I am not particularly angry with NICHOLAS for meditating and attempting his great coup; but his conduct towards myself, the traitorous behaviour of his subordinates, the indignities offered to a person of royal lineage—thirteen dozen with the knout administered at midnight in my rooms at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and a treacherous banishment into Siberia afterwards; conduct such as this, I say, was enough to put any man in a rage, and to justify the defiance which hereby, and in the face of all Europe, I hurl at the Autocrat of Russia.

Knowing that England had set a price on my head after that wretched affair of Ballingarry, which but for SMITH O'BRIEN'S foolish quarrel about the succession to the throne with me, might have had a very different issue,\* and that my return home was impossible, the

\* As if the O'BRIEN, forsooth, could compete in ancestral merit or in personal right with the . . . but I had nearly divulged my name, which in the neighbourhood of LORD RAGLAN, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and 20,000 soldiers bearing the uniform of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND (I bear HER MAJESTY no sort of enmity) might be inconvenient.

EMPEROR had made me advantageous proposals for entering into his service—proposals which I do not scruple to say I had entertained. The Grand Cross of the Russian St. George might have figured advantageously on a bosom which beats with only a chivalrous enmity against the Cappadocian warrior, who is England's patron. The rank of General and Marshal (on old PASKIEWITZ's retirement) might gratify an honest ambition, and the title of Mulliganoff-Innisfaisky, of which the patent was actually made out, might be worn without shame, by one whose loftier claims and regal rights have been reft from him by the evil chance of war.

But when war was declared between the EMPEROR and the three kingdoms, there was one of them, as I told his Majesty, against which I never would fight. Unaccustomed for the last thirty years to contradiction from any quarter, you never saw a man in a greater rage than the EMPEROR NICHOLAS when I conveyed to him my firm but respectful resignation of his proposals. His usage of his GRAND CHAMBERLAIN,



who happened to be in the room, was absolutely humiliating. The entreaties of the poor dear EMPRESS and the Imperial children and grandchildren (who I believe love me like one of the family) were difficult to withstand: harder still to bear were the wretched appealing looks, the tears welling in the beautiful azure eyes, the lips quivering with emotion, the soft little hands clasped in unavailing supplication, of the lovely MATILDA SCHOUZOFF, one of the Imperial Maids of Honour and daughter of the second Mistress of Robes to Her Majesty. I, for my part, have always preferred to face a thousand guns in battery than the tears of a loving woman. Every gentleman will understand the agonies I felt in my battle with one who had been so victorious over my heart.

My dispute with his Majesty and my rejection of his proposals took place on the very day, I think it was the 18th of January last, when that poor deputation of Quakers, as you remember, had their final interview with the despotic ruler over sixty millions of men. That the EMPEROR is a master of dissimulation is clear, not only from certain documents which have come to light subsequently, but from his behaviour towards those honest broad-brimmed gentlemen whom he most imperially bamboozled. They and I lodged at the same hotel, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, on the Nepomuk Platz; and with one of the junior members of the peaceful party, an agreeable lively fellow, young DOBKINS, of Godmanchester, I became rather intimate. I introduced him to the Guards' barracks, took him about the town to the public places, and presented him in some of the most fashionable houses, where 'le beau quakre,' as he was called, was a considerable favourite.

Out of his ridiculous costume, which he only wore on parade, he was an exceedingly handsome young fellow, not a little like myself, as the dear MATILDA insisted, though I am some nine inches broader between the shoulders, and twelve inches less in the waist than my young broad-brimmed acquaintance.

"We passed several merry evenings, and had rather a pleasant *table d'hôte* at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, where, however, there was one guest who, for private reasons, as well as for his own disgusting behaviour, was especially odious to me; this was no other than the notorious COUNT TUFFSKIN, who is known at every gambling house in Europe, who is at present commandant at Tamboff, and had come to the capital to solicit promotion; and what is more, to dispute with me the hand of the lovely MATILDA SCHOUZOFF. He slept in the apartment, No. 7, contiguous to my rooms, No. 8, on the second floor: many a time have I heard the fellow snoring, whilst I myself was pacing my chamber (haply turning verses in honour of MATILDA), and longed to go in, and strangle my rival. MATILDA's mother was on my side, whilst her father, from old family connection, inclined towards TUFFSKIN.

"His EXCELLENCY PRINCE SCHOUZOFF is President of the secret Correctional Police of St. Petersburg, an institution which everybody knows and fears in that capital, and nobody talks about. As I have broken with the Romanoff Court, there is no reason why I should keep the secret or hesitate to divulge the scandal. Some years since in your own paper I remember there was a jocular account of a Russian dignitary in London being awakened in his apartments at LONG's or MIVART's, or it may have been GRILLION's, but the hotel does not matter, by four drummers of the Preobajenski regiment, who entered his room disguised as waiters, and then and there gave him three dozen each, taking his receipt for the same. Every word of that narrative is true; there's scarcely a man in Petersburg but for some offence to the Court he has had a visit from the Secret Correctional Police. What was the meaning at the commencement of the present season of CHAMBERLAIN X. keeping his bed, and PRINCE Y.'s lumbago? This discipline is so common, so sharp and decisive, that nobody dare speak of it above his breath, and it is dreadful to think how many of this proud nobility have had a taste of the rattan.

"I have spoken before of this degrading punishment having been conferred upon me—upon me the descendant of kings, the inheritor and representative of centuries of honour! not actually, for had I received a blow, the Chief of the House of ROMANOFF or that of M. ——— would now be no more; but in intent the insult remains to be terribly avenged, though the degrading knot descended upon the shoulders of another.

"The thing was the talk of Petersburg, as Petersburg talks—under its breath—and what really happened was briefly this. COUNT TUFFSKIN, like too many of the Russian nobility, indulges in the habit of frequent inebriation, and on the night after that painful morning and interview in which I had resigned the EMPEROR's service, TUFFSKIN, myself, one or two of the younger Quakers, and a few more *habitues* of the hotel, partook of a farewell supper. It was Wednesday, and our Quaker friends were to go on Friday, and gave us the last evening which was free.

"During the supper I received a little note—blessings be on the hand!—which I read, kissed, and put in my pocket, not heeding the vulgar jokes of TUFFSKIN, and despising his low satire.

"He had already drunk several bottles of Cliequot. I now pressed him with brandy; the wretch drank until he was perfectly intoxicated, when I took him, reeling and senseless, and conducted him to bed.

"I put him into my room, No. 7 (it has a beautiful prospect over the Neva, the four bridges, the Naval Arsenal, the Pauloff Palace, and the Neuskoi Prospekt). The house is dear, but perhaps the best in Petersburg.) I put TUFFSKIN into my room, No. 7, and into my bed: and I went into *his* room, No. 8.

"At two o'clock in the morning, when the house was hushed, I heard the tramp of men on the corridor: it was the secret Correctional Police.

"At five minutes past two, No. 9, YOUNG DOBKINS, the Quaker before mentioned, put his head out of his bed chamber door, but was thrust back by a sentinel posted there, and told to mind his own business.

He had heard piercing shrieks proceeding from No. 7.

"They were administering the knout to TUFFSKIN, mistaking him for you!"

"BASHI-BOZOUK."

#### Echo answers "Police."

THE Opera season—perhaps on account of the heat that prevails, or ought to prevail, at the time of year—is usually marked by some eccentricities of a more or less painful character. Perhaps the most distressing result that has yet ensued may be seen in the two following questions which have recently been put to us:—

1. Is the scene of MOZART's *Seraglio* laid in Serra-Lion (Sierra Leone)?

2. Is BELLINI's *Norma* a specimen of the Normal School of Music?

After this we may ask whether, during the hot season dogs are the only animals that ought to be muzzled?

#### "THE ORACLES."

Under which king?"



LORD JOHN says, "I'm an oracle!"  
 ABERDEEN says, "I'm another."  
 What luck to get in one Cabinet  
 Two oracles together!  
 How tolerant the policy,  
 How wide in range the knowledge is,  
 That can square Guildhall Philippics  
 And House of Lords' apologies!  
 When RUSSELL's black of ABERDEEN's  
 Dull white but gets a dab in it,  
 What wonder we've a delicate GREY  
 To harmonise the Cabinet?"

Oh there's nothing like your neutral tint,  
 All contrasts harsh to sever;  
 So "may difference of opinion  
 Never alter friendship—never."

LORD JOHN was aye a speaker bold  
 In youth, and now he's older;  
 But bold as he may think himself,  
 ABERDEEN is surely bolder.  
 The one, he taunts the Czar, who to  
 Siberia can't send him;  
 The other positively has  
 The courage to defend him.  
 For the one, Old NICK's true colours  
 Are as black as those he's painted with;  
 For the other, he's a gent we all  
 May be proud to be acquainted with.  
 But "*de gustibus non disputandum*"  
 "is a truth for ever;  
 So "may difference of opinion  
 Never alter friendship—never."

Quoth oracle LORD JOHNNY,  
 "We must clip the Vulture's pinions;"  
 Quoth oracle LORD ABERDEEN,  
 "Untouched leave his dominions."  
 One paints him as a bird of prey,  
 The foe to peace and culture;  
 The other thinks it right to say  
 "He's a dove, and not a vulture."  
 LORD JOHN swears "Europe's freedom  
 Must fall on his approaching."  
 LORD ABERDEEN "no fear can feel  
 Of Russia's encroaching."  
 ABERDEEN wants twenty-five years' peace;  
 RUSSELL wants peace for ever:  
 But "may difference of opinion  
 Never alter friendship—never."

LORD JOHN finds Russia dealing  
 A mass of fraud and robbery:  
 ABERDEEN sees nothing in it  
 Whereat to make a bobbery.  
 LORD JOHN excites JOHN BULL,  
 As though to fight he'd lead him:  
 ABERDEEN, to cure War-fever,  
 Would soundly purge and bleed him.  
 The one would strengthen Turkey  
 At the expense of Russia;  
 The other's for the *statu quo*  
 With Austria and Prussia.  
 Then hurrah for coalition!  
 Here's black and white for ever!  
 And "may difference of opinion  
 Never alter friendship—never!"

THE FIRST OF HIS RACE.—Since the Russian General SCHILDERS has been obliged to retreat, it may be naturally asked, whether he is any relation to the celebrated *Flying Childers*?



JUDICIAL BUTTER.

WE like a loyal judge, but we do not like to see a Chief Justice turning himself into a butter-boat for the purpose of pouring out a quantity of melted butter over the Royal family. In the Queen's Bench, the other day, there was a thorough inundation of what may be familiarly termed "sweet sauce"—for we may be allowed to apply the term "sauce" to that which savoured somewhat of impertinence. An action had been brought with reference to some property belonging to the Duchy of Cornwall, and the Attorney-General said, very properly, that "the desire of those acting for the PRINCE OF WALES was to prevent any noxious trade being carried on there." There had, it seems, been a bone-boiling business carried on, and the desire to get rid of it was, no doubt, laudable; but we think it hardly justified the following flood of melted butter from the mouth of LORD CAMPBELL:—

"If one could suppose," said His Lordship, "that His ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES knew the premises it would do the greatest honour to his youthful mind that he should use his influence to put a stop to these nuisances."

THE PRINCE OF WALES is a very amiably disposed little fellow, and will, in due time, do all that is expected of him, we dare say; but it requires a considerable stretch of the imagination to fancy him wandering about the wharves on the Lambeth side of the Thames, in the hope of "nosing" out a nuisance. It is not to be expected that his Royal Highness should be permitted to ramble amid the mud of the metropolitan marsh, with a view to finding a bone to pick with a bone-boiler, who may happen to be one of the tenants of the Duchy of Cornwall. The Attorney-General, evidently feeling the absurdity of the supposition that the action could reflect "the greatest honour on the youthful mind of the PRINCE OF WALES," at once gave the merit where it was due, and stated that, "his Royal father, PRINCE ALBERT, was aware of the state of that neighbourhood, and was most anxious that no noxious trade should be carried on upon these premises."

This hint was enough for LORD CAMPBELL, whose supply of melted butter was by no means exhausted, and he immediately proceeded to butter PRINCE ALBERT in the following fashion:—

"His Lordship said it did His ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT the highest honour that he should take an interest in such things; it was most praiseworthy and laudable, and must be very gratifying to all persons."

WE all know that the judicial bench is, in these days, quite incorruptible; but adulation is ill suited to its dignity. LORD CAMPBELL no doubt meant to be very complimentary; but, if we were a royal personage, we should deem ourselves very little flattered by its being thought necessary to take especial notice of our having done a simple act of duty.

PROVERBS IMPROVED.

INSTEAD of "as clear as mud," say, "as clear as the Thames."  
Instead of "as like as chalk is to cheese," say rather "as like as London milk is to cheese."

Don't say "as thick as thieves," but "lawyers."  
In the same way, throw in "two aldermen," when you wish to say "two swallows do not make a summer."

Similarly, if you wish "to provide for a rainy day," you can allude to that aquatic period much more elegantly, by saying "when Vauxhall opens."

Likewise, in lieu of saying, "When you are at Rome you must do as they do at Rome," the same thing will be better expressed by putting in Oxford; viz., "When you are at Oxford, do as they do at Oxford"—which is every inch as good as going to Rome.

Talking of Rome, and the long time it took to build, you can improve the same expression by mildly suggesting that "The Houses of Parliament were not built in a day."

We will end with a small batch of "Improved Proverbs," as being better adapted to the superior intelligence of the present day.

- Let every Punster stick to his Last.
- Ill news travels by an Electric Telegraph.
- You mustn't teach the *Morning Herald* to suck eggs.
- One man's Preserved Meat is another man's Poison.
- Little sticks kindle a conversation, but great ones put it out.
- A Pennsylvanian's word is just as good as his Bond.
- Fire and water are good Servants on a railway, but very bad Masters.
- Never trust to a Government Staff.
- Politicians rarely lose anything by a good turn.
- A Mother-in-law is like the dry-rot—far easier to get into a house than to get out again.

THE COURIER OF ST. PETERSBURG.—Put ABERDEEN on horse-back, and he'll ride to Old NICHOLAS!

A QUESTION AND ANSWER.—When will the Russian fleet come Out?—When ABERDEEN goes Out.

A MINISTERIAL WARMING-PAN.



VERYBODY has heard of a certain "Manager STRUTT," who was once famed in song; but the STRUTT of the present day seems likely to obtain celebrity for his manageable qualities rather than for his management. Warming-pans are rather out of fashion in every-day life, but such an article appears still to be useful as part of the furniture of Downing Street. MR. STRUTT has been evidently selected by his late amiable and excellent colleagues, for the task of keeping warm a place that some one else is destined to occupy. The great merit of this gentleman as a Ministerial Warming-pan consists in his excessive coolness and equality of temper, which

prevents the probability that those who meddle with him will burn their fingers. The good-natured and ousted STRUTT will henceforth find himself free to devote himself to any kind of amusement, and, if he pleases, to those "Sports and Pastimes" with which the name of STRUTT has long been honourably identified. Never was there a more accommodating colleague, for no treatment "puts him out"—not even the getting rid of him.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FLOCK IN THE CITY.

WE should like to know who dares to say that the Church in the City is without a flock, when anybody who walks or rides in an omnibus to St. Paul's may see a regular flock grazing on the stunted grass that scarcely affords a decent covering to the graves in the churchyard. It is true that the flock does not seem to profit much by what they pick up at the Cathedral, and the sheep of the Bishop of London's fold appear to be in need of some immediate pastoral aid to improve their pasture. Besides the unpleasantness attending the idea of rearing mutton on the crop grown from the decaying remains of mortality, we find something disagreeable in the notion that perhaps the sheep are taken into the churchyard to graze with the same sordid motive that actuates those who take horses in to bait or stand at livery. We must confess that the sheep in St. Paul's Churchyard resemble those skeleton animals that flit through the air in *Der Freischütz* to the dismal chorus of "Uhui!" and if a set of mischievous boys at midnight were to raise the melancholy cry of "Uhui!" through the palings of St. Paul's, the spectral appearance of the sheep in the churchyard, under the solemn shadow of the dome, would almost realise the horrors of the incantation scene as represented in the Drury Lane Opera.

Imagination would easily conjure up a chorus of charity children, with a wild hunt of skeleton curates, and a compound of other horrors, to which the sheep, "lazily mumbling the bones of the dead," furnish a foreground of melancholy aspect. We earnestly entreat the BISHOP OF LONDON, the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, or any canon who may be in authority, to put an end at once to the beggarly contract with the butcher, by which a few half-starved sheep are suffered to disfigure consecrated ground by their hungry munchings of the graveyard herbage.

MALARIA IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE papers tell us that a few days ago while the Court of Queen's Bench was engaged in hearing a special argument, so great a stench, apparently coming from the drains, arose in the building that

"MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE said, out of regard for the health of all present, the business must be at once adjourned, and the Court was adjourned accordingly."

Surely something ought to be done to prevent Westminster Hall from "savouring" so very much of "the reaty" as "stink in the nostrils" of all present. We cannot understand how there can be any difficulty about thorough drainage, but if the task is arduous, why not retain two or three barristers, who from the effect they produce on the pockets of their clients, must be considered capable of draining anything. MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE is one of our best and ablest judges, but with all his experience at the Old Bailey, where he is accustomed to that which smells rank and offensive, he could not tolerate the effluvia that arose in Westminster Hall. We presume the "special argument" that was in progress had nothing to do with the stench, though we should be able to judge more accurately on this point if we knew the name of the Counsel engaged on the occasion, for some barristers, we regret to say, are excessively foul-mouthed. We recommend the Judges to order that the Courts be provided with disinfecting fluid, which may be useful in cases of defective drainage, or after the speech of one of those learned gentlemen who are notorious for their disagreeable airs, and for bringing the profession of the law into very bad odour.



**SUBURBAN FELICITY. GRATIFYING DOMESTIC (POULTRY) INCIDENT.**

*Buttons.* "OH! PLEASE 'M! BE QUICK, 'M! HERE'S THE COACHING CHINA A CLUCKING LIKE HANYTHINK. HE'VE BIN AND LAID A HEGG!!!"

**"CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN."**

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"  
When blood runs quick in all besides;  
The dilettante Scot serene  
Shows his blank face, whate'er betides.  
When Russian treason's dragged to bar,  
Despite each diplomatic screen,—  
When England brands the lying Czar—  
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"  
When marching squadrons shake the street;  
Nor drum, nor life, nor bayonet's sheen,  
Can move his pulse's even beat;  
When our great navies, bound for war,  
With iron mouths salute the QUEEN,  
And England thrills from shore to shore—  
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"  
When news of gallant deeds is brought;  
Of Oltenitza's blood-stained green,  
Citate's fight so stoutly fought;  
When from Silistria's leaguered hold,  
The Russian turns with hang-dog mien,  
And England bids "God speed the bold!"  
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"  
Though universal England weeps,  
When after anguish, short but keen,  
In Russian grave poor GIFFARD sleeps.  
What is the *Tiger's* loss to him?  
'Tis but one frigate less, I ween—  
So while our eyes with tears are dim,  
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"  
When LYNDHURST, with his load of years,  
The same stout heart he still hath been,  
Speaks out bold truths among his peers;  
What though Russ lies to Europe's eyes  
He bare and brand, with logic clean,  
A joke—a sneer—will save replies—  
"And cauld kail in Aberdeen."

Still "cauld kail in Aberdeen,"  
At lies and truths—at loss and gain—  
But what are we—thus meek and mean,  
To brook command of such a brain?  
Up—England—up! and with a shout  
To startle e'en that Stoic spleen—  
In honest Saxon thunder out,  
Down with "cauld kail" and ABERDEEN!

**AN OFFICIAL DEALER IN MARINE STORES.**

THE Commander of Sveaborg has, it seems, been detected in carrying on the thievish trade of a marine store dealer. He has stolen the copper off the roof of the fortress, just as in England the marine store depredators strip the lead from off our gutters, and he has sold for old iron a quantity of cannon balls, having piled up in their place a parcel of wooden balls, which he had carefully blacklead, to make them look like genuine ammunition. Though at war with Russia, we cannot but sympathise with the EMPEROR in the annoyance he must feel at having detected the commander of a fortress in a trick worthy only of the rag, bone, and bottle dealers of our metropolis.

Our own marine store depredators would buy the crown of England at the price of old brass, and purchase the British flag with false weights at the nominal value of old rags, if they could manage to get

any young thieves base enough to steal the articles in question; but for an "officer and a gentleman" to be found at such dirty work, is the greatest humiliation that Russia, amid all her reverses, has yet experienced.

**A Sul-phurious Despot.**

THE KING OF NAPLES has prohibited the exportation of Sulphur from his dominions, which may soon get a great deal too hot to hold him. It is not difficult to understand the view with which KING BOMBA may desire to keep as much sulphur as possible about him with a view to future contingencies. If he has been accustomed to an atmosphere of sulphur all his life, he may hope to experience hereafter the value of the axiom that "use is second nature."



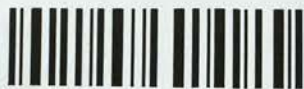
NOT A NICE BUSINESS.





- A MINISTERIAL Warning Pan, 269  
 A Sul-phurious Despot, 270  
 Abdulla Jalla to Effendi Cobden, 84  
 Abolition Mania (The), 194  
 About Rats, 47  
 Absolute Philosopher (The), 137  
 Acting Member (An), 104  
 Affairs of Rome and of Oxford (The), 37  
 After Dinner Debates, 117  
 After Dinner Speech at the Improvement Club, 119  
 Ambassadors in Livery, 72  
 Ambiguous Tapers, 181  
 American Census (The), 195  
 American Partnership, 115  
 Animated Furniture, 109  
 Another Small Item in the Bill against Russia, 162  
 Answers to Conundrums, 23  
 Arma Virumque, 108  
 Apoplexy made Easy, 209  
 Attorney in the Court of Hymen (An), 148  
 Autocrat and his Altar (The), 50  
 Autocrat Carved in Ebony (An), 24  
 Autocrat's War Song (The), 210  
 BALD Invention (A), 38  
 Baltic and the Euxine (The), 160  
 Baron Alderson's Wig, 115  
 "Barry, Come up!" 103  
 Battle Song of Bow Bells, 54  
 Bayonet and Chisel, 17  
 Bear in the Boat (The), 114  
 Bear in Mr. Punch's Menagerie (The), 123  
 Bed of "Cold Pisen" (A), 140  
 Begging Bishops, 86  
 Benevolence Afloat, 44  
 Berth-Right of Incapacity (The), 136  
 Bishop Janus on Puseyism, 171  
 Bishop of London's Flock in the City (The), 209  
 BIT of a See (A), 236  
 BIT of our Mind (A), 162  
 Black, Black Sea (The), 69  
 Bourbons and the Printers (The), 41  
 Boxing Night at the Play, 10  
 Boys and the Lamps (The), 223  
 Branch of the Prophetic Plant (A), 79  
 Bring a Gridiron, 33  
 British Admiral Life Pill (The), 59  
 Bulletin from St. Petersburg, 61  
 Bullying at Public Schools, 105  
 Cabby's Cabalistics, 57  
 Canonet by the Czar, 169  
 Cannon Ball-room Music, 22  
 Capital Example for the House (A), 190  
 Cases for the Public Conscience, 169  
 Catalogue of a Collection in the Stone Palace at Westminster, 263  
 "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen," 270  
 Chaunt by a Quiet Family (A), 20  
 Child's Party in Downing Street, 9  
 Chronology of Remarkable Events, 2  
 Circulation of Punch (The), 131  
 Clairvoyance of Nicholas, 125  
 Classical Debaters, 244  
 Clockwork at the Tower, 42  
 Coinage of the Brain (The), 168  
 College Examination Paper, 143  
 Common Information, 2  
 Common Things, 95  
 "Come, now! Move on!" 230  
 Conscience Money, 189  
 Consequences, 207  
 Conundrum running about Fleet Street (A), 23  
 Conundrums for the Times, 11  
 Conversation in a Lodging-House, 51  
 Cord of Sympathy (The), 63  
 Cotton Stuff, 48  
 County Court Rhadamantus (A), 19  
 Cracked Head in a Crown (A), 103  
 Critic to Let (A), 164  
 Crowned Heads in Nightcaps, 163  
 Crozier in the Ballroom, 105  
 "Cry is still they come! (The)" 13  
 Curious Chinese Definitions of Woman, 59  
 Curious Chinese Proverbs, 212  
 Czar of Russia (De), 230  
 Czar's Diabolical Suggestion (The), 214  
 Czar's Te Deum (The), 10  
 De Officiis, 72  
 Dead Letters (The), 213  
 Debate on the Emperor's Cup, 195  
 Decided Case (A), 76  
 Deciphering Cyphers, 37  
 Disraelisms, 82  
 Divinity of Fashion (The), 183  
 Do you wish to Insult me? 147  
 Domestic Campaign (The), 149  
 Domestic Reformer (The), 4, 12, 22, 32, 42, 59, 70, 89, &c.  
 Domestic Returns, 106  
 Doubts about Dress, 229  
 Doves of St. Petersburg, 75  
 Drama in the Suburbs (The), 178  
 Draw the Razor, 193  
 Dream of the Russian Gentleman (The), 161  
 Drink and Doll Sunday, 234  
 Dust between Punch and the British Government, 177  
 EARLY Closing for the Enemy, 80  
 Echo answers "Poles," 298  
 Elogia Grenovicensis, 173  
 "Educated Draymen," 123  
 Effects of Cathedrals (The), 82  
 Elizabeth Jones to Richard Cobden, 64  
 England's War Vigil, 184  
 English Grammar of English Government, 174  
 Enthusiasm in Egypt, 49  
 Equity Indeed, 76  
 Erudition under Bonnets, 187  
 Examinations for Barristers, 113  
 Exclusive's Broken Idol (The), 70  
 Exile of the Thimble (The), 103  
 Expedition in Search of Bernal Osborne (The), 126  
 Expense of a Member's Post (The), 109  
 FALSIFIED Hairs and Graces, 148  
 Farmer and his Friend (The), 123  
 Fashionable Visiting, 29  
 Feather in the Broadbrim (A), 144  
 Female Employment, 149  
 Few Words to the British Lion (A), 82  
 Fiddlededum and Fiddlededeo, 149  
 Final Preparatory Visit of Mr. Punch to the Crystal Palace, 235  
 Fine Old Russian Gentleman (The), 139  
 Fine Balsams of Arabia (The), 40  
 First Dog of Europe (The), 2  
 Flash in the Hebrew Pan (A), 194  
 Flunky Government (A), 250  
 Fool! Fool!! Fool!!! 52  
 For the Ladies, 152  
 Forbidden Fruit, 72  
 Forget and Forgive, 84  
 Form of Bequest (A), 172  
 Freedom of the Free Hospital (The), 37  
 Friend Aggression (A), 177  
 Friends' Real Scene with the Czar (The), 98  
 Fun in a Fossil, 24  
 GALLANT Blast from the Golden Horn, 53  
 Gas-trick Symptoms, 200  
 "Gazette de St. Petersburg" (The), 100  
 "Gentlemen" of the Bar, 182  
 Getting Drunk with a Purpose, 17  
 Gift of Words (The), 20  
 Gin and Water Drama (The), 61  
 Girls they Leave Behind them (The), 86  
 Give the Czar a Bad Name, 154  
 Giving Joseph the Go-by, 213  
 Gladstone Made Easy, 163  
 "God Defend the Right!" 85  
 God-speed to the Baltic (A), 157  
 Good End (A), 167  
 Goose and Green Peas, 128  
 Government Postage Dauper (The), 244  
 Gratuitous Exhibition of the Royal Academy (The), 151  
 Great Fall of Christmas Bills, 27  
 Great Meeting of the Irish Bar, 141  
 Guards' Lament (The), 72  
 Guy Fawkes's Gunpowder Plot, 154  
 HALP-and-half Justice, 224  
 Hard as a Board, 209  
 Hard Lines for Lovers, 24  
 Hard Swearing in Chancery, 44  
 Harvest without Sickle, 49  
 Hay for the East, 134  
 H. Baillie, 59  
 Heaven Confound the Emperor, 39  
 Hector (Punch) reproves Paris (Cambridge), 174  
 Hint and Hypothesis, 3  
 Hint to Mr. Mitchell (A), 197  
 Hippocrates and Bacchus, 10  
 Horrors of Freedom (The), 53  
 Horrors of Mr. Chambers's Inquisition (The), 145  
 Horrors on Horrors' Head, 190  
 Hospital for Bad Jokes, 232  
 How Mr. Paterfamilias made Home Happy, 4, 12, 22, 32, 42, 59, 70, 80  
 How to bring the War to a Terminus, 242  
 How to endure War-taxes, 97  
 How to make £200, 254  
 Hymn to St. Nicholas, 173  
 I Love the Lord Mayor, 221  
 Imperial Criminal Discipline, 8  
 Important from the Seat of War, 259, 267  
 Income Tax made easy (The), 18  
 Inconsistencies! 69  
 Indispositions made very easy, 147  
 Industry and Idleness in the Navy, 74  
 Ins and Outs of Palmerston (The), 2  
 Instructions to Nautical Men in the Noble Art of Quadrille Dancing, 177  
 Invasion of Hampstead Heath, 159  
 Irish Grievance Committee, 145  
 Is it far to Jerusalem? 103  
 It's all owing to the War, 124  
 KIND Word for the Czar (A), 149  
 King Charles's Restoration, 253  
 Kingdom of Beggars (The), 137  
 Jack's (always) Alive, 73  
 Jenkins at a Fashionable Wedding, 244  
 Jenkins at the French Ambassador's Ball, 211  
 Johnnie brewed a Peck of Maut, 220  
 Joke for Exeter Hall (A), 201  
 Judges sent to Coventry (The), 153  
 Judicial Butter, 239  
 Judicial Jestings, 29  
 La Cosaquaise, 200  
 Ladies in Rich Attire, 236  
 Land of Greece (The), 208  
 Last Stage of Folly (The), 43  
 Law of Compensation (The), 159  
 Law without Lawyers, 50  
 Lawyers on the Move (The), 33  
 "La Malade Imaginaire," 193  
 Leading Article by Mr. Punch (A), 137  
 Letter from Anna Maria to Jane Henry, 230  
 Letter from the Seat of War, 191  
 List of Prices for Puffs in Pantomimes, 30  
 Literal Translation of an I. O. U., 124  
 Liverpool Clergy in Danger (The), 181  
 Locksmiths at Loggerheads, 96

- London in an-ice Mess, 14  
Londonderry and Lindley Murray, 23  
Lord Chancellor's Standing Army (The), 211  
Lords in a Bad Way (The), 170  
Lungs of the House of Commons (The), 167  
Ma Parole de "Gentleman," 163  
Macbeth Museum (The), 95  
Mad Czar's Song (The), 93  
Magna est Nuditas, 187  
"Maimed Rites" of Conscience, 134  
Majesty of the Civic Senate, 236  
Malaria in Westminster Hall, 269  
Manchester Mythology, 161  
Mariner's Compass (The), 151  
Martyrdom of Murder (The), 164  
Maxims on Economy, 125  
Mems of an Old Reformer, 39  
Medical Reform Bills, 57  
Mendicity Society's Festival (The), 232  
Military Mess-Beer, 183  
Mind your Antecedents, 139  
Minding his P's and Q's, 61  
Missing—George the Second, 168  
Modern Mystery (A), 179  
Monasteries under the Microscope, 105  
Monkey Tribe in Art (The), 51  
Moral Furniture Mart, 13  
More Effects of the Snow-Storm, 20  
Moustache Movement (The), 117  
Moustaches in the Bank, 184  
Mr. Brotherton's little Evening Hymn, 191  
Mr. Griev's new System of Warfare, 2, 3  
Mrs. Jane Gimlet on the Festivities of the Season, 27, 38, 49  
Mr. Punch at the French Plays, 256  
Musical Criticism with Specimens, 135  
Musical Operatives (The), 222  
NAPIER Column (The), 233  
Narrow Minds and Broadsheets, 118  
National Defences of Russia, 203  
Neither Free nor Easy, 204  
New Chairs at Oxford, &c., 265  
New Lease for Livory (A), 61  
New Reform Bill for Omnibuses, 176  
New Year's Eve in Guildhall, 1  
Newspaper at Breakfast (The), 242  
Next Morning Headaches, 18  
Nicholas's Great Sham, 31  
Nitrous Nicholas, 41  
No Trouser Nuisance (The), 50  
Not so Mad as he Seems, 159  
Novels for the Nursery, 51  
OASER for the Peace Society (An), 134  
Obsequies made Easy, 212  
Officer and (not) a Gentleman (An), 80  
Official Dealer in Marine Stores (An), 270  
Oh! Pantaloon of Cherry, 182  
Old Hall of Westminster (The), 29  
One of the Horrors of War, 169  
One of the Knaves of the Church, 95  
Opening of the Crystal Palace, 243  
Oracles (The), 268  
Orthodoxometer (The), 21  
Our Critic among the Painters, 192, 207, 222, 229, 247  
Our Electric Selves, 106  
Our Fast Young Lady at the Opening of Parliament, 53  
Our Patriotic Poets, 110  
Our Scorn against Nicholas, 172  
Our Waste-Paper Basket, 20  
Our Prizes taken from the French, 234  
PALMERSTON on Pens, 256  
Palmerstonian System of Penmanship (The), 214  
Paper Wonders, 180  
Paragraph for Some of the Papers, 110  
Parliament and the Press, 197  
Parody without an Original (A), 18  
Paste this Up in your Mind, 137  
Pedigree of a House (The), 127  
Penance in Belgravia, 259  
Penny Saved and a Punch Got (A), 33  
Pipe of "Returns" (A), 43  
Pity the Poor Copying Clerks, 193  
Plebeian and Patrician Puffing, 264  
Poem on Pease, 128  
Poet in Parliament (The), 105  
Postal Hansard (The), 105  
Poetry of Potatoes (The), 179  
Poodle Mephistopheles at the Princess's, 189  
Poor Blind Bully (The), 138  
Poor-Box for the Chancellor (A), 62  
Poor Richard Ocur de Lion, 105  
Port Admiral of Southampton (The), 170  
Portrait of a Russian Genl, 210  
Postman of Europe (The), 172  
Franks of Pumice Stone at St. Petersburg, 127  
Precaution in Ways and Means, 133  
Press in Danger (The), 136  
Pretty Names for the Navy, 69  
Probable End of Nicholas (The), 243  
Proclamation of Outlawry, 108  
Proverbs Improved, 269  
Prussian Court Circular (A), 161  
Puff Patriotic (The), 198  
Puff Sublime and Ridiculous (The), 173  
Puffing and Piety, 202  
Punch among the Painters, 192, 207, 222, 229, 247  
Punch at the Play, 147, 225  
Punch before Parliament, 147  
Punch Shell (The), 233  
Punch's School of Practical Design, 3  
Puseyism having its Fling, 197  
QUACK'S Diary (The), 11  
Queen of the May Meeting (The), 201  
Queen's Speech Interpolated (The), 54  
Question of Economy (A), 69  
Questions for the Reverend N. S. Godfrey, 3  
Quod nunc describere longum est, 159  
RAILWAY Addresses on Smoking, 39  
Railway Cruelty to Animals, 133  
Railway Rattlers, 30  
Rather Whinny-Pyney, 70  
Rational Jew Bill (A), 86  
Raw Material of Barristers (The), 116  
Reason and the Razor, 60  
Reasons against Reforms, 113  
Reasons for being Presented at Court, 92  
Re-dress for the Army, 241  
Reform Bill made Easy (The), 73  
Results of the Census, 81  
Revelations from Russia, 41  
Right and "Bright" Side (The), 152  
Romance of Advertising (The), 31  
Romance of Rome (A), 150  
Rome and Grease, 69  
Round of Political Stories (A), 19  
Row at the Rotunda, 213  
Row in the Buildings, (A), 241  
Rude and Crude Observations, 245  
Rugby Vindicated, 123  
Rule of the World with Exceptions (The), 74  
Russian Cooking, 224  
Russian Emperor's Walk (The), 64  
Russian Guy Fawkes (The), 187  
Russian Lochinvar (The), 21  
Russian Prize Poems, 194  
SANCTIFIED "Sell" (A), 39  
Saturday Early Closing Movement, 263  
Sausage-making Machine (The), 116  
Scene from the Russian Gentleman, 128, 258  
Scenes at St. Paul's, 179  
Schelmsmuseum (The), 265  
Schoolboy M.P.'s, 57  
School of Soldiership (The), 235  
Schools for all Sects, 43  
"Scratched" for the Derby, 52  
Seasonable Invention, 231  
Seasonable Slipperiness, 18  
Sentiment in Cookery, 124  
Serenade for Head Quarters, 232  
Sermons in Stones, 93  
Service in Australia, 40  
Sewars, Alive and Kicking (The), 152  
Shakespeare Bellows (The), 116  
Shaving for Ladies, 181  
Shaving Line in Staffordshire (The), 33  
She-Doctoring, 200  
Sheffield to the Sultan, 91  
Shilling that Sydney did not Bleed (The), 221  
Shocking kind of Puff (A), 193  
Sibthorp in his Place, 51  
Singular Scene at Windsor Castle, 83  
Slave of the Smasher (The), 40  
Small Tract on Temperance (A), 10  
Soldier's Dream (The), 130  
Some Fool's cap for the Guards, 204  
Some new Questions to an Old Tune, 159  
Some Puzzles for Palmerston, 79  
Something—at last—in a Name, 17  
Song and Supper, 157  
Song of the British Admiral (The), 141  
Songs for the Poultry-yard, 40  
Songs by "Our Colonels," 255  
Sort of Gentleman (A), 136  
Speech from the Throne (The), 34  
Spirits Wanted for the Navy, 263  
St. Barnabas Fund Dinner, 259  
Stanzas for the Sentimental, 19  
Stars and Garters, 54  
Startling Facts by Telegraph, 17  
Statesmanlike Ignorance, 44  
Statistics of Gratitude, 62  
Steady, Cabman, Steady, 224  
Strike the Flighty Czar, 54  
Sticking up for Temperance, 53  
Subjects for the Law of Settlement, 136  
Suicide of the Sewers, 103  
Sun and his Imitators (The), 220  
Suspended Civil Animation, 160  
Swim in a Sump (A), 243  
TALFOURD, 119  
Tap on the Danube (The), 113  
Tax on Bachelors (A), 98  
Taxes on Knowledge, 117  
Teetotal Tenderness, 225  
Teetotal Truth, 246  
Teetotalism at the Crystal Palace, 235  
Temperance out of Temper, 190  
Tender from Norway (A), 42  
Theatrical Religion, 201  
Things in the Water, 219  
Things not Generally Known, 13  
Theatre of War (The), 83  
Thought at an Election Committee (A), 104  
Threatened Australian Invasion, 63  
Thumbnail Portraits, 97  
Tight-Lacing in the Army, 226  
To Guilty Minds, 199  
To Parents and Guardians, 2  
To the Felonious, 126  
To the Unmarried, 145  
To those whom it may Concern, 221  
Toasts and Sentiments for Russia-Taxed Beer, 259  
Torture of a Nun, 162  
Tremendous Sacrifices at St. Petersburg, 189  
Turkish Question Settled (The), 54  
Turning Day into Night, 14  
Turpentine Turpitude, 169  
Typography Half-Seas Over, 226  
UNGRATEFUL Subject (An), 30  
Union Jack and the Tricolour (The), 124  
Unparliamentary Intelligence, 73  
Un-Polite Letter Writer (An), 43  
Unimportant Announcement, 267  
Unquestionables (The), 138  
Unseasonable Discussion, 20  
Up and Down Train of Thought (An), 164  
"Up Guards, and at 'em!" 76  
Urgular's Mare's Nest, 182  
VALOUR under Difficulties, 189  
Value of a Gentleman (The), 96  
Value of Character (The), 133  
Value of Freedom (The), 71  
Very Aggravated Assault (A), 120  
Very Worst (The), 84  
Victoria! 98  
Victory of Odessa (The), 254  
Viper Mitchell, 164  
Vision of the Crystal Palace (A), 253  
Voices of Boxing Night, 7  
WALKING Gentlemen-at-Arms (The), 149  
Wanted—a Casus Belli, 47  
Wanted, a few Smart Handsome Young Gentlemen, 187  
War! 146  
War and the Women (The), 154  
War Budget made Easy (The), 262  
War Catechism (A), 183  
War Postman (The), 212  
War, what Mrs. Grundy says, 126  
Warning Story for Derby (A), 130  
Washing Day, 266  
We Pause for a Reply, 201  
Wery Ridiculous, 128  
What a Russian Gentleman may do, but what an English Gentleman would be Ashamed to do, 191  
What is the Seat of War? 190  
What Nicholas heard in the Shell, 236  
When Grog may be taken Medicinally, 25  
Which way has the Money gone? 233  
Who'd have thought it? 81  
Wholesome Truths about Unwholesome Shams, 202  
Who'll Cut his Nails? 37  
Why be Ill? 49  
Windfall for Wales (A), 177  
Wrongs of Scotland (The), 153  
Ye A wild Ballad of ye Dead Directors, 127  
Your Literary Women, 29



00126529

LONDON:  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.









